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Lucky Oregon Boys.

To hear of Oregon boys meeting with good fortune is something that does a person good, and brings pleasure even though the fortunate ones be strangers. The Shiefelin brothers, of Jacksonville, concluding to start out in the world in search of a fortune, selected Arizona as their field. They went to the mining region near Tucson and located a claim. They had no experience whatever, but selected the spot more because it was vacant than anything else and went to work. Old miners passed the claim day by day smiling to themselves, thinking the two boys were wasting their time and labor as they wouldn't make a strike on that claim if they went down ten thousand feet. The boys worked away day after day and night found them in the same kind of dirt. This went on for two weeks and the boys began to grow weary and discouraged. As they were about to abandon the claim when the pick struck a solid mass which, upon examination, proved to be a lead. Specimens were picked up and taken to the 'camp' or headquarters of the miners where all assembled were set wild by its richness. The boys were overjoyed by this news and went to work in a methodical manner, opened the mine and took out almost tons of gold. On the 13th inst. they sold their mine, which the miners had named The Tombstone before the boys struck ore, to Corbin Brothers, the Diston party of Philadelphia and Messrs. Simmons and Squire of Boston, receiving in twenty dollar gold pieces the sum of \$200,000, which was a very good clean up for our Oregon boys.—[Telegram.

Another Cremation.

The body of Dr. Hahn, who died on March 5th, in New York, of erysipelas of the face, aged 40 years, arrived in Washington at 7 P. M. on the 9th, and was immediately conveyed to the crematory. It was accompanied by A. Kaufman, father-in-law of the deceased, and Dr. Huppel, a friend. The corpse, in a plain iron casket, was carried into the receiving room of the furnace. The coffin was opened, the body lifted out and placed in the crib covered with a sheet saturated with alum. There were no services whatever. Before placing it on the furnace, Mr. Harding said: "Uncover the face of the corpse." It appeared slightly swollen and somewhat discolored, and was covered with a short black beard. At 8 o'clock the body was carried into the retort room by four men, and shoved in head foremost. The door was placed on and secured. A slight odor of burning hair pervaded the vicinity of the furnace for a few minutes, but nothing was perceptible in the reception room or outside of the building. In twenty minutes the sheet began to expand, and the bones of the feet could be seen, devoid of flesh. A sizzling noise was heard for a short time but soon ceased. At the end of an hour the friends left for the hotel, perfectly satisfied, and Mr. Kaufman expressed himself as wishing his body disposed of in the same way. He related a story while in the building, to the effect that Dr. Hahn and himself had a conversation regarding cremation a short time previous to Hahn's death, and each bound himself that the other should be cremated when death occurred.

The loss by fire on the steamer City of Sydney, San Francisco, is about \$25,000 on the vessel and cargo.

WRITTEN FOR THE COAST MAIL.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

Of Oregon's Southern Coast.

NUMBER XII.

JOURNAL OF L. L. WILLIAMS—CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

We set out and in one or two miles came upon old and well beaten Indian trail, leading from Rogue river on the right, directly across our route in a course about NNW. T'Vault accounted for this by explaining to the men "that the Hudson Bay Company had a fort or trading post on the Umpqua river, 40 or 50 miles back from the ocean; that there was a good trail leading from that fort south through the mountains to Rogue river, and that the Indians from the latter place passed over the trails in great numbers upon their annual trading expeditions to the fort; therefore this must be the Rogue river and Fort Umpqua trail." This theory sounded reasonable, and as we had traveled northward since leaving the Coast, the distance was thought by him to not exceed thirty miles; and upon his suggestion, we all agreed that relief could be obtained from the fort sooner than any other place. So we entered upon the trail and turned our faces northward. The trail was plain, yet did not appear to have been traveled for a year or two past. In a couple of days we had made about twenty-five miles, over a very rough country, when we descended a long spur of the mountain to a narrow valley of prairie and timbered land, alternating through which a stream of seventy-five or eighty feet in width was flowing northwesterly, which the captain at once pronounced to be the South Umpqua, but after following down stream for a short distance, we all became satisfied that it was some unknown river running into the ocean. (This stream was afterwards called the South Fork of the Coquille river.) Here we found an abundance of fresh Indian signs, and numerous hard beaten trails and an old camp; a new fishery near by indicated that this was a favorite resort for hunting and fishing purposes. The second day upon this stream, I struck out in advance after game. Halting by a tree at the margin of a wide bottom of prairie land, I discovered an Indian walking obliquely across my path. When about 40 yards in front I jumped out in sight, determined to kill him if he should run, as I expected he would; but the poor frightened fellow, upon seeing me, dropped his bow and arrows, and surrendered unconditionally. He followed me until we met the company, and T'Vault conversed with him by signs, and took an unusual interest in him, and engaged him to pilot us over to Fort Umpqua, and it appeared to all as if he understood our object. We felt as if the route to the fort should be about north; while by following the Indian trails along the river, we appeared to be going west or northwest. After traveling down a day further, we were pleased to find that the Indian guide was ready to leave the river and pursue a more northerly course into the burnt timbered mountains. At a distance of about twelve miles over a rough country, we found ourselves upon another stream, 65 or 70 feet in width, running west, with bottom lands, elk signs and well beaten Indian trails along its banks. (This was afterwards called the Middle Fork, and we must have struck at or near the lower end of Enchanted prairie.) We followed down this stream several miles, passing a small prairie near where it united with a similar stream from the south, probably the one noted a few miles back. We passed several Indian ranches in this vicinity from which the inmates fled in great fright; sometimes leaving an old blind Indian or squaw to the awful fate which they no doubt thought awaited them. At one camp we obtained a small lot of roasted camas, and finally we came upon a large camp. The Indians were so intent upon cooking salmon by boiling in a willow basket, that they did not perceive us until we were within a few feet of them. All at once the naked Indians, squaws and paposes fled in every direction, while one or two little ones, too small to walk, were left to our tender mercy. Their cries made daylight hideous, and which no doubt conveyed the welcome intelligence to their much terrified mothers that they were still in the land of the living. The boiled salmon that had been so unceremoniously deserted was taken possession of by us and greedily eaten; the water in which it had been cooked was dealt out in rations to the weakest of the party, and was pronounced the most delicate

kind of soup. At about this time our Indian guide deserted us, and as it usually the case stealing as many little articles as was possible.

Although a small amount of food had been obtained, yet it was but little relief to us in our weak condition. Elk signs appeared abundant in the vicinity of the river, and some of us were anxious to stop a day or two, and try to secure a supply for future use. But the majority decided that it was best to abandon our horses, and with the aid of a pocket compass, lay our course north for the Umpqua river; which according to T'Vault's theory could not be very far distant. This theory, however, of a trail leading to the fort was pretty much abandoned by him by this time. Hedden, Bush and myself desired to lay by a few days to recruit ourselves and get some game; but this proposition was, as it had been before, by the mistaken argument "that game could be as readily found and as easily killed while traveling as could be done from a stationary camp.

The compass was given to me, and our course laid due north. After traveling about four miles, we came to a deep tide water stream about twenty yards in width, running southwest, and which was found to unite with the main river a few yards below. (This was afterwards called the North Fork, and we were now at the "Forks") This stream could not be easily crossed, so we followed up a short distance, when the captain gave out, declaring that it was impossible for him to go any further. Resting a while I killed a pheasant, and Mr. Dougherty killed a grey squirrel, which were readily eaten raw, as usual. This kind of diet, together with the daily tightening up of our belts, was great relief but did not strengthen us much.

Soon afterwards, while yet undecided what was best for us to do, we heard the sound of canoe paddles below, and soon three canoe loads of Indians came up, were hailed by us, and came ashore. They had no meat; were armed with bows and arrows, and on their way up the river, on a hunting or fishing excursion.

A consultation was again had, and we were fully satisfied from the tide marks that the stream was navigable from this point to the ocean. The Indians were hostile of course, and very much to be dreaded. The most of our party were in favor of continuing northward; but as T'Vault was unable to travel, and many others equally as weak, a different course was fixed upon. That was to go down the river in canoes to the Coast. Several of us contending that as the Indians were very numerous and hostile that we had better buy a canoe, and have it under our own control and guidance; but as all hands were so weak and so far reduced, that it was finally decided that we would hire the Indians to take us to the mouth of the river. We gave them pretty much all the clothing we had left for their services, and much more than would have been required to purchase a canoe outright. We were not well dressed for a mountain trip when we left Port Orford, and all our clothing was pretty much worn out; in fact, was almost completely torn from us. After paying the Indians we had but little left.

(To be continued.)

A DISPATCH from San Francisco dated March 23d, says: Another breeze has been raised in the city and county treasurer's office by the finance committee of the board of supervisors, instructing the expert of the board Solon Pattee to count the money in the vaults of the treasury piece by piece. The proceeding is regarded by the treasurer and mayor, auditor and attorney, with whom the treasurer has consulted, as high handed and without authority of law. Pattee employed as his assistants Messrs. Hunt, Stewart, and Newell. As a precautionary measure, the auditor sent his chief to watch the conduct of the experts. At half past 2 o'clock this afternoon, the city and county attorney advised the mayor, auditor and county judge to take charge of the count. The mayor and auditor went to the treasurer's office shortly before 3 o'clock to oversee the counting, as the law authorizes them to do the counting of the moneys of the treasury and authorizes no one else.

A MAINE man, who didn't care two shakes of a lamb's tail about the newspapers, rode fourteen miles through a fierce snow-storm to get a copy of a weekly that spoke of him as a "prominent citizen."

A Clamming Expedition.

This is a suggestive title, and would, perhaps, lead the reader to expect something thrilling. But it is quite the contrary, and, not dealing in mysteries, we announce that it is nothing more or less than a description of an expedition to the clam flats, of a party of Marshfieldites, the account whereof being furnished us by a member of the party.

Our party was composed of five—originally six, but the sixness of one reduced it to five—all equipped and armed for an excursion to the home of that delicious mollusk known as the clam, intending to comprise in the trip, a visit to the ocean beach, Rocky Point, the bar, and, in fact, all the numerous attractions which abound in the lower bay.

We weighed anchor (nautically speaking) about 8 o'clock, a. m., and casting off, dropped silently—silently as five possibly could—down the stream, out of sight of the town, the thick fog concealing our movements. (It should not be inferred from this that we were eluding pursuit—we only wished to proceed cautiously in order to surprise the clams.) Not a breath of wind was stirring, but, from our intimate knowledge of the weather, we were not at all uneasy of being compelled to ply the oars all day, as we were confident of there being sufficient wind to enable us to sail. The fog lent to all things visible an almost supernatural form; rocks and trees loomed up like huge objects, and small waterfowl flew up at our approach, having the appearance, through the deceptive mist, of great, winged monsters, the noisy flap of their wings echoing across the water and striking upon the ear with a strange, harsh and unnatural sound.

Drifting slowly with the tide, as pleasure and not speed, was our object, we passed North Bend leisurely, and it must be admitted, rather noisily, as the steamer Juno, which was passing, becoming alarmed at the noise, came to the rescue; but on learning the cause of the clamor, again steamed away, gradually fading from view in the fog, the monotonous thud of her propeller, as it struck the water, being the only reminder of her proximity.

Rounding the point below North Bend, we suddenly emerged from the fog. Below us, miles away, stretched a clear sheet of water—not a ripple disturbing its placid surface till it reached the bold bluff marking the entrance to the bay and met the ocean's incoming swell; on one side skirted the low sandhills, glistening in the sunlight like mounds of silver, on the other stretched the belt of green timber, reaching to the water's edge, and extending so far as the eye could reach. Behind us lay the fog—once solid, vapory mass, entirely shutting out from our view all beyond, as if a curtain of mist had been stretched from shore to shore. It formed a strange contrast to the brilliant scene in front; the former representing the present, and the latter the mysterious future of life, into the depths of which the eye in vain endeavored to penetrate, but the mystic veil dimmed our vision. All imaginable shapes and forms could the imagination discern hovering about the fleecy vapor, reminding one of the strange and weird tales told of lands hidden in Utopian wilds. We rested on our oars to admire the picture, knowing that the fantastic forms would disappear, the charm of the scene be broken and our airy castles ruthlessly shattered by the breeze which was even now rattling at the gates of our citadels of the mist, and threatening speedy destruction to the phantom fortresses and their galled defenders.

The wind shortly afterward freshened, and quickly spreading our canvases (what little we had) we were soon speeding rapidly along. The wind was rising at a rate which threatened to increase to a gale before the day was done, and by the time we had passed Empire and landed at Esquire Sengstacken's place, (our destination) the roughness of the water had perceptibly increased. Landing on the hard beach and leaving our boat, a short walk across the sand brought us to the ocean beach. We stood by the water's edge, just out of reach of the swell, and watched the lines of breakers rise and fall; "The billows float in order to the shore, and the waves behind rolls on the wave before," and they came tearing, tumbling and plunging, breaking into fragments of spray at our feet, retreating with a lingering hiss of baffled rage at the failure of their attempt to sweep away the barriers which nature had erected as an obstacle to hurl them back and restrain their daring impetuosity. Rambling slowly along, gathering shells and flinging them into the foam, we shortly stopped to admire the lighthouse and surroundings; away to the south stretched the reef which was to form the foundation for the wall of the proposed harbor of refuge; inside lay the crescent-shaped harbor, in which a fleet might ride at anchor with perfect safety, and, in our minds we could not help contrasting this with the other points along the coast—much to the disparagement of the latter.

Coming back to our boat, we found that the tide had receded and left it high and dry upon the sand; and after much tagging and straining and getting red in the face, we succeeded in floating her. The mudflats were beginning to show themselves, and deeming that the time for action had arrived, we embarked, and soon the keel of our boat grated on the flat where we were to procure our supply of clams. It being now about noon, a sally was made upon the lunch basket, which, thanks to the ladies, was filled to the brim with such delicacies as only their superior skill in the culinary art could invent. Fortune was decidedly showering upon us pleasure and success with

a lavish hand, for besides the roomy boat, for which, by the way, for the use of, we are indebted to the generosity of Captain Dillon, of the schooner Emma Utter, we had a jolly crowd of ladies and gents, and our situation was made more comfortable (if such could be) by the discovery of a small lake of steaming clam-soup, which was undoubtedly manufactured expressly for the occasion by the old god Neptune—may he never treat "land-lubbers" better. After lunch we prepared for the encounter with the clams.

Shouldering our shovels—clams are dug with shovels—we started across the sand, each anxious to gain the victory over the unsuspecting shell-fish. We walked some distance without seeing any "signs," till at last one of the party shouted, "Whoop! here we are!" and running up, we found him standing over a small round hole in the sand, in which hole, he most solemnly assured us, was the coveted clam; he had seen the animal's snout, but had been unable to secure the possessor. Three shovels immediately clashed together, and three shovelfull of sand were simultaneously thrown upon the beach, and after digging to the depth of about two feet, some hard substance was encountered, and in another moment a poor, small, weak, sickly-looking clam, mutilated and smashed almost beyond recognition, was brought to the surface. We feasted our eyes upon this victim, which our desperate but unskilled efforts had reduced to such a pitiable plight, wiped the perspiration from our heated brows, and inwardly rejoiced at the successful termination of our first attempt. Continuing digging, we met with such excellent success that we soon had obtained a large number of clams. Thinking we were sufficiently supplied in this particular we again made sail, and skimming the short stretch of intervening water we were soon at Rocky Point, where the boat was made secure, the ladies landed, the necessary implements taken out, and we started in search of rock oysters. We met with very poor success in this instance, as these oysters were not very abundant at this place, but we clambered over the rocks, examined the numerous caves and other attractions, and enjoyed the occasion immensely. It was now growing late, the air was getting chilly, and it was deemed advisable to return, but the wind continued to howl furiously and showed no signs of slackening, so we were compelled to await the turning of the tide, the abatement of the wind, and return home by the light of the silvery moon.

Holding a consultation we agreed to build a fire and roast some clams, and returned to the boat for the purpose of obtaining some. On our way back we met Mr. Samuel Anderson, a jolly fisherman, who kindly tendered us the use of his "cabin," which we very gratefully accepted. We found his "bachelor quarters" very comfortable, and soon a warm fire was glowing in the grate, the clams put in proper condition for cooking, and in an incredibly short time the ladies had prepared a repast which would have tempted Epicurus, had he been present, to have partaken thereof. With many a careless joke and laugh we sat down to our meal in this diminutive cottage by the sea, occasionally looking out upon the seething waters, which the wind had lashed into a paroxysm of rage, enjoying our hot cup of coffee and the excellent fried clams as well as if we were supping in the elegant banquet hall of the most princely mansion in the land; nor would we have exchanged the genial hospitality, good-natured voice and smile of Mr. Samuel Anderson, for—we would ask no better host or truer gentleman.

The moon was shining brightly when we left the Point, and after making the usual number of hairbreadth escapes, we reached Empire City about 9 o'clock, and the pros and cons being taken into consideration we decided to lay over till morning, having reaped more than enough glory for one day, enough for one night and have a little left to take home in the morning.

We sent our advance guard over the trail the next day to break the news of our safety gently to our rejoicing friends; the guard arrived strangely dilapidated, they having made the quickest time on record—that morning, as no others had passed over before then.

LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS.—Says the Plaindealer of the 13th instant, Hon. B. Herman, who returned from the coast on Saturday last, gives an interesting account of an adventure that befell him on his way home, and which contains an item of interest for every thoughtful wife who has the personal welfare of a migratory husband at heart. It appears that while Mr. Herman was in deep meditation his horse took the wrong trail, and before its rider discovered the mistake, had followed the trail for several miles through a dense mass of fallen timber briery jungles and over torturous creeks. Darkness had already set in 'ere Mr. Herman discovered that he was following the wrong trail, and it was only by the precautionary forethought of a dutiful wife, who had slipped a candle and matches in his saddle-bags that he was saved the horror of passing a wretched and lonely night in the mountain fastnesses, or perhaps rescued from death itself. By the light of the candle he was enabled to find his way back to the right road and to hospitable shelter for himself and horse.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MAIL.

Street Car Etiquette.

The etiquette of the street car is worthy of a place in the list of fine arts; a morning down town car presents the appearance of a newspaper folding machine. The gentlemen passengers hold their papers at convenient angles of vision, showing a wide range of eye sight. As the car gradually fills, the journals are raised and brought nearer to the faces of the readers, until, when the last vacant seat is occupied, they completely hide the passengers, like a succession of window shades drawn close. Then an extraordinary quality of human vision is developed. If the last comer, for whom there was no seat is a cook, or washerwoman, or an ugly sewing girl, the shades remain close drawn, and the intense application of the journalistic readers is something wonderful to behold. Accidents, crimes, politics, religion, suicides, divorces, the markets, everything is devoured with the relish of an epicure. No man raises his eyes or lowers his paper. But at the next crossing a pretty woman, dressed to the top of the mode, trips lightly into the car, and displays a well rounded arm as she extends her hand to seize a strap. Instantly all the eyes are raised and papers lowered. The gouty old fellow who appeared to be devoted to the markets is the first to totter to his feet. He stumbles over his neighbor in endeavoring to attract the attention of the coquetish looking beauty. His eye glass falls into the hay on the floor, and the old gentleman falls back into his seat, loses his hat, and displays a shining bald head, while the young merchant, the old doctor, and the middle aged lawyer, struggle for the honor of surrendering a seat in exchange for a smile from the young lady. How did all these excellent fathers of a family observe the entrance of the beautiful young lady? There are women who will dispute the fact just stated, and they will relate experiences in flat contradiction of it. But careful observation of them will disclose defects in their list of personal attractions, or faults of toilet. It would be rash to assert that no beautiful woman was ever forced to depend upon a strap in a street car between two rows of gentlemen devoted to newspapers. But the rule is nevertheless as stated.

There is a class of street car passengers of the male sex who refuse to give up their seats on the ground of high moral principle. They assert with much warmth that the company is bound to provide every passenger with a seat. To rise with them, is to pander to the selfish interests of the company, and to prolong the continuance of a public abuse. By holding firmly to their seats while women stand, they present in a strong light the odious character of the outrage of which the company is guilty. If they sit in the presence of a venerable old lady, or a woman on the verge of fainting from exhaustion while forced to stand, the heinous nature of the company's grasping and niggardly conduct is made the more apparent. This class of passengers remain in their seats while the tired seamstress stands, in obedience to a strong sense of public duty, and suffer all the agony of suppressed sympathy while they sit. They look forward to the time when a seat will be provided for every passenger, and meantime are becoming gray or bald.—[Western Paper.

SENATOR BLAINE is reported to have made over a quarter of a million recently in the Leadville mines. He is largely interested in two of the leading mines—having gone in on "the ground floor" in both. He was associated with Senator Plumb and Ex-Delegate S. B. Elkins in stocking the Amy Mine and is said to have trebled an investment of \$70,000 in that operation. He was engaged with the Hon. B. Alley, the Hon. A. H. Rice, and others in stocking the Dunkin mine, and that, too, has been a very profitable operation. Next to Mr. Blaine, the man who is said to have made the most money is his cousin, Tom Ewing, of Ohio, who devotes all his time to his stocks, and is, seldom seen in the House. He was a pauper that year, when he was declaiming in favor of the repeal of the resumption act, and now he is worth over \$200,000.

THE mayor of Tucson, Arizona, which place was founded by the Spaniards in 1542, has telegraphed the mayor of San Francisco, the President of the United States, and his holiness the Pope, that the Southern Pacific Railroad is completed to that place.

Charge of the Light Brigade.

Stephen Massett says that during his visit to England, and while visiting the House of Commons, he was presented to the Earl of Cardigan, who was in command of the 11th Hussars and led the celebrated Charge of the Six Hundred at Bala-klava. Being the first to recite in public Tennyson's famous lines, he had a natural ambition to deliver them in the presence of Lord Cardigan. A polite note was received from the Earl, inviting Mr. Massett to call upon him at his residence in Portman Square, where after rendering the poem to the Earl and his lady, the following graphic account of the fight was given him:

At about 1 o'clock, after the Heavy Brigade had been attacked by the Russian cavalry, the whole of the cavalry division was considerably advanced toward the enemy. The Light Brigade was ordered to dismount to relieve their horses. Suddenly they were ordered to "mount." Aid-de-camp Captain Nolan came forward and told Lord Lucan, commanding the cavalry, that the Light Brigade were to attack the Russians in the valley. Lord Lucan rode up to Lord Cardigan and said: "It is Lord Raglan's order that the 'Light Brigade' is to attack the Russians in the valley." Lord Cardigan's answer was, saluting with his sword: "Certainly, my Lord, but you will allow me to inform you that there is a Russian battery in front, one on each flank, and the ground on the flank is covered with Russian riflemen." Lord Lucan's answer was: "I cannot help that; it is Lord Raglan's positive order that the 'Light Brigade' is to attack them." Lord Cardigan then forced his brigade of five regiments, with three regiments in the front line, and two in the second. Lord Lucan ordered Lord Cardigan's regiment, the 11th Hussars, back, so as to form a support on the left rear of the front line. Lord Cardigan immediately ordered the advance. After going sixty yards or so, Captain Nolan rode obliquely across the front, when a Russian shell fell upon the ground near Captin Nolan, not very far from Lord Cardigan. Nolan's horse turned round and carried him to the rear. Lord Cardigan then led the brigade down to the main battery in front, about one mile and a quarter distant. On arriving at a position about eighty yards from the battery, the fire became very severe, and the officers were considerably excited, and had to be called to "be steady." Cardigan, at the head of his brigade, passed close by the muzzle of a gun, which was fired as he entered the battery. He then rode straight forward through the Russian limber carriages, and came up close to the Russian line of cavalry. His brigade did not follow him. Lord Cardigan was attacked by two Cossacks, slightly wounded and nearly dismounted. He fenced off the Cossacks, and gradually retired from others who were attempting to surround him. When he got back to the battery, they had all retired and diverged to the left. Lord Cardigan slowly retreated, and met General Scarlett, commanding the heavy brigade of the cavalry. Cardigan told him that the "Light Brigade" was destroyed. The brigade was then counted by his staff officer, and it was found that there were only 195 men left out of 650.

Lord Cardigan immediately rode off to Lord Raglan to report what had taken place. The first thing Lord Raglan said, in a very angry tone, was, "What, sir, could you possibly mean by attacking a battery in front, contrary to all the usages of warfare and the customs of the service?" To which Lord Cardigan replied, "My Lord, I hope you will not blame me, for I received a positive order from my superior officer in front of the troops to attack them, and I was quite as well aware of the unusual course of proceeding ordered." Lord Raglan inquired what had been done.

To which Lord Cardigan replied that "he had led the brigade into the Russian battery; that he had ridden up to the Russian cavalry; that he was not followed by the brigade; was wounded and nearly dismounted, and had some difficulty in getting away from a number of Cossacks; that the brigade was nearly destroyed, there being only 195 remaining."

The whole of the memorable affair occupied the brief time of twenty minutes! JOHN HOLLAND, master architect of the O. R. & N. Co. is to be used in moving the company's teams across the John Day river until the railroad bridge is done. The boat will be built at Celilo and towed to her destination. Her dimensions will be 45x12 feet, and she will be completed in three days after her keel is laid.