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The Coast Mail.

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Think Before You Do It.

Harper's Weekly.

The affixing of the stamp is in the majority of cases the last stage of the letter writing. It is a kind of sealing, signing and delivering. It would not be a bad moral habit for a man to pause before affixing his postage stamp, and to consider whether judiciously and conscientiously he had not better save his money. When once he has dropped his letter into the letter-box, he has committed one of the irrevocable acts of his life. As you prepare to affix your stamp, give one final thought to conscience whether you might not alter, improve, or altogether obliterate that letter. There may be all sorts of wrong and evil connected with letter-writing; but to specialize an instance, you may have been writing an angry letter. It may be a clever, caustic letter, and you feel rather inclined to regard it approvingly, considered as a literary production. But it may be a passionate and unjust letter. It may be unreasonable and untrue. You may be giving unmerited pain by sending it. You may bitterly regret the moments when your hand obeyed the immoral behest of your mind. You have heard of the physician's prescription about the cucumber—to peel it carefully, slice it tenderly, be gingerly with your vinegar and plenteous with the oil, sprinkle the pepper, brown or red, over it—and then fling the mess out of the window. So when you sit down to your letter, my dear and slightly excited friend, pile up the invectives, accumulate your adjectives, and be caustic and cutting in your phrases; but just before you post it, give a thought to the ethics of a postage stamp, light your pipe with it, and save your money.

Reappearance of a Murdered Boy.

Ten years ago, during the Kukluk days in Kentucky, Bealy James, a boy then, disappeared, and his father made great efforts to learn his whereabouts. Five years later Richard Shuck, convicted of murdering his father-in-law, confessed to being one of the gang that killed Bealy James and others. On his information Sam and Joe Goodrich and James Simmons were arrested, but before the trial, were hanged by a mob. John James, the father of the boy, was also accused, but he escaped, and is believed to be now in Mexico. A few days since, to the astonishment of everybody, Bealy James made his appearance at his old home near Lagrange, Kentucky. He says he ran away because of ill-treatment, and has been working on farms in Indiana and Arkansas.

Brutal Conduct at West Point.

The prejudice of color seldom develops itself in a more outrageous form than that described in the following dispatch, dated April 6: John C. Whittaker, colored, cadet of West Point, class of '76, was found bound hand and foot in his room at the barracks, with a piece of one ear cut off The other ear was slit and his head bruised. Whittaker says that three men jumped on and choked him in bed, threatning to kill him if he made a noise, and then put him on the floor and tied his feet to the bedstead. One said "Let us mark him like they do hogs down South." They then slit his ears. As yet there is no clue, but each cadet has been questioned.

THE municipal council of Paris has presented Prof. Nordenskjold with a gold medal. He was afterwards received by Gambetta, and dined to-day with President Grevy.

WRITTEN FOR THE COAST MAIL.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

Of Oregon's Southern Coast.

NUMBER XIV.

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

It appeared from the suddenness of the attack, that their plan was for a number of Indians to simultaneously pounce upon each member of the party, disarm them, and then kill them at pleasure. It did not appear to me possible that any one of the party could escape. I rode in the bow of the leading canoe and had stepped out on the beach and was completely hemmed in. I was separated from my comrades when the rush was made upon us, and I can hardly tell how I prevented myself from being crowded into the river. Two powerful Indians seized hold of my gun, one by the muzzle, and the other by the breech, while I maintained a firm hold upon the middle. A severe struggle ensued with a half a dozen other Indians, hold of every part of me. I had a good butcher knife, and the day previous an Indian had stolen the scabbard, and I had tied it to my belt with a piece of stout buckskin, and during the scuffle they were continually tugging and pulling at that butcher knife. And if it had not been tied firmly it is quite probable that I would have been killed with my own knife. At about this time the rifle for which we were scuffling, was discharged with its muzzle downward. The sudden report giving the Indians a fright, I at once unexpectedly succeeded in wrenching it from them. They had crowded me with such force, and in such numbers, that I now found myself surrounded by a large body of Indians on three sides, forming a semi-circle, with the deep river on the other side. From this position to the top of the bank was about twenty steps with a gradual ascent, with the Indians massed nearly as thick as they could stand. With my back to the river, and my heels almost touching the water, it was impossible for me to see anything outside of the small space in which the unfortunate circumstances had placed me. Not one of our little party could be seen, but the yelling and howling of the Indians, and the groans of the wounded and dying told too plainly that the imprudence of the majority had led us to the slaughter.

I had not thought of escape but believed it to be my duty to dispose of my life as dearly as my weak condition would enable me. Instantly after gaining possession of my rifle, I drew the breach of it and commenced fighting with all the strength I could command. Striking to the right and left, knocking some of them down at every blow, gradually clearing the way before me until I found myself upon the level bank back from the river. As I advanced a portion of them gave way in front and closed in behind, so that as soon as I left the margin of the river where the fight began, I was completely surrounded, with no protection on either side, thus forming the center of a circle, with an excited mass of armed barbarians on every side.

I much regretted that I did not possess the physical strength, naturally belonging to me under more favorable circumstances. Not that I could hope to escape, but so that I could inflict more punishment upon the treacherous foe, who, taking advantage of our half starved condition, had lured us on to destruction under the pretense of friendship and fair promises of relief. Fortunately (I think for me) the greater portion of them who are armed with bows and arrows had places on the outer rim of the circle, while those forming the inner part appeared to be principly armed with clubs and long knives. Situated as I was, encircled by this living mass of savage humanity, in order to maintain my position a moment, and prevent myself from being instantly crushed, it became necessary to strike simultaneously in every direction; for as the whole force would fall back from a descending blow in front, at that very moment I was in the greatest danger from the clubs, knives and arrows from those in the rear, who, in the next second, had to be beaten back in the same manner A few blows shattered the stock of my rifle, the broken pieces and fragments flying in every direction, leaving the barrel in my hands. It had been a favorite gun of mine, the barrel being about three feet long. And with it in this situation, fearful blows could be dealt, while thus contending, not exactly for life, but to inflict all possible punishment on the barbarous foe. While, we were thus surging to and fro upon the the river bank, and while it required every possible effort of mine to keep the little space in which I was operating sufficiently large for me to handle myself in, I was quite sensible of the fact that my strength was fast failing me. I felt as if I could not hold out long, and concluded that it could not be more than a minute or two, and perhaps but a few seconds before I would accompany my poor unfortunate comrades to eternity.

The thick mass of Indians whom I was combatting, and by whom I was so closely surrounded, appeared at last to move slowly in one direction; and that back from the river, without any changes in our relative positions, or any abatement of the furious combat. Myself in the center, situated in such a manner that it required much more power and strength than I possessed to long maintain the unequal conflict. I knew for certain that I was killing some of the Indians for the pressure from the outside was so great that those forming the inner wall of the circle could not avoid my well directed blows. During all this time no one would expect me to remain unharmed. I received very many blows upon my body, arms and shoulders. I at last received a blow upon the head from a club which knocked me to the ground, wondering how I had escaped so long. Had they suddenly closed upon me at this particular moment, I might easily have been dispatched. I was not stunned, and no bones were broken. Instantly jumping to my feet, I found the space in which I was fighting, smaller and so contracted that I had scarcely enough room to swing my weapon. Being nerved to desperation I no doubt accomplished much more than could have been done under a less state of excitement. I soon made room in which to handle myself, and the fight went on as before. The whole force whooping, howling and yelling as only Indians can, was still moving along, when with one desperate lunge I succeeded in breaking the living wall for the first time, and, as it happened, on the side opposite to the river. This was the first time that daylight had been visible through the crowd since the fight began. As I looked through the gap across the level prairie, and saw the thick green timber, a flash of hope, although a faint one, for the first time passed over me. Sudden as thought I rushed through the opening thus made, and as I run, I looked back over my left shoulder, speculating in my terribly agitated and confused mind, as to what the result of this new movement would be, when I was suddenly struck by an arrow between the left hip, and lower ribs, which penetrated the abdomen, and passed about two-thirds of the way through my body. Animals are sometimes shot in such a manner as to cause them to stop suddenly, even when running at full speed; this arrow had the same effect upon me. Finding it impossible to move, I jerked it out, drawing off the barb, and also the point of the main shaft to which the barbed point was fastened. No pain was experienced when the arrow entered, but the suddenness with which the point was drawn off inside the body, was, to say the least, a painful moment to me. I thought for a second or two that I must give way and fall down from the effects of it, but singular as it may appear, the excitement overcame the pain, and in a moment I had as good use of myself as before.

The fight now assumed altogether a different character, and as I had thought a little about escaping, I was probably much more sensitive of danger than previously. The greater portion of the Indians at this time fell back toward the river where the fight began, to plunder or mutilate the dead or to assist in torturing some poor fellow whose life had not quite passed away, or to look after the dead and wounded of their own; while about fifteen or twenty, armed with bows and arrows, scattered out in Indian style, taking position on every side and only a few feet distant.

(To be continued)

THE bill to prevent land monopoly which has passed the California Senate provides that no deed or instrument conveying absolute title to land within that State shall be recorded unless it shall have attached to it a certificate, duly acknowledged, showing that the party to whom the premises are conveyed will not be made the owner by the instrument of more than 1,280 acres of agricultural land suitable for cultivation nor more than 5,120 acres of grazing land not suitable for cultivation.

Anecdote of Cyrus.

Rollin's Ancient Hist.

After one of the successful battles of Cyrus' expedition against the Babylonians, amongst the prisoners of war taken there was a young princess of most exquisite beauty, whom they had reserved for Cyrus. Her name was Panthea, the wife of Abradates, king of Susiana. Upon the report made to Cyrus of her extraordinary beauty, he refused to see her; for fear (as he said) such an object might engage his affections more than he desired, and divert him from the great designs he had in view. But Araspas, a young nobleman of Media, had not the same distrust of his own weakness, and pretended that a man may be always master of himself. Cyrus committed the princess to his care, with the admonition: "I have seen a great many persons who thought themselves very strong, overcome by that violent passion, in spite of all their resolution; who have owned afterwards, with shame and grief, that their passion was a bondage and slavery from which they had not the power to redeem themselves; an incurable distemper, out of the reach of all remedies and human efforts; a kind of bond or necessity, more difficult to force than the strongest chains of iron." "Fear nothing," replied Araspes, "I am sure of myself and will answer with my life that I shall do nothing contrary to my duty." Nevertheless, his passion for the young princess increased, and she was obliged to make Cyrus acquainted with his conduct, who sent an officer to reprove Araspes in his name. Some days after Cyrus sent for him. He went to the prince with fear and trembling, and instead of being reproached as he expected, Cyrus spoke gently to him acknowledging his own error for having imprudently exposed him to so formidable an enemy. By such an unexpected kindness the young nobleman recovered both life and speech. "Alas," says he, "now I am come to the knowledge of myself, and find most plainly that I have two souls; one that inclines me to good, another that incites me to evil. The former prevails when you speak to me, and comes to my relief; when I am alone, and left to myself, I give way to, and am empowered by the latter." Araspes made advantageous amends for his fault, and rendered Cyrus considerable service, by retiring among the Assyrians, under the pretence of discontent, and by giving intelligence of their measures and designs.

The loss of so brave an officer, whom discontent was supposed to have engaged on the enemy's side, caused a great concern in the whole army. Panthea, who had occasioned it, promised Cyrus to supply his place with an officer of equal merit; she meant her husband Abradates. Accordingly, upon her writing to him, he repaired to the camp of the Persians with 2000 horse, and was directly carried to Panthea's tent, who told him, with a flood of tears, how kindly and circumspectly she had been treated by the generous conqueror. "And how," cried out Abradates, "shall I be able to acknowledge so important a service?" "By behaving towards him," replied Panthea, "as he hath done towards me." Whereupon he waited immediately upon Cyrus, and grasping the hand of his benefactor. "You see before you," says he to him, "the tenderest friend, the most devoted servant, and the faithfullest ally you ever had; who not being otherwise able to acknowledge your favors, comes and devotes himself entirely to your service." Cyrus received him with such a noble and generous air, accompanied by so much tenderness and humanity, that fully convinced him, that whatever Panthea had said of the wonderful character of that Prince, was abundantly short of the truth.

A dispatch says: The case of Jessie Raymond against Senator Hill came up in the Circuit Court of this District on the 7th. A motion was made by Senator Hill's counsel that the case be stricken from the docket on the ground that the suit was instituted by plaintiff's attorney without plaintiff's consent and against her protest. Later in day Mrs Lockwood appeared with Miss Raymond, and the latter swore to an affidavit that she had authorized its prosecution; and that her claim for damages was a just and true one. The court took the motion of Hill's counsel under advisement.

COLUMBIANS are indignant that they cannot grant a canal privilege without the United States claiming a right to interfere, and say that when they want "protection" from us, or any one else, they will give notice.

Morse not the Real Inventor of the Telegraph.

Journal of the Telegraph.

The forthcoming annual report of the Smithsonian Institute will contain an important contribution to the history of the electric telegraph, in the shape of a memoir by Professor William B. Taylor, who will be remembered as having been for many years connected with the United States Patent Office, on the discoveries and inventions of the late Professor Joseph Henry, and their relation to the development of the electric telegraph. We shall hereafter take occasion to review this memoir with something of the completeness which its importance warrants. Meantime our readers will be interested in the following chapter, which we reprint from the appendix to the memoir, advance sheets of which have been placed at our disposal by the courtesy of the author.

In a biographical sketch of Alfred Vail by Mr. Frederick Brent Read, of Cincinnati, published in 1873, the writer states without qualification:

"Alfred Vail first produced in the new instrument the first available *Morse* machine. He invented the first combination of the horizontal lever motion to actuate a pen or pencil or style, and the entirely new telegraphic alphabet of dots, spaces and marks, which it necessitated; and he did so prior to September, 1837, the month when the old instrument passed into his hands for reconstruction. . . The new machine was Vail's, not Morse's. The claim is nearly made, then, that Alfred Vail in the first place invented an entirely new alphabet; secondly, he invented an entirely new machine in which was the first combination of the horizontal lever motion to actuate a pen or pencil or style, so arranged as to perform the new duties required with precision, simplicity and rapidity; and thirdly, Vail invented, several years afterward [in 1844], the new lever and [grooved] roller which embossed into paper the wholly simple and perfect alphabetic characters which he alone originated."

Numerous experiments with various kinds of pencils, fountain-pens, and inked roulettes, having shown their inefficiency for the uniform marking of the "dot and dash" alphabet, Alfred Vail at last boldly discarded all marking devices, and employed a blunt steel point near the end of the registering lever, playing directly over a narrow groove in the roller which supported the record-fillet of paper. In this manner the variable lines of Vail alphabet were permanently indented in the paper with perfect facility and unerring regularity. Mr. F. B. Read, in his biographical sketch of Samuel F. B. Morse (in the work just quoted), after alluding to his original apparatus as being placed by him "in Mr. Vail's hands for an entire mechanical reconstruction throughout, to speak a language not only wholly unknown to the first machine, but to perform entirely new functions, and to produce an entirely new system of signs and letters which the first by its structure was physically incapable of being made to speak;" adds, with regard to Mr. Vail's subsequent improvement, "His more perfect invention of a steel style upon a lever which could strike into the paper as it was drawn onward over a grooved roller and *emboss* upon it the same alphabetic characters was not made until 1844, about the time the first line of telegraph began to operate between Baltimore and Washington."

Simple as may appear the substitution of the dry point for the inked wheel or pen, its introduction effected a wonderful saving of time, of attention and of annoyance. In a memorandum attached to the original model of the lever-style and grooved roller, Alfred Vail wrote, "I have not asserted publicly my right as first and sole inventor because I wished to preserve the peaceful unity of the invention, and because I could not, according to my contract with Professor Morse, have got a patent for it."

Mr. Read, in the same biography of Morse, after quoting his feeble and insufficient tribute to Vail, in his speech at the banquet given at New York on the evening of December 29, 1868, in honor of the "successful" inventor (in which he said of his intellectual offspring, "It found a friend in Mr. Alfred Vail, of New Jersey, who, with his father and brother, *furnished the means* to give the child a decent dress"), makes the comment, "It would have been more magnanimous if in those last days of the aged savant he had stated the precise facts, and given Alfred Vail the full credit to which he was justly entitled. He would thus have generously raised a fitting monument to the memory of one who had years before been gathered to his fathers' in the prime of manhood, who had with wondrous modesty and singular reticence refrained from claiming as of his own invention, the improved 'Morse' instrument and alphabet."

In again referring to this subject in his following sketch of the life of Vail, the author adds, "These are the quiet and subdued terms in which Professor Morse was content to hand his co-inventor and early friend down to posterity. He makes no allusion to Alfred Vail which would lead any one to suspect that he was anything more than a skillful mechanic—that Vail had ever done anything beyond putting into form the conception of Morse's brain. To say the least, it was an unhappy holding off from a magnanimous and generous course."

At a meeting of the directors of the "Magnetic Telegraph Company," held at Philadelphia on the 16th of February, 1859, for the purpose of giving expression to their feelings on the recent death of Alfred Vail (a brother director), Amos Kendall, in seconding and warmly supporting the offered resolutions of respect and grief, is thus reported: "In the words of the distinguished associate and friend of both, the Hon. Amos Kimball, 'If justice be done, the name of Alfred Vail will forever stand associated with that of Samuel F. B. Morse, in the history of the invention and introduction into public use, of the electro-magnetic telegraph. . . . Mr. Vail was one of the most honest and scrupulously conscientious men with whom it has ever been my fortune to meet."

Surely it is time that Alfred Vail should receive the tardy justice of some public acknowledgment of his very ingenious and meritorious inventions in telegraphy, and of grateful remembrance, particularly for his valuable contribution to the "Morse system" of its practically most important element.

A Perilous Situation.

Willamette Farmer.

A private letter from Pendleton, Umatilla county, contains the following particulars of a terrible accident which resulted in the death of a vicious horse, and only by a miracle was prevented from proving fatal so a Mr. Green. The details are as follows: Mr. A. E. Scott and C. F. Green, both brother-in-law to Mr. J. Q. Spaulding, commercial traveler for Hodge, Davis & Co. were engaged in digging a well on a ranch about twenty-five miles from Pendleton, near the Meadows, on Umatilla, on the 13th inst., and while Scott was trying to break a young horse, he approached the well which was down about thirteen feet at the time, to speak to Green, who was down in the well digging away. As Scott attempted to stop the horse, it whirled around and with its ears pinned back and mouth wide open, made a plunge for him. He dodged and into the well the horse tumbled. As he went down his shoulders and side struck Green, crushing him to the earth. The only thing that prevented his being instantly killed was a box which was suspended by a rope which was fastened above. This sustained sufficient weight to allow him to breathe, having been crushed down so that his face come beside the box. As quick as flash Scott realized the situation and knew that the frantic efforts of the animal would quickly kill the man beneath him, and seizing an ax he jumped down upon the animal and a life and death struggle ensued. At length he managed to strike the horse a blow on the head which stunned him, and he then quickly dispatched him, as every time he struggled, large quantities of earth poured down upon the luckless Green who was imprisoned beneath. Scott climbed to the surface and ran a mile and a half for help. Returning as quickly as possible, they set to work cutting the horse to pieces and hoisting it out of the well. Mrs. Green, the unfortunate man's wife was present and while hoisting portions of the animal to the surface, cheered her husband by telling he would soon be released. The poor man was suffering intense agony, and said he could not live a minute longer. He bade his wife farewell in choking sobs, and all was silent beneath the steaming mass of flesh and blood. With frantic efforts the animal was torn limb from limb until the last piece was cleared away, and the unconscious man was fould buried to his chin in dirt and gravel saturated with blood. The sight was a horrible one, yet with all speed, urged on by the half distracted wife, the work was hurried to completion and the unfortunate man lifted to the surface. He was carried to his home, where restoratives were applied, and in a short time his eyes opened and again he spoke. Although no bones were broken he was badly crushed and bruised and may be confined to his bed for weeks. He had a very narrow escape, and he owes his life in a great part to his brave wife, who lent material aid in the work, as well as cheered the dying man to bear up a little longer. It is safe to say that in the future Mr. Scott will exercise more care while circling about a well with a young horse, especially when his brother-in-law is in it.

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.

The Irrepressible Book Fiend.

We take following from a very reliable exchange, but do not vouch for its truth: A book agent recently met with a serious accident in the suburbs of La Cross. He was walking along the railroad when a freight train came along. The unfortunate man was struck by the engine and knocked directly across the track. Some fifty-three cars passed over him. He was tumbled down a bank 800 feet high over stones, and stumps, and just as he got to the edge of the river he struck against a pile driver that was at work, and, his head lying on top of the pile for a minute or two, the ponderous hammer descended, striking him on the check, bruising his face somewhat.

The shock rolled him into the river just as an up river packet was passing, and by some mishap the unfortunate man was entangled in one of the wheels, whirled round and round for an hour and a half before he was discovered and released. He was picked up nearly senseless and removed to the cabin, where his wants were supplied. After he had eaten a hearty meal he was approached by the captain, who asked:

"Is there anything you would like to have?"

"No, no," replied the canvasser, "there is nothing but this—"

"What! what!" ejaculated the captain, "what is it?"

The book agent smiled sweetly as he produced a subscription list and said:

"Subscribe for that beautiful book entitled, 'The Poisoned Gum Drop, or The Candy Woman's Revenge,' by the author of 'Jones, the Button-Hole Maker."

Choosing a Wife.

Never marry a woman simply because she has a handsome face or a well-turned figure; for we soon become insensible to angelic forms and faces. If her countenance has life and intelligence, if her walk and carriage are modest and lady-like, and if the whole appearance indicates she has a mind, heart and soul, why she is worth all the simpering, mincing, flirting, affected misses that ever brought good looks as their only marriage dower. If the fair one you are addressing is rich in houses, lands, bank stock or railway shares, her worldly gear should not prove an insurmountable objection; but if she is poor like yourself, so much the better. There is nothing like a young couple, about the age of 20, starting in life with fond hearts, clear heads, easy consciences and empty pockets. You have something to hope for, to work for, to live for! Your early struggles with the crosses of this life will only bind you the closer to your young, ardent and loving wife.

Temper.

A hasty temper often leads young men into great mistakes. It frequently causes them to misunderstand an employer's intention, and to resent as an insult what was meant only as a just rebuke. In this way a young man sometimes loses a valuable situation, and has to begin the world over again. And, unfortunately, his hasty temper does not permit him to learn wisdom from his experience. On the contrary, it too often leads him again into the same mistake, and he is again set adrift. His temper grows worse and worse, until at last he becomes unbearable, and nobody will long keep him in employment. On the other hand, a good temper and an obliging disposition, when combined with honesty and industry, are invaluable qualities in every one who has his way to make in the world.

OMAHA, April 3.—M. V. Tracy was unintentionally killed by his father on Wednesday near Ord, Valley county. He returned home with his brother from a hunt, and to play a joke on their father they fired their guns and burst open the door. The father, who had $1,000 in the house, supposed that robbers were attacking him. Asking who was there and receiving no reply, he fired a gun and shot his son, M. V. Tracy, who died shortly after.

COLTON, Cal., April 3.—A smash up occurred on the Southern Pacific road last night near Cabason station. Nineteen cars loaded with steel rails, lumber and merchandise, were wrecked and an engine badly damaged. Robert Huett, a fireman, was quite seriously hurt by jumping from his engine. An unknown tramp who was stealing a ride in a stage coach loaded on a flat was killed.