The Coast Mail.

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Charade.

My first is an Emerald youth,
That's often seen carrying a hod;
My second is very uncouth,
And a crime against country and God.
My whole is not given to roam—
A lover of country and home.

W. H Ans. to No, 1, BLACKSTONE.

Smuggling in England--1745.

Notes and Queries

From Ipswich the Surveyor-General informs the Commissioners that he had at different times received accounts that between the 30th of June and 28th of December, there have been run on several parts of the Suffolk coast 1835 horse-loads of tea and some other goods and 1689 horseloads of wet and dry goods, besides great quantities of wet and dry goods landed out of several vessels, all of which were conveyed away in wagons and others carriages, and by a great number of smugglers loaded. With regard to the first of these representations, the said Commissioners ordered a vessel to cruise on the coast of Wales, and, with regard to the others, they gave directions to intercept the goods; and as to what related to the Surveyor-General's account from Ipswich, they ordered proofs to be procured, but all endeavors proved ineffectual.

On the 15th of Janfiary 11 smugglers' boats were seen going into the harbor of Whitehaven, steering for the Scotch borders, laden with brandy, rum, tea, and got all their cargoes on shore except one, which was taken by the officers of Seafield.

How Postage Stamps are Made.

In printing, steel stamps are used on which 200 stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with colored inks and passing them to a man and girl, who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time, although ten presses can be put into use in case of necessity. After the small sheets of paper upon which the 200 stamps are engraved have dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar compound made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables mixed with water, which is better than any other material, for instance, gum arabic, which cracks the paper badly. This paper is also of a peculiar texture, somewhat similar to that used for banknotes. After having been again dried, this time on little racks which are fanned by steam power, for about an hour they are put in between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic pressure capable of applying a weight of 2,000 tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in halves; each sheet of course, when cut, contains 100 stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being prefered to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many stamps; they are then passed to two other squads, who, in as many operations, perforate the sheets between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled and stowed away in another room preparatory to being put in mailbags for dispatching to fill orders. If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of 100 is burned. Five hundred thousand are burned from this cause every week. For the past twenty years not a sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. During the progress of manufacturing the sheets are counted eleven times.

THE Arcata *Leader* says Bret Harte commenced his poetical career as the writer of spring poetry for the Humboldt *Times*, and that at one time he used to dig potatoes in the Arcata bottom.

THE COAST MAIL.

Vol. 2. MARSHFIELD, OR., SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1880. No. 18.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

Of Oregon's Southern Coast.

NUMBER XVI.

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

He informed me that Davenport had also escaped—that he had been disarmed, and had struck out across the prairie at a rapid rate, and had reached the timber unharmed, far in advance of him, and by this time must be a mile or two away in the woods.

Ryan, Holland, Doherty, Pepper and Murphy were certainly dead; the manner in which I had seen these poor unfortunate men, overpowered and stricken down, was such as to exclude all hope of any of them possibly to be alive.

Hedden knew nothing of TeVault or Brush, and when they were last seen by me, when I was fighting my way up from the water's edge to the level bank above, TeVault was in a canoe, some distance out in the river entirely powerless, and the river full of canoes, with armed Indians all around him striking at him with paddles and clubs. I saw Brush at the same glance struggling near him in the water, the Indians also assailing him in a similar manner, and while they were not positively known to be killed, yet it did not appear to us that either of them could have escaped.

If we had any doubts before, we were now fully satisfied that the attack was premeditated, that runners had been sent down from the upper river to notify the lower bands that we were coming, and to use an expression of Hedden's, "a trap had been set for us and we had walked deliberately into it," although to the credit of some of the party be it said, under a strong protest.

We fled back into the timber northwesterly, with the view of striking the coast a few miles to the northward, but had not traveled far before I became suddenly faint, feeling a death-like sensation passing over me, and calling to Hedden, I fell staggering to the ground: he rushed to my assistance, raised me up partially and although insensible of that fact, yet I had an indistinct recollection of hearing him say, "Good-by old boy," as I appeared to be passing away. In a few moments, however, I recovered somewhat and found him busily engaged in his hasty preparations to cover me over with brush and dirt. Feeling some better after the fainting spell, he now examined my wounds. The first arrow received near the river which passed into near the center of the abdomen, was the only one I dreaded, and the joint or detached portion of the arrow which had been drawn off inside, could not be seen or reached, although a wooden probe had been prepared and inserted into the wound to try and find its exact position. Both considered this a mortal wound, but nothing could be done with it. Another wound about four inches above, looked badly, but upon probing, it was found that instead of penetrating the body, the arrow had struck a rib with such force as to shatter the bone and bend the iron barb into a peculiar shape, but it was easily removed. By far the most painful of any of the wounds was one upon the top of the head, received when dropping down to avoid an arrow from the front. It struck near the crown, as I thought, with a great deal of force, glancing off, cutting the scalp to the bone for the space of two or three inches. The force of this arrow stunned me somewhat, and came very near knocking me down. It pained me severely, the blood running down every side of me in little torrents, leaving blood upon the ground in nearly every footstep. Severe wounds were also noticed and the arrow points removed from the hand, each arm and shoulder; but these were but flesh wounds and gave me no trouble whatever although quite painful, and made ugly sores for some time afterwards. Aside from the wounds mentioned, my hands, arms, head, and nearly every part of my body was cut, jagged, bruised and pounded almost to a jelly, so that it was difficult for me to tell just what part was the most painful.

It had been our intention as we came down the river, to proceed down the coast to Port Orford; but circumstances of the fight had left us on the north side, therefore our only alternative appeared to be to strike northward to the Umpqua river settlements about 40 miles distant. Man could hardly be placed in a much more melancholy situation. We were without food, fire or blankets—I had a shirt, and Hedden a shirt and pants. The gun which I had brought out of the fight, without amunition, and a knife were our only weapons, and the country full of hostile Indians in any direction we might go. After the examination of my wounds, we set out and traveled three or four miles along the coast through the heavily timbered and dense thickets, when again becoming weak and faint, we came to a halt; and the afternoon being somewhat advanced, we rested ourselves until night, and traveling a mile or two after dark, we crawled into a thick bunch of brush to pass away a miserable night. The day had been pleasant, but the night set in cold, damp and chilly.

September 15, 1851.—Last night was cold and foggy. The wound upon the head was the only one that gave me much pain yesterday, but during the night the wound in the body became so sore and painful, that all the others soon ceased to attract my attention. The cold was severe enough to chill a well person to death, and that added to my other discomforts rendered this a terrible night of suffering to me. Hedden worked over me all night and did everything he could; we were both rejoiced when morning came, hoping that it might bring us some kind of relief from some source, we not what. He lifted me to my feet in a feeble condition; I could stand up, was considerably bent forward, was in great pain, but with his assistance moved along through the brush and timber two or three hundred yards at a time without resting. Becoming more and more sore every moment, of course but slow progress was made.

The fog clearing up about noon, and the afternoon pleasant, we halted near the coast to obtain a little rest and sleep if possible. Hedden being unhurt was soon asleep, with the rifle (although of no practical use) by his side. I was resting some, but was in too great agony to sleep. I was lying down upon the opposite side from which the sun was shining, and was startled from this position by a heavy shadow being suddenly cast over me, caused by an Indian rising from the ground from the opposite side of Hedden, having our gun in his hand. Hedden was on his feet in an instant, and rushed at the Indian in an agitated manner with the butcher knife, the Indian running to the coast which was about 100 yards distrnt, Hedden striking at him all the way. While he was at no time more than two steps behind him, yet he found it impossible to reach him, and upon coming to the bluff the Indian jumped down a perpendicular precipice about 20 feet carrying the gun with him. He had approached on his hands and knees to where we were lying; he was naked and had his bow and arrows with him, and had both of us been asleep, our lives would have been at his disposal. We at once struck back directly into the heavy timber, and finding it impossible for me to travel far, and believing the Indians to be on our trail, we crawled into a thick jam of fallen timber, where we remained until dark, and then moved out and traveled a short distance when we remained until dark, and then moved out and traveled a short distance when we were obliged to halt for the night.

Sept. 16, 1851.—As usual, the night was cold and foggy. Of course no one could sleep. I thought my misery was unbearable the night before, but last night my sufferings were more intense, and I actually thought I would die of hard pain before morning. Hedden in his kindness did everything in his power to make me comfortable, but of course could do nothing to alleviate pain. My body had become so swollen that the skin was perfectly tight, and the abdomen was becoming slightly discolored.

I was unable to get up without assistance, but after being set upon my feet, I could bear my weight and walk a little with the aid of a cane on one side and Mr. Hedden's assistance on the other. The country was heavily timbered, thick brush and briers, with deep gorges at short intervals, which we were obliged to cross.

Hedden was unhurt and could reach the Umpqua settlements in a couple or three days, provided he could dodge the Indians on the way. It was not expected that I could live longer than a day or two, and I therefore urged him to leave me and make his way to the settlements, and save his own life while he was able, for it appeared to me to be useless for him to risk his life and suffer so much exposure in an effort to save mine, which did not seem possible. But he was firm, and declared his intention to stick by me while I lived and see me decently buried when I died.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Lockwood against Senator Ben Hill.

Senator Ben Hill has added nothing to his good name—if he ever had one—by his controversy with Mrs. Belva Lockwood, Esq., with regard to the Jesse Raymond case—she writes him the following letter:

WASHINGTON, March 12, 1880.

HON. B. H. HILL, UNITED STATES SENATOR:

SIR:—I am informed upon what I consider reliable authority that you are daily in the corridors and anterooms of the Senate, denouncing me in uncalled for terms for having acted as counsel for Miss Raymond, a Georgia woman, who upon oath before a notary public in this city, charged you with having been the father of her child. I have even learned that you design prosecuting me for conspiracy, blackmail, etc. My object in addressing you this letter is for the purpose of assuring you that I am ready to meet that or any other accusation which you may bring against me. Even though I may fail to substantiate the allegations of Miss Raymond, who seems to have been tampered with by some of your strikers yet if given the opportunity, I think I can clearly establish the fact that you are not a Joseph in morality and that more than one Washington family mourn and refuse to be comforted in consequence of your actions Let me remind you, Sir, that you are not in Georgia, where you can bully and make people afraid, but that you are in a community of law, order and decency, where you will be made to respect the laws. I therefore request that you cease your vapory denunciations, and meet me as one lawyer should meet another, with law and facts, in the forum, and not with scandal and vituperation, which prove nothing but the weakness of the man who uses such means to influence public opinion. You are invited to proceed against me in the Courts if you feel yourself aggrieved.

I might also add, if necessary, that I could call by name a family recently residing on Capitol Hill whose 16-year old daughter you have ruined; whose younger brother you have made a page in the Senate; another brother you have placed in the signal office, and for whose father you have procured a position in the Postoffice Department; the 15-year old daughter sporting a gold watch that you presented to her. In the language of "Pinafore" you would provide for all of the girl's "sisters and her cousins and her aunts" did opportunity present itself.

Respectfully,
BELVA LOCKWOOD.

TALES OF THE TELEGRAPH.—When the news came of the revolution in Turkey and the deposition of Abdul Aziz, Queen Victoria, it is said, lost no time in intervening in his behalf, by telegraphing to Constantinople and expressing her hope that the ex-Sultan would not be subjected to any violence or ill-treatment. *"Soignez le bien"*—Take good care of him—said Her Majesty: but the cruel telegraph made her say, *"Saignez le bien"*—Bleed him well; and how they bled him all the world knows. The story is not impossible. In his last annual report, the Postmaster-General owns that a poor woman, telegraphing to a relative, "Mary is bad," had her message rendered, "Mary is dead;" and that a pleasure-party wishing to advise their friends at home of their safety by the assurance that they had "Arrived all right," scandalized the anxious ones with the announcement, "We have arrived all tight." But many jokes are perpetrated by the wire without receiving official recognition. A lady living near London, whose lord and master went up to town every day, was not a little puzzled by a message from him telling her he "would bring Sal on for dinner;" nor was she quite easy in her mind until ocularly convinced that his only companion was a fine salmon. A gentleman telegraphing to a book-seller at Cambridge to forward him a copy of a book of prize poems containing Johnson's poem on Plato, was surprised at receiving by the first post a letter from the book-seller, saying he could not find any such work; but his surprise did not outlast the discovery that by the time his message reached Cambridge the title he had given had become transformed into "John Pomens on Plate Money."—*Chamber's Journal.*

IT IS the opinion of the Charleston *News and Courier* that the bottom will fall out of the Democracy in that State and Georgia, if a sturdy and effective fight is not made against Independentism, towards which there has been a growing tendency ever since reconstruction, and rapidly so the last year.

The Immaculate Democracy.

The Democrats are anxious to get control of the Government in order to restore to it the purity which distinguished it in the days when they were in power. Their method of doing business in those days is described by the *Republic* as follows:

Under Buchanan, as under Jackson and Van Buren, the revenue and the offices were again the "spoils" of "the party." Loyalty to the Administration, allegiance to slavery, were the conditions of a division. The profits of the Congressional printing were great; the bills of the printer immense. But the profits of the Executive printing and binding and the printing of the postal blanks were enormous. Out of these profits—the newspaper corruption fund, disbursed by the notorious Cornelius—presses like the Pennsylvanian, the Philadelphia Argus, the Washington Union, etc., received a subsidy as a condition of slavishly supporting the Administration. Papers like the Cleveland National Democrat were established under the patronage of the Government by office-holders for like purposes—the defense of border ruffianism, Lecompton, and sectional strife. The navy yards, custom houses and post-offices were degraded into corrupt party machines. Editors of servile sheets, rendering to the Government no service, were borne upon their rolls, drawing pay—like Baker, of the Pennsylvanian, and the noted Theophilus Fisk, of the Argus, at Philadelphia; William M. Brown, of the Journal of Commerce, at New York; Harry Scovel, of the Free Press, at Detroit, and the Henry J. Alfords in other sections—men like Commings, at Philadelphia, pocketing pay in the name of subordinates for which no services were rendered; like Clements, at the Philadelphia navy yard, unable to write, but useful as a politician, appointed and drawing pay as clerks while working as bricklayers; like the infamous Michael C. Murphy, a foreman in the New York yard, and the principal in a $35,000 jewelry robbery, retained as party strikers. Fealty to party covered all crimes. Swindling contracts, like the notorious live oak contracts to Swift, were awarded to party favorites in payment of party services. Thousands of dollars were regularly assessed for party purposes, even three times in the same year, upon the Departments at Washington, upon the navy yards, custom houses and postoffices throughout the country; even assessments, in the form of contributions, for the support of the organ, the Constitution. Woe to the unfortunate wight who rebelled; his independence was instantly rewarded by decapitation. Office-holders were organized into mercenary corps for the control of National and State politics: and by wholesale frauds at elections—by frauds upon the registry—by the issues and distribution of fraudulent naturalization papers—by ballot-box stuffing and frauds in counting votes, enabled corrupt minorities to dominate for years the intelligent majorities of the great States of Pennsylvania and New York. Defaults like Isaac V. Fowler's, the postmaster at New York, for $75,000, were but bagatelles compared with Thompson's and Floyd's grander schemes of pillage. The abstraction by Floyd's nephew, Godard Bailey, in 1860, from the Interior Department, under Jacob Thompson, of $870,000 of Indian trust bonds, and their transfer to Russel, Majors & Waddell, upon Secretary Floyd's fraudulent acceptance, under a contract of that firm with the War Department, and similar fraudulent acceptances by Floyd, as shown by the records of the War Department, to the amount of $5,339,335, aggregating a fraud of $6,137,395, to be borne either by the Government or the holder.

THE *Alta* says the British ship *Knowsley Hall*, a former California trader, left London early in 1879 for Australia and never reached her destination, and was long since put down on the missing list at Lloyd's. Recently the British ship *Vancouver* arrived at Colombo and reports: Passed within five miles of Island of Amsterdam, on December 16th, and observed on southeast side several lights. Smoke was seen on the island at dusk. The Captain is of the impression that there is no village on the island, and thinks that what he has seen is from some ship-wrecked crew probably of the *Knowsley Hall*. The British Admiralty immediately on receipt of the intelligence ordered H. B. M. ship *Raleigh* to proceed to the locality and search.

GOV. THAYER has issued a requisition on the governor of Washington Territory for the arrest and return of Michael Ryan and Louis Blanchard charged with horse stealing in Umatilla.

Terrible and Fatal Explosion at Berkeley, California.

A San Francisco dispatch brings the news that, by the explosion of the giant powder works west of Berkeley, across the bay, on the 15th ult, twelve white men and twelve or fifteen Chinamen were killed. This is the third explosion the company has sustained, all attended with loss of life. The explosion occurred in the packing room, and all at work there were killed. About six thousand pounds of powder was in the room. All the victims were blown to atoms, the largest piece found being a part of the skull of a Chinaman and cue attached. There were six houses inside the works all blown to slivers, but the workmen in them escaped, with the exception of one man in the magazine, no trace of whom was found. Outside of the works are six houses, including the boarding house of the hands. All were more or less damaged, but are entire. The cause of the explosion is supposed to be carelessness. Workmen are directed to use wooden mallets in packing cartridges, but they found that they could work faster and make more money by useing iron hammers—a risky business around giant powder. It is supposed that some man hit once too many and his cartridge went off, igniting the powder before him which communicated with adjacent packages with the terrible result noted.

The names of white men killed by the giant powder explosion, as far as ascertained, are Jacob Van Dolen, Augustin Fisher, Peter Shaughnessy, Philip Lambert, Alex. Spooner and Lincoln Meek.

Found Dead.

Wm. H. Spencer, well known in various parts of Idaho Territory, was found dead in his lonely cabin near Camas prairie a short time since. His habitation was 16 miles away from any settlement. There had been no tidings from him for two months and the snows piled high in every direction, made his friends fear for his safety. Finally Mr. Williams, of Wallings ranch, set out on the morning of the 31st ult., and reached the cabin only to find the body of him whom he sought lying upon the rude floor. From the appearance of the house and surroundings it seemed that death must have taken place six weeks or two months previous, and he seemed to have met his fate through the accidental discharge of a pistol.

Was Shylock a Jew.

The *Koluische Zeitung* publishes an interesting paragraph on the question of Shylock's Judaism. In the year 1587, 10 years before the probable date of the production of Shakespeare's play, a Roman merchant named Paul Maria Secchi, a good Catholic Christian, learns that Sir Francis Drake has conquered San Domingo. He imparts his news to a Jewish trader, Simson Ceneda, who either disbelieved it or had an interest in making it appear so. He obstinately contested the truth of the statement, and to emphasize his contradiction, added that he would stake a pound weight of his flesh on the contrary. The Christian took him at his word, staking 1000 scudi against the pound of flesh, and the bet was attested by two witnesses. On the truth of Drake's conquest being confirmed, the Christian demanded the fulfillment of the wager. In vain the Jew offered money instead of the stake he had agreed to. The Jew appealed to the Governor, and the Governor to the Pope, who sentenced them both to the galleys—a punishment they were allowed to make up for by a payment of 2000 scudi each to the Hospital of the Sixtine Bridge.

SNOW-STORMS have more than once played an important part in history. At Towton, the decisive battle of the Wars of the Roses, the Lancastrian soldiers, having the snow driven in their faces by a strong wind, fell upon each other by mistake, and were easily routed. In one of the numerous wars between Denmark and Sweden, the Danes escaladed a Swedish fortress at night by means of the snow that had drifted against the wall. One of the Jacobite nobles, condemned after the rising of 1715, was saved by a snow-storm which delayed the arrival of the death-warrant for two days, during which time his friends contrived his escape. NAPOLEON'S column of attack at Eylau, in 1807, which should have fallen upon the Russian flank, was so blinded by the flying snow as to come out right in front of the great central battery, and was almost exterminated. The same cause occasioned the French defeat at Pultusk a month earlier; while the destruction of the British Army by the Afghans, in 1842, was materially aided by a snow fall which blocked the passes several fathoms deep, rendering any help from India impossible.

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.

Tilden will Withdraw.

A correspondent of the *Journal* writing from St. Albans, Vermont, says he was informed on the train between New York and Montreal by a leading Democartic politician of New England, whose high standing in the councils of the party entitles him to prominent recognition in the late Democratic Conference in New York city, at which Tilden and General Hancock, with members of the national committee were present. The question of Tilden's candidacy was settled at the meeting, and Tilden positively decided not to be a candidate for nomination, and that Tilden has written a letter, to be read at the Syracuse convention, withdrawing his name from the field, urging as a reason failing health and a desire to preserve harmony and success. Gen. Hancock stated to the correspondent that he could not enter into any contest or fight to secure the nomination; that he was not a candidate in the sense of being the seeker of the office. The correspondent was shown telegrams and letters from leading supporters of Tilden's candidacy in New York and Connecticut corroborating these statements.

"Reform" Is Necessary.

The New York *Times* says the Democratic plan for the capture of the Government Printing-office, at Washington, looks very much like a conspiracy. A Democratic newspaper organ in Washington has made the management of the establishment the target for periodical discharges of rancorous abuse and various loose allegations have been preferred against the Public Printer. None of these weapons has availed; nothing wrong has been proved against the management of the office. But the Democrats feel that they must somehow get possession of the establishment and its large patronage before the next campaign opens. They, accordingly, ordered nearly as much printing for the extra session of Congress as it usually required for a long session. The appropriation for the fiscal year is exhausted, and the ingenious schemers are lustily shouting that "reform is necessary" in the Government Printing-office. This means that the Democratic party must take the appointment of Public Printer from the President and give it to Congress.

Vindictive to the Last—Ah Lee on the Scaffold.

The Chinaman Ah Lee, whose case has attracted so much attention, was hanged in Portland last week. He protested his innocence to the last, and further said that the witnesses who had sworn they had seen him commit the murder did not see him on the night of the murder. He said he was caught in the wash house of Sam Lee, where he was hiding, and pretended to be sick, and that if he was not hung he would kill the four witnesses, and if he was hung he would come back to earth and kill them, and he would kill Dong Gong and Chang Do. He said the company to which he belonged would avenge his death and there would be plenty of Chinaman killed in Portland, and no one would know who did it. He then told Sam Duck to be a good man and take care of himself and not do wrong and he would keep out of the place he (Ah Lee) was in. After saying this much in Chinese he turned to the crowd and said, "All good men, good-bye, Good-bye friends, good-bye boys."

Desperate Resistance by an Outlaw.

A dispatch from Bradford, Pennsylvania, of the 19th, says:

A special from Emporium says that intense excitement prevails at Caledonia, Elk county, Pa., over a murder committed there yesterday morning by a noted forger and outlaw, Harry English. A posse went from St. Mary's to apprehend English and arrived at his house near Caledonia at 5 o'clock. Constables Wrenth and Volmer and Justice Burk met English coming down stairs. Wrenth ordered him to surrender, but he returned up stairs and locked himself in a room. The officers drew their pistols and declared their intention of taking him dead or alive. As constable Wrenth came up to the room English thrust a rifle through the door and shot, killing him instantly. Constable Volmer then carried Wrenth's body down stairs, and as he entered the yard English shot Volmer. The latter, it is thought, will not recover. English gained the woods during the excitement. While he was running District Attorney Nursell shot him in in the leg. Company H, State volunteers, has been ordered out to capture him.