

COAST



MAIL.

The Development of our Mines, the Improvement of our harbors, and railroad communication with the Interior specialties.

REPUBLICAN TICKET-CURRY CO.

Joint Representative—RAWLEY SCOTT. County Judge—COOLEY. Commissioners—C. JENSEN and SCOTT. County Clerk—WALTER SUTTON. Treasurer—M. C. GIBSON. Sheriff—W. M. GAUNTLETT. Assessor—JOHN MILLER. Coroner—T. CUNNINGHAM.

Party Discipline.

The Democrats of Cincinnati do not propose to be defeated by deserters from their own rank, if there is any virtue in pistol and shot-gun. A late dispatch says: Two attempts have been made during the last forty-eight hours to kill Eph. Holland, the famous gambler and leader of the gangs of repeaters which carried Cincinnati for Tilden in 1876. Friday afternoon Jake Ang, a noted keeper of a pool room and Democratic politician, shot at Holland on Vine street. At an early hour this morning an attempt was made to assassinate Holland at his residence on College street. He has lately worked against the Democrats and threatened to make disclosures. Since his change of front he has received notices to leave the country, and he declares that a plan has been formed to kill him before the National Democratic Convention meets. He says he has some facts to relate when that body meets that certain Democrats of prominence are determined shall not be related.

Storm Notes.

MERIDIAN, Miss., April 27.—A heavy storm passed over Macon last night, blowing away 22 houses, including the M. & O. railroad machine shop and master mechanics office. Sixteen cars were blown from the track, and 17 persons killed and 22 wounded. The loss of property is estimated at not less than \$100,000. MACON, Ga., April 27.—To-day citizens closed their places of business and devoted the day to caring for the dead and wounded. Seventeen were killed outright, and forty more or less wounded, some perhaps fatally. After the storm some of the ruins took fire but it was checked before spreading to any extent. At about 10 o'clock a perfect water spout visited the scene more horrible. Men and women were found today decapitated and limbs torn from bodies and otherwise mutilated, a quarter of a mile from their homes, and stock all killed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OVER 200 families are destitute, owing to forest fires in New Jersey, by the late terrible storm. DURING a gale on the 23d on the Scottish coast, nineteen fishermen were drowned. GEN. JOSEPH W. REVERE, grand son of Paul Revere of revolutionary fame died recently at the age of 68. WILMINGTON is proposed as the port of entry for a new customs collection district in southern California. AN unusual feature of the present heavy emigration from Europe is the steady movement west and southwest by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, extraordinary inducements being offered to emigrants in that direction. One steamer landed nearly 2000 Germans, Austrians and Swedes at Baltimore on the 25th ult. A SHORT time since Lawrence Lundine, living about six miles from Portland, jumped in a well with his baby in his arms. The child was saved. The cause of Lundine's suicide was a desertion of his spouse, she having gone with a handsomer man by the name of Pete Abstrom. AN Ottawa, dispatch of the 24th says: Fully one half of the city of Hull is in ruins. The area of ground burned is one mile long and four hundred yards wide. The heat is so intense and the smoke so dense that the city is almost shrouded in darkness. The estimated loss by the conflagration is between two and three millions of dollars, no insurance. The scene today of thousands of homeless people who have found temporary shelter in city halls and hotels is a painful one. POINT ST. GEORGE, near Crescent City has been recommended as a desirable situation for a light-house in the four last reports of the light-house board. In their opinion it is one of the most important points for a sea coast light on the coast of California. The bluff point is about 130 feet high with level land some distance back of it. A dangerous reef of rocks extends six or seven miles off the Point. The passage between the reef and Point St. George is much used by vessels. The steamer Brother Jonathan was wrecked on this reef some years ago.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State of Oregon. Governor, W. W. Thayer. Secretary of State, R. P. Earhart. Treasurer, E. Hursh. Supt. Public Schools, J. L. Powell. 2d Judicial District. Judge, J. F. Watson. District Attorney, S. H. Hazard. Coos County. County Judge, J. H. Nosler. Commissioners, John Kenyon, R. C. Dement, A. G. Aiken, Alex. Stauff, D. Morse, Jr. Treasurer, John Lane. School Superintendent, J. F. Moore. Coroner, T. C. Mackey. Curry County. County Judge, Delos Woodruff. Commissioners, J. P. Hughes, J. A. Cooley, A. H. Moore, Walter Sutton, A. M. Gillespie, M. B. Gibson, Coroner, Thos. Cunningham.

The Ruling Passion.

An old joke verified. A gentleman whose name was known afar. Once had a wife who was too fond of drink; He could not from her liquors all debar. He watched her till his health began to sink; Their friends then made her drunk as any tar. And put her in a coffin black as ink. Her husband hid and watched till she awoke; He heard a rumbling noise and thus she spoke: "Where can I be? and is this final fate?" A strange voice answered in a solemn tone: "You're dead to earth and in a future state!" She asked, "Do you also with shadows roam?" "I do," "And how long dead?" "Long years to date." "And how long live?" "Your breath just now has flown." "Now you've been here much longer than I've been, Please tell me where I'll get a little gin?" TUXS FORK.

A Narrow Escape.

Among the excited crowd that visited the office of the Helena (Mont.) Independent for news concerning the Ute outbreak, there stood a tall, handsome youth of twenty-three years, the strange whiteness of whose hair became at once a matter of comment. This young man was John Laefarr, who had not long ago hired himself as a ranchman with Charles D. Hart, three miles out of Helena. Laefarr was imperturbed by an Independent reporter to tell "the story of his white top-knot." He, at the age of nineteen years, was one of the seven packers who left Fort Lincoln in 1875, to ride with Gen. Custer along the Little Big Horn. When the fight of that bright but disastrous summer morning opened, Laefarr, with his companions, happened to be three miles away from the command. In a few moments after the sound of the combat reached them, a band of Sioux sprang from the grass within a few feet of them. Laefarr noosed a rope, placed it in the mouth of the nearest horse, and leaping upon the animal's back, plunged his spurs into his flank. As he hugged his horse he saw his six companions go down, one after another. One bullet out of the hundred that followed him tore through his neck, another cut a deep furrow across his cheek, a third imbedded itself in his thigh, and a fourth killed his horse. The desperate boy shot an approaching Indian and ran for a belt of timber half a mile distant. Barefooted, weak and faint from loss of blood, he outran his pursuers and reached the woods, where he hid for three days. He was at last picked up by three friendly Crow Indians and taken to Fort Lincoln, where he told of the massacre. It was not until he reached the fort that he knew of the change in his hair, which, before the terrible suffering, had been as black as the raven's wing. Laefarr has since been living at various points on the plains. He does not like to go over the story of his wonderful adventure.

ARIEL G. HARTZELL, a native of Sweden, committed suicide on the 26th ult. Hartzell's wife, Augusta Fredericka Hartzell, separated from him four months ago on account of his intemperate habits and failure to provide. He demanded that she return to live with him. This she refused to do. At this Hartzell drew a pistol and said he would take his life. His wife screamed and ran out of the room and up stairs, followed by Hartzell, who seized her and dragged her back into the room and locked the door. He then said that he would like to die in bed with his children, aged respectively two, three and five years. He crawled into bed with them, placed the pistol in his mouth and fired with instantly fatal effect.

WRITTEN FOR THE COAST MAIL.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

Of Oregon's Southern Coast.

NUMBER XVII.

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

My body was sorer and more painful this morning, and every step seemed to hurt me fearfully. We made slower progress than yesterday, and my resting spells were of course more frequent—about 100 yards was as far as I could possibly go at any one time and could only rest by lying down and could only lie down or get up by being handled carefully and lifted almost bodily.—We managed to make about three miles during the day, crossing several very rough gorges and in the afternoon went into camp completely exhausted. Hedden obtained a little sleep before night, and from a fern patch near by he gathered a large quantity for a bed, and covering which proved to be some protection from the damp but no protection from the cold.

Sept. 17, 1851.—If possible I passed a more miserable night than ever, and felt a great relief when daylight was visible through the tree tops, Hedden worked over me every moment of the time during the long and tedious night, bolstering me up in various ways, changing my position when desired in order to relieve me whenever it appeared possible to do so. Soon after daylight he straightened me out as much as possible, and set me on my feet and it was found that I could still stand up; we moved along near the coast as usual, towards the northward. My wound was more sore and painful, but I could make about the same progress as yesterday. Hunger seemed about to overcome me—a species of three leaved sorrel was found and I eat of it quite freely. Hedden left me awhile today a few yards back from the coast and went out on the beach; he saw no Indians but noticed plenty of fresh sign in all trails leading up and down near the beach; he brought back a small piece of dead fish which had washed ashore, which was eaten by me with a keen relish—Good water which I needed every few moments was found every where at short intervals.

In the afternoon while lying on the ground, I discovered some little black bugs, I picked up and commenced eating, and found them disagreeably sour to the taste, soon after Mr. Hedden brought me a couple of large snails, which I found to be of rather a delicate flavor and cleaned them up readily. Hedden tried them a time or two, but his stomach revolted and he was obliged to spit them out.—Once afterwards I saw him try one, but he was very careful about it, as if he wished to eat it without hurting it, but very soon gave it up, that was his last effort at snail eating. Their only objectionable feature was the fact that being of such a very slimy nature, that they adhere to the mouth so that no benefit could be realized from them until sometime afterwards when small particles could be released by the tongue and swallowed.

The character of the country is the same to-day as yesterday, and I presume we made about the same distance.—We did not halt for good until about the middle of the afternoon, and Hedden took his usual sleep and afterwards gathered a small lot of fine brush for our bed.

Sept. 18, 1851.—Last night appeared to me to be much colder than usual, although we were encamped in the heavy timber about one fourth of a mile back from the ocean, the fog was so dense that we could see but a few yards at sundown and it appeared cold enough for a well person to perish under more favorable circumstances. Hedden by his energy and perseverance in my behalf, managed some how to keep up a circulation of blood which I would have been unable to have done myself. All the wounds except the dangerous one in the body were raw running sores, not very painful yet rendering my situation more unpleasant every day, considering our inability to wash and dress them, while the "bad one," as we called it, was getting worse every day, and I becoming less able to bear it—I was bent forward considerably more than yesterday, and the severe sickening pain, together with the cold, hunger and want of sleep was fast overcoming me. As I became worse Hedden became more imperative in his demands for me to keep up courage and to make all effort possible to move along. I could not walk as well as yesterday, and my pains were cutting at every step. The trials of to-day were a mere repetition of those of yesterday, but required greater efforts and more careful handling on the part of Hedden

in placing me on the ground when stopping and raising me up again when ready to start; dragged along making slow progress and terminated our days travel at about 1 o'clock P. M. in a small fern prairie near the ocean. The snails of yesterday still sticking to my mouth did not prevent me from enjoying the same slimy diet to-day. We saw a large number of elk and the constant whistling was heard from daylight in the morning until long into the night. My suffering had become unparalleled; I wanted to die, death would have been a welcome relief now, but the ways of Providence are often wonderful and mysterious. Hedden enjoyed his usual sleep in the afternoon, and it was a great relief to me in my agony to know that one so well deserving was able to obtain that happy rest which was so painfully denied to me. The afternoon gradually wore away and as the much dreaded night set in, I did not expect, nor wish to live to see the light of another morning—large quantities of fern was placed under, around and over me, and every available means devised to keep me from chilling to death.

Sept. 19, 1851.—Hedden, worn to a skeleton, working like a beaver all the time night and day, fearfully exposing himself, was doing for me all that could be possibly done, kept me alive during the night, which gradually wore away, and in the morning I was still able to stand up, but a greater effort was required than formerly. I was bent forward much more this morning, and my body more inflamed, swollen and discolored.—It was evident to both that a crisis would soon be reached, while no one could have believed I would live a moment from general appearances. Every step, however, carefully made seemed like taking life, yet in obedience to Hedden's command I was obliged to make an effort to proceed, for choice I would have preferred to be left here alone, and I urged Hedden to leave me and go on to the settlements and save his own life, but he peremptorily refused to allow me to even talk about it any further. Progress was slow and painful to-day, and about one quarter of a mile brought us to the mouth of Coos River. Approaching as near as we deemed safe, I was caked away in a secluded spot, and Hedden cut him a "shelala" which, with the butcher knife, as the only weapons we possessed, advanced forward cautiously to reconiter the river to determine if possible the number and character of the Indians, and ascertain the chances, if any, for us to cross the river; reaching the mouth he followed along to the right a short distance, and discovered that an arm of the river or slough of 100 yards in width or more, put off southeasterly, and on the low brushy flat between this slough and the main river he discovered a single Indian camp, with only a couple of old squaws visible, while on the beach near him, an Indian had just landed, and hauled his canoe upon the sand, and had gone up the slough. Hedden returned immediately and reported his observations, and as we were uncertain as to the disposition of the Indians, we concluded to seize upon the canoe, and cross directly over to the north shore so as to avoid the ranch altogether, and proceed on our way to the Umpqua.

Terrible Ravages of a Storm.

A St. Louis dispatch of the 28th ult. has the following with regard to the destruction caused by the late storm in that region:

The Merchants' Exchange Relief Committee will to-morrow issue an address to charitably disposed people setting forth that the late Missouri cyclones have brought death and ruin to a hundred families and wasted many growing towns, and that the present advices of the committee show the destruction to be more fearful than pen can picture. Two eminent men that have been on a tour of inspection say that half has not been told. The James river storm began about 35 miles west of Springfield, gradually increased in size and power until it attained a width of 2000 feet. For a distance of 46 miles it cut an unbroken swath from 1500 to 2000 feet wide. Men, women and children were killed or crippled; horses, cattle sheep and hogs, are in a similar condition. Dwellings, fences and out-houses were not only leveled, but blown away. Plows, wagons, reapers, and other farming implements are reduced to scrap iron and kindling wood, and in many cases fields with growing crops are so covered with forest debris, or with mud and sand, that much additional labor will be required to save what was planted. No houses or barns are left standing in the track of the storms, and farmers are left without or implements to carry on their farms. Similar reports come from many other sources, and demands upon the people for assistance is very urgent. St. Louis is doing all in her power for the relief of these unfortunate districts; but the call is great and cannot be supplied in any adequate manner by citizens of this State alone. This committee, therefore, on behalf of sufferers, appeal to the people of this country everywhere to come forward and assist in relieving the distress in the southwest.

Self-reliant Women.

In South Auburn, Me., are three unmarried sisters, who have shown an extraordinary degree of resolution and energy. Their names are Margaret, Deborah and Adeline Jordan. Their father left them a farm of 130 acres, which they profitably managed without any assistance, except for a few days in haying time. They always pay their bills "and in good times have a little over." Last year they raised about 25 tons of hay, 120 bushels of potatoes, 9 bushels of wheat, 40 bushels of oats, 11 bushels of barley, 2 1/2 acres of corn, and had a large garden. Miss Margaret who is the eldest, recently gave the following account of herself: "On me falls most of the care. I have to be financier, cook, field hand and barn hand. I have to tend the racket from pantry to corn-field—in sickness and in death. I nurse the sick, feed the hens, hold the plow, hoe the corn, harness the horse, shovel the soil—maid of all work, and do anything and everything on the farm."

SWAMP fires are raging in North Carolina, and one family was burned to death. Forest fires in Long Island and New Jersey continue to be destructive, and Richmond, Va., has had a fire that caused \$100,000 loss.

Drouth and Famine in Northern Brazil.

Evarts, Secretary of State, has received a letter from the U. S. Consul at Pernambuco, which gives a most distressing picture of the drouth and famine which prevail in the interior provinces of Brazil. From the summer of 1876 to the close of 1878, (thirty months) no rain fell. First famine came, with all its horrors, then small-pox and other diseases aided in the work of death, till in the single province of Ceara which had 900,000 people in 1876, 500,000 have died. Every living thing either died or was killed to satisfy the hunger of the people, and then came cannibalism. His letter, which is full of sickening details of suffering and death, contains the following:

I have given the statistics, as figures tell their own incontrovertible tale. Sixty thousand Cearenses have been in the Lagoa Funda cemetery which was only commenced in the middle of last year. The soil is sandy, in which trenches were dug six feet deep, and long enough to contain twelve uncoffined corpses. Three or four more are sometimes put in when the bodies come too fast for the corpse or grave-diggers, numbering twenty-five. These diggers sometimes drop dead in their trenches, from the effluvia emanating from the bodies, which permeates the whole soil of the cemetery, and impregnates the surrounding atmosphere for nearly a mile.

At Parahyba, out of 15,000 Serjantos who came to that port, 12,000 died; others have wandered off, and the place is nearly depopulated.

Of Sobral, Pacatuba and other towns, distressing accounts that augmented the sum of human suffering, could be given. But enough has been narrated to convey some idea of the magnitude of the terrible scene of Ceara. It is estimated that 150,000 died from hunger alone; as many more from its effects, and the remaining 200,000 from disease.

Public Speaking.

Mr. M. C. George, Republican nominee for Congress, will address the people on political issues and matters of State interest, at the following times and places: Ashland—Monday, May 3, at 1 p. m. Jacksonville—Monday, May 3rd, at 7:30 p. m. Roseburg—Thursday, May 9th, 1 p. m. Oakland—Thursday, May 6, 7:30 p. m. Eugene City—Friday, May 7, 1 p. m. Albany—Saturday, May 8, 7:30 p. m. Corvallis—Saturday, May 8, 7:30 p. m. Oregon City—Monday, May 10, 1 p. m. Salem—Monday, May 10, 7:30 p. m. Independence—Wednesday, May 12, Dallas—Thursday, May 13, 1 p. m. Lafayette—Friday, May 14, 1 p. m. McMinnville—Friday, May 14, 7:30 p. m. Hillsboro—Saturday, May 15, 1 p. m. Astoria—Monday, May 17, 7:30 p. m. St. Helens—Tuesday, May 18, 7:30 p. m. Portland—Thursday, May 19, 7:30 p. m. Weston—Saturday, May 22, 1 p. m. Pendleton—Saturday, May 23, 7:30 p. m. La Grande—Tuesday, May 24, 7:30 p. m. Union—Wednesday, May 26, 7:30 p. m. Baker City—Saturday, May 29, 1 p. m. Prairie City—Monday, May 31, 1 p. m. Canyon City—Tuesday, June 1st, at 1 p. m. The Dalles—Friday, June 4, 7:30 p. m. Citizens, irrespective of party, including the ladies, cordially invited.

An Honor to the State.

The Sunday Mercury in an article on the Republican nominations, in speaking of the nomination of M. C. George as representative to Congress, says: "This is a good nomination, good in every way." That he is "good looking," has "good morals" and has a "good record," "is a good lawyer" a "good citizen," and "conscientious to a fault," yet with all these qualifications, that are about all that make the man, it says he won't do. The Democratic papers all over the state acknowledge his qualifications and attainments and his freedom from rings or unsavory taint, and yet say he is not the man. The truth of the matter is that no man will suit the Democracy, who has brains or is not in his second childhood like old Jno. Whiteaker, the Representative of a northern State, who went to Washington just to fall into the arms of the Southern brigadiers, with whom he has trained ever since. No better man than M. C. George, or one better qualified for the position was ever before the people of Oregon for their suffrages and we have abiding faith that that by their votes, the people of this young but growing State, will send to Washington a representative thoroughly well qualified and willing to do his duty, and one who would be an honor to the state.

The Hill Stock Ranch.

The Stock Journal has the following with regard to this noted stock ranch: It is estimated that the Hill estate now owns about 39,000 head of cattle of all ages. It includes eight ranches, the principal range being 160 miles in length by 60 miles in width at the upper end, and tapering to a point at the other. It is situated between the Union Pacific Railroad and the South Platte river, and reaches westward to the foothills, including portions of Colorado, Wyoming and Nebraska. Within the past two years there have been added to the herd, by purchase, 17,300 cattle from Texas, while the calves branded within that time number about 8000 head. Within the same period 25,021 have been marketed for beef, and 17,000 will be marketed this year. The value of the estate is estimated at \$1,500,000.

The Press on the DeYoung Murder.

The following is a sample of the comments of the Eastern press on the late San Francisco assassination: The Times says: The assassination of DeYoung by Kolloch, the son of the present Mayor of San Francisco, is the latest act in the tragical drama which has long excited the people of that city. DeYoung as an editor, was fond of what is known as sensational effects in journalism. To be talked about was his highest aim in life. He assailed the senior Kolloch's character (which is bad enough) from a journalistic point of view rather than from any sense of moral duty. This course inevitably engendered a feud. Kolloch, the elder, being assailed, retorted in kind and returned filth for filth. The editor, surprised at finding his own weapons used against him, attempted to kill his antagonist. His attack was as cowardly as that by which he subsequently lost his life. Kolloch did not die, DeYoung's pistol shot made him Mayor of San Francisco. The quarrel was renewed, with vigor, and Kolloch's son taking the law into his own hands deliberately assassinated DeYoung. The murderer was endowed with great natural gifts. Morally, he was a better man than either of the Kollochs. He was basely killed, but he was an evil and disturbing influence in the world. His death will not be regretted as a universal calamity. It is a calamity to any people that such men as the Kollochs should have cast their lot among them.

A Fortune Lost.

A good many years ago, the father of the present head of a Parisian publishing house was offered a manuscript by a pale young man with a large forehead. The publisher glanced over the pages and saw that the work was in verse. Without attempting to read it, he handed it politely back to the young author with a few of the usual phrases about poetry being a drug in the market, depression of trade, etc. "I am sorry for you," said the young man, impressively, as he pocketed the rejected manuscript. "I was about to propose to you a contract by which I would have assured you right to all the future productions of my pen. It was a fortune that I was about to offer you—but you refused and so no more need be said."

Strange Discoveries.

While Peter Minton, Wm. Beamer, Sike Reynolds and Jack Manuel, says the Lewiston "Teller," were prospecting last week near the ancient grist mill, they found a quantity of petrified locust and an ancient cluster of diamonds. There were nine diamonds originally in a group, but one is missing. The value of the diamonds or diamond stones is not as yet ascertained. The material in which these rude stones are set appears to have been made of metallic ore, and have either drifted to this quarter of the globe or have been carried hither and lost. These gentlemen have placed their new discovery on exhibition at the Raymond House. A reward is offered by them of \$500 to any person who may find the missing stone. The petrified locusts are in a glass case and are also on exhibition. Ho Lo, a Chinaman, who has laid claims to the ancient grist mill as being of Chinese origin, declares that the stones in this setting are similar to some ancient relics that have been in custody of the Gods for 4,000 years in the joss house in Pekin.

Senator Grover and the Senate.

The Springfield "Republican," independent, speaks of Senator Grover's illness and its possible effect upon the political complexion of the Senate as follows: Senator Grover of Oregon is said to be dangerously ill. He was forced to leave Washington in December last, and has not been in his seat since then. It is said to be doubtful whether he will ever recover sufficiently to act as Senator, and his continued absence may end democratic supremacy in the Senate altogether earlier than has been thought possible. If Indiana elects a Republican to succeed McDonald, which is not at all impossible, and Connecticut, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania return Republicans next winter, as is altogether probable, the Democrats would have but 38 seats in the Senate including David Davis. Grover's loss would leave the party in a minority of one, and not even a Democratic vice-president after March 4, 1881, would save the Democratic majority in the upper branch.

The King of Spain will visit the United States this spring.

It is now estimated that in Webster county, Missouri, of which Marshfield is the county seat, fully 100 people were killed and over 200 wounded, about "pocket" and "nuggets."

Gold Discoveries.

Gold discoveries have brought about great excitement in White county, Georgia. All the talk is about "pocket" and "nuggets."