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THE COAST MAIL.

Vol. 2. MARSHFIELD, OR., SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1880. No. 20.

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.

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.

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District Attorney,	S. H. Hazard

Coos County.

County Judge,	J. H. Nosler
Commissioners,	John Kenyon R. C. Dement
Sheriff	A. G. Aiken
Clerk,	Alex. Stauff
Treasurer,	D. Morse, Jr
Assessor,	John Lane
School Superintendent,	J. F. Moore
Coroner,	T. C. Mackey

Curry County.

County Judge,	Delos Woodruff
Commissioners.	P. Hughes J. A. Cooley
Sheriff,	A. H. Moore
Clerk,	Walter Sutton
School Supt.,	A. M. Gillespie
Treasurer,	M. B. Gibson
Coroner,	Thos. Cunningham

Mayor Kalloch Impeached.

At a meeting of the board of supervisors of San Francisco, on the 3 instant, the judiciary committee, who had been instructed to take into consideration the utterances and addresses of Mayor Kalloch and to report what, if any, incendary language he has used publicly, and to report proper action to be taken by the board in the premises, filed a long report reviewing the history of the labor agitation and the part borne in it by Kalloch, finding that he has encouraged a lawless and discontented element, advised them to parade the streets and endeavored to keep them in such disposition and temperament as to commit an outbreak whenever it should suit his purposes; that he had impeached the honesty of the whole community, accused various branches of the government of corruption and dereliction of duty, and under pretense of counseling a mob against violence insidiously advised them to be in readiness for bloodshed and overthrow of the authorities. They expressed the opinion that Kalloch is unscrupulous and unprincipled and devoid of integrity and fidelity to public interests, and that the time has arrived for the board to express their condemnation of his acts and recommend that prompt action be taken to vindicate the fair fame of the municipality by a judicial inquiry into Kalloch's case.

A motion to adopt the report the was put by Mayor Kalloch, who announced on viva voce vote that it was carried. The roll was called, resulting in an unanimous vote for adoption.

A resolution was then adopted which authorized the committee to cause judicial proceedings to be instituted against the mayor for his removal from office and empowering them to employ counsel and prosecute the matter to a speedy termination.

A Desperate Fight.

A desperate affray took place in Wayne county, Kentucky, a few days since. A man named Powell, who was a witness to the killing, last fall, of Hutchison by Phillips, has been dogged and threatened by Phillips in order to keep him from testifying. Powell refused to leave the country or accept a bribe. Thursday night a party of six or seven masked men attacked Powell's house and broke in the door with a rail, when powell struck three of them down with an ax. Mrs. Powell was shot through the arm. The maskers retreated, but again returned when Powell fired and killed the leader, who proved to be John Will Smith. The others ran off, Mrs. Powell pulled a handkerchief off the face of one man, and says that it was Phillips. Powell has obtained warrants for the arrest of three of the men, who are now in jail.

THE Democrats of Yamhill county at their recent County Convention, re-nominated Wm. Galloway for the Legislature. By so doing they endorsed the charge of peculation and fraud made by the late Investigation Committee, of which Galloway was a member, against Grover et al, during eight years of Democratic rule in Oregon.

WRITTEN FOR THE COAST MAIL.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

Of Oregon's Southern Coast.

NUMBER XVIII.

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

We reached the canoe in a short time—I was helped into it, and Hedden took the paddle and shoved out; judging from his awkwardness I presumed this was his first attempt at canoe navigation. We found the ebbing tide so swift that the crossing could not be made, and it was with much difficulty that he managed to land at the Indian camp, where we surrendered ourselves to the hospitality of the two old squaws, whom we found to be friends in deed. We could only converse by signs, but found that they were friendly to the whites, and while not at war with the Coquilles and lower tribes, were not on very friendly terms. We also learned that all the Coose Indians except this family were up the river at the fisheries. These squaws had a full knowledge of what had happened to our party at the Coquille river, and made every effort in their power to help us. A fire was kindled, a luxury we had not enjoyed since the 13th and I soon became warm, which instead of relief appeared to add to my misery; a large quantity of small fish, about the size of a sardine, were laid before us, I was unable to eat much, but Hedden's appetite was good, and in fact he was ravenous; and to use an expression of his "that he ate enough to last him to the Umpqua," conveys but a small idea of what a hungry man can eat.

The squaws appeared uneasy while we were there, but the old Indian soon appeared on the beach, and one of the squaws took the canoe and soon landed him at camp. He was excited and proposed to set us over the river at once. I was laid down in the bottom of the canoe, Hedden in the bow, and the Indian in the stern; we were soon moving up the main river, keeping close along the shore for some distance, when we struct out for the opposite side, about one mile distant. The tide was running down swiftly, and the wind blowing up furiously; it was rough for our little canoe, the water slopped all over me and when we landed a little way above the ocean the canoe was half full of water. I was fully as comfortable as I had been any time to-day, and was perfectly indifferent whether I got out or not, but after some difficulty and hurting me considerable, Hedden and the Indian lifted me out of the canoe and set me up on the beach, and complaining as usual. Hedden pronounced me "all right as long as I could stand alone." The Indian set out for home and we passed slowly over the low drifting sand hills to the ocean and turned our faces towards the Umpqua, 20 miles to the north, and apparently a smooth sand beach all the way, with drifting sand hills on the right. The wind was northwest and blew so hard against us, that without Hedden's assistance I know I could not have kept my feet a moment; resting at shorter intervals than usual, it became necessary for us to camp early in the afternoon, so reaching a lone black pine tree a few yards back in the sand hills, we camped, exposed to the wind, fog and cold chilly dampness, where we were destined to pass another miserable night.

Sept. 20. 1851.—Last night was perceptibly more severe than any previous one—Hedden improved all his time rubbing me carefully, covering me up in the sand, bolstering me up in one place and easing me down in another in his efforts to relieve me, and after a tedious night we had the satisfaction of seeing morning appear. I had an inward fever, or something of that sort, which caused me to thirst much more than usual but we had seen no fresh water since we left the Indian camp at Coose, and was now suffering for drink in addition to my other tortures.

The brush and briers we had been continually passing through had so cut my feet and legs, that they were completely raw, and Hedden's was in equally as bad a condition. I felt weaker, wounds sorer, my body more discolored and my pains much more severe every day, yet was barely able to stand up on my feet, and by the time it was fairly light Hedden had me under way dragging and almost carrying me along over the sandy beach, resting at every few yards. The morning was cold and thick, but soon became fair; at nine or ten o'clock the high prevailing winds set in and continued all day. The beach was smooth, no obstruction in the way, yet progress was slow and painful as usual. About noon we reached a stream of fresh water about 20 feet wide breaking in through the sand hills—I was much in need of drink, but this water was warm and tasted disagreeably swampy and did not quench thirst a bit, I drank too freely and became sick in consequence of it. We rested an hour or two at this point and then moved on—I did not think I could go any further, but Hedden insisted upon a quick start, so we drifted along a few rods at a time and did not go into camp until nearly sundown, and as anxious as I had been to stop, I dreaded it when Hedden announced his intention to turn off out of reach of the spray and camp in the sand, with no tree, no shelter and no protection whatever but mother earth for a bed and the canopy of Heaven for a covering.

Sept. 21. 1851.—If mortal man ever suffered in this world, it was myself during the past night—I walked, cried and prayed for death, in any form; I cared not how it came, and end my torture at once, but all to no purpose, in due time the light of another day appeared.

Hedden set me up on my feet this morning, and I was unable to bear my weight and he laid me down again on the ground and hesitated for a few moments what to do.—I begged of him to go on and leave me alone in the sand hills to die, but he was more determined than ever and declared that while life last I must move on; from this decision there was no appeal. He therefore tore up his shirt, twisted it into a large rope, fastened the ends together forming a kind of loop of about 3 feet in diameter, threw this over his head and under his right arm, in the manner in which a hunter wears a shot pouch, then lifting me up and thrust my head and shoulders through the loop under his right arm, so that I could bear a portion of my weight upon him, and in this manner he walked me along at the rate of about 200 yards at a time; this he considered good progress. This proved to be our last days march, we were at the mouth of the Umpqua river about the middle of the afternoon. Day was foggy and cold—We came upon the dismantled remains of an old Brig, called the *Caleb Curtis* wrecked at the Umpqua bar a short time before, and which was driven ashore on the south side of the river, and under the lee of this I was placed and Hedden started up the river as fast as possible for assistance, not knowing how far he would go, or how long he would be gone. In about half an hour back he came with three or four Indians from a ranch above, and I was packed to their camp where water was obtained, and again placed by a fire, but before I was warmed up we heard the sound of a row-boat in the river, which proved to be Capt. Gibbs and some of his men from the brig *Almira* which happened to be in the river alone, and these parties had come down to obtain an iron strap from the old wreck, but seeing our condition, he took us in his boat and returned with us to Gardiner, about eight miles above, which was the nearest point where any one was living, which we reached a little before dark. We were received with that hearty and hospitable welcome, only known to our early pioneers; I was soon washed all over and my wounds dressed for the first time.

(To be continued)

Probable Murder of a Husband by his Wife.

At 6 o'clock on the 5th, Geo. Sanderson, proprietor of a lodging house in Virginia City, was found dead, lying on his face, in a front room up stairs. Blood was streaming from his head. The screams of his wife and the report of a pistol alarmed the neighborhood, and Mrs. Sanderson said Mr. Sanderson had shot himself through the head. Examination showed no powder marks in the region of the bullet nor range of hair, although the bullet went through just in front of the ear. Mrs. Sanderson was arrested for murder. Deceased was dangerously stabbed some time ago, but on recovery said he had stabbed himself, and Mrs. Sanderson, who had been arrested, was released. The parties have lived very unhappy together, and the general belief now is that Mrs. Sanderson formerly stabbed, and now has murdered her husband.

THE following, from the Home Journal, under the head of "Recent Weddings:" Abbie Leland, third daughter of the late Major Leland of General Grant's staff, to Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras." Cards were not issued. Mr. and Mrs. Miller intend visiting England in the spring.

Sad Case of Suicide.

Mr. E. E. Turk, a merchant of Canyon City, shot himself through the head last week. He had in his custody some funds belonging to the society of Odd Fellows, of which he was robbed, and being unable to replace the lost money, resorted to suicide. He left the following letter:

CANYON CITY, April 29th, 6:30 A.M.

DEAR BRO. HAZELTON:— Last night I was robbed of lodge funds—amounting to four hundred dollars—God knows I would not wrong my lodge out of one cent. If I do not recover it to-day I am lost. Remember me kindly to the members of the lodge. Last night I did not sleep a moment thinking of my misfortune, but I hope I will not suffer much longer. I have but few friends and you are one of them. God bless you and lookout for my little ones. This is my last.

Yours in F. L. & T. E. E. TURK.

The funeral of the unfortunate man took place on Sunday afternoon under the auspices of the Odd Fellow's fraternity, of which he wes a prominent member, being Warden of the Grand Lodge, and but just been elected as delegate to that body by the subordinate lodge of which he was a member. Deceased was a brother-in-law of Hon. C. B. Bellinger, judge of the fourth judicial district, and leaves a wife and six children to mourn his loss.

The Fastest Engine.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, have just turned out a remarkable piece of work intended for a remarkable purpose. It is a passenger engine constructed for the Reading road, to be run over the Bound Brook route, between Philadelphia and New York, in which service it is intended to eclipse anything of the kind going. It has been built chiefly for speed, and, if the expectations of the contracting parties are carried out, the time between Philadelphia and New York over the above route will be lessened about half an hour. The distance between the two places is ninety miles, and the fastest trains over both the Pennsylvania and Bound Brook roads have been making it in about two hours. The Reading people are aiming to make the distance in one hour and a half, and with this object in view they some time ago contracted with the Baldwin Company to build them an engine that would perform that work, or, in other words, accomplish ninety miles in ninety consecutive minutes.

The new engine has the largest pair of driving wheels, perhaps, of any passenger locomotive in this country, the wheels being 6½ feet in diameter. The ordinary driving wheel of a passenger engine has a diameter of from 5 to 5½ feet. The new engine is different in other respects, also, having but one pair of driving wheels instead of two additional smaller ones, as is the usual custom.

To Regulate Immigration.

The unprecedented immigration to this country which is now in progress has set our Congressmen to thinking on this subject of the possible effect of an indiscriminate license to emigrate to our shores. We want men who are willing to labor, but vagrants and criminals are not desirable. A bill has been introduced in Congress to regulate this business. It provides for the approriation of $250,000 to be expended in protecting the immigrants who are received, and in guarding against the admission of such as should be rejected. It requires a report of the name, age, last legal residence and occupation of every immigrant upon arrival, and prohibits the landing of those who have within six months been inmates of lunatic asylums or poor houses, requiring ships that brought them to give them a free return to the port from which they came. It also guards against the admission of persons charged with crime.

A PORTLAND exchange says that on account of the great scarcity of tonnage in the Columbia river, at present, there is every week from 15,000 to 20,000 centals of wheat shipped direct to San Francisco, where it can find transportation to foreign ports. This is attributed to the representations that have been made to the effect that the entrance of the Columbia is rapidly shoaling, making it dangerous for large vessels to attempt to cross the bar.

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Letter from Hon. M. C. George.

ROSEBURG, May 6th, 1880.

ED. COAST MAIL:—I much regret my inability to visit Coos Bay and vicinity and address the people there upon matters of vital interest. Having had the pleasure of a trip there in 1878 and having found my fellow citizens there, irrespective of party, whole-souled, courteous and hospitable in the extreme and wide awake to all their material interests, nothing would give me greater pleasure than an extended trip there now, but as my time for canvassing the State is limited and desiring to visit many points where I have not been, I find it impossible to visit Coos or Curry counties ere the June election.

While at Coos Bay and Gardiner, two years ago, I personally inspected several places requiring and needing aid and legislation from the general government, and fully expressed myself in favor of the improvements contemplated, believing then as I do now that they were justly demanded and of great benefit to those important commercial points and to the State at large. I then expressed my faith in a bright future for your section; since then you have witnessed the commencement in that direction and I am glad to see these improvements begun, and hope no stone will be left unturned until the vast and valuable resources of that section—Coos Bay, Port Orford, Coquille and Umpqua—are fully opened up to the commercial world for development. A representative in Congress from this State who desires to represent the people and the interests of *every section without distinction*, as a representative should do, will endeavor with all his power to secure the fostering aid of the general Government in behalf of the interest of those isolated portions of our State so long neglected in this respect, and I believe it to be the part of commercial wisdom for each part of our State to work for and encourage the development of every other part, and that it is a solemn trust imposed by the people of the State upon these charged with the performance of the duty of securing legislation, to care for the welfare of every section and every interest.

Please to convey to my many warm friends among your readers my earnest desire, in case it may become my duty to do so, to render any and all assistance in my power to these desirable ends. Very Respectfully,

M. C. GEORGE.

Extract from a Speech of Hon. J. N. Dolph, of Portland.

The following forcible summary of the issues of the present canvass, is from the speech of J. N. Dolph, at the late ratification meeting in Portland:

A few days ago we were reminded of the anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln. Well do I remember the sorrow and excitement of that day, and subsequent funeral pageant and the eulogy of ex-Governor Gibbs. Suppose on that occasion Gov. Gibbs had predicted that within less than fifteen years, eleven confederate States, out of a representation of ninety-three members in Congress, would be represented by eighty-five confederate soldiers; that there would be sixty-five confederate soldiers in the House, and twenty in the Senate of the United States, besides three who had held high civil positions in the confederate Government. Who would have believed him? Yet so it is. The confederate cause dominates in both Houses of Congress. It blocks the wheels of legislation. It seeks the repeal of the laws provided by loyal men to secure the purity of elections, and only fails because President Hayes has backbone enough to use the veto power conferred upon him by the constitution. And more than this. The South stands knocking at the doors of Congress for the payment of their slaves, for payment for damages suffered from the war. It is well known that it has kept an account of its slaves and preserved the proof of the loss of property, and expects to recover them from the general Government. Let them once secure the President by fair or foul means, and their claims will be paid. The North, representing four-fifths of the taxable property in the Union, will be taxed for their payment. Not only this, but the confederate soldiers will be pensioned. The emancipation proclamation and constitutional amendments will be declared void. If the Supreme Court, the last bulwark of constitutional liberty, is in the way, they will not want, as was suggested by another speaker to-night, for the judges to die, or increase the members of the court, but a Brigadier General with a file of soldiers will reduce the court to submission. You do not all believe in the existence of this danger. You did not believe the South would fight. You were amazed when Fort Sumpter was fired upon. I am no alarmist, but I see the danger imminent and real. It was foreshadowed by Ben Hill in the House of Representatives when he said: "The next time we fight we will fight under the old flag and you shall be the rebels." There is a cloud in the heavens. It is larger than a man's hand. It overcasts two thirds of the horizon and is black and portentious.

Tillamook Rock, and its Dangers—The new Light House.

A reporter of the *Telegram* called on Mr. Rallantyne, superintendent of the Tillamook light construction, and received an interesting account of the work on Tillamook light house from which we take the following extracts:

The rock itself is 125 feet in extent, from east to west, and from 70 to 80 feet around, north to south. This, however, will fail to give you an adequate idea of its extent, as it rises to a hight of 120 feet above the water, and is so steep and precipitous that it might be said to have no top at all. In laying the base of the lighthouse, which will be but 48 feet square, it will be necessary for us to cut into the rock 25 feet and to level it from one end to the other. This job has been about completed and was a hazardous undertaking. In the first place the rock is exceedingly hard to get to. Mr. Trewavas on the 3d of last November took a number of men out when the sea was comparatively smooth, and attempted to gain a foot hold on the rock. He found it black with seals. The party approached as closely as possible to the dangerous mass, and, watching their opportunity, jumped with the waves to the incline. The first man to make the attempt was successful. He carried a rope with him, which was attached to Mr. Trewavas, who made the next attempt. When the waves raised the boat high up in the air Trewavas jumped. He reached the rock in safety, and had made his way so far up the incline that he evidently thought himself out of danger; he therefore released his hold on the rope. Just then, however, a sea crept round the edge of the rock, and, sweeping up the surface, washed him into the deep. The other man rushed down to help him and the next sea hurled him also from the rock, and before assistance could be given both men were drowned. Their bodies were never recovered, and it is probable they were eaten up by the sea lions, which, at that time were unusually plentiful about the rock. * * *

We can catch seals and play cards at night. The seals, however, are fast leaving us. When I first landed on Tillamook, by estimation, there were 1400 great big fellows on the rock, but now only one or two old stand-bys can be seen. The men, however, have lots of fun lassoing them. One man the other day attempted to capture an old fellow who was blind in one eye. He slipped up behind him, but just as he was about to cast the rope, his feet slipped and he landed fairly and squarely on the seal's back. The old fellow, by a twist of his tail, threw the man under his body, and would doubtlessly have done him great injury but for the presence of mind of another workman, who ran up and split the seal's head with an ax.

The rock is 1¼ miles from the main land, and very difficult to approach. The light is expected to be exhibited first on the last night of Dec., 1880.

Judge Dangerfield drops Dead.

William P. Dangerfield, presiding justice of the superior court, of San Francisco, dropped dead on the bench at noon on the 5th. He was hearing a case when he suddenly threw up his hands, gasped once or twice and expired instantly. He has been in ill health for some months past. Death is attributed to heart disease. Deceased was a native of Virginia, aged 56, and was judge of the 12th district court previous to re-organization of judiciary under the new constitution. The body was laid out in the court room pending the arrival of the coroner.

D. H. STEARNS, of the Portland Daily *Bee*, has commenced suit against Wm. Reid, manager of the Oregon Railway Limited, for $6,300, alleged to be due him for services rendered in getting up the narrow gauge railroad boom. An offset of $3,900 is allowed on admitted indebtedness, leaving the amount claimed to be $2,400. Ex-Governor A. C Gibbs is attorney for plaintiff, and the case will come up at the next term of the Multnomah Circuit Court.

Death of a Hard Case.

Last week Henry Wehrun of Salem died. Our exchanges say that during his life he was one of the notorious characters of Marion county, and it is said that he has contributed to the school fund of that county in the way of fines, over $16,000. On one occasion he was arrested for inhumanly whipping his wife, she making the complaint against him. He was in due time tried and convicted, and the charge against him being made out a felony, he stood a good show to go to the penitentiary. But before he was sentenced the heart of the wife relented, and going before Judge Boise who presided over the court, she had the audacity to offer him the sum of $2,000 if he would let the prisoner off. The Judge in justice to himself, related the circumstance in open court and after stating the offer made by the woman, he stated that it was only from the belief that the offer was made in entire ignorance of its being a crime that he did not commit the woman. Wehrum escaped the penitentiary, it being in the discretion of the court to impose a fine, and the wife whipper was mulced in the sum of $2,000 for the offence. After many separations he and his wife were legally divorced and she left the place, but during his last illness, in response to his earnest entreaties, she attended him until death ensued. Wehrum was continually in trouble and invariably heavily fined in the courts when brought before them.

Why Women Work.

It is curious that the world has yet to be couvinced that women do not like to work any better than men do. They are credited with dependence, with a love of ease and luxury, and yet when a salaried position is in question the woman has to be content with less because "she needs less." It cannot be because she spends less, for the extravagance of women was dwelt upon by Solomon and Jeremiah, and it is a song that has never known a rest. The reason for the difference in wages is generally found to be in the assertion that women who do not need a support, or who have few responsibilities, crowd into the paid occupations. There is an inconsistency here. If she loves ease, why does she work? If she spends more, how is it she needs less? The truth is that very few women work from any other reason but necessity. Here and there is one who loves independence, works for it and deserves it, and here and there is another who would rather work than forego certain luxuries, and she earns them, but the majority of women work because they have responsibilities, and as a class they are our most reliable, sober, and economical workers, for no woman with a family of little children gambles away their bread and butter, and no sister or daughter who is, of necessity, the bread-winner, wastes what she earns and comes home to a sad hungry family, bringing them empty hands and indifference to their needs.

AN Arkansas woman is now living with her fourteenth husband.

Emigration to Southern Arizona is large. Hotels in Tucson are crowded to overflowing.

HON. JOHN CUTHBERT, of Mobile, is ninety-one years old, and he still practises law.

Bush, of Cleveland, Ohio, in a competitive test in London, has been awarded the palm for the best electric light.

A GOLD excitement prevails in southern India. Remarkable discoveries are reported. India needs something of this kind to resurrect it.

A large emigration is expected in Yakima this season. Large irrigating ditches are being built which will water thousands of the finest wheat land for 50 or 60 miles in length and ten miles wide.

A MAN told his friend that he had joined the army. "What regiment?" his friend asked. "Oh, I don't mean that; I mean the army of the Lord." "Ah, what church?" "The Baptist." "Why," was the reply, "that's not the army; it's the navy."

THE Philadelphia Chronicle says: "Major Reno is very desirous of getting back into the army from which he has just been kicked out in disgrace. Congress will disgrace itself if it restores him. A man who is marked with either cowardice or treachery at the Little Big Horn fight, with improper advances to a brother officer's wife, and the lowest kind of drunken brawling, is too heavy a load for Congress to carry."