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The Grasshopper Pest.

It appears that the grasshoppers are causing considerable damage in Eastern Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. The following extracts from papers printed in that region show the situation.

The East Oregonian says: Grasshoppers and bugs are upon a portion of the country. A swarm or herd attacked D. Theodore's farm, about four miles out from Umatilla, on the river, the gang was about 200 yards wide and no knowing its length. They cleared sage brush on their route clean, and by the time of this writing it is not expected he has any garden or grain left, except such grain as he was able to cut since the irruption. We also learn that they are attacking all the farms from this point up to the Umatilla river. A brown bug has also appeared on the scene and is harvesting the potato vines.

The Dayton Chronicle says: "The grasshoppers are doing considerable harm in some portions of the country." Their depredations, though, are confined to localities where there is a warm, sandy soil, or along the beds of creeks. A Kniff, nurseryman, fears he will lose his entire nursery of 175,000 trees. The garden of Mr. Smith, living on Tukanon, has been entirely destroyed, and also ten acres of wheat has been eaten as if there had never been any planted. We hear in several different localities the grasshoppers have taken small patches of grain, but the indications are that they will not take the entire country as was at first feared.

The Teller says: Millions of grasshoppers are here investigating the situation. Several grainmills adjacent to Lewiston have already been harvested. Fences, trees, bonnetops, in fact every out door picture is covered with them. A few weeks ago they made their appearance, hardly larger than a flea, since which time they have not only increased in size but in number. Their work of destruction is so far only in spots taking here and there a wheat field, a flower garden or an orchard.

During the famous Emma Mine trial, one Captain Tom Bates, a man well known throughout the West, was on the witness stand, and in the cross-examination one of the lawyers said: "You are a mining expert, Mr. Bates?"

"No, sir; I am not!" "Did I not understand you to say that you had visited and inspected most of the known mines in the West?"

"You did, sir." "And you have made mining a study for years?"

"I have, sir." "Well, then please state to the court your definition of a mining expert."

"Well, sir, a mining expert is a man who wears eyeglasses, parts his hair in the middle, has graduated at Freiberg, and speaks abominably bad English."

A general air of sadness fell on the court, and the captain took his seat.

When James T. Brady first opened a lawyer's office in New York, he took a basement room, which had previously been occupied by a collier. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered. "The collier's gone, I see," he said, "I should think he had," tartly responded Brady. "And what do you sell?" he said, looking at the solitary table and a few law books. "Blockheads," responded Brady. "Be goora," said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business—ye hain't got but one left."

COAST



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HISTORICAL SKETCHES

Of Oregon's Southern Coast.

NUMBER XXI.

BY HENRY BALDWIN.

After the massacre at Randolph, of which Col. T. Vault and Capt. Williams were survivors, word was sent to Gen. Hitchcock, commander of the Pacific division of the U. S. Army, that a party of unoffending citizens had been brutally murdered and some of them scalped by the Indians on the Coquille, and calling for summary punishment. Orders were accordingly issued, and the steamer Sea Gull was chartered; military stores were placed on board, and three companies of the U. S. 1st Dragoons, and 20 of the 1st Artillery, were ordered to hold themselves ready for embarkation. The whole, about 170 men, were placed under the command of Col. Silas Casey, 2d Infantry, late Brigadier General. Those three companies were the only available force here for years, from ever memorable '49 till commencement of rebellion. Continually in the saddle, scouting through Idaho, Washington Territory, Montana, Nevada, California, and Arizona, from the British Possessions to the Colorado, and, as a body were far above the general material of the army; many belonging to the learned professions, all young, full of life, vigor, and dashing romance. Since, many have held important offices in the administration of the State and public affairs, and one had the honor of filling a high position—a gift from the people of this State; another was delegated to sit in conclave to frame the constitution of Oregon. The brave and lamented Gen. Kearney, and the conqueror of Fort Donaldson, Gen. A. J. Smith, as well as many other gallant and efficient officers who smelled powder oft and oft again with them, were in the habit of remarking, "Those are the best men I ever had the honor to command."

Gentle reader, those were the men who, over a quarter of a century ago trod your virgin soil, paving the way and laying the foundation for the many neat and comfortable homes that dot the banks and hillsides of placid Coquille. Those bronzed and sun-browned warriors little thought that so short a period would produce so mighty a change, that where there was nothing but quagmires, tussocks and fallen timber innumerable, would, in a few fleeting years, stand pretty cottages, orchards and gardens, ringing with the merry laughter of bright-eyed little children of their own fair race, and that the Indian chant, the panther scream, and raven croak, would give place to the sweet tones of the violin, harp, accordion, and costly piano, the tread of many feet whirling in the mazes of the giddy dance, would break the stillness of many a midnight air, that those almost impenetrable jungles would be converted into sylvan bowers, tacit listeners to oft repeated tales of love and fidelity, and that school houses and churches would rear their heads with all the pride of civilized life.—But this is a digression.

At length the day of embarkation came; everything being in readiness, the good ship moved slowly down the bay, and under the guidance of her skillful commander, our old friend and fellow pioneer, Capt. Tichenor, after a short passage arrived safely at Port Orford. After landing stores and the mounted troop "C," (the other two, "A" and "E," being dismounted for the purpose) she steamed up the coast with the remainder of the command for Coquille, her daring chief determined to force an entrance into the ridiculously jabbered about river. That he would have done it is certain.

All acquainted with him in his halcyon days, are well aware of his skill, courage and energy, that nothing could daunt or turn him from his purpose; but, subservient to the will of higher authority, the military commander, Col. Casey, he was forced to desist, but with all the dash of his intrepid nature steamed in among the rocks at the entrance. Preparations were then made for landing troops. Boats were lowered, and the "boys in blue" took their places, all eager for the fray. Owing to the extreme roughness of the sea, and lubberly conduct of the crews, in those days composed mostly of tinkers, tailors and weaver, (a real "old salt" being quite a novelty here) the boats were capsized, and our sons of Mars with the hybrid sons of Neptune went through a Bear creek comedy or frolic. Some swam to the shore, and others, in the act of drowning, were saved by captain Tichenor, who

plunged in after them. With the exception of baptism, and baggage of a few guns to "Davy Jones locker," nothing more serious occurred. The crew, well satisfied with this dip, were not inclined to try it again, putting captain to the painful necessity of ornamenting their wrists. Next morning the aspirants for Neptune's paternity returned to duty like penitent prodigals, and all were safely landed. In the mean while the mounted troop under Lt. Stanton was marching up the beach from Port Orford, with two six mule teams containing whale boats and howitzers, the former to be used in conveying supplies in ascending the river. To one of the wagons was attached a roadmeter, and the distance measured from Port Orford to Sixes river, 9 miles; from thence to Coquille, 20 miles. Sixes chief and the Sister of Thygonizia, chief of Elk river, marched with the company, and the chief, a huge, strapping fellow, a Mormon and blessed in the possession of six wives, being therefore known as "Old Six."

Both parties met, and a camp was formed on the bluff by the graded road as you descend to the river a little west of Lewis' house. The first Indian killed was at the big rock west of the present road near the late Mr. Taylor's house, by a trooper of the advanced guard. At this period of the conquest a large Indian village stood on the big flat opposite Lewis'. For fear the enemy would take fright and decamp, the guns were placed in position, trained, and immediately commenced their work of destruction, pouring shot and shell on the doomed savages. Loudly barked the dogs of war, fiercely yelled the Indians in defiance and quickly flew the bolts of Jove. Soon the palaces of Nature's children disappeared from view, covering in their downfall the dead and dying bodies of a now almost extinct race—America's primitive lords and land-owners. After a smart fusillade the Indians broke for their canoes, a small flotilla lying a little above the village, and moved up stream, the two dismounted companies thrown out on both sides of the river in hot pursuit, the whale boats moving up the centre manned by artillery men and carrying supplies. About the same time "boots and saddles" sounded, calling "C" troop to horse, with orders to proceed via Flora's creek to the upper or South fork, intercept the retreating enemy and turn him if possible. Day after day toiled on the weary skirmishers, blundering through the mud and briars, turning summersaults in those horrible bog holes that dot the wild duck fens of the Lower Coquille, burning ranches, destroying canoes, and driving the redskins still further into their mountain fastnesses. At length, after exhausting that long role of profanity, and heaping anathemas on the natives, our placid river and beautiful vale which, in a few years, according to newspaper "waw-waw," with the aid of railroads and bothersome breakwaters is to send five millions of produce to the great markets of the world, the command reached what is now known as Hall's Prairie, at present the pretty and picturesque home of H. Schroeder, Esq. At that time a wide strip of myrtle lay between it and the river, screening the former completely from view; the whole command had passed on without noticing, and would have remained so, were it not for the prying curiosity of a son of "Hiber." This man wandered into the opening and commenced battle-instantly, attacking alone a village of 15 lodges. The advanced guard, hearing the firing, returned and found the fellow countryman of the great Wellington, who possessed the coolness, if not all the glorious traits of that illustrious soldier, sitting down and helping himself to a mess of nicely smoked salmon, and dandling a fine little papoose on his knee; the Indians broke for the woods on first fire. Here was found a large fish house containing about thirty tons of smoked salmon, which, together with the ranches, was consigned to the flames, the rich, oily dusky, making a hot fire, the little dusky captive having been comfortably rolled in a soldier's blanket, was left for its concealed parent. The Indian mother, unlike some of our own color, who sometimes for convenience sake destroy their unfortunate offspring, will fight like she bears in defence of their children, and will never forsake them, therefore it was surmised that the little one was found. The Coquille Indians were expert fishermen, and put up annually great quantities of fish, in fact were fish merchants, trading off dried salmon to the neighboring tribes in exchange for skins, squaws, plunder and Indian

money (little nicely shaped shells, highly prized by the Indians, and said to be found in great pits up North). The Rogue river Indians being great gamblers were regular winter visitors, and packed back loads of dried salmon, which like many other gamblers they won by superior trickery. (To be continued.)

Garfield's Record.

At fourteen, he was at work at a carpenter's bench.

At sixteen, he was a boatman on the Ohio canal.

At eighteen, he was studying in the Chester (O.) seminary.

At twenty-one, he was teaching in one of Ohio's common schools, pushing forward with his own studies at the same time.

At twenty-three, he entered Williams college.

At twenty-six, he graduated from Williams college with the highest honors of his class.

At twenty-seven, he was a tutor at Hiram college, Ohio.

At twenty-eight, he was principal of Hiram college, and preached with marked success as a follower of the Christus faith.

At twenty-nine, he was a member of the Ohio Senate—the youngest member of that body.

At thirty, he was Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio regiment.

At thirty-one, he was placed in command of a brigade, routed the rebels under Humphrey Marshall, helped General Buel in his fight at Pittsburg landing, played a prominent part in the siege of Corinth and in the important movements along the Memphis and Charleston railroad.

At thirty-two, he was appointed chief of staff of the Army of the Cumberland, participated in the campaigns of Middle Tennessee and in the notable battle of Chickamauga, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

At thirty-three, he was in Congress, the successor of Joshua R. Giddings.

At forty-eight, having been continuously in Congress since he was thirty-three, he was unanimously elected by acclamation in his party caucus to the United States Senate.

At forty-nine he was nominated for the Presidency of the United States. Such are the salient points in the history of the man whom the Republicans have selected as their standard bearer in the present campaign. By this record it is seen that the artisans may claim him as their representative; the laboring men may insist that he is their friend; professional men must rank him among their class; scholars are proud to do him honor; soldiers greet him as a comrade; statesmen listen to the wise admonitions of his well-stored mind; and the people claim him as their own. He is a typical American. No other nation could have produced him, and under no other flag could he have fulfilled his destiny. His name is Abram, and his triumph is assured.

Beecher on Death.

Henry Ward Beecher, lately preaching on the subject of death, made the following remarks: "Generally, there is no pain at the last moment, for it seems that the body suffers in proportion to its remoteness from death. It is commonly supposed that evil men die in great horror of their doom. They don't. Wicked men usually pass out of life as tranquilly as any one else. Tranquility is the law of decadence. Pain or exquisite pleasure at the last are only experienced in exceptional cases. Men suffered more every day of their lives than they do in dying. Every man subject to the incursions of rheumatic inflections, or to the pangs of the toothache, suffers a hundred times more than he will when he is on his death-bed. No death is more painless than a sudden death. Livingstone records his experience when sprang upon and struck down by a lion. The moment the beast was on him was one of the most exquisite tranquillity. No death is too sudden for him who is doing his duty. Not the stroke of the lightning; not the fall from the precipice. Right living is the correct road to right dying, and no man need fear death."

The bill taxing foreign bank capital.

The bill taxing foreign bank capital has been signed by Gov. Cornell, of New York. It provides that every foreign bank or banking company doing business in New York State shall be taxed one-half of one per cent on an average of all sums of money used or employed in that State. Among the principal banks affected by the bill are the Bank of California and Bank of Nevada.

THE BACK SALARY—Was it a Democratic or Republican Grab?

The State Line Herald.

A summary of the vote of the two Houses of Congress on the "back salary" bill says: The united vote in the two Houses is as follows: For the bill: Eighty-five Republicans, sixty-three Democrats; sixty-five outgoing members and Senators; eighty Southern Senators and members.

Against the bill: Eighty-three Republicans, thirty-nine Democrats. Keeping this analysis of the vote in view, it will not be difficult to fasten the responsibility of the measure upon the proper persons, and to find the controlling reason for its objectionable feature—back pay to a retiring Congress.

Hon. James A. Garfield, then a member of the House, voted for the bill, believing sincerely, as did many others, that the compensation of Congressmen, Senators and other officers was not adequate to the service and expense devolving upon them. He believed, however, that the act should not be retroactive, that it should take effect only in the future, and acting upon this honest conviction, JAMES A. GARFIELD REFUSED TO TAKE THE BACK PAY TENDERED HIM BY THE ACT.

It will be seen by the analysis of the vote given above, that, of THOSE WHO VOTED AGAINST THE BILL, EIGHTY-THREE WERE REPUBLICANS and but THIRTY-NINE WERE DEMOCRATS. If there were spoils, who were after them? And we ask our Democratic brethren to point out, among the Democrats who voted for this bill, those who emulated the example of the Hon. James A. Garfield. Now, if voting for this bill was a crime, (as certainly taking the "back pay" was very disreputable) let us see who among the leading Democrats voted for the bill. We find among them the names of ALCONR, Bayard, Randall, Hill, Niblack, Voorhees and many others, too numerous to mention. Here we see the names of men prominently mentioned as candidates for President of the United States on the Democratic ticket. We desire to know how many of these, like Garfield, refused to take back pay after the law made it his right to do so. Again history records the fact that B. F. Butler, once so much hated by the Democracy, was the principal manager in securing the passage of the bill, took his \$5,000 back pay with an avidity only equalled by the "Gobble" effort to steal the electoral vote of Oregon, or the Democratic Salem ring in robbing the funds of this State, and who afterward wrote, in vindication of his act, a letter so long that he forgot, in one part, the position assumed in another, and for whom the Democrats of Massachusetts have since that time, formed so strong an attachment that they desired to make him Governor of that State. Surely consistency is losing much of its wonted popularity and the Democratic party, though sojourning in a glass house, is so inconsiderate as to commence casting stones.

Prospective Opposition.

The Astorian says: It is reported that the Pacific Coast Steamship company intend, on the arrival of the new steamship Columbia to run opposition between San Francisco and Portland. The China, a large vessel of 4,400 tons, sister to the wrecked Great Republic, will be put on the route, in conjunction with the Dakota, which is to be withdrawn from the Puget-sound line. The three fine steamers, including the State of California, will make it mighty hot for the old company. The public may expect low fares and an immense immigration per consequence. We have been informed that the Oregon Steamship company, fearing this, has been negotiating, though unsuccessfully, for the purchase of the State of California.

A SINGULAR instance of a sensitive conscience was shown in the suicide of Agle Tallato, Secretary to the Japanese legation. He left a letter, stating that he was concerned in the insurrection of 1878, and had forfeited his honor.

A MAN gets into trouble by marrying two wives. If he marries only one he may have trouble; and some men have come to tribulation by simply promising to marry one. Trouble anyhow.

Another Fearful Steamboat Disaster.

The steamer Seawanhaka was burned in the East river near New York, on the 28th ult., furnishing another horrible chapter to the history of late marine disasters: The fire was caused by an explosion in the engine room, and the middle of the steamboat was soon in flames. Pilot Charles Smith remained at his post until nearly burned to death, and succeeded in beaching the vessel on the sunken meadow adjoining the island. Many persons sprang overboard and were drowned. Many others in the stern of the vessel could not get off and were burned to death. Of 500 persons supposed to be on board, fifty are believed to have perished. The bodies of about thirty dead persons have been recovered.

The captain's statement is as follows: About 4:30 I heard a low dull report or explosion. Quick as thought I turned to see what was the matter, when I saw the vessel in flames about midships. I saw the steamer Granite State on my starboard side. Finding that my steamer was on fire, I immediately headed her for the last sunken meadows, and with a full head of steam, although the engineer had been driven from his post, I landed her about forty feet up on the meadows. Most of the passengers were on the bow of the vessel, and those on the stern were at the mercy of the flames, as all passages to the bow were cut off. Many jumped on the land, while others jumped into the water. I stood at the wheel until the last minute, and then jumped overboard and was picked-up by a small boat. We had no freight on board, and I do not know what caused the explosion. The engineer of the steamer, Frank Weeks, and his son Edward, who was fireman on the steamer, were at their posts at the time of the fire. The fireman explains that some of the small tubes of the boiler must have burst, throwing the furnace door open and scattering the hot coals around, which sat fire to the vessel. He, like his father, was driven from his post by the flames. Both escaped with severe burns.

One of the crew relates the following incidents: You can imagine how cool they were when the clerk, who was collecting fares, as soon he realized that the boat was on fire, returned to his office and secured all the money he had left there. Among our passengers were Charles A. Dana, Richardson O. Gorman, S. L. M. Barlow, one or two of Harper's publishers, and a number of other gentlemen, whose names I cannot recollect, but who were in the habit of going to their homes along Long Island shore on our boat. All of the gentlemen I have named, I understood escaped. The vessel burned like powder after the flames once started and it was a terrible scene. Shrieking women and children huddled aft until their clothes caught fire, and there on the forward part of the boat were men who were cut off from communicating with or going to the rescue of their female relatives and friends, by the flames, which burned fiercest about the center of the boat. Mr. Moires, our porter, saw a child floating on its back and was going to jump overboard to save it, when a frantic woman clutched him by the arm, saying: "You are a strong man, and I am a woman without any friends on board. For God's sake help me." The porter left the child to itself and I believe saved the woman. The only one of the Seawanhaka's boats got out was one which had canvas fastened over it. After it got off, the body of a child about two years old was found lying in the water in the bottom of the boat. Nobody seemed to know how it got there.

A lady was climbing down the ladder leading from the promenade to the main decks, but this ladder is a pretty hard thing for a man to get down on at any time. She fell into the gangway amid the flames. Myself and about a dozen others rescued her from the perilous position. I saw a butcher, who belongs either at Great Neck or Sands Point, grab up an asparagus box, and before I could stop him jumped overboard with it. I yelled at him not to jump or he would be struck by the wheel. He did not heed me and went over forward. The last I saw of him he was going under the wheel. Several others who went over forward also went under the paddle wheels.

SWINDLERS attached to a circus now in Iowa, defrauded a granger of \$2,300. The proprietor and all his aids were promptly arrested, and rather than submit to the delays of a trial, the former refunded the money lost by the grangey.

Cost of the Rebellion.

In response to a Senate resolution, the Secretary of the Treasury has furnished an elaborate statement showing the expenses of the Government "on account of the war of the rebellion from July 1, 1861, to June 30, 1879, inclusive."

The statement exhibits the gross expenditures, the ordinary expenditures, and the expenditures growing out of the war in all the various branches of the service, either directly or indirectly affected by the war. The grand totals are as follows: Gross expenditures, \$6,796,792,509; ordinary expenditures, \$609,549,125; expenditures growing out of the war, \$6,187,243,385. The principal items of the war expenses are the following: Interest on the public debt, \$1,764,256,198; pay of two and three years volunteers, \$1,040,102,702; subsistence of Army, \$381,417,548; Army transportation, \$336,793,885; purchase of horses, \$126,672,423; other Quartermaster expenditures, (round numbers) \$320,000,000; Army pensions, \$407,429,193; bounties, (including additional bounties under act of 1866,) \$140,281,178, and in round numbers, the following: Refunded to States for war expenses, \$41,000,000; purchase of arms for volunteers and regulars, \$76,000,000; ordnance supplies, \$56,000,000; expenses of assembling and collecting internal revenue, \$113,000,000; expense of national loans and currency, \$51,523,000; premiums, \$59,738,000. The war expenditures for the Navy (including about \$74,500,000 for pay and \$6,500,000 for Navy pensions) aggregate about \$412,000,000. Among the other detailed items of expenditures growing out of the war are \$5,243,034 for national cemeteries, \$3,546,185 for support of National Home for Disabled Volunteers, and \$88,000 for the purchase of Ford's Theatre, the scene of President Lincoln's assassination.

Rich Discovery.

A Nevada City, California, dispatch of the 29th ult. says: A Transcript reporter has just returned from Snow Point, 20 miles northeast of this city, in this county, where there was recently made a great strike. Gold bearing gravel nuggets of various sizes are being taken out which are valued at from \$1 up to \$230. About half a dozen approximating the latter size were found Saturday. Pay gravel is found for a distance of 25 feet above bedrock. This is considered by reliable experts to be the best discovery made on the coast in 25 years.

At the decoration of the Confederate soldiers' graves at Cavehill cemetery, Ky., the orator, Gen. Baker, who was a brigadier in Bragg's army, said: "It is not easy for one who took part on the Southern side of the dispute, whose dreadful settlement has filled these graves, to speak honestly and wisely on an occasion like this. To cause no pain to the living, and yet do justice to the dead; to be faithful to the Union and yet decorate the graves of those who attempted to destroy it; to lift his eyes with honest loyalty to the gorgeous ensign that flashes in the sunlight there triumphantly and feel no pang of mean contrition for having followed for four years that other banner, furled forever, which in the shadows of defeat still shines for him like a lovely constellation of the night in the sad skies of Southern history—to do this may seem impossible to those who prize the jewel of consistency."

THE betrothed in Italy are never left alone for one moment. They may not even sit side by side in company, and a third person must always take part in their conversation. When out for a walk they must not go arm in arm. As for a kiss, not even the tips of the nails may be touched until after the Church and State have firmly bound together the poor lovers. The severity is no compliment to Italy; on the contrary, it is mistrust carried to excess, and the young people rebel against it. Still, when they become fathers and mothers they perpetuate the custom. It may be that this extreme reserve before marriage engenders that after marriage liberty which in turn becomes a matter of wonder to more prosaic nations.—Rome Correspondence New York Hour.

THE number of ships which passed through the Suez canal during March was 213, and the receipts therefrom \$164,940, were the largest recorded of any one month since the formation of the canal. The total receipt of transit for the first quarter of the present year, \$447,440, exceed the receipts of the first quarter of 1877, the year which had hitherto yielded the largest profits, by \$84,240.

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