

COAST



MAIL.

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

A Difference in Hospitality.

A good many years ago two young men, John and James, Boston boys both, were fellow clerks, on Kilby street, Boston. John went to Chicago in its muddy days, prospered, married, raised a family, and ere his head grew gray became a well-to-do, substantial citizen, open-handed and open-hearted. James remained at home. He, too, prospered, married, raised a family, and became one of the "solid men of Boston." Now, it fell out that when John's eldest son (they called him Jack) was twenty-one, he visited Boston, bearing a letter to his father's old friend, whom he found in a dingy Pearl-street counting-room deep in the *Advertiser*. Jack presented the letter, and stood, hat in hand, while the old gentleman read it twice.

"So you are John's son?" said he. "You don't look a bit like your father." Then there was a pause, Jack still standing.

"What brought you to Boston?" he was asked.

"Well, sir," said Jack, "father thought I had better see his old home, and get a taste of salt air."

"Going to be here over Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"My pew is No. —, at Trinity. Hope to see you there. Glad to have met you." And here the interview ended.

Now, it chanced that, not long after, James' son roving through the West, reached Chicago. He remembered his father's friend by name and hunted him up in his office.

"Well, my son?" said a pleasant voice before he had closed the door.

"My name is James —, sir, and I thought —"

"Why, you don't mean to say—Of course you are. I might have known it. Where's your baggage?"

"At the hotel! We'll go and get it, and take it right up to the house," answered the genial old gentleman, closing his desk with a vigorous slam.

"We'll go right up now. There's plenty of time for a drive this afternoon. This evening you can spend in company with my girls, and tomorrow you and I will take a run out on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road, and have a look at the country. Then I want to take you out to the stock yards, and have a trip on the lake, and—"

"But sir," broke in the overwhelmed young man, "I must go home to-morrow."

"Tut, tut, my boy, don't talk that way. You can't begin to see the city under a week, and you're going to stay that long, anyhow." And he did. In fact, he's there now.

A Famine Incident.

A touching incident of the Irish famine is told by the *Dublin Mail*, as follows: As the executive committee of the relief fund were about to hold their meeting, two little boys, half naked, travel-stained and barefooted, sought admission to the castle, stating that they had walked all the way from Skibbereen, county of Cork, to plead for help to pay their father's rent.

Not in the least abashed, they told their story. They were the sons of Pat McCarty, near Skibbereen. The times were so bad he could not pay the "rent," and he owed eight pounds. He could only scrape together six pounds.

The two children, who had seen respectively twelve and fourteen summers, thought they would ask the good Duchess of Marlborough to give "daddy" the two pounds.

Away they started for Dublin. The journey, upwards of 200 miles, occupied three weeks. Her Grace gratified them by promising to send their father the two pounds.

The poor little fellows seemed dumbfounded. At last, innate reverence came to the rescue, and the elder of the two gave their native benediction, "God bless your ladyship."

They were then taken to the clothes-room and their tattered garments changed for new suits. Having been regaled with a substantial dinner, they were brought before the ladies of the committee, who rewarded the brave adventurers with a pocketful of silver.

On the same day, adds the paper, Mr. Fitzgerald, Assistant Secretary of Her Grace's Relief Fund, wrote the Rev. J. Wall, parish priest, enclosing a post office order for two pounds, payable to McCarty, the father of the boys.

The average yield of cotton on the famous sea islands, near Charleston, S. C., under the slave system was from 80 to 100 pounds to the acre. With free labor it has been increased to 250 pounds, and some planters last year had a net profit of \$100 per acre.

Gen. Garfield to the Young Men

Last October, just before the election in Ohio, Gen. Garfield delivered a speech at Cleveland, in the course of which he used the following language. Read it, young men, and reflect on the truth it contains:

"Now, fellow-citizens, a word before I leave you on the very eve of the holy day of God, a fit moment to consecrate ourselves finally to the great work of next Tuesday morning. I see in this great audience to-night a great many young men, young men who are about to cast their first vote. I want to give you a word of suggestion and advice. I heard a very brilliant thing said by a boy the other day up in one of our north-western counties. He said to me, 'General, I have a great mind to vote the Democratic ticket.' That was not the brilliant thing. I said to him, 'Why?' 'Why,' said he, 'my father is a Republican, and I am a Republican all over, but I want to be an independent man, and I don't want anybody to say, 'That fellow votes the Republican ticket just because his dad does,' and I have a mind to vote the Democratic ticket just to prove my independence.' I did not like the thing the boy suggested, but I did admire the spirit of the boy that wanted to have some independence of his own."

Now I tell you, young man, don't vote the Republican ticket just because your father votes it. Don't vote the Democratic ticket, even if he does vote it. But let me give one word of advice, as you are about to pitch your tent in one of the great political camps. Your life is full and buoyant with hope now, and I beg you, when you pitch your tent, pitch it among the living and not among the dead. If you are at all inclined to pitch among the Democratic people and with that party, let me go with you for a moment while we survey the ground where

I hope you will not shortly lie. It is a sad place, young man, for you to put your young life into. It is to me far more like a graveyard than like a camp for the living. Look at it! It is billowed all over with the graves of dead issues, of buried opinions, of exploded theories, of disgraced doctrines. You cannot live in comfort in such a place. Why, look here! Here is a little double mound. I look down on it and read, 'Sacred to the memory of Squatter Sovereignty and the Dred Scott decision.' A million and half of Democrats voted for that, but it has been dead fifteen years—died by the hand of Abraham Lincoln, and here it lies. Young man, that is not the place for you.

But look a little farther. Here is another mound—a black tomb—and beside it, as our distinguished friend said, there towers to the sky a monument of four million pairs of human fetters taken from the arms of slaves, and I read on its headstone this: 'Sacred to the memory of human slavery.' For forty years of its infamous life the Democratic party taught that it was divine—God's institution. They defended it, they stood around it, they followed it to its grave as a mourner. But here it lies dead by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. Dead by the power of the Republican party. Dead by the justice of Almighty God. Don't camp there, young man.

But here is another—

A LITTLE PRIMROSE TOMB

And I read across its yellow face, its lurid bloody lines, these words, 'Sacred to the memory of State Sovereignty and Secession.' Twelve millions of Democrats mustered around it in arms to keep it alive; but here it lies, shot to death by the million guns of the Republic. Here it lies, its shrine burnt to ashes under the blazing rafters of the burning Confederacy. It is dead! I would not have you stay in there a minute, even in this balmy night air, to look at such a place.

But just before I leave it I discover a new-made grave, a little mound—short. The grass has hardly sprouted over it, and all around it I see torn pieces of paper with the word 'flat' on them—and I look down in curiosity, wondering what the little grave is, and read on it; 'Sacred to the memory of the Rag Baby—nursed in the brain of all the fanaticism of the world—rocked by Thomas Ewing, George H. Pendleton, and a few others throughout the land.' But it died on the 1st of January, 1879, and the one hundred and forty millions of gold that God made, and not fiat power, lie upon its little carcass to keep it down forever.

Oh, young man, come out of that! That is no place in which to put your young life. Come out, and come over into this camp of liberty, of order, of law, of justice, of freedom, of all that is glorious under these night stars. Is there any death here in our camp? Yes! yes! Three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, the noblest band that ever trod the earth, died to make this camp a camp of glory and of liberty forever. But there are no dead issues here. There are no dead issues here. Hang out our banner under the blue sky; this night shall sweep the green turf under your feet! It hangs over our camp. Read away up under the stars the inscription we have written on it, let these twenty-five years. Twenty-five years ago the Republican party was MARRIED TO LIBERTY, And this is our silver wedding. A worthy married pair love each other better on the day of their silver wedding than on the day of their first espousals; and we are true to Liberty to-day, and dearer to our God than we were when we spoke our first word of liberty. Read away up under the sky across our starry banner that first word we uttered twenty-five years ago! What is it? 'Slavery shall never extend over another foot of the Territories of the great West. Is that dead or alive? Alive thank God forever! And truer to-night than it was at the hour it was written! Then it was a hope, a promise, a purpose. To-night it is equal with the stars—immortal history and immortal truth. Come down the glorious steps of our banner. Every great record we have made we have vindicated with our blood and our truth. It sweeps the ground and it touches the stars. Come there, young man, and put in your young life where all is living, and where nothing is dead but the heroes who defended it! I think these young men will do that.

AMONG THE HILLS.

A Week among Picturesque and Rural Scenes on the North Coos River.

In all pursuits and vocations of life, among all classes of people, and in whatever clime they dwell—although it may be the loveliest spot on the face of the earth—when summer rolls round and the fields waving grain are in the hay-day of their glory, the silken ears of tender corn the finest when roasted, and the frolicsome trout with avidity snaps at the artificial fly, it is then that the city, and the country, pour forth their throngs of humanity, which, each tired of his so-called hum-drum mode of life, goes to seek relief from daily cares in new scenes and in new faces.

Recognizing the invigorating and beneficial influence of such excursions, a party consisting of seven Marshfieldites took passage, last week, on the steamer *Bertha*, Ed Bunnell, captain, for the forks of the North Fork of Coos river, to spend a week in hunting, fishing, and, in fact, doing the many attractions which were held forth as an inducement for a visit. The sun was just sinking from sight behind the tree-tops when we arrived at our camping ground in a grove of fine maple trees, whose thick foliage served alike as a shade to repel the hot rays of the sun, and as an umbrella to turn aside the showers of rain. All camping articles were soon brought from the boat, our tent pitched, and our fire started in the place where others had been kindled before by those who had visited this favorite camping ground. There was something in the scene, the bright fire, the many figures fitting to and fro, at once novel and comical. We were all "cooks," and notwithstanding the old adage that too many cooks spoil the broth, our supper was excellent, and was seasoned with a bit of the romantic which, together with a sharp appetite, made it, if possible, more palatable. When we finished the hour was late, and as soon as possible we spread our blankets by the fire and "turned in." Through the openings in the trees the stars shown clear and bright, and with the State of Oregon at our backs, the brilliant heavens for our canopy, and the fresh air for a narcotic, one surely ought to have been able to sleep. But on the contrary, we found mother Earth an uncomfortable bedfellow and it was long ere we fell asleep.

Rising early next morning, finishing breakfast and putting camp in order, we sallied out with our rods to try the trout and have a look at the surroundings. We were more than satisfied with the prospect, and mentally came to the conclusion that we would have trout in abundance for supper. And so we did.

Strange as it may seem, yet is nevertheless a fact, that it is only within the last few years that it was known that trout abounded so plentifully in our many small streams, and it is only very recently that angling has become a recognized sport. Our scenery, too, remained unnoticed. Nothing romantic was seen in the tall crags and ragged peaks on our seaside; no charms in the deep caverns and many other curiosities that studded the shore of old Ocean. Or our picturesque mountains, down whose rugged side flowed the little brook, now gliding through forests of dark and stately firs, whose realm of silence had never been broken save by the wild bird's note, the elk's shrill whistle, or the gurgling sound of some small stream as it leaped from the sombre shades into the sunlight—there was no beauty in such scenes as these. But now it is a pleasure to visit such lovely spots, because, by comparison with other places and the necessity of some place to spend a few summer days, has revealed their worth and pleasure-giving capacity.

The weather was delightful, and the first, second and third days passed off very pleasantly. The product of our rods was a large number of fine trout, but that of our rifles was yet to be found. Accordingly, three of the party that night went down the river to Mr. James Rook's, where deer was said to be plentiful, so as to be early on the ground in the morning. Success attended their efforts, and there were two deer less in the woods when our party returned.

There was joy in camp that night, for trout had ceased to be a luxury, and the slaying of the deer was hailed with delight. Pans and jakes innumerable were gotten off, some with so fine a point that it had to be put to a microscopic test to be sure as to its identity or as to whether it was a point at all. It had rained the night before, and the threatening sky promised another shower; one of the

English's Mortgages.

The reply made by the friends of W. H. English to the startling record of foreclosures on poor men's homes, recently published in the West, is that the transactions were really for the First National Bank of Indianapolis, of which he was President, the suits being brought in the name of English for special reasons. The facts are just the opposite. Mr. English used the name of the bank whenever he could, as a cover for many of his transactions of this nature. His defense falls before the fact that the National Banking law forbids banks taking real estate as original security for any loan. The mortgages were all of what is known as the "cut-throat" kind. For instance, mortgages are framed which were given to secure several promissory notes, with the condition that if at any time there was a failure to meet either principal or interest of any note when it became due, all the subsequent notes were also to be declared due on that account, and foreclosures on all provided for, with interest and attorneys' fees on each note. The record shows that Mr. English was prompt to take advantage of all such conditions whenever the property was worth taking. Several hundred poor men in Indianapolis and vicinity can testify to the fact that the foreclosure business was run on English's own private account and under his own immediate direction.

WM. CHEEVER, a paroled prisoner from Elmira Reformatory, sprang from a third story window to avoid being arrested for having broken his parole. In less than twenty minutes he died. On examination it was discovered that he had broken his neck. His mother, who is a hard working German widow, when informed of his death, took the two remaining children, and fervidly clasping their hands, said: "Then let the good Lord be thanked for the mercy shown in at last taking my wayward boy from the paths of mischief." While saying this the tears fell fast.

A Baroness in Love.

Chicago Times.

Baroness Burdet-Coutts has for many years occupied the conspicuous position of the richest and most generous woman in the world. She has built her churches, founded hospitals, endowed colleges, supported missions, and provided the poor with model tenement houses. Having been born a woman instead of a man, and bred a Christian lady, she couldn't spend her vast income betting on the wrong horse at the "Derby," or cultivating the acquaintance of rogue-et noir at the continental watering places. She couldn't even smoke, and she was denied such modest means of wasting her substance as the London clubs afford their members. Having no husband, she was deprived of the simplest and most efficacious way of disposing herself of her wealth. In fact she was obliged to practice a sort of Banting system on her bank account to keep it from growing unwieldily.

A large portion of her fortune and the celibacy that guarded it, she owed to the same person. The Duchess of St. Albans knew what sincere affection and what wealth of tenderness adventurers feel for rich women, and trusting her beneficiary's good taste to prevent her from marrying an Englishman, she conditioned her bequest on her beneficiary's not marrying a foreigner or a naturalized citizen.

The Duchess' confidence in the good taste of her beneficiary was not misplaced. The Baroness has reached her sixty-seventh year and is still described in legal documents as a spinster. But not even British consuls and city property in London can avert the dart of Cupid, and the Baroness, now in the full maturity of womanhood, and with a capacity for feeling that misses of thirty or forty years are entire strangers to, is wildly, madly, passionately in love. More than that, she is profoundly, ecstatically, and tumultuously beloved. There is a charm about a maiden of sixty-six that is as irresistible as it is indescribable. Very young women are flighty and fickle. A man cannot be sure when one of them tells him she loves him but that she may tire of him after ten or fifteen years. But when a girl of sixty-six years throws her arms, devoid of useless adipose matter, around his neck, and tells him she'll love him as long as she lives, he feels sure, if he has looked lately at a table of expectations of life, that the chances are in favor of her keeping her word.

It is hardly necessary to mention the nationality of this lady's lover. Of course he is an American. He is twenty-nine years old. There is a charm about an American of twenty-nine that is as irresistible as it is indescribable. A whole generation of English bachelors have been trying to win the Baroness Burdet-Coutts, but without success. They meant well, but they were Englishmen; of course they couldn't succeed with so sensible a lady as the Baroness. But she meets a young American, she makes him almoner of her bounty, and as his American characteristics become one by one known to her, the bane of affection bursts forth in spite of the fact that if the conflagration isn't quenched it will destroy a large part of her property. She doesn't check it, although her check is good for millions, she lets it burn, and enjoys the novel and delicious sensation. There must be an immense amount of extremely dry and highly combustible matter in the bosom of a girl of sixty-six, and it may readily be imagined that when the touch of Hy-men is applied to such a tinder box the resulting flames will defy, as they do in this case, the interested efforts at extinction put forth by the Baroness' relatives and friends, who fear that her marriage will impair their prospects of being remembered in her will.

Purposes of the Democratic Party.

Senator Edmunds made a speech at Vergennes, Vermont, recently, in which he reviewed the purposes of the Democratic party. Their platform says, and says truly, that the party stands where it always did. If so, it stands where it did in the rebellion, for the strength of the party has always been in the South. The Southern rulers deny the right of the people to govern themselves, and propose a Government by the aristocracy. Now you would prefer the kind of Government we have to that, wouldn't you? The Democratic party stands where it did when it declared the war a failure and tried to back down the credit of the Government. Almost every Democratic Congressman voted against the constitutional amendments which make every man equal before the law, and a majority of them stand in the same position now and will for years—whether they carry this election or not, for about two-thirds or three-fourths of them are composed of the same men who went into the rebellion. Of 42 Democratic Senators, 30 are from the seceding and other Southern States. They tell us with perfect freedom what they propose to do if they get control of the Government. They propose to pay the southern war claims, and such bills are now pending. Pensions for the rebel soldiers will logically follow. Everybody pays taxes at the North. Nine-tenths of the only tax the South pays is the whiskey tax and a little on tobacco. They propose to repeal the whiskey tax as unconstitutional. The North will have to pay these claims. The winning side will have to pay all the expense. If you want to do this, you had better vote the Democratic ticket. They may say Hancock was a Union soldier and wouldn't stand this, but Congress, not the President, controls the Government. The speaker touched briefly on finance and the tariff, but remarked that these matters are trivial compared with what he first spoke of—the principle of the Democratic party that all men are not equal and that only a favored few have the right to rule. Until the Democracy renounces this idea, it is unworthy of confidence.

A NEW JERSEY FARMER

heard a strange noise among his hens one night, and he fired a shotgun from his bedroom window. The shot took effect, for in the morning he found seventeen of his best hens dead from the effects of it.

A Boy's Composition on Girls.

Girls are the most unaccountable things in the world—except women. Like the wicked fleas, when you have them they ain't there. I can cipher clean over to improper fractions, and the teacher says I do it first rate; but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that hits their case is the double rule of two. They are as full of the Old Nick as their skins can hold, and they'd die if they couldn't torment somebody. When they try to be mean they are as mean as pureley, though they ain't as mean as they let on to be, except sometimes, and then they are a great deal meaner. The only way to get along with a girl when she comes with her nonsense is to give her fit for fat, and that will flummux her; when you get a girl flummuxed she is as nice as a new pie. A girl can sow more wild oats in a day than a boy can in a year, but girls get their wild oats sowed after a while, which boys never do, and then they settle down as calm and placid as a mud puddle. But I like girls first rate, and guess all the boys do. I don't care how many tricks they play on me—and they don't care either. The hoity-toitiest girl in the world can't always boil over like a glass of soda water. By and by they will get into the traces with somebody they like and pull as steady as an old stage horse. This is the beauty of them. So let 'em wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons and trying to make a decent man out of a fellow they have spiced into; and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

Fasted 39 Days and Then Died.

The "starve-as-you-please race" of Dr. Tanner against time has called up a reminiscence from Paris, Washington county, Penn., which is well authenticated. In 1840, Thomas Ford, aged 23 years, lived without food or water for 39 days. He was taken ill and was unable to swallow either solids or liquids. All the physicians in the country round were unable to afford the slightest relief. On the evening of the 39th day he took his sister's hand in his and remarked that she would not have to watch with him much longer, that he felt worse than he had for several days past, but that no man had ever fasted 40 days but our Savior, and no man ever would. He died that evening, leaving a request that a post mortem be held for the benefit of science, as he did not want others to suffer as he had done. The examination was made, and the physicians found the entrance to the stomach closed up by a fungus growth that it would have been impossible to relieve him of by an operation.

A Sad Scene.

The Empress Eugenie, says the *Tribune*, proceeded on foot into the South African valley where her son's body was found, following precisely the track taken by the officers who went in search of the corpse. The road was stony and rough, but she persisted in walking. In the distance gleamed the white monument, thrown into sharp relief by the dark background, but it only seemed to catch the eye of the Empress when she got to the bank of the Donga. Then she lifted her hands as in supplication toward Heaven, the tears poured over her cheeks, worn with sorrows and vigils; she spoke no word and uttered no cry, but sank slowly on her knees. A French priest repeated the prayers for the dead, and the servant, Lomas, who had been an eyewitness, went through the sad story of what had happened last year. The tents were pitched in the valley for two days.

Mass Meetings.

Here is Long John Westworth's opinion of political mass meetings: "As for mass meetings, or any other kind of meetings, I take no stock in them. What can a man say that is new? The press anticipates everything. There are no new ideas. If a fellow strikes an idea at all, you print it. Then it is telegraphed all over the country. Everybody knows it by heart. The day of the orator is past. It will not return. The orator may do among the Indians, but not among people who read the newspapers. I am in favor of holding no meetings, or very few of them. Torches, uniforms, badges, all that kind of things are now superfluous. The average voter doesn't care for a speech. The orators may as well shut up. I used to speak myself, but have learned better. We must have something new before we can do anything but repeat ourselves."

THE INTERESTS OF SOUTH-ERN OREGON ALWAYS FOREMOST.

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