

JOB PRINTING
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EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE
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AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

COAST



MAIL.

—PUBLISHED—
THURSDAY MORNING
—BY—
JOHN CHURCH.
Subscription Rates.
One year.....\$3 50
Six months.....\$2 00
Three months.....\$1 00

VOL. VI. MARSHFIELD, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1884. NO. 42

Miscellaneous Advertisements.
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
—AT THE—
XLNT CASH STORE
—ON ACCOUNT OF—
Dissolution of Copartnership

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.
We are selling CLOTHING AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.
And we have also determined to sell anything that the people need in our line at the LOWEST PRICES.
Remember, we NEVER FAIL to be continually adding to our stock and that we have put
PRICES DOWN TO THE LOWEST NOTCH.
Just drop in and try to comprehend our prices, and you will notice that an active trade is always conducted on the small-profit plan.
Upon viewing our immense stock of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS, OIL CLOTHING and RUBBER GOODS, a full assortment of Ladies' and Children's CLOAKS and DOLMANS, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, WINES and LIQUORS, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, PAINTS and OILS, and other articles too numerous to mention, the universal exclamation is, What a perfect store and what cheap goods!

J. LANDO & SON, Proprietors.

NEW DEPARTURE!
The undersigned having bought from DR. C. B. GOLDEN the
MARSHFIELD DRUG STORE
Front Street, Marshfield, Oregon.

Subsidiary departments of the liberal patronage extended in the past. Large improvements are being made and the stock heavily increased. Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Trusses, Sponges, Combs, Brushes, Blain and Fancy Candles, Notions and Fancy Goods of all kinds. The best assortment of Picture Frames in the county, all sizes and at all prices, kept in stock or made to order at short notice.
Full and complete line of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass and Putty of the purest quality. Painters and Artists' materials of every description constantly on hand.
An arrangement to import through New Orleans, direct from Cuba, the finest brands of Havana Cigars and Tobacco. Long acquaintance with leading tobacconists in New Orleans will enable me to secure the finest goods at the lowest prices. The local trade will be supplied at liberal rates. All goods at wholesale as well as retail. Correspondence from neighboring country solicited.
F. A. GOLDEN, Proprietor.
N. B.—Prescriptions and Family Recipes carefully compounded.

COOS BAY DRUG STORE
Marshfield, Oregon,
Henry Sengstacken, - - - Proprietor,
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,
Paints, Oils,
Candies, Tobacco and Cigars, Stationery and Fancy Toilet Articles, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal use.
Prescriptions skillfully compounded. Agent for Wells, Fargo & Co's Express.
N. B.—The Empire City Drug Store will continue under the same management and ownership as heretofore. Orders left at either store will receive prompt attention.
HENRY SENSGTACKEN.

BAY VIEW BREWERY
MARSHFIELD, OR.,
Clemmensen & Evanoff,
PROPRIETORS,
Keeps constantly on hand and offers for sale a superior article of
LAGER BEER, ALE AND PORTER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
MY BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE CHOICEST BRANDS OF
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

HOT AND COLD BATHS!

J. W. COX,
TONSORIAL ARTIST.
Front Street, Marshfield, Oreg.

E. A. ANDERSON, LANG'S

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
SADDLE HORSES AND BUGGY TEAMS to let at all hours.
HAULING done at the shortest notice and at very reasonable rates.
COAL and WOOD always on hand and delivered at the lowest rates.

SIBERIA'S FROZEN HELL.

Prince Krapotkine's Terrible Story of Tyranny and Torture—How Young Lives are Worn Away in Hopeless Toil and Frightful Agonies Under the Awful Cruelty of Russian Masters.
Some 15 years ago, nearly all those 1500 people who were condemned every year to hard labor were sent to eastern Siberia. One part of them was employed at the silver, lead and gold mines of the Nerchinsk district or at the iron works of Petrowsk (not far from Khabarovsk) and Irkutsk, or at the salt works of Ussolje and Ust-Kut; a few were employed at a drapery in the neighborhood of Irkutsk, and the remainder were sent to the gold mines, or rather gold washings of Kara, where they were bound to dig the traditional "hundred pools" (3200 pounds) of gold, for the "cabinet of his majesty," that is for the personal purse of the emperor. The horrible tales of subterranean work in the silver and lead mines, under the most abominable conditions, under the whips of overseers who compelled each ten men to accomplish a work that would be hard even for double this number; of convicts working in the darkness, charged with heavy chains and riveted to barrows; of people dying from the poisonous emanations of the mines; of prisoners flogged to death, or dying under five or six thousand strokes of the rod, by order of traditional monsters like Rogulidzeff—all these tales, well known everywhere, are not tales due to the fancy of imaginative writers, they are true historic records of a sad reality. And they are not tales of a remote past, for such were the conditions of hard labor in the Nerchinsk mining district no farther back than 25 years ago. They might be told by men still in life.

More than that, many, very many, features of this horrible past have been maintained until our own times. Every one in eastern Siberia knows of the terrible scurvy epidemics which broke out at the Kara gold mines in 1857, when—according to official reports perused by M. Maximoff—no less than 1000 convicts out of some 17,000 died in the course of one summer, and the cause of the epidemics is a secret to nobody; it is well known that the authorities, having perceived that they would be unable to dig out the traditional 100 pools of gold, caused the convicts to work without rest, above their strength, until some fell dead in the mines.
As to the 1800 or 1900 hard-labor convicts who are transported every year to Siberia, they are submitted to different kinds of treatment. A certain number of them (2700 to 3000) are locked up in the hard-labor prisons of western and eastern Siberia; while the remainder are transported, either to the Kara gold washings or to the salt works of Ussolje and Ust-Kut, or to the coal mines of the Sakhalin island. The few mines and works of the crown in Siberia being, however, unable to employ the nearly 10,000 convicts condemned to hard labor, a novel expedient was invented in renting the convicts to private owners of gold washings. It is easy to perceive that the punishment of convicts belonging to the same hard-labor category can be thus varied to an immense degree, depending on the caprice of the authorities and a good deal on the length of the purse of the convict. He may be killed under the plects at Kara or Ust-Kut, as also he may comfortably live at the private gold mine of some friend as "overseer of works" and be aware of his removal to Siberia only by the long delay in receiving news from his Russian friends.
Leaving aside, however, these exceptional favors and a variety of subdivisions of less importance, the hard-labor convicts in Siberia can be classified under three great categories—those who are kept in prison, those who are employed at the gold mines of the imperial cabinet or of private persons, and those who are employed at the salt works.

The fate of the first is very much like the fate of those who are locked up in central prisons in Russia. The Siberian jailer may smoke a pipe instead of a cigar when flogging his inmates. He may make use of lashes instead of birch rods, and flog the convicts when his soup is spoiled, while the Russian jailer's bad temper depends upon an unsuccessful hunting. The results for the convicts are the same. In Siberia, as in Russia, a jailer "who pitilessly flogs" is substituted by a jailer "who gives free play to his fists, and steals the honest copiers of the prisoners;" and an honest man, if he is occasionally nominated as the head of a hard-labor prison, will soon be dismissed or expelled from an administration where honest men are a nuisance.
The fate of those 2000 convicts who are employed at the Kara gold mines is not better. Twenty years ago the official reports represented the prison at Upper Kara as an old, weather-worn logwood building, erected on swampy ground and impregnated with the filthiness accumulated by long generations of overworked convicts. They concluded that it ought to be pulled down at once; but the same foul and rotten building continues to shelter the convicts until now, and even during M. Kononovitch's reasonable rule, it was said to be whitewashed only four times

a year. It is always filled up to double its cubical capacity, and the inmates sleep on two stories of platforms, as also on the floor, that is covered with a thick sheet of sticky filth, their wet and nasty clothes being mattresses and coverings at once. So it was 20 years ago; so it is now. The chief prison of the Kara gold washings, the lower Kara, was described by M. Maximoff in 1863, and by the official documents I have perused, as a rotten, nasty building, where wind and snow freely penetrate. So it is described again by friends. The middle Kara prison was restored a few years ago, but it soon became as filthy as the others.
The situation of the convicts would be still worse if the overcrowding of the prisons and the interests of the owners of the gold mines had not compelled the government to shorten the time of imprisonment. (As a rule, the hard-labor convict ought to be kept in prison, at the mines, only for about one-third of the time to which he has been condemned. Beyond this time he must be settled in the village close by the mine, in a separate house, with his family, if his wife has followed him; he is bound to go to work, like other convicts, but without chains, and he has his own house and hearth. It is obvious that this law might be an immense benefit for the convicts, but its provisions are marred by the manner in which it is applied. The liberation of the convict depends entirely upon the caprice of the superintendent of the mine. Moreover, with the absurd payment for his labor, which hardly reaches a few shillings per month in addition to the ration of flour, the liberated convict falls, with but few exceptions, into the most dreadful misery. All investigations of the subject are agreed in representing under the darkest aspects the misery of this class of convicts, and in saying that the immense number of runaways from this category of exile is chiefly due to their wretchedness.
The punishments obviously depend entirely upon fancy of the superintendent of the works, and they are atrocious. The privation of food and the blackhole are considered as merely childish punishments. Only the plect, the cat-o'-nine-tails, distributed at will, for the slightest delinquency, and to the amount dictated by the good or bad temper of the manager, is considered as a punishment.
It is so usual a thing in the minds of the overseers, that "hundred plects," 100 lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails, are ordered with the same easiness as one week's incarceration would be ordered in European prisons; but there are other heavier punishments in store for instance, the chaining for several years to the wall of an underground blackhole, especially at the Akatuy prison; the riveting for five or six years to the barrow, which is, perhaps, the worst imaginable moral torture; and finally, the leassa (the fox), that is, a beam of wood, or a piece of iron, weighing one pound and a half (48 pounds), attached to the chain for several years. The horrible punishment by the leassa is becoming rare, but the chaining for several years to a barrow is quite usual. Quite recently, the political convicts, Popko, Fomicheff and Bereznuk were condemned, for an attempt at escape from the Irkutsk prison, to be riveted to barrows for two years.
Hardly need to add that the superintendent of the mines is a king in his dominions, and that to complain about him is quite useless. He may rob his inmates of their last coppers, he may submit them to the most horrible punishments, he may torture the children of convicts—no complaints will reach the authorities; and the convict who would be bold enough to dare a complaint would be simply starved in blackholes, or killed under the plects.

Those who are condemned to hard labor not only lose their civil and personal rights, they are separated forever from their mother-land. After their release from hard labor they are embodied in the great category of the selyno-posselentsy, and they remain in Siberia for life. No possible return, under any circumstances, to Russia. The category of settled exiles is the most numerous in Siberia. It comprises not only the released hard-labor convicts, but also the nearly 3000 men and women (28,382 in the space of 10 years, 1867 to 1876), transported every year under the head of selyno-posselentsy, that is, to be settled in Siberia, also for life, and with a total or partial loss of their civil and personal rights. To these selyno-posselentsy—or simply posselentsy in the current language—must be added the 23,383 exiled during the same 10 years on vodvornie, that is, to be settled with a partial loss of their civil rights; 2551 exiled na jitte (to live in Siberia) without loss of their personal rights; and the 76,686 exiled during the same time by simple orders of the administrative, thus making a total of nearly 150,000 exiles for 10 years. During the last five years this figure has still increased, reaching from 16,000 to 17,000 exiles every year.
It appears from these investigations that, while more than half a million of people have been transported to Siberia during the last 60 years, only 200,000 are now on the lists of the local admin-

istration; the remainder have died without leaving any posterity, or have disappeared. Even of these 200,000 who figure on the official lists, no less than one-third, that is, 70,000 (or even much more, according to other valuations), have disappeared during the last few years without anybody knowing what has become of them. They have vanished like a cloud in the sky on a hot summer day. Part of them have run away and have joined the human current, 20,000 men strong, that silently flows through the forest lands of Siberia, from east to west, toward the Ural. Others—and these are the great number—already have dotted with their bones the "runaway paths" of the forests and marshes, as also the paths that lead to and from the gold mines. And the remainder constitute the floating population of the larger towns, trying to escape an obnoxious supervision by assuming false names.

But not only is the moral force of the convict broken by the prison; his physical force, too, is mostly broken forever by the journey and the sojourn at their hard-labor colonies. Many contact-incurable diseases; all are weak. As to those who have spent some 20 years in hard labor (an attempt at escape easily brings the seclusion to this length), they are for the most part absolutely unable to perform any work. Even put in the best circumstances, they would still be a burden on the community. But the conditions imposed on the poselent are very hard. He is sent to some remote village commune, where he receives several acres of land—the least fertile in the commune, and he must become a farmer. In reality, he knows nothing of the practice of agriculture in Siberia, and after three or four years' detention, he has lost the taste for it, even if he formerly was an agriculturist. The village commune receives him with hostility and scorn. He is "a Russian"—a term of contempt with the Siberiak—and, moreover, a convict! He is also one of those whose transport and accommodation cost the Siberian peasant so heavily. For the most part he is not married and cannot marry, the proportion of exiled women being as one to six men, and the Siberiak will not allow him to marry his daughter, notwithstanding the 50 roubles allowed in this case by the state, but usually melted away on their long journey through the hands of numerous officials. There was no need in Siberia for the official scheme-inventors who order the peasants to build houses for the exiles and who settled the poselentsy, five or six together, dreaming of pastoral exile-communities. The practical result was invariably the same. The five poselentsy thus associated in their miseries invariably ran away after a useless struggle against starvation, and went under false names to the towns or to the gold mines in search of labor. Whole villages with empty houses on the Siberian highway still remind the traveler of the sterility of official utopias introduced with the help of birch rods.

Those who find some employment on the farms of the Siberian peasants are not happier. The whole system of engaging workmen in Siberia is based on giving them large sums of hand money in advance in order to put them permanently in debt, and to reduce them to a kind of perpetual serfdom; and the Siberian peasants largely use this custom. As to those exiles—and they are the great proportion—who earn their livelihood by work on the gold washings, they are deprived of all their savings as soon as they have reached the first village and public house, after the four or five months of labor—of hard labor, in fact, with all its privations—at the mines. The villages on the Lena, the Yenissei, the Kan, etc., where the parties of coal miners arrive in the autumn, are widely famed for this peculiarity. And who does not know in Siberia the two wretched, miserable hamlets on the Lena, which have received the names of Paris and London from the admirable skill of their inhabitants in depriving the miners of their very last copper? When the miner has left in the public house his last hat and shirt, he is immediately re-engaged by the agents of the gold mining company for the next summer, and receives in exchange for his passport some hand money for returning home. He comes to his village with empty hands, and the long winter months he will spend—perhaps in the next lock-up! In short the final conclusion of all official inquiries which have been made up to this time is that the few housekeepers among the exiles are in a wretched state of misery, and that the paupers are either serfs to the farmers and mine proprietors, or—to use the words of an official report—"are dying from hunger and cold."

I have now to examine the situation of political exiles in Siberia. Of course I shall not venture to tell here the story of political exile since the year 1607, when one of the forefathers of the now reigning dynasty, Vassily Nikitch Romanoff, opened the long list of proscriptions, and terminated his life in an underground cell at Nyrdob, loaded with 64 pounds' weight of heavy chains. I shall not try to revive the horrible story of the Bar confederates arriving in

Siberia with their noses and ears torn away, and—so says, at least, the tradition—rolled down the hill of the Kremlin at Tobolsk tied to big trees! I shall not tell the infamies of the madman Freskin and his ispravnik Lokotoff; nor dwell upon the execution of March 7, 1837, when the Poles, Szokalski, Sierocinski and four others, were killed under 7000 strokes of the rod; nor will I describe the sufferings of the "Decembrists" and of the exiles of the first days of Alexander II.'s reign; neither give here the list of our poets and publicists exiled to Siberia since the times of Rudischeff until those of Odoevsky, and later on, of Tchernyavsky and Mikhailoff. I shall speak only of those political exiles who are now in Siberia.

Kara is the place where those condemned to hard labor were imprisoned, to the number of 150 men and women, during the autumn of 1882. After having been kept from two to four years in preliminary detention at the St. Petersburg fortress, at the famous Litovskiy Zamok, at the St. Petersburg house of detention, and in provincial prisons, they were sent after their condemnation, to the Khardoff central prison. There they remained for three to five years, again in solitary confinement, without any occupation, without any intercourse with their parents, literally starving on the poor allowance of one-and-a-quarter pence per day, and at the mercy of their jailers. Then they were transferred for a few months to the Mtsensk depot, where they were treated much better, and thence they were sent to Transbaikalia. Most of them performed the journey to Kara in the manner I have described—on foot beyond Tomsk, and chained. A few were favored with the use of cars, for slowly moving from one steppe to another. Even these last described this journey as a real torture, and say: "People become mad from the moral and physical tortures endured during such a journey. The wife of Dr. Bielyi, who accompanied her husband, and two or three others, have had this fate."

The prison where they are kept at Middle Kara is one of those rotten buildings I have already mentioned. It was overcrowded when 61 men were confined in it, and it is still more overcrowded since the arrival of 63 more prisoners; wind and snow freely enter the interstices between the rotten pieces of logwood of the walls, and from beneath the rotten planks of the floor. The chief food of the prisoners is rye bread and some buckwheat; meat is distributed only when they are at work in the gold mine; that is during 3 months out of 12 and only to 50 men out of 150. Contrary to the law and custom, all were chained in 1881, and went to work loaded with chains.

There is no hospital for "politicals," and the sick, who are numerous, remain on the platforms, side by side, with all others, in the same cold rooms, in the same suffocating atmosphere. Even the insane Mme. Kovalevskaya is still kept in prison. Happily enough, there are surgeons among them. As to the surgeon of the prison, it is sufficient to say of him that the insane Mme. Kovalevskaya was kicked down and beaten under his eyes during an attack of madness. The wives of the prisoners were allowed to stay at Lower Kara, and to visit their husbands twice a week, as also to bring them books and newspapers. The greater number are slowly dying from consumption, and the list of deaths rapidly increases.

But the most horrible curse of hard labor at Kara is the absolute arbitrariness of the jailers; the prisoners are completely at the mercy of the caprices of men who were nominated by the government with the special purpose of "keeping them in urchin-gloves." The chief of the garrison openly says he would be happy if some "political" offended him, as the offender would be hanged; the surgeon doctors by means of his fists; and the adjutant of the governor general, a Captain Zagarin, loudly said: "I am your governor, your minister, your tsar," when the prisoners threatened him with making a complaint to the ministry of justice. One must read the story of the insurrection at the Krasnovarsk prison, or hear N. Lopatin's narrative of it to be convinced that the right place for such an individual would be a lunatic asylum. Even ladies did not escape his mad brutality, and were submitted by him to a treatment which revolted the simplest feelings of decency; and, when the prisoners Schedin, in defense of his bride, gave him a blow on his face the military court condemned Schedin to death. General Fedashenko acted in accordance with the loudly expressed public feeling at Irkutsk when he commuted the sentence of death into a sentence of incarceration for a fortnight; but few officials have the courage of the then provisional governor general of eastern Siberia. The blackholes, the chains, the riveting to barrows, are usual punishments, and they are accompanied sometimes with the regulation "hundred plects." "I shall kill you under the rods, you will rot in the blackhole," such is the language that continually sounds in the ears of the prisoners. But, happily enough, corporal punishment has not been used with political

prisoners. A 50 years' experience has taught the officials that the day it was applied "would be a day of great bloodshed," as the publishers of the Will of the People said when describing the life of their friends in Siberia.

As to the prescriptions of the law with regard to exiles, they are openly trampled upon by the higher and lower authorities. Thus Uspenskiy Tcharonshin, Semenovskiy, Shimko were liberated from the prison and settled in the Kara village after having reached the term of "probation" established by the law. But in 1881 a ministerial decision, taken at St. Petersburg, without reasonable cause, ordered them to be again locked up. The law being thus trampled under foot, and the last hopes of amelioration of the fate of the prisoners having thus vanished, two of them committed suicide. Uspenskiy, who endured horrible sufferings in hard labor since 1867, and whose character could not be broken by these pains, was unable to live more of this hopeless life, and followed the example of his two comrades. If the political convicts at Kara were common murderers, they would still have the hope that, after having performed their 7, 10, or 12 years of hard labor for having spread socialist pamphlets among workmen, they would finally be set at liberty and transferred to some province of southern Siberia, thus becoming settlers, according to the prescriptions of our penal system. But there is no law for political exiles. Tchernyavskiy, the translator of J. S. Mill's "Political Economy," terminated 10 years ago his 7 years of hard labor. If he had murdered his father and mother, and burned a house with a dozen children, he would be settled, even in some village of the government of Irkutsk. But he has written economical papers; he has published them with the authorization of the censorship; the government considers him as a possible leader of the constitutional party in Russia, and he is buried in the hands of Yakutsk, amidst marshes and forests, 500 miles beyond Yakutsk. There, isolated from all the outside world, closely watched by two gendarmes who lodge in his house, he is buried forever, and neither the entreaties of the Russian press nor the resolutions of an international literary congress could save him from the hands of a suspicious government.

However bitter the condition of the hard-labor convicts in Siberia, the government has succeeded in punishing as hardly, and perhaps even more so, those of its political foes whom it could not condemn to hard labor or exile, even by means of packed courts, nominated ad hoc, and pronouncing their sentences in absolute secrecy. This result has been achieved by means of the "administrative exile," or transportation to "more or less remote provinces of the empire," without judgment, without any kind or even phantom of trial, on a single order of the omnipotent chief of the third section. Every year some five or six hundred young men and women are arrested under suspicion of revolutionary agitation. The inquiry lasts for six months, two years, or more, according to the number of persons arrested in connection with, and the importance of "the affair." One-tenth of them are committed for trial.

The causes of exiles were always the same; students and girls suspected of subversive ideas, writers whom it was impossible to prosecute for their writings, but who were known to be imbued with a "dangerous spirit;" workmen who have spoken against the authorities; persons who have been "irreverent" to some governor of a province, or ispravnik, and so on, were transported by hundreds every year to people the hamlets of the "more or less remote provinces of the empire." As to the radical people suspected of "dangerous tendencies," the barest denunciation and the most futile suspicions were sufficient for serving as a motive to exile. Girls (like Miss Bardine, Soubodine, Lubatovich and many others) were condemned to six or eight years of hard labor for having given one socialist pamphlet to one workman; and others (like Miss Goukovskaya, 14 years old) were condemned to exile as poselentsy for having shouted in the crowd that it is a shame to condemn people to death for nothing. One will easily realize the condition of these exiles if he imagines a student, or a girl from a well-to-do family, or a skilled workman, taken by two gendarmes to a borough numbering 100 houses and inhabited by a few Laponians or Russian hunters, by one or two far-traders, by the priest and by the police official. Bread is at famine prices; each manufactured article costs its weight in silver, and, of course, there is absolutely no means of earning even a shilling. The government gives to such exiles only four to eight roubles (eight to ten shillings) per month, and immediately refuses this poor pittance if the exile receives from his parents or friends the smallest sum of money, be it even ten roubles (£1) during 12 months. To give lessons is strictly forbidden, even if there were lessons to give; for instance, to the stanovoy's children.

When reading these lines we are transported back at once to the seventeenth century, and seem to hear again the words of the prototype Avvakum: "And I remained there in the cold blackhouse, and afterward with the dirty Turgeses, as a good dog lying on the straw; sometimes they nourished me, sometimes they forgot." And like the wife of Avvakum, we ask now again: "Ah, dear, how long, then, will these sufferings go on?" Centuries have elapsed since, and a whole hundred years of pathetic declamations about progress and humanitarian principles, all to bring us back to the same point when the Tears of Moscow sent their adversaries to die in the tundras on the simple denunciation of a favorite.
And to the question of Avvakum's wife, repeated now again throughout Siberia, we have but one possible reply: No partial reform, no change of men can ameliorate this horrible state of things; nothing short of a complete transformation of the fundamental conditions of Russian life.