

The Coast Mail.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON: Thursday, February 19, 1885

Tickets for the inauguration ball at Washington next month are \$5 each, or \$10 per couple.

The government Indian training school at present located at Forest Grove is to be removed to Salem.

As we thought would be the case, the selection of Ned Stokes as the caterer for the Cleveland inauguration ball elicits much unfavorable comment in the east. The selection was injudicious.

The rule prohibiting passengers from entering the pilot-houses of western river steamers has been amended by the board of supervising inspectors so that the privilege is allowed during daylight only.

The senatorial question at Salem is still in doubt. Hirsch has received as many as 30 votes—more than a majority of the Republicans—but the opposition to him is so pronounced that it is not believed that the honor will fall to him.

Following is yesterday's vote: Hirsch, 30; Williams, 15; Boise, 16; Gearin, 25. John W. Murray was hanged at Portland last Friday for the murder of Alfred Yenke a year ago last January. Murray had married Yenke's sister and she had left him because of brutal treatment at his hands.

An impression prevails here to some extent that the river and harbor bill has passed congress and that Coos bay has been left in the lurch. No such bill has passed, and at the beginning of last week the bill met with a backset in the house that caused its friends to fear that it cannot now be passed before the expiration of the session; but strenuous efforts will be made to pass it, and as about two-thirds of the entire amount to be appropriated will go to the southern states, we feel satisfied that the bill will be passed, though the opposition to it will be stubborn from congressmen from districts not directly interested and from others the representatives of which think have not been recognized as their merits deserve.

An aged man named Wease is under arrest at Petersburg, W. Va., for the murder of one Hiram Ault in 1861, to which he has confessed, and his confession reveals one of the most horrible series of crimes ever known. Since April, 1861, Wease and two confederates have killed 12 men. Wease's first victim was Wm. Yokum, whom he threw over a precipice known as "The Leap."

There are now annually returned to the dead letter office at Washington over 5,000,000 of letters. The minute precautions taken by this department of the government to insure the safe delivery of every package committed to its care is almost marvelous. There is scarcely one chance in a hundred thousand that a letter, properly addressed and stamped, will fail to reach its destination.

MAD CHINESE GORDON.

Described by His Chief of Staff—Gen. Gordon as He Was When Appointed Governor General of the Provinces of the Equator.

It was on the night of the 20th of February, 1874, in Cairo, while seated at a festive board amid sounds of revelry, I suddenly felt the touch of a hand, and turning, beheld an orderly, who said, holding toward me a paper: "I have a letter for you from the effendiash, your excellency. It was as follows: 'MY DEAR LONG: Will you go with me to Central Africa? Come and see me at once. Very truly, C. G. GORDON.'

Egypt is the land indeed where the unexpected always happens. It is the land of Kismet. Cairo was in 1874 the gayest capital in the world—a veritable Paris of the east. Col. Gordon had come to succeed Sir Samuel Baker as governor general of the provinces of the equator. I was chosen as his chief of staff.

Hastily quitting my friends, I followed the orderly to Col. Gordon's door near by, where a man below the medium stature advanced to meet me with quick, bounding step and with extended hands, exclaiming, in the soft and easy manner peculiar to him: "How are you, old fellow? Come take a glass of brandy and soda; a peg will help us talk about Central Africa. The khedive spoke to me about you to-day. You speak Arabic and French. I'll make you chief of staff. You shall command the Sudanese army. I don't want the bother of soldiers. This must be your work. You shall have the rank of pasha. The khedive has given me a firman as governor general of the provinces of the equator for three years. Will you go?"

Gordon and I discussed the Central African problem over many glasses of "b. and s." until the gray streaks of morning warned me that I must quit him to employ as best I might the delay of 24 hours accorded me for preparation for a prospective absence of three years in Central Africa. On the following morning a special train conveyed Gordon, myself and Lieutenant Hassan, an Arab aide, to Suez. In advance of all impediments, without baggage and sufficient outfit, Gordon rushed madly off as if the fate of Africa itself depended upon his arrival. At Suez we took the Egyptian vessel of war Latif for Suakin. On shipboard began the pleasant relations which have always been maintained between Gordon and myself. I had occasion to remark, however, for the first time the eccentricities which render him a hopeless enigma even to his most intimate friends, but which in turn have contributed to make him famous and fasten upon him the character of hero he affects so much to despise. In a desultory conversation which took place on the deck of the Latif a few hours after departure, he surprised me by telling me that the English minister at Cairo, Gen. Stanton, had opposed my nomination, and urged the impolicy of having any but English officers attached to him. He said to me: "I like Americans. I served with Ward and Burgevine in China, and I was determined not to give up to Stanton. You must look out for Stanton."

How Honors were Won in Egypt.

"Have you ever seen Gen. Kirkham, who is in the service of King John?" asked Gen. Gordon. "Yes," I replied. "He was in Cairo, dressed in a fantastic costume, en route to London as minister extraordinary to the court, hearing a proposal of marriage from Johannes, who signed himself the 'Elect of God, King of Sion, King of Kings of Ethiopia, to Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of the English.' It appears that Stanton got wind of the matter, and gave Kirkham the alternative of returning to Abyssinia or remaining in Cairo."

Gordon said: "I first met Kirkham on a P. & O. steamer on my way to China. Kirkham was a domestic on board, and was accused of taking a piece of money which belonged to some one else. I paid the money and took the poor fellow into my service. He went with me to China, rendered good service, and was a brave, gallant fellow. I sent him to Johannes with a letter of recommendation, and now he is a general and an ambassador to the queen. Dear me!"

While talking on deck Gordon suddenly quitted the divan and disappeared below. He reappeared in a few minutes, and, to my surprise, placed at my feet my slippers. I had great difficulty in preventing him from pulling my boots from me.

On the 28th of February we took the desert for Berber, 288 miles distant. Gordon's impatience and haste soon broke down our escort of 15 soldiers. At Bir Haritree a halt was made. Nezeer and Osman, Gordon's servants, were a long way in the rear, and there was no one to make coffee. Gordon was in a great rage, and to my horror I discovered, when they came up, that both of them were very drunk, and, in endeavoring to dismount, they fell from their camels. Gordon, livid with rage, fell upon them and belabored them soundly with a stout stick. They suddenly found their legs, and, pursued by Gordon, striking and kicking them at every step, finally got away, and doubtless took the road back to Suakin. The Bishareen gathered around us and greatly admired the empty wine bottles which we threw them. Gordon, who seemed fascinated by these people, took out his pocket mirror, held it up to the eyes of a Bishareen, who saw himself doubtless for the first time. Osman, our guide, said to him: "If you look at it very long you will become blind," whereupon the Bishareen leaped to his feet in great terror and ran away, holding on to his eyes with his fingers, much to the amusement of Gordon, who gave

him the mirror. He said to me: "He looks quite like Shakspeare now, doesn't he?"

Nude Dancers Called to Amuse Him.

At Khartoum we were received with all the pomp and circumstance of military pageantry. Salutes were fired and the people of Khartoum hailed us with an enthusiasm which had been kindly manufactured to order by the courteous Ismail Ayoub, the governor. He gave a dinner in honor of Gordon, and Monsignor Comboni, of the Austrian Catholic mission, M. Hanzell, the Austrian consul, the notables and the officers of the garrison were present. Monsignor retired early in the evening, but M. Hanzell became very drunk, and when the Khartoum ballerinas, composed of a dozen or more dusky maidens of Abyssinian type, naked, commenced to dance, he so forgot his consular dignity that he joined them in mimic movement amid the plaudits of the guests. Not so, however, Gordon. Shocked and exasperated, he bounded from the divan and abruptly left the banquet. This was the commencement of those "skirmishes" of which he speaks in his book, "Colonel Gordon in Central Africa," which ultimately ended in Ayoub's recall to Cairo, and the merging of Khartoum into the Gordonian government.

Gordon was now in a constant fever of excitement at the necessary delay and inspection of material, stores, including several light draught steamers, which were to be put together stored in the magazines. He came to see me and said: "Long, I can't stand these receptions. It will kill me. I must have one-half hour to say my prayers. But we must give a dinner in return." I thought no more of it, but the next day, whilst in the magazine room begrimed with dust and dirt, an orderly came to me. "Col. Gordon Pacha wants you at once." I found him engaged in washing plates and setting a table, having kicked and cuffed all the servants around him, in anger and disgust at their want of savoir faire. He pitched into me, reproached me with having thrown all the work upon him, etc. I did not know whether to be angry or to treat it good-humoredly. The ridiculous situation, however, prevailed, and, whilst unable to control my laughter, I helped him with hearty good-will to put our banquet table in order. The dinner was quite a success, although it would have been an ignominious failure unless I had quietly asked the governor to send me his own excellent Turkish cook.

We left Khartoum on the 23d of March for Gondokoro, our future seat of government, on the steamer Bordene. Twenty-six days on board steamer gave me exceptional insight into Gordon's character. Dr. Schweinfurth, his most intimate friend, has said of him: "At times he is condescending, affable and cordial; again he storms at everybody, is rough, crusty and unapproachable. His plans are changed even during their execution, and his actions only proceed in a straight line when carried along by his enthusiasm." In his quiet humor there is a soft, engaging magnetism about him which greatly attracts, but when he is "low," as he terms it, one must stand from under. A peculiarity of his temper may be seen in the spasmodic efforts to express himself when excited. He applies to almost any language the system of piggin English used in China. It is laconic, and an economy of pronouns and time as well.

Gordon's impatience was so great that when the steamer would stop to wood up he would reach forward and hurl at Ali Captain, the commander, a volley of fierce ejaculations, and in one case forced him to resume the journey with insufficient fuel, necessitating our dropping back with the tide. The manner of the Arabs and their procrastination were unendurable to Gordon, and made him act at times as if he were crazy. Lieutenant Hassan Wassit had been attached to Gordon as aide de camp. Hassan is a mild-eyed, bashful Arab, and very slow in his movements. Gordon would frequently give him and mock him with many grimaces. He (overcome with fear) would sit with downcast eyes, and frequently I found him after one of his interviews with Gordon, crying bitterly.

Death of Gordon's Staff Officers.

When I returned from my expedition to the Nile survey Gordon seemed quite affected at my changed appearance. After his friendly and hearty congratulations he said: "I must photograph you, and then you must go down to Khartoum to recuperate." When I asked him for Linant, Campbell and other Europeans who had joined the expedition during my absence, he took me where the brick church (Canisius) had stood, and pointing to the graves of Linant and DeWitt, said: "The rest are down the river. Campbell has gone down to die at Khartoum, and we have buried Anson in an anthill." He spoke with much feeling and added, "You had better go down at once to Khartoum," pointing significantly to the graves before us.

In the short intervals of my stay in camp, going to and from expeditions, I had occasion to remark a singular habit adopted, he said, in China. "When I wish to be alone I place a hatchet and flag at my door." During the interval of this cloister spell I respected his wishes and never allowed him to be disturbed. Once only, when an attack on the camp was about to be made, I entered his hut. I found him seated at a table upon which was an open Bible and near by bottles of cognac and sherry; for it must not be thought that Gordon's piety forbids him the use of spirituous liquors, nor does he make any such pretense. I agree with him that their use, within reason, is a decided prophylactic against the deadly jungle fever. Certainly it has proven so in our case,

for of the original members of the expedition Gordon and myself are the only survivors. He was cloistered once, I remember, when I returned from Khartoum to find the camp badly policed and the sentries in the habit of sleeping upon their posts. I caused them to cry the hour every 15 minutes in order to insure their vigilance. The "Wanted Ethneen" (Posts No. 1, 2, etc.) screamed from the stentorian lungs of the blacks so angered Gordon that he came out and said, "Now, Long, I shall go mad if you don't stop those men." It was discontinued, and the soldiers resumed their naps as formerly.

An Idealist and a Cynic.

The expedition to the Niam Niam country had been successfully accomplished. Gordon said to me on my return: "Long, we are the best of friends. Let us find a healthy spot, say Mt. Regaf, and build a house. We can manage to live in this country, perhaps, if we can get above the miasma." Then, upon reflection, he added, "No, we can't live together. You can take from Fatiko south to M'Tse on the lakes. I will take the rest. We will govern the country. These people should not be long either to the Arabs or the Turks." Finally he added, "I have written to the khedive to give you the command of an expedition to open a route to the lakes. I am satisfied that it is a better route than by the Nile. This expedition you must insist with the khedive shall be under my government. I will meet you half-way on the road from M'Tse." He sketched upon a paper the distance as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Location, Distance. Suez to Mombas bay, 3000 miles. Mombas to M'Tse, 300. Cairo to Gondokoro, 3380. Gondokoro to M'Tse, 580. Total, 3680.

The route from Cairo to Gondokoro, very difficult. Suez to Mombas, easy. Mombas to M'Tse, problematical. I bade Gordon adieu at Camp Regaf. It was decided that I was to return to Cairo to take command of the expedition. Ismail Khedive telegraphed me at Khartoum: "Come to Cairo. Absolute secrecy required." The expedition sailed a few months later, and Gordon thus refers to it in his book: "H. H. has sent off McK. and Long to Yuba, Indian ocean, and told them to wait for me. They will wait a long time, I expect." The truth is, Gordon had changed his plan, even during its execution.

It will be remembered that Alcibiades, in order to astonish the good people of Athens, cut off the tail of his dog. Gordon said at Southampton to the correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette: "I will cut off the dog's tail, coute que coute." He arrived in Khartoum and astonished the world by proclaiming the re-establishment of slavery in the Sudan. Carlyle set down the English public as "a sort of monkeys and sham heroes." Has not Gordon mocked at this very public and said that it matters little how the world may pronounce upon him, for "the world at large is incapable of giving any opinion." With the idiosyncrasies of Alcibiades, Gordon joins the ideal enthusiasms and cynicisms of Carlyle.

Need one comment upon such eccentricities as the funeral pile of the tax registers, his assumption and nomination to the vailiet of the Sudan, the distribution of £40,000 to the people of Khartoum, followed by an appeal to America when in a spiteful mood against England for a million or so of pounds, the offer to make the mahdi a vassal king, the appeal that Zehber, the chief slave and greatest brigand of the Sudan, be sent up to him, and, last of all, the proclamation re-establishing slavery?

A diplomatic as well as military and missionary agent of his country, Great Britain has had no little difficulty in keeping Chinese Gordon within the circle of her well-laid plans to annex the Sudan country.

CHARLES CHAILLE LONG.

News of Gen. Gordon's Death.

LONDON, Feb. 11.—The Daily News appears this morning in mourning for Gordon, and publishes the following from Gakdul: "Natives who escaped from Khartoum say Gordon was killed while in the act of leaving his house to rally the faithful troops. The latter were cut down to a man, and for hours the best part of the town was a scene of merciless slaughter, not even women and children being spared. All the notables were killed except the treacherous pashas and their followers."

KORTI, Feb. 10.—Colonels Wilson and Wortley, with the expedition to Khartoum, arrived here to-day. They made the journey from Gubat in four days, and bring news of General Gordon's death. One of the pashas among General Gordon's forces marched the garrison to the side of the town nearest Omdurman, saying a rebel attack was expected at that point. Meantime another traitorous pasha opened the gates at the other end and allowed El Mahdi's troops to enter, and they easily captured the town. General Gordon was stabbed while leaving the government house.

Following are additional details of the killing of General Gordon and the fall of Khartoum. At daybreak on the day of the capture, which is variously stated at the 26th and 27th of January, Gen. Gordon's attention was attracted by a tremendous tumult in the streets. He left the so-called palace or government building in which he had made his headquarters, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, and just as he reached the street was stabbed in the back and fell dead. The tumult was caused by El Mahdi's troops, who had gained access to the interior of the town through treachery and who were soon in complete possession of the place, including the citadel. A fearful massacre of the garrison followed. The scenes of slaugh-

ter are described as surpassing the Bulgarian atrocities and rivaling the worst horrors of Sepoy. Panic-stricken Egyptians were captured in flight and put to death with the most fiendish tortures. Some were transfixed with spears and left to bleed to death. Most of the victims were mutilated in a most horrible manner. Eyes were gouged out, noses slit, and tongues torn out by the roots. In many cases mutilated parts of victims' bodies were thrust into their mouths while they were still living. The massacre included many non-combatants and many Egyptian women were subjected to the most shameful indignities. More than 100 women and young girls were given over to El Mahdi's followers, to be used as slaves. After the slaughter many Arabs were seen rushing about the streets with the heads of Egyptians impaled upon spears. The next night was spent in a saturnalia of blood and debauchery.

Since the capture of Khartoum, El Mahdi has repaired the fortifications and made the place well-nigh impregnable. He has made it his permanent headquarters, and is said to have an abundance of guns, small arms and ammunition. London, Feb. 15.—A telegram was received at the war office to-day from Gen. Wolsley. He sends an account of the fall of Khartoum, as given by a native eye-witness to the entrance of the rebels into the town of Khartoum. The informant says it was entered by El Mahdi's forces at daybreak on the morning of January 26. General Gordon was killed by a volley from rebel riflemen while on his way from headquarters to the Austrian consulate. The Austrian consul was killed in his residence, and the Greek consul is held a prisoner by El Mahdi.

Conservative papers charge the government with suppressing General Gordon's diary and letters, in which Gordon stated that he sent Colonel Stewart away from Khartoum, in order to save his (Stewart's) life, intending himself to meet death at Khartoum, as he knew no help could reach there in time to rescue him. When parliament assembles the production of dispatches to the government in regard to the Sudan will be demanded.

EL MAHDI.

The False Prophet of the Sudan and His History.

The career of El Mahdi, who has just achieved such a great victory over the English in Egypt, reads like a romance of ancient times. In some points it bears a striking resemblance to that of the great founder of the Moslem faith. That a petty sheik, a fanatic priest, should be able to instigate a war of most formidable proportions, to gather and maintain armies which put to flight the Egyptian forces with scarcely an effort, and fought for hours with desperate courage against the power of the British army, opposing spears and cimeters to the most perfected repeating rifles and Gatling guns, would have been impossible had not the prophet's schemes been aided by the most intense religious fanaticism. As with all other leaders of this kind, the early life of El Mahdi is involved in obscurity, and it is probable that a veil of mystery has been purposely thrown about it. The most absurd stories have been told about his birth and education, one being that he was an American negro, educated by Catholics. A glance at the portrait will demonstrate the folly of this tale. The probable truth is that El Mahdi's real name is Mohammed Achmed; that he is the son of a petty Arab sheik, who was brought up to be fakir, or mendicant priest. It is said that when of age he retired to an island named Aha, in the White Nile, and long lived there in a life of asceticism and religious meditation. Such an epoch is always placed by tradition in the life of all founders of religious movements. Confucius, Gautama and Mohammed are all credited with just such a period of retirement. When El Mahdi had prepared himself in the role of prophet, he began to gain influence among neighboring sheiks, the heads of predatory tribes, and it is said, especially acquired great power by means of his martial relations to them. An ancient prophecy was brought forward—or invented—which seemed to point to Mohammed Achmed, by the most positive signs of race, tribe, date of birth and personal appearance, as the prophet by whom the power of Islam was again to be raised to its former glory, the sultanate restored to the orthodox line of descent and the power of the "infidels" crushed. Gradually the false prophet collected the tribes about his banner, and for more than two years his army slowly advanced northward, gathering strength as it went, and easily overpowering its enemies. At last it besieged and captured Khartoum, the outpost of civilization.

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February 21, 1885.

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The grand march will take place at 9 o'clock p. m., headed by Gideon's Band in full dress uniforms.

The Marshfield Brass Band will be in attendance and furnish music for the grand march.

Music for the dance will be furnished by Lockwood & Walt's Quadrille Band.

Dressing-room at the Central Hotel.

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TICKETS: Gentlemen, ONE DOLLAR; Ladies, FIFTY CENTS.

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AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE SEEN ON COOS BAY.

PRINTS. 15 YARDS FOR \$1 00.

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TICKINGS. 10 YARDS FOR \$1 00.

Heavy Canton Flannel, 3 yards for \$1 00.

Remember all these goods are the newest patterns from the East. No old stock or second quality goods to get rid of. GRAY WATER-PROOF CLOTH, 75 cents per yard—fine quality. Don't be deceived and buy poor goods at higher prices than we charge for the best. LINED CRASH, 14 yards for \$1 00. Other goods in proportion.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT my wife, LINA THELIN, has left my bed and board, without my knowledge or consent, and all persons are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting her on my account, as I will pay no debts contracted by her after this date. JOHN THELIN, Norway, Coos county, Or., January 27, 1885.