

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures or anonymously, must make known their proper names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY! DR. E. O. SMITH, DENTIST, ALBANY, OREGON.

WILLAMETTE TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, ALBANY, OREGON.

State Rights Democrat.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING table with columns for rates per line and per square.

Business notices in the Local Column, 25 cents per line each insertion.

Answers to readers' questions.

WOODING BOTH, WINNING NEITHER.

"Well, I declare!" said Miss Chirrup, "I might be said, indeed, to be in the indicative mode. Declare, we may add, in her idiom, was a verb intransitive, unless the note of admiration with which she invariably followed it, might be taken to be its object."

"Well, I declare!" said Miss Chirrup, in a shrill whisper. "Did you ever?" replied Miss Chirk, in another.

It was Rollin West's will that the two were discussing. It was very brief and explicit.

"I bequeath my entire estate, real and personal, to my niece, Ruth Morgan," with date, signature, and attestation, was all there was of it.

The Misses Chirrup and Chirk were too distantly related to the testator to have entertained any considerable hope on their own account.

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would others understand it? The thought stung her past endurance.

And the meanness of him who thus humiliated her, scarce exceeded, in her eyes, that of her cousin Ruth, who permitted, instead of spurning his advances.

In the bitterness of her heart, Millie resolved to quit her cousin's abode, and make her way to the great city, trusting that there some way or other, she must be able to live.

It was not many days that she had been thus, when she was liberally supplied with money during her uncle's lifetime, and had husbanded enough to meet the expenses of her journey, and for a time, defray the expenses of living.

So, one day, without a word to any one, she secretly packed her trunk, caused it to be conveyed to the railway station, and took the train for New York.

The day and night her journey lasted was one of alternate hopes and misgivings. At times she would have lain turned back; but when she thought of the jeering tongues behind, her eyes would flash through her tears, and though her lips quivered, she would again become firm and resolute.

Millie had never seen the city before. Its din and bustle confused her. Surrounded by impertunate hackmen and hotel runners quick to perceive her inexperience, she found herself at last, without her own volition, seated in a carriage whose driver undertook to convey her to the Kieckshaw, the best house in the city, he assured her, though it had not a very inviting look, Millie thought, as the carriage stopped in front of it.

"Your fare, Miss," said the driver, jumping down—"five dollars, you know."

"That doesn't do!" said the driver. "No, it won't," added a frowny looking clerk, who made his appearance just then. "We can't take people at the Kieckshaw that have no money, you know."

"It's a rank swindle, an' I'll call a pieceman!" exclaimed the driver. A crowd began to collect. The frightened girl sobbed and glistened appealingly from one coarse face to another without encountering a single look of sympathy.

"At this instant the driver and the clerk, who stood together close to the carriage door, found themselves simultaneously collared and thrust a considerable distance asunder by a right and left shove from a pair of vigorous arms.

"Millie Granger!" exclaimed a voice that brought the blood back to the maiden's blanched cheeks. "Arthur Warren!" was all she could answer.

"Well, I declare!" uttered a shrill voice—none other than Miss Chirrup, who, without Millie's knowledge, had come to live in the city, and who had happened to be passing at the time.

Matters were soon explained, and Miss Chirrup, who had the kindest of hearts, invited her relative home with her, and Arthur, having paid the driver his just due, called another carriage and escorted the ladies to their destination. He called round that evening and spoke his mind to Millie, and Millie found out she had always loved him. And Arthur explained that it was only the difference in their former prospects that had kept him silent. And Millie said she wouldn't care to be rich if it wasn't for his sake. And Arthur said he was glad she wasn't rich, and added that he would be content with a salary that would give him a comfortable living. And, in short, the two lovers were perfectly happy.

Ruth Morgan's anxiety at Millie's sudden disappearance had been revived by intelligence of her safety, and Ruth was in high spirits when Mr. Ryors called, determined, this time, to bring matters to a crisis. He had more than once tried the plan of a direct approach. On this occasion he resolved to come directly to the point, and had actually gotten half way on his knees, when Ruth said, quietly:

"Don't be too hasty, Mr. Ryors;—you may regret it."

"There is but one thing I can regret—your refusal."

"My uncle's will—" Ruth began. "I know it left you all he had," interrupted the gentleman; "but that is nothing to me."

"And quite as little, I assure you, to me," said Ruth. "When his will took effect, my uncle had nothing to leave."

"The kneeling process was suspended midway, and Mr. Ryors remained in a very uneasy, and not altogether graceful posture, while Ruth continued:

"My uncle had some time before made a deed, you see, conveying his entire estate in trust for the benefit of my cousin Millie, reserving only a life interest to himself."

"The hinges of Mr. Ryors' knees suddenly uncocked. "Good—good—morning," said Morgan, standing. "Good-morning, sir," said Ruth, bursting into a ringing laugh when the discomfited suitor's back was turned.

"I shall never stand!" said Millie, when she and Ruth met a few days later. Your claims on our uncle were as good as mine, and the property shall be equally divided."

"Don't trouble yourself, little one," said Ruth. "Before Uncle Rollin provided for you, our aunt, by an understanding between them, settled her fortune on me."

"But that will of uncle's—" "Was made to save you from a fortune-hunting husband," replied Ruth.

THE MURDER.

The Peace Conference—Meacham's Description of the Murder—Capt. Jack's Speech—The Murder of Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas.

SALEM, April 28, 1873. It is probable that we shall never know, in exact detail, the full history of the attack and the rapid succession of tragic events inevitably perplex the memories of eye-witnesses, and draw over the crimson lettering of that day's work—perhaps in charity—the blot of hopeless confusion.

And yet enough is known to give us the memorable picture of that solitary sage-brush fire in the gray desolation of those accursed lava-fields, around which are disposed a unique group of persons, representing the anatomy of mankind. There sits Canby, the stately and trophied warrior, whose life is a chronicle of our advancing flag—too noble of mind and true of heart to harbor a thought of treachery; and by his side is Dr. Thomas, every feature illumined by the Christian faith that is in him, hopeful of great things this day, and trusting all else to God. Further on are Comstock, Meacham, and the others, resolute still to stand by the orders of the Government, but feeling now, at last, in their souls, the chill of an awful doubt. Opposed to them sit Captain Jack and his chosen accomplices—sullen, taciturn, and apparently indifferent, but watchful of every move.

There is something in their dark, stolid looks which their victims might read, but they cannot, and it is too late if they could; it is the blank intonation of minds made up, of the usual of fixed resolution, impatient of everything but the denouement. "An April sky, serene and sweetly blue, bends above them, and the glorious sunlight pours over the crests and caves of that disheveled wilderness of rock, a silent and resplendent sea of gold. There is suddenly the quick, exultant utterance of the pre-arranged signal; the crash of murderous shots; the leap of those agile fiends through the smoke of the fire, their tawny faces red-lit with unutterable passion; and then—an odor of blood reeks up, and the heart is sick."

Our correspondent, through the courtesy of Mr. A. B. Meacham's family, is enabled to lay before the readers of the Herald his account of the dreadful affair, in which he received nearly mortal hurt, from which he is now—as it were, from the red borders of death—creeping slowly back to life.

MR. MEACHAM'S STORY is fuller more detailed, and, in some respects, different from any yet given to the public. After a few prefatory remarks he says:

Finally, through Bogus Charley and Boston, arrangements were made on Friday morning to meet them that day at noon. Gen. Canby, Dr. Thomas, Agent Dyer, and myself, were to meet five or six Indians at Council Tent (on route beyond the military lines and within the lava beds).

BOGUS CHARLEY ate breakfast at my table, and seemed very sanguine of an adjustment of the whole matter that day. Frank Riddle, and Tobia Kiddle, his Modoc wife, and our interpreters, called me to one side before starting and said: "Meacham, don't go; they will kill you. This warning was repeated to Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas. Mr. Dyer and myself protested against going, but, owing to the proximity of the troops and the utter recklessness of any attempt upon our lives, it was decided to go. Dr. Thomas remarked that he did not believe that God had sent him to do so noble a work with such an end in prospect, and that he would go to the council. Mr. Meacham then reiterated his fears and said: "I will go, although I consider this a most hazardous expedition and the last of my life."

Mr. Dyer and I, when everything had been arranged, started for the council ground.

On horseback, over the bridal path while General Canby and Dr. Thomas preceded us on foot. In going out, Tobia Kiddle, the Modoc squaw, said to me: "Meacham, keep close to me. I don't know what they will do to-day. I don't understand them."

Frank Riddle, the husband of Tobia, had said in presence of all the Commissioners before leaving camp, that he had been cautioned, if anything happened, to turn toward the horse.

WHEN WE ARRIVED At the council ground, we found seven Indians sitting around a sage-brush fire, armed with revolvers and knives. Mr. Dyer and I dismounted and they arose and shook hands with us in a very friendly manner, no others being in sight. Pulling off my Alaska great coat, I hung it on the horn of my saddle, and said, substantially, "I have been here sixty days trying to make peace and were not tired yet, and that the President was not tired. That we were all ANXIOUS FOR PEACE, and that I had come this time hoping to fix up a treaty which would end all further trouble. Capt. Jack here interrupted me by asking whether I had anything new to talk about, saying that it was not worth while to talk any more unless the soldiers were going away. About this time Hooks Jim went to my horse, and taking my overcoat from the horn of the saddle, put it on and walked about, saying that he was "Meacham."

I then resumed, telling Jack that the President desired the soldiers to remain until the trouble was settled, and said further, "I want you to come with me to Shasta or Fairchild's Ranch, and we will try and have everything closed up."

SCONCHIN Then made a speech, saying: "If you will take the soldiers all away we will go with you to Fairchild's Ranch. While the soldiers stay we will not go. This is all I have to say."

GENERAL GAINBY

then addressed them, saying: "When I was a young man I began to meet the Indians; my heart was always good toward them. Twenty or thirty years ago I moved two bands of Indians from Florida to the west side of the Mississippi. They did not like me at first, but I won their hearts, and each tribe made me their honorary chief. The Seminoles called me the 'Tall Chief,' and the other tribes gave me an Indian name which signifies 'friend.' I visited them many years afterwards, and so they came long way to see me. They think it will be with the Modocs. The Commissioners will give you a good home, and I am here to see that they carry out all the promises they make you. That is what the President sent me here for."

DR. THOMAS then made a speech, the substance of which is as follows: "The Great Spirit put it in the heart of the President to send me here, believing that my heart is good toward the Indians, and that I will not get tired of talking peace to them. I have known Gen. Canby and Mr. Meacham a long time, and never knew them to tell a lie." I then spoke again, saying that the Commissioners would go with them to their new home in California, Arizona, or the Indian Territory, as the case might be, and remain with them until they were permanently settled.

Jack said he could not talk about a country he had never seen; and Sconch again said: "If you cannot give us Fairchild's ranch we need not talk any more." At this juncture

TWO ARMED INDIANS APPEARED in sight, and we all got upon our feet. Captain Jack drew a revolver from his breast, and saying "This is what I mean," he pointed it at the head of the Indian. Captain Jack shot the General Canby in the head and stabbed him in the neck as he fell. The Indian woman did not run, but kept pleading with the Indians for our lives. I was running, Dyer and Riddle being in advance, when I stumbled and fell behind a rock. Sconchin came up and shot him in the head with a double-barreled derringer. I fired at him—aiming at his body. He stooped down, and resting his pistol on his knee, shot me in the left eye-brow. He fired a second time, the ball striking me in the right hand and coming out at the wrist. The next shot took away my left forefinger. He then retreated, and I am under the impression that my shot had taken effect. The tent screened Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas from my sight. Here I became unconscious; and when my sensibilities returned, some one was trying to scalp me with a dull knife. Tobia called to him to run, as the soldiers were coming, and he ran away. His timely exclamation saved me from a death which would have been a conscious I received a gun-shot wound in the temple. The next I remember was "Come up the left," spoken by an officer to his men.

THE TARIFF SYSTEM. Does the farmer understand that an increased amount of \$146,283,472 is collected off of the people by a ruinous system of tariff? The Hon. E. C. Rich, of Illinois, in order to show up the beauties of the "protection" theory, compiled the annexed table from official sources, and it shows that the people, under the tariff, pay annually, in the way of increased cost of home manufactured goods, the following amounts on the article named:

Table showing increased cost of goods: Cotton goods, \$13,241,000; Pig iron, 12,950,000; Silk, 11,250,000; Wire, 1,063,000; Woolen goods, 50,286,000; Railroad iron, 4,340,000; Wrought iron, 9,230,000; Steel, 2,987,340; Paper, 3,636,132.

Total tax of \$146,283,472 This goes as a bounty to monopolists in the East, and is taken from the pockets of an already impoverished people. But "American industry" must be protected—even though the West be made one vast poor-house.

A traveler on a miserable lean steed, was hailed by a Yankee, who was losing his pumpkins by the road side—"Hallo! friend, where are you bound?" "I am going to settle in the western country," replied the other. "Well, get off, and straddle this ere pumpkin vine—it will grow and carry you faster than that ere beast."

One of our citizens went to the cars this morning to see his wife off, and having two or three minutes, before starting time, "Stepped around the corner an instant." He returned just in time to see the train moving off, and slapping his leg emphatically, he regretfully exclaimed, "I ought not to have taken sugar."

The Chicago Evening Post says:—Women of Louisville are, as a rule, pigeon-toed, and wear washing copers on their big toes so as to prevent accident when they interfere.

Mrs. McCord, a Dubuque woman, is worrying because she cannot get her hands in the hair of her husband, a beautiful blonde, with false teeth and a false hair, who has deserted her.

PLATFORM OF THE ILLINOIS FARMERS

Following is full set of resolutions adopted by the Illinois Farmers' State Convention on the 27th of March. They have the ring of the genuine metal:

Resolved by the farmers of Illinois in mass meeting assembled: 1. That all chartered monopolies not regulated and controlled by law have proved in that respect detrimental to the public prosperity, corrupting in their management and dangerous to republican institutions.

2. The railway of the world, except in those countries where they have been held under the strict regulations and supervision of the government, have proved themselves arbitrary, extortionate and as much opposed to free institutions and free commerce between states as the feudal barons of the middle ages.

3. That we hold, declare and resolve that this despotism which defies our laws, plunders our shipping, impoverishes our people and corrupts our government shall be subdued and made to subservise the public interest at whatever cost.

Resolved that we believe the state did not and could not confer any of its sovereign power upon any corporation, and that now is the most favorable time to settle the question that it may never be hereafter misunderstood; that a state cannot create a corporation it cannot thereafter control.

Resolved that in view of the present extent of the railroads in this state, and that the future of an interest which can combine in the hands of a few men a capital of nearly \$250,000,000 in our state and \$4,000,000,000 in the United States, and we believe essential to the population of all classes that this contest continue until those corporations acknowledge the supremacy of the law.

Resolved that we regard it as the undoubted power and the imperative duty of the legislature to pass laws and statutes fixing reasonable rates for freights and passengers without classification of roads, and that we urge upon our general assembly the passages of such laws.

Resolved that the existing statutes providing for the reclamation of railroads, with a view to adjusting a tariff of charges according to the gross amount of earnings, is a delusion and a snare, and is so framed that the railroads are able to classify themselves, and that it ought to be carefully modified or repealed.

Resolved that inasmuch as the supreme court has clearly pointed out the way to reach the unjust discriminations made by the railroads, and that we can see no reason of delay on the part of the legislature in enacting necessary laws on the subject, and we urge immediate action thereon.

Resolved that we urge the passage of a bill enforcing the principle that railroads are public highways and requiring railroads to make actual connections with all roads whose tracks reach and cross their own, and to receive and transmit all cars and trains offered over their roads at reasonable maximum rates, whether offered at such crossings or at stations along their roads, and empowering the making of connections by municipal corporations for that purpose and for the public use.

Resolved that we heartily indorse the action of the general assembly in looking to the enforcement of the performance of their duties by monopolies as common carriers, and that in addition thereto we believe that railroads should be required to carry all the freight and passengers offered from the country through which they pass, and not permitted to limit the amount of their business and destroy its natural increase.

Resolved that the constitution and laws of Illinois are as binding upon railroad corporations as upon the citizens, and that the state must require obedience to the law alike from all, whether the same be deemed constitutional or not be parties affected, until repealed or declared unconstitutional.

Resolved that we indorse most fully the action of those who tender legal rates of fare upon the railroads and refuse to pay more, and that it is the duty of the legislature to provide by law for the defence by the state of Illinois suits commenced, or that hereafter may be commenced, by railroad companies against individuals who, in good faith, have insisted or hereafter may insist on the right to ride on railroads at legal rates.

Resolved that the presentation of railroads passes, to our legislators, whatever may be the spirit and intent with which they are accepted, are demoralizing in their influence, and we look to our legislature now in session to rise above all personal considerations of pecuniary interest or convenience, and to pass a law making it a misdemeanor for any senator or representative, or other state or county officer, to accept any railroad pass, knowing as we do that the people look upon the acceptance of these passes with decided and almost universal disapprobation.

WHEREAS, the constitution of 1848, article ten, prohibits the legislature from granting special railroad charters in the following words:—"Corporations not possessing banking powers or privileges may be formed under general law but shall not be created by special acts except for municipal purposes, and in cases where, in the judgement of the general assembly, the object of the corporations cannot be attained under general laws." Therefore

Resolved that it is extremely doubtful whether any railroad charter granted since April 1, 1848, by the legislature of Illinois, is of any validity and that the vested rights of railroad monopolies in this state exist only by the assumption of the

MONOPOLISTS AND THE SUFFRAGE OF THE PEOPLE; AND

WHEREAS the constitution of 1870, article 11, section 13, prohibits any railroad company from issuing watered stock, in these words: "No railroad corporation shall issue any stock or bonds except for money, labor or property actually received and applied to the purpose for which said corporation was created, and all stock dividends and other fictitious increases of the capital stock or indebtedness of any such corporations shall be void, the capital stock of no railroad corporation shall be increased for any purpose, except upon giving sixty days' public notice in such a manner as may be provided by law; and

WHEREAS this article of the constitution has probably been violated by nearly all the railroad companies in the state; therefore

Resolved that it is the duty of the railroad commissioners to look carefully into this matter, and to commence proceedings in all clear cases by quo warranto, or otherwise, against all railroad companies which have disregarded the important provision of the organic law of this state.

Resolved that we regard the improvement of the Illinois river not sectional but of great importance, and we request the members of the house of representatives to vote for the bill now pending for the improvement of that river, as it will give our state absolutely in the hands of the people.

Resolved that we demand of congress a repeal of all laws preventing the competition of small vessels which may choose to engage in the carrying trade on our inland lakes, between ports in the United States, without regard to nationality.

Resolved that we are in favor of the immediate repeal of the protective duties on iron, steel, lumber, and all materials which enter into the construction of railroad cars, steamships, sailing vessels, agricultural implements, &c., and that we urge upon congress immediate action for this purpose that cheap railroads and cheap ships are necessary to cheap freight, and that we invite the railroad companies to co-operate with us to that end.

A SLAP IN THE FACE. Mr. Curtis, who has been running the civil service reform, has hit the president a knock direct between the eyes, which has sent him clear into New York, full into the sympathizing embraces of Murphy, who did so much stealing and so satisfying to the president, while he was collector of the port.

Mr. Curtis tells the president in pretty plain language, that he has violated the civil service rules and regulations so palpably and so often, that there is no use for the commission holding together any longer.

Consequently he resigns in disgust. This is what becomes of the boasted civil service reform, of which we heard so much from Grant's friends during the late presidential canvass.

It is a humbug in the hands of its enemies. The opposition were its true friends and forced it upon the Grant party reluctantly, and the very first moment they thought it would do, they have trampled it under foot. In doing so, they have disgraced the men who attempted to run the commission honestly, and, of course, no one with a particle of self respect could longer remain a member of it. Consequently Mr. Curtis and Mr. Medill have taken French leave, and told the president to go to thunder with his civil service reform. —Burlington Gazette

The St. Louis Democrat man ridicules the manner of examining candidates for office under the Civil Service rules by suggesting the following, among other, questions to be answered:

Were you born before Sumter was fired on, or after the black bird of war had ceased to flap its dark pinions over our beloved land?

Do you believe in Darwinism? If so, how many of your ancestors do you calculate you would be compelled to dig up before you found an extra length of spine?

When is the best time to trim corn?

Is bathing hereditary in your family?

Do you differ from Webster in your style of spelling? If so, in what words?

When did New Jersey secede from the Union?

At the present rate of punishing crime, how long will it be till murderers are pensioned?

What was the number of acres in Rhode Island when first discovered?

Do your shirts open in front or behind?

What was the name of the son of Austerlitz, and did the old man have any daughters?

Who was the Secretary of the Navy while the Erie canal was being built?

A NICE OLD LADY.—Saturday evening, a chirp young miss, escorted by her gallant brother through the crowd of Danbury's main street, caught the eye of an old lady, and her delighted voice sounded above the noises of the street as she cried, "Why, gracious goodness, Almira Ann Boardman! poor dear Miss Pickney's basque skirt almost as snug to you as if it had been made for you. And the old lady rubbed her nose very pleasantly, while Miss Boardman turned black with suppressed gratitude.

A Cleveland lover, while going home from the fair one's residence, after a delicious evening of singing, had his nose split by the frost (so he said), and when this statement reached the ears of another youth who was sweet on the same girl, he simply gazed at his fist, smiled, and said "frost."

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Ten per cent will do.

QUESTIONS TO READERS.

BY L. E. SEMPSON.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon last night, invoked the Father of all mercies, and said: "In mercy the children of the forest, whose souls were kindled through the blood of the cross, and whose hearts were purified by the fire of the cross, have been blessed and glorified."—New York Tribune, April 23.

Now looms the eclipse that has clouded the stars. Of our sorrowing flag as it hung at half-mast; Let the sun kiss its ripples—the wind lift its tatters. Ourselves have been buried, our wailing is past; In silence it clung, and each soul-leaving swell, Was a sigh for the soldier that carried it well. But up! to the peak! let it float to the song Of the brave who taught that rings on the trail Of the bravest woman and dearest wrong That has made our woman weep on the strongest grow pale.

Hurray! it has flown—the ribbons of fire, The stripes flaming vengeance limp free to the air, And its constellation glories burn red with an aureole. That is splendid in battle where victories are won; And wild as the resonant swing of the sea, The wrath of our mountains is mighty and free! The olive must wait—its leaf has withered with scorn; And the white flag must down—it is spotted with blood. In the gospel of optimism that blanches at gloom From desolate Shasta to helmeted doom, And the courtiers of Heaven—the petted and sleek, Who think of the "papers" whatever they speak, An ominous the Throne on a flowery chair; Let them flatter the Lord with their faintest bouquet— It is paid by the blood of our murdered to-day! Alas! they kneel on their knees and weep, and call That the arm of the Mighty be graciously thrown Over the path of the fugitive—sweet is the task Of their souls in forgiving all wrongs—but their own!

We, too, have a God! and his temples are here, Where the spirit of the mountains are