

WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN

FRIDAY : : : MARCH 23, 1877.

STRATEGY AND THE CABINET.

The Democrats cherish the hope that the new Cabinet will be inharmonious, says the Alta; that its leading men will depart from the principles to which the Administration is pledged; and that there will be a division and demoralization in the Republican party. It may be considered a proper strategical move to circulate such ideas, whether there is any foundation for it or not, and we fear that some of the Republicans in the Senate have been too ready to accept these assertions as correct.

Delay in the confirmation of the Cabinet appointments has not been customary. The heads of the various Executive Departments are the personal associates as well as the confidential advisers of the President, and his preference in regard to them has been considered conclusive. In Johnson's time, when the Senate was hostile to the President, it usually allowed him every liberty in selecting his Cabinet, but thwarted him in many of his other appointments to places not near his person.

If the delay in the confirmation is based upon a dislike of the person, or distrust of the principles of any of the men selected by the President, it must be condemned as highly impolitic. President Hayes has a right to the confidence of the people in his prudence and political fidelity, and the adherence of John Sherman to him implies that he is acting with good advice. But, even if it were proved that Hayes is not the discreet or faithful man needed for his high place, the rejection of his nominations would make the matter worse. Some of our Presidents have been indiscreet, but they were not so weak that they would submit to be driven. It is far easier to conciliate than to coerce in a situation like that of the present Administration. A Republican Senate, with a very small majority on one side, and a Democratic House and bolting Republican President on the other, would put the Republican party in a very awkward predicament in the approaching State elections. We speak of this merely by way of supposition, for we have not the least suspicion that Mr. Hayes intends to bolt or abandon any Republican principle or violate any pledge; or that the Republican majority in the Senate would commit the blunder of taking an antagonistic position to gratify disappointed feeling, if there be any.

The proper way to correct any blunder in a Cabinet appointment—and it is not clear that any has been made—is for the Senate to preserve its cordial relations with the President, give him time to see his mistake, call his attention to it in a confidential way, and let him change the man in the course of a month or two. As for the Democratic scheme of defeating the nomination, if possible, unless Hayes will make a bargain about South Carolina and Louisiana, that should be a trick which, we imagine, will surely fail.

SUNDAY READING.

Christian Warfare.

Satan has a great deal to do in this world. In our Christian warfare against him when we meet so many adverse storms of infidelity it is pleasant to receive words of encouragement, and when our religious weeklies come in we are especially pleased. Among our principal helpers we note the "Christian Messenger," which comes to us replete with pious lessons and solemn prayers. The readers of this valuable paper must be delighted and look forward to publication day with anxiety. We extract the following, regretting that we have not space to republish all of the last issue: "There is no weakness in them. No one of them is emasculated by the modern prefix to 'try.' The Bible says, 'Cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and purify your hearts ye double-minded.' 'Cease to do evil, learn to do well.' Depart from evil, and do good. And thus in the whole book, from Genesis to Revelation, a moral precept is never precluded by the enfeebling 'try,' now so universally common. Just think of the Bible's saying, 'Try to depart from evil! Try to cleanse your hands, ye sinners! Try to speak the truth one to another! And instead of, 'Do not kill, do not steal, do not commit adultery, suppose we had, 'Do not try to kill, do not try to steal, do not try to commit adultery!' It is time to stop recommending experiments in morals. None of it is from above. It is all from beneath, a device to break down the majesty of the precepts of the Bible. That glorious Book never uses the word 'try' in such connection. It knows nothing of experimental morals. 'Try' is never used except where a failure may be justifiable."

The Texas "Christian Messenger" is exercised over the question of whether a person can be a Christian and not baptized. Of course not; now give us rest on that point and open up the question of "mode" of baptism. The people of the world are lingering and thirsting for information on that point.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated in grand style at Seattle.

HOWELL PRAIRIE LETTER.

HOWELL PRAIRIE, Ogn., March 15th, 1877.

EDITOR STATESMAN: While I was at Brownsville, Linn county, visiting friends, last week, I had occasion to visit the cemetery, located about a mile and a half east of said city, and in looking through the same I discovered the resting place of Mrs. Eliza Hart Spaulding, the first wife of Rev. H. H. Spaulding, of the Lapwai Mission, among the Nez Perce Indians. Mrs. Spaulding, in company with Mrs. Whitman, was the first white woman that ever crossed the Rocky Mountains, and Mrs. Spaulding had the honor to bring forth the first white child that was ever born west of said mountains, and said child was a captive, saved by the Cayuse Indians when they massacred Dr. Whitman and family, and released at the time when the other prisoners were released. Miss Spaulding was at that time 12 or 13 years of age. She in due time became the wife of a Mr. Warren, that lives near Brownsville, and is highly respected by all those that know her, and more especially so by all the old pioneers that remember her trials when a captive. Mr. Warren is a good citizen, and one that reflects credit to the State of Oregon. I will now return to the object that I had in view when I commenced this article. On the grave of Mrs. Spaulding are two trees six or eight inches through that have come up and grown there since her burial. The trees are what is called Big Laurel or what some call Mountain Mahogany. At the head of the grave is a large marble slab some two feet in width and four or five feet in height, on which I found the following inscription, that I think should be preserved as a scrap of history, pertaining to the early settlement of Oregon, as follows, to wit: "Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Eliza Hart Spaulding, who died Jan. 7, 1851, aged 43 years, 4 months and 27 days. Born in Berlin, Conn. Educated at Clinton, N. Y., and Hudson, Ohio. Married to Rev. H. H. Spaulding, A. D. 1833, and in 1835 with him entered the missionary service under the care of the A. B. C. F. M. In 1838 Mrs. S. and Mrs. Narcissa Whitman accompanied their husbands across the Rocky Mountains to commence a mission among the Indians of Oregon. They were the first white families that ever crossed those mountains. They continued to be devoted laborers in the mission until Nov. 27, 1847, when Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and twelve others were cruelly massacred by the Cayuse Indians. Mrs. Spaulding was respected and esteemed by all and no one had a greater or better influence over the Indians. She loved the work and hoped to the last that the mission would be a success, but the shock of the massacre, and the trials and sufferings occasioned by those sad events laid the foundation for the sickness which finally caused her death. She always felt that the Jesuit missionaries were the leading cause of the massacre. She died in peace trusting in her Savior; 'rest sweet dust till Jesus bid thee rise.' I will try and give you more items in reference to this massacre at some future time.

Respectfully Yours, T. C. SHAW.

APPLICATION.

BY INCOLAS.

Application is a golden word for students, and one that should be written over the door of every school-room in the land. It is astonishing to contemplate that the secret of the success of all scholars and useful men, is wrapped up in this little word, and yet, somehow, it generally dissolves all the hard problems of life and enables us to secure every laudable object to which we may aspire. If we were asked what rule to adopt to become a scholar or to assume any of the responsibilities of life with success, we would suggest a rule of application. This is not a pleasant recollection, we apprehend, as to carry out the rule requires great exertion. But, as has been said by William Wirt, there is no excellence without great labor.

Natural ability is a great help, no doubt, but the natural powers must be developed by thinking. If the mind has no fixed purpose, but is allowed to roam about in the realms of fancy, it becomes weak and imbecile. Chain the mind down to thought and work—it will be immeasurably strengthened in a few years—but it allowed to soar above its strength, it will fall with a terrible shock that will awaken it out of dream-land into the cold realities of life. On the battle field there is no neutral ground in which to recruit exhausted strength, but there it is victory or it is defeat; hence the commander wisely has forces disciplined before he takes them into battle. And so in this life, which is a battle-field, from beginning to end, the mind-powers should be thoroughly disciplined and the faculty of concentrations developed; and there is nothing which will do this but application.

This necessity firmly established in the mind of the student, it only remains to develop the habit of application; and this can only be reached by a determined effort. This comes from exercise of the mind. An hour spent daily on one subject for a year will assist in attaining a habit of concentration. It will produce the habit and that is all which is necessary. With this habit of application firmly developed, the mind can enter fields of thought prepared for work.

The case of Judge Grover is not decided as many suppose. He will probably be ousted in day time, after which we hope to see both an able and honest representative of our people placed in that seat.

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THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE REEL.

The amusement is of two kinds, viz: active and passive. The active and weary man and woman—those who exhaust ever, day their vital energies in work—take naturally to passive amusements. A lady of our acquaintance, engaged in severe intellectual tasks, says that nothing rests her like seeing other people work. For this she goes to the theatre, and the play upon her emotions there, rests and recreates her. Indeed, it is the emotional side of the nature, and not the active, which furnishes play to those who are weary with the use of their faculties. This fact covers the secret of the popular success of what is called emotional preaching. People who have been engaged all the week in exhausting labor of any kind do not take kindly to a high intellectual feast on Sunday. They want to be moved and played upon. This rests and interests them, while the profound discussion of great problems in life and religion wearies and bores them. They are not up to it. They are weary and fagged out in that part of the nature which such a discussion engages. The emotions which have been blunted and suppressed by their pursuits are hungry. So every form of amusement that truly meets their wants must be emotive, and must leave them free to rest in those faculties which are weary.

On the other hand, the young, who are brimming with animal life, and who fail to exhaust it in study, call for active amusements, and they must have them. And here the parent is in danger of making a grave mistake. Unless a boy is a milk-sop, he must do something or die. If he cannot do something in his home, or in the homes of his companions, he will do something else. It is only within a few years that parents have begun to be sensible upon this matter. The billiard table, which a few years ago was only associated with dissipation, now has an honored place and the largest room in every rich man's house. The card table, that once was a synonym of wickedness, is a part of the rich man's furniture, his children may use at will, in the pursuit of a harmless game. A good many manufactured sins have been detroned from their thrones of life and eminence, and put to beneficent family service on behalf of the young. Athletic sports, such as skating, boating, shooting, ball-playing, running and leaping, have sprung into great prominence within the past few years—amusements of just the character for working off their excessive vitality of young men, and developing their physical power. This is all well—a reform in the right direction. Much of this is done before the public eye, and in the presence of young women, which helps to restrain all tendencies to excess and to dissipation.

The activity of young women take another direction, and nothing seems to us more hopeful than the pursuits in which they engage. The rich young women in these days who do not marry, busy herself in tasteful and intellectual pursuits. The reading-club, the drawing-class, and kindred associations, employ her spare time; and now there is hardly a more busy person living than the rich young woman who is through with her boarding-school. The poor who suppose that the rich young woman leads an idle life, are very much mistaken. The habits of voluntary industry now adopted and practiced by the young woman of America, in good circumstances, are most gratifyingly surprising. One of them who is not so busy during the winter that she really needs a recuperating summer, is an exception. Our old ideas of the lazy, fashionable girl must be set aside. They are all at work at something. It may not bring them money, but it brings what is much better to them—the content that comes of an earnest and fruitful pursuit. It may take the form of amusement, but it results in a training for self-helpfulness and industry.

So, while not much can be done for the adult in this matter of amusement, much is done for the young, and much that will help to give us a generation of older men and women, who will not be content with the poor business of killing time. For it must be remembered that while the young women "assist" at the athletic games of the young men, the young men are indispensable to the intellectual associations of the young women. They meet together, and stimulate and help each other; and it does not seem possible that either party should ever substitute into those time killers who haunt the clubs established for men, or those jaded women who drag themselves around to dinners and lunches and through assemblies.—Dr. Holland.

FOUR CHILDREN AT A BIRTH.

Monday last week, at Monterey, the wife of Thos. W. Ingram died. She was taken sick on Monday morning and remained so for eight hours. She then gave birth to a fine, healthy daughter, which was followed a second, still born; then the third, a daughter, was successfully launched on life's journey, but the fourth child resulted in the death of the mother. Ingram has now the twin daughters, besides twelve other children, to care for. The mother was about the house on Sunday pursuing her usual domestic occupations, and her sudden demise has cast a gloom over a large circle of friends, among whom she was greatly beloved.—Sacramento Union.

Gen. O. O. Howard, commanding Department of the Columbia, returned last Saturday evening from his trip to Walla Walla. Preparations have been made for the spring campaign, consisting in part of the establishment of a temporary camp of three companies of cavalry, near Walla Walla. In some quarters the Indians are restless. It is reported that Joseph has consented to accept the terms of the Government, but his brother still holds out. Gen. Howard thinks there is no probability of further hostilities, if any, they will be of short duration.—Advocate.

Horace Greeley used to tell this story: He once sent a claim for collection to a Western lawyer, and regarding it as rather a desperate claim, told the attorney if he collected it he might reserve half the amount for a fee. In due time Mr. Greeley received the following laconic epistle: "Dear Sir—I have succeeded in collecting my half of that claim. The balance is hopeless."

The estate left by the late Gen. W. Vaughn is estimated to be worth \$30,000. Miss Libbie Vaughn, his daughter, is sole heir to the property.

[Written for the Statesman.] BATTLE OF THE ABUQUA.

EDITOR STATESMAN: I see by an article in the Oregonian of March 2d, written by Gov. Geo. L. Curry, that the "Battle of the Abiqua" is a "romance of history." Well, it was rather a romantic fight, in a romantic place, and brought on in a romantic manner; but it is true history. Gov. Geo. L. Curry to the contrary, notwithstanding. If the Governor is as badly mistaken in the article of "Mittum in Parvo" as he is about the "Battle of the Abiqua," he must have been in one of those Rip Van Winkle sleeps that old Rip had, in the Cascade Mountains about that time, and has just come on the stage again, and is inquiring for "Mine dog Schueider." Why, sir, the "Battle of the Abiqua" is as familiar in this county as any household word, and has been for the last 29 years, as it was fought 29 years ago the first of this month.

I have been asked to write that "history," and wrote it some years ago for a man that is now writing the early history of this country.

In writing the history of this short but decisive campaign, I feel a diffidence, as I have to write from memory; but will be as correct and just as possible. I say just, for I cannot now recollect all the brave boys that participated in that to most of us, our first battle. All old Oregonians know that in the winter of 1847-8 a great many men were called East of the Mountains to punish the Cayuses for the murder of Dr. Whitman and family, and it becoming apparent to the settlers, as well as Gov. Abernathy, that there was danger of an Indian outbreak, the settlers formed or organized companies of what we called home guards, to be in readiness at a moment's warning to defend our wives and children and each other at all hazards. In this neighborhood I was chosen captain of as brave a company of men as ever mustered, and we met every Saturday at Esq. Dunbar's, for drill. Other neighborhoods had their companies. Capt. Allen Davy had a company of cavalry on the Santiam; Capt. Dick Miller had a company between the Abiqua and Butte creek, and if I remember right, Uncle Sam Parker had a company near Salem. In Feb., 1848, we held ourselves ready at a moment's warning, for the signs were ominous. Crooked Finger, a desperate Molalla Indian, said to be a chief; at all events he controlled the Molallas; and a band of Klamaths that had been infesting this part of the valley for several years was continually traveling from the Molalla to the Santiam on the Klamath trail, and leading the settlers by ordering the women in the absence of the men to cook him a meal of vituals at any time of the day; and all the settlers on that trail were new-comers, he sometimes succeeded in scaring them into obeying him by his gestures and threats. He said all the brave men had gone to fight the Cayuses, and he could do just as he pleased. He and his band of Klamaths drove one man from the claim that Leonard Schindler now owns, by their insolence.

All the settlers believed that an Indian massacre was brewing and when the Klamath Indians, armed and painted for war, surrounded Duke Miller's house, and made insolent and insulting demands and gave the war-whoop, a sound that once heard is never forgotten, and like the scream of the panther, or the whizz of the rattlesnake, is never mistaken for any other sound; they knew it was time to act and they did act and at once.

Steady Umphret saw and heard the Indians and he put whip to his horse and rode through Howell Prairie, Salem Prairie and on to the Santiam, giving the alarm as he went; and the news spread like wildfire over hill and dale. T. B. Allen saw the Indians and stroddled a horse without saddle or bridle, and ran him to Mr. Ellis's, as there had been a raising there that day and the boy thought, and naturally too, that was where he could do the most good.

The consequence of all this was, by daylight, the next morning, men began to gather at Uncle Jack Warnock's, and by 10 or 11 o'clock, about 150 men were there ready for anything that would put a quietus on Indian depredations by that band of roving desperadoes that had threatened to cut the throats of Miller's, Warnock's and Patterson's families.

We first elected Uncle Dan Wadjo, Col., who took the horsemen, consisting of Capt. Allen Davy's company and 50 or 60 others that had come in from all parts of the county, (and some from Clackamas county too) and crossed the Abiqua, at the ford, and went up on the north side of said stream, and I took charge of the infantry, consisting of First Lieut. Wm. Parker, Second Lieut. James Harpole, Orderly Sergeant Wilburn King, James Brown, S. D. Moxen, L. A. Bird, Israel Shaw, Robt. Shaw, King Hebbard, Wm. Brisbin, Winchester, Port Gilliam, Wm. Howell, Thos. Howell, George Howell, Wm. Hendrix, Leander Davis, Len. Eoff, G. W. Hunt, James Williams, of my own company, and J. W. Shrum, Thos. Shrum, Henry Shrum, Elias Cox, Cyrus Smith, T. B. Allen, Jacob Gappinger, and several others that I can not now name, with Uncle Jack Warnock for guide, and started up the south side.

The intention was for both divisions to arrive at Coosa's camp (the camp of the Klamath also) at the same time; but we were too quick for the horsemen, and when we arrived opposite the camp, the Indians had learned we were coming and were crossing on a foot log. One Indian raised his gun, but James Brown was too quick for him, and Lieut. Harpole's unerring rifle, told the tale for another. Firing then commenced in earnest, which sent the Indians the other way. We did not know exactly where the camp was, and had left men, three in a place, for several hundred yards, so that but few of us got opposite the camp when the action commenced, but enough got there to send the Klamaths up the creek on the opposite side from us on double quick. I think twenty men took a shot at the young chief, called Red Blanket, but he got away

(that day) excepting the old chief, and I ordered the men to cease firing and the order was obeyed instantly; and the old chief walked off about 40 or 50 yards and then turned round and walked back to within 60 or 70 yards of us and commenced sending arrows at us so fast that there appeared to be two or three on the way all the time for a very short time though, for 20 merrily flying were aimed at him and he fell pierced by as many balls.

About that time the horsemen came up, but the red skins had escaped for that time. Three Indians had gone to their happy hunting grounds, and the rest had run away to fight another day.

After we all got together we held a council of war and concluded to try them again the next day.

A great many of us had left our families on or near the Indian trail, and had to go home that evening to look after them. I lived about 12 miles from there by the nearest possible route, right on the trail, or within 150 yards of it; and when I got home I found that Crooked Finger had been there that day, but fortunately for my wife and children, Uncle David Colver and Theophilus Powell had just got there a few minutes before the second came. He appeared very silent and insolent, but did not stay long, and as we did not know when he might come back, we deemed it best to go to the nearest neighbors, John S. Hunt, about three miles distant, the next morning, which consumed so much time that I with a great many others were not in the second day's fight; but Lieut. Parker and Sergeant King were, and from them I learned the particulars, which were about as follows: The men met at Coosa's camp, and all they could learn from him was that the Klamaths had gone—which we all knew, for we saw the bucks go the day before, in something of a hurry. But the boys concluded to do the way we had done the day before—go up the creek, the horsemen on the north side, as it was open prairie, and the others take it on foot through the timber, on the south side. As there was no sign for a considerable distance, a great many turned back. Some 15 or 20 of the leaders discovered signs, and shortly after were greeted with the war whoop from a brush filled with vine maple and other brush. The Indians had chosen a strong position, and as they had been told that Boston men would not fight in the brush, they thought themselves secure. But our brave boys charged them on the double quick, and so rapid was their charge that the Indians did not stand one minute. Nine Indians were killed in less than five minutes, and the squaws taken prisoners. Only one white man was wounded. James Stanley caught an arrow in his breast and held it until he had killed the Indian, and then very deliberately extracted the weapon, "for fear it might be poisoned," he said. Like the day before, the cavalry could not help, but the brave boys needed no help. After the battle they returned to Coosa's camp, and gave that chief his orders, which were obeyed. One order was that Crooked Finger was never to enter the house of a white man or woman unless there was a white man in the house. If he did he was to be shot on sight. Red Blanket's wife, asked Jacob Gappinger, why the whites were so hard on the Klamaths, when the Molallas were just as insulting and mean as they were, and the whites did not kill them. Gappinger told her that the Molallas owned this life, or pretended to, but the Klamaths, did not belong in this valley, and we could not take so much of their abuse and threats. She said that was "close wawa," and that would go home and never come back. They then told her they could have twenty-four hours to bury the dead, and leave for home, the Klamath country, but I think their confederates, the Molallas, attended to the dead, for the whole band of Klamaths passed my house that same night, on their way to Mt. Jefferson pass, and the next day about a dozen of us followed the trail to the house of John Moreley where we staid all night, and the next day followed the trail to the crossing of the Santiam river, and saw by the tracks in the snow and mud that the Indians had all crossed the river; so we returned to our homes. Allen Davy's company of cavalry watched the trail the afternoon of the day after the battle, but the Indians had passed before they got there.

This ended one of the shortest and most effective campaigns that we have any knowledge of in this country. It completely cowed Crooked Finger in this part of the country and Fred McCormick finally killed him in Clackamas county. The Klamaths never come back and the Molallas behaved themselves ever afterwards.

R. C. GERR.

FRUIT FARM, March 17, 1877.

LEE UNDER GUARD.

BEAVER, March 15.—On last Thursday, John D. Lee was placed in the guard house at Camp Cameron, and is kept under guard by order of the Secretary of War, made on application of Gov. Emery, of Utah. The prisoner is to be guarded by U. S. troops, to prevent rescue. Lee appears to feel the full force of the hopelessness of the situation surrounding him, and is despondent. His most bitter enemies are poured against Brigham Young, who, he says, has deserted and belied him. Very recent and most damaging revelations have come to the knowledge of officials from sources wholly disconnected with Lee, but which had been prompted by the dilemma in which that butcher is placed by prosecution, many hitherto unsuspected parties are anxious to leave the country. Some of these developments will transpire soon.

NOT MUCH.

We regret the necessity of saying that we have few remarks to make about the late Standard articles, because of personal sympathy with the party who seems to be the owner. If compelled to "reach for him," we promise no quarter. "The imported" individual will be shown up in his proper character at the proper time.

Senator Mitchell's late brilliant speech is in print and circulation. We regret want of space to put it in the columns of our daily.

THE OLDEST HUMAN RELIC.

The oldest relic of humanity extant is the skeleton of one of the earlier Pharaohs, incased in its original burial robes, and wonderfully perfect, considering its age, deposited in the British Museum, and justly considered the most valuable of its archaeological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contains the royal mummy was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharaoh Mykerinus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid, about fifteen centuries before Christ. Only think of it! The monarch whose crumbling bones and leathery integuments are now exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and only about eleven centuries or so after Mizraim, the grandson of old father Noah, and the first one of the Pharaohs, had been gathered to his fathers! Why, the tide-mark of the deluge would scarcely have been obliterated, or the gopher-wood knee-timbers of the ark have rotted on Mount Ararat, when this man of the early world lived, moved and had his being! His flesh and blood were contemporary with the progenitors of the great patriarch! His bones and shrivelled skin are contemporary with the nineteenth century, and the date of the crucifixion is only about midway between his era and ours.

FROZEN WELL OF BEARDS.

This well has existed seven winters and six summers. Its depth is forty-one feet. The water is from two and a half to three feet in depth. A coat of ice is formed on the walls of the well the whole depth of the water. The ice becomes so thick in winter as to render it difficult to dip up water with a common bucket. The surface of the water also freezes over every night during the winter. Ice has thus formed four inches in thickness in one night the present winter. The owner at obliged to descend into the well and cut open the ice every morning in winter in order to draw water. As spring advances the surface of the water ceases to freeze, but the ice remains on the walls around the water, but does not entirely disappear—some remaining until the next winter's freezing commences. The well yields an abundant supply of water.

HUMOROUS.

Mark Twain Outdone.

The following explains itself: VANCOUVER, W. T., March 17, 1877. ED. OREGONIAN:—I wish to send you a short note that may prove beneficial to some of the unprotected families of your city. For the last ten days, Vancouver has been visited by some unknown man, (supposed to be crazy) who remains secluded during the day and visits the houses of widows and where there are no able-bodied men. He has been to nearly every house in our town of this nature and at all hours of the night. I and many others are miserable when night comes on. He makes these visits without any apparent object in view. On several occasions he has knocked at doors and as soon as they were opened would fire off a pistol in the air, laugh at it and then run away. Such actions as these have led us to believe that he is insane. Our civil officers seem to be afraid of him. They hunted for him two or three night since and took lanterns with them—they saw nothing of him of course. He entered the house of one of my friends, and made her prepare something to eat. She was very frightened but managed to remember enough to describe him so well as to define him to be a certain man, who has acted very strangely of late. Why the officials have not taken him up I know not. Last night Lieut. Farrow left the garrison and went down town, when he was returning about 10 P. M., and crossing the reserve west of the garrison, he heard some one in the chaplain's back yard. Lieut. F. demanded who he was and received no satisfactory reply. He repeated his question and wanted to know what his business was there at that hour. He only received slang in reply. The lieutenant then told him that he would find out, and hastened to his quarters, procured his gun and several cartridges, and returned as soon as possible, but only in time to see the prowler running for the woods in rear of the garrison, yelling catch me if you can. Lieut. Farrow, who knew all about the woods and how to use his gun, thought he would try to catch him, and hastened to the east of the garrison, and took a road leading thence through the woods, and in a direction where he thought he could intercept him. Everything became quiet and he could neither see nor hear anything of him. But the brave lieutenant was not induced to give up his undertaking, and after watching for him a long hour, found him and shot him twice; the shot were small, some he had been using while out-ducking the day previous. They were, however, unexpected and unwelcome to the prowling villain. Lieut. F. spoiled a suit of uniform and sprained his foot in endeavoring to secure him. But he knows how to appreciate our thanks, and they will recompense him, for I and many others who are unable to resist force, since our officials are asleep, do doubly thank him. This morning, shortly after the boat left, a note was found saying: "women, rest in peace, I am gone;" also, "I want more room—have got enough of Vancouver." It is presumable that this note is from the man in question, and that he has gone to your city. He is either a desperate character or an insane man. If he is in your midst, I hope the police will be diligent to intercept him, and above all that he will remain away from here. I am respectfully yours, A WIDOW.

The Rev. Mr. Stebbins, having been laced at a public meeting in San Francisco, turned upon his assailants with, "I heard a hiss; did ever a word of truth drop into the vortex of hell without sending up a hiss?"