

The Daily Astorian.

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GENERAL EASTERN NEWS.

BY MAIL AND TELEGRAPH.

Gen. S. Bull's Regiment.
ST. PAUL, April 6.—Advices have been received at headquarters of the department of Dakota that twenty-six lodges of Indians from Sitting Bull's camp are within fifty miles of Poplar river en route to Buford to surrender. Nine or ten bucks have already arrived, bringing this announcement. Sitting Bull, they say, will follow when the snow goes.

The Mormon Decision.
NEW YORK, April 6th.—The Times, commenting on the decision in the Miles case, says: The Mormons have gained a point. Until Congress amends the law of evidence in Utah, so that all and several wives are competent witnesses on indictments for bigamy, convictions for this offense will be difficult if not impossible.

Pacific Railroad Sinking Fund.
NEW YORK, April 6.—To-day the United States assistant treasurer here received orders to sell bonds to the government for the Pacific railroad sinking fund. This is the first time public offers of bonds have been solicited for this fund, and it is worthy of mention, that Windom's first departure is a creditable one. The idea being to accept those which will pay this sinking fund the best returns. The offers amounted to \$4,000,000.

The government at Berlin is preparing a bill to regulate and check emigration.

Since the death of Carlyle some of his worshippers are making it unpleasant for Minister Lowell by quoting his remarks of some years since about the Scotch writer. Referring to Carlyle's history Mr. Lowell said: "He goes about with his Diogenes dark lantern, professing to seek a man, but invariably resolved to find a monkey."

A few weeks ago, the great valley of the Sacramento, from the coast hills on the west to the Sierras on the east, was covered with water, and presented the appearance of a vast inland sea. No system of embankments or levees would have been of any use to the millions of acres of land that were submerged; the mighty volume of water was rolling down from the mountain sides, and if the level lands had been measurably guarded, the height of the flood would have been the greater. There can be no protection against overflow, unless the straits at Benicia are enlarged, or a new outlet found to the ocean. It will be necessary for those who are figuring upon the reclamation of the swamps to follow the same policy that for thousands of years has been followed by the dwellers in the valley of the Nile. The floods must be expected, and efforts made only to create a few dry and elevated places for the towns and the dwellings. When the waters subside, the most must be made of the lands that have been made accessible, and if they will not produce wheat and vegetables, those who own them must introduce the cultivation of crops that are benefited instead of destroyed by the freshets.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, it will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

SITTING BULL.

His Speech Before the Sioux Common Council.

Reported for the Homecoming by Bill Nye.
The following speech of Sitting Bull has been specially translated and reported by our Indian editor, who is also wholesale and retail dealer in deceased languages, and general agent for home-made Sioux rhetoric and smoke-tanned Indian eloquence. New laid Indian lamentations with bead trimmings. Compiler of novel and desirable styles of war dances. Indian eloquence furnished to debating clubs and publishers of school readers:

Warriors, and war-scarred veterans of the frontier. Once more our war path is overgrown with bunch grass, and the tomahawk slumbers in the wigwam of the red man. Grim-visaged war has given place to the piping times of peace. The cold and cruel winter is upon us. It has been upon us for some time. The wail of departed spirits is on the night wind, and the wail of the man with the chilblain answers back from the warrior's wigwam. Children of the forest, we are few. Where once the shrill war whoop of the chief-tain collected our tribe like the leaves of the forest, I might now yell till the cows come home without bringing out a quorum. We are fading away before the march of the paleface, and sinking into oblivion like the snowflake on the bosom of the Stinking Water. Warriors, I am the last of a mighty race. We were a race of chiefs-tains. Alas! we will soon be gone. The Bull family will soon pass from the face of the earth. Ole is gone, and John is failing, and I don't feel very well myself. We are the victims of the paleface, and our lands are taken away. But a few more suns and the civilization, and valley tan, and hand made sour mash, and horse liniment of the paleface will have done their deadly work. Our squaws and papposes are scattered to the four winds of heaven and we are left desolate. Where is The-Daughter-of-the-Tempest? Where is The-Wall-Eyed-Maiden-With-The-Peeled-Nose? Where is Victoria-Regina-Dei-Gracia-Sitting-Bull? Where is Knock-Kneed-Chemileon? Where are Sway-Back-Sue and Meek-Eyed-Government-Socks? They have sunk beneath the fire-waters of the goggle-eyed Caucasian. They have succumbed to the delirium triangles, and when I call them they come not. They do not hear my voice. Their moans are heard upon the still night air, and they cry for revenge. Look at the sand remnant of the family of Sitting Bull, your chief. One sore-eyed squaw is left alone. Her face is furrowed o'er with the famine of many winters, and her nose is only the ruin of its former greatness. Her moccasins are worn out, and the soldier pants she wears are too long for her. She, also is drunk. She is not as drunk as she can get, but she is hopeful and persevering. She has also learned to lie like the white man. She is now an easy, extemporaneous liar.

When we gather about the camp fire and enact our untutored lies in the gloaming, Lucretia-Borgia-Skowhegan-Sitting-Bull, with the inspiration of six fingers of agency coffin varnish, proceeds to tell the prize prevarication, and then the house adjourns, and nothing can be heard but the muffled tread of the agency corn beef, going out to get some fresh air. Lucretia is also becoming solvently. It is evening, and yet she has not donned her evening dress. Her back hair is unkept, and her front hair is unbung. Pretty soon I

will take a tomahawk and bang it for her. She seems despondent and hopeless. As she leans against the trunk of a mighty oak and scratches her back, you can see that her thoughts are far away. Her other suspender is gone, but she don't care a cold smooth clam. She is thinking of her childhood days by the banks of Minnehaha.

Warriors, we stand in the moccasins of a mighty nation. We represent the starving remnant of the once powerful Sioux. Our pirogue stands idly on the shore. I don't know what a pirogue is, but it stands idly on the shore. When the spring flowers bloom again, and the grass is green upon the plains, we will once more go upon the warpath. We will avenge the wrongs of our nation. I have not fully glutted my vengeance. I have seven or eight more gluts on hand, and we will shout our war-cry once more, and mutilate some more Anglo-Saxons. We will silence the avenging cries of our people. We will spatter the green grass and grey grease-wood with the gore of the paleface, and feed the white-livered emigrant to the coyote. We will spread death and desolation everywhere, and fill the air with gum overshoes and remains. Let us yield up our lives dearly while we mash the paleface beyond recognition, and shoot his hired man so full of holes that he will look like a suspension bridge. Warriors, there is our hunting ground. The buffalo, the antelope, the sage hen and the jackass rabbit are ours. Ours to enjoy, ours to perpetuate, ours to transmit. The Great Spirit created these animals for the red man, and not for the billious tourist, between whose legs the chestnut sunlight penetrates clear up to his collar bone.

Then we will ride down on the regular army, when he is thinking of something else, and we will scare him into convulsions, and our medicine men will attend to the convulsions while we sample the supplies. Then we will take some cold sliced Indian agent, and some bay rum, and go on a picnic. Warriors, farewell. Be virtuous and you will be happy; but you will be lonesome, sometimes. Think of what I have said to you about the council fire, and govern yourselves accordingly. We will not murmur at the celluloid cracker and cast iron codfish ball, but in the spring we will have real outlets for breakfast, and peace commissioner on toast for dinner. The squaw of Sitting Bull shall have a new plug hat, and if the weather is severe, shall have two of them. Warriors, farewell. I am done. I have spoken. I have nothing more to say. Sic semper domino. Plumbago crispelias, in hock eureka, sciataca, usufruct, limburger, gebraugh.

There seems to be much popular feeling in Mexico against the proposed railways.

A writer in the New York Herald, who claims an intimacy extending over several years with the late General Upton, advances the theory that the suicidal act must have been committed during sleep. He bases this theory on the double ground that General Upton was opposed to suicide as a method of escape from trouble, and that he had no trouble that could overcome his naturally strong will and convictions. The writer says that he formed the habit years ago of sleeping with a loaded pistol under his pillow, and argues plausibly that the act was the result of the involuntary action of the brain while in an unconscious state.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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