

THE INVASION OF AMERICA,—Continued.

were posted here and in all public places of Boston was the announcement of the institution of the new government. It was:

On and after this date the city of Boston is under the rule of the headquarters staff of this army. The present civil officials of the city will continue their functions. A continuance of existing civil and penal laws and the exercise of legislative, executive and administrative duties are permitted under the sanction and with the participation of the military government.

Had Boston town gone under in flame and terror the very fury of the catastrophe might have carried men through it with less of despair than this cold conquest.

The first pages of all the newspapers were reserved by the military government for its announcements. These were headed:

OFFICIAL:

ORDERS AND DECISIONS BY THE MILITARY GOVERNMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS AND THE CITY OF BOSTON.

There were so many of them that there was no room for news on the first pages, even had news been permitted.

Within twenty-four hours the city had been set back to its condition in the seventeenth century when Boston's first newspaper was throttled by a reactionary legislature.

The people of Boston did not know if Connecticut had been conquered. They did not know if New York had fallen. They did not know where their army was or what it was doing. A great battle might be deciding the fate of the entire country, but no whisper reached them.

As in colonial days, they were reduced to such knowledge as might come from rumor or from information whispered by those who learned something by chance.

It was in this way that nearly everybody in Boston came to know that in the statehouse there sat a council, dressed in uniform and bearing military rank, but in reality a council of men learned in international and United States law. Surrounded by great rows of books which they had brought with them, these men were the real rulers of the conquered land.

The commanding general and his field staff might act with summary authority under the rules of war. The commanding general's name might be signed to all the scores of orders that issued daily, but this council of military lawyers acted as governors, judges and soldiers at once. Their decisions in all mooted cases, their ingeniously worded orders, were perfecting the enemy's complete possession.

No American, great or humble, might go a step beyond the prescribed and routine affairs of the day without first learning what their orders were. No man held property, whether it were priceless or beggarly, except by their favor. No man knew at any moment what remaining liberties might not be taken from him at a word from them.

With the impersonal coldness of a judicial machine they went about the work of stripping the city of treasure. In all the departments of the municipality were soldier experts, studying the books. In the custom house were half a hundred others searching the records of exports and imports. Every financial institution of the city had been ordered to present its accounts in the statehouse.

During all this time the invader made daily requisitions for the use of the troops or for other military purposes. He demanded for the navy a supply of 10,000 pounds of smoking tobacco, 1,000 pounds of roasted coffee, one ton of rice, 500 pounds of salt and 50,000 pounds of fresh meat. He made requisition for paint, cable, ropes, hose and steel for the ships.

There were requisitions for medical supplies, for cloth and for shoes. To the harassed officials who remonstrated against the hardships that were laid on the city and pointed to the state of its trade, the reply was that it was one of the richest cities in the world and that the levies were modest. When a deputation of citizens pressed the protest the council printed its reply in the "official" columns of the newspapers.

"In regard to the requisitions made by the occupying army," said this statement, "attention is called to the fact that the United States supreme court in the case of New Orleans versus Steamship Company, 29 Wall, 394, decided that the military governing authority 'may do anything to strengthen itself and to weaken the enemy,' and that the court further stated that 'there is no limit to the powers that may be exerted in such cases save those which are found in the laws and usages of war.'"

Despite the cannon that glowered in all the streets Boston's fury at this ironic rejoinder nearly broke through all restraint. In the old city that had the famous tea party among its prized achievements the spirit of that past age awoke again and spread almost without concerted thought or intention. Wherever men could meet they formed in groups to ease their minds by free speech if they could do nothing else. In several quarters of the city there were incipient riots, suppressed by the police only just in time to avoid bloody interference by the soldiers.

"We must curb this town," said the commanding general to the military council in the statehouse. "It is not one to remain cowed for long without repressive measures."

The council nodded. Next morning's newspapers had on their first pages an announcement that made many read

ereignty by right of conquest, who shall utter seditious words or speeches or write, publish or circulate scurrilous libels against the governing authority, or who shall conceal such practices that come to his knowledge shall be punished summarily and severely.

2. Every person who joins a secret society or attends a secret meeting for the purpose of advocating sedition or rebellion shall be punished summarily and severely.

Again the citizens' committee protested. Boston lawyers represented to the military council that American citizens could not be held guilty of sedition or rebellion if they adhered to their country.

"The inhabitants of conquered territory," answered the council, "are citizens of no country. They are under the jurisdiction of the occupying army. But they are not even entitled to the privileges of citizens of the country which controls that army."

"But mere conquest does not entitle you to treat them as rebels," urged the committee. "They are within their rights to preserve their allegiance so long as they do not violate the rules of war by opposing you with arms."

One of the officers smiled. He opened a book. "Once more I must respectfully refer you to your own court decisions," he said, and read from a United States supreme court verdict. "Conquest is a valid title while the victor maintains exclusive territory of the conquered country."

"There is nothing that we can do," the committee reported to the people. It was the refrain that sounded in all the United States just then. To the wild projects for desperate defense that were being broached every day in the city of New York to the frenzied demands that the volunteers in the western camps be rushed into the field, to the curses directed at the American army because it refused to fight, the same answer formulated itself because there was no other. Always, from all quarters, to all demands and imprecations, the only answer that was possible was, "There is nothing that we can do!"

The city multitudes surrendered wearily to the situation. But there were men whom the helpless reply drove frantic.

There were hundreds of these men in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark and all the towns eastward from there into Connecticut. They were militiamen who had not been able to join their organizations when they went to the front or whose organizations had been merely paper ones. There were members of sportsmen's clubs, accustomed to the use of heavy caliber firearms and to the trail, and there were many men who were moved simply by the recklessness of courage.

During the days while there drifted through the United States the broken, incomplete, but ever growing story of New England's uprising and its fearful suppression, these men had begun to assemble in Connecticut's country between New Haven and Hartford, urged by no settled plan, but moving to that district simply because it was the last American front between New York and the invading army.

The enemy was moving westward slowly. He had to hold out a mighty screen northwestward against the American army that now lay beyond the Berkshire hills, holding the land between western Connecticut and Al-

ban. That army, intact and out of his reach, was a constant, acute danger. It endangered his communications, it endangered his base, it endangered his divisions that occupied Boston. It forced him to advance only in continual readiness for battle on flanks and rear lines. Its signal service and aviators kept constant watch of the invading legions. Its range finders located the exact positions of their guns.

They came with guns and pistols. They came with crowbars and picks. They came with stones and with nothing except their bare hands. They hauled their dead aside and withered under the fire of the guards and burst through and took the works.

In Hartford they seized a whole trainload of rapid fire and machine guns that had been loaded for the American army. In New Haven they took almost 4,000 sporting rifles.

The riot fever spread to Bridgeport. The mob arose and seized the cartridge factories.

It was a mad thing, springing less from purpose than from the insanity that invasion had laid on men's minds. It could have but one mad end. Yet this army of madmen was moved and molded by a touch of the American ability to "do things"—that very ability on which the people might, indeed, have depended with perfect assurance if only they had not depended on it wholly.

America did truly have men who would fight. They were here, and they were to fight such a fight as would be remembered many a long day. They took hold of men armed with magnificent rifles, but of a score of different patterns for different kinds of sport and demanding a score of different shapes and calibers of cartridges. They took hold of infantry militia fragments whose companies had had only two or three assemblies a year for target practice with average attendance of only eleven or twelve men.

Young doctors took hold with nothing but emergency kits, without ambulances, without litters, without even helpers who would know how to find a wound or apply a first aid bandage. The army of madmen went forward to the Connecticut river to hold the western bank from Hartford to Middletown.

They did not know how to dig trenches; they dug ditches. They did not know how to make defenses for their machine guns; they piled trees that would skewer them with splinters under shell fire or heaped up rocks that would fly into fragments and kill like shrapnel.

That day along the Connecticut river they showed what America's men could have done had they learned how to do it in advance and had they been armed for the work.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Massacre.

THE American volunteers lay behind their pitiable defenses, with their motley weapons, commanded by men who did not know war. They bore the shock of machine gun assaults from advance patrols. They bore the shock of cavalry charges from scouting detachments.

At Middletown they were attacked in force by heavy cavalry that crossed



THE AMERICAN SIGNAL SERVICE AND RANGE FINDERS WERE ACTIVE.

under cover of gunfire and outflanked them and charged in mass. They sent the charge back, broken, with many empty saddles. They lay under the fire of a three inch gun at Cromwell for an hour and endured and died, but they denied the river crossing to a battalion.

For two long hours they held the river along their whole line. It seemed to them that they were fighting a great battle. Surely their dead testified to it, and the hot fire that beat on them testified to it, and across the river or floating down with the stream were many enemy dead to testify to it. They cheered and shouted to each other hoarsely that they were winning. They watched, with ever growing savage lust, for more assailants.

In the headquarters of the advancing army there was received this report from the brigade commander: "Two

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