

DAILY RECORD-UNION

TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1889

ISSUED BY THE SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, Third Street, between J and K.

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION, Published six days in each week, with Double Sheet on Saturdays, and

THE SUNDAY UNION, Published every Sunday morning, making a special seven-day paper.

For one year, \$6.00 For six months, \$3.50 For three months, \$2.00

Subscribers served by Carriers at FIFTY CENTS PER WEEK. In all interior cities and towns the paper can be had of the principal Periodicals Dealers, Newsmen and Agents.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Sacramento as second-class matter.

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Weather Forecasts for To-Day.

California—Fair, southerly winds; nearly stationary temperature along the northern coast; slightly cooler elsewhere.

Oregon and Washington—Slightly warmer; fair, northerly winds.

The arrest of "Liverpool Jack" in New York leads to the discovery that a species of white slavery has been carried on through this man.

His office was to get workmen under the influence of liquor, possibly drug them, and then have them sign an agreement to serve a contractor company in Yucatan.

When the victims awoke on board ship miles at sea and bound for Yucatan. Arrived there they discovered that they were to receive but sixty cents a day for very hard labor in an unhealthy climate, and were compelled out of that to board and lodge themselves.

The mortality among these enforced laborers has been frightful, and to date fully half of them have died in great distress and agony.

Many a man reported missing from New York is among these poor workers, and has no means of communicating with his friends in the United States.

The attention of the Administration at Washington has been called to the matter, but it is very doubtful if the Government can do anything about it.

It can only interpose to protect our people from outrages by foreign countries. In this case no complaint is made of the Yucatan authorities.

The so-called contracts are made with an American company of contractors of railroads, houses and canals.

All the remedy the poor wretches have who are thus deceived is in an action against the contractor.

"Liverpool Jack" is in jail. If the act of "Liverpool Jack" is in jail, then the Government must reclaim the men and should do so at once.

In that case "Jack" should be punished to the full extent of the law, and the men who hired him should keep him company.

It is worthy of note that the conclusion of the Somoza agreement will not be reached until the document has been submitted to the Senate, and has received its approval.

Under the administration of Mr. Cleveland the Senate was not consulted in the Somoza matter, and the little information it gained it had to draw out by demands upon the appointed Commissioners on the fishery troubles without giving the Senate the opportunity to pass upon the important questions involved, though that body is co-ordinate in power with the President in the framing of treaties.

The Senate had advised very differently from the action of the Commission, and it is not, therefore, surprising that it refused to ratify the treaty that they patched up.

What a world of trouble, and say nothing of cost, could have been saved had the other arm of the treaty-making power been consulted by the President in that case.

President Harrison has acted in a very different spirit. He had the power to have concluded the agreement relative to Somoza, but chooses the better course of making the ratification of the protocol dependent upon the action of the Senate.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR has warned the people of Kentucky that the rapid destruction of the forests in that State will entail upon the country a great many evils and expose it to the perils of floods, the increase of temperature abnormally in summer and its decrease in winter in like manner, and that the general result must be to affect the health and reduce the capacity of the people for labor.

There can be no doubt of the soundness of the position of Professor Proctor, and if the people of Kentucky are wise they will set about the study and practice of arboriculture—not only those of Kentucky, but those of the sixteen other States of the Union that have remained indifferent to the danger of forest destruction.

There is no State in the Union, probably, where the indiscriminate and shameful cutting down and burning of the wooded slopes of the slopes and the valleys is so engaged in as in California. It will be no far distant day when we will be reproaching ourselves that we have neglected to give the attention to forestry that the dictates of our knowledge or appreciation of it.

No Old Signs in His. It doesn't seem to be any more than a sign of the times.

Says the Milwaukee Sentinel: "It would not be easy to show that one particle of progress has been made toward freeing Ireland, or toward improving the condition of its people by the efforts of the Clan-na-Gael. On the contrary, so far as can be discovered at present, it has merely tended to bring reproach on the Irish cause."

It is probable that this is a just conclusion. If the Clan-na-Gael has to date done anything to further the cause of home rule or Irish independence the people in Ireland have not given evidence of their knowledge or appreciation of it.

News is certainly at a discount when the leading metropolitan dailies find room for columns of accounts of the doings of a couple of ordinary actresses, and for an expression of their views upon the most inconsequential subjects. The amount of free advertising that actors and actresses get out of the press, through the agency of the telegraph, it would be impossible for any commercial business to secure.

A MONUMENT TO A HERO.

On Sunday we made note of the fact that next Wednesday there is to be unveiled at Washington the statue of Gallaudet, the deaf mute of the country.

On the same day, but in a very different section, there is to be unveiled another statue, and one commemorative of a heroism of an early period of our history.

The memorial is to be that of commemorating patriotism and history the statue of Major John Mason, the conqueror of the Pequot.

The figure, which is already in place and veiled ready for the ceremony, stands upon the summit of what is known as Pequot Hill, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Mystic, just a mile from the prosaic town of Mystic, in Connecticut.

In 1857 the Legislature of Connecticut appropriated a large sum of money to pay for monuments to the illustrious men of the State, and on the list stood the name of Mason. Two hundred and fifty years ago he destroyed on Pequot Hill an Indian fort, into which he had driven the Pequot.

All who are familiar with the history of the country will recall the romantic story of Mason's terrific fighting with the Indians, and how by the aid of Uncas and two hundred Mohegans and but seventy white soldiers, he finally into the valley of the Mystic, where they took refuge on the hill that has since borne the name of the tribe.

On this hill the Indians had two forts, and these Mason assailed. His Indian allies held the Pequot in such terror that he was compelled, but with few besides his white soldiers, to begin the assault.

All knew it to be a death struggle—that the Indians must be exterminated, or the whites all perish. The feeling was very bitter, for these Pequot had massacred the men, women and children of Wethersfield, and it was Mason's task, under cover of authority given by the General Court of the colony, to follow and punish the savages to the bitter end in retaliation for their cruelties.

At daybreak on the 26th of May, 1637, sword in hand, he fell upon the first fort and set fire to the wigwags, the allies encircling the place and preventing the escape of the Indians.

Between 600 and 700 of the savages were thus killed, while Mason lost but two men and had twenty wounded. He then retired to the mouth of Pequot river, and met his vessels with reinforcements.

Here the Indians from the second fort attacked him, but he repulsed them, with slight loss to his band and disaster to the enemy. Putting his wounded on board the vessels, he organized a new force of picked men, and took up the pursuit of the Pequot, who he drove over into New York, where most of them were killed and the remainder taken prisoners.

These were divided among the Mohegans and Narragansetts, and it was stipulated with them that even the name of Pequot should become extinct.

Under Mason, therefore, a handful of whites literally exterminated a large tribe of ferocious Indians, who were the terror of the whole country and a menace to all life and property, and with whom it was impossible to treat.

But after the final battle described a treaty of peace was made with all the tribes of New England, that remained unbroken for forty years.

Mason's achievements made him the great hero of the northeast, and he was everywhere looked up to as the savior of the country.

He was made Major of the Colonial forces, an office he held for thirty years, and which was the highest military title of the time.

His salary was but \$200 a year, but on this he lived, and by his industry made up addition to it that he was enabled to maintain the position of a gentleman of the time, and to give due attention to the military defenses of the section.

He was also Indian Agent, Indian umpire, and the counselor of the Government in all Indian affairs, Captain of the militia, a member of the Connecticut Legislature, and a member of the Board of Commissioners of the United Colonies, upon the important questions involved, though that body is co-ordinate in power with the President in the framing of treaties.

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HARRY WHITE'S DEATH.

Thrilling Account of the Sufferings of a Special to the Recorder, dated June 23d, gives the following particulars in regard to the death of Harry White, of Woodland, in addition to those already published in the Record-Union.

Dean Horton, who with Harry White when he died, near Diamond valley, has sufficiently recovered to tell the story of his sufferings and his companion's death.

Harry White, who was married to Horton's sister, was a Woodland contractor, and well known in San Francisco. He and two camp men in a little tent near a creek, fifteen miles from Diamond valley, Grant county, Oregon. One night Horton made a fire and heaped a lot of charcoal on it. Then he and White rolled themselves in their blankets and went to sleep.

That is all that Horton knew until he woke up, strangely weak and faint, with a terrible headache and an awful thirst. A deep snow had fallen during the night and had drifted around the tent, closing the space at the bottom and making it completely air tight. He felt that he had consumed the air in the tent, and the camp men had asphyxiated poor White, and almost killed him.

Horton says that he remembered wondering who he was and who the dead man beside him was. He saw a rifle leaning against the tent pole, and remembered that Harry White had one of that pattern. So he decided that the dead man was his sister's husband. After lying there two days Horton managed to drag himself over the dead body. Though only clad in his underclothes he crawled through the snow to the creek for a drink of water. He managed to get back and was not able to move again for two days more.

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