Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The jingo element in congress upon hearing the message of the president very plainly showed its disappointment. They talked as if they were expecting a war whoop from the commander-in-chief of the American army and navy, and thereupon see him disappear down the Potomac, standing on the bridge of a cruiser frantically waving his arms aloft for everybody to "come on!" His emphatic declaration that "in the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests, which give us the duty and right to speak and act, the war in Cuba must stop," sems to have fallen like a threadbare political platitude upon the ears of these members whose eyes were protruding in expectancy of some paralyzing display of fireworks. Even the sockless Canadian reconcentrado, Jerry Simpson, the Canuck, indulged in defamatory remarks and danced a Pop jig because the president of his adopted country did not recommend the placing of a submarine mine under the southeast corner of Gibraltar for the blowing of Spain off the face of the earth. Other members of the "shoot and cut" sort, who shoot off their mouths and cut capers to catch votes, ignoring the president's plain deductions that "the issue is now with congress," seemed disappointed that McKinley didn't rush up Pennsylvania avenue with a bloody knife between his teeth ,the report of the court of inquiry on the Maine in one hand, and a declaration of war in the other, yelling at every jump "My kingdom for a gunboat!" oblivious of the fact that the president had not omitted a single incident of all the outrages leading up to the present situation, supplementing the unvarnished facts with the solemn declaration that congress should authorize him to take measures to secure a full and final termination of the hostilities between the government of Spain and the people of Cuba, and to secure in the island the establishment of a stable government capable of maintaining order and observing international character, insuring peace and tranquility, and that he be further empowered to use the military and naval forces of the United States for these purposes. Could there be any stronger declaration of war, or one based on more distinct grounds? Does not use of such force mean war? Is there any want of war spirit in such demand? Having in his summing up reiterated the declaration that having exhausted every effort to relieve the intolerable conditions, and that there only remains the alternative of war, and that he stands ready to execute every obligation which war involves or the constitution imposes, he awaits congressional action, what more did these jingoes expect or what more demand?

President McKinley's message is a state paper of masterful comprehension and cool conclusions. Its findings are drawn from irrefutable facts, as apprehended by the world at large, uncontrovertible by Spain and which will be endorsed and maintained by the people of the United States. That the message means but one thing, means armed intervention, means war, would be foolish to deny; but the declaration is set forth in such dispassionate words as, no matter what may follow, history must commend and ratify it as wise, patriotic and as profoundly statesmanlike.

A BIG RAILWAY GRANT.

After congressional grants of inaccessible and valueless lands, and people were induced to construct railways across the plains and over mountains, opening up vast agricultural districts and great mining interests, other people, principally those thus benefited, raised a howl against the "steal." That was natural. It always happens that the man who makes a success of a desperate chance is condemned and denounced as a robber. Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, the Dakotas, Mexico and Arizona were immeasurably benefited by land-grant railway construction, and the present generation became the possessors of values which otherwise would have fallen to those of a hundred years hence; still the beneficiaries have made it warm for those who accepted and utilized the proffered bonuses of lands. The thing couldn't have happened ,the discontented critics maintain, in any other country or under any other form of government. But there are abundant land-grant chances yet in Egypt, in Africa and in South America. Russia would no doubt like some railways built through Siberia on the same plan. Canada has a transcontinental line with numerous branches constructed on the same basis ,of corporations waiting for their pay out of worthless and uncultivated areas rendered valuable by their own developments. England has a case on hand now which is creating a stir, the biggest grant to a single individual ever made. It is for a road up in Newfoundland, made to one R. G. Reid, an Englishman of Montreal, who built the government trunk line railway on the island. He was granted a tract of land measuring 250 square miles. This makes Mr. Reid the largest single owner, in fee simple, of land in the world. With it also goes railroads which cost the colony $15,000,000, franchises for all electric railways; of coal mines, copper mines, petroleum deposits, the government dry dock and other monopolistic privileges of various kinds, including the erection of pulp mills and establishment of other industries, under protective tariffs. For all this there was only a cash payment to the government of $1,000,000, half of which is to be returned in subsidies. The country—as one might say—lock, stock, gun and barrel ,belongs to Mr. Reid.

That there will be a Pop party organized in Newfoundland goes without saying, and that its aim and object will be maximum rates for Mr. Reid's road and to force him to put up the biggest half of the taxes for public purposes, nobody who has studied like results in this country will question.

THE COST OF WAR.

No wonder the average man dreads war and dreads it aside from its hardships, cruelties and death lists. General Sherman uttered a truth in language that will live long when he exclaimed "War is hell." There is much speculation as to the probable cost of a war with Spain. A naval war would not involve such a great sacrifice of life as one between land forces, but of its possible duration the best informed can only guess. But all know that it would be costly. The internal revenue taxes would be increased at once, and probably additional duties would be put upon tea, coffee, beer, tobacco and sugar. We might go back to the plan of stamp duties on all sorts of things; legal documents, contracts, deeds, bank checks, etc. Whether stamp duties were levied or not, it is plain that beer ,tobacco, beer, sugar and coffee, as affording instant large sums, would have increased taxes put upon them.

The question of a loan is being considered. The amount is variously stated. Some think $100,000,000 would do; others, and they are in the majority, would not begin with a loan of less than $200,000,000. To arrange the terms of the loan is the difficulty. There would be no trouble in getting the money. Uncle Sam is rich and his credit is above par—thanks to the patriotic campaign of 1896.

The figures covering the cost of former wars have been dug up, and they are startling. The United States has expended one thousand millions of dollars just in fighting Indians since 1776. The Seminole war cost $31,000,000; the two wars with the Sioux, $22,500,000; the Navajo war ,$15,000,000; the Comanche, Nez Perce and Bannock wars, $2,000,000. The war of the Revolution cost over $135,000,000 and 30,000 lives; the war of 1812, $107,000,000; the Mexican war, $74,000,000; the civil war, $8,500,000,000 and 600,000 lives. It therefore costs money to fight wars, even when the enemy makes feeble resistance, as was the case in the Mexican war.

OUR MADRID MINISTER.

Next to General Lee, in the diplomatic service of the United States, for prominence, stands our minister to Madrid. General Woodford has proved equal to the Spanish grandees, held his own ground and the esteem of his countrymen. Stewart L. Woodford was a soldier, but neither a bluffer nor a sycophant. There, however, is not a drop of coward blood in his veins, as is shown by the calm confidence with which he attends to his duties in the Spanish capital in a time of critical emergency. But he has such a beautiful and abiding sense of his own personal dignity and importance that even those who might prefer a more aggressive and imperious representative are compelled to admiration of his stately pose. General Woodford is "noblesse oblige" incarnate and personified He never forgets what is due to General Woodford and what is due from General Woodford to those to whom he is accredited. He lacks, perhaps, the subtle craft of the Spanish statesman; he is addicted to the vice of saying what he means and giving others credit for like candor and honesty, whereby he is liable to be imposed upon at times and hoodwinked into playing the game of his antagonists. But he never loses sight of his dignity.

Whatever the issue may be, there need be no fear that General Woodford will for a moment forget his dignity. Even if he should be expelled from Madrid, with a howling mob at his heels, he would simply turn to his pursuers and say in his most impressive tones: "Really, gentlemen, pardon me, but I must ask you to stand back. I appreciate your kindly sentiments, but I really must ask you to stand back, you know." General Woodford can give a lesson in dignity to the statelest hidalgo of them all.

There will be war with Spain.

Starting a deliberate war is as poky as a woman's good-bye.

If war is prevented it will be by General Gomez accepting the mediation of the pope.

So far nothing has happened to necessitate Spain's sending her famous pride to be relaundried.

If for nothing more than scenic effect, Gomez might at this time get out and do a little fighting.

A crisis that takes more than seven weeks to crise is as heavy as a cold biscuit on a weak stomach.

There is nothing whatever in the present atmosphere either at Madrid or Washington to warrant a hope for peace.

In the eyes of several people McKinley's fault is not in saying he is for peace, but in his awful consistency in being sincerely for peace.

Congress has the power to declare war. The question, however, is, has congress the power to live up consistently to its own mouth?

The really courageous thing for congress to do, in one respect, is to bow to the president's will. Congress goes before the country this fall and the president does not.

The Very Latest.
(From Enid Wave.)

The Wichita Eagle's daily report of the war as it advances from day to day is fully up to the metropolitan newspaper standard. The ,Wichita Eagle's reports so far have always proved to be true and reliable, besides it is the first paper to reach us wih the very latest news

A Great Gold Robbery.

(By Bennet Copplestone, in Cornhill's. In three parts.)

PART II.—THE ROBBERY.

"Will he stop?" asked a tall, unwholesome man called Stevens.

Wallis's reply was curtly offensive.

"Suppose you ask him.'

Stevens shivered. "Consider—consider my position and character.'

"Oh, you respectable cur," said Wallis. "You want the cash for yourself and the risk for me. Well, you won't have either."

"Stevens's expression for an instant was one of relief; then the recollection of his liabilities fell on him and he groaned, "Is it off?"

"No, it is not. He will stop for five minutes."

"How——?"

"He has a wife and she is ill. It is a pretty job, more suited to you than to me."

"My character——" began Stevens.

"Man," said Wallis, sternly, "I know you. Keep your character for the directors of the Southeastern Bank. I have none, and can not afford the luxury of heartlessness. Understand that you are my tool, my paid tool, whose business is to obey orders. Without you I could not raise the money which will be required. That is the end of your usefulness. For that service you will receive £2,000; the rest will be mine."

The respected cashier in the Southeastern Bank jumped up, walked to the door, returned and sat down. Wallis laughed.

"Williams, the Northwestern carman, will be driving a van load of gold cases from the bank to Euston one afternoon this week. He will let me know the day and hour by telegram, when he knows them himself. He expects to get away from the bank about half-past three, and, as the Liverpool train leaves Euston at 4:10, he can not give us more than five minutes. He will drive along Gray's Inn Road, turn down Wells Street, and stop here."

"Here!" screamed Stevens, "at my lodgings!"

"Here! If you don't like it, you can retire from the affair."

"Wallis, let me implore you——"

"Don't be a fool. Do not hundreds of railway vans stop at private houses every day?

"I do not trust you. You want the danger to fall on me."

Wallis shrugged his shoulders. "I do not want the danger to fall on anybody. You need not go on unless you like."

"I wish to God——"

"Better leave God out. It seems unsuitable. Your moral scruples are only cowardice in a wrapping of religious phrases."

"If the robbery is discovered at Euston we are caught at once."

"The robbery will be discovered in New York."

"You can not make sure."

"Absolutely sure. I was not a clerk in the bullion office of the Bank of England without learning a few useful things. I was a smart clerk."

"I wish it could be avoided. I should lose my place if it were found out."

"Will your place be more secure when you are a bankrupt, as you will be in a few weeks if we don't get this gold?"

"I am hemmed in on all sides," groaned Stevens; "oh, why——"

"You will want £100. I have pomised Williams £50, and I have also promised that no suspicion shall ever approach him. I have not your unblemished character, but I am a man of my word.'

"You did! Why, I thought——"

"Yes, you thought that all risk was to be shunted on to Williams. That is just the kind of thought which would came naturally to you."

"How will you prevent it?"

"That is my business. You will kindly now go to Graham, the money-lender in Essex Street. He will let a respectable bank cashier like you have £100 without any trouble, and he won't charge you more than 60 per cent. When you have the money, I may perhaps give you a few more details. You may not trust me, but you cannot rise to the supreme distrust which I have for you. Now, go."

It was twenty minutes to four on Friday afternoon. Stevens stood at the window of his own sitting-room looking into Wells Street. He was instructed to give instant warning of the approaching railway van. As a watchman he was indifferent, lacking concentration. Wallis moved about his preparations, quiet, determined; a man who knew that haste eats up valuable seconds. On the floor stood a small open case filled with large, flat leaden bars. The protecting bands of hoop-iron had been bent back and the cover taken off. The writer in the ,Economist' has already described both case and contents in ample detail. Wallis was the designer and constructor. Near the case was a large spring balance. On the table conveniently arranged were plaster of Paris, water, a large bowl, putty, linseed oil, sealing-wax, a hammer and nails, a chisel, a knife, and a watch. A small gas cooking-stove supplied by a long, flexible tube had been placed on the table; it was burning. Wallis looked round, thinking hard. "All is ready," he said.

A strange cry came from the window.

Instantly Wallis picked up a great, coarse, black sack, and looked round again. "Stand by the balance," he said, sharply.

There was a rattle of wheels outside, and Wallis was gone. The seconds ticked away, ten, twenty, thirty, and he came heavily back, the great sack slung over his shoulder. In a moment a second case stood by the first; closed, nailed down, and on the edge of the cover the Bank of England's broad, red seal! Stevens staggered back shivering, the awful reality of what had been done striking him like a blow. Wallis stooped and with a powerful effort swung the stolen case on to the tray of the balance. "Read the weight," he cried, "and make no mistake." He dragged his own cleverly designed case near and temporarily adjusted the cover.

"A hundred and twenty-nine and a quarter," murmured Stevens.

"Off it comes. Now read again." He heaved up the load of lead.

"A hundred and thirty and a half." Wallis snatched at the chisel and cut long curls from the uppermost bar. "Now."

"A hundred and twenty-nine." Wallis threw back into the case a small piece of lead, then another. "Make it about an ounce less than the gold," he said; "we must allow for the nails and the wax."

A moment later came the quick beat of the hammer, as Wallis drove the long nails through the cover and fastened down the bands of hoop iron.

"Mix the plaster of Paris," said Wallis, "and stir it quickly lest it set too soon."

He took the putty and built a low wall about the Bank of England's seal. Then he lightly oiled both the wax and putty. The plaster of Paris was ready. Wallis filled the shallow well he had made, watched the plaster for a few seconds while it set, and then lifted off the hard white block. The oil had prevented any sticking, and Wallis had secured an exact impression in reverse of the Bank's seal.

Stevens, who had been drilled into the understanding of details, melted sealing-wax in a ladle over the gas-stove. "Steady,' murmured Wallis; "we have nearly finished." The wax was poured into its appointed place, down came the false seal, impressing its lie in characters as clear as those of truth, and the work was done.

Once more the sack was raised on Wallis's shoulder, but this time it went out full and returned empty. The wheels of the railway van rattled on the stones of Wells Street, rattled on until they met the deeper roll of the Gray's Inn Road and were lost.

"It was well done," murmured Wallis; "there were three seconds to spare."

B. & B. Baby Camels.

A second baby camel, says the Westminster Gazette, has been born at Olympia, (Barnum show.) The mother is one of the large Siberian camels. As the camel was born on the night of March 17, Mr. Bailey has named it "Patrick."

Tricks of Deserters.

When a bluejacket or marine has decided to desert he says very little about it, even to intimate friends among his shipmates, but, for some mysterious reason that has never been satisfactorily explained and probably never will be, the word is nearly always passed around among the men forward that So-and-so is about to go over the side. Occasionally the same news will get aft to the ward-room, but officers have discovered the futility of bothering their heads about intending deserters. The intending deserter always waits until he attains the first-class on the conduct class list of his ship, which permits him to draw all of the money due him, except a month's pay that is always carried on the paymaster's books for all hands. Meantime he makes his preparations for the jump. He usually goes in light marching order. Such articles of his kit as mustering suits, pea-coats, etc., that are of any value he sells for almost nothing to shipmates or gives away. The things he can use, as, for example, underwear, he does up in a small package, together with what few family photographs letters and trinkets he may possess and wish to keep, and gives the bundle to the bumboat man, who stocks a dinghy with tobacco, soap, brushes, and such small articles and sells them at exorbitant prices to men forward on war-ships. The bumboat man, often an ex-bluejacket or marine himself, is always on the side of the man who proposes jumping ship, and he takes good care of the intending deserter's bundle until the man claims it ashore. The bumboat man also undertakes to look around ashore for a cheap outfit of clothes, shoes, and hat for the man who is about to leave the navy without waiting for his discharge. He makes a small commission on the outfit. "Monthly money" day comes around, and the intending deserter draws all the money he has earned, except the month's pay retained.

Then comes the day upon which he is entitled to go ashore. He goes, and simply forgets to come back.

A soldier in the army goes about the business of desertion with great care, complaisance and circumspection. A soldier does not often have much money when he makes his escape, for his pay is small, and the money-consuming canteen is never far from the quarters. As often as not he will leave all of the truck in his chest behind, for there is nobobdy answering to the character of the bumboat man to help him in getting away. He will always wait for pay-day, so as to have a few dollars for immediate expenses. Then he quietly walks to the railroad station and puts as many miles between himself and the post he has quit as his money will carry him. By the time he reaches the station his bunkies have swooped down upon his chest and looted it of everything of value, for the deserter has told them of his intention to go, and has left explicit directions as to the distribution of his gear. He does not hand it around before going, because by doing so he might excite the suspicion of the first sergeant, who generally has a keen eye in such matters. When he first sergeant does begin to grow suspicious and looks through the chest of the absent man he finds, probably, an old worn-out pair of trousers and a battered campaign hat.

A few years ago there was a corporal who deserted from Fort Wingate in heavy marching order—blanket, haversack, knap sack, overcoat, suit of underwear, pair of sock, towel, comb and brush, leggings, campaign hat and martridge-belt, tin cup and plate, and rifle—but he was unique.

Not many years ago a recruit at David's Island (now Fort Slocum), N. Y., received word that his mother was dying in a little town in New Jersey. He showed the captain of his company the letter and asked for leave of absence long enough to go to his mother's bedside. The captain, who feared that the telegram was bogus, declined to let the recruit go. The recruit appealed to the commanding officer, who refused to let him go, on the same ground. So, in the middle of winter, the recruit swam the heavy tide that runs between David's Island and New Rochelle and made his way to the bedside of his mother in time to close her eyes. She had hardly died before a squad of soldier from David' Island came to the house after the deserter. The recruit emptied two charges of buckshot into the squad, fortunately killing none of them, but he was taken. The young man's punishment was light.

A Woman Who Danced With Napoleon.

A notable centenarian, in the person of Madame de Thomelier, has just passed away in France. She was an interesting tikn with the past, and remembered distinctly as a very young girl dancing with the first Napoleon, whom she used to describe as much shorter than herself, as having a fine head, but a bad complexion, gray eyes and light brown hair—a new view, surely, of the color of the great Consul's hair.

Along the Kansas Nile.

The editor of the Lawrence World has looked up Revelations and finds that the Bible predicted this Spanish war.

There is not a Kansas Populist paper for General Lee for president. The Kansas Populists are mighty true to Bryan.

Monday the report was out in Wellington that immediately upon the receipt of the president's message congress approved it and war was declared forthwith.

The Wyandotte county Republicans are booming their man, W. R. Smith, for associate justice, and are ignoring Coburn. Wyandotte is Coburn's county, in the sense of residence.

The report that Marion county sat down on Tom Potter and Ed. Hoch who tried, it is alleged, to get instructions for Coburn and failed, is not confirmed by Hoch's Marion Record.

A poor fellow down at Kansas City imagines he is Frederick the Great and has been locked up. But he is in luck beside the man in the Topeka insane asylum who imagines he is Ed. Little.

A "Topeka" plies from Seattle to Alaska. The government now has a cruiser, "Topeka." Topeka can have those honors just so the state convention go to Hutchinson or some other good town.

The probate judge at Newton has his calm, scrutinizing eye on a gentleman named Neutroff who reads the Bible and has an idea that he is carrying all the sins of all the godless of all Newton.

Mr. Coburn's friends claim that he does not know Cy. Leland by sight. That is nothing. John Seaton doesn't know such a man exists and Major Hood recently directed a letter to "Hi. Leland, Topeka, Kansas."

There is probably not a Populist left in Kansas today who could be compelled to admit that he ever expressed the belief that McKinley was bringing on the Cuban war in order to keep people's minds off their troubles at home.

Western Kansas is excited over the murder of Miss Hofmeister at Great Bend last Friday afternoon. She was getting into a buggy to go to an entertainment when a young man named Decker rode up and shot her dead. He escaped.

There is every indication that Jerry Simpson will make his congressional campaign this fall on the Cuban question, and not on his promised panic. As a matter of fact, Simpson doesn't care one way or the other about Cuba and used to say so frequently in interviews.

Under a new law the registers of deeds must file with the county commissioners a quarterly statement. Register Jackson of Sumner county has just filed his report. It is fifty feet long and took six days in its preparation and bears the astounding information that $921.65 worth of business was transacted.

Today at Horton the Republicans of the First district nominated a candidate for congress. The result is in doubt. The aspirants are Curtis, Bailey and Broderick. Leland is for Bailey. Broderick is the present congressman. Curtis was in the Fourth district, but was gerrymandered to the First. Their fight has been the hottest and most notable of the year in Kansas.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The Cushing Herald says: "We want no war; we want a railroad."

Out in Beaver county wolves are said to be making food of young calves.

The Stroud telephone has reached Choctaw City and will soon be to Oklahoma City.

The Perkins Journal says: "Look out for war!" Everybody is and is getting weary.

The Enid militia company has received is uniforms and guns. All it wants now is a declaration of war.

Ned Sisson has been deputy marshal now for six months, and hasn't been killed once by an outlaw.

Temple Houston is not an aspirant for a congressional nomination and neither is Senator Marum. This is official.

Since Christmas Charles Raper, who lives near Cushing, has killed twelve foxes, four wild cats and four wolves.

The cotton raisers of Lincoln county have banded together and are making efforts to secure pure seed from the south.

The ex-confederates of western Oklahoma have concluded to hold a re-union at Cheyenne the latter part of this month.

They are talking of holding an election at Oklahoma City to select the man to unanimously recommend for postmaster.

Callahan has no vote in congress and during the war scare all he can do is o sit around and look on and groan with the galleries.

One of the most noted claim contests in Payne county has been decided. Mr. Clark and Mr. Ackley contested for a claim south of Perkins. Clark won it.

A western Kansas paper says: "The wind this spring seems to be worse than ever." Editor Buckles of Enid yells: "Great Scott!" It does seem incredibie.

Oklahoma should not kick on congress' delay in the Cuban matter. Delay is sometimes a good thing, notably in respect to extending the time of payment on claims.

Frank Greer said that Brann lived in violent speech and he died violently, as he deserved. This riled Frank McMaster, who comes out and defends Brann at length.

The Democrats have formally served notice on the Populists that the fusion nominee for congress must be a Democrat. The Populists are giving the Democrats the laugh a la horse.

The first week of the existence of Deer Creek, the new town between Blackwell and Medford, there were shipped out seven car loads of wheat, three of corn, three of hay, two of kaffir corn, and one of hogs.

The Perry Enterprise says: "We are approaching the time when the Republican party will place a candidate in the field for congress from Oklahoma. It is of paramount importance to get the right man; one who has the full confidence of the people and can unite the entire strength of the party; who is well known in territorial politics and thoroughly conversant with our conditions and needs; one who is clean politically, able in personal attributes, strong in party affiliation and can become a leader to a certain and brilliant victory. We know of no man in Oklahoma who can o fully supply these essential requirements as Col. Dick T. Morgan, of this city. Col. Morgan has been identified, professionally and politically wih Oklahoma since the first opening and has always been an enthusiastic partisan and active and influential in politics. His political, professional and private record are without blemish; he is widely and favorably known in the territory and numbers hosts of friends in all pars of Oklahoma."

A Washington man writes to the Guthrie Leader: This life in Washington has its funny side, too. All Oklahomans know Jim Cottingham. A delegation of Ohio schoolma'ms, to the number of 200, were here on their eastern vacation last week. They had never seen any specimens of the American Indian. Jim, ever true to his native chivalry, headed a delegation of Osages for their inspection. The ma'ams buzzed around them, eager and curious for all sorts of information. They made the mistake, as any of us would know, of supposing Mr. C. a member of the tribe. I happened to be near enough to overhear the following conversation between Mr. Cottingham and some of the inquisitive ladies:

Said they: "You seem to speak English very well?"

Said he: "Yes, ladies; I do the best I can."

Said they: "You are not a full-blood, then?"

Said he: "No, ladies; you see it was this way: I was captured when very young and they adopted me."

Bucking Public Opinion.

(From the Opinion of Senator James W. Grimes of Iowa.)

Nor can I suffer my judgment of the law governing this case to be influenced by poitical considerations. I am acting in a judicial capacity, under conditions whose binding obligation can hardly be exceeded, and I must act according to the best of my ability and judgment, and as they require. If, according to their dictates, the president is guilty, I must say so; if, according to their dictates, the president is not guity, I must say so. In my opinion the president has not been guilty of an impeachable offense.

(From the Opinion of Senator Lyman Trumbull of Illinois.)

In coming to the conclusion that the president is not guilty of any of the crimes and high misdemeanors with which he stands charged, I have endeavored to be governed by the case made, without reference to other acts of his not contained in the record, and without giving the least heed to the clamor of intemperate zealots who demand the conviction of Andrew Johnson as a test of party faith, or seek to identify with and make responsible for his acts those who from conviction of duty feel compelled on the case made to vote for his acquittal. Painful as it is to disagree with so many political associates and friends whose conscientious convictions have led hem to a different result, I must, nevertheless, in the discharge of the high responsibility under which I act, be governed by what my reason and judgment tell me is the truth, and the justice and ho law of this case.

(From the opinion of Senator William Pitt Fessenden of Maine.)

To the sugestion that popular opinion demands the conviction of the president on these charges, I reply that he is not now on trial before the people, but before the senate. In the words of Lord Eldon, upon the trial of the Queen, "I take no notice of what is passing out of doors, because I am supposed constitutionally not to be acquainted with it." And again, "It is the duty of those on whom a judicial task is imposed to meet reproach and not court popularity." The people have not heard the evidence as we have heard it. The responsibility is not on them, but upon us. They have not taken an oath to "do impartial justice according to the constitution and the laws." I have taken that oath. I can not render judgment upon their convictions, nor can they transfer to themselves my punishment if I violate my own. And I should consider myself undeserving the confidence of that just and intelligent people who imposed upon me this great responsibility, and unworthy a place among honorable men, if for any fear of public reprobation, and for the sake of securing popular favor, I should disregard the conviction of my judgment and my conscience.

The Author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."

Many will be glad to learn that Mr. Henry Russell, though in his eighty-sixth year, continues to enjoy excellent health and spirits. He is, however, rarely seen now outside his pretty home at Malda Vale. There, according to a contributor to the Young Man, who visited him lately, he is spending the evening of his life with his devoted wife. Mr. Russel is by no means an "armchair" veteran.

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