

The Montana Post.

JAS. H. MILLS, - EDITOR
GEO. M. PINNEY,
Associate Editor and Manager

THE Montgomery Mail places in non-inflation for President in 1872, George H. Pendleton, Patience and Prudence. That is equivalent to endorsing Grant's slogan—"Let us have P's."

THE Sacramento Union and Territorial Enterprise obituaried A. J. in first-class style. Mr. Johnson may consider the press bored, although he isn't "a gone goose."

It is not true that Messrs Bruce and Orr are traveling on velocipedes. Mr. Orr is a bicyclist "Know Nothing" and Major Bruce says "he does not want to stir up a revolution." They prefer hobbies.

Everything at White Pine is very costly except clothing, which is abundant and very cheap.—Exchange.
And yet the "bad habits" of that region are continued.

ST. LOUIS, Chicago and Cincinnati are said to urgently need fifty first-class funerals in each to clear out the "old fogys." Such a dispensation of Providence as cleaning out that element would leave some towns we wot of as vacant as Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn."

E. D. BASSETT, colored, nominated for Minister to Hayti, is Principal of the colored High School of Philadelphia. He is said to be an accomplished scholar and mathematician. The leaders which have recently appeared in the Gazette were not from his pen.

A genius in San Francisco has discovered a means to protect their precious city from earthquakes. He proposes to dig a trench five miles deep entirely around the city and fill it with some substance that is a non-conductor of the electrical current.

We had supposed the Fortieth Congress so thoroughly caulked Andy's hull that no leaks could be found. How many are there left.—Democrat.

He authorized the issue of \$2,400,000 in bonds to the Central Pacific railroad before it was accepted by the government, or known that it would be built as the charter required. You should keep posted.

THE Democrat, in speaking of Governor Ashley, says "When he shall arrive, the citizens of the Capital will extend to him the amenities of life and show him we are not forgetful of the honors due to the office of Chief Magistrate of the youngest of the great sisterhood of States and Territories." We would merely ask the Democrat by what authority it presumes to proffer him the courtesies of WYOMING.

A nut for the Gazette to crack: A negro jury was empanelled a few days since in St. Paul, Minnesota, and tried a cause. The St. Paul Pioneer says:

"This jury were summoned by a Democrat Sheriff, in a Democratic county and Democratic city, in a court presided over by a Democratic Judge, and where the county prosecutor was a Democrat." The world moves.

CAPITAL ADVICE.

The New York Sun gives the following excellent hint to persons sending communications to newspapers:
When writing an article for the Press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look over it again, and then
Boil it down.

THE JUDICIARY.

The New York Tribune publishes the name of the newly appointed Associate Justice for Montana—George G. Symes. This begins to clear the matter up. The Law Register contains the same name as a New York and Kentucky Attorney. From New York he removed to Paducah, Kentucky, and ran for Congress on the Republican ticket in the First District of Kentucky in 1867, the name being given in the Tribune Almanac, G. G. Symes. He was beaten by Hon. L. S. Timble, 8,007 votes, contested the seat and failed. We know nothing of his abilities, but this may recall him to some of our Attorneys. The Montana bench is now full, and will remain under Grant's administration unless some unforeseen circumstance arises—Warren, Knowles, Symes.

RED CLOUD & CO.

The Denver News of April 1st. gets in the following left hander at the Fort Laramie commandant:

"The watchful (?) garrison at Fort Laramie was surprised the other morning upon awaking from a night of quiet repose to find the parade ground occupied by Red Cloud and five hundred of his warriors mounted and with bows strung, whilst the hills around were alive with Indian ponies. Fort Laramie rubbed its official eyes to see if it was awake or sleeping; when convinced of the former it proceeded to train its batteries upon the dress parade. The commanding officer then proposed "big talk," but Red Cloud said "we want to eat." The result was, the warriors withdrew to their camp and sent in their squaws to trade for provisions. About six thousand of the noble red men, women and children, are quartered at that post. It is plain they are friendly, else they might have wiped out the entire post, and the garrison would not have known it until next day. We recommend the commanding officer for promotion.

GATHERING STRENGTH.

Very many cognizant of the iron handed tyranny maintained in Cuba by the Spanish government, with twenty or thirty thousand troops; who remember that on the 10th of Oct. 1868, the first insurrectionary movement was made by 127 men, and have for the last few months read every revolutionary movement and the victory of Spanish arms, will be surprised at the statements in today's dispatches by Valiente, the Agent of the Cubans in the United States. From that mere handful their army has increased to 42,000 men in a little more than six months. Their patriotism fully equals that of our revolutionary fathers. Their cause is full as just. They are in possession of two-thirds of the Island, containing one hundred and forty-seven towns, cities and villages. Spain has sent fleet after fleet of transport ships, carrying troops to Havana, who have been reinforced by the volunteers of Cuba, under the cry of suppressing the rebellion before the Summer, when the fever will decimate their ranks like a destroying angel. Every fight has been a Spanish victory, yet inexplicably the insurgents have gained in numbers, territory, arms, friends and confidence, and they will yet gain their independence. Though Prim and new bats tallions may come from Madrid, and Spanish cruisers seize helpless schooners the Cubans have daily accessions of men and material from the United States and the neighboring islands. One of these Jays Cespedes will have a few batteries of light artillery landed from some harmless looking craft, and not unlikely a few hundred volunteers from Nassau or New Orleans. From indications Admiral Hoff would not burst a boiler on one of his gun boats chasing a Cuba-bound vessel he did not see, and Admiral Hoff doubtless suits Grant very well. Grant inclines to recognize the Cubans as belligerents. Secretary Fish demurs and Grant defers, just as he does on the English question. The sentiment of the country is with the Cubans and the pressure is becoming stronger rapidly. Circumstances will yet compel a positive, resolute action on the part of this government, and it is not difficult to see in which direction it will be.

Since the above was in type the telegrams state that Fish has been overruled by Grant, and if so the policy will be affirmative and decided.

FRANK P. BLAIR'S CASE.

The Constitution of the State of Missouri contains a provision requiring voters to take the oath of allegiance and loyalty. In 1866, Gen. Frank P. Blair endeavored to cast his vote in St. Louis, and was ruled out by the judges of election, he not having taken this oath. Mr. Blair, being one of the somewhat prevalent Blair family, and having in view the ambition to be defeated on the Democratic ticket for Vice President, thought proper to contest the case before the Supreme Court of Missouri, which sustained the decision of the judges of election. Believing nothing was impossible with the Blair family at Washington, he appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it has been argued at length by Montgomery Blair and ex-Attorney General Everts for the petitioner and Senator Drake for the State, the issue involving the constitutionality of the constitution of Missouri. Mr. Blair claimed the present constitution of Missouri was only ratified by half of the citizens, and that a citizen cannot be deprived of his rights by legislative opinion, but by conviction by a legal tribunal. Mr. Everts argued the test oath was in the nature of a bill of attainder, and unconstitutional. Mr. Drake maintained that the people of Missouri are the State—that the organization of the State was a mutual agreement—that they are a body politic, and therefore have the inherent right to exclude enemies from participation in political affairs. The argument has been closed, and the Court seems to be a little muddled on the question as the telegrams state "the case is continued for advisement." The decision will settle one question—whether suffrage is a right or a privilege. If it is a "right" the exclusion under the constitution may be ex post facto—if a "privilege" the provision is not a punishment but a precaution. In the meantime, Frank continues his allegiance to Johnson by drowning his sorrows in the flowing bowl, and the original Blair family toils not nor spins.

COLLECTOR OF REVENUE.

The dispatches announce the confirmation of Mr. S. L. Watson of Helena, for Collector of Internal Revenue for the District of Montana. This paper has no choice between equally good Republicans and competent, worthy gentlemen for any office in Montana. Personally, our warmest sympathies and most earnest wishes were for the re-appointment of Mr. Simmons, than whom Montana has no more deserving gentleman, so Republican who has done more to advance the interests of that party here and elsewhere, no one more efficient, honorable, public spirited, and acceptable to the people. He failed however, to be re-appointed and his successor is designated. We know no cause why he should not be a faithful, popular and honored officer. The contest is ended, and he has our best wishes for that result with the belief that when his turn for decapitation comes it will be so written of him. He is a thorough Radical, an energetic, industrious business man, and on his succession to the best office in Montana, he will find none but good will and good wishes from him he supercedes, and from his many earnest and devoted friends.

It is stated that Attorney General Hoar is a Unitarian, Secretary of the Interior Cox is a Swedenborgian, Secretary of the Navy Borie is a Catholic, Ex-Secretary of State Washburne is a Universalist, Secretary of State Fish is a Dutch Reformed, Ex-Secretary Stewart is a Presbyterian, and Post Master General Creswell eschews churches altogether. The religious faith of Boutwell and Rawlins is not yet known to fame. Grant's family are Methodists.

Many of the ex-rebel generals are now railroad Presidents.

THE STATUS OF THE NEGRO.

The soul of the Gazette is stirred; Wilkinson smelleth the battle afar off, and paweth gravel much. The blood of the Iron Handle boileth to madness in his veins, and the manes of his ancestors beckon him on in the name of Circassia and West Virginia. Grant has appointed negro Ministers to negro governments. The cup of humiliation is full, and enraged and devoted Democracy peepeth up and down the confines of minority in helpless anger and restlessness after the manner of a menagerie bear. "Come, let us reason together." We prefer to rule out investiture, and discuss this matter as man should talk to man where rational conclusions are sought.

You believe with just that Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; that all men are created equal; that taxation without representation is tyranny; that the form of government of these United States and Territories is, and should be Republican; that the will of the majority is the controlling power to which the minority must submit. Thus far we repeat the same creed, but here you stop, accepting the theory but repudiating its practical workings and logical sequences. This may arise either from selfishness, prejudice, ignorance, or your mental powers have matured under a certain pressure of customs and circumstances that renders you slow to appreciate, develop and adopt yourself to a new order of things after the customs and circumstances that moulded your ideas and gave them form have been removed. Your condition is, therefore, either vicious or deplorable. You may not believe it, but the world is full of progress. Consider geology, government, the arts, sciences, civilization, and every page is the impress of progression, an approach to the perfect. Your research will show you too, at every step, that man has taken onward and upward for the good of his fellow man, others, in the very same condition as you, have derided, hindered, thought, persecuted him, otium to the dungeon and to death. Some meant well—believed they were serving humanity and God. They had matured and hardened as Democracy has, were not appreciative that "the world still moves," not readily susceptible of development, and were in the exact condition to be used as tools by those seeing the truth but having ulterior objects to obtain, by encouraging such obstinacy and superstitious prejudices.

There are a class of people to day who are blind and laggard as any of history. They have seen a great civil war in America, and its tangible material results, the support of a rebellion. Do they think that will pass? When two clouds meet, the storm ensues, the rains fall, the vapors sweep away and the sunshine again floods the earth. Is that all? Does not the grass and the grain and the flowers spring prolific as the result, to give peace and plenty on the earth? Who sees but the storm and believes no further is irrational. And so from our storm of war has sprung up a fruitful field of new ideas, necessities, principles and progressions.

One of these is to give practical life and energy to what was heretofore only a fetus in the womb of the Constitution. Negroes were recognized as a basis of representation in the South; they were taxed; served in our armies; voted in some States, and in others were held as slaves. The war freed all. Four millions of black people were in our country; what was to be their status? They were no longer slaves; they were not aliens, they were human beings, a part of that governed people from whom the just rights of the government were derived, taxed without representation, denied equality before the law—slaves in all save the husk of a name. This condition was the result of slavery—a crime against humanity and high heaven, or else our bible, our consciences and constitution are false. Slavery ended, we must return to first principles and follow them in the light of liberty. The leaders of Republicanism led the way. The negro has his rights acknowledged before the law. He is taxed and must be represented. A representation where he may not choose his representative is a farce. If he is eligible to vote he is eligible to hold office, and it is discretionary with the voters or the Executive whether he be ignored or designated. Our Civil Rights bill and the 14th and 15th amendments have brought us square up to these issues. They are the avowed tenets and principles of the Republican party, and with them the party stands or falls. In accepting a principle, it must be taken to its depth, and breath, and spirit. Thus has the Republican party answered the question, "What shall be done with the negro?" It recognizes him as a free man; it follows that he may become a citizen, a voter and official; an equal, as the law and common sense defines the term. But it does not contemplate miscegenation or social equality, further than individuals may desire, and the less Democracy says on this subject, the less violence will be done to the thousands of slaves and children of slaves who have the Democratic blood of the South in their veins.

A few years from now and these principles will have been established. The narrow prejudices of this day will have fallen on the enmity to abolition has fallen, and even the Democratic laggards will have accepted the inevitable, although they take it now as castor oil, and be offering feeble resistance to some other progression as yet not entered on the course of American History.

THE Democrat thinks the questions put to the Post by the Gazette were "posers," because we declined to answer them categorically. Don't be ridiculous. There was not a question in the lot that we have not expressed an opinion on, but you are after the wrong passage if you think you can put an assumption that we do not admit, into an interrogation, and then get a categorical answer from us. Carry your salt sack until you find your birds.

HON. IGNATIUS DONNELLY publicly refuted the assertion that he was an applicant for a Territorial Governorship. He remains in Minnesota.

TWINE THIS WITH THE "VIL-LOWS."

There is no effect without a cause. The effect of the "Lost Cause" yesterday was affecting in the extreme—in fact, to all appearances, both extremes of the Gazette, it having a "green willow all 'round its hat" for a caption to a captious article, and closed with a reeking Aquem:
Och! sure friend Maginnis
You put an apt PINNIS
On all your fine quips and FACETIA.
For your brown limbs will stagger
'Neath the great Carpet Bagger,
And give you the Bend A LA GIBBERIA.
You received him with "juices,"
"Top baggage, eyasses,"
And hope, it would not do to mention,
But Bruce, Orr or Shober,
Will bring you up "sober,"
And slaughter "your Jeesms" in Convention.

We see your drift. You approach us on a supposed tender point, but our "stars" do not propose to sing:
"Come, ye disconsolate,"
with any "bars" in the music, to those who won't "Dance." 'Tis true, you have appealed to our tenderest sympathies, but they are like National currency, not a legal tender just now. Perhaps some sins of Omission have prevented those of "Commission." For further particulars see Sanders, Simmons, and a Hull lot of others. Perhaps we are too musical. Shakespeare said:
"The man who hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."
Evidently we are not fit for spoils, although, in attributing it to this circumstance, we are confronted by the stubborn fact that Massachusetts, with all her musical manias, has got away with a Bout,—well, all she deserves.

However, it might as well be admitted, first as last, that those who have been the recognized organizers, leaders and advocates of the Republican party in Montana, have been flooded—Mr. Watson being, so far, the only exception. Mr. Ashley is endeavoring to have the Indian Superintendency retained to the Governorship, and this will leave out General Wilson. W. A. C. Ryan, we are informed, will probably succeed General Howie. Mr. T. C. Everts will remain.

We can see why the Gazette has heretofore triumphed. The necks of Judge Warren, Mr. McClean, Receiver, Mr. Mayhew, U. S. Attorney, and Major McAuley, of the Flathead Agency, all good Democrats, have not been bared to the stroke, while the heads of Republicans were tumbling. But on Saturday, "A change came o'er the spirit of their dream." We have had to case enough, but they are worse with Cavanaugh. All the linen of the Gazette fluttered with anxiety on the approach of him upon whose banner is emblazoned that symbol of political energy—a six-bit Carpet Bag. He was escorted and received with all the untrifled dignity and previous arrangements that characterized the return of Andrew Johnson to Greenville, and like him and another ancient Democrat, "he opened his mouth and spake":
"Fellow citizens: Eighteen months ago the place where you now stand was a—(Everybody remembers Gough's Bridge story).

But the untrifled uttered no cheer—silence profound, amid which the editor of the Gazette picked up a pin to test the effect, reigned supreme on Main street. The iron of Bruce had entered his soul: the hero of '67, "who never even had a favorable report from a committee on any measure in Congress," had wilted. The auspicious moment had come and gone—the opportunity had fled. Together in the Gazette office sat Cavanaugh and Maginnis, like Maria amid the ruins of a Cart-house, while Wilkinson gazed sadly on.

Like Patents on a monument, Swallowing pills.

Slowly rising, "Our Delegate" recited the following in melancholy, Congressional tones:
I came from Massachusetts with a prime new carpet sack,
And Minnesota Congressed me but never sent me back.
I "Roped" in Colorado, but this flopping
And I steered for far Montana, where I went for all was out.
I had muddled up my tracks so well, with brogue and shoes reversed,
That I pulled the wool on all their eyes, although they did their worst.
I've been Delegate to Congress from the golden Mountain land,
But I'm "battered" now, I see it all,—Maginnis, take my hand;
Here's a "smile" for those who love us, and we'll "go for" those who hate,
But I very much fear, Maginnis dear, I'm a used up Delegate.

The "Senior," descending, made the original remark, "solus"—He's sick and tackled Maginnis, and then to add a little vivacity to the occasion, recited the following in sepulchral chest tones:
'Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear as together we sink—
We'll fall 'midst the wine cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.

They've ruined your hand with shaking,
Though heavy your heart was sunk
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wise we've drunk.
Who dreads the dust returning,
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
When the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more.
No, stand to your glasses, steady,
This world is a world of lies;
A cap to the dead already—
Hurray for the next that dies."

Maginnis, rampant: "Why stand we here idle and disheartened? Why be melancholy, boys? Let us make Rome howl, if "but for to-night." John

Rogers died with a "stake," and Jack Gallagher made "game" in the last hour, although they held "high, low" on him and captured his "Jack." We will go for the ousted Rads with a vengeance, and, if we get slaughtered, save ferris by going over the Styx in the same boat.

To the "pi box" with this whining. This bewailing and weeping, Sure it aint all becoming in De-moc-ra-cy. The day aint lost, "you bet," And "we'll beat them yets," For we'll show 'em how to manage the De-moc-ra-cy.

There is Bruce would like to go, But he stands no sort of show— He's a little bit too honest for De-moc-ra-cy. And Orr is telling jokes About "nigs" and other folks, But "Know Nothing" bed-rock's six with De-moc-ra-cy.

"Wash" Shapleton is sorter Strong, beyond the Stinkingwater; But his front name is quite odious to De-moc-ra-cy. Dance is very badly mingled, But Shober's head is shogged; Contend him, he's "big Injan" with De-moc-ra-cy.

Sure bottled concoction And Maginnis' recitation Puts us quite in the humor for scorning, oh! We'll make dissection in Convention, As at Charleston (don't mention), And "a nigs" shall stir the "corpses" in the morning, oh! It will serve for a diversion To twine the "Parson" on immersion, And fill our "Sunday column" full of swag-gers, oh!

THE NATIONAL CABINET.

There is set apart in the Department of the Land Office in the Patent Office Building at Washington, a large room devoted especially to minerals and geological curiosities. It is arranged with separate cabinets for each State and Territory, the names of which are conspicuously labeled upon the impression, receipt of specimens of minerals, fossils, petrifications, etc., they are classified, labeled and properly arranged therein by an expert mineralogist in employ of Commissioner Wilson, to whom we are indebted for the idea and its practical realization. It is one of the most valuable and interesting collections in Washington, enabling the thousands of travelers, geologists, mineralogists and capitalists who visit the office to see at a glance the varied sources of mineral wealth, and producing an impression governed by their quantity and variety, as well as value. Last autumn Montana's cabinet was only excelled by two or three others, and the officers in charge expressed much interest in that collection, and the hope that it would be made more complete. We believe Montana can have the best collection in the Department, and would solicit those having fine specimens or curiosities of that character which they would place on exhibition for the benefit of the Territory, to forward them to that National Cabinet. Packages under four pounds, addressed to Hon. Joseph S. Wilson, Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., will go through the mails free, or if heavier than that they can be sent by river at the cost of the Department. As an instance of the interest this cabinet attracts, we cite the following extract from the transactions of the Royal and Imperial Geological Institute of Austria, Vienna, December, 1868, page 397:
"A few days since the Imperial and Royal Major General Duke William v. Wurtemberg, accompanied by his nephew, Duke E. v. Wurtemberg, returned from the United States of America, where they have been traveling for some time. Among other places of interest visited by these distinguished personages they especially mentioned the Geological Cabinet of the General Land Office, at the seat of Government, to which they were escorted by Baron von Gerolt, the Prussian Ambassador. They expressed themselves highly gratified to find the collection of minerals and important department arranged on the same plan as our own institution.

ROUGH ON TIEUS.

Reynolds, of the Idaho Statesman, evidently does not like Judge Titus, recently appointed to Arizona, quoting a paragraph commendatory of him from the Reporter, and which we published some days since in the Post, he says:

All bosh! The "well merited honor" and "upright judge" sounds queer down this way. We have heard much about this "incorruptible patriot," and about his "pitching into" the Mormons, but that don't cover the sins of a corrupt and ignorant ass. We seriously doubt if the bench was ever disgraced by a worse or more dangerous judge. And in support of what we say we give notice that there is now on file in the executive office of this Territory a copy of Titus' decision, a part of which we have published, which stamps its author as both a fool and a villain, and will convict him as such before any jury that can be gathered up in the United States without regard to pre-judice, interest, friendship or kin. We will submit the document and the facts to the editor of the Reporter, and risk what we say upon the Reporter's honesty. Titus won't do. The Reporter is hugely mistaken. We sympathize with the people of Arizona in their affliction.

NEW SYSTEM OF TELEGRAPHY.—There is a new system of telegraphy now at work in Paris. It is on a small scale as yet, and therefore is only a beautiful toy, but it is going to be tried immediately on a French line. What an amateur sees in his message set up in type, and two little railway carriages traveling backward and forward over it—a regular up and down rushing line, the return train always slightly leading the type. Walk to the other end of the line, and there is your text in remarkably clear print. The Emperor has examined this telegraph, and the Director General of Telegraphy has orders to give every facility for the practical testing of this latest improvement.

The "Promised Land"—alternate sections of the Pacific Railroad.

The Late Indian Fight

A First Rate Description.

THE BOYS ARE COMING HOME AGAIN. EDITOR POST.—Bozeman was thrown into a sudden state of excitement on Tuesday evening last by the return of the Indian fighters, mentioned in previous letters, under command of Captain Cliff and Lieut. Thompson. A terrible Indian yell was heard by those indoors, that was enough to startle the dead, and on rushing out the sight that met our eyes at first appalling. Down the street on a full gallop came the returning squadron, all in uniform and in full dress Indian costume with trophies flapping in the air. After our first surprise and fright incident to being captured and scalped on the instant, had subsided, the truth was made apparent that the Fort Ellis boys had returned, their efforts crowned with glorious results and the Indians completely routed. The exultations of the happy denizens was a testimonial of their gratitude to Captain Cliff and his brave command, as well as the heroic citizens who accompanied him, and will long be remembered.

LIST OF THE CASUALTIES. A party of twelve Indians had been overtaken, nine of them killed and one wounded. But this result was not accomplished without much hard fighting and sad loss.

The following is a list of the casualties: Terrence Conry, Co. D, killed. Michael Fitz Gerald, Co. F, wounded—ankle. George Crason, Co. G, wounded—elbow. Lafayette Pool, a citizen, wounded—head. Thomas F. King, a citizen, wounded—left cheek. John Cashaw, a citizen, wounded—(slight).

The wounded are all doing well and will recover. An ambulance was sent out and brought in the body of Conry, who was buried at Fort Ellis on Saturday the 10th, with military honors. His home is in Lyons, Iowa.

The following article particulars of the engagement, so far as we could learn: THE MOUNTAIN SIDE FIGHT. The pursuit was commenced on Monday, April 5th, and on the third day, the 7th, the Indians, twelve in number, were overtaken about noon, by the sixteen mile guard, upon the north fork of the Adams Mile Creek and about seventy-five miles distant. From signs discovered there were supposed to be other bands of Indians in the vicinity, and that they had scattered in different directions on the approach of the pursuers. The Indians fled to the top of a very rough mountain upon which was a fortification formed by nature, almost impregnable. Here they imagined they were safe from the attacks of a host, and from this point commenced shaking their blankets at the men and making several other demonstrations of hostilities, daring them to "come on," cursing and swearing in very plain English.

SURROUNDING THE GAME.

Captain Cliff divided his forces, sending Lieut. Thompson upon the east, and surrounding the mountain. Then came the ascent and a raking fire from the Indians. The summit was reached at last, and from the crags and the roughness of the surface they were enabled to obtain positions that completely surrounded the Indians, and from which they could fire with safety. A point they gained above the fortification from which they could fire with telling effect. Nearer and nearer the men began to gather about them, creeping from point to point and firing whenever an Indian raised a gun or made a movement.

SINGING THE DEATH SONG.

The Indians saw at this juncture there was no further hope for them and sang their death song. Nearly half of their number were killed or disabled. The firing had been going on for upwards of two hours and the sun was getting low. Fearing that darkness would overtake them before finishing their work, and the Indians would yet make their escape, Capt. Cliff called for volunteers from those nearest the fortification to make a charge. A half dozen or a dozen men sprang for the walls with revolvers, the Indians making the last faint struggle for life. It was here that Capt. Cliff, King was shot, at the same time, with an arrow through the left cheek, dislocating a tooth, and Pool received a severe wound in the forehead with an arrow, the point running under the scalp, but without injury to the skull. But the work was finished and nine dead bodies lay before them. Two of the Indians had escaped during the early part of the engagement, the third having previously departed on the pony captured from the Sa vroyer. The last Indian escaping was discovered before the end of reach of the fire arms, and received a severe wound. Large quantities of blood was discovered and traced to quite a distance, until reaching the creek was lost. Search was made for the remaining number but without success. They were fortunately spared to tell the story to their tribe, as a warning for the future.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

Among the dead was a Blood called "Jim," and recognized by Neil Campbell who had known him a long time as a "friendly." They were all well armed, having revolvers and one or two Henry rifles, with plenty of ammunition. We dressed in soldier clothes, all wearing the regulation plumes, showing they have been accustomed to stopping about frontier posts and the bountiful recipients of many favors from the fostering hand of their indulgent Uncle.

Too much credit cannot be awarded to Major La Motte for the good work he is endeavoring to perform, the promptness with which he ever acts upon the approach of danger, and in the faithful performance of his duty as a true soldier and a friend to the pioneer. D. W.

Ten ladies graduated from the New York Medical College for Women, March 23rd, and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Miss Mary J. Salford, of Cairo, Ill., delivered the graduation valedictory address. The other Western graduates were Mrs. S. M. Harrah, of Iowa; Miss S. E. Furnas, of Troy, Miami County, O., and Mrs. C. I. Loxley, of Winona, Minn.