BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

Devoted to the Development of Eastern Montana and the Encouragement of all Industrial Pursuits.

Vol. 7. No. 4. BOZEMAN, MONTANA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1877. Whole No., 316.

The Avant Courier.

Wm. W. Alderson, Matt. W. Alderson.
ALDERSON & SON, Publishers.

ADVERTISING RATES

	Inch.	Inches.	Inches.	Quarter.	Half Col.	One Col.
1 Time	$4	$5	$6	$9	$15	$20
2 Times	4	7	8	12	18	35
3 Times	5	9	10	15	21	32
1 Month	6	10	12	18	24	36
3 Months	8	14	18	24	35	65
6 Months	10	18	24	36	65	110
1 Year	16	24	36	60	110	200

Local notices 15 cents per line first insertion and 10 cts. per line for each subsequent insertion. Regular advertisements payable monthly or quarterly as due.
Job work payable on delivery.
Marriage and death notices inserted free of charge; Obituary notice 5 cents per line.

Terms of Subscription.

One year ..... $5 00.
Six months ..... 3 00.
For a shorter period, 50 cents per month.
Delivered by carrier, 50 cents per month, payable at expiration of each month.

THIS PAPER
Is on file at the office of
L. T. BOOTH, General Eastern Agent
Chicago and Northwestern Railway,
415 Broadway, New York; and
our friends in Montana are
invited to call there.

I O O F.
Western Star Lodge, No. 4.
S. C.—J. Basinski.
V. C.—L. Sperling.
R. S.—A. D. McPherson.
Tr.—I. F. Stiefel.
W.—F. A. Maier.
C.—Ben. F. Biesel.
G.—Louis Accola.
Meets at Odd Fellows Hall every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend. [6-18tf]

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

T. R. Edwards,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office next door to COURIER office, Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all courts of the Territory.

J. J. Davis,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office on Black St., Bozeman, Montana. Will practice in all courts of the Territory.

FRANCIS GEISDORFF, M. D.,
Upper Yellowstone,
OPPOSITE HAYDEN POST OFFICE.

G. W. Monroe,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
FORT ELLIS. MONTANA.
Bozeman office at S. W. Laughorne's Drug Store daily from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m.

Geo. . Baker,
Commission
AND
Brokerage,
210, Olive St.,
SAINT L S, MO.
Goods bought and sold on commission, advances also made. With a large acquaintance with dealers and manufacturers, can make it to the interest of Montana merchants in filling their orders. [34-6m]

Henry Hitchins,
MAIN ST., BOZEMAN, M. T.,
House, Sign, Carriage
—AND—
ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.
Is prepared to execute all work in his line in the highest style of the art, and will guarantee satisfaction in every instance. [6-13-1t

Watches & Jewelry.
LEA. F. MARSTON
Manufactures and Repairs Jewelry. Will lay down American Watches at 10 to 15 per cent. lower than they can be purchased of Eastern Advertising firms. If you doubt this, bring along your price lists and compare terms before sending East.
WATCH WORK A SPECIALTY.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.
GILMORE & CO., Successors to Chipman, Hosmer & Co., Solicitors. Patents procured in all countries. No Fees in advance. No charge unless the patent is granted. No Fees for making preliminary examinations. No additional Fees for obtaining and conducting a rehearing. By a recent decision of the Commissioner all rejected applications may be revived. Special attention given to infringement cases before the Patent Office. Extensions before Congress. Infringement suits in different States, and all litigations appertaining to inventions or patents. Land Cases, Arrears of Pay and Bounty and Pension business promptly attended to. We desire to win success by deserving it. Send stamp for pamphlet of sixty pages.
GILMORE & CO.,
027, F Street Washington, D. C.

First National Bank
OF HELENA.
Designated Depository of the United States.
S. T. HAUSER ..... President.
D. C. CORBIN ..... Vice President.
F. W. KNIGHT ..... Cashier.
T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT ..... Assistant Cashier.

Authorized Capital $500,000
Paid up Capital 100,000
Permanent surplus fund 50,000

We transact a general Banking business and buy at the highest rates.

GOLD DUST, COIN,
Gold and Silver Bullion
SILVER and COPPER ORES.
And Local Securities; and sell
Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers

Poetry.

An Advertising Lay.

When drawer and pocket both seem thin,
And much goes out and naught comes in,
It would be exceeding wise, to,
Advertise!

When times are hard, and cash is low,
And trade comes in most awful slow,
What is it that I would advise?—
Advertise!

When folks go streaming past your door,
And never step inside the door,
My best advice do not despise:
Advertise!

For thus it is with men of brain
Finding their fortune on the wane,
And hoping they may take a rise—
Advertise!

Your Helmbolds, Stewarts, Barnums, too,—
Dry goods, menagerie, and buchu—
Exalt this method to the skies:
Advertise!

Bonner with Dexter, Flathush Maid—
Tom Scott upon the rail he's laid—
Had but one way to win the prize;
Advertise!

The greatest men who live to-day
Have found in this the only way
To dwell beyond the common size:
Advertise!

It never yet was known to fail
To brighten dimes and make a sale;
To bind your luck with golden ties,
Advertise!

So, let your name be Jones, Smith or Grimes,
Try this one way to cheat hard times;
You'll find herein the secret lies;
Advertise!

THE WID W MAJOR-GENERAL.

The man wasn't drunk, and he didn't want to pick a quarrel, but one would have thought so as he made his way into a group of seven or eight men sitting in front of a Bismarck hotel just after sundown, and called out:

"Is thar a man in this crowd says that little Mrs. Weeks isn't the purtiest, bravest, sweetest, nicest, goodest widder woman in America?"

The crowd looked up in surprise, but no one answered.

"So, thar hain't nobody here as wants to say anything agin' little Mrs. Weeks?" he continued. "Wall, that's good and all right, and I'll jog along and let the doctor have another twist at this Injun bullet in my leg."

Little Mrs. Weeks had left Bismarck that day for Omaha, and a dozen men lounging around the hotel knew her story. She was short of stature, had dark-brown eyes and wavy brown hair, and weighed less than a hundred pounds.

She had three flesh wounds, but none of them severe, and she told her story in that hesitating, half-frightened way that evidence is given in court by a child. Her home is a few miles out from Omaha. Her only child, a son twenty years old, was one of the founders of Deadwood. One day word came to the widowed mother that her son was slowly dying, and that she could be with him in his last hours if she could reach that city of shanties in the far-off Indian country. She went. Alone and unprotected, but yet cared for and respected by all travelers, she one day rode into Deadwood and found her dying boy. The hope that she would come had kept life in his body after death stood beside him, and within a few hours after her arrival there was need of a coffin.

The route from Deadwood to Bismarck, leading across Centenial Prairie, past Black Point, Devil's Woods, and through Crook City, was not traversed by stages last fall, and none of the present ranches and posts had been located. Well-guarded trains could make the journey in safety, but the Indians attacked every squad and detachment, and the trail could be followed by the remnants of burned wagons and the skeletons of the unfortunate gold-seekers.

Within a week after her arrival at Deadwood Widow Weeks had a chance to return to Bismarck with a train coming out. As at first made up, the train consisted of ten wagons, thirty men, five or six women and eight or ten children. Owing to some misunderstanding, the train divided, and four teams started off alone. This detachment numbered five men, a boy sixteen years old, two women, and three children over eight years old. The widow's son had a Henry rifle, a revolver, watch and other personal property, a part of which was exchanged for a horse for Mrs. Weeks to ride to Bismarck. She was trained in the use of firearms, and the sympathizing miners made her as comfortable as possible in the matter of a saddle.

The first day and night passed away without unusual incident; but at 9 o'clock on the morning of the second day, as the party were hauling off the prairie, a band of Indians numbering thirty-six came riding around Black Point, a mile or so away and halted directly in the path of the white men.

The Indians could see at a glance that the train was small and its defenders few. The white men were thrown into the greatest consternation. One suggested a retreat, another a parley, and a third was ready to cut his horse loose and gallop away. The little widow was the only one in the band having the coolness to comprehend the situation and make a plan. Knowing that the Indians would soon attack, she also realized that the few white men must have cover or they would be swept away at the first attack. While the women and children were wailing, and the men calling to each other, she unfolded her plan.

Three of the men were mounted, like herself, and the other two and the boy were on foot. Forming in line ahead of the wagons, she ordered an advance right upon the band of Indians, meaning to secure shelter for the wagons in the broken and timbered ground at the point.

The boldness of the plan was its salvation. The awed and mystified Indians moved back slowly as the seven advanced, and in a short time the little widow selected a position for the wagons. They were driven to the left of the trail over the broken ground, and to the crest of the highest knoll for half a mile around. There were three or four scrubby trees on the knoll; the soil was a stiff clay, and in the cavity of dip between that knoll and a smaller one sixty feet away, was a pond of water containing perhaps five barrels of slimy, ill-smelling liquid, collected there from the hillsides, but yet wet enough to prevent thirst from destroying the party. Three months ago an army officer stood on that knoll, marked its advantages, and said:

"I could hold this place with one hundred men against a whole division of veterans!"

Even before the teams were unhitched from the wagons, and while the seven defenders faced the Indians, the widow ordered the women and children to collect the water in every dish which would hold a spoonful. The pond was nearly drained and the wagons parked before the Indians made a move. One of the savages afterward told an agency Indian that his band suspected a trap, believing that a large force of white men had come up and secreted themselves the night before, and that the four wagons had been sent out as a decoy.

However, after circling around and following the wagon trail back toward Deadwood for three or four miles, the Indians comprehended the situation and made ready for an attack. The white men, with a single exception, showed the cowardice of children, and would have surrendered themselves without defence but for the widow.

While she watched the movements of the Indians she set the rest of the party to work fortifying the knoll. The stiff clay was thrown up in a circle inside the wagons, until they had a breastwork two feet high and bullet proof, and into this the women, children, food, water and ammunition were collected. The men obeyed their female captain without hesitation, and when she saw the Indians preparing to charge the knoll, she said:

"The four of us with Henry rifles will open on them as they come forward. The other three will reserve their fire until I give the word. Place your revolvers on the ground beside you, and as soon as we open fire let every one cheer at the top of his voice!"

"Now!" cried the widow, and the four Henrys opened fire into the bunch. They had not fired five times apiece when the Indians were at the wagons, their fiendish yells offset by the cheers of the few defenders.

"Steady! steady! All fire! Hurrah! hurrah!" cried the widow, and the sharp reports of the rifles mingled into a steady roar, the horses inside the park bowed out or were shot down, the Indians pulled at the wagons to break the line of defense, and bullets cut the air in every direction. It seemed an hour, but it was hardly sixty seconds before the Indians fell back from that galling fire, and halted only when out of range. Prospectors standing on "Eagle Heathstone," nine miles away, looked down that day and saw the cloud of battle smoke, and believed that a full company of soldiers had struck a band of hostiles.

The slope of the hill, the dip, and the broken ground beyond, showed a curious sight as the smoke rolled away. There were two dead Indians almost under the wagons; then came a dead pony; then a wounded one; then in the stagnant pond was a dead Indian, a wounded one, and a pony that had been shot through the foreleg. Further down two wounded redskins had crawled behind the boulders for shelter, and another was kicking his last just below them.

In the fort a child had been killed, the Widow Weeks had a bullet wound in her left leg, and one of the men had his left elbow shattered.

"Now, re-load and get ready for another charge!" said the little woman, as she counted up the casualties. "Our animals are gone, and we've got to keep the Indians off till help comes."

There was no time for tears or lamentations. The dead child was removed to one side, the wounds dressed as well as possible, and before the hour had ended the Indians were ready for another attack. In the first charge there were thirty-six; as they formed this time, only twenty-four could be counted. The widow made use of the fact to encourage the men, and her wound did not prevent her from making ready to use her rifle.

The knoll could be sealed from three sides only. Instead of charging as before the Indians charged in a semi-circle, so that the fire of the defenders could not be concentrated. Several of the redskins carried bundles of dry grass, the use of which could not be guessed at by the whites.

When the little widow saw the plan of attack she distributed her force to meet it, and said:

"I will take the left of the circle, Mr. Grayon will take the right, and you men in the centre fire right straight ahead. Raise a hurrah as soon as you hear my rifle crack."

The Indians were no sooner in position than they dashed at the hill on a wild run, opening fire as they came. The two on the extreme left rolled from their horses as the widow's rifle spoke out, and Grayon wounded the one on the right. Not another shot was fired by the defenders until the Indians were right at the wagon.

Again the men on distant "Eagle's Hearthstone" looked down on a great cloud of powder smoke, and they argued that another company of soldiers had come up and gone into action. The Indians fired through the wagon covers, between the vehicle, and under them, and they pushed and tugged to separate the wagons and roll them down hill. A fierce yell now and then came from their ranks to prove that a bullet had found a target, and a groan or a scream from behind the breastworks was evidenced of thinned ranks.

"Cheer! cheer!" shouted the widow, as the fire of the attacking party suddenly ceased, and the defenders hurrahed again and again. Through the smoke they caught sight of red flames, and as the cloud lifted it was seen that the Indians had used the bundles of grass to set fire to the wagons. Each one was blazing fiercely, and nothing could be saved from them. They were below the breastworks, with the wind blowing the heat down hill, and they were allowed to burn as they stood. In the fort a woman had been killed, the young man shot through the face, the widow wounded in the foot and hand, and only one man wounded before escaped injury this time. The Indian loss must have been great, as they at once withdrew behind the point, and for twenty-four hours not another Indian appeared in sight.

Relief came from a train going into the hills, and for the next four weeks a redskin was a rare sight in that vicinity. The graves on the knoll had not been disturbed eight weeks ago. The breastworks were there, the wagon tires were half-hidden in the grass, and men standing on the crest looked down toward the prairie and counted fourteen skeletons of ponies gnawed clean by the wolves. There were empty cartridge shells in the fort and around it, and a dozen battered camp kettles had rolled down into the pond, and the once gaudy headdress of a chief rotted in the grass at the edge of the prairie. Men had turned aside to do honor to the dead and the living. A stake was driven at each grave, and to one of the stunted trees was nailed a board on which was cut the following:

"Fort Weeks. Defended by a woman and six men against two Indian charges. We make her Maj.-Gen. Ellen Weeks.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The following letter from one of the prominent men of Chicago, on the present political situation, was received by one of our professional men not long since. We it a place in the COURIER, although we give differ from the writer on many important points:

CHICAGO, ILLS., Nov. 6, 1877.

I note all you say of our political condition and agree with you entirely. Even as you do so do I admire Hayes' efforts to be the simple President of our whole country, and not as Grant did—be the craven tool of one portion and the *bully* of the other. I believe, too, that Hayes is sincere and *means* all for the best, but I have no idea that he can succeed. The *ruling* men of his party despise his course and oppose him at every point. He will have to yield before long. The South—meantime—*may* act the part of wise men and, by so doing, add to Hayes' strength so much as to defeat many of the Radical plots. But, however this may be, harmony can never again be in our country. We have outlived the original form (as well as the substance) of our Government, and have been in a transition since the war. What new form it is to end in we cannot now see.

The European element in the northern States is entirely opposed to our American system of government, and can never become in favor of it. They long for the Imperial rule of Kiser William or else the Communism of France, and between the two we are destined to make a choice before many decades. This will be hastened, too, by the universal corruption which now exists in every department of government, both Federal, State and municipal, all over the Union, for which *reform* is utterly impossible, for Hayes or any one else. No Government was ever yet *reformed* save by a new one, out and out. It is now impossible to find an honest man in any office of public trust, and very few in private trust. Not a day passes but huge defalcations both in public and private places are uncovered; yet not one of the thieves is punished or even put on trial! And such has been the case for so long a time that the present generation all around us has grown up to look upon peculation as perfectly legitimate and only requiring a certain amount of shrewdness to make it a commendable virtue. It is now a *national disease—not* an individual offense! The riots last Summer were the premonitory symptoms of a general break up, and we may look for repetitions of the same almost any time, until the country shall produce, and the occasion bring to the front men as leaders capable of organizing and commanding the disaffected elements so as to give power and efficiency to united action. Then we shall see commotion such as comes to all hastened governments, and the inevitable fruits of dishonest law-makers and corrupt executives.

We are just now in the heat of a county election here, wherein two Judges of County Courts, County Treasurer, two Clerks of Courts, and five County Commissioners, are to be elected, and every candidate has paid down in cash from seven thousand dollars to five hundred dollars, in advance, to the political committee as funds to secure his election. What a commentary is this on Republican-Democratic government? What can be expected from a Judge who pays fifteen hundred dollars, in advance, to secure his election? or of a Treasurer who pays in seven thousand dollars, as they have done here? But this has been going on for years; hence, no punishment is meted out to criminals; and, hence, the laboring men see and feel that their hope is only in riots and strikes; and they are right! Everything like property is still on the down grade, shrinking in value all the while—all, save the gold bonds in the hands of the *friends* of high Government officials. Our Federal and stock officials are not one whit better than the official thieves who have plundered Mexico for half a century; but, our masses are vastly more intelligent, brave and jealous, and hence, they will all the sooner force things to a crisis.

Property in Chicago is worth about forty cents on the dollar of its cost five years ago. Money is scarcer now than in 1837, and is held by the few who know that money is worth more locked up and idle than if put into any kind of business or property. Hence, the man in debt, which counts ninety-nine in every hundred, finds it next to impossible to borrow. One war always paves the way for another, and that other war we will soon have; but, it will not be between the North and the South, but everywhere, and in every county, city and village.

P. T. T.

—Hotel-keepers are people we have to 'put up with."

ARMY APPROPRIATIONS.

Speech of Hon. Martin Maginnis.

The following is the speech of Hon. Martin Maginnis in the debate on the Army Appropriation bill, in the House of Representatives, November 9th. It was the best speech delivered before the House in support of military increase:

MR. MAGINNIS. I renew the amendment. Mr. Chairman, I would not detain the committee now, as the members are evidently tired of this subject, but so much has been said about the Texas frontier that I am afraid the House will think that is the only threatened frontier in the United States. Certainly I sympathize with those gentlemen from Texas; certainly I understand their feelings, appreciate their danger, and sorrow for their sad condition; but I might almost say this bill made a discrimination in their favor and against other American citizens equally deserving of their country, as much entitled to protection, and who are quite as much threatened. Who will say that the frontier of Mexico, the frontier of Arizona and Lower California, the frontier of Wyoming, and the frontiers of Montana and Idaho are not as much threatened by hostile foes and as deeply crimsoned in the blood of your people as the frontier of Texas. That State is represented here by a powerful delegation, unsurpassed in ability, and whose votes are necessary to the success of the committee. It might be said equally that this proviso was a sop thrown to them; but it would be unjust to say so; the patriotic chairman of the committee, in charge of the purse of the whole country, feels upon himself the responsibility of the protection of the whole country, and only followed the law of last year. No blame attaches to the committee for their apparent discrimination, which I would not strike out. If our fellow-sufferers in Texas can get any consolation from these empty words, they are welcome to do so. I desire to call the attention of the House to the fact that Texas does not stand alone in fear and affliction.

In the Territory of Montana, during this year, we have had a half hundred peaceable citizens killed, and from three to four hundred thousand dollars' worth of property destroyed; not one coach alone has been stopped, but our lines of travel have been suspended for weeks at a time, not by any Indians within our own border, whose interests conflicted with ours, but by invasion from distant places beyond our control. That destructive invasion never could have been accomplished if our military organizations had been anything more than increase the cavalry so as to reduce out of existence the already emaciated infantry. Let me ask those gentlemen who are familiar with the history of the late Indian wars, whether the infantry has not shown, in efficiency, and if most of the fights that have been won against the Indians in the last three years have not been won by the infantry or through their co-operation. Cavalry have often gone in only to be massacred. The infantry have often averted disaster. Our cavalry was massacred by the Sioux, and it was by the aid of the infantry, commanded by Miles, a Colonel of infantry, that Sitting Bull was driven across the border. Your cavalry, endeavoring to force its way over mountain trails, could not catch the Nez Perces, but Gen'l Gibbon, with a hastily collected handful of infantry, marched two hundred miles, surprised them in the night, would have annihilated the Indians if his force had been a little greater; and finally, after a march of thirteen hundred miles, one of the most extraordinary ever made, during all of which time the infantry in Howard's command kept up with, if they did not outmarch, the cavalry, those Nez Perce Indians were stopped within forty miles of the Canadian border, and stopped by a mixed force of cavalry and infantry under General Miles and compelled to surrender.

If you wish to make any discrimination in the army or to meddle with its organization at all, it would be better to adopt a proviso that cavalry and infantry regiments occupied with the defense of the Mexican and Indian frontier should be recruited and kept up to sixty men in each company. Such organizations would be effective. When General Gibbon struck the Nez Perces, if he had only had a hundred more men he could have ended that war then and there. As I have already said, he came upon them in the night with six companies of infantry, numbering in all one hundred and twenty men, and aided by thirty volunteer citizens, many of whom were killed, leaving their families without the benefit of pensions.

Suppose those six companies numbered six hundred men instead of one hundred and twenty? Suppose this former Major-General of the United States army, the author of a standard work on military science, one of the most gallant and accomplished gentlemen in our army, or any army, who went into the fight like an ordinary soldier, with his rifle on his shoulder, and fought the savage foe like a bush whacker—suppose he had the command of a Lieutenant-Colonel of the army only, he could have wiped out the whole of the Nez Perces and ended the war at once. What is the use of having an army at all if it is not to be properly recruited, but allowed to remain in a skeleton condition dangling from the scaffold of economy and bleaching in the wind of starvation? Let the organization be completely destroyed and adopt some other method of defense; but if you do maintain its frame-work of regiments and companies, economy and patriotism and decent respect for the lives of brave men cry out that you should maintain the companies at such a standard as will enable them to defend themselves, if not to punish the enemy and protect the country.

Now, if you wish to re-organize the army and reduce the number of regiments, do so by a proper bill which will lop off all excrescences; and if you reduce the number of organizations, at least let those which are kept in active service have a respectable number of men. Do not take out the rifles and leave a rickety frame-work standing. The Democratic party, Mr. Chairman, is not responsible for the beginning of this system of bad legislation by reducing the army in appropriation bills.

The Army was fixed by law at 30,000 men. But in the 43d Congress an appropriation bill was brought in which knocked five thousand rifles out of the Army, and while that was done it did not take off a single shoulder-strap; it did not take away a single regimental organization, nor a single wagon; it did not diminish the smallest portion of the machinery of the Army; but merely reduced the effective force of the Army to the extent of five thousand men. I well remember the occasion. The bill was brought in from the committee on appropriations, of which Mr. Garfield was chairman., by Mr. Wheeler, now Vice-President of the United States. I remember very well the words which he used at that time, that if these frontier settlements could not protect themselves, then they had better be wiped out. I thought it proper that the most cruel blow ever struck at the Army should be defended by the most cold and heartless speech I ever heard on this floor. That was the beginning of this bad policy of reducing the Army in the appropriation bills: a vicious practice, for when you reduce it in the appropriation bills by reducing the number of men merely, you do not diminish any portion of the machinery of the Army; you do not strike off any of the officers, or do away with any of the transportation, but you simply knock out of the service so much of the effective force or so many men which are really needed in order to make it effective.

The CHAIRMAN. The gentleman's time has expired.

Mr. LUTTRELL. I rise to oppose the amendment, and yield my time to the gentleman from Montana.

Mr. MAGINNIS. I thank the gentleman for his courtesy. Mr. Chairman, I have been sorry to see in this debate that gentlemen from the West care so little for the lives and property of their friends in the newer lines of States and Territories. It seems singular to me that gentlemen who represent the dark and bloody ground, whose memories are the romances of American history—from Indiana where the field of Tippecanoe raised its hero to the Presidency; from Ohio, whose earlier struggles aroused the sympathies and called out the assistance of the whole country; from Illinois, where the grass is yet green over the victims of Black Hawk's bands, should be more liberal toward the new frontier than the far Eastern States.

I know you are farmers and you need economy; but what makes your farms [illegible] in the new States and Territories, and have raised a barrier of gallant hearts and strong arms between you and the savages that raided your early settlements but a generation ago? Now you have peace; you are beyond invasion. Our danger is your safety, and our exposure is your security; but should you not extend to us the same sympathy and the same protection that the nation, far less able, then extended to your fathers when your lands were the frontier? Because you are safe are you to be selfish? Does not the blood of your fellow-citizens, ay, of your sons and relatives, weigh anything against your dollars because danger is no longer at your own doors? Is all patriotism lost in the desire to save; and will you allow your citizens to be butchered, your country mocked at, her flag and its defenders insulted because it is done far away in the new country?

Why do you leave us to be massacred? Why do you leave your flag to be insulted? Why leave us to feel that your promise of protection is simply a mockery, and that the shadow of the American flag is a snare, deluding the poor settlers from his own defense that he may be murdered beneath its powerful folds?

Gentlemen, I cannot believe that your apathy to our condition arises from a selfish indifference. I have fought side by side with the men of Illinois, and Ohio, and Indiana, the frugal tillers of a fruitful soil, and I know they never count the cost of the demands of patriotism. I know the gallant and chivalrous people of Kentucky, and I believe their representative [Mr. Blackburn] when he intimates that they would fly to the rescue of the flag when the most remote point of the most remote border was threatened with invasion, or the most distant settlement attacked by savages. The difficulty in this case is the difficulty only of making you understand and feel the dire necessity we are under for the protection that the Army, recruited and filled, can afford. And I can only add my voice to those of other gentlemen in saying that not only on the Mexican, but on every other line of our now double frontier, necessity exists for succor and increase of the troops already there.

My friend from Missouri, [MR. CRITTENDEN] says the Indian war is over—Joseph captured and Sitting Bull gone. Why, sir, when this Congress adjourned last spring who ever dreamed you would have a war with Chief Joseph? And who can tell how many wars you will have before the end of this year with all these Indian tribes? They are threatening everywhere. You have an Army of twenty-five thousand men. Some ask what it is doing. It has to deal with and keep down three hundred thousand savages, brave men who know how to ride, how to live in a wild country—who are natural soldiers, and who, when armed as they are now armed with breech-loaders and magazine-rifles, are equal, man for man, to any troops in the world. That is what your Army is now doing. It is holding in check those three hundred thousand savages. And why has the frontier of Texas not been protected? It is because when the Sioux war and other wars broke out the troops had to be removed from these to meet the difficulty. An Indian outbreak has just been subdued in New Mexico, another in Arizona; another may break out to-morrow. Some Soldiers are moving the Sioux who have treated, others scouring the country for scattered bands that have not come in. Some are on the march to winter stations from the recent campaigns. All along the lines your forces are everywhere weak, everywhere outnumbered; and none could be summoned to meet an emergency to-morrow without leaving some other point fatally exposed.

Mr. FRANKLIN and Mr. HARRISON rose.

Mr. MAGINNIS. My time is limited, and I cannot yield.

But the gentleman says that we will have no more trouble with Sitting Bull, as he is beyond the Canadian border. But what is he doing there? He is endeavoring to organize the Northwestern tribes, and if he succeeds he can march a force of ten thousand men, equal to any soldiers you can put in the field, and sweep every settlement before him; he can clean the country from the line to the railroad before you can organize any force to stop him. Do you think that because he is on that side of the line his respect for Queen Victoria or a squadron of Canadian policemen will stop him when he has re-organized his forces and is ready for war? He will defy them as he defies you, and he will not conceal his intentions. Sitting Bull has the merit of having been consistently hostile; and, mark me, the next news you get of his movements will be that he is again preparing to carry on that war against the United States which for eighteen years he has waged with so much profit and glory to himself.

Look for a moment at the history of that chief. Born in a foreign land, as he himself avows, where Indian and white alike obey the law, he sought the opportunity of making a name and record for himself among his people by coming to this country and engaging in hostilities, which our policy made possible. He crossed to this side of the line, joined in the first hostile movements against the whites in 1858, has persistently fought us ever since, and from a poor, ordinary Indian, without hereditary rank of family influence, he has made himself rich, powerful, and celebrated among his people by waging unceasing war on the insufficient and unprotected frontier of the United States. Do you suppose that the same dream of ambition does not lurk in the heart of many another savage? They have heard of the bravery of their fathers from the day of childhood; they have listened to the boastings of older warriors and braves; they have been taught that it is the duty of every man to make himself a record in the blood of his enemies; and as you have your ambition and I have mine, so they have theirs; and the great ambition of every aspiring spirit among them is to unite and organize their race and make war upon the whites. I acknowledge much that has been said about their wrongs, and members know how earnest an advocate I have been on this floor for reform in our Indian system. [illegible] ble for it. Until you change it and while you are changing it you owe them that protection which government is instituted to give to its citizens. You may improve your policy and be able to reduce your forces. But be not too sanguine of the success of any system. No matter what you may do or what policy you may adopt, there is an irrepressible conflict between civilization and savagery which must be waged until one is triumphant and the other subnits.

[Here the hammer fell.]

Wonderland.

The following are the resolutions adopted in Nashville, Tenn., at the annual meeting of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," 1877:

WHEREAS—A bill was passed by the forty-second Congress whereby the tract of land in Wyoming Territory, known as the "Yellowstone National Park," was reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy or sale, under the laws of the United States, and dedicated and set apart as a public park, or pleasuring ground, for the people; and—

WHEREAS—The aforesaid Park contains within its limits the most remarkable Thermal Springs, and other features of interest to men of science, known in any part of the world; and—

WHEREAS—The Secretary of the Interior is charged by law with the preservation and maintenance of said reservation, but without any provision for compensation of the necessary officers, or for the fulfillment of other duties imposed upon him by the act of dedication; be it

Resolved—That we, as Members and Fellows of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," in session in the city of Nashville, Tenn., do hereby respectfully petition the Congress of the United States that they give this important matter their most serious attention at an early date, that the work of devastation now progressing in that region may be stayed ere it has *done* irreparable injury to natural accumulations of the highest value in scientific investigations. Be it further—

Resolved—That this subject, and the manner of so doing, be confided to a committee of five members of this Association conversant with the matter, whose duty it shall be to memorialize Congress in our behalf to use all legitimate means for the furtherance of the objects here expressed, and to report upon them at the next meeting of the Association.

Committee appointed by Dr. Simon Newcomb, President of the Association.

Prof. Theo. B. Comstock, Ithaca, New York.

Prof. Joseph Henry, Washington, D. C.

Prof. O. C. Marsh, New Haven, Connecticut.

Lieutenant G. M. Wheeler, Washington, D. C.

Major J. W. Powell, Washington, D. C.

Bright Hours and Gloomy.

Ah! this beautiful world! Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself is not far off; and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if could take up the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts or on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

The Two Bills.

Two bills were waiting in the bank for their turn to go out into the world. One was a little bill—only one dollar; the other was a big bill—a thousand dollar bill. While lying there side by side they fell a talking about their usefulness. The dollar bill murmured.

"Ah, if I were as big as you, what good I would do. I could move in such big places, and people would be so careful of me wherever I should go. Everybody would admire and want to take me home with them, but, small as I am, what good can I do? Nobody cares much for me; I am too little to be of any use."

"Ah, yes, that is so!" said the thousand dollar bill; and it haughtily gathered up its well-trimmed edges that were lying next to the little bill, in conspicuous superiority.

"That is so," it repeated. "If you were as big as I am—a thousand times bigger than you are—then you might hope to do some good in the world."

And its face smiled into a wrinkle of contempt for the little dollar bill.

Just then the cashier comes, takes the little murmuring bill and kindly gives it to a poor widow.

"God bless you!" she cries, as, with a smiling face she receives it; "My dear hungry children can now have some bread to eat."

A thrill of joy ran through the little bill as it was folded up in the widow's hand, and it whispered:

"I may do some good, even if I am small."

And when it saw the bright faces of the fatherless children it was glad it could do a little good.

Then the little dollar bill began its journey of usefulness. It went first to the baker for bread; then to the miller; then to the laborer; then to the doctor; then to the minister; and wherever it went it gave pleasure, adding something to their comfort and joy.

At last, after a long, long, pilgrimage of usefulness among every sort of people, it came back to the bank again, crumpled, defaced, ragged, softened by its daily use. Seeing the thousand dollar bill lying there, with scarcely a wrinkle or a finger mark upon it, it exclaimed:

"Pray, sir, what has been your mission of usefulness?"

The big bill sadly replied:

"I have been from safe to safe among the rich, where few could see me, and they were afraid to let me go out far, lest I

The little bill said:

"It is better to be small and go among multitudes doing good, than to be so great as to be imprisoned in the safes of the few."

And it rested satisfied with its lot.

Moral.—The doing of little everyday duties makes one the most useful and happy.

Well Done.

A young man called, in company with several other gentlemen, upon a young lady. Her father was also present, to assist in entertaining the callers. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spirituous drinks, for he had wine to offer. The wine was poured out, and I would have been drank, but the young lady asked:

"Did you call upon me, or upon papa?"

Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer, "We called upon you."

"Then you will please not drink wine; I have lemonade for my callers."

The father urged the guests to drink; they were undecided. The young lady added:

"Remember, if you call upon me, then you drink lemonade; but if upon papa why, in that case I have nothing to say."

The wine glasses were set down with the contents untasted. After leaving the house one of the party exclaimed:

"That is the most effectual temperance lecture I ever heard."

Indeed, it was sown in good ground. It took root, sprung up, and is now bearing fruit. The young man, from whom these facts were obtained, broke off at once from the use of all strong drink, and is now a clergyman, preaching temperance and religion. As he related the circumstance to me, tears came into his eyes. He sees now his former dangerous position, and holds in grateful remembrance the lady who gracefully and still resolutely gave him to understand that her callers should not drink wine.—*Ex.*

The Wife.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the mutterings of sullen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth—these, and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. O, may woman, before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awaken and keep alive the promise she so kindly gave. And though she may be the injured one—the forgotten, and not the forgetting wife—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the heart of man will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years of matchless bliss, loved, loving and content—the source of comfort and the spring of joy.—*Chambers Journal.*

In France a murderer is never hung if the jury appends to its verdict the words, "extenuating circumstances." The consequence is that, no matter how atrocious the crime may be, it is almost impossible to obtain a verdict of guilty without the addition of these words. A few years ago a man killed his father and mother. He was found guilty, with extenuating circumstances. These circumstances were that he was an orphan.