

TRIBUTES TO A GREAT NAME.

Expressions by American papers on the Noble Outburst of Sympathy in the Chicago Convention.

It will Ever be a Bright Page in the Annals of American Politics.

The following are a few extracts gathered from the comments of leading papers on the scene which followed the mention of Mr. Blaine's name in the Chicago convention:

The resolution of sympathy for Blaine in his great family afflictions was an act of decent courtesy on the part of the Chicago convention. But it was no mere empty form. It expressed the feelings of the Democratic party.—St. Louis Republican.

Mr. Blaine has received many tributes of respect and affection in his day, but he has never received one more cordial, more sincere or more comforting to the heart than this spontaneous expression of sympathy from the Democratic Convention.—Wilmington News.

It was a tribute from a great party to a determined antagonist, who is in sore distress, and shows how the shadow of bath silences the turmoil of everyday life. Such an expression must carry some consolation even to one so greatly bereaved.—Watterson's Courier Journal.

The action of the National Democratic Convention in adopting a resolution of condolence with ex-Secretary Blaine in his sad bereavement was beautiful and touching. The most pronounced pessimist must in witnessing such a spectacle think better of his kind.—Detroit Free Press.

We doubt if an American statesman and partisan ever before received so high a compliment. In it is a hearty recognition of greatness and worth above party consideration, and a sympathy which admiration for the illustrious man must, to a very great extent, have inspired.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

It will ever be a bright page in the annals of American politics that a National Democratic Convention paused in the midst of a heated contest to pay this splendid tribute of respect and sympathy to a great political opponent and to lay a token of manly sorrow upon the grave of his dead son.—Newark Journal.

It is creditable to the good feeling and patriotism of the Democrats assembled at Chicago that in the presence of a great affliction they could forget partisan contentions long enough to extend words of early and generous sympathy to the sorely afflicted statesman who for a quarter of a century has been their stoutest and most uncompromising opponent.—Brooklyn Times.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. We do not remember a more affecting episode in the annals of American politics than the sympathetic whirlwind of sentiment which overcame and assuaged the Democratic National Convention at Chicago when the resolution of sympathy for James G. Blaine was offered for consideration and passed by acclaim.—Philadelphia Record.

This little human episode in the Democratic Convention will touch, we are sure, the heart of the nation. For the moment the political walls were broken down and the veil was lifted from the one while the great Convention laid a tribute at the feet of the strong man who has been brought low, and whose stricken heart must hunger after genuine human sympathy. It was a most impressive incident in the political history of the country.—Charleston News.

Mr. Blaine has been a merciless opponent of the Democracy—perhaps its most dangerous antagonist. Yet "one touch of nature" wiped away every consideration of the past, and the sympathy of the Convention went out in a great plume to the afflicted Republican chief. It is safe to say that no other expression of compassion has affected him so much. We doubt not that the memory of this impressive incident will have a softening effect upon party feeling throughout the coming campaign.—Rochester Herald.

Mr. Blaine will have the sympathy of Americans in the bereavement that has come upon him so suddenly. His losses are many and heavy to bear. Forged though he may be against the disappointments and reverses of political life, he has been too fond a parent to be proof against the succession of domestic sorrows he has had to sustain. Others will suffer by the death of Emmons Blaine besides his father, but public sympathy will go out chiefly to the man who the end of a great public career, ap-

pears to be the special victim of misfortunes and sorrows.—Philadelphia Ledger

We do not believe there is an American heart so seared even by political feeling to the pulsations of our common humanity as not to be touched with a deep and tender sympathy for Mr. Blaine in his present anguish and affliction. The heart of the nation goes out to him in this, perhaps, the bitterest of all his cups of sorrow, since it takes from him the manly and promising son upon whom centered the affection of his declining years. Mr. Blaine has been called to pass through personal trials far greater than fall to the average lot of man. Truly, the ways of Providence are inscrutable and past finding out.—New Haven Leader.

It is impossible not to pity the sorrow of Mr. Blaine. However we may differ from the man or dissent from his course in public life, the heart beats in tender sympathy for the afflictions that have crowded into his later years. Partisanship stands silent in the presence of death. Political opposition is hushed in the stronger ties of a common sympathy. It is a magnificent picture of true greatness, this heroic strife against the crushing weight of thwarted ambitions and personal sorrow. Mr. Blaine in all the greatness of his magnificent statesmanship has given no truer evidence of his grandeur of soul and nobility of manhood than in his beautiful submission to the higher wisdom that has visited these sorrows upon him. Great in his conquests, great in his defeats, he is greater still in his resignation to the will of Providence. It is impossible not to admire the singular grandeur and nobility of this man, as from out the agony of each fresh and heart-breaking sorrow he murmurs, "Thy will, oh Lord, not mine be done."—Connecticut Catholic.

BOLD ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY

Two Masked Men Hold up a Passenger Train near Kasota.

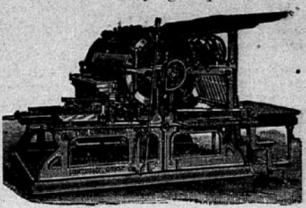
Bold highway and train robberies are being committed close to home. Friday night on the Omaha road two masked men made an effort to rob an express car between St. Peter and Kasota. The robbers got on the tender of the engine at St. Peter, and at a safe distance from the station they got down in the cab and ordered the engineer to stop the train, threatening his life if he refused to obey. One of the men stood guard over the engineer and fireman while the other one went back to the car. On his way back he met a brakeman and ordered him to halt. The brakeman did not seem to understand him and kept on coming. The robber then fired at him with a double barrel shotgun. Fortunately he missed him. The brakeman was then marched up to the engine and told to stay there.

The robbers then went to the express car and rapped on the door. The messenger opened the door, thinking he had arrived at the station. As he did so he looked into the barrel of a gun and was ordered to throw up his hands. The robber said "Where is your guard?" The messenger answered "There is no guard on the train." The robber then got in the car and ordered the messenger to open the safe. He did so. There was a large amount of money in the safe, but in opening it the messenger grabbed the money and dropped it behind the safe unseen by the robber. Seeing that the safe was empty, they left the car with curses and proceeded to the engine. The engineer and fireman were marched up the track about half a mile. They were told to go back to their train and the robbers then disappeared in the woods.

Supt. W. A. Scott, of the Omaha road, was one of the first to receive the news and he at once wired to Kasota, Mankato, Le Sueur and West Spring Lake, offering a reward of one thousand dollars for the capture and identification of the two men. This reward was increased to \$2,000 by the American express company, and F. D. Adams, superintendent of the express company, left for the scene Saturday morning in company with a Pinkerton detective. Two or three Chicago detectives in the employ of the express company have also left for the scene, and every effort will be made to ferret the robbers out. Both Supt. W. A. Scott and Supt. Naylor of the express company, are confident that the miscreants will be found, and will spare no expense and leave no stone unturned to bring them to justice. They think that on account of the stormy night the robbers could not have gone very far, and the police officers of the surrounding towns are on the hunt.

The New Review Press.

Below we give a cut of the new machine by which are turned out the weekly editions of the Review. It is an excellent piece of machinery and its noiseless and perfect motion places it in the front rank of printing presses. Twenty-six hundred an hour is its greatest speed and from fourteen to fifteen hundred can be run off with very light power. The



power is furnished by a gasoline vapor engine which can be run at small cost and without the slightest trouble. Altogether it makes an outfit which is the equal of that possessed by any of the country offices of the State.

WEAVER IS NOMINATED.

The Iowa Greenbacker will Lead the People's Party Host.

Gen. Weaver of Iowa was nominated by the People's Party Convention at Omaha on Monday on the first ballot, he receiving 995 votes to 265 for Kyle. Gresham's name was not presented. The preamble of the platform was the work of Donnelly. He was on the subcommittee having that work in charge and did the work in a way that seemed to enthrall the audience, for upon the adoption of the preamble and platform the delegates went wild and whooped and howled for twenty-five minutes. One of the inspiring scenes during the march of the delegates about the hall was a dark standing on the shoulders of two white men and carried through the march. The darker carry an umbrella with a flag attached, which he swung aloft and yelled as unearthly yells as he could out of his capacious mouth. Upon the conclusion of the whooping up, some singer mounted the stand of the chairman and led in singing "Good-Bye, Old Party, Good-Bye." The delegates and many of the audience joined in the chorus. Doc Fish, of the Great West, at St. Paul, stood upon his chair in Newspaper row, and shedding mock tears, wiped his eyes with a mourning colored handkerchief. The whole twenty-five minutes was a Fourth of July picnic for the participants. The whole committee on resolutions stood on the platform while it was being read, but in the excitement the delegates took the state standards, rushed to the platform and submerged committee, chairman and everybody else. The names of Weaver and Kyle were both received very tamely. The enthusiasm seemed to have died out with the refusal of Gresham.

UNSPEAKABLY BRUTAL.

Hypena Like Puck Throws Its Ghastly Shadow Across A New-Made Grave.

A Caricature which is A Disgrace to American Journalism.

A witless and very vulgar cartoon caricaturing Mr. Blaine appears on the first page of the number of Puck which was issued June 22. Even if Mr. Blaine was not at this time bowed down under a domestic affliction which entitled him to the sympathy of every sensible heart, the performance of Puck would be an outrage; under the circumstances it is unspeakably brutal. It may, perhaps, be said that the cartoon which has excited so much indignation and disgust among decent people, had been prepared and perhaps been printed before the news of the death of Mr. Emmons Blaine. That makes no difference. The three or four days intervening between the death of Mr. Blaine's son and the publication of this coarse and heartless insult, allowed plenty of time for reconsideration. It would have been better to have recalled and suppressed the entire edition.

In generous contrast with the performance of the Mugwump picture paper is the act of the Democratic Convention in Chicago on Tuesday, when the resolution of sympathy for Mr. Blaine in his bereavement provoked a remarkable demonstration of his popularity as a man. The heartless and hypocritical may doubt the good taste of the demonstration; but of its sincerity, spontaneity and cordial intent there can be no question.—New York Sun.

EARLY EVENTS RECALLED.

An Interesting Story Connected with the Outbreak of the Sioux.

Deeds of Bravery and Endurance that Have Few Parallels.

The Mankato Review of this week in commenting on the death of W. Everett, of Waseca recites a thrilling story of that man's experience at the opening of the Indian war in 1862. It says:

Mr. Everett and his family were members of the little colony which had crossed the frontier, left a wide gap behind them, and settled upon the banks of that beautiful lake, within the territorial limits of what is now Murray county. This settlement was about 90 miles west of Mankato, and excepting small colonies in Jackson county and at Madelia, the intervening country was almost wholly unoccupied government land. It comprises all told about 45 persons of whom 15 were killed, 11 taken captive, and 19 escaped, most of the latter severely wounded.

Mr. Everett and Mr. C. D. Hatch were among the first to reach Mankato with the news of the massacre—both quite severely wounded. Mr. Everett had received a rifle ball through the left arm breaking the bone, another ball in his left leg six inches below his knee, and a buckshot lodged in one of his feet. A ball had passed through one of Mr. Hatch's hands, entering at the fingers and passing out at the wrist, and another ball had passed through the fleshy part of his right arm above the elbow.

The writer of this article interviewed Mr. Everett and his companion upon their arrival, and from them learned the particulars of the massacre perpetrated by a band of Sioux who had been in the habit of visiting the settlement and most of whom had been fed frequently by the settlers and all kindly treated.

The trouble commenced by the murder of two men—Messrs Vott and Cook—the latter the first husband of the present Mrs. Hohmuth of this city. Mrs. Hurd, whose husband had gone west some days before and was also killed, gave the alarm to the other settlers, who immediately collected the families at one of the houses.

They were but few in numbers, considering the attacking force, and being short of ammunition and means of defense, after consultation they decided to abandon their homes and try to escape. The women and children were placed in wagons, and the men acted as protectors. The men were Messrs. Wm. Everett, D. Hatch, W. J. Duly, John Eastlick, Thos. Ireland, Edgar Bentley, Mr. Smith, and another man whose name we did not learn—eight in all.

They had travelled about two miles from the lake when they were pursued by the Indians. The women and children were taken from the wagons and concealed in the tall grass. The Indians attacked the men and at the first fire two of the latter ran away. The whites stood their ground courageously until Mr. Eastlick was killed and the other five severely wounded. Mr. Ireland was prostrated by eighteen bullet holes in his body, having been shot eight times—one ball making four holes—and it was believed fatally wounded.

At this juncture the Indians had come within speaking distance, and said that if the women and children would come out they would not kill nor harm them. At first the women were unwilling to accept this promise, but knowing they were almost completely at the mercy of the savages, and desiring to make the best terms possible, they consented and came out. The Indians took them in charge and started off, leaving the five wounded and helpless men upon the battle field.

In the fight a chief and four Indian warriors had been killed and others wounded, showing that the whites had done effective service.

Merton Eastlick, a lad of 12 years, followed the Indians and their captives a short distance and afterwards returned, reporting that half a mile from the battle-field they had killed all the captives but three. It was afterwards ascertained that they murdered Mrs. Everett and babe, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Ireland and two children, three Eastlick children and two Duly children. The three women and six of the children were murdered in cold blood by an Indian who had often received food at the hands of his victims. It was afterwards stated that two of Mr. Everett's little boys, hid in the grass, were lost, and their bones were found in the fall.

Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Duly with eight children—eleven in all—were retained as captives.

A little daughter of M. Duly, only six years of age, was brutally murdered by squaws. They threw the child upon the ground, beat her across the face with rawhides and then threw sharp knives at her, three striking and inflicting wounds that caused her death. Another daughter was afterwards shot in the arm, retaining the bullet until rescued five months afterwards.

Another child was killed by squaws in about the same way.

The day after the fight the Indians returned to the battle ground and found Mr. Everett's daughter, Lillie, about six years old, wounded in the side. Mrs. Duly, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Cook took charge of her and while seated beside them an Indian shot at the group, but fortunately only their clothing was torn. This child was afterwards struck on the head by a squaw with a heavy stake, rendering her insensible for a time, and from the effects of which she did not recover for a long season.

A 12-year old boy, one of the captives cried to go home, which so angered some of the Indians that they killed him by literally cutting him to pieces with knives and cutting chunks of flesh from his limbs.

The wounded men hid in the tall grass but as soon as the Indians had gone out of sight they determined to make an effort to escape. Mr. Everett was helped to his feet, and with Hatch and Bentley started towards New Ulm, but Mr. Duly took a different direction. Mr. Ireland was believed to be fatally wounded and he was somewhere in the grass.

After walking about 16 miles Mr. Everett and party overtook a neighbor named Myers, who was escaping with his sick wife and four children in an ox team. They were taken in and continued their journey until near New Ulm. Here Myers left the party to go into town for assistance. In so doing he was pursued by Indians but fortunately reached there in safety.

After waiting a reasonable time for his return, the party resumed their journey, and avoiding New Ulm, finally succeeded in reaching Crystal Lake, where Company E of the Ninth Minnesota regiment, was encamped. Mistaking their tents for Indian tepees the party left the wagon and hid in a swamp. Fortunately some of the soldiers saw them, they were hunted out, taken to camp and afterwards brought to Mankato.

From the day of the fight until they reached this city just eight days elapsed. Their food during this period was chiefly flour mixed in the sun, fearing that if they built a fire it might lead to discovery by the Indians.

On the journey they made several very narrow escapes. When about forty miles out they went to a house which they found had been sacked by the Indians. While there a party of savages was ransacking a house about ten or fifteen rods distant, and where they remained all night. Mr. Everett and his party crept upon their hands and knees to a pile of brush where they concealed themselves until the Indians had gone. Next day they could distinctly hear the firing of guns, and were in constant fear that they were being pursued.

As we stated before the Indians who had tortured and murdered these settlers had for three years been recipients of many kindnesses at their hands. Three days before the outbreak three tepees of these supposed friendly Indians camped at the lake. They came to Mr. Everett's home to beg ammunition, saying that if he would give them powder and lead they would fight for him, one Indian going so far as to assure him in great earnestness that if an Indian would shoot him (Mr. E.) that he would kill the Indian. Ammunition was freely given them, and there is no doubt but this powder and lead was used in murdering the whites, for the recipients of it were seen with the murdering band.

Merton, the 12-year old son of Mr. Eastlick, who had followed the Indians, was left on the battle ground with a baby brother only 15 months old, wounded. Mrs. Eastlick was also left upon the ground, having gun shot wounds in the back, in the heel of one foot and a duck shot in the head, and afterwards was beaten by a young Indian with the butt of his gun to a condition of insensibility and as he supposed of death. Mr. Ireland was there, too, as we before stated terribly wounded. Merton Eastlick had been told by his mother to take care of his baby brother, and to take him toward the settlement as far as he could, and

supposing her to be dead, he started on his lonely mission. He found Mr. Ireland lying upon the ground, weak and suffering from his wounds. Ireland thought there was no possible hope to escape knowing the long distance intervening, and told the lad that they better remain and die together. But Merton refused, repeating his mother's injunction and his determination to carry it out. Ireland then instructed him as to the route admonished him to caution from the Indians, and the little hero started on his tramp of ninety miles across an almost trackless prairie. He made 16 miles the first day, and 60 miles in all afoot, carrying his little brother on his back, then in his arms and occasionally leading him by the hand short distances at a time, living upon raw corn, bread crusts or other victuals such as he could find at ransacked houses on the route.

Mr. Ireland was much encouraged by the heroic conduct of the little fellow, he determined to make an effort to save himself, and he too, started on his lonely journey. The rain which followed the fight and occasional brief showers afterwards, it is thought, washed his wounds and thus strengthened him for the task. He overtook the Eastlick children and for awhile they traveled together.

Mrs. Eastlick revived, and after dark following the battle crawled to where her husband lay, but found him cold in death, and supposing her children dead she started for the settlement, traveling mostly at night and hiding in the swamps in day time. She tried to eat corn and it made her deathly sick. At a deserted house she caught and killed a chicken, and tearing the breast into shreds which she dried in the sun, she strengthened and sustained herself by eating. This meat and several ears of raw corn was her only food until rescued. She met a mail carrier, who carried her to a station known as "Dutch Charlie's"—Chas. Zierke's—50 miles west of New Ulm, where she was surprised and delighted to find two of her children, Mr. Ireland and Mrs. Hurd and two children.

After resting they journeyed on together to another station known as "Brown's" 25 miles, and sending Mr. Ireland ahead they remained there. The sixth day after the battle he reached New Ulm, where Lieut. Roberts and a detachment of Co. E, Ninth regiment, stationed at that point, was sent to their relief and brought the party to that place from whence, under escort, they were brought to this city.

Merton Eastlick was a slim, delicate lad. He grew to manhood here, but afterwards moved to Rochester, where he died several years ago. We question whether history furnishes a parallel to bravery, determination and physical endurance shown by this lad. The infant brother whom he carried this long distance—John Eastlick—is now a farmer and resides in this county.

The captives were taken to Yellow Medicine Agency and remained there a week or ten days. The camp was bivouaced and the captives taken to the Missouri river. They traveled from ten to thirty miles a day and reached their destination about the 27th of October. The women walked all the way, forded streams, chopped wood, carried water and performed all the menial labor of the camp under supervision of squaws. They were treated with every possible indignity and were objects of barter between the Indians. Mrs. Duly being sold four or five times, the consideration being once a bag of shot, then a couple of blankets and several times a horse. Her little girl was sold once for a gold watch and again for two yards of cloth. These captives, consisting of Mrs. Duly and two children, Mrs. Wright and child, two Ireland children and Mr. Everett's daughter, were ransomed by friendly Yanktons, who paid a horse for each, and they in turn were compensated by the government. They were with the White Lodge band of Sioux, and where rescued in Dakota about one hundred miles north of Fort Pierre.

Mr. Duly remained at Mankato, was appointed chief of scouts under Col. Miller, and to him was awarded the honor of cutting the rope holding the platform of the scaffold upon which the thirty-eight condemned Sioux stood at the time of their execution, and the serving of which gave them a most vigorous boost toward their "happy hunting grounds." The first blow of the ax missed, but the second completely severed the rope. The day of the execution he learned of the ransom of his wife and other captives. For some years he lived in this county, but now resides somewhere in Alabama.