

dured by the exposed settlers—men, women and children.

The particular incident that precipitated the Black Hawk war may be regarded as quite insignificant in itself, in comparison with what followed. In a spirit of sport, a half-drunk man rudely pulled a young Indian chief from his horse. This was at Manti, Sanpete county, April 9, 1865. There had been a restlessness among the Indians previous to that time, and the chief Black Hawk and his band, chiefly composed of Utes, had been engaged in several thieving raids. But the Manti act was the match which started the blaze, and next day three white men were killed, one in Sanpete and two in Sevier county. From that time the trouble spread quickly. Before it was over 2,500 militia were engaged in active service, contending with the Indians in canyons and mountain fastnesses. The two chief engagements of the war were in 1866, at Gravelly Ford and Thistle Valley, in both of which Black Hawk displayed his reckless courage. At the former place he was slightly wounded, but soon recovered. Finally, after a most difficult and vigorous campaign, the Indians found themselves being worsted on all sides, and agreed to terms of peace.

The lapse of thirty years since those troublous times has witnessed the calling away of many of those who took part in the conflict; but even yet a goodly number remain. They were brave men, and women and children too, who participated in that struggle, and today when the survivors assemble in happy reunion, it is meet to accord them praise and honor for their heroic duty, well performed in the days of peril and anxiety. Long live the noble veterans of the Black Hawk war!

In connection with reference to this subject may be noted an incident reported at the Sanpete Stake conference on Saturday last. Sanpete county was in the midst of the greatest troubles of the Black Hawk war. Last Saturday the Bishop of Indianola, in that county, reported the condition of the Indian settlement there. This year one of the red men had raised 500 bushels of wheat, another 300, another 200, and others less amounts. From savage fierceness they have turned to arts of peace, and look upon the white residents as their best and warmest friends. In the hearts of the war veterans assembling in reunion to commemorate a struggle fraught with serious consequences, there is also toward the Indian the best and kindest feelings. Between the red man and the white man in Utah, the hostile antagonism of the past has gone forever, giving place to the harmony of the true brotherhood of man.

"GAIL HAMILTON."

The death of Miss Abigail Dodge, better known as "Gail Hamilton," a bright and vigorous literary woman, and a relative of Mrs. James G. Blaine, is reported in last evening's dispatches. This termination of her recent sickness was not unexpected; nevertheless she will be sincerely mourned, for she was possessed of exceptional courage

and power in her chosen avocation, and showed no signs of failing strength or ability until the touch of paralysis benumbed her faculties—hence she might naturally have been expected to live and labor many years yet. An incident of her readiness in repartee, and of her disposition to fairness also, has been reported in these columns before, but it is good enough to bear repetition, if indeed it is not entirely new to present readers. It was at a time when the anti-Mormon feeling ran high in Washington, and when on that ground efforts were being made to unseat, or prevent the seating of, the delegate in Congress from Utah Territory. Gail Hamilton was occupying a place in the members' gallery, and was approached by a representative who was known to be a bitter antagonist of the people of Utah. It was not generally known, but it was a fact that he had the misfortune to bury three wives in succession, and was then living with the fourth. Seating himself beside the fair journalist, he endeavored to make himself agreeable by pointing out various members of Congress on the floor below, and finally his gaze fell upon, and his finger indicated, the Utah delegate. "There's Mr. Cannon," he said; "he's a Mormon and has four wives. Don't you think it a disgrace that he should have a seat in the Congress of the United States?" The bright woman turned to her questioner with a look of arch surprise and replied: "Oh, I don't know; the only difference I can see between the Utah man and yourself is that he drives his wives abreast while you drive yours tandem."

THEY PROPHECY EVIL.

The European press, commenting on the possible consequences of the United States re-monetizing silver, conjures up many specters. A writer in the Paris Figaro thinks it may lead to an American invasion of Europe and consequent disasters.

Are Americans drifting toward a dictatorship and military despotism? he asks. And then he proceeds to answer this question by saying in substance that the adoption of free silver means nothing less than that a party of unscrupulous politicians is to be raised to power on the ruins of good faith and of public prosperity, and amid this ruin it would be easy for some pot-house politician to play the part of adventurous Caesar. The adoption of the silver standard with free coinage is equivalent to a declaration of bankruptcy. Misery must follow this, and ambitious men will have ample chance for intrigue among the malcontents. Civilian tendencies will appear in times of general financial ruin and easily get the upper hand.

Then the writer draws a picture of the dangers that threaten Europe from America. Imagine, he says, what could be done by those millions of Americans if led by a victorious general. Thirty years ago an American minister to Spain said, during an unguarded moment: "When the time comes, your old Europe with its prejudices will be only a mouthful for an ex-

pedition of American filibusters." Let us hope that an American peril will not be added to the Eastern peril and the Mongolian peril which now threatens Europe.

It is almost incredible what imaginative authors can produce during the hot season of the year, popularly known as the dog days. Fortunately the cooler season is approaching and a more sensible view of the situation is likely to result.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

HOLDEN, Millard Co., Aug. 17, 1896. —About noon today Mr. Hardin Ashby and Mr. Ed Wood, his brother-in-law, and a seven years old boy, Austin Ashby, were coming to town in a cart from the Ashby farm. When about a mile north of their homes, lightning struck their horse dead, and knocked the two men out on to the ground. The little boy, unharmed, ran back to meet his father, Mr. William Ashby and informed him that "Mo (the horse) had fell dead, and Hardin and Ed was struck by lightning." Hardin had risen and staggered a few steps and then fell with his face in a puddle of water, where he would have died had not Ed recovered sufficiently to roll him over and wipe the mud from his mouth and eyes. Not until after he was hauled home did he sense what had happened to him.

Both men are now all right with the exception of a little burned skin on the right shoulder, side and inside of the thigh of Hardin, and the left side thigh and knee of Ed, which looks as though a bullet had been shot into the knee joint. The men were sitting one with the right and the other with the left foot on the axle of the cart. The horse made no move after falling to the ground.

The rain in the mountains brought a flood to town which did considerable damage.

HOLDEN, Aug. 18.—The men struck by lightning felt the effects very palpably this morning.

A. BIRD.

MAJOR E. A. LITTLEFIELD, a veteran newspaper man in Utah, and more particularly of Ogden, proposes to start a daily paper in the Junction city next week, for Bryan—Bimetallism and Protection—not one, but both. The silver Republicans of Ogden and Weber county, who according to all accounts, are 10 to 1 of the party, will thus have an organ to represent their side of the contention, and the major is the very man to give them what they need.

THE BOSTON HERALD pays a high tribute to Samuel H. Sturgis, a member of its staff of local reporters who had served the paper for twenty years, and who was buried on Saturday last. It says of him:

He never wrote anything that he would not sign his name to, and he never made an enemy except of a wrongdoer.

THE BOSTON HERALD, referring to the statement that Rev. T. De Witt Talmage had come out for free silver, says: "Somebody has been lying about Bro. Talmage." Doubtless the reverend gentleman is beginning to feel how it was with some other people whom he has talked about without due regard for the truth.