WORTH WHILE.

By Edward S. Martin.

I PRAY thee, Lord, that when it comes to me
To say if I will follow Truth and thee,
Or choose instead to win as better worth
My pains, some cloying recompense of earth—

Grant me, great Father, from a hard fought field,
Forespent and bruised, upon a battered shield,
Home to obscure endurance to be borne
Rather than live my own mean gains to scorn.

Far better fall with face turned toward the goal,
At one with wisdom and my own worn soul,
Than ever come to see myself prevail,
When to succeed at last is but to fail.

Mean ends to win and therewith be content—
Save me from that! Direct thou the event
As suits thy will: where e'er the prizes go,
Grant me the struggle, t t my soul may grow.

THE DAKOTA GOVERNORSHIP.

[Black Hills Times.]

From our exchanges we learn that Col. Wilbur F. Sanders, of Montana, is much talked of as Governor for this Territory. Should our present incumbent be removed—an event we could endure, we are free to confess, with very little sorrow—there is no man in the long list of capable persons who could fill the office with more benefit to the Territory and credit to himself than Wilbur F. Sanders. Colonel Sanders, fresh from the fields of carnage, a patriotic Union soldier, was among the first settlers of Montana, and helped to organize the Republican party in that Territory when the rebel element almost possessed it. Col. Sanders worked for the party for years without hope of reward, and permitted his name to be used for the Delegateship when all hope of success was impossible. He has withstood the shock of expected, in fact, inevitable, political disaster time after time for the good of the Republican party, when there was everything to lose, financially and personally, and no hope, even the most remote, of any gain. Col. Sanders has been identified with mining countries for nearly eighteen years, is a sound lawyer, and a man of ability. Colonel Sanders is a live, honest Western man, who thoroughly understands our country, its wants, peculiarities, and all pertaining to it. Should he receive the appointment, of all the Territories, Dakota will have the most thorough and practical Governor.

With the generous sentiments expressed by the *Times* a ready and responsive echo is found in Montana. To such good words frankly spoken no one is better entitled than our distinguished townsman. Our jurisprudence, our legislation, our politics—every stirring event and epoch of our history—are part of his life, and with them his name and fame are indissolubly connected. Col. Sanders would make a fit Governor for the great Territory of Dakota, and we can well understand why he might be preferred for that high honor above many others. However, in our opinion, there is one condition precedent at least to the willing acquiescence of this people in the appointment of Col. Sanders to any office outside and beyond Montana. His fellow citizens must first be convinced that they have failed to secure him for their own Governor before they could be persuaded to spare him in that capacity to their neighbors. The Republicans of Montana have the right and reason to expect that the President will respect their wishes again and again expressed, and appoint Col. Sanders to the executive chair of this Territory. In the event only that the voice of Montana in this respect is disregarded can Col. Sanders be spared to grace a similar office elsewhere.

SANDERISMS.

Extracts from Col. W. F. Sanders' Speech of Acceptance and Others.

Shot, Shell and Shrapnel at Short Range.

It is more than twenty-two years ago that I first stood before a small gathering of Republicans in the Territory of Montana, with clouds and darkness in the sky, and accepted from their hands the nomination as their candidate for Delegate in Congress. From that time to this, as occasion seemed to require and as duty commanded, I have taken that standard and borne it through these mountains with whatsoever of fidelity I could command. To me, for saying a word for Republicanism, all spots have been temples and all seasons summer. Outnumbered but not overawed, defeated but never overwhelmed, we have come out of every battle with our banners still in the beautiful sky, lighting up the dark places of Montana with a light the like of which was never yet on sea or land.

* * *

I confess that some of these occasions have been lonesome.

* * *

The errand upon which I am invited to start is no primrose journey. [Laughter.] Unless there has been improvement in the manner of our friends, the enemy, upon my own devoted head will pour not seven vials, but seven demijons of wrath, and be set in motion myriads of tongues that would bring a blush to the cheeks of Ananias and Sapphira.

* * *

I am happy in being able to run against a candidate who is my personal friend, of whom I believe nothing can be said to his harm, who with some aberrations from a straight line of duty can certainly have no crime laid to his door, except that he is allied to the Democracy, and who I believe will come out of this campaign a wiser and a better man.

* * *

I was educated to believe, and my observation and experience have confirmed my conviction, that to speak well of a wrong is a crime against the right; that to speak wrong of the right is to encourage wrong; and to speak well of evil is an injustice to the good, and to speak wrong of the good is to encourage the evil. I will not prevaricate and I will be heard. We have had contention in the times that are passed. I claim at least the credit of having been engaged in a great deal of plain speech. My friends sometimes come around me and say, "Now, Sanders, smooth down the corners, say something flattering, don't make those pungent remarks," and I am often compelled to lie awake nights thinking of those things which should have been said which I have left unsaid.

* * *

Let us go into this campaign like men talking to men; like men that want to do justice; that desire to do justice. If we cannot win, God knows it is honorable to be defeated. God knows such a defeat would make the defeated tower up into the upper sky. I would not be in Congress by pandering to these parties, by doing them this great wrong, by deluding them with phantoms in order to capture their vote, and I would not belong to a party that was dishonorable enough to attempt it.

...e guides ...

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I have no apologies to make for the part which I have taken in it [Montana's history]. I have discharged the duties that have devolved upon me as I saw my way clear. But I am willing to separate, if you please, the questions of the past from the questions that concern us here. I say that the American citizen that will stand awed in the presence of power, will sink his intelligent convictions because some man somewhere declared the moon to be made of green chesse, is what I believe Carlisle calls a meat trough.

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I will say to you that the administration of Grover Cleveland has betrayed the Democratic party of the United States. It has betrayed the enterprise and growth of the West; that it is a well organized conspiracy against the settlement of the frontier country, and under its ukase every one of you are criminals. There is not a man, woman or child that could live in the Territory of Montana if the laws and regulations that have come from that administration were enforced. The administration of Grover Cleveland is intended to force this Territory into bankruptcy. It is going into the courts on the testimony of extortioners and blackmailers; men that we know have been pursued by these blackmailers.

After a conspiaracy against the welfare of that metal [silver] which is one of the great products of Western Montana, so adroitly manipulated and so vigorously executed that the financial world stood appalled at its aberrations; after the production of that metal within the limits of Montana had been imperiled, and all the instrumentalities essential for its treatment had been denied, a Democratic convention met in the Territory of Montana and endorsed the administration of Grover Cleveland! And that, too, after the farmer at his fireside had been assailed by spies and informers that recalled the Fifteenth century along the shores of the Mediterranean, and after we had been privately and confidentially maligned to the Commissioner of the General Land Office until he has said to our own citizens under the dome of a building that we pay for and over which floats a flag that some of us fought to defend, that 95 per cent. of the people of the West were liars and thieves, and that the Democratic party was no better than the Republican—the only truth he told. I don't know how it is with you, but I don't feel grateful for his margin of five per cent.

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The wage workers, whose brawny hands indeed have long been the support and strength and sustenance of the Republican party, but some of whom have been misled by panderers to their own harm, are coming to the forefront, and they are going to inquire how their interests can be subserved. Thank God, they have entered upon that quest! It is high time that they did so. If we shall demonstrate to them, as demonstrate we can, by evidence that is as plain as the stars of night, or the sun in the heaven, that the Democratic party has never been their friend; that it has never done anything but promise what it knew it could not fulfill, and that their great bulwark and strength lies in identification with the Republican party, I have no apprehension but that we shall not only hold them all with us, but those who have never been with us before will come like doves to the windows and say, "Let me in at this late day."

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A TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE.

There is not a man in Montana who has done so much and effectual work as Col. Sanders to lighten the public burdens by the reduction of official fees. With a constancy of purpose that has never faltered for lack of personal courage, that has never been balked by indifference or opposition, he has moved steadily forward upon the strongholds of official emolument and reduced them successively to moderation. We cannot claim that Col. Sanders has done all this work alone, that results in an annual saving of a hundred thousand dollars to the people of the Territory besides still leaving a competent support to the officers, but we only say that in this work for the general welfare against the vested rights of the official class he had lead the van and with tongue, pen and vote, has dealt the most effectual blows. Major Maginnis plumes himself largely for the opposition to the measure pending in Congress for the disposal of our vacant lands in larger tracts at cheap rates, but he forgets to say that he never made a move or uttered a sound until every newspaper of the Territory of both parties showed him that it would not be safe to disregard so general a sentiment among his constituents. Now we will guarantee the people of Montana that Col. Sanders will do ten times the effective work to defeat this scheme that would parcel out our Territory among a few cattle kings, than Major Maginnis either could or would do. Col. Sanders is by nature and instinct a sympathizer with and champion for the weak against the oppressor. Many say that like all lawyers he will advocate any cause for hire. This is the common criticism on the legal profession, but those who have most closely watched the career of Col. Sanders must have remarked the exceeding energy and eloquence with which he always throws himself into the advocacy of the cause of the feeble and persecuted.

The Territories have a story of neglect and oppression to tell to Congress that needs an inspired advocate to present in such style as will arrest the attention of the country and command that of the indifferent and preoccupied Congressmen. A man of Col. Sanders unbounded activity, readiness for emergencies, variety of resources and utter fearlessness, strikes us as being the one by all odds to advocate the interests of the much-abused and neglected Territories. We believe the people will see it more for their interests than his to send him as their delegate and advocate to Congress.

FOR ANOTHER'S SAKE.

Contributed to the Sunday Courier.

Out of death's cloud an angel sings,
Dry leaves kindle in flowers at last,
By the wayside cross we find fresh springs,
For pilgrims of ages toiling past;
When tender mercies our griefs o'ertake,
Let us build of the dark and stony things
A Bethel tower for another's sake.

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,"
With answers of music we repeat,
And a sharp cry cuts the air from one
Who stands beside us with unshod feet:
Love shares our load, lest the heart should break,
And prayer is answered in duty sweet
If we but toil for another's sake.

All around us, unfelt, unheard,
Hearts throb under an icy chain;
The clasp of a hand, a loving word,
Would melt their fetters in summer rain;
Christ of the tenderest hearts that ache,
Teach us to suffer, if through our pain
We comfort one soul for the dear Lord's sake!

MRS. S. EDGERTON'S SUDDEN DEATH.

The announcement of the death of Mrs. Sidney Edgerton at her home on Oak street, West Hill, yesterday afternoon, was a shock to her large circle of friends, and from the suddenness with which the sorrow came, even the family and her immediate attendants were not exempt. Though suffering for several years from a complaint that did not yield to treatment, only since Thursday had the disease assumed a form that gave occasion for apprehension, and the swiftness with which the fatal issue came was not thought of by those about her. The funeral will be held from the family residence on Oak street to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock and the burial will take place in Tallmadge.

Mrs. Edgerton was born in 1827 in Tallmadge where she lived until her marriage in 1849. She then came with her husband to Akron. Afterwards she spent some time in Tallmadge, and accompanied her husband to Washington, staying with him there during his two terms in Congres, from 1859 to 1863. Later she went with him to Idaho, of which territory Gov. Edgerton was Chief Justice by appointment of President Lincoln, and in 1864 to Montana, of which he was Governor until July, 1865. She was the mother of nine children, two of whom died when quite young. Of the other children one son, W. P. Edgerton, is now instructor at West Point Military Academy; the other, Sidney C. Edgerton, is in Helena, Montana. The oldest daughter, Mrs. H. P. Rolfe, resides at Fort Benton, Montana, and a younger sister, Pauline, is spending some months with her. The three younger daughters, Idaho, Ione and Mina are at home, and with the husbands and father and other kin who are here will have heartfelt sympathy in the bereavement which has fallen upon them so suddenly and heavily. Mrs. H. S. Carter and Mr. Benjamin Wright, of Tallmadge, are sister and brother of the deceased.

It is unnecessary to mention the many virtues of this estimable lady. Those who knew her know of her lovely character, her life of cheerful patience and self-sacrifice.

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of head, and back, and leg as in summer's heat or winter's cold they drew us on monotonous journeys.

I do not like to complain of the management of this greeting, but as I am not advised whether the Governor or Mayor is presiding, I beg to say from my knowledge of parliamentary law—and I am deeply versed in that science, having studied it in a Montana Legislature—I am of the opinion that inasmuch as this is a compliment tendered by you to Mr. Villard, Mr. Botkin and myself are out of order, and I will close.

Mr. Villard has given you a vivid picture of the material good which the advent of this railroad will bring. I may be permitted to say that the presence of this large assemblage, rejoicing to give him a hearty welcome, attests that we instinctively feel the advent of the Northern Pacific road is fraught with something more than cheap freight. This great highway of commerce is transfigured before us, and not our inner but actual sight beholds phantom trains bringing to Montana the refining influences of art, the elevating and ennobling qualities of learning, and the fair humanities of old religion. And I trust to transgress no rule of propriety when I say that he who spans a continent with such an highway of commerce does something more than makes a successful investment of money for its possessors—he writes his name high among those who win battles; who discover continents; who find the potent secrets of Nature; who found States; who emancipate mankind—he has a grateful place in human affection and memory, and whatever of protestation his modesty may compel, the Muse of history writes his name among the benefactors of mankind.

There is always sunshine somewhere!
Though the night be round thee drawn,
Somewhere still the east is bright'ning
With the rosy flush of dawn.
What though near the bat is flitting,
And the raven croaks his lay,
Somewhere still the sun bird's greeting
Hails the rising of the day!

Let us lay to heart the comfort
In this sweet reflection found,
That, however dense our darkness,
Somewhere still the world around
Dews are glistening, flowers uplifting,
Wild birds warbling, as re-born;
Lakes and streams and woods and mountains
Melting in the kiss of morn!

Ne'er was night, however dismal,
But withdrew its wings of gloom;
Ne'er was sorrow, but a day-star
Hinted of the morrow's bloom;
Ne'er was woe, but in its bosom
Was the seed of hope impearled;

Last week Wednesday afternoon, the funeral services of Mr. William Saunders were held at the Baptist church, Rev. Mr. Decker officiating. Mr. Saunders died on the Sunday night previously, after an illness of several months. He was in the 82d year of his age. He came from Brookfield, Madison Co., to Leon, Cattaraugus Co., in 1828—the year the Thayers were hung in Buffalo—which was an event of so great importance in the then sparse population of "the west" that it has since served as an epoch from which to date events. In Leon he took a piece of wild land of 200 acres which he cleared, and lived upon until 1863 when he sold it and moved to Forestville where he has since resided. Before leaving Brookfield he was married to Permilla Marsh, who, with three sons and one daughter, survive him. The sons are Darwin M., now living in Bradford, Pa., Nelson T., in Dunkirk, and L. Maxson, a lawyer living in Washington, D.C. The daughter lives in the West. Mr. Saunders was a quiet and unobtrusive man, yet possessed of strong convictions, a good citizen, and for over fifty years a consistent member of the Baptist church. He leaves a good name and a fair property.

Since the above was put in type the following fuller and more correct biography has been handed in:

William Saunders, the subject of the sketch whose death is noted above, was born in Renssellaer county, this state, on the 22d day of April, A. D., 1799, and was therefore in his 82d year at the time of his death. He was the fourth of a family of nine children, all of whom lived to reach mature life, five of whom, (sisters) now survive him and reside in Cattaraugus and Chautauqua counties, with the exception of Mrs. John Rue who resides in the city of Chicago, Ill. In early life and about the year 1825, William Saunders was united in marriage at Brookfield, Madison Co., with Pamelia Marsh, a playmate of his youth, and a daughter of Judge Marsh, and immediately thereafter removed with the aid of wagon and team to the then wilds of Cattaraugus Co. He settled in the town of Leon, at that time an almost unbroken tract of forest, and alone with but scanty means he cut the first trees from the tract of land selected for his future home, and erected thereon the well known log cottage that became not only the shelter of his own family in after years, but the hospitable resort and comfortable home of his father's family—who soon after followed him—as well as to the stranger and traveler in a wilderness country. To all he gave a generous welcome of his labors, his toil. His privations, suffered and endured in his increasing effort to provide a home and competency for his family, no one will ever know save she, who was his companion in privation and toil as well as the sharer of his joys. For to them

"The fields did laugh the flowers did freshly spring,
The trees did bud and early blossoms bore;
And all the choir of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that garden's pleasures in their caroling."

It was there amidst those scenes of forest and field, that their little family came to them one by one until the cheerful shout and merry laughter of five healthy children brought sunshine and care, joy and anxiety to that rude home, hewn from forest trees. There all grew to be men and women and all now survive him but one, he, the eldest son Samuel, died in 1850, at the age of 21 years—his being the only vacant chair in the circle until now.

In 1864, the subject of this sketch sold his homestead in Leon and purchased a small place in the village of Forestville, N. Y., where he removed and has since resided, leading a quiet, peaceful life in his declining years. He was a zealous member of the Baptist church for many years and made generous contributions to its support. It can be said of him that he was an honest man in all of his dealings, and will be remembered and regretted by his many friends in the two counties as a good neighbor and a useful and upright citizen.

"Farewell, a word that hath been and must be;
A sound that makes us linger, yet farewell."

Whittier's Last Poem

his Greeting to Dr. Holmes in September "Atlant

Life is indeed no holiday ; therein
Are want and woe and sin,
Death and its nameless fears, and over all
Our pitying tears must fall.

Thy hand, old friend! The service of our days
In differen moods and ways
May prove to those who follow in our train
Not valueless nor vai .

. . . . . .

The hours draw near, howe'er delayed and late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no toll ;
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
And live because He lives.

Time was: it past:—
Thou canst not it recall;
Time is: thou hast:—

Improve the portion small:—
Time future is not, and may never be:—
Time present is the only time for thee.

Freedom Sanders

TRANSFIGURATION.

IN MEMORY OF HER MOTHER.

Mysterious Death! who in a single hour
Life's gold can so refine;
And by thy art divine
Change mortal weakness to immortal powe

Bending beneath the weight of eighty years
Spent with the noble strife
Of a victorious life,
We watched her fading heavenward, throu
tears.

But, ere the sense of loss our hearts had wrun
A miracle was wrought,
And swift as happy thought
She lived again, brave, beautiful, and young.

Age, Pain, and Sorrow, dropped the veils they wore,
And showed the tender eyes
Of angels in disguise,
Whose discipline so patiently she bore.

The past years brought their harvests rich and fair,
While Memory and Love
Together fondly wove
A golden garland for the silver hair.

How could we mourn like those who are bereft,
When every pang of grief
Found balm for its relief
In counting up the treasure she had left?

Faith that withstood the shocks of toil and time,
Hope that defied despair,
Patience that conquered care,
And loyalty whose courage was sublime.

The great, deep heart that was a home for all;
Just, eloquent and stong,
In protest against wrong;
Wide charity that knew no sin, no fall.

The Spartan spirit that made life so grand,
Mating poor daily needs
With high, heroic deeds,
That wrested happiness from Fate's hard hand.

We thought to weep, but sing for joy instead,
Full of grateful peace
That followed her release;
For nothing but the weary dust lies dead.

O noble woman! never more a queen
Than in the laying down
Of sceptre and of crown,
To win a greater kingdom yet unseen:

Teaching us how to seek the highest goal;
To earn the true success;
To live, to love, to bless,
And make death proud to take a royal soul.

—*Louisa May Alcott.*

MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

You ask for her dear picture, that my hand
Has not the skill to draw.
A patient face
Where pain and care and sorrow left their trace;
Hair that is smoothed above the brow, a band
Of shining silver,—angels in the land
Of peace have such an aureole to grace
Their foreheads; lips where one would place
Only pure kisses; eyes that have command,
Entreaty, love, mirth, pathos, rarely blent
In their kind glances.
Nay, I cannot paint
Her portrait! for the soul that is so sweet
Soars too far heavenward, as though 'twere lent
Only in part to earth. Picture a saint,
And you will have her likeness then complete.

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

SANDERS' ELOQUENCE.

Opening Speech Before the Republican Territorial Convention.

Immediately after calling the Convention to order, Col. W. F. Sanders, Chairman of the Republican Territorial Central Committee, delivered the following eloquent address, reference to which is made in our account of the Convention's proceedings, in this issue of the COURIER:

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION:

In a presence so august as this, perish every selfish consideration. Perish also here the coarse and personal considerations of individual ambition.

Thirty years ago was the close of an era that may be fitly termed "the dark ages" of American politics. Franklin Pierce was President of the United States, and the election and administration of James Buchanan were to follow. Massachusetts, by her greatest orator and statesman, had been advised to "conquer her prejudice," and another political leader, of equal following if not of equal renown, had commended himself to his countrymen by avowing his indifference whether slavery was "voted up or voted down."

Thirty years ago next February, in the City of Pittsburgh an attempt was made to raise politics to the level of higher morality and to give expression and unity and power to better political principles, and there was then organized a political party declaring liberty its chief cornerstone, and it was christened Republican.

Twenty-eight years ago that political organization, by its delegates assembled in the City of Brotherly Love, nominated its first candidate and conducted its first great battle. If it did not succeed in placing its candidate in the Presidential chair, it arrested public attention to the infidelity of the times, more clearly comprehended the struggle, corrected the errors inseparable from new organizations and armed itself "with kings to strive."

Young men who are here before me can scarcely recall the discussions of those years or comprehend the enthusiasm, the courage and valor which characterized that era.

Twenty-four years ago, in the City of Chicago, then being lifted as by magic by the ingenuity of man out of the mud of Fort Dearborn, and even then prophesying something of its present greatness—a miracle of energy and nerve and a typical American city—while the entire northern portion of the United States was waiting in breathless suspense, it nominated its first President and gave the name of Abraham Lincoln to an immortality of fame.

In this high debate the economic questions were crowded to the background, for it involved a discussion of the primal and essential and universal rights of man. How nobly our great leader bore himself in all these strivings! What inspiration we gathered from his words and example! How he lifted us from our "dead selves to higher things" will remain a nursery tale until the last syllable of recorded time.

The result of the struggle of the Republican party thus far was worthy of the inspiring name that directed it, and the American Republic stood in the presence of the nations, redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled.

Sixteen years ago we again assembled in the City of Chicago, and to vindicate Republics from the charge of ingratitude, surrounded by the bent and broken forms of soldiers inspired by the same lofty purpose, gathering into our ranks warriors, poets and orators whose names are the most precious heritage of the generation, nominated as our candidate for President him on whose patient, persistent and lofty courage and skill we had relied in the dark days of the Rebellion, who imaged and typified the power that had preserved the banner of the Republic that now floats over us, and crowned Gen. Grant with the last felicity to which human ambition may aspire, and that name is mentioned with reverent admiration in every corner of the habitable globe. With these brief years the struggle that was conducted recalls the description of the poet:

> "A kingdom for a stage,
> Princes to act
> And monarchs to behold
> The swelling scene."

Twenty years ago in the Territory of Montana the plane of political morality was low, and the impulse of patriotism was dead. Worse than that, the lurid light of war reflected over our mountains and valleys. The fell shadows of treason and faction and passion ruled with an undisputed sway. The situation presented was of "That hue when some great painter dips his pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse."

A few of our citizens, lamenting this condition of things, in that year organized here the Republican party and planted within our borders the ineradicable footsteps of patriotism. With what courage they fought the good fight, how nobly they kept the faith of liberty, how inspiring their words and deeds, what vicissitudes of fortune and misfortune befell them, with what a coherent unity they marshaled their forces and marched to battle, is a story which would draw old men from the chimney corner and children from their play. In this presence it certainly needs no recital. Whatever may be said of the condition numerically considered, in a wider and more philosophical aspect it has been fraught with beneficence and it is rich with uncounted good.

At the Chicago Convention in 1868, which nominated General Grant, another event occurred worthy of the impulse of the hour, for there for the first time it was resolved that they who had taken the banners of the Republic and, marching beyond the confines of civilization to conquer for better things the abodes of the savage, who were a part and parcel of the American people interested in the character of its rulers, and obedient to its laws, should be entitled to a voice in the political conventions to name candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, and they then resolved that each Territory of the United States should be entitled to two votes in their National Conventions, and that they would not stigmatize with disfranchisement and ostracism—bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh—the founders of empire.

It is to avail ourselves of that high privilege, which we cannot belittle and for which we are profoundly grateful, that we have assembled to-day—delegates representing an area of one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, inhabited by more than an hundred thousand freemen. The past is indeed secure, and no prophecy is required to open before us what the expanding vision of the future will reveal—a Commonwealth of thoughtful, industrious and independent citizens, discouraging faction, resenting dictation, welcoming with hospitable generosity every new and useful accretion, absorbing into a coherent mass the widely diverse influences that come, and molding them all into the model Commonwealth of the World. In the poverty and stagnation which characterized the Past we often drew courage by imagining what is Here and Now. Let us then set a high example, worthy not only of what has been and what is, but of all that the illimitable future will bring, when Montana shall be a great State contributing from her material, moral and intellectual resources leaves for the healing of the nations.

> "Here shall the Press the People's Rights maintain,
> Unawed by Influence and unbribed by Gain;
> Here Patriot Truth her sacred precepts draw,
> Pledged to Religion, Liberty and Law."

Freedom Sanders

MISS HENRIETTA GASTMANN,

So long and so well known as a teacher in the Academy here, died on Tuesday of this week, at her father's home in Randolph.

Miss Gastmann, during the past four years, had been a great sufferer from a painful hip disease. She had undergone extensive treatment at Buffalo and elsewhere, but with no avail. She endured her great affliction with a fortitude and heroism but rarely equalled in the story of bodily suffering.

Her connection with the school at this place was always regarded with much favor. She will be remembered as a teacher of rare merit, and a lady whose social virtues were universally esteemed. The people in this community have felt much anxiety and interest in her behalf during her long illness, and a wide circle of friends will be pained at the news of her death.

front of war" at Washington. The spectacle of military evolution moved her deeply, and to a friend she exclaimed: "How I wish I could put the meaning of this into verse!" The idea haunted her, and when she retired at night it was only to think of it. She tried to write, but found it impossible. Early the next morning she awoke and found her thoughts throbbing unconsciously to the stirring air, then all the rage, of "John Brown." Springing from bed in the gray light of early dawn, she found paper, and in a brief half hour the battle-hymn was written. The old girl-spirit of Julia Ward, the enthusiast, came back to her, her color hightened with the same flush which burned when the words were written, as she forgot self, audience, and all, and recited in sympathetic accents the famous hymn:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of women, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
th a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

GOV. EDGERTON HONORED

HIS BROTHERS OF THE BAR OBSERVE HIS BIRTHDAY.

The residence of Ex-Governor Edgerton, 106 Oak street, was the scene of a pleasant gathering last evening. The 64th birthday of Gov. Edgerton occurred yesterday. In celebration of the event about 75 friends, embracing members of the Bench, the Bar, and many prominent citizens tendered him and his family a genuine surprise party. The host was made the recipient of a beautiful plush rocker, a sofa, a gold headed cane and a purse of money. The cane bore the inscription, "Birthday—Gov. S. Edgerton—From his friends—August 17, 1883." Mrs. Edgerton was also given a handsome easy chair. J. A. Kohler, Esq., made the presentation address. A summary of his remarks is as follows.

"Most Potent, Grave and Reverend Seigneur:

"We have come to honor Cæsar, not to bury him. We have unceremoniously taken Old Father Time by the forelock and on this, the 64th anniversary of your birthday, and while you are still with us and of us we have come to testify to you, face to face, our sincere admiration for those qualities of head and heart which have so endeared you to the people where you have lived and especially to the entire brotherhood of lawyers.

"In early life you came here 'a youth to fortune and to fame unknown,' and here in the then little town of Akron you launched your bark on the fierce legal deep, and from that time to this you have paddled your own canoe. You possessed in an eminent degree those qualities that in the long run achieve success, and your life as a lawyer and as a public man illustrates the truth that there is no royal road to eminence in either, and that the best capital for a young man is intellectual merit and moral worth. It was not long until the people of this district recognizing your merits sent you to Congress as their representative at an important epoch in our county's history. Human rights were at stake and bravely and ably did you champion those rights, and so acceptably did you discharge your duties that you were renominated and re-elected.

Then the President of the United States appointed you Chief Justice of the Territory of Idaho, and together with your faithful wife you traveled over the sandy plains before the day of railroads and took up your home in that far off land. Society then was in a chaotic state, and it took a brave man to hold the scales of Justice, but together with Judge Lynch you drove out the marauder and free-booter and laid the foundations of social order. You then aided in creating the Territory of Montana and became its first Governor, and then you returned here to your old home to spend your days. Here you were married. Here your children were reared. Here at the Bar you have achieved your proudest triumphs and here you will probably die.

"We look upon you as one of the veterans of the bar. You were cotemporary with Judges Humphrey, Humphreyville, and such lawyers as Governor Bliss, C. P. Wolcott, S. W. McClure and L. V. Bierce, and these were giants in those days. You have lived to see younger men come upon the stage and they are here to-night to honor you with their presence, and if I could adequately voice the sincere respect, regard and good will of each and all present, and who have made me their spokesman on this occasion, I would believe myself an eloquent speaker indeed."

Gov. Edgerton feelingly responded thanking his friends for the substantial manifestation of their esteem.

During the evening, the following poem, written by Probate Judge N. W. Goodhue, was read:

Old friend, Life's rugged road we've traveled o'er,
Until we almost see the farther shore
Across old Charon's famous ferry;
The ups and downs of life we've felt and seen,
The downs we've had, the ups that might have been
Were rather shy; and still we're merry.

We've labored hard and long, with hand and brain,
A little wealth for us and ours to gain.
And earned as much as richer neighbors;
But then we couldn't keep the slippery stuff,
We could not squeeze the dollars tight enough
To make them compensate our labors.

We've seen some weaklings climb to wealth and fame,
With scarcely sense enough to write their name,
But had the knack of being gassy;
While gifted men with manly, conscious pride,
Neglected and unsung have lived and died.
And just because they were not brassy.

And yet some noted men of largest wealth,
Have earned the prize, and fairly, without stealth,
And pour it out, a hallowed blessing,
Among the worthy, needy everywhere,
Retaining only for themselves such share
As gives them comfort in possessing.

And sometimes, too, the man of grandest fame,
By noble deeds has earned his famous name,
And to his friends it lends its lustre;
Not all the rich and great will bar the door
Against the honest, struggling, worthy poor,
Around whose homes their blessings cluster.

There's good and bad among the high and low,
It ever was and ever will be so,
As long as earth and time endure.
The bad will sow the seeds of wrong and hate,
The good will strive the ills of life t'abate,
And gain the boon their lives secure.

We're growing old, my friend, yes, you and I;
As friends we've lived, as friends we hope to die,
And share life's joy and ills together;
Live worthy of the ones who trust and love us,
Be true to those below and those above us
In sunshine and in stormy weather.

We'll neither fume nor fret if fortune frowns,
We'll glory in the ups and gulp the downs,
And take the world just as we find it;
And hoping ever grand, good times to see,
Some splendid times, old friend, for you and me,
And if we fail, say never mind it.

We'll plod along and do the good we can,
Nor faults and wrongs of others closely scan,
So that our own may be forgiven;
Our thoughts and deeds and words and wishes square
By what is plainly honest, good and fair,
And never from the right be driven.

We'll clothe the naked and the hungry feed,
And give of what we have to those who need,
And if there is a crown we'll win it;
And end our days in peace with all mankind,
And leave the world with no regrets behind,
A world no worse because we're in it.

The evening was spent in conversation, games, etc. Refreshments were served, and it was the verdict of every one that the evening had been most enjoyably and profitably passed. Judge Goodhue, who had the arrangements in charge, is to be congratulated on the success of his efforts.

hey

and

Departure of a Teacher.

We regret that our graded schools are to lose the services of Miss S. Sanders, who summoned East by the severe, but we trust not dangerous, illness of her mother, now bending beneath the weight of nearly four score years. Col. W. F. Sanders, during his recent trip to the States, visited with the venerable parent for some days, and the same filial affection during the passing years has drawn others of the family whose homes are in Montana, to the aged mother in Western New York. Miss Sanders takes her departure to-morrow (Tuesday) morning. She will be missed here in society not less than in the schools. Suffering most will be the many attached pupils who are so much indebted to her for the progress always marked under her instruction. The venerable mother, we sincerely hope, may recover from the affliction which has befallen her and be restored to the enjoyment of the uniform good health which has blessed her through a long and useful life.

Mrs. Franklin Edgerton.

Born, Phelps, N. Y., Dec. 6th, 1820.
Died, Marshall Mich., Aug. 31st, 1887.

In the afternoon sunshine of the last day of summer she died—a fitting day, a fitting hour for one whose summer of life had passed, but had forgotten to take with it its old-time beauty and brightness.

As sad as the close of the summer which had brought us much of joy and happiness, as peacefully yet suddenly as it has seemed to leave us, so peacefully yet suddenly came the end at last. We could not think it true, yet thus does death sometimes come to our homes claiming our dear ones, leaving us in loneliness and tears, yet withal lifting our hearts higher, bringing our lives nearer to Him who has said, "Blessed are they that mourn."

As beautiful as the summer with its roses and golden grain was her life, beautiful in her home where she made sacred the name of wife and mother, beautiful in that larger circle where she was ever the welcome guest, where loving service from her hand seemed part of her daily creed, where all who knew her were her friends and were proud to bid her greeting. Strong in her womanliness, tender and true she was, with that deeper faith and brighter hope which looked beyond the clouds of the morning and caught a glimpse of the sunshine of the perfect day.

The loved and loving sister, wife, mother, friend, she has gone from the home she loved so well, from our greetings and our tears, yet leaving to our burdened, sorrowing hearts blessed memories of a life well spent, of a noble, tender, beautiful womanhood.

THE RIFT OF THE ROCK.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

In the rift of the rock He has covered my head,
When the tempest was wild in the desolate land,
Through a pathway uncertain my steps He has led,
And I felt in the darkness the touch of His hand.
Leading on, leading over the slippery steep,
Where came but the echoing sound of the shock,
And, clear through the sorrowful moan of the deep,
The singing of birds in the rift of the rock.

In the rift of the rock He has sheltered my soul,
When at noon the toilers grew faint in the heat,
When the desert rolled far like the limitless scroll
Cool waters leaped up at the touch of His feet!
And the flowers that lay with pale lips to the sod
Bloom softly and fair from a holier stock,
Winged home by the winds to the mountains of God,
They bloom evermore in the rift of the rock.

In the rift of the rock Thou wilt cover me still
When the glow of the sunset is low in the sky,
When the forms of the reapers grow dim on the hill,
And the song dies away, and the end draweth nigh;
It will be but a dream of the ladder of light,
And Heaven drawing near without terror or shock,
For the angels descending by day and by night
Will open the door through the rift of the rock.

MRS. MARTHA EDGERTON, wife of Volney Edgerton, was born in the town of Phelps, Ont. Co., N. Y., Oct. 17, 1819, and died at her residence in the town of Manchester, Ashtabula county, Ohio, one and a short distance from the place of her birth, Jan. 7, 1882.

Sister Edgerton was the daughter of Isaac and Mary Sheriff. Her father was for many years a class-leader and exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was married April 16, 1840, and became the mother of six children. Three have departed, one with the prime of womanhood and the crown of motherhood upon her, only a little more than two years ago. She was converted when very young and united with the church of her father. She held her membership at Orleans, except four years, during which she and her husband resided in Michigan, until about four years ago, when she removed it to Clifton Springs. During the nearly forty-two years of marital life he who doubtless knew her best had never known her to express any doubt in regard to the divine and blessed reality of experimental Christianity. Her experience was clear and her faith in the religion of the Bible was strong and unwavering, though she was very quiet and undemonstrative. To him who was her last pastor she was always sisterly and cheerful, never bringing complaint against the church or any individual or thing in it. With love for Christ, confidence in the good, and kind feeling towards all, she quietly and faithfully did the duties which devolved upon her as wife, mother and Christian. We thank God for her being and life, for the grace which made her what she was and for the precious memory she leaves. We bow to the unerring rule of our Lord and apply His cheering words: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

CHARLES EDDY.

A Magnificent Speech from the Candidate.

A Republican Love Feast in the Hall and a Reception After Adjournment.

[SPECIAL TO THE HERALD.]

BUTTE, September 16.—The announcement of Col. Sander's nomination on the fifteenth ballot—telephoned to the HERALD in advance of proclaiming the result of the vote to the convention—was received with the wildest enthusiasm. Delegates rose to their feet, shouting and tossing their hats in the air, while the great crowd of spectators shook the building with their deafening rounds of cheers. As soon as some degree of order was restored, the voices of Burleigh and Power were heard moving and seconding the unanimous nomination of Sanders.

Loud and continuous calls for the standard bearer—the war horse of Montana Republicanism—swelled up from hundreds of hoarse sounding throats, and storms of applause greeted the Colonel as he moved forward and mounted the platform. It is not possible within the space of this dispatch to more than mention the magnificent speech that succeeded and occupied three-quarters of an hour in its forceful and impassioned delivery. No effort of the Colonel's in the political times that have gone before equalled it in brilliancy. He was in one of his happiest oratorical moods, and the vast audience responded to his many telling hits with uproarious laughter and applause. The Democratic administration was handled without gloves, and the history of its persistent and relentless warfare upon every material interest of Montana was recited with a plainness and point never surpassed. The spy system established to harry the people, the timber seizures, the crusade commenced and kept up on thousands of honest settlers, the organized conspiracy against the silver industry, were among the counts laid at the Democratic door. And in the face of all this and more—the fencing out of railroads and the refusal to allow them to cross an unpeopled reservation into the Territory—the Democratic party of Montana in convention assembled deliberately and unqualifiedly records its endorsement of the Cleveland administration!

Sanders was followed by Burleigh, Carter, Knowles, McCutcheon and Haldorn in a splendid array of speeches, and the Republican love feast continued up to 11 o'clock. Adjournment came with rousing cheers for the grand old party and candidate. Afterward, at the St. Nicholas, a serenade by the band took place and an informal reception by the candidate continued till past midnight.

SANDERS' SPEECH.

Complete Text of the Address of the Republican Standard Bearer Delivered at Butte.

One of the Best Oratorical Efforts of His Life.

A Political Utterance that Every Montanian Will Read.

Alex. C. Botkin on the Nomination.

Mr. President, Fellow Republicans, Gentlemen: I confess that this is an occasion of great embarrassment. I have no speech prepared appropriate to deliver in accepting at your hands the nomination which you have conferred. The Governor of this Territory, in my town, has a newspaper which has been violently gesticulating and tearing its hair in its deep solicitude for the welfare of the Republican party and the action that it should take this day. Not doubting its sincerity, I have read in its columns of the friends that have fallen away from me, of the infidelities of which I had been guilty, until I had made up my mind that it was fitting that a Republican who had stood before this people for twenty-three years should come over here and with whatsoever of will, of voice, of cordiality, he could command, should second the nomination which you should be pleased to make. I find now that my good intentions have been thwarted.

It is more than twenty-two years ago that I first stood before a small gathering of Republicans in the Territory of Montana, with clouds and darkness in the sky, and accepted from their hands the nomination as their candidate for delegate in congress. From that time to this, as occasion seemed to require and as duty commanded, I have taken that standard and borne it through these mountains with whatsoever of fidelity I could command. To me, for saying a word for republicanism, all spots have been temples and all seasons summer. [Applause.] Outnumbered but not overawed, defeated but never overwhelmed, we have come out of every battle with our banners still in the beautiful sky, lighting up the dark places of Montana with a light the like of which was never yet on sea or land. [Applause.] I confess that some of these occasions have been lonesome. [Laughter.] Some of these duties have been laborious, but I have never yielded an hour to the Republican party of Montana that has not carried with it its overwhelming reward. What can I say, as I recall the names of the living and the dead who have been with me in those heady battles, that shall do justice to the magnificence of their courage and to the heroism and devotion of their faith? The demi-gods of ancient mythology pale into insignificance before the nobility of their deeds. [Applause.] We have had an overwhelming majority to contend with at home, we have not always commanded the sympathy of our friends abroad, but finally it has come to a time in the history of Montana when the Lord has delivered the enemy into our hands. [Laughter and applause.] During that time children have been born, they have grown to manhood and will be voters in this election. From all the busy mouths of mischief has come the accusation that all the evils with which nature seems to have afflicted the earth are due to the reign of Republicanism. There would be no more need for toil, no man need to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, if once the Democratic party could be given the reins. Cyclones would vanish from the earth and earthquakes disturb the surface of the globe no more, if there could be a Democratic President in the White House and a Democratic Governor in Montana. [Laughter.] The hour has come. We have had eighteen months of it, and how do you like it? Not how do you Republicans like it, but how do you Democrats like it?

It has started in by betraying the very interests that are dear to you, your wives and children, your firesides and homes, your fortunes and everything that you possess. [Applause.] It is a well organized conspiracy, not against the industrial prosperity alone, but against social order as well.

The wageworkers, whose brawny hands indeed have long been the support and strength and sustenance of the Republican party, but some of whom have been misled by panderers to their own harm, are coming to the forefront, and they are going to inquire how their interests can be subserved. Thank God, they have entered upon that quest! It is high time that they did so. If we shall demonstrate to them, as demonstrate we can, by evidence that is as plain as the stars of night, or the sun in the heaven, that the Democratic party has never been their friend, that it has never done anything but promise what it knew it could not fulfill, and that their great bulwark and strength lies in identification with the Republican party, I have no apprehension but that we shall not only hold them all with us, but those who have never been with us before will come like doves to the windows and say: "Let me in at this late day." [Laughter and applause.]

They are our neighbors. They are our friends. They are bound up with us in heart and hope. They are patriots that love their country and have no future beyond its existence, its prosperity, and its glory. Men thus bound to us by ties of a common interest, enjoying the same supreme government, knowing that they are kings over all, are not going to be fooled by honeyed words, and I thought as my friend Botkin this morning spoke, it was well to say that "a party shall be known not by its words but by its deeds," and the deeds of the Republican party in behalf of human freedom and in behalf of securing to labor dignity and nobility are written in lines across the forefront of the universal sky.

It is a hopeful sign of the times. I welcome it with glad rejoicing, that all over this Territory of Montana and all over this country those men are beginning to inquire how can I best subserve the interests with which I am identified and the interests of those who, like me, earn their bread by the sweat of their brow? [Applause.]

The errand upon which I am invited to start is no primrose journey. [Laughter.] Unless there has been improvement in the manner of our friends, the enemy, upon my own devoted head will pour not seven vials, but seven demijohns of wrath, [cheers and laughter] and set in motion myriads of tongues that would bring a blush to the cheeks of Ananias and Sapphira.

I am happy in being able to run against a candidate who is my personal friend, of whom I believe nothing can be said to his harm, who with some aberration from a straight line of duty can certainly have no crime laid to his door except that he is allied to the Democracy, and who I believe will come out of this campaign a wiser and better man. [Laughter.] If I would consult nothing else but my own interest I would decline the nomination. My interests, my identification with various enterprises is such as to make its acceptance and the consequent election considerable of a sacrifice. That election will involve the necessity of severing my present relations with the best client in the Territory, the Northern Pacific railroad, [loud cheers and applause] not that I wish or you wish that company to be turned over to any injustice, but because I will not consent to occupy a place of public trust and seem to be influenced or have it plausibly said that I am influenced by individual and private and personal and pecuniary relations. [Applause.] I have sat here through all this convention, and this is a small item, and refused when any friends were clamoring in my ears to vote for myself. I don't know but a man might when he is elected to perform an official duty for his neighbors and friends, be misled by personal feelings, and therefore I have chosen to say I will put everything of that kind behind, and have it said that I do not vote for anything from such influences. [Applause.]

I shall hope during this campaign to see many of these good Republicans in their neighborhoods. They do not come out to be converted. I do not propose to give an hour to talk to them. I say that the time has come, here and now, for the Democratic party to see itself. I say it has in the Territory of Montana been grievously betrayed. I say that those old party hacks—I might proceed to name them; they are as familiar as the day is—McCormick and Word and Cullen and Johnston—I don't want to get near home—Pemberton, John Shober and Harry Comly—the intellectual Pleiades of the Democratic party, the seven stars that shine or otherwise, according to your optics—have chattered their same old resolutions, borrowed this time from the State of Indiana. What have they done? They have endorsed an administration that has been in possession of the government about eighteen months, and it has got so that now the very Democratic President of the United States cannot go fishing but silver will rise a cent or two on that account. [Laughter and applause.]

After a conspiracy against the welfare of that metal which is one of the great products of Western Montana, so adroitly manipulated and so vigorously executed that the financial world stood appalled at its aberrations; after the production of that metal within the limits of Montana had been imperiled, and all the instrumentalities essential for its treatment had been denied, a Democratic convention met in the Territory of Montana and endorsed the administration of Grover Cleveland! And that, too, after the farmer at his fireside had been assailed by spies and informers that recalled the Fifteenth century along the shores of the Mediterranean, and after we had been privately and confidentially maligned to the commissioner of the general land office until he has said to our own citizens under the dome of a building that we pay for and over which floats a flag that some of us fought to defend, that 95 per cent. of the people of the West were liars and thieves, and that the Democratic party was no better than the Republicans—the only truth he told. [Cheers and applause.] I don't know how it is with you, but I don't feel grateful for his margin of five per cent.

They have done what they could to wipe out of the United States the ideas of thrift, of enterprise, of morality, that have made many communities grow, out of which have been born the great industries that crown the world as with a garden of roses, that have given us the orators, the poets, the teachers, the preachers, and all the great and benign influences that elevate man from the level of the animal to the height of the angels. And when the President of the United States had defied a command of his own party, which was a command adoted because the Republicans had first adopted it in Chicago—for the Democrats always ride in the back end of the car and never see anything until the train gets clear by it—that the quality, the element of home rule should be accorded to these Territories, that the men who rule over them should have some sympathy with their sacrifices and their toils and their expectations; and when the President had conspired against every industry that could make Montana profitable to live in, so that I affirm that if those regulations of Mr. Sparks are enforced the Territory of Montana will be depopulated within three years, and that the coming winter will freeze mothers and babes to death for want of fire-wood that is annually destroyed on our mountains, the Democratic party got together, and instead of standing up like men they got down on their bellies and resolved that the administration of Grover Cleveland was entitled to endorsement. [Applause.] I do not wonder that on the very day that those chattering parrots passed that resolution the greatest industrial enterprise under a single management in Montana, the Anaconda company, closed down.

I tell you that if this people of Montana shall show themselves so spiritless that they shall submit to these prosecutions, to these extortions, in the name of Democracy, they are fit to be slaves, and I never stood so amazed in the presence of men.

I wonder upon what gruel of pusillanimity human beings could live that could take out of them all the manhood, that would induce them to go and pass a vote of thanks to the very party that was starving their wives and children at home.

Let this all go. We shall see you again. We know that we shall have the customary cry for harmony; we know that we shall find the customary appeal for votes. But in the forefront of this battle inquire, you men that are engaged in producing silver, how stands the value of that metal on the 4th of March, 1885? In the 400 years that we have traces of its value, find that possibly by some adroit computation it may have decreased every year—I believe it is said a tenth of a mill in ten years or fifty years—but tell me if ever in the world's history there was such a tumble as has been given to it by the actions of the administration in power?

Now, then, gentlemen, I say that all these old issues, which concern philosophies and morals and did concern men, are passed away. We are asked by this Democratic party for our vote of a want of confidence in ourselves. They have passed a law that our legislative assembly should not even have the privilege of establishing a new county, or changing a county seat. They know that they are dangerous to themselves, and they think that they are dangerous to their friends. [Applause.]

We will set an example of devotion to the interests of this people. We will call things by their right names. We will not be fooled. We will come around after twenty-three years of history and learn for the first time, through his own newspaper, of the deep and abiding sympathy of his excellency, the Governor, for the Knights of Labor. We will show him that the possession of power does not and ought not to make an intelligent and free people a lot of maggots. I am glad I did not suicide in the day of gloom; but that I lived to learn of the Governor's sympathy for the Knights of Labor and what a friend he is to the laboring man.

Let us go into this campaign like men talking to men; like men that want to do justice; that desire to do justice. If we cannot win, God knows it is honorable to be defeated. God knows such a defeat would make the defeated tower up into upper sky. I would not be in Congress by pandering to these parties, by doing them this great wrong, by deluding them with phantoms in order to capture their vote, and I would not belong to a party that was dishonorable enough to attempt it. [Applause.]

These friends of mine whose kindly labors have endeavored to relieve me from these responsibilities, I beg to assure I deeply appreciate. Their fidelity to the friends that they have here endorsed I am very glad to see. Allow me to return my grateful thanks to them. I hoped for another issue of this struggle, but this result has come, and I accept it, and do for the fulfillent of it that which lies in my power.

To these men who have stood here and believed that under all the circumstances I could more fitly and more appropriately signify their desires in the ear of power, who have believed that I had the courage to say in the ears of the noble and the great that this wrong must be instantly undone, no conscious existence beyond the grave can leave me without memories of affection for them.

From the honest indignation against an administration like this, we can certainly have by our side on this glorious occasion a goodly number of Democrats also. They are all welcome.

We will stop the mouths of these Washington liars, and we will put to flight the armies of these Washington aliens. [Cheers and prolonged applause.]

From the Daily Herald of September 17.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

A Grand Ovation to the Leader of the Montana Republicans.

Hon. W. F. Sanders, the Republican Candidate for Delegate, Met at the Train and Escorted to the Opera House, which is Filled to Overflowing to Receive Him.

Grand Pyrotechnic Display in Honor of the Return of the Republican Chieftain.

Proceedings at the Opera House--Eloquent Addresses by Sanders, Burleigh, Botkin, McCutcheon, Haldorn and Carter.

"What a contrast," was the universal remark last night, "to the reception of Toole's nomination last month." And it was justified. Toole was nominated at the Democratic convention in Helena last month but so little interest was taken in the matter that scarce half a dozen people outside of the delegates and three spectators in the court house knew that the convention was going on. The HERALD bulletined the nomination two minutes after it occurred, but it excited very little interest. What a difference yesterday and day before! Anxious crowds awaited the news from the Republican convention, and when the HERALD announced the final result on the streets and in the Opera House thousands of people gave voice to their exultant joy in hearty cheers.

LAST NIGHT

there was the same enthusiasm, only intensified. At the depot a host of loyal Republicans, headed by Cole's brass band, drew up in imposing array on the platform and sweet strains of music greeted the incoming train. The cars stopped. The band ceased playing. Suddenly a well known form appeared on the platform of one of the cars, somebody cried "there's Sanders," and the shout of welcome that went up from the assemblage drowned the puffing and shrieking of locomotives and the rattle of baggage transfer and other depot din. As the Colonel stepped on the platform the crowd made a rush for him and hid him from view. When he emerged from it his silk hat occupied the side of his head and his hands gave evidence of having been very much shaken. The committee of reception took him in tow as soon as he could be got at, escorted him to his carriage and then the

TRIUMPHAL MARCH

to the city commenced. The long line of carriages filed up Main street in the glare of bonfires, to whose leaping flames a lurid hue was imparted by chemically prepared "red fire," through crowds of people congregated on the streets to welcome their arrival, straight to the door of the Opera House, in front of which a huge bonfire paled into a sickly glimmer the rays of the electric light, and giant rockets rose from the ground and pierced the heavens with their aspiring heads, leaving a train of fire and sparks behind—where Sparks always is, by the way.

IN THE OPERA HOUSE

a large crowd of people awaited the coming of the nominee, and when he entered and walked down the aisle to the stage cheer after cheer rent the air. Thanks to the efforts of the ladies and the decoration committee the opera house was beautifully decorated. The "Stars and Stripes" hung in graceful festoons over the stage and draped the boxes. A horseshoe of flowers depended from the ceiling at the center of the stage, and on the tables and stands in front of the boxes flowering plants in full bloom were arranged in beautiful array.

COLONEL SANDERS

stepped upon the stage, accompanied by several friends, and their appearance was greeted with another burst of applause. As soon as they were seated, Mr. I. Sahlinger stepped forward, called the meeting to order and announced that the election of a chairman was in order. Mr. Arthur J. Craven was nominated and unanimously elected president of the meeting. He took the chair with a few remarks, thanking the assemblage for the honor, and announced the election of vice-presidents in order. Whereupon, on motion of T. F. Casey, whom the president recognized as "our next county attorney," the following were unanimously elected

VICE PRESIDENTS OF THE MEETING:

I Salhinger	Henry Klein
D S Wade	F P Sterling
T C Power	J P Ketchum
E D Weed	H H Guthrie
T H Carter	T H Kleinschmidt
E Sharpe	John Stedman
A J Seligman	John Horsky
C A DeWitt	A M Thornburgh
W Woodcock	C F Ellis
D Patenaude	C D Hard
N P Walters	Geo Voss
D W Fisk	Z T Burton
Thos Duignan	A K Barbour
Chas Fleischer	B P Carpenter
W A Chessman	W H Trowbridge
R H Howey	Ross Deegan
John Devine	C B Jacquemin
B H Tatem	L H Hershfield.
P Larsen	

The vice presidents and all convention delegates present were then invited to seats upon the plaform, and while they were accepting the invitation Cole's band rendered an appropriate musical selection.

Following this

PRESIDENT CRAVEN

stepped to the fore and addressed the assemblage as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens:

You have doubtless heard the saying: "In the world there is nothing great but man. In man there is nothing great but mind."

The citizens of Helena welcome back to their midst to-night, something more than merely a man. You have honored me with the part of introducing something more than merely an individual.

Individuals perish and pass away. Their achievements, their genius, their ideas, character, are interwoven like lasting threads of gold in the sentiment and life of the community in which they lived and labored.

Twenty years ago and more there came to this Territory, across the plains and up the river, a young man whose name was unheralded, whose wealth consisted only of a fertile mind and honest heart and whose place and fortune in the world existed only in the breast of youthful ambition and hope. The Territory grew. So did he. Its fame spread abroad. So did his. It demanded that the foundations of a permanent civilization should be laid, oppression rebuked and punished, and the rewards of honesty and industry secured and protected. He arose in his place and plead for justice, law and order. [Applause.] It asked that it might have a constitution and statutory laws. He helped make them. Fearlessly as a mountain storm, modestly and quietly as the evening breeze he has stamped his life and character on the laws, institutions, and civilization of Montana Territory and when, at last, that Territory ripening into the fair proportions of a virgin State calls once more for her champion and friend, and wants him to go as an ambassador and bring back to her the crown of Statehood, and see that her rights are secured and protected, this same knight of the mountains cries out, "All right, I'll try and put out their Sparks with all my Burleigh Power. I'll bury their rusty Tooles in the Knowles, and Wade through all their Broadwaters." [Continued laughter and cheers.] But as you seem to understand the one whom I am talking about, a further introduction is unnecessary. Allow me to present him at once, as a lawyer unsurpassed, as an orator without a peer in the mountains, as a Republican, one whose work has never ceased and whose faith has never failed, the chief and leader of the Republican ticket of Montana Territory, Col. W. F. Sanders, your fellow townsman. [Loud and protracted applause.]

COL. SANDERS AROSE

and after the great uproar had subsided, and three cheers and a tiger had been given for "our next Delegate," commenced an address that rivalled his most eloquent oratorical efforts of past days. He spoke substantially as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The very cordial and exaggerated words of your President must not lead you to expect too much. I came back home of my own choice to find, as I knew when I left here, that there was "life in the old land yet." The stagnation is but seeming. Through all its veins there still flows the blood of intellectual, moral and patriotic life. Eye responds to eye and heart throbs to heart. We comprehend the truth of the old statement that no State could fail, no liberty decay if the zeal of its patriots continue as unflagging and pure as the silent loyalty of a woman's love. [Applause.]

Once in two years we are permitted to state our opinions of the duties of the hour. In eager anticipation of a successful result we have come together to-night to inquire what are our duties during the coming campaign.

The accidents of fortune have placed me in a position where I take up again the banner of the people whose principles I embody. And I desire to ask these people and all the people of Montana, in whatever branch of industry they are engaged, if they are satisfied with

THE THINGS THAT ARE.

One class say: "We will not tire our patience by investigating the subject, we will not struggle for a better knowledge, a keener insight into affairs of State." Another class say: "What is, is secure" and content themselves with idly accepting the situation and remaining passive. From time immemorial these two classes have existed. They can be traced from the Pharisees and Sadducees of ancient times down to the Democratic and Republican parties of the present day.

To speak right of a wrong is a crime against right, and to speak wrong of the right is to encourage wrong. Hence the primal and essential duty of man in expressing his opinions upon every topic is plain speaking. (Applause.) Therefore when anything arises that strikes my judgment as wrong, I rise up and declare that I will not be silent, I will be heard. In every age there is always a struggle present. No era in the world's history is so barren of events and issues that one can lie idly back and say, "I will repose." Nature has provided us with all the repose we need, and we must be up and doing during our active moments. But it is especially in political controversies that work and effort are demanded. Happily oup people grasp the situation and quickly form their opinions of what is the duty of the hour. All contentions of the past are forgotten in the present struggle.

* * * * * * *

And so I came home to-night from the Butte convention, assembled to elect a man to go out over the Territory and inquire what things wrong should be made right, as the chosen one of that convention. We went over to that convention to nominate a man for delegate. I undertook to nominate Power and he undertook to nominate me. The result was that I was defeated and Power was victorious. (Laughter and applause.) We have come home without any heart burnings to inquire of the people of Montana

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

And where better could we come than here to the metropolis of the Northwest, (applause) where eager faces beam glances of loyalty, and heart throbs to heart in devotion to our country? As far as I am concerned, I am content, like the woman in the Scriptures to "abide with my people." Nothing would suit me better than to stay here. From the President down I have not found as good friends as I find among my own companions, who are dearer than those whom the world undertakes to make great by wealth and office. I do not want to go to Congress, but what I do want is an expression of your opinion on the burning issues of the day on the second day of next November. Now let the dead past bury its dead. I have no apologies to offer for my part in it. I say, and my friends will sustain the declaration, that I have endeavored to discharge my duty as I saw it to the best of my power.

* * * * * * *

That American who stands awed in the presence of power, whose actions are shaped by the influence of more potent personages, is not an American citizen. He is an emasculated biped, or what Carlisle calls a "meat trough."

It is my fortune to be nominated against a personal friend—one whom I highly respect and esteem. There can no word of bitterness escape me in this connection, for there is no bitterness in my heart. [Applause.] In reference to Joe Toole I am like the bruiser I heard of in my boyhood. At the Bowery theatre in New York a crowd of hard citizens generally gathered in the gallery to see the performance, and scuffles among the "gods" were not of infrequent occurrence. One night two men got into a fight, and one of the pugilists got the better of his adversary and was about to pitch him over the gallery into the pit, when one of the spectators cried out, "Jerry, for God's sake don't waste him. Kill the the fiddler with him." [Laughter.] Now, as

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,"

and thereby be more useful after death than he ever was during life, Joe Toole can do us great service if by him we can "kill the fiddler." [Laughter and applause.]

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

If Toole can establish that the Democrats of Montana are satisfied with their platform, I will withdraw from the canvass. If the people of Montana will endorse that platform, they must endorse the administration of Grover Cleveland. I will ask them—

1st. What they think of the policy of that administration in regard to one of their chief products, silver?

2d. What they think of the dealings of that administration with the public domain?

3rd. What they think of the spies it sends out to defame and blackmail their citizens?

4th. What they think of that plank in the platform that endorses the most remarkable law that ever invaded the sanctity of our statute books—the law to prevent legislation in the Territories? That law was a deliberate conspiracy against the welfare of Montana. I will not submit to them the President's veto messages, the disgraceful documents impugning the character of our noblest women—I will leave that to a committee of beasts. But I will submit to their consideration the four propositions just enumerated, and if those Montana Democrats adopted that platform, endorsing the national administration, as is reported, I will say that they

DID NOT KNOW WHAT THEY WERE ABOUT.

[Applause.] We could take them to the common schools and learn them better. ["Hit 'em again, Sanders," from the gallery.] Now when Congress is conspiring against the interests of the Territories, it will take a multitude of counsel in the legislatures to frame laws that can be of any effect, and I am glad to see that the Republicans of Montana have placed some lawyers on ther legislative ticket. [Applause.]

Now in observing the results of Democratic adminstration of the national government we can but form the following conclusions:

1st. That the administration of Grover Cleveland has betrayed the Democracy of the United States. [Applause.]

2d. That it has betrayed the enterprise and growth of the West. [Applause.]

3d. That it is a well organized conspiracy against the settlement and growth of the great Northwest. [Applause.]

4th. That under its bulls, blunders, *ukases* I believe they call them in Russia, every one of you are criminals and law breakers. No man, woman or child could live in the Territory if these laws and regulations were enforced.

The administration of Grover Cleveland has pursued our own citizens to bankruptcy. [Applause.] It has come into the Territory and judged our citizens by extortioners and blackmailers. I say and can demonstrate that the United States has dared to pollute the temple of justice by sending extortioners and blackmailers into the courts to testify against its own citizens.

Now I go out into the Territory for the campaign, and I shall carry with me your encouragement and shall endeavor to impart your sentiments to people who live in lonely canyons and out of the way places of Montana.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

At present the laborers of the country are beginning to inquire what they can do to better their condition. This labor question is a great theme, and I have studied it. I will not, when I remember the examples of history, prevaricate a hair's breadth to capture a vote. Labor is first in importance. It was given to man as a curse, but it is now a great blessing. When I was a boy I worked hard and earned little, and the impressions that I then received are so indellibly stamped upon my memory that they can never be effaced, though I was surrounded by all the pampered wealth and luxury of the world. [Applause.] I am glad this question has come up. I look upon men pandering for the vote of the laboring class with a feeling a little short of contempt. * * * No one interest can be promoted by an attack on another. So far as the organization of the Knights of Labor is concerned my chiefest objection is that they don't allow lawyers to join it. (Laughter.) Now, it is supposed that lawyers can get into any place on earth—except a locked safe. (Laughter.) So far as you are concerned, if other nations can send their products to compete with the fruit of your own labor—products of people who live in dens and have nothing to pay—not even lawyers (laughter) you are right in taking steps to protect yourselves. Hence your first duty is to inquire who stands between you and this ruinous competition. If it is the Democratic party and Mr. Toole for heaven's sake vote for him. But don't let them tickle you with soft words. Their so called "revision of the tariff" is a proposition that means "how many voters are behind this or that industry? Are they Democrats or Republicans?" When they abolished the tariff on coffee the Democrats cried, "Let's give the poor man a free breakfast." "Well, all right," said their friends, and it was done. What is the result? All that coffee came from Brazil. Dom Pedro, who was a pretty shrewd Yankee himself, no sooner found that the United States had taken the import tax from coffee than he placed an export duty on the same article and the result was that the money went out of our coffers and into his treasury. But I have talked too long—I always do talk too long.

If I am elected to Congress I will undertake to protest against the existing outrages; to protest against the Democratic treatment of the land question. No money should be appropriated for the maintenance of special agents unless the men paid to report upon the alleged land thefts should report to the whole people. Eastern people say there is a great scheme in the West to steal land and defraud the government. Who gives them the information? Men come here in the livery of the government to report upon land matters, and I insist that their reports should be published. [Applause.] The government is not instituted to libel its citizens. The other day my boy wanted to out into the hills to cut a flag staff. I told him not to go, that he would be a criminal if he did. [Applause.] And it is so. He wanted to cut a pole on which to float the flag of his country, but I told him he could not cut one less than eight inches in diameter or he would be breaking the law—at least Sparks' interpretation of it.

I never was a Delegate. [Laughter and applause.] If there is anybody here who don't know that I want to tell him that I do.

We are advancing towards Statehood. Let us do all we can to hasten the day. What we want is representation in the National Congress. When Montana has one Senator she will wield one-fortieth of the influence of the United States Senate, and her voice will be heard. But now when Montana applies for admission to a Democratic Congress they hesitate. They ask, "Is Montana Democratic?" "Well, I don't know." Then Congress turns Montana over to a jester called Vest, (laughter,) who we understand is appointed guardian over certain Montana officials, and gives bonds for their good behavior. (Laughter.) But he has mocked them as he mocked the 500,000 people next door, who are entitled by every right under the constitution to rank as a State of the Union. (Applause.)

Now fellow citizens, I am glad to testify to your devotion to the country. (Applause.) I will omit nothing to be elected to Congress. (Applause.) I have lived among you for 23 years, and I am imbued as thoroughly as any one with your spirit: and if elected I will give that spirit voice among the people of the earth, for it is the safeguard, the sheet anchor, of American institutions. [Prolonged applause.]

After the eloquent address of Colonel Sanders, the audience made loud calls for Mr. Burleigh. In response, President Craven introduced

HON. ANDREW P. BURLEIGH,

of Custer county. Mr. Burleigh said:

Fellow Citizens of Lewis and Clarke County:

If I could have consulted my own feelings, owing to a cold contracted at Butte, I should have remained in my own room tonight. But I could not, in the hour of triumph of the favorite citizen of Lewis and Clarke county, deny to him the right to have his victory adorned by the presence of those whom he overcame in the convention. I come not in captive chains, however, but with my hands free to put forth my best efforts to contribute to the victory I foresee for the Republican party in November next. [Applause.] After a spirited contest at the Butte convention the choice fell to one of your citizens. The choice of Wilbur F. Sanders was the last and best voice of the convention, and at that time every desire to win left the hearts of the other candidates and his nomination was cheerfully and loyally accepted. [Applause.] And I believe that in that choice we recognize an eloquent exponent of the principles enunciated in their platform.

At the next election we want you to pass your judgment whether you will support the policy of the administration that supports the banishment of silver from the moneys of the world. By your votes you will determine whether you will support an administration that is opposed to the building of railroads. If you endorse that administration you will uphold in office the officers and instruments that are making direct thrusts at your interests. You will be called upon to pass judgment upon an administration that has come into power under the pretense of "civil service reform," that originated the phrase "offensive partisanship"—a cloak to cover acts of meanness and treachery. We want you to say what is your opinion of this policy which, after 24 years, the Democrats have once more brought back. You can not elect Democrats without endorsing the national administration.

We have come to the conclusion that no one could so well expose these principles as the gentleman nominated yesterday. But I will not detain you. So far as I can speak for Eastern Montana I will promise a strong and loyal support to the Republican ticket. [Applause.]

HON. GEO. HALDORN, OF GALLATIN,

was next introduced, and spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am highly honored in being called to address such an intelligent, respectable and large audience. You have come here to know why we have nominated the man chosen at the convention yesterday. We have nominated him because we think he is better able to carry out the platform adopted by that convention than any other man (Applause,) and I appeal to you if we have not made a wise selection (Applause.) We have named a man whose name is a by-word for bravery, courage, Republicanism and independence, and he will bear the Republican standard to victory (Applause.) This nomination rewards him for sacrifices made for us. He bore defeat when no one else would accept the nomination (Applause.) Yesterday at the convention he stood on the platform after he was nominated—I say *after* he was nominated—and resigned his position as attorney for the Northern Pacific railroad. [Applause.] Were he a politician who had sought the nomination he would have done it a month ago. He deserves credit for standing like a man to the last and reserving until after the nomination to resign that position—the only thing, as far as I know, that kept the convention from being unanimous in his favor.

And now that he is nominated, what is he? Have we a mummy, an automaton, at the head of our ticket? No one would dare accuse Wilbur F. Sanders of being anybody's man. [Applause.] If we get that man in Congress, as I believe we will, you will say we nominated and elected a man when we elected Wilbur F. Sanders. [Applause.]

Loud calls for

THOMAS H. CARTER

were now heard, and in response that popular gentleman stepped to the front and was introduced to the audience amid their cheers and applause. He spoke briefly as follows:

My Friends and Fellow Citizens:

I take it for granted from what has been said by those who have preceded me that you are led to suppose we held a convention in Butte yesterday. [Laughter.] Mr. Burleigh has notified you that there were representive Republicans there from every county in Montana. We there entered into a fair, honorable and by no means embittered championship of various men to fairly represent Montana in the Congress of the United States. There pervaded that convention the firm belief that, whoever should be its nominee, he would be elected by 6 o'clock in the evening of November 2d. [Applause.] As a result of that trial of strength we have selected a man for whom no delegate felt called upon to apologize; [applause] a man who guarantees an active, aggressive campaign from the date of his nomination to the closing of the ballot box. [Applause.] All who have read the Democratic platform are led to believe that it was framed to settle the removal of some efficient officials. Some thought it applied to a man named Pollard. [Laughter.] Others suggested that it meant the Arkansas man in Idaho, who was brought back from his new office on a criminal charge. [Laughter.] Some supposed that Power or Burleigh would be able to remove such men, but in the exigencies of the moment the convention turned to Colonel Sanders as the only man who could effectually clean up Sedgwick of Mexico. [Laughter and applause.] He will discharge well and ably every duty that will devolve upon our delegate in congress. [Applause.]

HON. A. C. BOTKIN

was called for, and amidst hearty applause was introduced to the audience.

ALEX. C. BOTKIN'S REMARKS.

Mr. Botkin said that he was desired by Hon. Thomas C. Power to express his thanks for the support that he had received from his fellow citizens in Lewis and Clarke county and from the other counties who had expressed their preference for his nomination. He would hold their kindness in grateful remembrance and seek to deserve it by contributing his faithful efforts, in the future as in the past, to the maintenance of the principles and the success of the candidates of the party. Mr. Botkin spoke in warm terms of Mr. Burleigh, and said that he must be blind who could not see in the broadening vista that is open to the young men of the Territory that there is a future of honor and influence for Andrew F. Burleigh. It was an exhibition of the courage and manhood of the Republicans of Montana that they overlooked some temporary and practical aspects of their situation, and chose the man who was first in the organization of the party, first in ability and first in desert.

HON. I. D. M'CUTCHEON,

chairman of the Territorial committee, was introduced and received enthusiastically. He spoke in substance as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am proud of the opportunity to meet so many of my fellow citizens to assist in doing honor to our next Delegate, Hon. W. F. Sanders. [Applause.] Looking at the unfulfilled promises of the Democratic administration, I said ninety days ago: "I know of one man who can go to Washington, demand our rights and be heard, and that man is Wilbur F. Sanders." [Applause.] He can inflict such scars upon Sparks and Manning that they will be visible at this distance. We nominated such a man yesterday and he will be elected in November (applause) and the Democratic party wiped out in Montana.

The very opening words of the Montana Democratic platform, "*after 25 years of misrule by the Republican party*," are a libel upon history and upon that history written and accepted by the Democratic party. No one questioned the deeds of '61, and I can show you a Democratic national platform that appproves these acts.

No man denied the rights of pensioners to receive some compensation for the sacrifices made in the service of the country until Grover Cleveland, in more than 100 cases, refused to recognize them.

No man denied the justice of the resumption act, and I can show you a Democratic national platform in which it is approved—and yet in Montana the Democrats libel that history!

The administration has been well dissected by Col. Sanders and he in a measure discussed the tariff. Now I have a word to say on that subject in regard to Montana. In 1867 a tariff was imposed upon wool, but it was afterwards reduced. Lately one Col. Morrison, a tariff crank from Illinois, undertook to introduce a bill that would re-enforce among others the tax upon wool. But through the opposition of the Republicans, aided by a few Democrats of the Randall stripe, the measure was lost. When that bill was pending last May Montana wool was down to 17 cents per pound. In ten days after the defeat of the bill it rose to 23 cents, thereby adding $300,000 to the commerce of Montana!

But the hour is late and I will close my remarks. However, I shall speak further on these topics. I have been placed at the business end of this campaign as chairman of the Territorial committee, and this will require strict attention to the duties it imposes, but I shall no doubt find a few occasions on which to address you further. Believing that the era of success has at last dawned upon Republicanism in Montana, and that we have selected a man to lead us on to sure victory, I call upon you all to stand shoulder to shoulder during this campaign so that at its close you can rejoice in the election of a Republican Delegate to Congress. [Applause.]

The following communication from Duke Dutrieuelle,

A REPRESENTATIVE COLORED REPUBLICAN,

was read by the President and received with great applause:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In endorsing the nomination of the Hon. W. F. Sanders as the standard bearer of the Republican party for Delegate to Congress I have many reasons to believe that I represent the feelings and generous impulses of the colored Republicans of Montana and of the United States.

In endorsing Col. Sanders I do so, not because he is a Republican wholly, for there are many Republicans whom I could not endorse, but in the honorable gentleman we find a man whose life has been devoted to the "science of humanity," rising above race distinctions and planting himself on the broad platform of the brotherhood of men and fatherhood of God, and I trust the day may come in the history of this great nation (of which we form a small integral part) when every man, without distinction of race, color or any extraneous circumstance, will be appreciated for his innate principle of true manhood, looking beyond the color of his cuticle and the length of his purse. When this proud day in our history shall arrive, then every man will be appreciated for the work he may do for the amelioration of the condition of his fellows and the development of a higher and purer manhood; and believing that the Hon. W. F. Sanders stands in the van of this grand and devoutly wished for period, I cheerfully and heartily endorse his nomination and hope my people may do the same. I think the day is past in our history when any free American citizen, endowed with the exalted privilege of the ballot, should blindly go to the polls as a sheep to the shambles, but that he should weigh the merits of all presenting themselves for his suffrage, and intelligently cast his vote with reference to true merit and honorable integrity, and thus every voter will become an exponent of true God-given manhood, and every man stand or fall on his merits as a citizen of this glorious republic. The day is past when the colored race can be hoodwinked and led blindly by the clap-trap of party. They have (thank God) arrived at that degree of development when they think for themselves, and wear the "sign manual" of no party, only so far as that party prove themselves exponents of the principles upon which our government rests.

We have entered the arena of battle to develop higher manhood and assume our positions as citizens, relying on the just judgment of our fellows, and believe that the proud Caucasian race will meet out to us justice in our noble effort to attain a higher civilization, and will extend to us a helping hand in our struggle to reach a higher plane of manhood.

The meeting broke up with three rousing cheers and a roaring "tiger-r-r" for "our next Delegate in Congress, Hon. Wilbur F. Sanders."

A GOOD RECORD.

If any defense were needed of the record of Col. Sanders since he has been a resident of Montana (and that is as long as there has been a Montana), it would be a very easy matter, but as no one questions or calls for it but one who at the outset has closed his eyes to facts and his judgment to reason, we shall undertake no such useless task. Some of the allusions of the Colonel's assailant are unfortunate. The acts of that Legislature which Congress has charitably aided to consign to oblivion constitute the only defense that seemed to us sufficient to excuse, if not to justify, the powers exercised by Congress in the Territories. The decent people of Montana would have felt infinitely more humiliated if such Legislatures as Montana had in early times could have had their own way without check.

No wiser or more beneficent act for all the people of the Territories was ever devised than that which prohibits the granting of special charters. They are the source of all monopolies. We know of no greater service that any one could have done Montana than the one charged as an offense against Col. Sanders, and it surprises us beyond measure to see the anti-monopoly champion assume the defense of the most odious of all the practical operations of monopoly.

The power to divide the Territory into judicial districts and assign judges was not arrested till it had been so outrageously abused as to show that the hands that were wielding it were unfit to be trusted. There are seveaal who have claimed and at various times been charged with procuring the annulment act of Congress. Whoever did most for it most deserve thanks. All of us at times have advocated subsidy in one form or another, and are only too thankful that the disposition has passed away with the apparent necessity. The one thing that has contributed most to the financial soundness of our Territory and the several counties was the reduction of official fees, and none labored so hard or so successfully to this end as Col. Sanders, and the people of Montana have not forgotten it.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

[*Republished by request of many readers.*]

Backward, turn backward, oh, time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore,
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

CHORUS.

Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O swift tide of years!
I am weary of toil, I am weary of tears;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary and dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother! my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between,
Yet with a strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again,
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother's love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours,
None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old,
Let it drop over your forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light.
For with its sunny edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since last I was hushed by your lullaby song;
Sing them again—to my soul it will seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your soft lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

THE INEVITABLE.

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant, and a heart of cheer:
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God: that somehow, true and just
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp: better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor: envies not,
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,
But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler: he alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

THAT INFAMOUS ORDER.

TROPHIES OF A RIGHTEOUS CAUSE MUST NOT GO TO THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Beacon.

I have hastily read the order of President Cleveland to send back to the respective States the rebel flags taken by Union soldiers in our late rebellion. I am out of politics and speak only as a Union man. There has been nothing that has so aroused my indignation as this infamous order. It is an insult to every Union man North or South and a degradation and rebuke to every Union man living, and an insult to the memory of every dead soldier. Send them back, and why? To pacify the Solid South? Did not the war pacify them? Do not the honors and emoluments thrust upon them by the lavish hand of our government pacify them? What then? will "Send back the battle flags you took from us in the bloody strife of battle, and send them back at the expense of the United States in order that we may carry them in triumphal procession and be able to say to our children the lost cause is not lost. See our enemies admit we were right and they were wrong."

Why send them back? They are the property of the Nation, not of the President. A part of the visible history of the greatest war ever fought and for the noblest cause—for the integrity of the Nation and for the rights of man. The Romans hung the trophies of their victories in the capitol and honored their heroes with triumphal processions. But we must deliver up the trophies of our victories to the conquered. No such insult was ever before proposed to any people. No. Those captured flags should remain as history, most glorious history; a lasting incitation to patriotism and valor, and a standing, inflexible warning against treason and rebellion. Such an order should consign the name of President Cleveland to the scroll of infamy with Arnold and Davis.

SIDNEY EDGERTON.

BY PERMISSION

We Publish the Following Very Interesting Letter.

By permission of Mrs. G. E. Seager we publish the following letter received by her from Miss Sarepta Saunders, formerly a teacher in the public schools here:

"THE DRIARD," VICTORIA, B. C.,
July 23, 1887.

My Dear Nettie:—I did not expect when I left N. Y. to make such an extended trip into the west, but here I am in the extreme corner, far out—

"To the portals of the sun-set,
To the door-ways of the west wind."

After a pleasant stay of two weeks in Helena, I yielded easily to the persuasions of friends, and in company with my nephew, James Saunders, joined the great stream of travel that is rushing into these cooler regions. To-day I am comfortably wrapped in a fur rug and greatly enjoying a ride into Port Townsend from Victoria, on Puget Sound. We have been only one day in Victoria, but we shall not soon forget it. It is a delightful English town on Vancouver Island, having the best hotel (except, of course, the far-famed Tacoma) that one can find west of Minneapolis and north of San Francisco. The principal attraction there is the fine harbor, three miles out from the town, at a little port called Esquimault, where is the supply station for the Queen's navy in the North Pacific. There are always men-of-war at this harbor, and we were fortunate enough to find one of the largest yesterday, the *Triumph*. We went on board and were very politely shown around by the officers. You can imagine how my eyes opened with astonishment at the pomp and planopy of war. There were a dozen cannons weighing each twelve tons, beside all kinds of death-dealing instruments mounted in various ways, torpedoes, etc. Our trip across the sound gives us a fine view of snow-clad mountains, one isolated peak, Mt. Baker, about which we used to read in school geographies. To-night we return to Tacoma, where we remain for a short time. This is a charming place, standing upon a cliff overlooking the sound and facing the grandest mountain in all the west, Mt. Rainer we used to call it, but latterly known as Mt. Tacoma. This is the most majestic of all mountains, having embedded in its sides a dozen glaciers, three of which are accessible to visitors.

We have been about these waters for several days. Seattle, which we visited on our way down, is the metropolis of Washington Territory, a pleasant city of over twelve thousand inhabitants. There is a great rivalry between it and the new city of Tacoma, which is being boomed by the Northern Pacific railroad. Certainly Tacoma has every advantage over Seattle.

Our trip from Helena brought us down the Columbia from The Dalles. This was most enjoyable, and I can hardly believe that the scenery on this river is surpassed anywhere. We had occasional views of the graceful Mt. Hood, the mountains piled high above our heads in fantastic confusion, from which numerous waterfalls float like silver ribbons; farther down rocks standing alone in the broad river like columns or forming a wall thousands of feet high. All this made the view one of indescribable beauty. My nephew has been in Europe, but thinks there is nothing in Switzerland to compare with our own country. By the way, he suggests to me now that the lady to whom I am writing will have the ear ache if she reads all I have written. I have written hastily, but I hope sometime to see you. I shall, before long, wend my way back to that dear old mother, when I shall hear from you all.

S. M. S.

THE GOVERNORSHIP.

The Governorship of Montana is not, it appears, to go a-begging. Advices from Washington agree that various aspirants are in the field for the appointment. New York is said to have at least one applicant, Pennsylvania one, Ohio three, Indiana one, Illinois one, and California one. The three States last named appear to have candidates the strongest backed of any. Wilson, of Indiana, is said to be the candidate of Senator Harrison, and to have the endorsements of the Republican delegation in the House from that State. Col. Scribner, of Illinois, is strongly supported by Senators Logan, Cameron and Sawyer, as well as by the solid Republican Representative delegations from Illinois and Wisconsin, and two or more members of the Cabinet. McGovern, of California, has various influential friends who have interested themselves in his behalf, at the head of whom are Senators Miller and Jones, who are supposed to be near to the President. From the Territory there is at least one Republican whom the partiality of many Montanians have designated as their first choice for the office. Col. Sanders is endorsed by the controlling Republican sentiment of his fellow-citizens, and if the expression of the party could decide the matter he would doubtless become our next Governor. Our own people have signified their preference for a home man, and it would gratify them greatly should their wishes in this particular instance be respected. The present incumbent, it is understood, satisfied with twelve years of office, does not seek re-appointment. His present term expires in July, and during the few weeks intervening a spirited contest for the succession will likely be witnessed in Washington.

SENATOR SANDERS.

His Speech on the Allowances for Land Offices--The Timber Policy of the Government.

On the 8th inst., the Senate having under consideration the items in the sundry civil appropriation bill for the expenses of land offices, Senator Sanders spoke as follows:

These offices are very important. They rise to the dignity of courts in the countries where the public domain is open to settlement, and much of their time is expended in the trial of controversies according to some rules of law supposed to obtain in the Land Department.

In the principal land office in the State in which I live an inheritance of the new appointee was two hundred cases which had been tried in the last four years. When the testimony was reduced to writing the duties of the office were so urgent that the old officers, as they progressed, could not read the testimony and determine those controversies, and they were left as inheritance to their successors, the parties to those controversies meanwhile being required to wait for the perfection of their titles at great expense. That is equivalent to one case a week, involving frequently a trial lasting the entire week and longer than that, where the entrymen are required to wait for the period of time that I have named—at least for two years—and still there is no determination of their controversies. This arises largely from the fact that the clerical force is insufficient for the office, and the register and receiver are themselves required to discharge those clerical duties.

There is another matter which I think ought to be mentioned in this connection. In a large proportion of these offices—I cannot state exactly what proportion, but more than half—registers and receivers out of their own pockets are required to rent rooms in which these hearings are had, and in which the records of their offices are to be kept. I do not know of another instance where the Government of the United States leaves its valuable records of this character in the keeping of individuals, who are compelled, by the poverty of the compensation that is made them, to hunt inconvenient quarters which do not accommodate them for the business with which they are charged, and for which they are required to pay the rent out of their own pockets. If a land office of the United States is worth maintaining by the Government of the United States, a place for the records ought to be secured where they will be kept from destruction; such a place, where the agents of the United States can conveniently conduct the public business, is worth obtaining.

Besides that the clerks themselves are inadequately paid; and it is true as to these land offices which I have mentioned, that in addition to paying the rent, the register and receiver every month, from their own pockets have made up to the chief clerk, an important officer to them, a compensation that should be to some extent an adequate reward.

Now, for one, I am in favor of abolishing these offices and all other offices situated in like shape, unless the government of the United States shall take enough interest in this matter to equip the offices with a sufficient clerical force to discharge the duties that are expected to be performed.

I notice that this increase which the Senate insisted was right and proper, has been abandoned by the conferees. They have also abandoned the next item, an item which I undertake to say will, in the State of Montana, be productive of a great deal of mischief to our people and will not do the remotest good to the United Statess. That is an instance where we reduced the appropriation $20,000 or $25,000 from the House bill. So that it is not in the interest of economy that all these changes have been made. I affirm, with reference to that item, that has been increased by this recession from the Senate amendment, that it has done more to stir up trouble and mischief in the State of Montana during more than one administration than any other item that is placed in this bill.

It is perfectly idle to talk of prosecuting those people there for the cutting of such timber as is necessary for domestic uses and for building and mining purposes. There is not a law of the United States whereby a citizen of Montana can get an acre of timber ground within the limits of that State, and if it were not for the ownership of lands by railway land companies in that State I do not know where the citizens of that State would have been. Mr. President, as to the laws touching the cutting of timber off the public domain, if they should be attempted to be rigidly carried out in that State, and this railroad land grant was not there, it is not a particle of exaggeration to say on this floor that it would depopulate that State as soon as those people could get out of it, for you cannot expect that in that high altitude people will remain without fire and without timber for the construction of homes.

The Land Office has ruled that timber land is not agricultural land and can not be entered under the pre-emption law, or homestead laws of the United States; nor does the timber culture law or the desert law allow them to be entered; and it seems to me that it would have been wise to have insisted upon the reduction which we made to the pay of agents of the Interior Department that are crowding around there to see if somebody has not cut a few cords of wood to keep warm during the winter. It seems to me it would have been wise to abolish the entire appropriation and the office itself, rather than to have given up a single dollar of these other appropriations which in a petty way we have increased.

This matter is, of course, closely connected with the appropriation for the office of the surveror-general which has been inadequate so far as the clerical is concerned. Appropriations made five or six or eight or ten years ago have been turned back into the Treasury, and the deputy surveyors who surveyed the public domain have not got their pay for their services yet.

I rise, Mr. President, simply to protest against this treatment of these officers as pariahs, as something to be got along with without reference to their efficiency, as something that cannot be represented upon this floor, as something that is not worth to the people of the United States their maintenance in an efficient condition. I regret exceedingly that the committee of conference for an instant have listened to the voice of the charmer. Those officers are somewhat remote from this center of legislation. They are incapable of making their condition heard on the floor of either House of Congress, and it is safe to offer them up as a sacrifice.

I am advised—I do not know whether it is in the form of a letter from the Secretary of the Interior or otherwise—but I am advised that the land department insisted that $250,000 was necessary to insert in these items of this appropriation; and it is within the knowledge of a great many of the Senators on this floor that come from what portion of the country that such a sum as that would be no more than good business principles would require for the conduct of these offices.

What is the result of this impecunious method of dealing with the matter? In the first place, the registers and receivers, charged with the duty of paying rent every month for these offices, charged with the duty of giving a portion of their fees to their clerks in order to keep them, do not have the time to pass judiciously or otherwise upon the various contentions that are brought before them; and, as a result, the people are kept there, not during a period of five years that they are required to stay there in order to enttle them to a patent for a homestead, or the length of time they are required to stay there indefinitely, and in the meanwhile everything is at a standstill. They are kept out of their titles, and in a country where they would able to borrow money and invest it in cattle or other profitable enterprises, the very fact that they cannot get this work done and have to wait there at least indefinitely reduces their opportunities very much to make money.

FUNERAL ADDRESS.

Words Spoken by Col. W. F. Sanders at the Obsequies of Mrs. James Fergus, Helena, Oct. 10th, 1887.

I am requested by the family of our deceased friend to say a few words.

Entirely unfitted for a task like this and wholly unused to words on such an occasion, I have hesitated to comply. But I am indebted to this family for nearly a quarter of a century of friendship and have had many evidences of its partiality and affection, and could not find it in my heart to say them nay.

An ancient writer, seeking to say grateful words of commendation of a wife through a series of sentences of high poetic merit, closes with the words, "Her husband also, he praiseth her." These words were the culmination of his praise.

I have been requested by Mr. Fergus to read to these neighbors and friends of his and of his lamented wife some words which he has prepared in exemplification somewhat of this situation and expressive of his views. I will proceed to do so:

"FRIENDS—The dead wife, mother and friend who lies here belonged to no religious sect, believed in no religious dogma and desired no religious services over her remains. The wishes of the living will be kept as a sacred contract with the dead. While she could not understand how she could live after death, or locate a heaven or a hell, she clearly comprehended the duties appertaining to her station in life and in their performance was an obedient child, a faithful wife, a loving mother, a true friend and an honest woman, performing her full duty in all stations in life, beloved by all, leaving not an enemy behind. When our end comes may as much be said of us."

A month ago I stood by the graves of those pioneers of this continent, the mothers and daughters who, in the Mayflower, buffeted the ocean storm for sixty-three days and landed upon the then inhospitable shores of Massachusetts. And standing there and contemplating their heroic lives and all that had transpired from that fateful December day two hundred and sixty-seven years ago, it occurred to me that we had not preserved the unities of our history. The event indeed has been told in every form of speech—anthem and epic have alike been invoked—a grateful posterity has recited the story of their sacrifices and toil and the continent has resounded with their praise.

The contribution which they made to morality and good government, to our American civilization, is known and read of all. But the rudeness of nature and the harsh struggle with savage Indians and for material good, would have demoralized the Pilgrims but for the benignant influence of those noble women. Standing in that inspiring presence and in my mind's eye contemplating that line of heroic women who, from that day until now, have counted no sacrifice too dear that they might strengthen in all its refining forces our majestic civilization, it seemed to me we had omitted largely from our history and song the homage due our noble pioneer women.

Much is said in these days about the pioneers. All people with one acclaim honor them for their enterprise, their intelligence, their energy and their toil. Their conquest is a deed of high emprise. But how little in all this praise is devoted to a recital of the toils, the deprivations, the sacrifices and hopes, the dauntless courage and sublime faith of our pioneer women who, coming here while it was yet a savage wild, sought to aid in planting institutions of beneficence; who, in the face of every forbidding circumstance, were light-hearted in their devotion to the good, the beautiful, the true.

The final hour has come to one of these pioneers. Before us are the mortal remains of a noble woman, whose rounded character of loyalty, courage and fidelity in every position in which she was placed was adequate to the task imposed. She was indeed a pioneer before she came to Montana. To the great States of Illinois and Minnesota she carried the enthusiasm of youth and in the maturity of womanhood became a pioneer in these mountains. Her whole life seems to have been along the line of our rapidly receding frontier. All her years have been spent in rolling backward the tide of barbarism to the great Pacific sea.

And she contributed in many places to the building up of the excellent institutions which are the crowning glory of our American continent. It has been my pleasure to know Mrs. Fergus for nearly a quarter of a century. She was not obtrusive, and it required a familiar acquaintance to detect the lofty courage the woman possessed, the fidelity which she manifested on all occasions, the abounding hospitality which made her house a Mecca for the weary through all the years of our history, and that most admirable loyalty which at all times held her as the needle to the pole. The State of New York by many muniments of title has the primacy among the States of the American Union. Within her borders are sacred places; her history is crowned with renowned deeds and adorned with illustrious names. Her daughters and sons going forth to do the world's battle are charged by the obligations of tradition and lineage to do high duty for mankind, to be in the forefront of every battle where justice leads the way. It has always seemed to me that Mrs. Fergus carried into her life the inspiration of her nativity. She was armed as a warrior for the discharge of every duty, and her habit of cheerfulness was omnipresent.

It seems to me that our civilization for many centuries has been engaged in surrounding this article of death with all the horrors with which it could be encompassed. And yet if we shall stop for a moment to consider, it cannot be true that death is unkind. If we could from some high mountain top of space and time witness the great procession of humanity from age to age and see how in a never-ending series of acts its culmination in the excellence of to-day and that it gives us promise of greater good and better life in the ages that are to come, we certainly should not feel that death was an occasion of unkindness. Nature is never unkind The changes which take place upon the bosom of this mother earth are part and parcel of the great procession each essential to the other, and there is a much occasion for tears over the birth of an infant as over the death of an octogenarian. It therefore is becoming, I think that we shall cease to paint death as something horrible, and that we shall so far as in us lies undertake to abolish a childish horror of it that terrifies the ignorant and makes a spectacle which no one desires to behold. Certainly for this friend of ours, with her garnered sheaves through years of toil, years of discharge of affectionate duty years also, alas, of pain, this supreme end which has come is not a punishment, and while we cannot but regret our loss, we must at once banish the thought that the ending was unkind to her or is unkind to us. Mrs. Fergus, more than most of women whom we knew in the earlier times of Montana, has had demands made upon her courage, and she has always met them in a spirit of absolute fidelity. From this town, where she lived a score of years ago, she went down to encourage and become a part of a settlement where savage Indians but a year before, if I remember rightly, appeared and startled us by their career of murder and massacre. There was no unbending, no unwomanly complaint. She was willing to accept whatsoever of responsibility the position and the duty required.

Later in her history she was frequently subject to the same danger from savage tribes that she first experienced in Minnesota.

It was the hope of the husband children, grandchildren, her friends and acquaintances, who were almost innumerable, that for years to come in the quiet of a well deserved repose she should reap some of the honors which her labors, her services and her high courage so richly entitled her to enjoy.

We have come together to-day to place her in the bosom of earth, there to sleep, leaving behind her a grateful memory, and we place her to-day in our most sacred Pantheon, the glorified sisterhood of the pioneer women of America. If from her coffin could come words expressive of the most profound solicitude, she would say:

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

A LEGACY.

From The Independent.

Friend of my many years!
When the great silence falls at last on me,
Let me not leave to pain and sadden thee
A memory of tears.

But pleasant thoughts alone
Of one who was thy friendship's honored guest
And drank the wine of consolation pressed
From sorrows of thy own.

I leave with thee a sense
Of hands upheld and trials rendered less—
The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness
Its own great recompense.

The knowledge that from thine,
As from the garments of the Master, stole
Calmness and strength, the virtue which makes whole
And heals without a sign.

Yea, more, the assurance strong
That love, which fails of perfect utterance here,
Lives on to fill the heavenly atmosphere
With its immortal song.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

WHITTIER'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

AD VIGILEM.

What seest thou, where the peaks about thee stand,
Far up the ridge that severs from our view
That realm unvisited? What prospect new
Holds thy rapt eye? What glories of the land,
Which from yon loftier cliff thou now hast scanned,
Upon thy visage set their lustrous hue?
Speak, and interpret still, O Watchman true,
The signals answering thy lifted hand!

And bide thee yet! Still linger, ere thy feet
To sainted bards that beckon bear thee down—
Though lilies, asphodel and spikenard sweet
Await thy tread to blossom; and the crown
Long since is woven of Heaven's palm-leaves, meet
For him whom Earth can lend no more renown.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Inter Mountain
June 11th 1883

Col. Sanders, who is perhaps the best known man in Montana, arrived from Helena last night. The Colonel has been here before but twice since since the fall of '80, when he ran for Congress, and though his welcome today is less demonstrative than the day preceding that delegate election, it is none the less sincere. The gentleman is now attorney for the Northern Pacific and his management of its legal affairs shows that the selection was a wise one. He has made friends and business for his road and is by far the most successful railroad attorney in the territory. The Colonel has partly left the domain of politics and gives almost his entire time and attention to business. However, in emergencies, he will always be found working zealously and effectively in the republican columns which he has so often led in political warfare.

SOPHIA S. TAYLOR, wife of Rev. John S. Taylor, deceased, passed from this life at the parsonage, Lockport, New York, February 13, 1913. She was born in Leon, New York, March 6, 1833, and experienced religion March 2, 1848. She joined the Methodist Episcopal church three days after her conversion, remaining a member for about twenty-seven years. Under the labors of Rev. R. W. Hawkins she was led into the experience of "perfect love," after which, under divine conviction, she united with the Free Methodist church at Leon, New York, in 1875, remaining a member until death called her to the church triumphant. She was married to John S. Taylor, August 5, 1866. Three children were born to them, M. Pauline, Bertha S., of Lockport, New York, and Mrs. Grace L. Mersereau, of Brooklyn, New York. The husband and father passed away twenty-seven years ago. During the most of these years, she had made her home with her step-son, Rev. E. A. Taylor, who is pastor at Lockport. She leaves, beside those named above, a brother, Junius M. Sanders, and a sister, Sarepta M. Sanders, both of Butte, Montana; also a step-daughter, Mrs. Caroline M. Ball, of Silver Creek, New York. She was sister of the late Hon. W. F. Sanders, who was a United States senator from Montana, and well known in the west as a writer and speaker. She took an active interest in the work of the church, and was, accordingly, elected class-leader while a member at Rochester, N. Y., also as president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at Rochester, Buffalo and Albion. Her last days were days of extreme suffering, but her faith was victorious to the last. Sister Taylor was a noble Christian woman. None knew her but to admire her virtues and Christian graces. She was most truly a mother in Israel. Kind, sympathetic, loving, her personal interests did not lessen the solicitousness of her care for others in need. There was an outspoken frankness, an unassuming hospitality, which caused one to feel that she used "hospitality without grudging." With a personal acquaintance of some forty years, and a reminiscence of some six years in the early work of the church on the Chautauqua district with her and her husband, the writer, with many others, would express his deep sorrow that one so true and noble has gone, no more to return. When, at the parting of the ways, I reach the gate of the city, and see her bright face as in days of yore, and hear her welcome words, "I am glad to see you, John," I shall know I have reached home. The funeral services were held at the Free Methodist church, Lockport, the writer officiating, assisted by Revs. R. H. Warren, L. K. Manning and J. O'Regan. The interment was by the side of her husband, Perrysburg, New York. Text, 1 Cor. 15:55-57. J. H. HARMON.

COL. W. F. SANDERS,

Helena's silver tongued orator, in reply to "Pilgrims and Pioneers," commanded unbounded admiration, charmed the sense and warmed the hearts of his hearers by the ripples of his eloquence. His appearance created a perfect storm of applause and the uproar continued for several minutes before he was permitted to speak. We regret that lack of space forbids the publication of his entire speech, as it excelled in beauty of thought and grace of diction. He opened his remarks as follows.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—It is a well known fact in projectiles that there is nothing so deadly as the speech of a Montana orator. [Laughter.] It will go farther and surer than anything that human genius invented during the late civil war. In recognition and memory of that fact, one year ago last fall, when we sought to welcome in this town Mr. Hill and his comrades, as soon as we had arrived at the era of speech-making from our home talent, as it is called, Mr. Hill retreated. [Laughter.] It was a happy thought of the committee of arrangements that has charge of this festival, to transfer it from the Merchants Hotel to the Knights of Labor hall, the acoustic qualities of which are so bad that nobody can be heard for twenty feet, and therefore there is a safe place of retreat. [Laughter.] Called upon to respond to a toast, "The Pioneers and Pilgrims of Montana," the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end of our history, as far as it is written, I am mindful that there is imposed upon me a task greater than I am adequate to perform. [Cries of "No, no."] A distinguished writer, whose prose is the essence of poetry, whom it would not be good taste to praise in his presence, has told us that history is a succession of vain regrets. But if there is a regret which dwells in our hearts to-night, it is that that number of majestic men that came into this country when it was a desert wild—that rescued it from inhospitable savages—are not all here to welcome with their voices and with their presence the advent of this great improved highway into the western country. [Loud applause.]

In closing he attained a pitch of eloquence that chained the attention of all. Following was his peroration:

These varying tides of life, that seem in endless,
eddying course to tend,
Are currents of a mighty stream that rolls to
its appointed end.

I think I represent everybody connected with the Northeren Pacific railroad in welcoming with a gladsome heart the Manitoba and the Montana Central to the town of Helena. [Applause.] If I know anything about those gentlemen, they feel very much as the fond father did who was discussing the propriety of dictating to his children whom they should marry, and said, "I will never interfere with the affections of my daughters. If they will marry the men that I shall choose, they may love whom they please." [Laughter]. Petty circumstances and petty surroundings beget petty actions and petty views. It takes great enterprises to inspire a people and call out of them that which is best within them; and therefore it is with a gladness and exceeding joy that the citizens of Montana, from her remotest confines, have come here to say to this gentleman, we welcome you to the confines and within the Territory of Montana. [Applause.] The duties of to-morrow are wider than were those of yesterday; the responsibilities that devolve upon us as sober, civilized men are beyond the responsibilities which were upon our shoulders last week. In whatever domain of activity we may be engaged, it will not do to take as a precedent the things of the past. The conditions are new, the power for usefulness is extended, and we must rise to the height of the occasion if we would acquit ourselves as true citizens of Montana. [Applause.]

The poets must not write the platitudes with which they have satisfied us heretofore; the orators must not chatter with form of eloquence that has sated our appetites in times that are passed; we must be elevated to a higher plane, a higher level of action, for we begin to act upon a stage wide as a kingdom, and we are the observed of all observers. The men of action, the men of muscle and the men of mind are not divided. They constitute the aggregate which we call in our good, plain English speech, man, and there is a spot and a place for every human, for every well intentioned activity, no matter in what domain of industry it may be. We may say with the poet:

Men of thought be up and stirring, night and
day,
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain, clear the
way;
Men of action aid and cheer them, as you may,
There's a light above the gloom,
There's a fount about the stream,
There's a midnight blackness changing into
gray—
Men of thought and men of action clear the
way.

When once the welcome light is broken,
Who shall say what the unimagined glories of
the day?
Who the evil that shall perish in its way?
Aid its dawning tongue and pen,
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it paper, aid it type,
Aid it for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play—
Men of thought and men of action clear the
way.

[Loud applause.]

Observations of Pioneer Times

W. F. SANDERS.

I deem it one of the happiest thoughts of our newspaper conductors that annually they devote one number of the respective papers to a retrospection and review of public and economic affairs throughout the territory, and particularly in their own localities. It is greatly to be regretted that this course was not adopted at the inception of the newspapers published in the Territory of Montana. That the busy life of a people which, day by day, finds expression and description in the newspaper world may very appropriately, at the close of the year, be summed up and its aggregate achievements and action compressed in smaller limits and reviewed in its more important aspects, is a dictate of wisdom which cannot be too highly praised. Efforts of this character are entitled to the assistance and encouragement of every thoughtful and public-spirited citizen. In the midst of this confusing whirl we are not sufficiently impressed with the importance of the events that occur and do not fitly comprehend their significance until years have passed by. Although this habit is one which has but recently obtained throughout the territory, it is nevertheless more universally observed here than elsewhere, and whoso has in his possession the holiday numbers of the various papers of the territory, which have sought to mark the closing year by such contributions, is in the possession of a fund of information concerning the affairs of Montana of no mean quality or pretense. Entirely mindful that the conductors of newspapers do not always take the wisest view, nor say of them the wisest things, it is nevertheless true that their various issues furnish a fund of information from which, with insignificant modifications, the aggregate history of a people will be written. It is, therefore, desirable that the newspapers in all the counties of the territory shall be stable and firmly rooted institutions, conducted by men whose interests as well as ambition shall incite them to make permanent properties and to establish for them a solid character. It has been too much the fortune of enterprises of this kind that they have been experiments, often in the hands of strangers without identification with the communities in which they are published, or possibly in some instances having only a single aim in view, and that view being wholly personal. As a result, such papers have not shadowed forth the true light or appreciated the genuine action of the communities in which they were published. Notwithstanding these exceptional instances, it is true that the newspaper press of the Territory of Montana, with some degree of fairness, bodies forth the aspirations and efforts of its citizens. Each paper should mark each closing year by generalizing the history of the community with which it is more particularly identified, and by such observations on a wider scale as should comprehend its relations to the balance of the territory. A column or two of such matter, not difficult of preparation at the time, would be of invaluable service as the years roll by and separate us from the events thus recorded. This doubtless was the original purpose with which our Montana newspapers started out in preparing their holiday editions. If, in consummation of this great purpose, they have comprehended a wider scope, and have recurred to events more remote in our history, it is because the contributors have in some instances painfully felt that there was a void in our written history which they have sought in some measure to supply. It is a growing creditable impulse that we recur lingeringly over those events which comprehend the Genesis of our settlement and civilization here, and it is apparent on all hands that the impulse to preserve sketches of our earlier story is strengthened day by day and year by year. This is made manifest by the increasing interest which is being taken in our Historical society, and by the organization and continuance with great vigor and usefulness of our Society of Montana Pioneers.

We drifted on for nearly twenty years without any general interest being taken in these matters, and whoso devoted some time and toil to labors which these societies concentrated were credited with abberations known in the slang of our day as cranks. But suddenly, and within the last four or five years, the whole territory seems to have awakened to a desire to join in the relation of the story which we have lived, and with a zeal which is worthy of commendation each is engaged in various ways in preserving it for future generations. That this would ultimately occur in a greater or lesser degree had the territory experienced no unusual changes, is doubtless true, but I think some events have occurred which have given strength to this impulse beyond the normal progress of such a demonstration. A portion of our history has been separated from our lives, is bound up by itself and contrasts strangely with all our existing conditions. We look back to it as something unique. It seems not wholly unlike a dream. With difficulty we convince ourselves that we were a part and parcel of it, and we wonder that we existed with such strange surroundings, and did not appreciate their then present significance nor how suddenly and absolutely they were to pass away. The period which

SEPARATES THAT EARLIER LIFE

from the struggles and toils of this is the advent into the territory, and almost over its entire surface from almost every point of the compass, of railroad connection. We no longer go to the stage offices when the coach is due, with the expectation that possibly a strange face or an old familiar one may greet us when the coach arrives. We do not wait a week or month for the advent of a mail from the "states." We cannot keep track of the great enterprises that grow up just beyond the line of our vision as we did in days that are gone by. No grist mill, saw mill or quartz mill could be erected in any part of the territory in former days without a knowledge of it going to the fireside of every intelligent citizen. The names of the inhabitants of the remotest towns were quite familiar to our ears. No stranger could come within our gates whose business the community would not soon know. Hospitality and curiosity alike stood on tip toe to welcome and interrogate every newcomer. The period during which our great rivers were navigable was known as a matter of domestic economy throughout the territory. Our citizens were advised at what time in the year the mountain ranges would forbid the ingress or egress of merchandise. The advent of winter isolated us from other communities, and we had six months before us during which period there was little obtrusion to disturb the conditions which we ourselves made. The environments of our existence were such that winter did not bring with it that opportunity for labor that we now have, and our people for a considerable period of the year indulged in leisure which now they do not know. All this is changed so suddenly that we hardly appreciate when it occurred. A new life has obtruded itself into these fastnesses, and we are to-day an integral part of the busy world. Its happiness and struggles, disappointments and rewards are ours. We are made glad by the influx of people on all the diverse errands which a high civilization invents, intent on eager strivings for what gratifies human ambition, and we derive aid from a thousand sources in all our enterprises which we did not formerly expect. In the fastnesses of desert and mountain which we formerly knew there sprung up as by magic, cities which our prophecy and our hope never compassed, and whether we will or no the great procession of people journeying to and fro are building up a commonwealth with a rapidity which we dared not hope. We are proud to be a part and parcel of this uneasy turmoil and gratified that our judgments as to the country are thus confirmed, and contented, perhaps proudly so, of the history we have written. It is no wonder, therefore, as we become inured to the new environment, that our memories recur to that other time when life was different from what it is, if not more stagnant certainly more placid than now.

And so we have an increasing interest in the story of our former history, which I mentioned in the opening of this article. We cannot fold our hands, however, and have that story preserved for us. Those of us whose fortune it was to be a part and parcel of that life must ourselves do something to rescue it from oblivion,

AND TO PICTURE IT FORTH

as it actually was. In many respects it is without a parallel. No foundation of a state among these American commonwealths was ever before laid so utterly remote from lines of commercial travel or centers of large population. In not more than two or three instances were communities ever before thrown together so suddenly from remote regions; never before probably were communities composed of elements so diverse as those of our early settlements. With the exception of a single tragic episode, the story of those settlers prior to August 27, 1864, is almost wholly unknown. Many of the actors in those early scenes, men of enterprise and capacity engaged in somewhat wild adventures, fulfilled the purposes of their visit here and left for other lands. Of the not insignificant number which yet remain, few seem inclined to gather up the story of that remote time and put it into permanent form. I have mentioned Aug. 27th, 1864, as the termination of that most interesting period, because from that time until now we have had within the limits of Montana one or more newspapers in which are preserved with greater or lesser fidelity the more important events of our history. But for about two years the story of our lives, with the single exception I have mentioned, exists almost wholly in tradition. Of that early period a few men survive who are capable and qualified to write its history. Mr. Nathaniel P. Langford, of St. Paul, one of our earliest citizens, in some respects could do this subject more complete justice than any other person I know. He was observant of events as they occurred, and the very fact that a little later he ceased to reside here must have impressed what he saw and felt and did upon his memory more deeply than it would had he remained until now. Those earlier events gradually and almost imperceptibly fade into the events of more recent years and thereby lose somewhat their remarkable characteristics in the esteem of those who continued their residence here. I have had frequent occasion to observe, in conversations with the earlier residents who left Montana in early days, that what was provincially characteristic or absurd left a deeper impression on their minds than it did upon those who remained, and the pen pictures which such men could give us would be invaluable. It is understood that Mr. Langford, during the time of his residence here and immediately after, elaborated memoranda of his experiences and observation which he had designed for the press, and it is a matter of regret that he has not seen proper heretofore to publish them.

Prior to the advent of the newspapers, the neighborhood news of every character was distributed through the community at favorite points of rendezvous in the various settlements of the territory. I recall as coming under my observation a number of stores where the

CITIZENS USED TO GATHER

and talk over events occurring in the neighborhood, or discussing propositions that concerned a wider area. To nearly the close of this period there was scarcely a hotel in the territory. The saloons were plenty, but their character was not such as to encourage the gatherings I have mentioned, and so the people used to congregate in certain mercantile establishments. Of course these audiences were composed wholly of males (the number of ladies in the territory was very limited), and of a considerable number of mercantile establishments only a few furnished the comforts and conveniences for such gatherings or manifested the hospitality which invited them.

At Bannack the place of all others where the better class of citizens used to assemble—with some of the worst class it must be confessed—was the store of Mr. George Chrissman. His ample fireplace in the room back of the store always blazing in the winter with a hospitable fire, and surrounded by stools and benches for the accommodation of visitors through the fall of 1863 and the succeeding winter, was a centre of very great interest, and his genial manner drew to it daily a considerable number from the town and the surrounding country. Wayfarers to and fro would there relate strange experiences which they had undergone, thrilling accidents which had occurred to them, assaults by savages or experiences in the then progressing war. Every subject upon which intelligent men would converse concerning the war was there discussed, illustrated and illuminated, and as a result the community was kept pretty well informed of events at Fort Benton, Fort Owen, Virginia City, Salt Lake, Denver, and the lesser and remoter regions of the entire country and the world. Mr. Chrissman did a large business which was very profitable, and divided practically the mercantile transactions with a store belonging to the Gilberts, from Salt Lake City, in the same place. He had for his assistant a genial and very excellent gentleman, Mr. L. C. Miller, who later lived at Helena, and now resides at Deadwood in Dakota. Messrs. Gilbert and son had for their manager Mr. M. J. McDonald, a very excellent gentleman, who went from Montana in an early day to San Francisco, and was one of the well known McDonald Brothers, brokers, of that city. The saloons were generally too boisterous to attract to them the quiet citizens, although some of them were kept by men of intelligence, whose general impulses were excellent, but who could not wholly maintain the order which they desired.

At Virginia City during the same period, a favorite place of resort was the store of George B. Parker, although I think he sold out and went to Saint Louis for another stock of goods early in the winter. Other places, substantially like his, were the stores of Plouts & Russell, General George P. Dorris, Taylor, Thompson & Co., and later in the winter, King and Gillette, and John J. Roe & Co. These places with some others were noted for their hospitality and the easy grace with which all who desired to come were entertained. The winters were not unduly severe, but there was always a number of citizens, excellent conversers, taking a large interest in public affairs, who assembled to become acquainted each with the other, and to inform themselves and give information touching public matters. Of course the hospitality of

FORT BENTON AND FORT OWEN

was abounding, and they were in charge of very intelligent men, but it was not my fortune in that early period to be entertained at those places.

Among the stores at Virginia City, which were favorite haunts of excellent men, was that of Root & Davis, two splendid citizens, full of enterprise, with an abiding faith in the country and whose hospitality was as unbounded as their hearts were large. At the earliest period of these two towns it was in the stores that the physicians and lawyers found their offices, and not unfrequently several firms engaged in different kinds of mercantile business occupied the same store room.

There was not a hotel in the country, everybody who traveled away from home carried his bedding in the shape of buffalo robes and blankets with him and at night the floors of these various stores were covered with sleepers of various descriptions, in many instances a very motley crowd. I had frequent occasion to avail myself of these accommodations, and devout and pious men were mixed indiscriminately with thieves, highway robbers and murderers and other villians of various hues. My first visit to Virginia City from Bannack was made entertaining by the attention which Mr. Henry Plummer, my neighbor, showed me. Among other objects of interest to which he invited me was a hospital, consisting of a log house on Wallace street, in which were a dozen or more patients, every one of whom had met with some serious misfortune endangering his life, bullets predominating by a very large per cent. With an inperturable coolness, which was not usual except upon the battlefield, he stepped from subject to subject telling where and by whom each of the unconscious victims were shot, and in several instances stated that he had done the shooting. Of course his relation of the transaction made it justifiable self-defence or essential to the maintenance of order in the somewhat rude and turbulent community.

A fragile express company assumed to carry passengers, letters and papers to and from Salt Lake City, but such was the lack of preparation that I think during that winter one period of sixty days elapsed without any actual news from other territories or states. The communities would be occasionally startled by wild rumors of the war, which, being eagerly caught up and traced to their ultimate source, were fathered upon what was facetiously known during that winter as "Dr. Glick's Grapevine Telegraph." We had Washington captured several times and Mr. Lincoln was a prisoner in the hands of the confederates. Although the truth to tell there was considerable bad blood extant concerning the war, about which the citizens radically differed, I think upon the whole we may say that as much philosophy and good nature was manifested as under the circumstances we had any right to expect. There were, of course, some hotheaded men who would have been glad to create trouble, but the good sense of the more moderate people prevailed and matters did not culminate in any difficulty.

During this period news would come from various regions on

NEW DISCOVERIES OF MINES.

There was no thought of any other industry in the country. To find mines, to plant mining communities, and to supply them was then supposed to be the extent and variety of the industries which would occupy the attention of everybody who should thereafter occupy Montana.

One of the strange characteristics of the time was the entire familiarity and intimacy which existed between towns in Montana, and Salt Lake City and Denver. Most of our people knew either personally or by hearsay every merchant and every prominent man in Utah and Colorado. The salacious sermons of Brigham Young and Bishop Woolly were rehearsed from time to time at these early gatherings and met with universal condemnation. I think it was about the only subject upon which there was absolute unanimity. Governor Evans, Cameron Hunt and Henry M. Teller, with a host of other Colorado citizens, were men whom we felt we knew, though many of us had never seen them.

To all intents and purposes St. Joseph seemed to us our seaport, for it was from there that a large number of our citizens emigrated, and Ben Holliday's stage line touched the river there, although its main starting point was at Atchison, Kansas. Our business relations were not so intimate with the western portions of the United States. A difficult pack trail enabled fruit and goods to be imported from the Columbia, but the Nevada deserts were so forbidding that it took a couple of years to work up any degree of commercial intimacy with San Francisco. A winter journey to the states involved crossing the main range of the Rocky Mountains at Pleasant Valley, a task which for the two first winters was of great difficulty. I think there was no habitation between Horse Prairie and Bear river, except a few tents on the Snake river.

There were a number of people living in the country who, within a short period thereafter, left the territory, and whose names cannot, therefore, to any considerable extent, be identified with our history. In Bannack I recall a Dr. Garrett, I believe from Maryland, who impressed me as being a man of considerable ability, a gentleman in his demeanor and a good citizen, of whose subsequent career I know nothing. Mr. E. R. Purple was also a resident at Bannack, who left the territory in 1863 or '4, and never returned. He was an invalid in search of health, a man of gentle manners, kind heart and of very considerable literary skill, who returned to the city of New York and resided there for nearly a dozen years before he died. He maintained through all that period a very sincere and ardent affection for Montana and Montanians. George Chrisman, of whom I have already spoken, was a man of kindly disposition, a liberal and public spirited citizen. He left Montana for New York state and finally died in the pursuit of gold off the coast of South America. The names of persons of this class who left Montana in 1864, and who are worthy of some mention in her annals, should be much amplified. There was

ANOTHER CLASS OF PEOPLE

here in that early time who remained somewhat longer in the territory, and in one form or another identified themselves with the history of Montana, who are also entitled to a considerate memory. Among these Gaylord G. Bissell is one, a man of excellent sense, of a good education, a member of the medical profession, but lured by prospects of gain to follow mining instead. There was also Harrison Gray Otis, the Rev. A. M. Torbet, Robert M. Hagaman, Francis M. Thompson, now of Greenfield, Mass.; Jos. Swift, Jr., now superintendent of the Diamond Match company in New York, and the Rev. Jonathan Blanchard, a very able and reverend doctor of divinity who came to Montana and spent a summer and who yet survives at Wheaton, Wisconsin.

There was also Wm. C. Rheem, who was elected to the legislative assembly in the fall of 1863, who going to Lewiston, Idaho, discharged faithfully his duties as a representative but returned to his native state of Pennsylvania, where he now resides at Franklin. Mr. J. C. Campbell spent two or three months of the summer of 1864 practicing law at Bannack and returned to Chicago publishing an itinerary of the route to Bannack City, and who now resides in Chicago engaged in the business of dealing in real estate.

Mr. Heman Clark was also a resident of Bannack in that early time, with an interest in the Dakota lode, and was universally known as "Dakota Clark." He left the territory, however, at quite an early period and has since been engaged in the construction of the Northern Pacific and other railroads in various parts of the country, in which business he has made a very considerable fortune, and now resides in the city of New York, where he has heavy contracts on the Croton acqueduct.

Thomas D. Pitt was also a conspicuous character during the early years of our history, and was in every respect a very excellent gentleman and citizen. While on a visit to New York about 1867, he died, surrounded by a large number of Montanians, who gave him every care and attention that it was possible to bestow, and who buried him with universal regret.

Andrew Murray was also another citizen of Bannack engaged largely in mining enterprises, who had a host of friends wherever he was known.

Richard P. Eaton was a miner in Grasshopper gulch in 1863 and '4, and was favorably regarded by all who knew him. He subsequently removed to the new county of Meagher, where I believe he was at one time a sheriff.

With the possible exception of Mr. Hagaman, not one of the persons I have mentioned have such a host of friends as Mr. Nathan Stein, the first agent in Virginia City of Ben Holliday's stage line. A gentleman of rare intelligence, with a wide observation of men and things, and with a face and manner that inspired everybody's confidence, which was justified by a fuller acquaintance with the man, his presence and conversation was as refreshing as a cool spring in the desert.

There are two other names which I should like to recall to the memory and knowledge of our people, not more from the sadness of their taking off than for their many excellent personal qualities.

DAVID D. CHAMBERLAIN

was a young man who in 1862 started a pony express from Virginia City to Walla Walla. At that early time news traveled about as speedily from Walla Walla to the settlements in eastern Idaho as over any other route, and there was a considerable difference of opinion among the people as to the line by which we should receive our mails and merchandise. People from the northwest coast were of the opinion that our supplies were to be from the upper Columbia by the way of the Mullan road, or substantially over that line. As a sort of an avant courier over that commercial highway Mr. Chamberlain started his pony express, and at one time brought me my mail, consisting of twenty-four letters, for which I cheerfully

PAID HIM THE SUM OF $24.

He counted his friends by the hundred in Alder Gulch, and he would leave Virginia City for Walla Walla with the promise that he would return within forty days, a promise which he uniformly redeemed. He was a young man of signal brightness, kindly in his disposition and of a personal demeanor which won for him hosts of friends. He was the image and type of a western pioneer, full of enterprise and liberality and of a courage undaunted. He was shot at Central City, a place midway between Virginia City and Nevada City in Alder Gulch, on his birthday in 1864. Few young men had before them a more rosy or promising future, and his death was a sad blow to every one who knew him. I very gladly recall his name and memory not only to those who knew him, but to those who since that time have become residents of Montana.

Another individual entitled to affectionate and grateful memory was Mr. George Copley, of Bannack. He was a native, I believe, of the state of Vermont. He was a man in the prime of life, full of activity, inspired by generous ambition, and public-spirited in every position in which he was placed. On the 11th day of January, 1864, while endeavoring to arrest Joe Pyzanthia, he was shot at the door of a cabin in Bannack and died the succeeding day. He was the only member of our vigilance committee who lost his life in attempt to arrest the career of the highwaymen then infesting the country. On the night before he was shot he was one of the posse detailed to arrest Henry Plummer, and was the first man to lay hands on that bold highwayman in the house where he boarded on Yankee Flat. When Mr. Plummer was made secure and the detail which had him in charge was marching back to the headquarters of the vigilance committee, Mr. Copely came across another party charged with the duty of arresting one of Plummer's deputies who had been engaged in several robberies, and assisted in his capture. The mildness of his manner gave little indication of his resolute purpose or of the courage with which he faced danger of every description.

THE TRAGEDY PRODUCED INTENSE EXCITEMENT

in Bannack and the day of his funeral was the saddest that town has ever known. The territory which owes so much to his lofty courage could do no more graceful act than to erect a monument over his grave, that would commemorate the name of a noble citizen and would also express the public gratitude for a necessary sacrifice to bring order out of the chaos which characterized that time. Mr. Copely had no relatives in the country and as far as I am advised their whereabouts are unknown. Entirely devoted to the maintainance of public order and counting no labor too severe to accomplish it, he was the reliance of the good citizens and he set a high example of devotion to the public good. These two men thus coming to untimely ends bore the impress of lofty characters and were perfect gentlemen.

I have been deeply impressed in recent years with the anxiety that has been manifested upon the part of those early residents to identify their names with that early time. From the remotest confines of our settlements there frequently appears before the secretary of the Pioneer society some humble citizen who wishes his name recorded as one of that heroic and adventurous band. Some of these requests made in my presence have in them a touch of pathos which is very affecting. However fortune has dealt with them they seem to look back to those early days with a feeling of personal pride, and they desire identification therewith. It has occurred to me that this impulse carries with it an impressive lesson. Our present Pioneer society expects no membership except from those who were in Montana during the year 1864. When the territory shall have been admitted as a state and a few years more shall have passed I do not doubt but that every citizen who lived here prior to the admission of the state will be permitted to become a member of that organization. If not another organization will be formed.

WE ARE ALL PIONEERS TO-DAY.

We need nothing but perspective to enable us to see that these times are formative in their character, and are of vast consequence in giving tone and direction to public thought and endeavor. A mere nominal identification with this pioneer life is wholly unsatisfying. No man will be long remembered from the simple fact that he was here. That was an accident in his history, and he might as well be known as No. 17 as by the cognomen of Smith or Jones. To extract the full measure of satisfaction from the fact of having been a pioneer there must remain the consciousness that the individual did something worthy of pioneer life and pioneer times, and it is because the population was so small and the duties and unanimity were so great that its earlier pioneers recur to that period with conscious pride. Small would be the satisfaction which could be derived by any person living here in 1863 and '64 who knew that the great events then occurring transpired without his sympathy and aid. And so to-day the person who wraps himself up in the mantle of his own selfishness, who does nothing to make the community wiser or better will never know the real luxury that pertains to identification with the founders of these communities. The moral is plain. We must not belittle the conditions of the present time. All pioneer labor has not been accomplished, all identification with the founding of a state is not yet irrevocably fixed. It will be a very unsatisfying consciousness when we recur to these days, if we shall only have to say that we made a fortune for ourselves, that we were mere observers of events, if we are also conscious that we did nothing to strengthen the intellectual and moral forces that out of the chaos of incoherent life are to evolve law and order.

THE NESTOR OF THE BAR.

Col Sanders said: May it please your honor, I am unexpectedly present this morning upon this occasion, having returned during the night from the city of Bozeman, where on yesterday I wrought ample and adequate revenge on the people of Gallatin county. I am not designated by any one to say anything on this occasion; but I am moved by an impulse which I will not resist, to add a very few words to what has already been said. When I began the practice of law in what is now the territory of Montana, our court houses were the shadows of willows by the streams, and of cottonwoods, and we divided our time between the ascertainment of the ethical propositions which determined the contentions, and fighting the mosquitoes and flies. I do not think that there is anybody in the territory of Montana who has practiced law here longer than I have, perhaps not so long, and I have been a witness of the growth of the administration of public justice in some forum according to some form or rule from its beginning until now. That in any building of such vastness and beauty as this we should be permitted in this good day of grace to assemble and to open another year of our national history by dedicating it to the administration of the law, is a cause for abundant congratulation. There is somebody beside the architect and the commissioners and the contractors and the taxpayers entitled to credit for this magnificent structure. The names of the men that have sat upon that bench, of the lawyers that have stood at this bar, are entitled to respectful and grateful mention, as elements that have contributed not merely to the construction of this building, but to the gratification that the people of Lewis and Clarke county and the territory of Montana feel that it is here. Because of their labors, there is some hope centering around this building and clustering around and making the influences that are to emanate from it. So to-day we may give our memories for a moment to those men who have been ministers in the temple of justice. But it is not a good building that necessarily is a cause of congratulation. We all remember the sonorous periods of the great English statesman who said: "It was the boast of Augustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. But how much nobler will be the soverign's boast, when he shall have it to say that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence." So that this ever-widening vista of our civilization as, step by step, we progress to higher good, duties devolve upon us, individually and jointly, more profound and solemn day by day. The petty trials and struggles of times that are past, whatever may have been their characteristics, are not the adequate discharge of the duties that lie before us. As we have other opportunities and privileges, and as we have another and wider sphere of usefulness, so we must not be content with the methods which have preceded us. Doing justice to all, aiming at a constant devotion to the general good, mindful of the sacrifices that have been made to bring us to this glad day, we must unbendingly resolve that there shall emanate from this building, that there shall go forth from this presence, an influence that shall take a firmer grasp upon the public mind and that shall be more worthy of the public approval. Ever since we started these small beginnings in what was then the Territory of Idaho, the observing mind can plainly see that increasing duties are devolving upon those who minister in temples of justice. I read in the daily papers that there is some process of determining men's rights that is better than the law; and we have demagogues going round, and soothsayers that tell us that arbitration is better than law.

How arises in our vision to-day the keen insight of those seers, who in ancient times rose to the divine heighth of an appreciation of what the law was, and said it was "the voice of God and the harmony of the world." And there is no more dangerous sign in the future than this distrust which ignorance begets of the adequacy of the law to settle all contentions, and to determine every man's right according to some rule of ethics which has been formulated in words. I sometimes wonder as to these men who preach that it is better in the administration of affairs, for the protection of the poor and the feeble, that the tribunals that are to determine their rights shall be emancipated from these formulas and words in which are embodied the substantial rights of every person, for we do not often stop to contemplate the vast mosaic of which the law is composed. It was the observation of one of the greatest lawyers of the United States, Mr. Evarts, there was no provision of the constitution; there was no enactment of a statute; there was no determination of a judicial tribunal, which was not the outgrowth of some contention between two individuals; the suffering of some particular person finally becomes so universal as to be bodied forth in plain English, or Latin, or law French, as the case might be, to be a protection against future wrongs of that kind. And it is true. And if men shall be emancipated from these formulas which do embody ethics, it is a blind vision that does not see that upon the Moloch of that anarchy will be sacrificed the dearest rights and interests, not of the strong who can protect themselves, but of the feeble and the poor, who will be at the mercy of the tyrant. And it is true, that where law ends, tyranny begins. So I have come to say, and I close by saying, that it is not merely the contemplation of this beautiful structure that will satisfy the demands of the hour. It is a high resolve to do better than we have done before; a resolve to gather around this tribunal which is to assemble here, let us hope, for many generations of our history, and strenghten it in public confidence; and it is no improbability that men will talk in this court room when the people of the United States will number at least three hundred millions of souls. It is their interests that we have got to look after. This building may stand or it may may fall; earthquakes may shatter, or the corroding tooth of time may eat it down; but what is done here, and what is said here, in its influence upon those who shall follow afterwards, not merely within the limits of this great commonwealth, but throughout this great country and the wide world itself, will endure forever. And a great English poet, notable for many excellent traits of character, a splendid lawyer, to whom Montana is indebted for something of her judicial legislation, Sir William Jones, deeply impressed with the idea which I have tried feebly to shadow forth, inquires, "What constitutes a state?" and proceeding to answer it, negatively and affirmatively, says:

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate:
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No.—Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain;—
These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
(Applause.)

Its dedication is a point in the history of the county, and the INDEPENDENT is truly sorry that it cannot give space to the many eloquent speeches made on the occasion. From them we have selected that of Col. Sanders, not merely because of its extemporaneous eloquence and resonant strength of idea, but because Col. Sanders, of all lawyers in Montana, should be fittingly heard at the dedication of a temple of justice in the territory. He expounded the principles of justice and order in Montana when their administration was in the hands of no courts, except those created by the people without regard to established forms, precedents, practice or statute. He was the advocate for the prosecution before a bar that consisted of hundreds of judges, and whose decisions were prompt, effective and final. Later, before constituted authorities, he practiced until, from the wagon-box that was the rugged bench, with the eternal hills for the court house walls, he has come to assist in the dedication to justice of the finest building in Montana.

FREEDOM

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Pioneers and the Pilgrims.

COL. SANDERS RESPONDS WITH TELLING EFFECT AMID MUCH APPLAUSE.

To this toast Colonel Sanders spoke with telling effect, his forcible delivery and the rythm of his sentences bringing down cheer after cheer, and the peroration of his magnificent effort, delivered amid the silence and strained attention of the audience, will long linger in the memory of all present:

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—It is a well known fact in projectiles that there is nothing so deadly as the speech of a Montana orator. (Laughter.) It will go farther and surer than anything that human genius invented during the late civil war. In recognition and memory of that fact. one year ago, last fall, when we sought to welcome in this town Mr. Hill and his comrades, so soon as we had arrived at the era of speech-making from our home talent, as it is called, Mr. Hill retreated. (Laughter.) It was a happy thought of the committee of arrangements that has charge of this festival, to transfer it from the Merchants hotel to the Knights of Labor hall, the acoustic qualities of which are so bad that nobody can be heard for twenty feet, and therefore there is a safe place of retreat. [Laughter.] Called upon to respond to a toast, "The Pioneers and Pilgrims of Montana," the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end of our history as far as it is written, I am mindful that there is imposed upon me a task greater than I am adequate to perform. (Cries of "no, no.") A distinguished writer whose prose is the essence of poetry, whom it would not be good taste to praise in his presence, has told us that history is a succession of vain regrets. But if there is a regret which dwells in our hearts to-night, it is that that majestic number of men that came into this country when it was a desert wild, that rescued it from the inhospitable savages, are not all here to welcome with their voices and with their presence the advent of this great improved highway into the western country. (Loud applause.) If voice of mine could summon them from their "windowless palaces of rest," and we had them in this hall, they would join the pilgrims in the spirit that moved the lips of that sacred poet when he cried, "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea." (Applause.) And in undertaking to combine what a familiar idea seems to say is something hostile, the pioneers and the pilgrims, you have given to us a theme that might occupy something more than the five minutes that is prescribed to me. But they are halves of a golden whole; and inasmuch as those of you who are pioneers came here and have gathered into your grasp whatsoever there is immediately and inconsiderably valuable, I trust that you will be liberal to those of us who have come later. (Laughter.) Do not, I pray you, when these pilgrims come and ask for a division, respond to them as the small boy did with his apple which he was engaged in eating with a great deal of vigor, as small boys are wont to do, and when he was interrogated by his fellow, who said to him simply what the pilgrims say to us—"give me the core of that 'ere apple;" and he put it back in his mouth and said, "there ain't goin' to be no core to this apple." (Loud laughter.) I go back in my memory to the time when I first planted my home within the limits of what is now Montana; and to-day seeing the magnificent enthusiasm that has characterized the people assembled here, I thought of that other day when I stood in the valley of the Prickly Pear with a solitary companion, so far as I know the only civilized men within the limits of the valley. It has been the good fortune of the pioneers to compress within the limits of their observation here all civilization. It is as if the four thousand years of recorded history were compressed, and in a panorama or under a glass case.

We have seen the beginnings; they were somewhat barbarous, but there was a right royal and heroic spirit of American citizenship in every breast. (Applause). Because we did not have law seemed not to be to us a reason why we should not have order: and we evolved of the force and habit and by the stern integrity of our pioneers as good and complete government as if it had been written in statutes and administered by men with commissions from the president of the United States. (Applause). It is therefore a matter of rejoicing that we have welcomed to-day a new improved highway of commerce within the limits of this territory and this town; and I think that it is nothing more than just to Mr. Broadwater that I should give you for an intstance—and I beg your pardon—the genesis of this idea of his that we should have a locomotive in the town of Helena. I see my friend Mr. Floweree, sitting over here on my left and we started out a few years ago, longer than either one of us, still unwilling to admit that the graver years come rolling on, would like to acknowledge, resolved that we would have a railroad here. Mr. Floweree's speech was that the locomotive was worth more for the purposes of civilization than 40,000 missionaries. (Laughter and applause.) And Mr. Broadwater, inspired with the spirit of Cardinal Zimines and Jonathan Edwards, resolved that a missionary enterprise of that kind and of that magnitude should be introduced into the territory of Montana, and that he would leave no stone unturned to get it: and his 40,000 missionaries are here. But beyond all light references to such matters, it is true—I would not say it, although I am entitled to it, for I am an expert in that matter, having been a missionary myself—but I attended a church last night where, under the forms which the church itself prescribes, there was a religious welcome to the Manitoba railroad and the Montana Central; and even my minister of the gospel, dear to me for the church to which he belongs, in which I was baptized and raised, did not hesitate to affirm that the material forces of a locomotive were worth more than a missionary, and said truly that there was not a possibility of converting a heathen of India or China except you would introduce railroads. So I have hope for the heathen of Montana. (Laughter.) There were men to-day came to me and said: "Why, I am surprised that you who are identified professionally with the Northern Pacific railroad, should go round to this celebration of the entrance of the Manitoba, a rival line." Well, in the first place, I can appeal to all my friends that I believe in contention (Laughter), and I believe in dissension. (Laughter.) I believe in the philosophic statement that all nature's differences make all nature's peace.

"These varying tides of life that seem in endless eddying course to tend, are currents of a mighty stream that rolls to its appointed end" (Applause); and I think I represent everybody connected with the Northern Pacific railroad in welcoming with a gladsome heart the Manitoba and the Montana Central to the town of Helena. (Applause.) If I know anything about those gentlemen, they feel very much as the fond father did who was discussing the propriety of dictating to his children whom they should marry, and said, "I will never interfere with the affections of my daughters; if they will marry the men that I shall choose, they may love whom they please." (Laughter.) Petty circumstances and petty surroundings beget petty actions and petty views. It takes great enterprises to inspire a people and call out of them that which is best within them; and therefore it is that with a gladness and exceeding joy the citizens of Montana, from her remotest confines, have come up here to say to this gentlemen, we welcome you to the confines and within the territory of Montana. (Applause.) The duties of to-morrow are wider than were those of yesterday; the responsibilities that devolve upon us as sober, civilized men are beyond the responsibilities which were upon our shoulders last week.

In whatever domain of activity we may be engaged, it will not do to take as a precedent the things of the past. The conditions are new, the power for usefulness is extended, and we must rise to the height of the occasion if we would acquit ourselves as true citizens of Montana. (Applause.) The poets must not write the platitudes with which they have satisfied us heretofore; the orators must not chatter with form of eloquence that has sated our appetites in times that are past; we must be elevated to a higher plane, a higher level of action, for we begin to act upon a stage wide as a kingdom, and we are the observed of all observers. The men of action, the men of muscle, and the men of mind are not divided. They constitute the aggregate which we call in our good, plain English speech, man, and there is a spot and a place for every human, for every well-intentioned activity, no matter in what domain of industry it may be. We may say with the poet:

Men of thought be up and stirring, night and day,
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain, clear the way;
Men of action aid and cheer them, as you may.
There's a light about the gloom,
There's a fount about the stream,
There's a midnight blackness clanging into gray—
Men of thought and men of action clear the way.

When once the welcome light is broken,
Who shall say what the unimagined glories of the day?
Who the evil that shall perish in its way?
Aid its dawning tongue and pen,
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it paper, aid it type,
Aid it for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play—
Men of thought and men of action clear the way.

[Loud applause.]

"Beneath the shadow of the Great Protection
The soul sits, hushed and calm.
Bathed in the peace of that divine affection,
No fever-heats of life, or dull dejection,
Can work the spirit harm.

"Be happy, then, my heart,
That thou in all hast part,—
In all these outward gifts of time and sense,
In all the spirit's nobler influence.

"Be happy now and ever,
Since from the Love Divine no power the soul shall sever:
For not our feeble nor our stormy past,
Nor shadows from the future backward cast;
Not all the gulfs of evil far below,
Nor mountain peaks of good which soar on high
Into the unstained sky,
Nor any power the universe can know;
Nor the vast laws to whose control is given
The blades of grass just springing from the sod,
And stars within the unsounded depth of heaven,—
Can touch the spirit hid with Christ in God.
For naught that he has made, below, above,
Can part us from his love."

Such was the spirit of trust in the infinite Wisdom and Goodness over all and at the heart of all, that breathed through the whole life of James Freeman Clarke, strengthening him in labor, comforting him in sorrow, giving almost a divine beauty and elevation to his character, and making him victor over death.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

No man in Montana occupied a closer social relation to Col. Sanders than Judge Coornelius Hedges. Pioneers together, in all their long acquaintance nothing ever caused a break in their friendship. Speaking of the work and character of Col. Sanders, Judge Hedges said yesterday:

"If anybody deserves a monument for good service done for Montana at great personal sacrifice and hazard it is Col. Wilbur F. Sanders. Aside from this, for which all good citizens unite to honor his name, he has spent full 40 years of faithful and productive labor for the permanent good and growth of our material, intellectual and moral interests. Though handicapped by belonging to a minority party in all the early years of Montana's development, his counsels and labors did more than those of our delegate to secure for us favorable legislation. No matter how unpopular his political principles with a great majority of the residents, he never faltered in their defense in public or private.

"If he had confined himself to the practice of law he might have had the lion's share of all the profitable business in this state and accumulated a fortune. Had he practiced the acts of the politician, with his conceded ability he might have held any office in the gift of the people of Montana. For every cause and question in whose soundness and justice he was convinced, no matter how unpopular another time, he was profuse often to prodigality of his time and talent."

TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1905.

W. F. SANDERS.

Yesterday, at Helena, the relentless earth closed over the mortal remains of Wilbur F. Sanders. Barring the last few years his life was a stirring one. Coming to the territory of Montana when a few mountain trails were the only highways he found congenial work in substituting law and order for lawlessness and he had no small part in laying the foundation upon which the education, culture and social life of the state has been erected. Broad of intellect and of dauntless courage he was easily the leader in every movement for civic order in pioneer days. In the first days of Montana's statehood his ability was recognized and rewarded by his election as one of this state's first representatives in the United States senate, but he failed of re-election to that body because he was a statesman rather than a politician. Brilliant and masterful in spirit he was naturally the leader before the days of the political machine, but lacking the inclination for details and scorning to use subterfuge he was easily displaced as a party leader.

Indeed, Colonel Sanders, as he was familiarly known, was too outspoken to be successful in politics for he could not see a wrong without striking out right and left and it mattered not whether his blows fell on friend or foe. Thus it was that during his career he made many enemies but even his enemies acknowledged his honesty of purpose.

Men of high ideals are never money makers and Colonel Sanders was no exception to this rule, but his ability was such that his earnings were sufficient to enable him to move in the sphere of life which he belonged.

It is not to Montana's credit that he was so little honored in the political life of the state, but he was crowded out by men who held policy above principle and who did not hesitate to sacrifice the best interests of the state for their own selfish ends. Some of these men are now loud in their praise of Sanders and his sterling qualities, but a recognition of those qualities during his lifetime would have been of more worth. Sanders alive, however, was a dangerous rival to be kept down, while Sanders dead is no longer to be feared. It is the old story of kicks for the living and praise for the dead, but the praise is none the less sincere on this account.

In character Sanders was a man of heroic mould and his character has left its impress upon Montana's early history, too large, perhaps, to be clearly seen at close hand, but as each year adds distance to the view, his life work will stand out in lines of bold relief showing more plainly with each passing year. Montana and the world is richer because he lived. Would there were more like him.

As Colonel Sanders was quick to prosecute the bandits and highwaymen of pioneer days even at the peril of his life he was also instant to turn the weight of his eloquence against those who in later years sought to corrupt and debauch the state by the use of money. In doing this he brought upon himself the wrath of the most powerful influences in the state but it mattered not to him for his delight in a contest seemed to increase with the opposition and the danger involved.

The following from a memorial to the United States senate asking for an investigation of certain charges of bribery came from the pen of Colonel Sanders and well illustrates the eloquence and force of his thoughts when expressed upon a principle for which he was battling:

"The circumstances which surround us are so melancholy, and so humiliate our pride, and threaten yet further demoralization, that we are impelled to turn to your honorable body for such partial redress as is within your power, in the confident hope that in time we shall, upon our own theater and in our own tribunals, visit such flagrant crimes with condign punishment.

"Mindful of the gravity of this accusation and of the great and serious duties which devolve upon your honorable body, we have vainly sought for some other mehod whereby we might emancipate our commonwealth from the toils of bribery into which it has fallen.

"Conscious of the insidious character of the crime of robbery, the very nature of which is to shield its perpetrators from detection, and realizing the danger which threatens our institutions through these debauchers of the public morals.

"We did enter upon and engage in this undertaking for the sole and high purpose of exposing such crimes, to the end that our state might be emancipated from such baleful influences, and that arrogant wealth should not usurp the rewards which belong of right to honest ambition and virtue.

"As we would hold before aspiring youth the honors of our state as the reward of noble service in the arts of peace, we shall spare no sacrifice to prevent them from being sold in the market place, and we therefore invoke the aid of your honorable body to hold up to the condemnation of mankind the sordid purpose to make of our most sacred possessions vulgar merchandise."

A Most Meritorious Compliment.

The act of the legislature, in substituting for the county newly created in this State the name of Sanders for the absurd title of Paradise, is one act of the present assembly that will receive universal approval and commendation.

It is a worthy tribute to a most splendid man who has been an active factor in Montana history. The bill passed both houses unanimously, so far as the nomenclature of the new county was concerned.

No meritorious history of this State can be written that fails to set forth the invaluable work of Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders in the upbuilding of this new commonwealth.

The motion for this change was made by Dr. O. M. Lanstrum, Republican member of the house from this county. It was supported by Speaker Hedges in an eloquent address that met with unanimous approval and great applause from his auditors.

If there be criticism offered to the words of Speaker Hedges, it would be on the grounds that his eulogium emphasized particularly the services rendered by Colonel Sanders to the State in pioneer days, in the suppression of the highwaymen whose robberies and crimes were so rampant, while he omitted other and greater services rendered to this commonwealth by the Colonel in latter days.

His stand for civic righteousness and civic integrity in these later days, when corruption and bribery became pestilential, should also have been mentioned. His adamantine position against economical vagaries and financial heresies that threatened common sense and his own political extinction, was an exhibition of manly independence and moral courage, worthy of the highest admiration and respect.

What he believed and knew to be right, that he dared to publicly and boldly advocate, in spite of public clamor and regardless of his own personal welfare.

These higher exhibitions of moral courage dwarf mere physical courageousness, however the latter may be applauded.

Again, Colonel Sanders has been an intense enemy of great railroads and other corporations that have so long encroached upon the rights of the public, and, through corruption and undue influence, have sought their own selfish ends at the expense of the people and the State. They have been unable to wheedle or cow him into consenting to such encroachments. Had he tamely acquiesced in and consented to their schemes of plundering the public, he need never have left the United States Senate. By sacrificing his self-respect he could have remained in that high office, even to to the present day.

The true biographer of this distinguished Montanian will especially emphasize these rugged qualities, this sterling integrity. His mere physical courage in defying outlaws of an early day pales before these less showy, but more worthy exhibitions of true moral courage. The unthinking may most admire his conduct in vigilante days; those who analyze worth and place a correct estimate on human greatness know that his insistent contention for civic honesty and public integrity far outrank those early exploits.

In the death of Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders Montana has lost a man who has staunchly served her in both conflict and peace; who with a mighty and forceful hand has chiseled on her tablet of fame lasting deeds of honesty, courage and loyalty, and she bows her head in unconcealed grief at her loss. Colonel Sanders is one of the men who might be called truly great, for his fame did not arise from glory attendant upon the wearing of high politcal honors, but rather from the powerful strength of his own self. He was what he was on his own account, and his fame will not be of the ephemeral kind arising from political glory, but enduring in the hearts of true friends and loyal citizens "who loved him for his very works' sake".

COL. SANDERS' FUNERAL BROUGHT OLD TIMERS

No event in Helena in recent years has been the means of bringing together in the capital so many of the pioneers of Montana as were on hand yesterday to pay the last tribute to Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders. The gray haired trail-blazers came from every section of the state, from the ranches, the mines and the mountains. Their admiration for the sterling character of the dead, their gratitude for his inestimable services in putting down lawlessness in the early days and making life and property safe in Montana combined with their liking for his fighting ability made one of the most eloquent tributes.

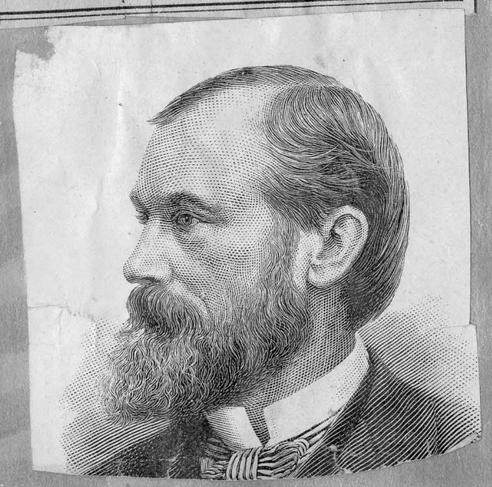
Wherever two or more of Montana's venerable citizens were gathered together yesterday after the funeral the conversation turned to early day scenes and incidents in not a few of which Colonel Sanders was a central figure. There was not a note of discord in the common verdict that Montana owes his memory a debt of gratitude that the state can never pay. All agreed that the proposition of erecting a monument worthy of the man and his achievements was most meritorious.

Hon. Edward Cardwell of Jefferson Island, tall, venerable, yet agile and active as ever, discussed the subject with Hon. George Irvin, the silver-tongued orator of Butte, and other old timers.

"Yes; I am heartily in favor of a monument to Sanders; he certainly deserves it," declared the well known stockman, former member of the legislature, who has also been a member of constitutional conventions and other notable Montana gatherings. Mr. Cardwell celebrated his seventy-second birthday yesterday and he looks as though he is ready to stand many more. Clean cut, outspoken in favor of any worthy enterprise, this grand old man of Jefferson county has few rivals as a warm admirer of Colonel Sanders.

"A mere monument would be nothing in return for what he did," continued Mr. Cardwell, "but it will be something I hope the undertaking will meet with the success it merits. Few of the younger generation of Montanians today seem to realize the inestimable services of the 'old warhorse' in the early border days. Most of them think only of Sanders as the public speaker, or I might say, the politician—they forget his great deeds for civic safety. It has often been a wonder to me how the colonel escaped assassination at the hands of cut throats and highwaymen he was making life so interesting for. They uttered numerous threats against him but his remarkable fearlessness made them quail and they never dared to carry them out. I recall one incident in Virginia City in which I plainly saw three roadagents follow Sanders along the street after making threats against him. He turned upon them and they made a bluff at shaking hands. He extended his left because his right was occupied. It grasped a pistol in his pocket and if they had tried to shoot I guess the colonel would have been there with the goods. They sneaked away like the cowards they were. A few days after two of them were hanged by the vigilantes. It was a miracle they did not attack the colonel, as it was early Sunday morning, when few people were abroad and they might have carried out their plans and escaped but they were cowed by Sanders' show of fearlessness and nerve.

"He was a great man, a born fighter, yet possessed of a big heart and a spirit of good fellowship that made him the center of attraction wherever he went. As a public speaker he took first rank while as a statesman he deserved a place in history. Regardless of politics and past differences, the old timers always had a warm spot in their hearts for Colonel Sanders. Peace to his memory."



SORROW IN BUTTE.

The news of the death of Col. Sanders was received in Butt profound sorrow and general regret. Perhaps no Montana man was held in higher esteem by the people of Butte generally. Several here offered suggestions yesterday for the erection of a monument on the capitol grounds to the memory of Colonel Sanders.

A meeting of the bar association has been called for this evening at Judge Donlan's courtroom to take appropriate action respecting the death of Colonel Sanders.

It is the expectation that there will be a very large attendance from Butte at the funeral. It is requested that all who purpose going over to Helena for the funeral register to-day with L. A. Walker at the Finlen hotel. This is for the purpose of obtaining railroad facilities. If a sufficiently large number expect to go a special train may be secured, or at any rate a special car and reduced rates.

A DEAD HERO.

THE death roll of Montana bears since yesterday a more illustrious name than has graced it in many years and in the making of that record the state and its people suffer an irreparable loss, for there can scarcely be, in the economy of events, another Colonel Sanders. Men there are and men there may be, who have some of his talents, some of his engaging personality, but as we know them, he had all that they have and more. Though best known to the people of the state as a star of the political rostrum, there was no place where discussion centered that he was not welcomed to, no theme open for discussion that he could not elucidate, no community or gathering in the state eager for enlightenment, that was not the better of his presence. So many-sided a man rarely excels, but it can be truthfully written of Wilbur F. Sanders that whenever any question over which men differ rose to the plane of serious consideration there never was a necessity of enquiring where he stood, and in correspondence with the seriousness of the occasion were his masterful efforts for the supremacy of the right as he saw it. As a champion for any cause that commended itself to him, he was a tower of strength and as God had gifted him with a power of sarcasm that was withering in its force, he was alike the terror and despair of all whom he opposed. He was—at least so far as the boundaries of our own state comprehend—the Admiral Chrichton of his day, an expert in all things that concern public life. The most admirable trait of his nature was his absolute rejection of subterfuge and deception. He had no use for either and his choice was always for a fight in the open with "give and take" at close quarters. He was a brave man in more ways than one. The story of the vigilante days tells of his marvellous physical courage, and his leadership of the attenuated McKinley forces in this state in the campaign of '96 was no less heroic, though involving moral courage only. Recompense, such as the consciousness of good deeds well performed, came to him after each of these efforts in the knowledge that his work was not in vain, and if it is given to the departed to see into the hearts of those left behind, this brave soul may know now that even those who opposed him in his life are willing, nay anxious to lay tribute upon his bier, for such we believe is today's sentiment in Montana.

WILBUR F. SANDERS.

One of the mighty fathers of the commo nwealth of Montana has gone to his last repose. Wilbur F. Sanders, the patriot, pioneer and statesman, has been called to his final reward, due him after a life devoted to the welfare of his fellow men, and consecrated to the highest services of the state. The coming of death was not unexpected, yet the knocking at the door of the inexorable leveler was a shock even to those most prepared. What was once animated by a spirit possessed by few of the sons of earth, now lies an inert piece of clay. We do, indeed, honor that frail vessel wherein was housed his mighty soul, but his spirit, that now treads the realms of light, is that which we should most delight to honor, and the spring from which we should draw inspiration.

It were vain, with the space at our disposal, to attempt a sketch of a career so well rounded and so full of honorable mention as that of Colonel Sanders. His history is that of the state—the commonwealth bearing, from its infancy, the stamp of his individuality and his genius. Coming here at a time when his beloved state had just begun to draw the breath of life, he earnestly devoted his life to its upbringing, and, seeing her arrived at a glorious maturity, content, full of honor and of years, he seeks his reward in the great hereafter. On earth he never sought it: that which came to him was unsolicited, and that which did not come to him on earth, he now doubly enjoys in the mansions of the blessed.

The memory of this soldier, patriot and statesman dead, should be pregnant with lessons of greatest value to the living. Should we not pause in the mad race for the accumulation of earthly riches, (for this, after all, is the mainspring of almost every destructive tendency) and ask ourselves whether this is worth the flinging aside of the nobler impulses of life and the throwing over of all true and inspiring ideals.

The life of Colonel Sanders was an antithesis to every influence of decay and decline in individual and civic morals, and is an ideal career worthy the emulation of coming generations. Paraphrasing the language of the immortal Lincoln, we may well say that Wilbur F. Sanders should not have lived or died in vain; that the remembrance of his name and his deeds should be a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to lead us safe through the perils that must unavoidably arise.

The tomb is the end of earth. Montana stands on the brink and sees it close over the earthly remains of one of nature's noblemen, and Somberness and Grief attend her on either hand. The body of him we honor returns to the earth from whence it came, while his noble soul finds a calm repose

"In the bosom of his father and his God."

DEATH OF COL. SANDERS

Honored Pioneer of Early Days Passes to Great Beyond

Wilbur F. Sanders, pioneer, eminent lawyer, former United States senator, member of the constitutional convention, staunch Republican and perhaps the best known citizen of the state, passed away at 12:20 Friday afternoon, at his residence in Helena.

In spite of the fact that it had long been expected, the news of the death of Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders comes with startling suddenness. Throughout the length and breadth of this state the announcement of Colonel Sanders' passing will be received with deepest regret; throughout the length and breadth of this state he was known as Montana's foremost citizen, as the one who first brought law and order into this region, as the one who made peaceful residence and progress in this state possible.

Every man, woman and child who makes their home in Montana knows the history of the life and times of Colonel Sanders. They know how, in the early days of Alder Gulch, he stood for lawful and orderly conditions; they know how he saved the day for the sacred rights of life and property against the combined and powerful efforts of bands of outlaws and desperadoes; they know that, for his fearlessness, the life of Colonel Sanders was in desperate peril. Those are incidents, thrilling incidents, that are of record in this man's eventful life

During recent years Colonel Sanders had not been in robust health. He was afflicted with a malady whose ravages progressed slowly but surely. Colonel Sanders was face to face with death during many a long day and many a long night, and he knew it. Yet he bore himself with a fortitude that was marvelous. Within two days of his death, Colonel Sanders rose from his deathbed and lent his keen mind to the direction of business affairs. Colonel Sanders met the inevitable end with a courage that challenges unmeasured admiration.

The remains were laid to rest in Helena Monday afternoon. The funeral being the largest ever held in the state.

A Truthful and Eloquent Tribute To Colonel Sanders.

..... By JAMES A. WALSH.....

In seconding the motion for the spreading of the resolution upon the minutes, James A. Walsh said:

"In the death of Senator Sanders, Montana lost her foremost and best citizen. He was pre-eminently a public man. His position as such was not due to or dependent upon public office. It was due to his great strength of character, his matchless courage, physical and moral, his manly independence and the keen interest he took in all questions affecting the public welfare.

"For more than forty years, although most of that term he was a private citizen, he occupied the foremost place in the eyes of the public, in all questions affecting the welfare of the people of Montana. Before Montana had a place on the map he occupied a place in this community as a public man, as an advocate of law and order and good government, and the public then looked upon him as a leader. He was always found on the side of law and order and sobriety in the community, and honesty, integrity and morality in public and private life.

"He denounced in scathing terms bribery, corruption, political graft, and everything that tended to demoralize the citizen and shake public confidence in and undermine the foundation of our government. When any public question arose, he did not inquire or consider what effect his position on that question would have on his political future or his financial interests. He only inquired, 'What is right? What is just? What is for the best interests of this community and the country?' It did not take him long to decide, because he was a man who had well-defined ideas and strong convictions on all public questions. When he did decide, nothing could move him from his position. Threats of political oblivion, financial disaster, of promises of place or power or other rewards were alike unavailing. He hurled defiance at his opponents and laughed to scorn the weakling who feared to assert his manhood, take his position before the public and proclaim his convictions.

"He always fought in the open. His friends and his opponents always knew where to find him and where he stood on any public question. He was sometimes on the unpopular side, but that made no difference to Sanders, although it might to his bank account. In this he showed his manly independence and nobility of character.

"He was a man of giant intellect. He was a close student and an industrious reader of the best in history, biography, travel and all branches of literature. He had a retentive memory and his mind was a treasure-house, richly stored.

"No one could converse with him without being impressed with his strong personality, his wide range of information and thought, and without being convinced that he was in the presence of one of nature's noblemen. No man could associate with him without gaining some knowledge or acquiring new ideas and feeling an impulse to strive for the higher and better things of life.

"As an orator he had few equals. He was a master of the English language. His style was clear, incisive, forceful and vigorous. His invective was a rapier keen, as many of his opponents can attest. His speeches are models of English composition. On the stump, on the platform and at meetings and conventions, he never failed to draw and hold the attention of his audience. He was an able lawyer and thoroughly understood the principles of law and equity. He was an eloquent and fearless advocate and was fair to his adversary and the court. He adhered strictly to the rules of ethics of the profession.

"During the more than forty years he practiced his profession he labored to elevate the standing of the bar and to uphold the dignity of the courts. He was one of the most earnest and faithful workers in the ranks of the Montana Bar association, and tried to make it a power for good. In all matters pertaining to the public welfare the establishment of churches, schools, libraries and everything that tended to advance and uplift the human race he took an active part.

"He exemplified in his life the highest and best type of an American citizen. While we mourn his death we should thank God that he lived; that he was spared so long to the state he loved so well. He lived to see established much for which he labored. The world is better because he lived. His noble life was rich in results. The close of that life was as beautiful as a Montana sunset. The twilight of that life will linger in the Western sky while truth, justice and morality have an advocate in this fair land."

Col. McCutcheon's Tribute To Wilbur Fisk Sanders

Many will remember Colonel I. D. McCutcheon, once United States attorney for Montana and for a number of years one of the leaders at the Helena bar. Colonel McCutcheon is now living in Seattle.

In the Seattle News of July 8 he paid the following tribute to his old friend, Colonel W. F. Sanders:

Wilbur F. Sanders, moved from Ohio to Montana in the year 1863, and settled at Bannack, then the capital of the territory. At that time and for some time thereafter, Montana was without legislative enactments of its own, and the supreme question was "are the laws of Idaho to be observed or must we have recouse to the common law." This uncertain and amnomalous conditon, brought men of integrity closely together and caused high resolve to be rated at a premium, by those who favored law and good order, while on the other hand, those who were criminally inclined became more bold and incautious.

In due time it was found that those who had the welfare of the territoy at heart, must stand together "a wall of fire" about the territory, to protect its good name and the lives and property of its people, and hence the formation of the vigilance committee, the operations of which form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Montana. This committee had no greater counsellor, no more intrepid leader than Colonel W. F. Sanders. He never entertained a moral or physical fear in his life and his personal bravery under trying circumstances, commanded the abject silence of his most mortal enemy. He soon became a lawyer of exceeding ability, and with Edwin W. Toole, whom he so recently eulogized, enjoyed the proud distinction of being one of the two greatest lawyers in the territory and state. He was the first prosecutor of the vigilance committee, and he insisted that the trials of the accused before that committee, should be conducted with as due regard for the forms of law as was possible under the circumstances. He was a lover of exact justice, and often quoted with approval, the boast of Richelieu "while in these hands dwelt empire, the humblest craftsman, obscurest vassal, the very leper shrinking from the sun, though loathed by charity, might ask for justice." He hated quibbles, shams and hypocrisy, and never wanted for a high and exalted motive, in his advocacy of any cause.

Colonel Sanders moved to Helena about 1865, and during his life there, was elected on several occasions to the territorial legislature, where he continued to win honor, for he was one of those who could

"Pluck honor from the pale faced moon,
Or dive intno the bottom of the deep,
And drag up drowned honors by the locks."

For several years he was attorney for Northern Pacific Railroad company for Montana, and he served that client as he had all others, with marked fidelity and ability.

With his unyielding sense of honor and of fidelity to his party, he attempted to stem the tide of Populism which permeated and overwhelmed the Republican party of Montana in 1896.. Almost alone, and against a maddened, misguided and at times infuriated populace, he fought the battles of honest money. Never did his splendid oratorical powers shine with greater effulgence. His speeches were phillippics. On one occasion he said "If over the whirling globe, commerce, that in her domain is supreme, that defies boards of aldermen, members of parliament, senators and congressmen alike; that cares no more for the whiffs and whims or caprices of legislatures, than she cares for the fogs that sometimes becloud the sky; if in the face of her command, silver has gone out of existence as ultimate money on a ration of 16 to 1; it is puny to undertake to discipline her with your legislation."

When Montana was admitted as a state, he was elected to the United States senate and he served there with an eye single to the best interests of the country at large.

There are those in Seattle, who were fortunate enough to near him at the court house during tne receivership proceedings in the matter of the Northern Pacific railroad. Intellectual and oratorical giants were there on that occasion, but easily the most brilliant orator was the subject of this eulogy. Careful and painstaking in arriving at a conclusion, when he had once announced his position, no one who knew him ever asked—where does he stand..

"O good gray head which all men knew,
O steady nerve to all occasions true;
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four square to all the winds that blew."

His life was a continual benediction to the people of Montana, and his history and character are so interwoven with that of the state he loved so well, and his example is so exalted that it will be a shibboleth of her people for all time to come.

Special Dispatch to the Standard.

Helena, July 7.—Wilbur F. Sanders died this afternoon at 12:20. The end came peacefully and painlessly, the pioneer and veteran lawyer passing away as quietly as a child falling to sleep.

For six months it has been known that the cancerous growth near the eye, from which Colonel Sanders has been suffering for many years, was beyond the power of the surgeon to cure. Colonel Sanders himself realized that fact long ago, but never indicated he feared the end or that the knowledge of his condition gave him worry.

Many years ago the cancerous growth first troubled Colonel Sanders. He paid little attention to it until about three years ago. Then he went to Chicago, and for months was under the care of eminent surgeons. At one time during his stay in Chicago it was feared the end was not far off, but he rallied, and about two years ago, when he returned to Helena, he was apparently in better health than for years. For a few months he continued to improve, and then the old trouble returned with greater force than ever.

Last autumn the family and friends of Colonel Sanders realized that his life was gradually being sapped away. He lost much of his old-time vigor and aggressiveness and spent more time at his home and less at his office. When he did come down town he did not stay long, and he left his law business almost entirely to his son, James U. Sanders.

His Last Days.

About five weeks ago he went home one day from his office never to return to it again. There were days when he could have walked down town, but he appeared to have lost all desire to meet people.

For three weeks the end has been expected at any time. There would be times when he seemed to be unconscious for hours. Then he would revive, and for several days would be bright and vivacious. But each recurring attack of weakness lasted longer than the preceding one.

Wednesday he had a sinking spell. Thursday he was so weak he could converse only a little while. This morning he awoke apparently stronger than he was on Wednesday. During the morning he talked a little to his family, and about an hour before the end he asked that Judge F. P. Sterling be called to see him. The message was sent, but before Judge Sterling arrived at the house Colonel Sanders had lapsed into unconsciousness, and so quietly passed away.

The funeral of Colonel Sanders will be held Monday at 2 p. m. Tomorrow evening there will be a joint meeting of the Montana and Lewis and Clark Bar associations to take proper action.

His Great Vitality.

"For the past four weeks Colonel Sanders was kept alive by his nerve alone," said one of his pioneer friends to-day. During these weeks he was rational nearly all the time, but each day he grew physically weaker, though his keen mind appeared to lose none of the activity that had characterized it during the long years of his life in Montana. He realized that he would never leave his room alive, but he faced the inevitable cheerfully, and to his intimate friends said that he was ready for the end, that it had no terror for him.

The esteem in which Colonel Sanders was held by all classes of citizens of Montana was shown during the months of his illness by the number of people who came to see him when it became known that he had appeared for the last time in public. Old friends from all parts of Montana journeyed to Helena to say good-bye to the man whom they had known and respected for so many years. Men who had been his opponents on public questions came with those who had been his political friends; there was no partisanship in these touching visits.

Here in Helena, where the colonel's home had been for so long, there is but one expression—that of sincere regret that he will never again be in the van of the fray, where he held his place in so many battles through so many seasons. Expressions of the highest regard come from men whom he has fiercely attacked in these controversies and whose plans his denunciation has more than once sent glimmering. There is no difference of opinion here now; there is no discordant note in Helena's tribute to her great citizen. There is general recognition of the fact that he was really a great man and that the community has lost not only its most picturesque character, but one of its best citizens.

Wilbur F. Sanders.

By the death of Wilbur F. Sanders Montana loses one of the foremost and most striking figures in the vivid story of its development. He stands pre-eminent among the state's men of deeds, for he came in the old days when deeds were greater than words and when the fate of the future commonwealth hung upon the action of stout hearts and upon the elemental justice of sane and audacious minds.

His courage, the dominant characteristic of his personality, was of the mind without regard to the body. He prosecuted law-breakers, pursued malefactors, hanged outlaws and yet it is said of him that he never either drew a revolver or quailed before one. He began his career as a Montanian in the days of outlawry and disorder. He fought the hideous anarchy of those days and he was one of the foremost influences in driving it from the region.

Hating guile as practised for its own sake, he was not without cunning in behalf of justice. He circumvented lies with a subtlety that won for law and confused the schemers who could not outscheme him. His bravery was that of a gallant intellect; his diplomacy was that of a master intriguer devoted to the righteous cause; his dynamic energy was but accentuated and enhanced by the sense of opposition, and obstacles were to his aggressive mind mere stimuli to combat.

The story of his life, well known of all Montanians, is elaborated in another column. It speaks eloquently of the good, hard days of daring things well done for justice; it tells the epical events of a region that was won from the wilderness by the activities of such men as Sanders, it is a fit panegyric for a hero who needs no blare of trumpets, no cannon cadences, to immortalize him in the traditions and in the memories of his people.

In that he was a brave, bold, persistent enemy of wrong; in that he fought forever without bitterness, in that he won and lost without enmity or devouring rancor, in that he did great deeds, in that he suffered long and silently, in that he hated as cordially and as inveterately as a gentleman must hate, in that he loved as passionately and as poignantly as a true man may love, therefore shall his memory be forever green with us, therefore shall his history remain a trumpet challenge to the generations of Montanians who, now and in the future, must have inspiration of his rugged, irrepressible and indomitable nature.

THE STATUE UNVEILED



Wilbur Fisk Sanders, only grandson of Col. W. F. Sanders, at the left; Miss Harriet Sanders, granddaughter, at the right.

Colonel Sanders.

In his able and authentic address delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Col. Wilbur F. Sanders in the capitol rotunda yesterday, former Senator Lee Mantle epitomized the career of the gallant Montana pioneer in a way that leaves nothing more to be said of his prominence in Montana affairs.

Colonel Sanders was one of the builders of the young state. He played a prominent part in molding its destinies.

No man of strong character and decisive ways can be without enemies.

Colonel Sanders, whenever he decided on a course that appealed to his version as being the right one, followed it unswervingly.

Any man who does that is more than apt to encounter opposition in one way or another, but just the same, foe and friend alike cannot do otherwise than honor and respect such a man.

The statue unveiled in memory of Colonel Sanders yesterday stands in a prominent place in the state house.

There it has become a part of the structure that typifies the solid worth and impressive greatness of the commonwealth.

Woven into the very fabric of the state's existence in the history of Colonel Sanders.

His name and his part in the state's early days never could be forgotten.

The statue erected to him is a mark of tribute to his memory and an honor to his intrepid citizenship.

STATE RECEIVES SANDERS STATUE

Special Dispatch to the Standard.

Helena, Sept. 24.—The exercises of the unveiling of the statue of Col. Wilbur F. Sanders, which were held at the state capitol today, were attended by a considerable number of people, in addition to the state officers and members of the Sanders family. The statue, which stands in the rotunda, was unveiled by Miss Harriet B. Sanders, daughter of J. U. Sanders of Helena, and by Wilbur Fisk Sanders of Butte. Former Senator Lee Mantle of Butte, on behalf or the Sanders memorial commission, presented the statue to the state, and Governor Stewart made the response, saying:

"I take great pleasure and some little degree of pride in accepting this statue on behalf of Montana and its residents. In doing honor to him Montana does honor to itself."

The presentation address of Senator Mantle was largely devoted to the events in the life of Colonel Sanders in Montana.

The other address in connection with the unveiling was delivered by former Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Missoula, who spoke on "Colonel Sanders' influence." The Rev. W. N. Sloan of this city concluded the exercises with an invocation. The members of the Sanders family who were present at the exercises were:

Miss Sarepta Sanders of Butte, a sister of Colonel Sanders; Louis P. Sanders of Butte, a son, and his four children, Helena, Wilbur Fisk, Morris and Gean; James U. Sanders of Helena, a son and his wife and three children, Harriet, Catherine and Barbara; Miss Lata Sanders of Helena, a niece; Mrs. Frank Stephens of Helena, a niece; Mrs. Martha Edgerton Plassman of Butte, a cousin; Mrs. Sam Largent of Great Falls, a cousin, and Miss Edith Rolfe of Butte, a cousin.

Col. Sanders more than any other man is Montana indebted for the establishment of law and order and civilized society in this state. A braver man never lived. I met him first at Nevada City, a town a few miles from Virginia City, in the spring of 1864. Afterward I came to know him intimately. He took the lead in ridding the country of road agents, and he was the man who met them when they were in their most ugly moods. It always seemed to me that he conquered them at these meetings because his courage was of the sort that evil men quail before. He was the target at which the road agents would naturally shoot, if they wanted to retain their hold on the country, but they never molested him.

"He prosecuted all the cases against them, and he did it as bravely and fearlessly and with as strong words as I heard him use afterwards in denouncing political opponents. He never charged or collected a cent for these prosecutions of the road agents. He did it because he thought it was his duty to do so.

"I have often differed with Col. Sanders, but I have always felt that when he took a position he did so because he thought it was right, and no consideration would ever move him from it.

"For his work in the early days in this state he deserves the highest place in the state's history."

DISTINCT LOSS TO MONTANA.

Gov. J. K. Toole Tells of Col. Sanders as He Knew Him.

"The death of Col. Sanders is a distinct loss to the professional, political and civic life of the state," said Gov. Joseph K. Toole yesterday. "He was a commanding character in Montana from the time he came until he died.

"He always had opinions and never hesitated to express them, and running through them all were valuable lessons for those who appreciated what it was to be a potential part and parcel of the community in which they lived.

"He had a caustic tongue that burnt and blistered wherever it fell, but back of it there was no malice. He was trained in its use as a soldier in the art of arms. He did not hunt the weak or obscure upon whom to use his favorite weapon, but all who came within the range of opportunity have felt the steel of his Damascus blade.

"Alert in keeping in touch with current events, a ripe scholar, familiar with poets and poetry, history, the arts and sciences, he was the most companionable and interesting of men.

"He had scant sympathy for the man who was content to be a mere cipher in the world when surrounded by opportunities to rise to influence and usefulness.

"I always counted him my friend and enjoyed his brilliant conversation.

"His vocabulary was unlimited and no man could 'point a moral or adorn a tale' with sweeter grace or choicer speech.

"Strong, resolute, courageous, and at times defiant in the presence of danger he impressed himself upon his contemporaries as deserving of the high honors which he won and worthy of our grateful and affectionate remembrance.

"I hope that this state will perpetuate his memory in some suitable way as one of its pioneer citizens and lawyers whose name and fame is co-extensive with the great northwest."

LIFE OF COLONEL W. F. SANDERS

The State Loses a Great Man and His Demise Will Be Felt Throughout the Nation.

Colonel Wilbur Fisk Sanders died at his home in Helena last Friday, July 7, at 12:20 in the afternoon. The cause of his death was a cancerous growth in the left eye from which affliction the Colonel had been suffering for the past 28 years. Five weeks ago he was compelled to take to his bed and the end has been expected almost every hour ever since, yet when it did come it was a great shock to his relatives and also to the whole state.

He was conscious to the last and his wife was the only one with him at the time death came. His last words were: "Good Bye, dear Hattie." During the five weeks of his illness, while aware that he would probably never leave his bed again in life, he was particularly bright and cheerful and attended to many of the duties which had been his during his active life.

There is scarcely a man in Montana who could be more generally mourned nor whose loss would be felt more keenly by all conditions of people than the honorable deceased. He has been intimately connected with the growth and progress of the state ever since it was made one, and in its territorial history he was one of its most prominent figures, ever working for the best interests of the community, and his influence had more to do than, perhaps any other one man's in the establishing of law and order, at a time when lawlessness and disorder ran rampant.

A sketch of Col. Sander's most interesting life, taken from the Helena Independent, is herewith printed:

Col. Sanders was but a little over 71 years old, having been born in Leon, Cattaraugus county, New York, May 2, 1834. After leaving schooli he was a teacher in his native state for a couple of years, and in 1854 he went to Ohio, where he taught school and studied law with his uncle, Sidney Edgerton. He was admitted to the bar in 1856, and two years later he married Miss Harriet P. Fenn, of Tamladge Ohio.

At the beginning of the war he recruited a battery of artillery and was commissioned lieutenant. Later he raised a company of infantry and was commissioned adjutant of the 64th Ohio. Col. Sanders was in the battle of Shiloh, and was slightly wounded. Later ill health forced his resignation from the army and he returned to Ohio.

Shortly after his return to Ohio Judge Edgerton was appointed chief justice of the territory of Idaho, and Col. Sanders came west with him. He reached Bannack in September, 1863, and from that time he became a leading figure in the territory.

Montana was then a part of Idaho, and in the October following the arrival of Col. Sanders a meeting was held for the purpose of considering the question of creating a new territory out of that part of Idaho now known as Montana. Col. Sanders was one of a committee to visit Alder Gulch and get the co-operation of the citizens of that camp, and it was secured. Later Col. Sanders and S. T. Hauser selected Judge Edgerton as the delegate to go to Washington to present the wishes of the people. Judge Edgertn went, and May 26, 1864, the act creating Montana was approved.

Col. Sanders moved from Bannack to Virginia City in 1863, and was the pioneer lawyer of that town. It was there he first represented the people in their efforts to rid the community of the murderers and thieves. There were no courts in the territory, and one was organized. George Ives was the first to be arrested, and Col. Sanders was appointed to prosecute him. Ives was tried and though Col. Sanders knew his life might be snuffed out at any moment, he did his duty fearlessly. Ives was convicted and hanged.

A few hours later a vigilance committee was organized, and Col. Sanders administered the oath to the six original members. Then Col. Sanders went to Bannack and organized a lodge of vigilantes there, and following close upon that came the arrest, trial and conviction of Plummer and other leaders of the highwaymen. After life and property had been made safe Col. Sanders resumed the practice of his profession at Virginia City, and later moved to Helena, where he resided continuously after.

Col. Sanders was a member of several of the territorial legislatures, those of 1872, 1874, 1876 and 1878. He was several times the republican candidate for delegate in congress. He was a delegate to republican territorial and state conventions from 1868 down to 1904, with scarcely an exception, save when he was out of the state on business or by reason of illness.

He also represented his party in national conventions as a delegate from Montana many times.

The first political office held by Col. Sanders, outside of his membership in state and territorial legislatures, was that of United States senator. He was one of the two first senators from Montana, being elected after a bitter fight between the two leading political parties following a severe struggle or the control of the legislature.

While in recent years, owing to his health, Col. Sanders was not active in the practice of the law, for many years he was one of the leaders of the bar in the state. The firm of Cullen & Sanders was for a number of years the general counsel for the Northern Pacific railroad in Montana when the road was first built into the state and during the time when it was building many branch lines.

While Col. Sanders appeared in a number of the more prominent criminal trials in the early days of the territory and state, his largest practice was on the civil side. He was deeply read in the law, good at the trial table and strong before a jury. He had the highest respect for his profession, and was a stickler for the observance of all the forms of law. While he often criticised many of the laws on the books, he would invariably conclude a criticism with the remark: "But it is the law, and that is enough for us, until it is repealed."

One of the departments of the state government in which Col. Sanders took a deep interest was the State Historical library. He contributed many valuable papers, books and documents to it, and never forgot its interests. For 25 years he was president of the board of trustees of the library, and for 32 years a trustee.

Several years ago he was appointed a trustee of the Helena public library, and while he took great interest in it, and was conscientious in fulfilling his duties, he never took the personal interest he did in the historical library. He said once that if he were a wealthy man he would make the historical library of the state the most valuable of its kind in the country, and would provide for it in perpetuity.

Col. Sanders was a Mason, and one of the early masters of the great lodge. He was elected to that position in 1868, being the second or third to have the honor.

He was the first president of the Montana State Bar association, and always took a personal interest in its welfare.

As a member of the Montana society of Pioneers Col. Sanders took a personal and active interest in its affairs. He missed but few of the annual meetings, and then only because of illness or absence from the state. He was president of the society at one time, and one of the trustees for years.

Col. Sanders was also a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. At the last annual meeting of the department of Montana, though not able to be present, he was elected department commander, and issued the orders for the memorial day exercises.

Col. Sanders leaves a wife, three sons, a brother and a sister. The sons are James U., Wilbur E., and Louis P. His brother is Junius G. Sanders of Butte, and his sister Sarepta Sanders, a teacher in the Butte schools.

An X. Biedler Incident.

Another incident related to the active part Col. Sanders played in making law and order supreme in the early days is connected with the hanging of George Ives, and in this incident John X. Beidler plays a part.

After the trial of Ives by the citizens and his conviction Col. Sanders put a motion to the meeting that he be hanged forthwith. Henry Plummer, who was the sheriff of two counties, it was feared would attempt to rescue Ives, as he was a member of his gang, and it was felt that quick action would have an excellent effect on the lawless, murdering element.

After Col. Sanders had made the motion Ives appealed to him to give him until morning to write to his mother and attend to some other private business. It was a trying moment for Col. Sanders, as he had a kind heart, and the mention by Ives of his mother touched him.

The appeal of Ives was made in the open, but quietly to the colonel. Perched on a roof across the narrow street was X. Beidler. Beidler was a young man, present during the proceedings, but not taking an active part. Beidler could not hear what Ives said, but he divined it was an appeal for time. While Col. Sanders was debating what to do Beidler called out: "Colonel, ask him how much time he gave the poor Dutchman?"

That query settled the question in Col. Sanders' mind. It brought back to him the fact that Ives had been tried and convicted of killing a German who was the owner of some valuable mules, Ives shooting the poor German in the back, and without warning. The appeal of Ives was disregarded, and 58 minutes later he was hanged to a beam of a house that was in course of construction.

WILBUR F. SANDERS.

Prepared weeks and months for its reception, yet the announcement that Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders had succumbed to the only enemy that ever conquered him came as a shock to every Montanan. Although well known that the terrible disease which had fastened itself upon him could have only one ending, still hope continued that the end might be far off and that the distinguished citizen would be spared for many years. But it was decreed otherwise. Tired and exhausted nature could not indefinitely continue the unequal struggle, and death triumphed. Ripe with years and full of honors, he has passed away, respected and admired of all men. Peaceful was the close of a life filled with stirring incident and resplendent with deeds of high achievements. To only a few is it given to be participants in times and events such as marked his span of earthly existence. A man of mighty resolution, exalted ideas and lofty ideals, he entered the sphere of his greatest accomplishments at a time when such as he were needed. Out of lawlessness he helped to create the law and respect for its mandates; out of chaos he brought order and made strife give way to peace. Endowed with courage that was sublime in its contemplation, he was physically absolutely without fear. Intelectually he was a giant, morally he was incorruptible, qualities that caused him to tower above others, even as the mountain top towers above the vale. With all these qualities he was still further blessed in the possession of a disposition the geniality of which ever marked him among men. Kindly disposed, gentle of heart and noble of mind, he could still be stern when occasion demanded sternness. Nature made him a leader of men; to follow was foreign to one of his mold and character. Always outspoken, fearless in his advocacy of what he believed to be right and just, and conscientiously holding to principle, he was no time server and no man could lay claim upon him. His mind was his own and his ability was never exercised in furthering that which he did not sincerely and earnestly regard to be the right. Loved and honored far above a majority, it was not given him to succeed in directions along which many less able, less honorable and less honest than he reaped success and were given honors that should have graced his brow.

In this probably lies his greatest honor, for it tells the story of his virtues, of his magnificent manhood, of his unblemished integrity. Scorning to resort to the trickery and deceit of the successful politician, he maintained the respect of his fellowmen and retained the approval of his own conscience.

On every page of the history of Montana is written record of his service. First to the territory, then to the state he helped to create he rendered service, distinguished, lasting. In every paragraph of the basic law of the commonwealth is discernable the work of his mind. Generations yet unborn will be indebted to him and owe him a meed of gratitude that can never be repaid. The greater part of the history of his life is the history of Montana. In the prime of a vigorous manhood he came hence, fresh from the field of battle, where he fought with distinction for the glory and safety of his country. Learned in the law, a lover of the law and an advocate of peace and order, he gave his assistance to the handful of men who were determined to wrest from the lawless who were in control, a region lavishly blessed by a bounteous nature. It was a time for the exhibition of moral and physical courage of the highest degree. Like the shrill blast of the bugle his voice was heard in behalf of that which was lawful, which was orderly. His courage inspired others and those who were faltering in their self-imposed task nerved themselves anew for the supreme struggle. Led by him, they caused lawlessness to cease and where robbery, murder and violence had held sway came orderly regulation. Life and property were made secure and honest toil was permitted to have and enjoy its reward.

His life is ended, he has gone to the haven of rest where all is beautiful and all is serene. May his sleep be sweet, his repose unbroken. Far removed above earth's petty sorrows and trials, his dauntless spirit has gone to join the many valorous ones who preceded him to that happy land. There friendships that were temporarily severed have been renewed, there companionships made dear here below have been taken up again. The earthly form of Wilbur F. Sanders has returned to the earth whence it came, but his name will endure as long as that of his loved Montana itself.

WILBUR F. SANDERS.

How shall a fitting tribute to Wilbur F. Sanders be written? How shall his record as a citizen be summed up, or his place defined or his influence measured? He was a factor in Montana almost at the moment of the territory's birth; his individuality was a potent influence almost to the day of his death. Yet this was a career unlike that of any other man whose name is associated with the annals of the state.

Perhaps one can best survey the career of Colonel Sanders by taking account, first, of its negative aspects. He witnessed the uncovering and the development of Montana's splendid mineral resources; he had no practical part in this work or share in the rewards thereof. Under his eye, in other fields than mining, the state's commercial and industrial march was rapid; he was not an active participant in it. A man of excellent attainment in the law, he did not zealously devote himself to the profession. Coveting, to a degree, the honors and the responsibilities incident to high rank in politics, he was hardly conspicuous in political leadership or relatively long in any official station. He was admirably equipped to render an enduring service, by writing the story of Montana's pioneer life and territorial experience; the Standard fears that this useful work will not be his legacy to the state.

Thus it happens that in an attempt to take the measurements of this career, the usual tests do not assist or avail. The simplest summing-up, and the most accurate, would be that Wilbur F. Sanders was not as most other men are. He was no radical; he was not erratic; he did not strive to be out of the common; he had no hobbies; he was not visionary; he never sought to be spectacular. Yet a recognized fact is that, of himself, he is a part of Montana's history, that he thought and acted for himself, and that during all his manhood years his voice was often heeded by his fellow citizens and his influence felt. It was his personality. That gave him distinction. He moved within his own orbit; within it, assuredly, he was brilliant.

Colonel Sanders was a man of abundant moral, mental and physical courage—on that score there is no doubt. Probably he maintained his place of prominence by reason of the fact that having convictions of his own he was gifted with ability to give forceful and impressive utterance to them. His views often ran counter to those that were in the current of Montana's public opinion; he was willing to stand alone and fight it out. Opposition did not dismay him; and, no matter how noisy or how angry that opposition might, for the moment, be, he was always able to command or to compel a hearing. Even in eulogy pronounced over his open grave, the Standard would not ascribe to him loftier purposes or more honorable motives than those which move many men among the living who were his contemporaries. Still, it is true that he was more ready to face an emergency than some of them were and less mindful of present consequences than many of them.

Indeed, that being true, in the politics of a region which has witnessed so much of expedience, Colonel Sanders was simply an impossible politician. Rather, he was his own party's censor. If sometimes in censorship he was cynical, it is, at least, broadly true that he never was misanthropic. On the contrary, he was always buoyantly hopeful. And it is a curious fact—you will realize it if you look into the matter—that in a good many instances republicanism in Montana, sneering today at Colonel Sanders and vainly trying to silence him, has come around, later on, to the acceptance of the policy he advocated. That happened not because of his superior moral or mental prevision, but simply because he was not as willing as some of his political associates were, and as most men in practical politics are, to be an opportunist. Colonel Sanders' own political career may be summarized in this sentence: In his early days the political make-up of Montana was hopelessly adverse to his political tenets; in later years he came into competition, inside his own party, with men less frank in speech and more adroit in methods than he.

Wilbur F. Sanders was intense and broad and intelligent in his Americanism, and ardent in his affection for Montana. He generously lauded those among his fellow citizens who served with fidelity; he made this mountain region ring with his denunciation of men who sought to corrupt the state. Beyond dispute, he was a man of rare intellectual endowment. He was of scholarly bent. He may perhaps justly be designated as, in his time, Montana's man of letters. Much that he said was put in noble phrase; much that he wrote was admirable in quality. However that may be, in rank and traits and influence his place was unique and he held that place long. Montana always was conscious of the impress of his personality; he was a presence which always has been felt and henceforth will be missed. You cannot catalogue the items that gave distinction to his career, yet, confessedly, longer than any other man of his time he held acknowledged rank as a representative Montanan.

Under American citizenship it is given to few men, without wealth, without the weight of party influence and without the backing of political place or power, to reach the judgment and the heart of their fellow citizens, often to persuade them and thus to serve them. Wilbur F. Sanders so served; sometimes, it may be, amid turmoil, often, perhaps, in bitterness, but manfully always, with knightly courage, and never in unworthy ways. He helped to shape a young state's destinies; with the going out of his life a star which, within Montana's firmament, long had shed its guiding light moved serenely beyond the commonwealth's horizon.

J. H. D.

MEMBERS OF BAR PAY TRIBUTE TO MEMORY OF COL. SANDERS

Resolutions of State Bar Association Presented in United States Court---Remarks by Judges Henry N. Blake and Wm. H. Hunt.

Appreciative tributes to the worth and greatness of the late Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders were paid in the United States court today, when the resolutions prepared by a committee of the Montana State Bar association were presented to Judge William H. Hunt in the presence of a number of attorneys.

The resolutions were presented and read by former Governor Preston H. Leslie, chairman of the resolutions committee. Governor Leslie said he felt inclined to say a few words concerning the man whose name is indelibly written on the pages of Montana's history, but would content himself with the reading of the resolutions prepared by the committee. These resolutions follow:

THE RESOLUTIONS.

"The Montana Bar association at a regular session held upon the 10th day of July, 1905, adopted the following resolutions relating to the death of Wilbur Fisk Sanders, and through its committee respectfully submits the same for the consideration of the circuit court of the United States for the district of Montana:

"Whereas, Wilbur Fisk Sanders departed this life July 7, 1905, in Helena, Montana, and the members of the bar of the state wish to express their respect for the man, and his deep learning and masterful ability as a lawyer, and their appreciation of his eloquence as an orator, and of his public services in behalf of the people of the territory and state of Montana;

"Resolved, That the following memorial be presented to the circuit court of the United States for the district of Montana, with a request that the same be entered upon the records thereof.

"Wilbur Fisk Sanders was born at Leon, state of New York, May 2, 1834. He removed to Ohio in 1854. He was admitted to the bar in 1856, and continued in the practice of his profession until 1861, when he enlisted in the Sixty-fourth regiment, Ohio volunteer infantry, and was commissioned as first lieutenant and adjutant. He was forced through ill health to leave the army in August, 1862.

COMES TO MONTANA.

"After a long journey over the plains he arrived at Bannack September 17, 1863, and promptly opened a law office. The first legislative assembly of the territory of Montana convened December 12, 1864, at Bannack, and Mr. Sanders, by joint resolution approved February 6, 1865, was appointed a commissioner to codify the laws. After having been a resident of Bannack and Virginia City, he established his office in Helena, and lived there until his demise. He was elected a member of the house of representatives of the territory in 1872, 1874, 1876 and 1878. Upon the admission of Montana into the Union he was elected to the senate of the United States and filled the term ending March 4, 1893.

"He also filled other places of honor. He had been president of the Montana Bar association and of the Historical Society of Montana and a trustee of the public schools of Helena. At the time of his death he was president of the board of trustees of the Wesleyan university, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic of the department of Montana, and a trustee of the public library of Helena.

"Resolved, That the death of Wilbur Fisk Sanders has deprived the bar of this state of a pioneer in the profession, who during a period of forty years was a most eminent lawyer, and an eloquent and powerful advocate. He was counsel in many cases of supreme importance; his analysis of testimony was keen and thorough; his discussion of the legal principles involved in a controversy was candid and profound; his arguments to the court or jury were remarkable for their logicaal strength, wealth of illustration and felicitous language; and his chief reliance to carry conviction was in the appeal to the reason.

BAR OWES DEBT.

"Resolved, That as members of the bar we recognize most cordially the vast debt due to our late distinguished brother for his untiring energy in organizing and assisting the bar association and securing aid for the law library; and we desire to commemorate his devotion to the codification of the laws of the state, which, after years of agitation, was accomplished.

"Resolved, That as citizens of this commonwealth we commend in highest terms of praise the strong and zealous efforts of our late associate to promote the vital and important cause of education, in private life, and also by discharging with fidelity and efficiency the duties of official character, in relation to the public schools of Helena, the Westleyan university and the public library of Helena.

"Resolved, That the members of the bar, in common with the people of the state, are deeply grateful to our late distinguished brother for his important work in laying the cornerstone of this grand commonwealth, and will cherish his memory which is inseparable from the history of Montana; for his dauntless courage and invaluable achievements in establishing law and order in this region before the organization of the territory and the creation of its courts, and protecting good citizens in their rights to life, liberty and property.

"Resolved, That the members of the bar tender to the bereaved family of their lamented brother, who found in his home true felicity and happiness, their heartfelt sympathy and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the afflicted household."

Judge William H. Hunt followed with most appreciative remarks upon the life and character of the pioneer lawyer, and directed that the resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the court.

"The court receives with appreciation," Judge Hunt said, "the resolutions presented by the bar, and directs that they be spread upon the minutes. It is sad that we should so soon again be gathered to express our sorrow at the loss of another distinguished member of our honorable profession. But a few short weeks ago we laid to rest a pioneer lawyer, deeply beloved as a man and universally rspected for his conspicuous ability as a lawyer. Today we pay tribute to the memory of Colonel Sanders, who, like Mr. Toole, and with him, helped lay the foundations of the jurisprudence of the territory and state of Montana. The two were leaders of the bar, very often opposed to one another, each learned in the law, and both powerful in the resources which their unusual talents furnished them.

"It is a high distinction to have led in a learned profession for over forty years; to have been recognized as foremost advocates in a community; to have possessed abilities sought after in nearly every important case that was tried in the courts of the territory and state; to have guarded the highest interests of individuals and communities; to have aided judges to arrive at accurate results, and to have helped establish in permanent ways those principles of right and justice upon which the lives and liberties of men must rest and by which stable society can alone exist.

"We should, indeed, count it fortunate for the profession in Montana that among the lawyers who came in the early '60s were such brilliant and honorable men. Though different in the characteristic excellencies of their minds, Colonel Sanders and Mr. Toole were alike in their splendid standards of professional pride. Each valued his professional reputation and upheld his honor as he did his life.

"There is fitness in the thought that it was ordained that the lives of these two friends should have ended almost contemporaneously.

"Let us see to it that deep in our hearts and minds are held the examples they set; let us record our appreciation of the work of one as we have of that of the other, and let us receive inspiration by recalling the devotion of both to every interest in their charge.

"Men like Colonel Sanders, of whom the resolutions speak, belong to the state. Brought into the world for improvement of mankind, they illustrate duty and maintain right—direct us in the paths of usefulness and honor—animate us to labor, defend us in peril and grace us in prosperity. They form brilliant spots in hostory on which the eye rests with delight. They constitute the 'golden chain,' along which the ethereal fires of genius and glory pass from age to age—enlightening and purifying Earth.

"When they disappear, their memory stands in the place of their presence—although cold, they still are luminous—and having gladdened us, like the sun in the meridian, they yield, from the night of the grave, the chaste, pensive and consoling splendor of the stars.

"What do we not owe to great and good men—to legislators and philosophers, soldiers, sailors, philanthropists, scholars, divines who have elevated and adorned our nature, and exhibited by precept and example the redeeming influence of piety and virtue.

"Such are the examples of those who are gone. What ought we not to feel when one whom we all knew and admired, estimable alike for private and public virtue is taken from among us.

"Speaking from a standpoint broader than that of any single calling, it can be said that the duties of a lawyer or a statesman or a soldier, are only occasional, but those of a citizen are of daily occurrence and exercise. They are the common habiliments by which men are known and recognized, and it is on them that Colonel Sanders' reputation rests immovably. If disinterestedness, courage, truth and honor be the ornaments of life, these were his living wreath, now, the withered garland at his grave.

"It is therefore not inappropriate that to the citizen, as well as to the lawyer, we pay a last imperfect tribute; to the citizen, the pioneer, whose strength and capacity, whose natural talents, whose charm of society and intrepid spirit, are a picture upon which the youth shall love to linger. Our children can never hear the story of great performance, of personal vigor, as it must be written upon the pages of the history of the West, without listening to the deeds of this upright and distinguished man.

When there was need of the taming of a chaos; whether the tide of public morality was high or low; whether the prospects for the commonwealth were sad or hopeful; as well in times when open speech was rare and perilous as when frequent and pleasing, the voice of Colonel Sanders was lifted for civic righteousness, for the amelioration of organized nature, for high ideals, for the supremacy of the law and the prevalence of virtue. And when he spoke. it was with that remarkable power of seizing the attention with tremendous force, and never allowing it to be lost until his listeners received and felt the conviction which he meant.

FROM JUDGE BLAKE.

Judge Henry N. Blake was unavoidably absent, and his tribute to Colonel Sanders was read by Clerk George W. Sproule. Judge Blake said:

"May it please the Court: We have convened in this forum to express in a public manner our profound sorrow for the loss sustained in the death of Wilbur Fisk Sanders, and also to rejoice over his noble type of manhood and manifold talents as the lawyer and orator. The resolutions before us recite in appropriate language, and my brethren will review his important forensic duties. But our distinguished brother was a striking personality in the community, and his ability and researches were not bounded by the horizon of jurisprudence. His services are blended with the history of Montana and might readily fill a volume, and it is my purpose to speak of some salient acts.

"The observation of Cicero in the essay on the Republic is worthy of repetition on this occasion. Nor indeed is there anything in which human virtue can more closely resemble the divine powers, than in establishing new states, or in preserving those already established. It was the rare distinction of Mr. Sanders to illustrate in his career both attributes of this exalted character. He was a soldier in a regiment of volunteers recruited in 1861 in Ohio for the defense and preservation of the American Union, and he was a master-workman in building the strong foundations of this commonwealth. The renowned Roman justly lavished his wealth of speech upon achievements of this grandeur.

SANDERS WAS PIONEER.

"Mr. Sanders was a pioneer in September, 1863, and his arrival was made memorable by the opening of a law office in Bannack. He removed to Virginia City, when the tide of population flowed to Alder gulch. He was the Nestor who bore aloft the standard of our profession in the lights and shadows of Montana before the dawn of the territory. The obstacles confronting the attorney in those times of peril and uncertainty were formidable, and conditions bordering on anarchy prevailed.

"There and then Mr. Sanders risked on the issue all that was most dear. He was the leader in the organization of good citizens for the suppression of lawlessness, and the destruction of a powerful band of robbers and assassins. It is not necessary to repeat the story, familiar to the households within our confines, but this memorial would be incomplete if I did not refer to this epoch, and recall a hero in the vital contest. The right was mighty and triumphant, and another generation enjoys today the blessings of his deeds.

"Mr. Sanders was a nominee for delegate to the house of representatives in 1864 and at other elections, but was defeated. Before the advent of the railroads the canvass for this office was conducted from camp to camp, thousands of miles were traveled in wagons or on horseback, and discomforts of al kinds were endured. He was imbued with the fervor of the faithful missionaries of old, eloquent in declaring his views of the affairs of the country, and lashed his opponents with a tongue of fire. Although he had been a member of legislative assemblies of the territory, and of the senate of the United States, and of conventions of every grade from the city to the nation, and had written platforms and delivered hundreds of speeches in campaigns, he was lacking in the elements constituting an adroit politician and was as guileless as a child in controiling the mechanism of American politics. In common parlance he 'called a spade a spade' and uttered his opinions on all questions with moral courage and regardless of the consequences to himself or his cause.

MANY SIDED MAN.

"The efforts of Mr. Sanders covered a vast range, and all subjects of general interest received his zealous attention. He was prominent in societies, ready to debate any measure agitating the people, and never declined from personal considerations a request to address his fellow men. Upwards of forty years, his resonant voice with a melodious cadence was heard by delighted audiences in every hamlet of Montana. It might be on Memorial day or Independent day, at a gathering of pioneers or army comrades, the commencement of a school or university, a meeting for the location of the capital, or the construction of a railway, the laying of the corner stone of a church or Masonic temple, the commemorative rites of an old timer or the executive of the United States, an assembly of the bar, or a banquet, the miners' court, justices court, or the supreme court. He was ever earnest, aggressive and independent, and his battle cry in the heat of the combat was "No quarter." In his mind everything occupied the same place, and he showed the same intense spirit and energy in a primary to nominate an alderman, or a convention to choose a candidate for president of the republic.

LOVED HIS LIBRARY

"Let us turn a page in the biography of Mr. Sanders and dwell on a trait all should emulate. His favorite abode was the library, his reading embraced the best authors of England and America, knowledge was his treasure-house; his memory in all things was marvelous, and his vocabulary was not surpassed by any person in the state. His style was unique, the meaning of every paragraph was clear, his thoughts and illustrations were clothed in felicitous phrases; he handled the keen weapons of logic with dexterity, but his vehemence carried him to extremes. He studied diligently the definition of words and the rules of grammar and rhetoric, and the sentences in a letter on a common topic were framed as correctly as a document of the gravest concern. In oral arguments to the court or jury, and informal talks, he sought likewise to be exact in the use of terms and state propositions with precision. He was not content with his erudition in this regard, but consulted often treaties and lexicons to improve his diction and strengthen his intellectual forces, and the lesson taught by this illustrious examplar should be remembered.

"Mr. Sanders was a founder of the Historical society of Montana and in thorough sympathy with its objects. In gleaning fields for historic materials, he found everywhere

'Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
'Sermons in stones.'

and to him each stream and mountain 'could a tale unfold' in our annals. He was a potent actor in events upon our soil stranger than fiction. He saw the desert described in his geography at school blossom as the rose, the steel rail follow the trail of the buffalo over hill and dale, cities rise where the Indian roamed before the discovery of gold within our boundaries, and this imperial domain develop and shine in the constellation of the states like Orion in the Heavens.

"Mr. Sanders was a champion in armor in the cause of education for the masses, and sustained official relations to the free schools of Helena and the Wesleyan university. To make these institutions efficient and beneficial to youth was a grand task inspired by his love of humanity.

"The last legislative assembly in February, 1905, passed a law delineating upon the map Sanders county, and this proper recognition of his great work for the land he had loved so well was universally approved and adorned his crown of honors.

"And yet I cannot refrain from an allusion to what may be considered a dismal theme. In moralizing on happiness, we have been reminded by many writers of the naked sword suspended by a single hair above the head of Damocles at the feast, liable to drop at any instant without warning and inflict death, and the imagination pictures the dreadful emotions of the guest, intent on selfish pleasure, when Dionyseus with a rebuke points to the impending danger. But behold the man, passing to and fro in his daily walks, afflicted with a mysterious disease whose fatal progress could not be checked by medical science, until its ravages blunted the expressive lineaments of his face and seriously impaired his vision, and the brain and life itself were menaced with extinction in the twinkling of an eye. During the long,

long era of agony, when family and friends were in the slough of despond, his lion heart never quailed, no murmur escaped his lips, a cheerful response was given to anxious inquiries about his health, and he continued to devote time to clientage and variegated pursuits. Thus the severe and awful test was applied and in him abided the soul of martyrdom.

'His weary days and nights are past;
The way is rough, the end is peace.'

"He was unanimously elected in March, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic of the Department of Montana for the present year, and with the composition of the patriotic order for the observance of Memorial day, Wilbur Fisk Sanders finished his course.

"O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore."

"Many have earnestly disagreed with him at different times, but all believed him a most powerful force, one whose best benefits have been to introduce public morals into the general mind.

"He believed in the truth, the aged truth, that free government must find its safety where it had its origin, in the strenuous, vigilant efforts of men who choose truth rather than popularity, and to whom patriotism means more than place.

"He believed that the only liberty humanity can tolerate is the liberty that is under the law. The very last of his professional utterances were in this court, where he contended for the legal rights of a friendless Chinaman and a half-breed Indian.

"He spoke his creed with a remarkable eloquence, a stranger to the resort of expediency, wholly indifferent to policy affecting himself. He stood for principle, fearlessly for principle as his gifted mind comprehended the right and public welfare.

"The sincerity of his beliefs, combined with his intellectual self-reliance, made him pre-eminent as thinker and speaker within Montana for more than the forty years which have gone since the discovery of gold in Alder.

"The suffering he endured but of which we can not know, for he never told his family or friends, was fatally identified with the close of his life, and terminated a career filled with useful actions, illustrated by great public spirit, adorned with the highest intelligence, enlivened with brilliancy and wit, graced by rectitude, and dignified throughout by courage and constancy.

"Many are the topics of consolation that such a retrospect inspires. Many are the hopes of eternal happiness which grow out of such a life. Sweet and welcome is the rest from honorable labor. Bright and lasting the memory of those, who, like Colonel Sanders, have helped to build a state, who regard death, as a Christian should do, without dread, who meet it with cheerful composure, who die ardently devoted to their country, knowing they have endeavored to do all the good in their power."

Among the attorneys present were Judge W. E. Cullen, Judge John B. Clayberg, former Governor Preston H. Leslie, Fred A. Maynard, Carl Rasch, Lincoln Working, Elbert D. Weed, Stephen Carpenter, J. A. Walsh, Charles Donnelly, C. C. Newman, Charles F. Word, C. W. Wiley, Frank P. Sterling, C. B. Nolan, Albert I. Loeb, Assistant Attorney General W. H. Poorman and E. A. Carleton.



COLONEL SANDERS' HELENA HOME

The Colonel Stands on the Lawn in Front of the House

COL. WILBUR F. SANDERS

Tribute Paid the Departed Statesman and Loyal Friend, and Intrepid Fighter for Montana, Who Had Resided Almost 50 Years in the State

The Plaindealer solicited an interview with Mr. R. L. McCulloh in reference to the death of Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders, and publishes a tribute to his memory inspired by a loyal devotion of many years' standing for the distinguished man whose recent death has cast a gloom over the entire state.

Few public men enjoyed as extensive acquaintance thoughout the west, and none a more numerous circle of personal friends than Colonel Sanders. In consequence the remarks of Mr. McCulloh, which follow this introduction will be read with more than passing interest by a large number.

"Although the death of Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders was not unexpected, I am as deeply pained by its occurence though it had happened suddenly, and besides mourning with the citizens of Montana an irreparable loss to the state I am oppressed by an emotion akin to actual personal bereavement. In connection with him my thoughts turn back with a feeling of fondness inseparable with early days in Helena and the companions with whom it was my good fortune to be associated with there. Our acquaintance began in Helena thirty-five years ago. During my long and pleasantly remembered service as an employe of the Overland Diamond R freight line, its head quarters in the city of Helena was the rendezvous of a congenial, companionable body of young men, bright and cheery of disposition, each, I may say, lovable in his individuality, and all observers of the Golden Rule in their deportment to one another and in their intercourse with mankind generally. A frequent and exceedingly welcome visitor in this gathering of genial, whole-souled, generous-hearted men, was my departed friend, Colonel Sanders.

My admiration for him dates from the time of our first acquaintance, and rapidly it developed into a feeling of genuine affection, which, during the years intervening since, I have invarably entertained for him.

Many of those who formed the coterie who were accustomed to assemble in the rooms of the then well known transportation company, made popular throughout the west largely by the agreeable personality of the individual members of the Diamond R firm, have crossed the divide, but those who survive in Helena, Butte, Great Falls, Fort Benton and elsewhere throughout the state and in other more distant portions of the country are sorrowful, as I am, over the passing away of our deceased friend

Having acquired a varied fund of knowledge from books, as well as from a close and intelligent observation of men, his conversation was exceeding entertaining and really instructive. His memory had garnered up many reminiscences of the stirring events of the early days in Montana, and when in the unrestrained freedom of social intercourse he opened its treasures they furnished, in deed, a rare intellectual entertainment to his charmed auditors. He was affable and courteous in his address, fond of conversation, but did not monopolize it. He understood and practised, as well, the habits of a good listener. His advice to all who sought it—and they were many, in every walk of life—proved him to be a willing, judicious and sympathizing counsellor. He was a sincere and steadfast friend, a kind neighbor and a good and useful citizen. His house was the abode of a most liberal hospitality. Others have spoken of his being cynical but the large majority of the people of this great state, which he so dearly loved, will forget an imperfection of that nature—who is free from defects of some kind?—and remember only those pre-eminent qualities which endeared him to them as a friend, a man and a citizen.

My home in Helena, at one time, was located on an opposite corner from his residence. It was my privilege to have journeyed with him on various occasions by stage coach and train, and to have met him frequently in and out of Montana; always the same cordial, argeeable gentleman, and I shall remember him, and the masses will, as a man of splendid attainments, whose friendship was indeed an honor to have enjoyed."

John Harris and David G. Browne, of Benton, were in Havre Tuesday, having returned from a trip up the line, where they recently went to look after their stock interests. In speaking of his late friend, Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders, Mr. Harris said:

"I had known the colonel ever since I was a boy, and was peculiarly attached to him. There was an indescribable charm about the man that won universal admiration. He was so loyal to his friends, so intense a partisan on the rostrum, where he shone with a luster never equalled in this state, so courageous in battling for what he believed to be the right that he challenged universal admiration. I remember well when he prosecuted George Ives for murder and secured his conviction. I was but a boy, and attended, with my father, the trial that was perhaps the most intensely interesting prosecution ever held in Montana. Ives was a handsome man, such an Apollo as would appeal to men by the very grace of his beauty. Colonel Sanders was then young, tall and willowy. His plea was a masterly effort and I recall how he walked up and pointed to Ives in his speech and said: 'He is a murderer, and he deserves to die; he is reeking with the blood of innocent men, and that blood cries aloud for vengeance.'"

WILBUR F. SANDERS

THE MOST NOTED OF MONTANANS PASSES AWAY AT HELENA.

HAD SUFFERED FOR YEARS

With a Cancerous Growth. Many Are the Beautiful Tributes Paid to His Memory.

Friday afternoon a bulletin was received in this city announcing the death of Col. Wilbur F. Sanders at his home in Helena. During the past few weeks the morning papers had each contained a bulletin of his condition, an item that interested more people throughout the state than any other, but to all observers it was apparent that life was simply being prolonged by the wonderful courage of the sufferer and that in a short time death would end all. When the news came that the noted Montanan had passed away the expressions of regret were most profound and universal.

The funeral services were held in Helena Monday afternoon, it being one of the largest ever held in the state. Special trains were run from Butte and other points, and many of the old time friends and admirers of the colonel came from all parts of the state. Services were conducted at the Presbyterian church by Dr. Sloan, after which the body was laid to rest in Forestvale cemetery.

In its issue of Friday the Montana Record gives the following biography of the deceased statesman, lawyer and publicist:

Wilbur Fisk Sanders was born in Leon, N. Y., May 2, 1834, the son of Ira and Freedom Edgerton Sanders. His father was a farmer by vocation. The preliminary education of Colonel Sanders was secured in the public schools of his native state and two terms at the academy at Phelps, N. Y. While under the age of 20 he had secured employment as a school teacher.

He removed to Ohio in 1854, where he taught school and read law, being admitted to the bar at Akron in 1856. He engaged in the practice of law in that city as a party of Sidney Edgerton, and was thus engaged at the outbreak of the civil war, when, by reason of his intense loyalty to the union cause, in 1861, he recruited a company of infantry and a battery and in October of that year was commissioned a first lieutenant in the Sixty-fourth regiment, Ohio volunteer infantry, of the Sherman brigade.

In 1862 he became acting adjutant general on the staff of General James W. Forsythe and assisted in the construction of the defenses along the railroads south of Nashville. His health became impaired and he was compelled to resign his military position in August, 1862.

Later, his health having somewhat improved, he was requested to proceed to Cincinnati, which he did, and aided in recruiting a state military organization known as the Squirrel Hunters, for border protection.

On March 4, 1863, his uncle, Sidney Edgerton, retired after a service of two terms in congress, and shortly after was appointed by President Lincoln chief justice of the new territory of Idaho, and he induced Colonel Sanders to accompany him here. He brought his family, consisting of his wife and two children. The party consisted of seventeen, and proceeded to Omaha via Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and St. Joseph. At Omaha the party spent a week outfitting with four teams, consisting of wagons and cattle, whence on June 16 he started on that long and venturesome trip to the then territory of Idaho with the view of recuperating his health, little dreaming that he would in that undeveloped section build for himself a name which for integrity, fearlessness and upright citizenship historians of the state will find few if any parallels.

Wilbur F. Sanders arrived in what is now Montana in September, 1863, and his name has been connected with almost every momentous public event from that day to this. There were no courts or law books in the territory; crime reigned rampant on all sides, and a serious situation indeed it was that he faced.

In the fall of 1863 the forbearance of the better class of citizens was exhausted, and the resistance to this reign of crime took form in the organization of a vigilance committee. Wilbur F. Sanderr was elected public prosecutor.

Colonel Sanders swore the members into the order orally, and no oath was signed until a day or two after the execution of Ives. Ives was hanged before the organization of the vigilance committee, and three days spent in that one trial led to the formation of the vigilance committee. It was he who prosecuted George Ives and secured his conviction by a jury of twenty-four in the streets of Nevada, below Virginia City, and it was he who demanded that Ives be hanged. Plummer's gang of desperados was there, and the ominous click of their weapons was heard, but Colonel Sanders had dared to speak the words, and the people were won.

"Justice must triumph," said he, "and sooner or later it will. I charge George Ives is a murder, and unfit to live, and move that he be hanged forthwith by the neck until he is dead."

And George Ives was hanged within an hour after that notable plea of the young tribune. This was not the only man who suffered a merited fate at the hands of the vigilantes, led by Wilbur F. Sanders. Indeed, scores met their fate at their hands.

But these vigilantes made it possible for people to reside in Montana in peace and no just man censures the vigilance committee for its work. The only wonder is that brave enough men could be found to carry out such a daring plan for the good of the community. A leader was needed, and one was found in Wilbur F. Sanders.

Many have wondered why Colonel Sanders escaped death at the hands of some beaten adversary, or some member of the outlaw gang which he so successfully prosecuted. An explanation is found in his ability to adapt himself to any situation. It has been said that men have left the courtroom ashen with rage, and lain in wait for the appearance of the man to kill him. Colonel Sanders would walk out unabashed, and discerning the situation, would deliberately talk the man into good humor. This peculiar ability certainly entered largely into his marvelous career and mingled with it the courage of conviction, the eloquence of moral integrity and a keen sense of doing the right thing. That combination of fearless energy, quick perception and daring, intrepid action, commanded a degree of respect and fear which carried him through those hazardous days of his early career.

It need scarcely be said that Colonel Sanders has ever maintained the highest prestige as a member of the Montana bar, of which he may well be considered the Nestor; and it should be noted that he has ever shown the deepest appreciation of the dignity of his profession as the legitimate conservator of right and justice. Eloquent and impressive in speech, employing a diction of the choicest order, he never veiled the salient points in mere verbiage, but showed a tremendous capacity in strenuous dialects, an intuitive grasp of all pertinent points and a wonderful felicity in the development of any subject which commanded his thoughts.

His many public utterances stand as examples of classical literature, wide versatility of knowledge and masterful mentality, while the dominating element of earnest conviction was never wanting. Eloquence, force and resourcefulness were three traits which added to his fearlessness made the name of Sanders one never to be forgotten by Montanians.

A stanch Republican, he hesitated not to criticize his party when he thought it in the wrong, but when its principles were believed to be right, no distance was too far to travel nor no opportunity was overlooked in his exposition thereof. None was spared by his keen tongue or pen if that person transgressed the line between right and wrong.

Aside from his prosecution of border ruffians and his duties as prosecutor of the vigilance committee, Colonel Sanders won the hearts of his countrymen by making an overland trip to Washington in 1865 in behalf of the miners, who sought relief from the burden of excessive taxation.

In the campaign of 1864 he spoke at Montana City, before the riches of Last Chance were known or there was a settlement here, and often his platform was a tree stump. In the canvass of 1867 Colonel A. K. McClure, now of Philadelphia, then engaged in mining in Madison county, accompanied him.

He actively led every campaign of the Union and Republican parties, and in the early years his modes of conveyance from camp to camp was on horseback or in buckboards, and the miners would leave their sluiceboxes to give him audience. His nominations for congress in 1864 and 1867 were at the hands of the Union party.

He served in the territorial legislature from 1872 to 1880. He was the Republican candidate for delegate in congress in 1864, 1867, 1880 and 1886. In 1868 he was the territorial delegate to the Republican national convention, as well as to the conventions of 1872, 1876 and 1884. It was in the national convention of 1868 that on the floor of the convention he first secured the right of territorial delegates to vote for candidates

"SANDERS" COUNTY PASSES TRIUMPHANTLY

Staff Correspondence of the Standard.

Helena, Feb. 1.—The bill for Montana's new county passed swimmingly through the house to-day, and incidentally thereto occurred an ovation in honor of Col. Wilbur F. Sanders such as has never before been accorded a Montana citizen by a Montana legislature.

The new bill, which had been made a special order for 11 o'clock in the house, named the county "Paradise." To one and all of the legislators the name seemed to be outrageous and ridiculous. It struck them that a county burdened with such a name would be a subject for jest and ridicule as long as the county should exist. The members, however, discussed the various provisions of the bill, and nothing was said about changing the name until its reading had been completed. Then Lanstrum moved that wherever the name "Paradise" appeared in the bill the name "Sanders" should be substituted. Everett seconded the motion. The moment the name of Sanders was mentioned, the members began applauding, and it was with difficulty that order could be restored in order to hear Speaker Hedges when he rose to his feet, Lannin being in the chair. Mr. Hedges said:

Mr. Hedges' Eulogy.

"I notice in the bill which is before us the name of Paradise county. Naturally, I am not familiar with the local sentiment which placed the name of 'Paradise' in the bill. As a body of lawmakers, however, we may with propriety hesitate in so important a step as selecting a name for a new county upon our state map. As I interpret the amendment offered by the gentleman from Lewis and Clarke, it is his wish to pay, at this time, a tribute to that eminent citizen, that historic figure in Montana's history, the Hon. Wilbur F. Sanders. This amendment appeals to me as particularly appropriate. Thirty-eight per cent. of the counties of the state are, up to this time, named for men who were either national characters, or in some way identified with Montana's history. We have the counties of Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin; of Lewis and Clarke. We have the counties of Chouteau and of Dawson. We have Custer county; we have Powell county, named for a very early pioneer, who came to Montana in 1850, and was identified with the locality which received his name. We have Fergus county, named after a very early pioneer and esteemed citizen. We are now erecting upon these capitol grounds a monument to an historic figure in our early history.

A Commanding Figure.

"But there is no figure in Montana's history which stands out in more bold relief than that of Wilbur F. Sanders. He came here in 1863, across 'the plains' to Bannack. He was in Alder gulch in 1864, and his stand at the trial of George Ives and his associates did more perhaps than that of any other one man to mark an epoch in Montana's history for the extermination of Henry Plummer's gang of road agents and the establishment of law and order in Montana. Since that day he has been a part of Montana's history, as a citizen, a representative in legislative assemblies, a United States senator and 'tribune of the people.' He has already reached the four score years and ten allotted to human life. His dark hair has whitened with the snows upon our mountains. The form that was once so proud and erect is now bending before the storms of time. The voice that once thrilled the pulses of listening citizens, proud to gather at his word, is fast becoming stilled by age. The eye that used to flash with eloquence and hold us spellbound is now fast growing dim, soon to close forever. It is eminently fitting that a great and grateful people should now, before the last call comes, erect a monument more lasting than bronze or stone cut out by human hand, which shall stand through all the ages of time, a token of appreciation by the people we represent to Wilbur F. Sanders of Montana. Were I a citizen of the new county I would personally appreciate the appropriateness of this action. Gentlemen, I trust the amendment will prevail."

Tumultuous Applause.

Not since the session opened, not in any of the most exciting scenes incident to a senatorial contest, has the chamber of the house been so stirred with applause as it was at the conclusion of the eloquent speech of Speaker Hedges in tribute to Montana's distinguished citizen. Then, by a rising vote, every member was on his feet, the name "Paradise" in the bill was changed to "Sanders."

...FIRST, AND IT WAS GOOD.

Montanians will not fail to remember that the first speech of Senator Sanders on the floor of the United States senate was in behalf of the settlers, and the men who are striving to develop the resources of the state, and he undoubtedly demonstrated to the satisfaction of the members who heard his address that he was thoroughly at home in the discussion of public land matters. In a most concise and emphatic manner he told the senators that it was little less than a shame to deny to the land department and its various offices the recognition accorded to other departments. What could more happily serve as an illustration of his point than the comparison made between the ways of conducting the land and postoffice departments—the former with ample expenditure and no denial of its demands and the latter seeking in vain for actual necessities.

While western senators recognized the justice of Senator Sanders' protest, the people of Montana are painfully aware of the inadequacy of the forces in this, to them, most important department of the government. For years—in fact, since there was a Montana—Senator Sanders has witnessed the struggle of the settler against unavoidable delays; he has seen the embarrassment of the land office servants over the absence of proper facilities for the transaction of the public business; he has aided to demolish the apparently insurmountable barriers between the earnest settler and his home, and now that he is in a positioon to make his efforts felt, he is more their friend than ever.

In the first senatorial speech of the senior Montana senator there are still other points which must not be overlooked—in truth, every word and every sentence is an utterance in behalf of Montana men and interests. Of particular importance is the senator's assertion that in Montana and elsewhere in the west railway corporations "are holding vast tracts of land without any warrant of law." That means that Senator Sanders has espoused the cause of the miner as against corporation greed, and puts to shame the carkers and croakers who predicted that the mineral land cause did not have the senator on its side. As is characteristic of Senator Sanders, he has left no doubt as to his position on the matters which most affect the welfare of Montana. He has spoken in a manner which leaves no doubt as to the direction of his efforts, and his "maiden speech" in the senate will be remembered as a straightforward effort for the masses of Montanians. Although he bided his time to make his formal declaration, it is now made, and his course defined on lines which will lead him to the highest place in the esteem of the 140,000 people of Montana.

Darwinism

Don't be discouraged, poor little fly,
You'll be a chipmunk by and by.
A few years after, I can see,
You'll be a full grown chimpanzee.
Next I see, with a prophet's ken,
You'll take your place in the ranks of men.
Then in the great sweet by-and-by,
We shall be angels, you and I.
Why should I swat you, poor little fly?
Prophetic chum of my home on high,
That is what Darwin says, not I.

—Selected.

(By William Y. Pemberton.)

The late lamented and greatly loved Dr. W. L. Steele was the first miner's judge in Alder Gulch. It was before his court that Hayes Lyon and Buck Stinson were tried and convicted of killing Dillingham and sentenced to be hung. They appealed to the miners in mass meeting and their sentences were reversed. They escaped, only to be afterwards caught and hung by the vigilance committee.

The first great murder trial before a miners' court in this country was the George Ives trial. And truly it was a great trial. Don L. Byam was the judge; the main street of the town of Nevada, in Alder Gulch, was the court room; George Ives was the noted defendant; Colonel W. F. Sanders and Major Charles S. Baggs prosecuted in behalf of the people. Alex Davis, J. M. Thurman and H. P. A. Smith defended. The charge was murder. The jury consisted of twenty-four sturdy miners; the trial was public.

Ives was not tried by the vigilance committee as many erroneously supposed. He was tried and executed before the organization of the vigilance committee. W. H. Patten and I were selected to write down the testimony of the witnesses. The judge sat in a wagon. The jury sat in a half circle around a big log fire, for it was cold—it was about the 20th of December, 1863. The prisoner, Mr. Patten and myself were within the half circle. Hundreds of determined men stood around the court and the jury during the entire trial, which lasted two or three days.

Was Epoch-Making Trial.

I said it was a great trial. It was; it was a grand court. There were no paraphernalia or insignia or office to impress and awe the beholder there. But surrounded by the snow-covered mountains, sitting in that open street in mid-winter, no court ever had more vital questions put to it than the one presided over by that grand old bearded man, Don L. Byam. Crime was rampant. Robbery and murder had become common crimes committed by men whose duty it was to protect the lives and property of the people. A great crisis had arisen in the history of the people struggling for life and fortune in their new f und home. The lawless cut-throats had tendered the issue as to whether the people should live and enjoy the fruits of their discovery and labor. Here in this great trial before this grand court, the people has accepted the issue thus tendered.

It was a royal battle. The result was by no means certain. It was a debatable question whether the l wless or law-abiding were in the ascendency. This was to be determined

ments were in their force, both determined; both armed. But as the battle waged the friends of law and order gathered strength and completed to some extent the organization of their forces. You could look into the eyes and faces of the honest people as they stood guard around that court and jury, sitting out in the street under the cold blue heavens and read the thoughts that filled their souls. You could discover their determination to see justice done, though the heavens should fall. This resolution and determination having been taken, the battle was won. Lawlessness, assassination, murder, crime, however well organized, could not withstand these resolute and invincible men who were fighting for their lives and homes.

Verdict Was Unanimous.

At the conclusion of the able and eloquent arguments of counsel, the jury retired. Mr. Patten and I were carried along by the jury so that in the event of any dispute as to the testimony, we could refer to our notes. We were placed in the corner of the large jury room of a log cabin, and the jury proceeded to ballot. There was but one ballot—"Guilty of murder charged." It was unanimous, it was right it was just. By another ballot the jury fixed the death penalty; by the law and practice of those courts the jury named the penalty. Ives was hung. Law and order had achieved a great and everlasting victory; for the first time life and property were rendered safe and secure in these mountains.

I have purposely avoided giving the facts and circumstances of the homicide of which Ives was convicted. These are all matters of history. They were demanded by the necessities of the times. The people, in their exercise of their inherent right to he protection of life and property, created them. They served a necessary and noble purpose. When the conditions and circumstances were changed, and there was no longer a necessity for their existence, they passed away, leaving behind them a record which entitles them to the everlasting gratitude of the people.

The execution did not at once absolutely demoralize and disorganize the lawless element—they were inclined to resent and avenge his death. I can never forget how things looked, and I recall many incidents that occurred in the little town of Nevada that night after Ives was executed. It was after dark when he was hung. The people were standing out in the street and in the cold, talking about the tragic event. They were nearly all armed. The situation looked gloomy. Hard things were said; threats were made. It looked as if a spark might create an explosion.

One incident that occurred to me deserves mention, I think, in the history of that day. I was standing on the street talking to someone, when I heard a man who was standing in the middle of the street, say, with a hideous oath, "Let's take him back of the house and kill him." This, of course, attracted by attention and excited my curiosity to know who was meant to be the victim of this man's wrath. There were three men in a knot whence came the dreadful threat. Immediately one of the three said, "Yonder he stands now." One of them said, "I will call him,' 'and at once he called Colonel Sanders.

Sanders' Close Call.

In going to the men, Colonel Sanders had to pass near where I stood. I at once went to meet him. I told him what I had heard and advised him not to go behind the houses with the men. He said, "I guess they won't kill me." He insisted upon going with them, then I asked him if he was armed. He said he was, then said, "If you will go, I shall go, too." He then walked to the three men. One of them said, "We want to see you back here." They crossed the street, one man leading the way, Colonel Sanders following him, the other two following him, and I following them between the log houses which were built a little apart.

The front man and Colonel Sanders had gotten out of the passageway in the rear of the house and the rest of us were following, when, bang went a gun. The two men in front of me jumped out behind the houses and I rushed out as fast as I could, expecting to find the colonel killed. When I got out, however, I saw that all three of the men were running away; and Colonel Sanders was standing there with his overcoat on fire. I asked him it he was hurt. He said no.

The truth of it was that about the time the killing was to have commenced, Colonel Sanders' pistol was discharged in his overcoat pocket, as he was in the act of drawing the weapon. This stampeded the assassins, and saved his life and perhaps mine. Colonel Sanders had taken, as is known, a fearless and active part in the prosecution of Ives. It was beyond doubt the purpose of these men to murder him as a matter of revenge.

Sanders' Magnificent Effort.

It is a great pity—an irreparable loss, amounting to a calamity, that no copy of the great speech of Colonel Sanders in the Ives trial was ever taken or preserved. Colonel Sanders was a great orator, and thousands of our people have heard and enjoyed his splendid speeches in the courts and on the platform. But those who did not hear his speech in the Ives trial never heard the best effort in the lifetime of this gifted man. During its delivery on that cold wintry day, there stood these hundreds of sturdy miners in the street of Nevada, motionless and spell bound by the marvelous appeal on that marvelous occasion by this wonderful man, to the jury and the struggle for the protection of their homes, property and lives in their new mountain land. And never did a great speech go home with more directness and force to the hearts of honest and determined men.

This great speech, if we had it in the archives and history of the state, would constitute a monument to this peerless pioneer that would stand in glory's sky, hallowed with the golden sunlight, when the bronze statue being erected now by a grateful people, to his memory, shall have crumbled into dust. On the day George Ives was hung a real democracy was established in these mountains. Its foundation was laid upon the bones of the desperado and outlaw. And Sanders is entitled to be called its Pericles.

A generation has passed away since those dreadful days with their exciting events. And the influence of the miners' courts, and especially of the Ives trial, upon the people of Montana has not passed away, and will not for generations to come. These courts and the result of this trial taught the people that life and property were worth defending at all hazards, and that the enforcement of the law was the only hope of human safety and liberty.

Since Moutana has had a history, the people have never forgotten the lessons they learned in those early crucial days. The devotion of the people to the law, the estimate they early learned to place upon life, liberty and property have made our state a paladium of safety to the peaceable, law-loving citizens, and a place to be avoided by the assassin and desperado. So long as our people keep in mind these lessons and teach them to their children will Montana be worthy of the patriotic devotion and pride of her sons and daughters.

Only One Left.

Major Sanders had four brothers and two sisters. Of these, Miss Sarepta Sanders, librarian in the high school, is the only remaining one. The other sister, Mrs. Sophia Taylor, died three months ago at her home in Lockport, N. Y. Philo Woodworth Sanders, a brother, gave his life in the civil war, and Col. Wilbur F. Sanders, Montana's distinguished senator, pioneer and citizen, died in Helena a few years ago. Others of the family were Beverly and Homer Watson, brothers.

Major Sanders was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. He had filled the position of department commander; he was also a Spanish-American war veteran and at the time of his death was getting together the data for membership in the Order of the Loyal Legion. He was a member of the Montana Society of Pioneers and never missed a meeting, if he could help it. He had wished to attend the coming fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, July 1 to 6, and was happy in recalling war days with his friends, although he knew that his health would not permit his attending.

The Funeral.



COL W. F. SANDERS.

HIS VALIANT HEART IS STILL
HIS EARNEST VOICE HUSHED

Wilbur Fisk Sanders, Splendid Type of the Montana Pioneer, Peacefully Crosses the Great Divide, Leaving the Trail Which He Has Blazed With Indelible Distinctness.

RESPECTED PIONEER LEAVES THE STATE

Maj. Junius G. Sanders, veteran of the civil war, a pioneer of Montana, beloved by thousands of Montanans, young and old, and for the past eight years deputy United States marshal, has resigned his position with Uncle Sam, whom he served so faithfully, and left last night for Pullman, Wash., where he will spend his declining years with his son, who is in business in that city.

Advanced years and failing health induced Mr. Sanders to resign his position and for more than two years his son has been urging him to lay down the cares of office and reside with him at Pullman.

Major Sanders came to Montana at the close of the civil war and was a brother of the late Senator Wilbur F. Sanders. The deputyship in the Butte department will be filled by George A. McKay, who has been in the Helena office of the United States marshal for about nine years. Mr. McKay will be succeeded in Helena by either Theodore Rinda or Park Upshur, both of Butte and both former Helena residents.

(Continued from Page One.)

madge, Ohio, to live with her brother, Sidney Edgerton, who afterward became Montana's first territorial governor by appointment from President Lincoln. Here he remained and was just beginning to give thought to a vocation when the civil war broke out. He enlisted in 1861 in Company K, Fourth Ohio infantry, as a private. He left the service at the close of the war as first sergeant. Major Sanders was in the thick of the bloodiest battles; he was at Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, battle of the Wilderness and other fierce encounters.

At the close of the war in 1865 he came to Montana, several of his family being here at the time, among them his brother, the late Col. Wilbur F. Sanders, and his uncle, Sidney Edgerton, the territorial governor.

He went to Helena, filling his first position in the state, which was superintending the Whitlatch mine near Unionville. He lived in Helena for many years and at one time was a resident of Jefferson City. In 1868 he married Miss Alfarate Rumley of Helena. They, with their unmarried children, came to Butte 15 years ago.

Major Sanders held many civil positions, and for several years was police magistrate in Helena. When the Spanish-American war broke out he again dedicated his service to his country, and during that period from 1898 to 1901 was paymaster by appointment of President McKinley, with the commissioned rank of major. He was stationed in succession at Havana, Cuba; New York city and Denver. Since his retirement as paymaster in the Spanish-American war he had held the position continuously of deputy United States marshal until he resigned it a month ago on account of his failing health.