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The Unexpected.

Come listen, little boys and girls,
While I a tale relate
About a little boy named Tom,
Whose age was almost eight.

Tom was a headstrong kind of boy,
Who thought it jolly fun
To scare his mother half to death
By blowing in a gun.

One day a stranger came that way,
As strangers oft had done;
But this one left behind the door,
A double barrelled gun.

"Ha, ha," quoth Tom, the naughty boy,
"I never saw one such,
If single barrels make such sport,
This should make twice as much."

So Tommie took the double gun
Straight to his mother fast,
It isn't loaded, "maw," he yelled,
And blew a mighty blast.

And Tommie? Where is Tommie now?
A halo 'round his head?
Not much. It wasn't loaded; just
As little Tommie said.

—Detroit Free Press.

"THE WAR IS OVER."

**Watterson's Oration at the
Banquet of the Army of the
Tennessee.**

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

"Whither thou goest, I will go; and whither
thou lodgest, I will lodge: Thy people shall
be my people, and thy God my God."

The meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee closed Thursday night, October 11th, at Chicago, with a splendid banquet at the Palmer house, which was largely attended by many notable gentlemen. Among them were several members of the society, but who were present to witness the unveiling of the equestrian statue of Gen. Grant in Lincoln Park. To Mr. Henry Watterson was assigned the toast, "The War is Over—Let Us Have Peace." The noted editor was received with great applause as he rose to speak. He spoke substantially as follows:

"I believe that, at this moment, the people of the United States are nearer together, in all that constitutes kindred feeling and interest, than they have been at any time since the adoption of the federal constitution. If it were not so I should hardly venture to come here and talk to you as I am going to talk to-night. As it is, surrounded though I be by union soldiers, my bridges burned and every avenue of escape cut off, I am not in the least discouraged or alarmed. On the contrary, I never felt safer, or happier, or more at home. Indeed, I think that, supported by your presence and sustained by these commissary stores, I could stand a siege of several months and hold out

against incredible odds. It is wonderful how circumstances alter cases, for it was not always so.

"I am one of the many witnesses who live to tell the story of a journey to the moon and back! It may not be that I have any marvels of personal adventure or any prodigies of individual valor to relate; but I do not owe my survival to the precaution taken by a member of the confederate battery commanded by the brave Captain Howells, of Georgia. It was the habit of this person to go to the rear whenever the battery got well under fire. At last Capt. Howells called him up and admonished him that, if the breach of duty was repeated, he would shoot him down as he went, without a word. The reply came on the instant: "That's all right, cap'n; that's all right; you can shoot me, but I'll be dabburned if I'm going to let those Yankees do it!" I at least gave you the opportunity to try, and I am much your debtor that, in my case your marksmanship was so defective.

"You have been told that the war is over. I think that I, myself, have heard that observation. I am glad of it. Roses smell sweeter than gunpowder—for everyday uses; the carving-knife is preferable to the bayonet, or the sabre, and, in a contest for first choice between cannon balls and wine corks, I have a decided prejudice in favor of the latter!

"The war is over; and it is well over. God reigns and the government at Washington still lives. I am glad of that. I can conceive of nothing worse for ourselves, nothing worse for our children, than what might have been if the war had ended otherwise, leaving two exhausted combatants to become the prey of foreign intervention and diplomacy, setting the clock of civilization back a century and splitting the noblest of the continents into five or six weak and warring republics, like those of South America, to repeat in the New World the mistakes of the old.

"The war is over, truly; and let me repeat, it is well over. If anything was wanting to proclaim its termination from every housetop and doorpost in the land, that little brush we had last spring with Sig. Macaroni furnished it. As to the touch of an electric bell, the whole people rallied to the brave words of the secretary of state, and, for the moment, sections and parties sunk out of sight and thought it one overmastering

sentiment of racehood, manhood and nationality.

I shall not stop to inquire whether the war made us better than we were. It certainly made us better acquainted, and, on the whole, it seems to me that we are none the worse for that better acquaintance. The truth is that the trouble between us was never more than skin deep; and the curious thing about it is that it was not our skin, anyhow! It was a black skin, not a white skin that brought it about.

"As I see it, our great sectional controversy was, from first to last, the gradual evolution of a people from darkness to light, with no charts or maps to guide them, and no experience to lead the way.

"The framers of our constitution found themselves unable to fix decisively and to define accurately the exact relation of the states to the federal government. On that point they left what may be described as an 'open clause,' and through that open door, the grim spectre of disunion stalked. It was attended on one hand by the African slavery; on the other hand by sectional jealousy, and between the trio of evil spirits the household flower of peace was torn from the lintel and tossed into the flames of war.

"In the beginning all of us were guilty, and equally guilty, for African slavery. It was the good fortune of the north first to find out that slave labor was not profitable. So, very sensible, it sold its slaves to the south, which, very disastrously, pursued the delusion. Time at last has done its perfect work; the south sees now, as the north seen before it, that the system of slavery, as it was maintained by us, was the clumsiest and costliest labor system on earth, and that when we took the field to fight for it we set out upon a fool's errand. Under slave labor the yield of cotton never reached 5,000,000 bales. Under free labor it has never fallen below that figure, gradually ascending to six and seven, until this year it is about to reach nearly 9,000,000 bales. This tells the whole story. I am not here to talk politics, of course. But I put it to you whether that is not a pretty good showing for free black labor, and whether, with such a showing, the southern whites can afford any other than just and kind treatment to the blacks, without whom, indeed, the south would be a brier patch, and half

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)