

has redeemed, and now it is crippled and helplessly poor, but proud of its former glories.

We, though given a voice feeble as the feeblest wave that beats on our western shore, will lift that voice, if but in a vain appeal in behalf of that silver belt, and the stricken but gallant people who still hold the fortress in which are held the munitions of war that may yet decide the fate of our country and her priceless institutions one and all.

Strike but here—was the pleading cry of the Grecian—in the desperation of his cause. The powers that be in Washington, have for twenty long years struck destroying blows at the silver miner and the monuments he has built, and it is now time to speak. Passion has had its sway, let anger and oppression pause and listen. For to an old miner who has seen every phase of mining life, from the palmy days of forty-nine down to the time when Grover Cleveland issued the proclamation convening Congress for the purpose of taking by storm the last rifle pit left to the silver miner, there is nothing so mournful as a trip through the Rock Mountains.

Here, there, and everywhere are evidences of former habitations, industry, and enterprise. Here is a dam of Cyclopean masonry, twelve hundred feet long and a hundred feet high, thrown across the lower end of a mountain valley, making a lake miles in extent for the storage of water. Here is a canal leading from a cut through miles of solid granite upon the declivities of deep canyons through tunnels and over chasms in lofty aqueducts, rotting and going to decay. There in a gorge is an immense tube of boiler iron which carries the water from hill top to mill, rusting and going to ruin. Everywhere are mills of gigantic dimensions erected at a cost of thousands of dollars capable of crushing millions and millions of tons of ore; now idle, for the noise of industry is gone, the miners have fled. Young pines and chaparral are claiming again their ancient domain, and the grizzly is invited anew to the land of his fathers restored to its former savageness. The traveler among the ruins of Palmyra or Tadmor

in the wilderness indulges in no sadder reflection, than the miner when he looks down on the desolation and ruin, the lifelessness and despair everywhere apparent in the region that has given more wealth to the world than any equal extent of country on the face of the globe.

Here were once society, health, vigor, enterprise, homes, happiness, thrift, and all that made life complete. But some Goldsmith has here now many a theme on which he may descant in more mournful numbers than those which made the "Deserted Village" immortal. What memories cling around these old haunts of the brave, the ardent, the wholesouled miners; their deeds, their ways, their matchless heroism, the story of their everyday life is a part of the national history. They exist no longer but in annals and in song. Look back on the past, and see your cities rise and expand. Look at them now and see how many of the noblest edifices owe their origin to mines and miners, and how few to the products of our grain fields, vineyards, or wide extended pasture lands.

But for silver and lead mining, Denver would be in swaddling clothes, Salt Lake a struggling Mormon village, Spokane would be unknown. Will two million free men quietly submit to the ukase that has gone forth from Grover Cleveland, more sudden, more arbitrary than was ever issued by the Czar of all the Russians condemning a great industry to death, taking \$4,500,000 per month from the people of these United States thus working hardship and everlasting ruin. Or will we to a man join the silver haired Waite of Colorado, and with the watchword 16 to 1 or fight, march on to victory.

P. A. B.

THE THANKSGIVING GAME.

P. S. C. 12, Pittsburg Athletic Club o. Our team was to have met Franklin and Marshall at Lancaster, on Thanksgiving Day, but, owing to the large guarantee offered by the Pittsburg people, the management thought best to cancel the ear-