The Idaho World.

"THE NOBLEST MOTIVE IS THE PUBLIC GOOD."

Vol. 2. IDAHO CITY, BOISE COUNTY, IDAHO TERRITORY, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866. No. 29.

Idaho World,

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H. C. STREET, Editor.

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The following classic poem first appeared in the Louisville Journal, about one year ago, and is said to have been written by the accomplished scholar and soldier Brig. Gen. Wm. H. Lytle, who was killed at the battle of Chickamauga:

Anthony's Dying Address to Cleopatra.

I am dying, Egypt, dying
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast,
Let thine arms, O Queen! support me,
Hush thy sobs, and bow thine ear,
Listen to a great heart-secret.
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
Though my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no brilliant guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great Triumvir still!

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the Lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman hand that struck him,
'Twas his own that dealt the blow;
Hear, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere his star hath veiled its ray,
Him, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away!

Should the base plebian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home;
Seek her—say the Gods have told me,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorc'ress of the Nile!
Light my path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile!
Give this Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn a Senate's triumph,
Triumphing in a love like thine!

I am dying, Egypt, dying—
Hark! the exulting foemen cry—
They are coming! Quick! my falchion!
I would front them ere I die!
Never more mid din of battle,
Shall my heart exulting swell,
Iris and Osiris guard thee—
Cleopatra—Rome—Farewell!

Increase of Public Burdens.

A late New York Tribune, referring to a bill which had been introduced into the United States Senate by Judge Poland, of Vermont, fixing the salaries of District Judges of the United States, thus remarks:

"We most earnestly protest against its passage. It involves a needless and unjust increase of the public burdens at a time when they are already heavier than are or ever were borne by any Thirty Millions of people on earth. Adding our State and Municipal to our National taxes, and they amount to not a penny less than $20 each per annum for the whole American people, one-eighth of whom have just emerged, ignorant and penniless, from the prison house of slavery, while another eighth have been fearfully impoverished by the ravages of a desolating Civil War. It is monstrous that, at such a crisis, so many should be contriving to saddle them with new and heavier burdens."

As we have already said, the above is from that fountain of purity and Radicalism, the New York Tribune. We have repeatedly asserted that the "burdens" or taxes, of the American people, are now "heavier than are or ever were borne by any other Thirty Millions of people on earth;" but some have doubted this averment. We hope, however, now that it is made by the Tribune—a journal that is, and has been most intensely 'loyal,' and 'Union-loving,'—that all doubts will be finally and forever removed. Let it be blazoned to the world, then, that our taxes, in the aggregate, "amount to not a penny less than $20 each per annum for the whole American people," one-eighth of whom are ignorant and penniless blacks, while another eighth, though possessing white skins "have been fearfully impoverished by the ravages of a desolating Civil War."

It is a rule in politics to hold the party in power responsible for all malfeasances in office, and for all expenditures of money made while holding the reins of Government. And this is a just rule, too; particularly when the Congress of the United States has a good majority holding the same political views of the President. We therefore hold the Radical party responsible for the enormous public debt saddled upon the country—a burden which, according to the Tribune, is already heavier than was ever borne by any other Thirty Millions of people on earth. It is at least Four Billions of dollars. It must be paid. Repudiation is neither practicable nor possible. We have to face the music. The fiddlers have fiddled and they must now be paid. There is no getting over, or around, or under this; and the sooner we all settle down into this belief the better for all interested. Remember, Laboring Man, as you bend your back to the burden, or drive your dray, or swing the ax, or hold the plough, or sow the seed, or sweat over the anvil, that the taxes of this country, when under Democratic rule, were always light; and that now, the country having been in the hands of the Radicals for the last five years, our public debt is greater—our public burdens are heavier than are or ever were borne by any other Thirty Millions of pleople on earth.—[Oregon Herald.

The Auctioneering of Massachusetts Girls in Washington Territory.

A Pacific Coast editor protests against the Mercer project of shipping Yankee girls to that region, and desires the press east of the Rocky Mountains, to "speak out and put a stop to the business." He says: "Let no more unprotected females be exposed to the perils of these shores."

People have wondered at the sense of this Massachusetts abolition philanthropy for some time. It is much like the old style of dealing in the handsome girls of Caucasia, when hundreds of their "school marms" were huddled together and shipped of to parts unknown for the pleasure of "Harem" scarem Turks. We suppose the mode of disposing of these Yankee gals on their arrival to the Pacific coast is something like this:

The ship has arrived in port. Notice has been sent to the long-haired miners and rich bachelors of that auriferous section. The girls have been bathed by squads, platoons and brigades, in the mouth of some "waterfall" from the mountains; their best raiment has been put on. Standing on the poop deck, the charge-d'affairs, with hair pushed back from his receding forehead, and a sharp nasal twang, thus holds forth:

"Neow yeou wild beasts of this ere Pacific strand, I've brought you a whole passel of genuine ladies, right nice and fresh from Bosting, and along the shore. I have a picked lot of gals, fresh as a daisy and lively as a butterfly! I mout sell the entire lot to one man, but that would be too much of a good thing, but I'll sell you each a little charmer, warranted not to cut in the eye, big enough for the jallest miner, and small enough for the least there is among you! Walk up, fellers. Stand up to the taffrail, gals. No crowding on the hauser! Git eout yer dust and select yer ga'l!"

"The first I'll offer, fellers, is a freckled faced school-marm, named Betsy Jane. The other name aint no matter. You can gin her yeourn. She is nineteen years old by the Bible, has good teeth, is twenty-seven inches around the waist, and is warranted kind in harness. How much for Betsy? Sold to Jack Longbeard for five hundred dollars.

"The next animile—oh, sweetheart!—fellers, is a blue-eyed Yankee gal, named Jerusha Ann—never mind her other name—she is an ornament to her sex or any other man! She is twenty-five years old, aint so by——ly handsome, but is heavy on the hug, and is warranted to last a life time, if she don't die first. How much for her? Come, wake up, you fellers! Massachusetts wants to enlighten you! Here is the best chance for happiness, only a few more left! Sold to Daredevil Tom for fifty ounces of dust!

"Now, fellers, stand up close. Here is a stunner. Tabithia Marier, as was her mother before her, also her grandmother. She is nineteen years old, of poor but honest parents, eats but little—a pine gum lunch will last her a week. Sold for no fault, but Massachusetts has no further use for her, and takes this means to pay her war tax! Come up and feel this lot. She never scolds except in anger, and like George Washington, never chopped a tree with her little hatchet. She is warranted genuine, and if not sold will be thrown ashore for you fellers to play with, and over she goes, for it is all chance, you know!"

"Too Many Irons in the Fire.—There was never a better illustration of the folly of attempting forty things at once, than the following from a Detroit paper: "A countryman visiting the city, recently, attempted to carry two pigs under one arm, a coop of chickens under the other, and a quart of eggs in his coat-tail pocket. The beginning of his troubles was to drop one of the diminutive porkers, which shot around the corner like greased lightning. He laid the coop on the other to hold it down, and started in pursuit, returning victorious to find the pig released by the benevolent action of an old sow, which upset the coop and freed the prisoner. Imprisoning the other in like manner, he started in pursuit, again, and in the course of about twenty minutes, loomed up with piggy number two under his arm. By this time number one had wiggled out, and was gone again; when he was so enraged that he sat down on the eggs unawares, and smashed them. Espying the truant in a neighboring street, he dashed after him, tumbled over a gutter-plate and saw his porcine tormentors disappear under a barn with a flirt of their short tails. Wending his way sorrowfully back to the coop, he arrived in time to see the last of his biddies disappear over a picket fence in the distance, released by the mischief of some malicious boys that sat on the curbstone and asked him what he was looking for. When last seen, he was using his best endeavors to trade the coop for a bottle of lemon pop, making the best of adverse circumstances.

Ashley's Irrigation Bill.—The Denver News understands that the above bill, "to develop and reclaim public lands requiring irrigation in the Territories of Idaho, Colorado, Arizona, Montana and the State of Nevada," provides for a system of ditches to be taken out of the mountain streams, upon the highlands and to be of sufficient capacity to irrigate the whole country below to the valleys; the companies making these ditches to have grants of alternate sections or parcels of land contiguous to their works, in much the same manner as now provided in the various bills granting lands to railroad companies. Utah, as usual, has no share in the benefits of the bill, she having demonstrated, long ago, that "government pap" is not essential to her existence and prosperity.—[Salt Lake Telegraph.

The Beauties of New Granada.

We have been permitted, says the Enterprise, to publish the following letter received by Mr. Warner of this city from a friend who has seen the New Granada elephant. "Our army swore terribly in Flanders," said Uncle Toby, but this correspondent beats that or any other army. Our only excuse for publishing so much profanity is, that without so doing the words of the writer—evidently written in utter bitterness of spirit—would lose much of their force:

Panama, March 26, 1866.

After a long trip by sea and some three hundred miles of land travel, I am back to Panama. We started from here on the 14th of February for Tumaco, some five hundred miles down the coast, on the English steam propeller Guayaquil. After three days of discomfort and bad living—for we all took deck passage—there being some 150 persons on board all bound for the land of gold, or as we have since found the land of niggers, snakes, scorpions, centipedes and mosquitoes—a land not fit for a white man to live in—we arrived at Tumaco about 10 o'clock at night We found an old shed to sleep in, and in the morning we started out for something to eat. We found one restaurant, and the only provisions we could get were coffee and bread, there being no provisions for sale and no meat for love or money. However, we were better off than some of the men, for we had purchased a month's supply in Panama. Tumaco is situated on an island about two miles long and one broad, and you cannot go one hundred yards out of town, for the brush is so thick that it requires an ax or a long knife to make any headway. The population of Tumaco is 500—men, women and children All live in the second story, or you might call it the first story of the house, as the buildings are on posts stuck in the ground, and on top of them a flooring is laid and a roof over all; no sides are necessary. The reason of their building up from the ground is because it is so damp. It rains regularly once a day.

OFF FOR THE MINES—THE SWEARING BEGINS.

After remaining in town three days we started for the mines. We traveled twenty miles by sea and about one hundred on the river in a canoe. Our canoe was about forty feet long, and carried eight persons and about 2,000 pounds of baggage. It takes eight days to make the trip, and a h—l of a time we had—you bet! The first night we run till midnight, when we landed and took possession of a house and spread down upon the floor. About an hour after we were awakened by the G—d d—st flock of mosquitoes that you ever saw or heard of. No more sleep that night. The next night all the same, and so on for eight of the G—d d—st nights you ever heard of. The next day after arriving at Barbacoas we started for

THE MINES.

For two full weeks we prospected faithfully and made 75 cents. This was the earnings of ten men working for two weeks. What do you think of that for a country where they take out pounds of gold? Now, between you and I and the lamp-post, it is a d—d bilk. There is only one mine they are working, and that is O'Conner's. He no doubt has made a good thing and some left, but for Christ's sake stay where you are. There is many a man in Barbacoas that is dead broke—not a dime to his name. Major Ferrand—or at least they call him Major—one of your Washoe men, has leased some twenty miles of mining ground for $20,000. It takes money—and d—d big money, too—to get the gold. I was glad to get back to Panama once more. I am broke, but never mind; I always said "We may be happy yet!" I have just 75 cents left and 4,000 miles from home—nothing to do and a d—d poor prospect ahead for grub. About forty old miners came up with us dead broke.

ANOTHER BEAUTY OF THE COUNTRY.

We had very lively times night before last. They started a revolution here and had a fight in the streets. About sixteen men were killed and some two hundred taken prisoners. The Government expects another attack at any moment. Yours, C.

"Old Bumblebee," was the cognomen of Mr. T., of Newburyport. He gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumblebee one day, while he was shingling his barn, and in attempting to destroy the insect with a hatchet cut off the ends of his thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. Uncle T., in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed his left arm so firmly between two boards of a fence he was putting up, that he had to call for assistance to get extricated from his self-imprisonment. He once put a button on a gate instead of a post. But the rarest freak of all was when he ran through the streets, with his hands about three feet asunder, held before him, begging the passers by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of the doorway with him.

The above history of Mr. Bumblebee is incomplete, in that it is not stated that he commenced at the comb of his barn, and shingled the roof downward.

Fearful Economy.—An exchange vouches for the truth of the following personal anecdote: "A lady, the daughter of a person of great wealth, and having herself "great expectations," went to a washerwoman and inquired how much she charged a dozen for washing skirts. "One dollar a dozen," was the reply. "That is a good deal," says the lady, "but I want you to wash the "lower half" of three skirts for me."

The same person, having lost her father, sent to a former place of residence, for an old black dress to be made over for the funeral.

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Particular Personal Attention given to receiving and forwarding Goods to all parts of the mines in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Goods re-measured, Freights paid, Storage obtained, and all business connected with the Forwarding and Commission Business promptly and personally attended to. Consignments of Goods solicited. We refer by permission:

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☞ Mark goods care P. & C., Umatilla. 32tf

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CRAIG & MIX,

MAIN ST., IDAHO CITY.

Have opened their New Drug Store at the old stand, and have furnished it with the choicest drugs, medicines &c. ever brought into the Territory.

Paints, Oils and Chemicals

Of every description.

Perfumery, Fancy Articles etc., etc.

Since the fire the proprietors have procured an entire new stock, which the people are invited to examine: to which accessions will constantly be made.

Orders Promptly Filled.

Idaho City, July 15, 1865. [n38

WALKER'S

TOBACCO DEPOT,

IN THE

MINERS' BREWERY

MAIN STREET, IDAHO CITY.

The propietor keeps on hand a Choice selection of

HABANA CIGARS

which for fine flavor have no equal in the Territory.

SMOKING and CHEWING TOBACCO

of various brands. Pipes, Knives, and Cutlery of every description, and all sorts of

FANCY ARTICLES.

☞ Watches repaired and corrected with dispatch. [n1tf]

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.....DEALERS IN.....

Fancy and Staple Dry-Goods,

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BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

CROCKERY AND HARDWARE,

all of which will be sold

CHEAP FOR CASH.

MAIN-ST., IDAHO CITY.

n52tf

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—REMOVED—

Two Doors Below Post Office, Main St.

LEHMANN & SOLARO,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Wines and Liquors.

ALL KINDS OF SYRUPS MANUFACTURED. Raspberry, Lemon, Gum and Orgeat Syrup at $14 per dozen: per gallon, $5, per keg $4 50.

Main St., Two Doors Below the Post Office,

n50tf Idaho City.

GREAT REDUCTION

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PRICES OF PICTURES!

MAIN STREET IDAHO CITY,

Second Door above the Post Office.

The undersigned, from this date until further notice, will furnish Pictures of all kinds at greatly reduced prices. ☞ General satisfaction warranted. JUNK & CO.

Idaho City, December 16, 1865. n41

C. E. FREEMAN. R. B. WALLACE.

C. E. FREEMAN & CO,

Chemists and Druggists.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Building,

WASHINGTON STREET, CENTERVILLE. I. T.

[v2-n2tf]

J. A. DAVISON,

TAILOR.

Main street, opposite the Umatilla Market.

Is Prepared to fill any orders in his line, either at

New Work, Repairing, Renovating, &c.

in the best manner and at the most reasonable prices. A superior article of buckskin purses on his own make constantly on hand.

Idaho City, October 13th, 1865. 51tf]

H. M. ELLSWORTH. D. CRAM.

OVERLAND HOUSE,

Corner Main and Eighth sts, Boise City.

This popular hotel has recently been thoroughly refitted and improved by the present proprietors, who flatter themselves that they can entertain the traveling public in a manner not to be surpassed in this Territory.

OPEN AT ALL HOURS.

We have made large additions to the sleeping apartments, and furnished them with the

Best Beds in the Territory.

☞ We solicit a share of public patronage. ☜

At this House may be found the General Stage Office of the Overland, Walla Walla, Umatilla, Salt Lake, Owyhee, Idaho City, and South Boise lines.

n51 ELLSWORTH & CRAM, Proprietors.

N. B. WOOD,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. Will practice in all the Courts of Idaho Territory. Office on Wall st., next door to J. W. Wood & Co. [24tf.]

WM. W. HABERSHAM,

Notary Public & Conveyancer. Particular attention given to drawing Deeds and other instruments of writing. Office—At the Boise Bakery on Wall St. Idaho City. 14tf

GILBERT & HENLEY,

Attorneys & Counselors at Law Office on Main st. over Clark & Dunn's. 43

GANAHL & KNOWLES.

Attorneys & Counselors at Law, Idaho City, Office adjoining the Sheriff's office. n39tf.

J. B. ROSOBOROUGH.

Attorney at Law. Office on Wall street, Idaho City. n8

V. S. ANDERSON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Rocky Bar, Alturas county, I. T. n40tf

JONAS W. BROWN,

Attorney & Counselor at Law. Office on Montgomery st. [32

MAY & McGRAW,

Attorneys & Counselors at Law. Office on Montgomery st. [29.

C. SIMS,

Attorney & Counselor at Law. Office at City Hotel, Idaho City. [24tf

C. B WAITE,

Attorney & Counselor at Law, Office on Main street, opposite Scheeline's store. (n30tf

SAM'L A. MERRITT.

Attorney & Counselor at Law, Office on Harris street, between Main and Montgomery, rear of Harris' Drug store 20

GEORGE AINSLIE,

Attorney & Counselor at Law, Centerville, Idaho Territory. [28n 3

CHAS. C. DUDLEY,

Attorney & Counselor at Law, Pioneer City, Idaho Territory. n23tf

DR. C. W. KIRCHNER,

German Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Consultations in French, Spanish, German and English. Office in Craig & Mix's Drug store, Main street, Idaho city. n25tf

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SURGEON DENTIST,

Office—In Chipman's Drug Store, corner of Wall and Main streets, Idaho City. 28tf

DENTISTRY!

I have removed to the post office building.

☞ Any one wishing first class work, will do well to call. F. C. NICHOLS.

Idaho city, October 5th, 1865. 50tf

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Office—One doors south of Fitzgerald's Store.

☞ Dr. Betts, County Physician.

Idaho City. 3tf

ALONZO P TURNER,

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR BOISE COUNTY.

WALL STREET, FOUR DOORS BELOW MONTGOMERY, IDAHO CITY, I. T. 22tf

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Montgomery Street,

Between Commercial and Wallula streets,

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BUGGY, SADDLE AND CARRIAGE

HORSES.

New and Fashionable Buggies and Carriages always ready, day or night, at a minute's notice.

☞ Horses received on board per day or month at reduced rates. DRYDEN McCLINTOCK,

49 SAM STEWART.

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NEW YORK AND CALIFORNIA

Express and Exchange Company!

Wells, Fargo & Co. having recently established Offices at Boise City, Ruby City, and Rocky Bar, are prepared to forward Freight, Packages and Letters from those point to all parts of the world; also, Collections and Commissions attended to. [44tf]

MINERS' BREWERY

AND BAKERY.

The patrons of the old and well-known establishment are hereby notified that a change having been made in the proprietorship the business will be continued with the intention of fully sustaining the reputation of the house as one of the best saloons in Idaho City.

THE BAR

Will be supplied with the finest Liquors of all kinds. Lager Beer fresh from the Brewery and always ready.

Pies, Cakes and all Sorts of Confectionery

Constantly manufactured and on hand.

n18tf FISCHER & MEYDENBAUER.

MINERS'

SHAVING & HAIR-CUTTING SALOON,

Wall street, between Main and Montgomery,

NED & SAM - - Proprietors.

Having rebuilt and refitted the above Saloon since the fire, the proprietors take this method of making it generally known. They are thankful for past patronage, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Come and see us. 27tf.

N. B.—Three doors below Boston & Cody's corner.