MISCELLANEOUS.

A young girl is a fishing rod, the eyes are the hook, the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and marriage the butter in which he is fried.

LAMARTINE has declined a pension from France of forty thousand francs for life, and has decided to settle permanently in Sicily.

PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.—The Chicago *Republican* suggests that it would give *eclat* to the Philadelphia Convention if prisoner Davis should be released in time to preside over its deliberations.

NIAGARA FALLS.—It is reported that a marked change in the Horseshoe Falls at Niagara has occurred within a few days. Large portions of rock have given away in the center of the shoe, giving the fall now more of a triangular appearance, which is said to add to its beauty. It has been demonstrated that the Falls recede ten or twelve inches a year.

A NEW PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.—The London and Paris *Cosmopolitan* of the 23d of June, acknowledges the receipt from a photographer of some excellent likenesses of Charles Francis Adams, our Minister to the court of St. James. It will be news in this country to learn from it that Adams "stands number one among the candidates for the next Presidency of the United States."

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Denver *Gazette* of July 17th thus speaks of this work and progress East: "The gigantic continental work is fast progressing—rapidly lessening the distance between its terminus and the Pacific ocean. On Saturday, July 6th, an excursion party started from Omaha to the end of the railroad track and returned the same day. One hundred and thirty-five miles are now completed from Omaha to a point forty-five miles west of Columbus.

PRESENTATION TO GENERAL MEADE.—At the celebration on the Fourth, at Philadelphia, Major General Meade was presented by the Union League of that city with a gold medal. It is of the finest gold and weighs one pound and a half. On the obverse side is a finely executed head of the hero of Gettysburg. On the reverse side is an elaborated artistic design, surrounded with the words: "The victor of Gettysburg, the deliverer of our State, the faithful soldier of our country."

At Mount Pleasant, Iowa, on the 4th, an anvil, heavily charged, burst, and striking a wagon close by, smashed one of the wheels completely. Charlie the notorious punster, got off the following on the occasion: "Did you hear about that terrible accident?" "Why no! What was it?" "The anvil burst in the firing and cut a felloe square in two." "Horrible! why it killed him immediately, of course?" "No; at last accounts he was still a waggin."

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN will shortly celebrate the 64th anniversary of her birth. Fanny Kemble is in her 49th year. Kate Bateman is 24 years old. Julia Dean is 35. Madame Celeste is 64. Mrs. John Wood is 36. Julia Bennett Barrow is 41. Adah Isaacs Menken, 27. Avonia Jones, 23. Kate Reignold, 27. Mrs. Vernon is nearly 70. Mrs. J. H. Allen is 22. Madame Henriques is 20., and is the youngest "leading lady" on the stage. Parepa is 38. Miss Hosmer is 26. Maggie Mitchell is 30.

A FARMER called at the house of a lawyer, to consult him professionally. "Isn't Squeer at home?" he inquired of the lawyer's lady, who open'd the door at his summons. He was answered negatively. Disappointment was shown in his face; but, after a moment's consideration, a thought revived him. "Mebby you can gi' me the necessary information, as to Squeer, seen as ye'er his wife." The kind lady readily promised to do so, if, on learning the difficulty, she found it in her power: and the other proceeded to state as follows: "Spooze ye wur an old white mear and I should borrow ye to gang to the mill, with grist on yer back, an' we should get no farder than Stair Hill, when all at once ye should back up, and rear up, and pitch up, and kneel down backwards, and break yer neck, who would pay for ye? Not I, darn me if I would!" The lady closed the door.

BOLD ROBBERY.—The Denver (Col.) *Gazette* of July 11th says: "On Friday, a party had consigned to a house in the East, through the Holladay Overland Express Company, a bar of bullion, valued at $2,000, and weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of ten pounds. One clerk received the package and laid it in the safe preparatory to another clerk registering it, but in the interim it was missing. The officers were soon notified of the fact, and the whole operation ere long was ferreted out by United States officer Haskell, assisted by Robt Wilson, who has had, we understand, some experience in detective matters. A colored man was arrested, but it was ascertained that he knew nothing of it, and he was released. Suspicion at last rested on a gentleman who was the intimate friend of every one who was connected with the office, and steps were taken to trace the matter. The person under suspicion was Mr. C. Lighter, a gentleman who was formerly in the employ of Messrs. Russell and Waddell, and one who enjoyed to a superlative degree the entire confidence of the community. He is an old settler here, and one who moved in the most respectable circles, and who was esteemed by about two-thirds of the people in Denver as one in every way an honest, respectable and reliable gentleman. He was arrested on Saturday night, or early on Sunday morning, in his bed at the Planter's House. Immediately upon his arrest, he requested to see Mr. Hugo Richards, the agent of the company here, confessed the whole deed to him, on his arrival, and handed over the bullion, which he had secured in his trunk preparatory to leaving for the States early in the morning. The bar was intact, save a small chunk cut off at the end by some chisels which he had evidently bought for the purpose. He was then taken in charge and consigned to the jail to await the examination.

A Fearful Balloon Voyage.

Among the features of the Fourth of July at Providence, (R. I.), was a balloon ascension, which is thus described by the Providence *Journal*: Towards 5 o'clock the throng began to concentrate in Exchange Place, where preparations were going forward for the ascension of Allen Brothers' balloon, which is of 40,000 cubic feet capacity, is 75 feet in height and 38 feet in diameter, and contains 780 square yards of surface canvas. It was speedily filled from the street mains, and with its symmetrical outline and many flags was a beautiful object to contemplate. The excitement attending the ascension, so far as the spectators were concerned, was compressed into a very brief moment, but that moment was a thrilling one. A slight fog had blown up from the river, the sky was partially overcast, and the wind had increased, seemingly, to almost a gale, which, from the size and buoyancy of the balloon, exerted a tremendous power upon it. It was held in position for a few minutes by the weight of a hundred men while the fastenings were tied, the wreaths arranged, the standards crossed, and all made ready to start.

Five persons took seats in the car. They were James Allen, O. W. Prince, Thomas Landy, Samuel F. Allen and James Allen, Jr. The last two were lads. Landy formed the decision to go only two or three minutes before the start. Once after launching away, the balloon being over-ballasted, came back to the pavement in the center of a throng of vehicles.

On the second attempt it attained a higher altitude, and amid the wild cheers and stirring music shot away before the gale up the valley, apparently on the line of the Boston Railroad, with terrific velocity. A rocket could hardly have been more swift. All held their breath as the car passed the west tower of the depot building, against which it seemed that it must strike. Providentially it missed by a few feet. It sped onwards, and without seeming to attain a very lofty elevation was lost to sight in an inconceivably brief time. The perils of the ascent were enhanced by the presence of so great a crowd as to impede the operations of the workmen, and the fact of its being made from an inclosed area with high buildings on either hand. The sky was overcast at the time, which would have detracted from the pleasure of the excursion under any circumstances.

The voyage terminated quite disastrously, as all who witnessed its beginning must have apprehended. Morrill, of the firm of Morrill & Co., printing ink manufacturers in South Dedham (Mass.), near whose works the final catastrophe occurred, has given us the following particulars: The teamsters near the factory (which is about four miles west of old Dedham and opposite Canton) first saw the balloon (which arrived there about a quarter past six) drop down back of the woods half a mile off. It rose again, however, and came over near the works, when the æronauts were heard calling out for some one to catch hold of their anchor rope. They were drifting over a level plain where there was nothing to secure it to.

Turner and Morrill, of the company, and one of their teamsters, siezed the rope, but it might as well have been tied to a locomotive with all steam on, so far as their ability to hold it back was concerned. All three were badly strained or bruised in their exertions, and Turner is unable to leave his bed to-day in consequence. They held fast to the rope and were dragged to the edge of a pond of about six acres. If a tree had been near they could have checked the flight of the monster to which they had harnessed, but to save themselves they were obliged to let go when they reached the water. The basket plowed through the pond immersed to the depth of three feet, and going at the rate of perhaps fifteen miles an hour.

After leaving the pond, the basket struck a stone wall, by which the men received their injuries. James Allen was most hurt, but not seriously. One of Prince's feet was hurt, and the other ancle badly wrenched and bruised. Landy was cut on the head, but not seriously, and when found was considerably disfigured with blood. Neither of the lads were injured.

The balloon was hurried on some forty rods further, going through two fences, and finally lodging in a large elm tree, where it was torn from top to bottom. The basket was then some eight feet from the ground, and the men were left swinging within the car, which was suspended from the branches. They were taken out of the basket, where they were tangled up in the rope, and were carried to the house of Alvin Ellis. Landy, Prince and one of the boys came to Providence from Canton in the Wednesday evening train. Allen and his son remained behind in South Dedham, the former under the care of Dr. Fogg, who did not think it prudent that his patient should be moved. They came up, however, last night, in much better condition than was anticipated.

If their craft had not caught in the tree the prospect before the voyagers was perilous in the extreme. The breeze was increasing and the balloon retained sufficient buoyancy to admit of its being carried over many miles of country. The next half a mile was a complete series of stone walls, against which the car, at the height it was then traveling, must have been dashed to pieces. The distance traveled by them was twenty-eight miles in a straight line, and was accomplished in a little less than thirty minutes.

"Living Words" from Dr. Chapin.

Not only is music a beautiful and sublime science, the study of which ennobles and purifies the minds of its votary, but how many and excellent are its ministrjes to others! It occupies hours that else, perhaps, they would employ sinfully. It fills the home with melody, and helps recreation and social intercourse. It breaks into the monotony of life with a kindling enthusiasm, and interrupts the weary periods of anxiety and toil. It soothes the dull pauses of disease: it twines its magic spell around the fevered heart; it steals into the troubled spirit with uplifting and with peace. Its harmonies drop through the gloom of confinement like the links of sunshine, and draw us up to the canopy of the free and unbounded heaven. It is the key of memory and the messenger of hope, awakening us to all that is dear in the past, and all that is worthy in the future. For in its sweetest and loftiest moods music is eminently a moral and religious agent. It touches our best feelings, rebukes our sins, and confirms our virtues. It is the natural advocate of freedom, peace and every sacred work. It is the best expression of faith and prayer. It moves like a magnetic current over our souls, and suggests our mysterious kindred with higher realities.

The brightest lineaments of woman's character appear as the shadows of life grow darker. In hours of sickness, in homes of pain, in weary vigils she rises with a sublime fortitude. The spirit that shrinks with a sensitiveness in calmer moments gives out rich music in the storm. When impending danger, pitiless calumny, or cruel persecution assails the object of her affection, she gathers her virtue around her for a shield; and with a power that makes the weak things of the earth stronger than the mighty, and lends to the timid a bravery that defies all peril, she goes forth to share his fortune to the last, exhibiting a constancy that is more eloquent than words, and a love that cannot die.

A breath upon the mirror, a stone in the brook, and the fair and seemly appearance that made them comely in the eyes of men is destroyed; nay there is not a star that walks in heaven but the least particle of cloud shall render it tayless and hide its beauty. Breathe not even an idle word, then, much less a contrived aspersion, against that which or all honorable men is dearer than gems or gold.

The cry of degeneracy is the oldest of cries. Take up any London journal of a hundred years ago, and you will find remonstrances and satires against the same follies and vices as those which are denounced to-day. Therefore these parallel cases in our time show us, not that we are going into the swamp, but that we have not yet got out of it.

"Our life is what we make it!"—an insignificant game or noble trial; a dream or a reality; a play of the senses worn out in selfish use, and "flying swifter than a weaver's shuttle," or an ascension of the soul, by daily and unwavering faith, to more spiritual relations and to lofty toils—to the company of the immortal—to the presence of God and the fellowship of Christ.

The creature you term as a chattel, and affect to treat as an ape or a monkey, you do not treat as an ape or a monkey. When guilty of an immoral act you denounce him as guilty; you hold him morally responsible; and the punishments you inflict refute your mean theories of his being nothing more than a brute.

If Napoleon—pointing to the tall and mystic pyramids—could say to his army, "Lo! forty centuries look down upon your deeds"—young men of America, of you it may be said that forty unborn generations abide the issue of your works.

The fire-brand which you unthinkingly wield may burn but a single stubble, but it is capable of enwrapping a city in flames. Therefore meddle not with it at all. So it is in regard to the principle that leads you from the strict path of integrity.

We only attain the true idea of marriage when we consider it as a spiritual union—a union of immortal affections, of undying faculties, of an imperishable destiny.

There is nothing more disproportioned in humanity than a hard-hearted and ill-natured young man.

There is no happiness in life, there is no misery, like that growing out of the dispositions which consecrate or desecrate a home.

The worst manifestation of a bad spirit is joy in the fall of another—joy when sin prevails—joy when a brother trips and stumbles into ruin.

Visions of Heaven and Hell.

M. Delepierre, a member of the Philobiblion Society, has lately reprinted a limited edition of an essay which he prepared for the Society, under the title of, "Le Livre des Visions en l'Enfer et le Ciel, ecrit par ceux qui les ont vus." The visions of heaven and hell in question are not those which the visionary supposed himself to have seen in dreams, or through the medium of his excited imagination, but those which he actually beheld, most of them occurring while the patient was in a state of catalepsy, and while the spirit was supposed to be absent from the body, and consequently in a condition to behold what is afterwards narrated. M. Delapierre's collection is curious in many respects, and in none more than in the singular limitation which it shows of the mediæval mind in its conception of future rewards and punishments, the absence in its visions of any profound or elevated thought, even of solemnity in punishment, the whole being in the most unmistakable degree of the earth, earthy."

Hell is described with much greater particularity than heaven, and generally as abounding in monsters of all sorts. Tindal, for instance, a noble but profligate Irishman, had a diabolical vision in 1149, wherein he saw a monster of incredible size and of the most horrible aspect. "His mouth seemed able to contain ten thousand armed men; his teeth were like pillars, forming, as it were, two immense wheels, and flames issued incessantly from his gaping jaws. Two giants—one with his head downwards, the other standing on his feet—were placed before this gulf, from which a horrible corruption was exhaled. The damned souls were forced to enter into this abyss. The body of this monster echoed with groans, and dull cries, and lamentations. Before this open mouth were a multitude of impure spirits, who pushed the souls before them, covering them with blows and wounds."

If Tindal was not converted when he recovered from this terrible nightmare, his must have been a hopeless case in deed. Much more striking than this frightful vision is one of the punishments mentioned in Plutarch's story of Thespasius: "The souls which had been guilty of sins whose punishment had recoiled during life on their posterity, were punished by their children. Thespasius saw a crowd of these souls grouped like bees or bats with those of their descendants, who did not cease to murmur words of grief and anger in remembrance of all that they had suffered for the crimes of their fathers."—*New York Evening Post.*

BANNACK ITEMS.

CLERK OF THE DISTRICT COURT.—Judge Williston has appointed S. F. Dunlap, Clerk of the District Court in and for Beaverhead county. Mr. D. is well qualified for the office, and will keep the records of the Court in a neat, business-like manner.

QUARTZ MILL.—Dr. Hopkins has again commenced running the New York mill. The Doctor says that he has enough quartz on the ground to run the mill for the next six months. The New York Company are sinking two shafts on No. 6 Dacotah, and one upon the Idaho lode.

BUTTERFIELD TRAIN.—One of Butterfield & Co.'s trains, numbering about forty wagons, arrived to-day. They were loaded with quartz mill machinery for Bannack.

MARBLE.—A fine marble quarry has been discovered near town. Some parties are already engaged in opening the ledge. The quality of the marble is equal to that of Rutland, Vermont.

BRICK-YARDS.—Bannack can boast of two brick-yards, now in active operation. One is located about a mile above, and the other a half mile below town. They are making both common and fine brick, from material found close at hand.

FURNACES.—The Cleveland Mining Company are preparing the foundation for their furnaces, which they will commence building as soon as brick can be procured.

NEW GOODS.—George Yeonan has opened a stock of new goods, brought direct from the States, which he is offering cheap for cash.

CAPTAIN WALL is in town, looking after his mining interests in this vicinity, which are extensive and valuable. The Captain is a heavy stockholder in the Bannack Ditch Company. They are mining upon a large scale, running two or three hydraulics night and day, under the superintendence of Messrs. Bowers and Shipman, two of the best miners in the Territory.

New Gold Discoveries—Mullan Road Traveled by Wagons — Missoula City—Agricultural Prospects.

We were visited by Mr. Nimrod Poston, Esq., of Missoula City, Hell Gate Ronde, last Tuesday. We are indebted to the Squire for the following facts concerning the Hell Gate section:

Diggings had been discovered near the head of Bitter Root river, on a stream called Rock Hole creek, distnce from Missoula City some sixty miles, and from Fort Owen about thirty. Much interest was felt throughout the Bitter Root and Hell Gate valleys, and even in the Elk and Bear creek region, in regard to these developments. No definite information has yet reached us as to their character, further than that the new diggings are shallow; and water in abundance being available, are easily worked. It was thought, from the nature of the ground, that mining would be highly profitable, though "prospects" should be light. The gold is said to be fine, of ordinary purity for Montana, and the diggings quite extensive. Two or three hundred, probably, are now in the new camp of Rock Hole; and large numbers are continually thitherward bending their way.

Squire Poston also reports several discoveries on, or near, the head-waters of the Clearwater. The discoverers had visited Missoula City and obtained rockers. But little information could be obtained from these men—their motive for silence being, evidently to return, and secure their claims before an excitement and consequent "rush." These are what are termed bar diggings. Of course we can only conjecture as to the locality; but, being near the head of the Clearwater, and near the Lo-lo Fork trail, they cannot be more than seventy-fine miles from Missoula City, nor over half that distance from Fort Owen. We would recommend Western friends, who intend returning this fall to Oregon or California to go by the way of this trail, prepared for prospecting. Though much more rugged than the Mullan route, it is said to be the shortest course by a hundred miles from points in Montana to Walla Walla or Lewiston.

Reports of other discoveries were on wing, when Squire Poston left Missoula; but they were too indefinite to base statements on for publication.

While merchants of Montana, Oregon and Washington Territory are speculating upon, and discussing the propriety of, removing the fallen timber from the Mullan wagon road, and re-bridging the streams, it seems the necessities of the case have attained the desired end. A large number of wagons—family teams from north Idaho, Oregon and Washington, are now this side of the Missoula river ferry, having successfully forced their way through this so long blockaded route. A partial but effective opening of the road having thus been made, many other wagons will undoubtedly succeed early next spring. These new comers, of course, from having to take cut-offs to avoid insuperable obstructions, traveled a much greater distance than the actual length of the road. But the practicability of the route now being definitely settled, we hope and believe the mercantile communities of the Columbia—who are the principally interested parties, will loose no time in putting the Mullan road in good condition for wagon travel every month in the year that snows do not prevent.—*Rocky Mountain Gazette, August 11th.*

HOMICIDE IN OWYHEE.—The Owyhee *Avalanche* of August 4th gives the following account of a case of homicide:

"The evidence showed that Cooper, the deceased, had an altercation with Sherwood on last Sunday, at the store of Edwards & Creed, in Oro, Flint District, in which Cooper was the aggressor, and that the parties were separated by the bystanders; that immediately Sherwood left the store and went to his cabin about a quarter of a mile distant; that Cooper, on ascertaining that Sherwood had left, made various and divers threats against his life, and started for the cabin of Sherwood, vowing vengeance all the while. In the meantime, Myers, a friend of both parties, started by a more direct route to Sherwood's cabin and told him to keep out of the way, as Cooper was coming and had threatened to take his life. Sherwood closed the door of the cabin and Myers advaced to meet Cooper, advising him to drop the difficulty and return. At this point, Joe Ritchie, an officious friend of Cooper's, told Cooper to "kill the s—n of a b—h." This was within a short distance of the cabin of Sherwood and in full hearing of Sherwood, who was therein. Cooper then went to his own tent, buckled on his revolver and knife—took his Henry rifle and started for Sherwood's cabin. When near the cabin he raised the gun to fire through the closed door, but Myers ran up and wrested the rifle from his hands. Cooper then drew his revolver, rushed to the door and violently kicked it open. Here he was met by Sherwood, who grasped the presented weapon and averted it just as Cooper shot—the ball lodging in the wall. Immediately and before Cooper could shoot again, Sherwood fired the fatal shot from his revolver which ended poor Harry's earthly career."

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