The Snow.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along;
Beautiful snow! It does no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays, in its glee, with every one,
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by;
It lights on the face, it sparkles the eye,
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around—
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of the beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song,
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye—
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street!

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell!
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street;
Fell to be scoffed, spit on and beat!
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! Have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,
God and myself, I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh,
For all that on or above me I know
There is nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the streets of a crazy town,
Done mad in the joy of the snow coming down.
To be, and to die is my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Man-of-War Regatta off Cherbourg.

An American twelve-oared boat beats the sixteen-oared boats of the whole French squadron.

We have received from a correspondent at Cherbourg, France, a detailed account of a regatta which took place at that port on the 3d September, in which fifteen French row-boats and one row-boat from the American squadron took part. The latter boat was under charge, in the contest, of Lieut. Ira Harris, Jr., of this State, and as he has described the affair in a most spirited manner, we will adopt his narrative from the point where our correspondent takes it up.

"The race was for double-banked boats of all nations, pulling not more than sixteen oars, and from twenty-nine to thirty-five feet long. The boat I entered was thirty-four feet long and only pulled twelve oars. She is as prettily cut as any boat I ever saw, and in fact a regular beauty, but should pull at least fourteen oars. My crew was partially selected from the best men on board, and part the regular crew of the boat. I worked hard for the four days that we had to drill, and we went in well got up, with our bottom all as smooth as glass and covered with soap. When we pulled in among the French boats in taking our stand, everybody was surprised at our appearance.

"The other boats entered were fifteen in number, and were the fastest ones of the iron clad squadron. The best one I think belongs to a Rear Admiral attached to the navy yard here. All pulled sixteen oars, and had heavy picked men. All the betting was on a barge belonging to the Commodore of the Flandre, (iron clad frigate,) and another barge belonging to the Prince Napoleon's yacht Jerome Napoleon. The latter is a splendid boat, and won the race at Toulon.

"My men were very small forward, and we looked so little for the boat that the French judges did not seem to care whether we ran or not. They did not think we could do anything, and I almost doubted my own judgment. We took our places, mine being about the middle of the sixteen; the second gun fired, and we were off. Got a start ahead of nine of them. A large barge on the outside of me, belonging to the shore maritime Prefet, got off too soon and jammed the hitch on his line before the coxswain could cast off. She was thrown out altogether. Next boat to her was the Flandre's. We gained on her so fast that she gave up trying to keep ahead and tried to foul us, so as to throw both out of the race and let some other Frenchman win. She drove us a little out of the track, but by urging the crew for a minute we got our stroke oars clear of her bows and then crossed her, throwing her out as she had intended to do with us. Then we made strong and steady for the stake buoy, with the white navy yard boat a couple of lengths ahead of us, a pea-green gig of the flag ship Magenta, and the Prince's barge behind us, and the rest of no account. After about a minute we could see that at the swinging stroke we were going, we gained on the white, but the people on shore all said we never could keep it up. The American Consul went to the Admiral, and said we were pulling too quick, but the old gentleman said we would beat, and that 'that young man' knew a thing or two, and would not let them give out. Well, we came up with the white boat, and slowly passed her, which drove her crew nearly crazy, and they yelled and strained so hard that they broke four of their oars. Still they had a fast boat, a good coxswain, and an officer who knew his work, and we had to keep up to our quickest work to get the inside track before reaching the buoy at one thousand metres, but we did it, and crowded him outside (which is fair enough, so long as you don't touch or wet him). This gave us a boat's length ahead, and let me ease the men a little.

"There were then eight flag buoys in a row for us to pull around before returning. We started round them all, but the white, the Jerome's, and afterwards one or two more, went between the buoys, and started back. (They either did this to mislead us, and give the race to the pea-green, which was coming up fast, or else did not know about the course.) I had hard work to keep the coxswain from going the same way, and the crew, too, wanted to do so, but I made them keep to the course, and in a minute the others were turned back by the boat stationed by the buoys, and we had gained by their false maneuvering a ship's length on the white, and the pea-green was the nearest and some distance ahead of the rest. Now came the work, for it was necessary to keep the men well in hand, or they would lose their wind, for it was against the wind, and in that case sixteen oars to twelve are fearful odds for boats of the same size. But the men worked well, kept cool, and paid attention to what was said to them. We lengthened the stroke, and I never saw a boat pulled through a race with so little loss by bad rowing. We just kept up our distance ahead till within about five hundred yards of home, when the men of our ship, who were in the boats watching us, cheered, which woke up the crew, and there was no restraining them; but they took up a fearful stroke, and kept it all the way to the stand. I was afraid they would not be able to toss their oars in passing, but they just could do so. I stood up and took off my cap at the same time. The flag dropped. The band struck up a French air, (they did not expect to need a Yankee one,) and we were victors of the race, with the pea-green about a short ship's length astern, and the white, who had picked up on the windward stretch, close alongside her. Our old antagonist of the Flandre was in with the herd, and the Toulon victor was about seventh. I. H."—*Wilkes' Spirit.*

From the Upper Missouri.

The Luella, mountain boat, arrived from Fort Benton yesterday morning. She had sixty-five cabin, and one hundred and fifteen deck passengers, and more treasure than any other boat has brought down from the mines during the season. It is impossible to state the value of the dust; the officers of the boat fix it at three millions of dollars, while some of the passengers are of opinion that it will sum up over four millions. A number of the miners had very large amounts; Frederick & Campbell alone, miners in Confederate Gulch, Montana Bar, having about four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars worth of the precious ore. Two large safes were well filled, and many of the passengers kept charge of their own dust. The Luella left Fort Benton on the 15th of August last, and had a very slow and difficult passage to Cow Island. She remained there until the 4th of September, when she proceeded on her voyage. Navigation was still difficult at many bars, the water in the channel being but ten inches in depth. At the mouth of the Yellowstone a rise of about twelve inches was met, and from that point the channel was more favorable and the passage less difficult.

No difficulty was experienced on the passage from the hostile Indians residing along the banks of the river; the reports however, hitherto published, of the frequent attacks on mackinaws in the neighborhood of Fort Union, are confirmed.

At the mouth of Milk river one passenger fell overboard and was drowned. He was a Frenchman, from Canada, named Peter Dehait. In a belt on his person he had $7,000 in dust. Every effort was made to save his life, but in vain. The boat was delayed twenty-four hours for the purpose of recovering his body, but without avail.

Some twenty of the passengers were old residents of this place. We observed on the ship's register the following names: Mrs. Robert Donnell, Miss Ward, Major Richardson, Alexander Majors, Mr. Conrad, Thomas Tutt and Bruce Toole. We are pleased to state that all the representatives of Buchanan county in the mountains, are reported to be doing well.

Over one hundred and fifty Mackinaw boats have already descended, and of these at least one-third have been snagged, wrecked, or abandoned. Large fleets of mackinaws were preparing at mountain river towns at the last report.—*St. Joseph Herald, Oct. 11th.*

Our Title to California.

The following is taken from an address delivered by J. W. Dwinelle before the Pioneer Association, at their celebration in San Francisco on the 10th ult.:

If a Californian of ordinary historical intelligence were asked by what legal title we assume to possess this country, after following the chain through Mexico to Spain, he would probably pause for want of further specific information, or at most, suggest that Spain derived her title to California through the right of first discovery. If he were told that all the rights of Spain, and our rights through her to this land, were derived entirely from a grant made to Spain by the Pope, he would undoubtedly be greatly surprised; yet such is the historical fact. Previous to the discovery of America by Columbus, in the year 1492, the Portugese had discovered the Azores Islands, and on the strength of that discovery claimed that the countries discovered by Columbus belonged to the crown of Portugal, and that the Spaniards should be wholly excluded from them. But the Spaniards refused to admit this pretension, and referred the matter for decision to the Pope, Alexander VI. It was then a part of the law of nations and of the pubic law of the world, that the Pope was the ultimate source of all temporal power; that he could make and unmake kings, and dispose of all the kingdoms of the earth—powers which he frequently exercised, and against which it were vain to contend. He was, therefore, by general consent, the acknowledged source of all lawful title to land. He assumed to decide the case thus referred to his decision, and on May 3d, A. D. 1493, determined the matter in dispute between the crowns of Portugal and Spain, by drawing an imaginary line of longitude one hundred miles west of the Azores, and granting to the Spanish monarchs all countries inhabited by infidels, which they had already discovered, or might afterwards discover, lying to the west; and to the crown of Portugal all those lying to the east of that line. The line was afterward removed two hundred and seventy leagues further to the west by a treaty subsequently made in the year 1494, between the Kings of Portugal and Spain; but so thoroughly was the title thus conceded by the Pope respected by the civilized world that when Henry VII., of England, was afterward about to intrude upon some of the dominions thus granted to Spain, he abandoned his project on being warned by the Pope to desist. Our title to California is therefore deduced from the grant of the Pope to Spain, from Spain by revolution to Mexico, from Mexico by conquest and treaty to the United States, and from the United States by the operation of various grants and political acts to the State and people of California.

The Natives of Terra del Fuego.

The Fuegians, according to a recent work, are very little superior in the scale of intelligence to the higher classes of brutes. Inhabiting an inclement country, their ingenuity, unlike that of the stunted natives of the arctic circle, does not even extend to the simple arts of preserving warmth, by sheltering themselves effectually from the weather. They are cannibals who appear to have no idea of a future life, though they show traces of superstition in a dread of superior invisible powers.

Mr. Darwin, in the work alluded to, says:

"While going one day on shore near Wallaston Island, we pulled alongside a canoe with six Fuegians. These were the most abject and miserable creatures I anywhere beheld. On the sea coast the natives, as we have seen, have guanaco cloaks, and on the west they possess seal-skins. Among the central tribes the men generally have an otter skin, or some small scrap, about as large as a pocket-hankerchief, which is barely sufficient to cover their backs as low down as their loins. It is laced across the breast by strings, and according as the wind blows it is shifted from side to side. But these Fuegians in the canoe were quite naked, and even one full grown woman was absolutely so. It was raining heavily, and the fresh water, together with the spray, trickled down her body. In another harbor not far distant, a woman, who was suckling a recently-born child, came one day alongside the vessel, and remained there out of mere curiosity, while the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked baby! These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins greasy and filthy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent.

"Viewing such men, one can hardly make one's self believe that they are fellow-creatures and inhabitants of the same world. It is a common subject of conjecture what pleasure in life some of the lower animals can enjoy; how much more reasonably the same question may be asked with respect to these barbarians!

"At night five or six human beings, naked and scarcely protected from the wind and rain of this tempestuous climate, sleep on the wet ground, coiled up like animals. Whenever it is low water, winter or summer, night or day, they must rise to pick shell fish from the rocks; and the women either dive or collect sea eggs, or sit patiently in their canoes, and with a baited hair-line, without any hook, jerk out little fish. If a seal is killed, or the floating carcass of a putrid whale discovered, it is a feast, and such miserable food is assisted by a few tasteless berries and fungi."

NEW ROAD TO MONTANA.—The people of Northern Nebraska are in good spirits over the prospects of the new route to the gold fields of Montana, Idaho, etc. It is known as the Sawyer's route, and starts from the mouth of Running Water. It is claimed that Sawyer went from the Missouri river to the mines within sixty-four days, with ox teams, and without difficulty.

WE ARE NOW PRINTING,

In Pamphlet form, the

Vigilantes of Montana!

—OR—

POPULAR JUSTICE

—IN THE—

Rocky Mountains,

Being a Correct and Impartial Narrative of the

Chase, Trial, Capture and Execution of

HENRY PLUMMER'S

NOTORIOUS

Road Agent Band

Together with Accounts of the Lives and Crimes of

many of the Robbers and Desperadoes, the

whole being interspersed with sketches

of life in the

MINING CAMPS of the FAR WEST,

BY

PROF. THOMAS J. DIMSDALE.
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Hardware Store

JOHN KINNA,

Where Pilgrims and actuel settlers may always obtain a general assortment of

MINERS' GOODS,

COOK STOVES,
CAMP STOVES,
CAST IRON STOVES,
PICKS AND SHOVELS,
MINERS', FARMERS'
—And—
Mechanics' Tools Generally.

Tin, Sheet-Iron & Copperware,

Builders' Hardware, Coffee-Mills, Ox and Horse Shoe Nails, Carpenters' Tools, and a great variety of other things, pretty, useful and solid. Job Work in Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron, done with dispatch.
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BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,
BOOK BINDERS,
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PAPER RULERS,

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CLAYTON & HALE,

Wholesale and retail dealers in

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS,
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PERFUMERY,
GLASSWARE,
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COAL OIL AND COAL OIL LAMPS,

VIRGINIA CITY, M T.

☞Physicians' Prescriptions are Carefully Compounded. 111†

J. G. BAKER,

Storage Forwarding

—AND—

Commission Merchant,

FORT BENTON, MONTANA TER.

WE have two large warehouses, capable of storing four hundred tons of merchandise. Also, a large stock of goods suitable for Freighters, Auctioneers, Miners and Retailers. We solicit a share of public patronage, confident that we can make the prices an advantage to the purchaser over any point in this Territory. 96-108

RECONSTRUCTED

JESSE ARMITAGE,

(POPULARLY KNOWN AS JESSE,)

BLACKSMITH

IN the old stand of WELDON & SALE, foot o Wallace Street, Virginia City.
☞ Particular attention paid to machine work.
110-3m

Dissolution Notice.

THE copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, known as the firm of McCormick, Ohle & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, John McCormick withdrawing. The business will be continued at the old stand in Virginia City, by John A. Creighton and Charles Ohle under the style of Creighton & Ohle, who assume all the business and liabilities, and who alone are authorized to collect all debts due the old firm.
JOHN McCORMICK,
CHARLES OHLE,
JOHN A. CREIGHTON.
Virginia City, October 5, 1866. 111-1m

Estray Notice.

TAKEN up on the 23d day of September, A. D. 1866, by the undersigned, a LIGHT BAY GELDING, about nine years old, with narrow, white line in face, with a scar on left hip, and is about fourteen hands high. The animal can be seen at the ranch of W. A. English, in Madison valley. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away, or it will be sold according to law. W. A. ENGLISH.
Dated this 17th day Oct. 1866. 113-116*

Estray Notice.

CAME to my ranch below Loray's, about the 1st of April, one COW and CALF; cow branded with "all" on the horn.
114-117* JAS. P. UNDERWOOD.

New Goods.

AN immense variety of Blank Books and Memorandums just received at the City Book Store tf

FOR SALE CHEAP.

35 entirely new breech loading Carbine Rifles (Star patent), and 3,000 rounds of fixed ammunition to suit. Address
S. R. KIRBY, Supt. M. M. L. & M. Co.
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H. M. CASTLE, (alias, Montee,).....Proprietor,

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LARGE AND COMMODIOUS

Feed and Sale Stables!

THE CONSTANT RESORT OF

STOCK BUYERS

A SPLENDID AND

SPACIOUS CORRAL,

At the rear of the premises, xtending from Wallace to Idaho streets.

Saddle Horses!

WELL PACED AND APPOINTED.

BUGGIES and SLEIGHS,

Of the best construction, with teams that can draw them,

TO LET!

A SAFE AND STYLISH TURNOUT GUARANTEED.

PLENTY OF

PRIME HAY and well cleaned CRAIN

ALWAYS ON HAND.

A NEAT AND

WELL FURNISHED HEARSE!

(The Only one in Town,)

TO BE HAD AT SHORT NOTICE!

AT

MONTEE'S CORRAL.
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GEO. H. HANNA,

Wallace Street, Virginia City, M. T.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Have on hand and fo sale a complete assortment of

GROCERIES,

Consisting in part of

SUGAR,
COFFEE,
TEAS,
DRIED FRUITS OF ALL KINDS,
CAN FRUITS OF ALL KINDS,
OYSTERS, SARDINES, etc. etc.,
Ropes, Nails and Sledges of all sizes,
Hardware of all kinds.
OATS,
BARLEY,
POTATOES,
RANCHE BUTTER
AND EGGS,
NO. 1 CALIFORNIA LIQUORS,
ALWAYS ON HAND.
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GRIFFITH & MAHAN,

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(Opposite the El Sol Billiard Hall)

DEALERS IN

Tobacco, Cigars,

PIPES AND SNUFF,

Which they will sell at

Wholesale and Retail,

111-1 tf TO PURCHASERS.

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VIRGINIA CITY, - M. T.

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General Merchandise!

WOULD call the attention of Merchants and the public generally to the fact that they are in receipt of a general assortment of Merchandise, consisting in part of

St. LOUIS DOUBLE EXTRA FLOUR,
Corn Meal, Bacon, Hams,
Lard, Sugar, Coffee,
Candles, Soap, Nuts,
Figs, Raisins,
AND DRIED FRUITS,

And all articles pertaining to the grocery line.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Liquors and Cigars,

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

CHAMPAGNE,
BITTERS,
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A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

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Plows, Hoes, Scythes,
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Etc., Etc., Etc.

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A. H. Foster, J. A. Culver.

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FOSTER & CULVER, Proprietors,

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FIRST CLASS

LIVERY & FEED STABLES,

THREE CATTLE YARDS,

On the premises, with plenty of good shelter and water.

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FAST SADDLE HORSES,

WELL GROOMED AND APPOINTED.

☞A comfortable room, with a cooking stove provided for the use of patrons of the establishment GRATIS. 119*