THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT

OFFICIAL PAPER OF GILA COUNTY.

Saturday, December 31, 1887.

A COMPARISON.

When I say what I think you art like, dear,
How, how shall I picture thy grace?
When I sing of the soul I adore, dear,
And sing of thy beautiful face,

Shall I say thou art like to a rose, dear?
Ah, no, for each rose has its thorn!
Shall I say thou art like to a star, dear?
The stars all forsake us at dawn!

Shall I say thou art like to a picture?
A picture's too easily marred.
Shall I say thou art like to a gem, dear?
Ah, no, for a gem is too hard!

What dost think I should say thou art like, dear?
The sunshine? The fair skies above?
No, there's only one thing is thine equal,
One thing thou art like—that is love!

"M. H." in Frank Leslie's.

DURING THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

England Has Had Fifteen Foreign Wars Under Victoria's Rule.

Now, how many wars have we had during the queen's reign? We have had a war in New Zealand, and one of the officers engaged in that war was obliged to admit that the New Zealanders were entirely right and we entirely wrong. We have had three wars with China. We had a Zulu war not long ago, made absolutely by a man without any orders from this country, a man who professed to be really influenced by the Christian faith and religion. That cost us a great many English lives, and we destroyed the Zulu nation, at the same time bringing confusion into South Africa. We have had a Scind war, in which one of the Nappiers was concerned, a war for which he had not the slightest justification or instruction from this country. Then there was the great Gikh war, by which the Punjaub was annexed to the English dominion in India. There were also two Afghan wars, for which there was not a particle of justification, in one of which a whole English army was destroyed. Then we have had three Burmese wars, the second of which, I recollect, was got up on pretences absolutely fraudulent and scandalous. Then we come to the Crimean war, the really big war of our time, though it did not last very long. But as to its severity, and the mortality caused by it, no man is able to make an accurate computation.

A book written by a French general who recently visited the Crimea, in connection with the cemeteries there, estimated that the bodies of 250,000 men are there. I believe the Russians alone buried more than 100,000 on the north side of Sevastopol. Kinglake in his history estimates that 1,000,000 men lost their lives in that struggle, a number about equal to every adult man in the vast city of London.

And what were all these lives sacrificed for? Absolutely nothing whatever, because the only apparent result was a slight limitation put upon the Russian government with regard to its future fleet in the Black sea, and that was surrendered the moment the Franco-German war broke out. It was not war, because war was never declared, but we made war, notwithstanding, on a country with which we were notoriously and professedly at peace. The bombardment of Alexandria is a sort of peace which the public of this country have not been enthusiastic about. Then followed the war in the Soudan, during which, at the lowest calculation, from 40,000 to 50,000 lives were lost.

I once proposed that the foreign office should be burned down, and it would be a very good thing if all its treaties were burned with it. Conceive the cost of the wars that have occurred during the reign of the queen. Go back further to the beginning of what we call our parliamentary and constitutional system in the reign of William III and you will find that without one single exception they were absolutely unnecessary, and that the only result they have produced is an enormous national debt, which from that time to this has been extracted from the labor and the sweat of millions of men in this country, but which should have remained with them for the sustenance and comfort of themselves and their families.

Fifteen wars in a fifty years' reign of a professedly "peace loving" and tender hearted queen are hardly among the blessings for which jubilee thanks will be returned.—Boston Globe.

Killing the Bacilli of Consumption.

The method (Bergeon's) has, up to the present, been used upon about 100 cases in this city without any untoward effects, so far as known, except in one or two instances, one of which was due to a leaky bag and another to incorrect administration.

It is, perhaps, too soon to decide positively on the therapeutic value of the new method, but it seems, in the experience in this city, to have the special quality of diminishing night sweats and improving the appetite.

In Bergeon's cases, the trifling expectorations of those apparently practically cured continued to contain bacilli. This fact may be taken both for an indication that the immediate danger in phthisis is less from the bacilli than from the septicæmia which they set up, and as an indication that this protective treatment, when successful, should not be discontinued until the general healthiness of the tissues is sufficiently restored to resist the further development and sustenance of the bacillus tuberculosis.—Philadelphia Polyclinic.

A City in Pink.

We are astonished and highly pleased with a view of an entire city in pink—the oldest and at the same time one of the most pleasing sights imaginable. In front of us was a perfectly smooth street 110 feet wide and two miles long, running straight away to a similar gate at the other end, and bordered on each side by many colored palaces and dwellings, with columns and towers, some with and some without balconies, but all of a delicate rose red color, relieved here and there with figures or stripes of white. Never had I seen anything of the kind before, and the effect was certainly beautiful. Well does Jeypore deserve its appellation of "The Beautiful City of India." When the background was formed of the fortified hills about the town, this color was a light red, but when only the clear blue sky was in the background it became a delicate pink, giving one the impression of a pink coral city just rising from the sea.—Cor. Baltimore American.

Boston's Theosophical Society.

The Theosophical society, headquarters at Adyar, India, has a branch in Boston. The objects of the society are: First, to form a nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed or color. Second, to promote the study of Aryan and other eastern literature, religions and sciences. Third, to investigate unexplained laws of nature and of the psychical powers of man.—Public Opinion.

Women with Bad Figures.

Mrs. Jenness Miller, who is trying to reform woman's dress, is very handsome and a perfect specimen of the healthfulness of the system she advocates. In conversation with a reporter the other day she told some curious facts about the physical deformity of her sex, caused by the corset and other methods that the Nineteenth century calls fashion. She said:

"I was in a Turkish bathroom not long ago and noticed the physical appearance of some forty or fifty fashionable women—young, middle aged and old. Out of that number I did not see a perfect shaped figure. Those who were young doubtless inherited their physical deficiencies, and were assisting to further mar their unnatural proportions by wearing corsets. Men do not dream that such malformation exists among the women, but picture them from the illusive idea conveyed by seeing them dressed in the extreme of fashion. Some of these women had small waists, others had cramped, pinched feet, and the majority were suffering from the torturing practice of tight lacing. None of them moved around with a free and easy tread and buoyant elasticity. They were slow and sluggish in their movements and evidently averse to any kind of exertion beyond the mere necessity of walking. I was surprised, for I thought that some women were so strong and robust that naturally they would escape the curse of fashion's decrees. Reclining on a couch after the bath I heard a young lady next to me exclaim in conversation to a third lady that she would not marry Mr. So-and-so because he was not robust. Then in the next sentence she said she suffered from asthma and was somewhat subject to hysteria. I turned over and gazed at the woman who didn't want to marry a man because he was not apparently strong. She was pale, thin and delicate looking, the very woman a man would not care to select for a wife, unless he wanted to start a hospital at home."—New York Mail and Express.

The Art of War.

The command of a large army tasks the resources of the greatest mind. It is one of the highest of human achievements, and by common consent the first rank of fame is accorded to the great generals. To move an army and to feed it on the march requires a higher order of generalship than to fight it. Thirty hours without supplies would reduce the best army to a helpless mass of disorganized humanity. Food for the men, forage for the animals must not only be provided, but must be at the precise spot when wanted. Napoleon, the great master of the art of war, had a score of marshals, any one of whom could fight a great battle, and scarce one of whom could lead an army on the march. An army on the march resembles nothing so much as an enormous serpent, stretched out mile upon mile, and moving, alert and watchful, with steady and irresistible force. Let danger threaten and it lastily coils itself together and prepares to avert or overcome the danger. Shrunk to a fraction of its former dimensions, it shows its fangs and is ready for attack or defense. The danger overpast, the great mass unfolds its coils again and stretches out its huge proportions in progressive movement. The brain of this mighty animal, the supreme mind that controls its every motion, is the general in chief.—Chicago Herald.

Something About Big Canals.

A British engineer named Boyd, who has visited the Panama canal, and since his return has read a paper before the Engineers' society at London, reports that the excavation will go slower in the future than in the past. He thinks for the rest of the work 2,290,000,000f. and twelve years of time will be required—that is to say, $440,000,000, in addition to what has already been sunk. Long before that time the Nicaragua canal ought to overtake De Lesseps' enterprise, to say nothing of bankruptcy. Admiral Ammen, in a pamphlet recently issued, cites the case of the Caledonia canal of Scotland, which is 60 miles from sea to sea, 37 miles by lake and 23 by canalization, and reaches a summit level of 103 feet, or only 8 feet less than that of the Nicaragua canal. Yet the owners of vessels are glad to save a short sea voyage of only 430 miles by locking over this height. The cost of the Caledonia, which is 120 feet wide and 20 feet deep, was only $590,000. The Nicaragua passage is 170 miles long, 64 by river and 56 by lake, leaving only 50 for canal, the outside cost of which is estimated at less than $50,000,000, including railroad and seven locks.—Scientific Journal.

Patrons of the Turkish Baths.

One would think from the effect which Turkish baths are generally supposed to have that they would be taken chiefly by stout men, but it is a remarkable fact that the greatest number of bathers are anything but obese, and that some of them are even cadaverously lean. The use of the baths has become very general in the past few years, and they are now regarded as a necessity rather than a luxury by a large class of people. Most of the patrons are men in perfect health, though some few are treated for specific ailments. The shampooers know a rheumatic man as soon as they lay their hands on him, and find themselves unusually fatigued after rubbing him, while the effect of working on one who has a great deal of electricity in him is to refresh them, even after they have done a hard day's work.—Globe-Democrat.

Our Total Mineral Output.

The total mineral output of the United States is valued at $428,521,356, being an increase of $15,306,608 over that of 1884. Of the seventy important minerals coal is the most valuable, with its enormous aggregate of $159,019,516. The production of coke, natural gas, gold, silver, copper, zinc, mercury, nickel, aluminum, lime, salt, cement, phosphate rock, manganese and cobalt showed an increase, while coal, petroleum, pig iron, lead, precious stones and mineral waters showed a decrease.—Chicago Tribune.

A Big Price.

Wilkie Collins wrote "Armadale" and took it to his publishers to read. They took the manuscript, and before a line of it was read they wrote out a check for $20,000 and sent it to Mr. Collins, so great was their faith in his ability.

The "Blocks" in London.

"Blocks" in Australia seems to have the same meaning that it has in America. I don't think the term is used in England to any great extent. I never was directed in London to "go down three blocks," or to "go round to the next block." It is always "take the third turning," or something of that sort.—Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

From a Single Plank.

The largest table ever made from a single plank belongs to the Illinois club, of Chicago. The plank is fifteen feet long and six wide, and was cut from a California redwood tree.

A PENNSYLVANIA PENITENTIARY.

Chat with the Warden of the "Eastern Division"—Frank Opulons.

It might have been with a view to dismiss me with his blessing only that the warden was about to place in my hand a statistical book with respect to the institution. I checked him in this design and frankly told him I did not come to the prison for such material. "What I would like," said I, "is to go through the prison, see and talk with the prisoners and write more as to the romance of crime rather than the statistics of it."

I will never forget the look he gave me. With his cold, gray eye fixed upon me, he said: "There is no romance in crime. Nor is there any honor among thieves. Both are fallacies. The man who will cheat you will cheat me. Thieves do not trust one another. When they commit a burglary conjointly, one goes into the house with another to prevent the burying of the swag."

Having thus put the auger into my immobile for the notice commander I said: "What makes the criminal classes, any way?"

"Born in 'em," he said, crustily.

"What per cent. of crime," I said, "is inherent?"

His answer almost dazed me, when it came:

"Ninety per cent."

"Do you mean," I continued "that 90 per cent. of the criminal class is born vicious?"

"That's what I mean," he said. "It is a part of their birthright. They are criminals because they can't help it. We have men in this prison to-day who are serving a fourth term."

"How as to their illiteracy?" I suggested.

"Well, all are not illiterate," he said. "There are a class of criminals who must be otherwise. Take the bank note counterfeiter, the forger and the more audacious set, and they have fair intelligence and education."

"How many of them have trades?" I asked.

"Not 10 per cent.," he said. "I s[illegible] with credit, but few mechanics are [illegible] committed here. The philosophy of this is that if the mind is occupied the temptation to commit crime is reduced to the minimum."

Turning the subject in another channel, I said: "Mr. Cassidy, won't you tell me the exploits of some of the famous criminals committed to your care? Tell me of what they have been convicted and something of their antecedents."

"I will not," he said firmly. "It is against the rules of the prison. When men are committed here we protect them from all publicity. They do not even know or see one another, so that when they go out they go with the consciousness that the world is open to them to do right rather than wrong. Suppose now," he continued, "I should rehearse to you the recital of the crimes which men have committed and who are now confined within these walls. It might make a newspaper sensation, but you must remember that many of these men have families. It brings scandal upon them, makes homes unhappy and serve no good purpose."—Philadelphia Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Longfellow's Unmarried Daughter.

Of the three daughters whom Longfellow immortalized in that beautiful poem, "The Twilight Hour," Alice alone remains unmarried. She lives in the old "Craigie House" at Cambridge with her bachelor uncle, Rev. Samuel Longfellow.—Chicago Herald.

I. O. O. F.

Regular meeting of Globe Lodge No. 8, I. O. O. F., on Monday night of each week, at Masonic Hall.

All brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

W. T. McNELLY, N. G.
HYMAN SULTAN, Sec'y.

Masonic!

Regular communication of White Mountain Lodge, No. 8, A. F. & A. M. meet Thursday's on or succeeding each full Moon. Sojourning Brethren in good standing cordially invited.

By order of the W. M.
C. A. FISK, Secretary.

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