

PRODUCTION OF THE PRECIOUS METALS.

The EPITAPH acknowledges receipt of a copy of Superintendent Walker's statistical production of the precious metals in the United States, prepared for the census bureau, by special agent, Clarence King, for the year 1880, which contains the fullest and most accurate statistical data ever reported in the United States. There are many things in it of very great interest. Gold mining in California is always an interesting subject, and more particularly since its principal production is confined to the auriferous ores that have to be mechanically treated before its precious contents are in a form to enter into the requirements of trade and commerce. We find, by consulting the tabulated statistics of the gold quartz mines, that for the year 1880, there were raised and treated 535,301 tons of ore throughout the state, from which there was produced \$11,796,278, being at the rate of \$16.10 per ton. In addition there was \$1,543,832 in silver—found as an alloy with the gold—or \$2 per ton, making a total average yield per ton for all the ore raised of \$18.10.

Taking the yield by counties, we have an interesting study. The largest number of tons with the lowest average yield came from Plumas county. Her mines turned out 113,879 tons, of an average assay value of \$9.12 per ton, and yielding under the stamps \$1,039,050, being \$6.69 per ton. This shows a loss of \$2.43 per ton, or about 26 per cent. There is a widely prevailing opinion that in the reduction of gold ore there is not the same percentage of loss as there is in silver, but this we think will be found a fallacy. The next largest producer was Amador county, which turned out 108,136 tons of ore, giving an assay value of \$14.62 per ton, and yielded \$1,675,584, or a net return per ton of \$12.49, showing a loss of \$2.12. Mono county stands fourth on the list with her 57,108 tons and \$3,578,195 produced, from a gross assay value of \$62.54 per ton and net return of \$56.77, showing a loss of \$5.77 per ton. Nevada county is third on the list, with 58,433 tons, assaying, gross, \$22.40 and yielding \$1,309,322, or \$15.54 net per ton, showing a loss of \$6.86. The largest yield per ton comes from Fresno county, which produced, however, only 578 tons of ore, which yielded \$129 gold and \$10.40 silver per ton; total, \$130.40. This shows a gross yield for the 578 tons of \$94,214. The hydraulic mines turned out \$8,580,982, making the grand total from all sources \$20,377,260. The above figures are for the census year ending May 31, 1880.

A Wood River prospector and miner writes the Virginia City (Nevada) Chronicle, under date of March 12th, to keep away from that country. He says: To the capitalist and prospector with means Wood River presents a fine opening, but to those who intend coming here to find employment, and to whom this note is specially directed, I would say: You had better stay where you are than enter on a pilgrimage to Wood River. There are at present than can possibly work, and considering the newness of the country the prospects for the immediate future are not exceedingly bright. I would consider any miner very foolish who is at work or has any possible show of obtaining employment in his own local city to come to Wood River, and as an ounce of prevention is often better than a pound of cure, I hope you will take heed in time.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, and was therefore 75 years of age at the time of his death. He was the son of Stephen Longfellow, an eminent lawyer in that city. At the age of 14 he entered the Bowdoin college, where he graduated in 1825. During the academic course he composed several of the best known of his earlier poems, among them the "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," "The Spirit of Poetry," "Woods in Winter," and "Sunrise on the Hills." After leaving college he entered the office of his father for the purpose of studying law; but in 1826 he accepted an offer of the professorship of modern languages and literature in Bowdoin college, with the privilege of devoting some time to preliminary foreign study, and early in the year sailed for Europe. He remained abroad till 1829,

this time he contributed to the North American Review and published his translation of the "Copias de Manrique" and his "Ouvre Mer." His shorter poems were already numerous at this period, though as yet no collection of them had been made. In 1835, on the resignation of Mr. George Ticknor, he was appointed professor of modern languages and belles lettres in Howard university, and before entering actively upon the duties of the office he again visited Europe, returning in 1836. He then assumed the professorship, which he held for seventeen years, during which not only his official but his literary labors were remarkably uninterrupted and fruitful. The summer of 1842 was passed at Boppard, on the Rhine.

In 1854 he resigned, but continued to reside at Cambridge, in the house formerly occupied by Washington, in 1868-9 he revisited Europe, and was everywhere the recipient of marked honors, especially in England, where his works are, perhaps, more universally known and read than any other American author. During this journey the degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon him by Oxford university. He had already received the degree of LL. D. from Harvard in 1853, and that of D. C. L. from Cambridge, England, in 1868, besides a great number of academic and literary honors from nearly all the leading institutions of America. One of the most beautiful and popular of Longfellow's poems is the following, which touches a chord in every human heart:

The Day is Done. The day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of Night, As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight. I see the lights of the village Gleam through the rain and the mist, And a feeling of sadness o'er me come That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing, That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain. Come, read to me some poem, Some simple and heartfelt lay, That shall soothe this restless feeling, And banish the thoughts of day. Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of Time. For like strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor; And to-night I long for rest. Read from some humbler poet, Whose songs grow out of his heart, As showers from the clouds of summer, Or tears from the eyelids start; Who, through long days of labor, And nights devoid of ease, Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies. Such songs have power to quiet The restless pace of the day, And come like the benediction That follows the prayer. Then read from the treasure volume The poem of thy choice, And lend to the rhyme of the poet The beauty of thy voice. And the night shall be filled with music, And the hearts of the living shall see, Shall see their spirits with the Arabs, And silently steal away.

It will be remembered that the EPITAPH predicted a favorable change in the management of this mine when it was published that Mr. H. Solomon had become the owner of a majority of the stock, and now it confirms its former statement by announcing the letting a contract by Mr. Solomon, to the Boston mill, for the reduction of 1000 tons of ore, the work to be done immediately. This is the most sensible move that has been made by the company since the reduction of the small lots of 100 tons of ore last summer, from which over \$10,000 was realized in fine bullion. We have an assurance that the mine will be put in a condition to not only pay its current expenses but dividends to the long-waiting shareholders. With hoisting works and a 10-stamp mill at the mine, this company can pay 25 cents per share or \$50,000 dividends monthly. It may be urged that with only 10 stamps bullion enough to pay \$50,000 monthly cannot be turned out. If an average of 25 tons can be crushed per day, the yield per month will be not less than \$75,000, estimating the yield at \$100 per ton, which the ore has turned out in the past. This estimate allows \$35,000 for running expenses and the balance for dividends. The new board of directors are Jo. Clark, president; J. B. Lewis, vice-president; W. B. Carr, L. C. McAfee, S. Steiner, J. C. Stump and E. M. Heller. Culvert Meade is secretary.

The Reception to the Governor This Evening. Extensive and elaborate preparations are being made to render the reception this evening, tendered by the people of Tombstone to Gov. F. A. Tittle, a very pleasing tribute of respect and welcome. The court room has been tastefully decorated, by Mr. Bowman, with flags, shields and bunting, and presents a really grand appearance. At half-past seven o'clock the governor will be escorted to the reception hall by the receiving committee, the bands which will be in attendance playing the while a welcome air. Hon. William Herring will then deliver the address of greeting, and after the response by the executive the citizens will be presented to his excellency.

The Earp Party. The interest in the movements of both the Earp party and the sheriff and his posse, remains unabated, and the streets are filled with rumors and reports, all of which should be taken with a good deal of allowance. All that is known of the sheriff's movements is that he with a large force of men started out yesterday morning from the town northwest. It was telegraphed from Wilcox last evening that Tipton, a friend of the Earps, arrived there on the morning train and got off, obtained a horse and started north, presumably to meet the Earps. Another report widely circulated last evening was, that they—the whole party—took the train at Wilcox and proceeded East, as is supposed, leaving the country for good. By others, who appear to be equally well informed as the balance of the knowing ones, it is believed they have gone to Tucson to deliver themselves up to Sheriff

SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

Aesthetic Bicycling In and Around the Pacific Metropolis. Special Correspondence Tombstone Epitaph. SAN FRANCISCO, March 25, 1882.

The subject which, above all others, is occupying the minds of our pleasure seeking citizens in this city, is THE BICYCLE.

This machine is, perhaps, the most popular, and at the same time inexpensive mode of locomotion that we may delight in. The English have recognized its efficiency, and when Englishmen recognize anything, you can rest assured there is something in it. In England the bicycle is a family friend. All classes of people are in love with it. The doctor hastens to his patients on one; the sober, staid lawyers and judges go to the assizes on their bicycles; the student takes his constitutional on his machine; and even the minister rides through his parish on his. It is a wonderful thing. Who can conceive of motion half so perfect. How swiftly and silently they glide along the street, or over a road. Possessing the swiftness of a race-horse, coupled to the smoothness and silentness of a "soft-spoken, velvet-handled steam engine," they compare favorably with any machine in existence. Soon San Francisco will adopt the bicycle as its favorite mode of locomotion. Even now, as you walk along Golden Gate avenue, or drive through our beautiful park, you meet with ever and anon, one of these steel horses. They glide past you with the rapidity of a San Francisco wind. Away they go!

NO NOISE! NO DUST! What an invention! What a brain that invented a horse and carriage that makes no dust at all. Why talk of the brains of Homer, Aristotle or Euripides! They are no where. If it were only for the reason that these machines make no dust, they should be adopted by San Franciscans. Look at the rider; how easily he sits astride his lifeless animal! His every movement is graceful. Wonderful people; wonderful—bicycle! To see the bicyclists in their glory you must come with me to the Golden Gate park some morning. We get up at six a. m., and as we step into our buggy we shiver, for it is a cold, frosty morning. As we drive along, the exhilarating morning air braces up and makes us feel young again. We whirl past North Hill, past beautiful residences in the Western Addition, and soon find ourselves on the road to the park. As we approach the entrance to this garden of Eden, we meet a bicyclist; a little late for the meet, but hurrying on so that he won't get left entirely. But look! What is that in the distance? The bicyclists! You are right. Just look at them! Fifty at the least; all young men! Their athletic frames set off by their neat uniform of jersey, knee breeches, cap and colored stockings. Here they come! At a command the whole flock changes its direction. Now in two; now in four; by threes, and then in single file they come on. How their brightly polished machines glisten in the rising sun, which is just beginning to cast his golden beams over the eastern hills. In and out, circling round and swooping down,

like a flock of arctic sea-fowls, they pass and re-pass our stand among the trees, where we have halted to watch their manoeuvres. All this time they have been gliding with great rapidity. Suddenly the command "Halt!" rings out in the clear, crisp air, and the steel horses are pulled up, and stand, a perfect network of motionless steel bands and spokes, their riders deftly keeping their seats. Soon they go at it again. Movement after movement is called for and is executed with accuracy and rapidity. Perfection? Can you conceive of anything so delightful! Perfect! Graceful! The bicyclists now dismount, and as they gather together to discuss the morning's drill, you cannot but notice the men themselves. The glow of their healthful exercise shines in their faces. Their eyes are keen, and bespeak a clear brain; and as they talk together, their every gesture is the personification of grace. What a thing a bicycle is when it can produce such effects! The bicyclists now mount their steeds, and after one or two evolutions, they separate and ride off, by pairs, in groups, and singly. Some going home, others for a longer ride. The drill is over, and we have seen one of the prettiest sights that can possibly be seen. Oh, to be a bicyclist! We turn our horses' heads, and after completing our ride, return home, fully impressed with the belief that the bicycle is the most wonderful thing in the world; and filled with the intention of selling our team, and going "on wheels" with a bicycle.

OSCAR WILDE, lecturer and general figure-head of that fashionable but foolish sect of airy nothings, popularly called aesthetes, will lecture in this city, next Monday evening. His subject will be the English "Renaissance," a conglomeration of paragraphs, of the most part nonsensical, on different aesthetic subjects. Although the price to see this long-legged, knee-breeched, sun-flowered apostle of the beautiful in art, has been fixed at one and a half dollars—a good round sum to listen to nonsense—I am told that not a seat now remains unoccupied. The publisher of the Epitaph is offering five and even ten cents for seats. As an example of the seats are sought after, I mention an incident that I noticed in my notice the other day. A millionaire's wife, who has been foremost in all

things artful and aesthetic, happened to be out of the city when it was announced that Wilde was going to lecture in this city. Before she could telegraph for seats, everyone had been sold. However, she was so anxious to see the aesthetic creature, that she had her agent hunt around and try to find her some seats. After a great deal of hard work he finally succeeded in getting three tickets for which he paid fifty dollars. So you see the fools are not all dead yet. The fact that Oscar will only deliver one lecture in this city will account, in a measure, for the rush for seats.

THE ASTHETIC LECTURER will, in all probability, reap a rich harvest in this city for his manager; and as his only desire in visiting America seems to be to make money, he will be, to say the least, satisfied with San Francisco. It seems strange in this advanced age of learning that people are so willing to foster foolishness. I read an account in an Eastern paper the other day which stated that hardly a lecturer upon light subjects could be hired, being all engaged; while those who really possessed the learning and ability of scholars are left in the cold, and cannot draw houses large enough to pay their gas bills. Where, then, is all our boasted learning, cultivation and art of the nineteenth century? Is it all wrapped up in a lot of giddy pated fogs, like Oscar Wilde? If not, why can't we support lectures upon the sciences, history, literature, etc. Here is a conundrum that I will leave with you. And, by the way, that O'Wilde is said to be Oscar's real name, and that he is a native of the bogs of Ireland. Whether that is so or not, Mr. O'Wilde can tell us.

THE CHINESE BILL. What a time we have had with the Chinese Bill; how our representatives have had to fight to get it passed; nearly a month of debating, lobbying and bulldozing, which, in my estimate, is quite enough for one bill. It has done some good, however, for the bill has passed, and Californians can thank Heaven that they will be protected from Chinese cheap labor for a time, at least. It seemed at one time as if we were going to get left, and that the bill would be defeated, but thanks to the common sense of a majority of the members of congress we have been spared the defeat. When first the bill made its appearance no one thought for a moment that it would create such a stir as it has done. There is nothing particularly brilliant or exciting in any of the passages. It does not infringe upon any treaty as did the Chinese bill President Hayes so rightly vetoed in his administration; it does not conflict with the rights of any citizen of the United States, but it does protect labor, and, consequently, capital, for capital without labor would be nowhere, and yet how eloquently and persistently has it been opposed by the learned and eloquent Hoar, of Massachusetts, and his colleagues. How bitter have been their eloquent denunciations of the people who would have the poor

INNOCENT, HARMLESS PAGANS keep away from this country. How boldly have they championed the cause of a race that is slowly but surely undermining labor; a race that they know so little about. What do people in the east know about Chinese, anyway? Why, even the sight of one is wonderful. The last census showed that in the whole state of Massachusetts only three Chinamen were to be found, and yet Senator Hoar set himself up as an advocate of Chinese immigration, and says that the Chinese are good, peaceable fellows. That may be true enough in Massachusetts, but Massachusetts is not the whole United States by any means. Three people of any race whatsoever will behave themselves when they find themselves alone with thousands and thousands of strangers who make them behave. But just take them as we have them in San Francisco, and then tell us they make good and peaceable citizens. Oh, no; I guess not. Well, it don't make much difference now, the bill is passed and that was all we desired.

The Chinese, in their country, must have foreseen the passage of the bill which so materially restricts their emigration, for they have been and are taking advantage of each day before the bill shall go into force, and are sending ship-load after ship-load of their countrymen to the shores of the Pacific. The last ship to arrive here with Chinamen was the Devonshire, with a load of 848, who, after being vaccinated, were landed on last Tuesday. And still they come.

LOCAL SPLINTERS. THEIR old store was too small, and so Mr. Wolcott has moved their fruit and provision establishment to a large, fine building on Fifth street.

It is certainly expected that the ladies will be in attendance at Governor Tittle's reception to-night. It cannot be a success without them. Come all and extend a hearty greeting to our chief.

SOLOMONS, Lodge, U. D. F. & A. M., will hold a special meeting to-morrow, Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, for work in the first degree. All brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. THE garbage cart makes its daily rounds and all the rubbish is thus removed from the streets. If the throwing of water out into the streets, which makes ugly, muddy places, could be stopped, then the city could be quite proud of the neatness in its broad thoroughfare.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

Inquiry Into the Death of M. R. Peel. SECOND DAY. The jury met at about 11 o'clock this morning.

E. T. HARDY, of Bisbee, was sworn: I live in Bisbee, am a merchant. I do not remember having sold the hat nor the handkerchief which are produced in court. I know a half-breed named Henry, saw him last at Bisbee about four or five days ago. He is a small man, slender, about 26 or 27 years old, he speaks French and Spanish better than he does English. I do not know where he is from, met him yesterday morning on the streets here; do not know what his character is, but he is very quiet. It was about Friday when Henry was in Bisbee. I met him on the road some ten days ago; he was armed with a gun and six-shooter, said he was shooting rabbits; cannot remember the hat he wore, then nor yesterday morning. This morning he wore a dark brown hat.

HENRY RAYMOND. I live in Tombstone now, but have been living at Bisbee until last Friday. I got to Tombstone Saturday night about eight or nine o'clock. I left Lewis' spring about 10 o'clock Saturday morning and went through Charleston; went about a quarter of a mile from the Boston mill and stayed there until about 4 o'clock. I then came right on to Tombstone stopping about an hour to shoot rabbits. I was alone and saw no one on the road except some men blasting rock below Charleston on the river. I was so long coming from the mill to Tombstone because I would stop every now and then to hunt rabbits. My native land is French Guiana, South America; have been in North America since 1872 and in the territory for about a year. I saw three men sitting aside of the road on the way up; never wore a white hat; never saw that gentleman (Judge Peel) before, outside of Tombstone. Do not recognize Mr. Austin; saw no lightning; bought my hat and boots of Glover about a week before Christmas; never bought any handkerchiefs of him at that time; do not remember the time I was arrested for fast driving. I will be 26 years of age next July. Witness said: I was in town a week ago last Saturday. It was Friday at 12 o'clock that I met the men below Charleston and talked with Texas Jack, and arrived in town on Friday night; was in town all last Saturday. The statements of witness were conflicting.

W. L. AUSTIN, being sworn, the testimony of Mr. Cheyney was read, which was corroborated by witness, and he also said: I had a revolver near me, one that I had just lain off as I had returned from Tombstone, and made a grab for it. I think Mr. Peel made the same move which I did, and that was the cause of the shot. I dropped, and thus escaped the shot which was fired at me. I think the men were about medium size I afterwards examined the tracks, one was a fine boot about number seven, and the other was somewhat peculiar. I could see where they had come down the road, stopped, and then returned. One track was 9 1/2 inches in length and 3 1/2 inches wide and treading on the side. The other track was larger, with a hollow in the heel. It had rained, and the tracks could be distinctly seen. One horse was large, had been recently shod, and must have been a draft animal from his shoe. I examined the tracks early in the morning. The tracks were in the same direction as the flashes. The parties were, from the way in which they turned the handle of the door, unacquainted with the office.

At 1:15 the jury adjourned until to-morrow at 11 a. m.

\$500 Reward. Governor Tittle has authorized the EPITAPH to announce the fact that he has offered a reward of \$500 for the arrest of the murderers of M. R. Peel, on Saturday night last. The proclamation will be issued in due form within a few days. Considering the circumstances of this particular case, it would be well for the board of supervisors to supplement the above reward with a like amount from the county, and it is more than likely that they will do so at their first meeting in April.

Scene in a Fourth Street Newspaper Office. [Dick and Johnny seated in the sanctum, discussing journalism.]

DICK—Well, Johnny, my boy, this manner of editing a newspaper just suits me. All I need is a copy of the EPITAPH and a pair of scissors and I can get up as good a paper as anybody's. JOHNNY—True, old son, but you must convince the public that it is a newspaper they are publishing and not something after the style of the seaside library—a cheap reprint of some standard publication. DICK—Yes, that is the h—l of it. I must consult my scrap-book.

Coahise County Bank. At a meeting of stockholders of the Coahise County Bank held on March 20th, 1882, the following stockholders were elected to be the board of directors of the bank, viz: P. W. Smith, H. Solomon, E. B. Gage, B. M. Jacobs and L. M. Jacobs. The directors appointed the following officers: P. W. Smith, president; E. B. Gage, vice-president; H. Solomon, managing director; S. E. Atkinson, secretary; Charles Solomon, cashier; Jno. S. McGinness, teller.

Last Chance Mine. This mine, located in Turquoise district, recently sold by Mr. J. D. Power to John Sevenoaks, superintendent of the San Pedro, for the sum of \$4,000. Mr. Power retaining one-fourth of the mine, was started up this morning under the personal superintendence of Mr. Power. The reports that have been brought in concerning its prospects are of a most hopeful character, and lead to the belief that it will not only prove a good mine, but in its development give an impetus to the thorough prospecting of others in that district.

Resolutions of Sympathy. At a meeting of Arizona Lodge No. 4, Knights of Pythias, last evening, the following resolutions were passed: WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from among us our late brother, W. C. Bennett; be it Resolved, That by his death our order has lost a devoted brother, and society a

true and kind man; that sincerely mourning his death, we grieve with those who have held him dear in their deep sorrow, and extend to them our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in the press of this city, and a copy be sent to his afflicted relatives.

A Preposterous Report. Just as we go to press there is a report that the sheriff and his forces have had a fight with the Earp party, and that Under Sheriff Woods has been killed with two more of the posse, and Sheriff Behan seriously wounded, and that one of the Earp party had been killed. Just at this particular juncture the whole force were attacked by Indians and they had to join forces and repel the attack from this quarter. An EPITAPH reporter called at the Sheriff's office, and Messrs. Breakenridge and Harley laughed at the ridiculousness of the story, saying that it was impossible that the sheriff's posse could have overtaken them, except the Earps had awaited their coming, and even in that event a courier would have been sent back with the news. The starting of such reports is simply criminal.

LOCAL PERSONALS. Captain Kelleher, accompanied by Mrs. M. M. Corella, left for the residence of General Pesquera, at la Bacanochi, on the Sonora river, yesterday to break the news of the death of her brother to Miss Jessie Peel, and to bring her back to her father, in Tombstone. This was a thoughtful and sisterly act on the part of Mrs. Corella, who, knowing the strong attachment between the brother and sister, felt that the news ought only to be communicated by one whose sympathy could strengthen the delicate girl to bear the stroke of evil that is descending upon her.

Thomas Gardner, editor and compiler of the Arizona Quarterly, arrived this afternoon. He has the material for his next number well in hand, but did not like to put it to press until he made a personal examination of Tombstone, in order to get the latest developments. He expresses himself pleased at the rapid strides of progress being made here.

Sum Berger, Esq., of Tucson, is registered at the Cosmopolitan. Frank Thurston, Esq., of San Francisco, arrived in town yesterday and is a guest at the Cosmopolitan. James Carr, of Charleston, is at Brown's.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Special Dispatches to the Epitaph.

A Brutal Jealous Murder. SAN FRANCISCO, March 28.—A fearful wife-murder was committed here about nine o'clock last evening. John Killalea, a longshoreman, residing at No. 410 Dupont street, killed his wife, Maria Killalea, in a drunken fight. Jealousy was the cause. Armed with a sheath knife Killalea proceeded, in his fury, to carve the woman in a horrible manner. Stabs were inflicted on the right side of her neck, right side of her chin, shoulder, abdomen, chest and under the left nipple; also, a fearful gash on the left side of her face from the ear to the angle of her mouth. The first and second fingers of the right hand were also nearly severed. During the sanguinary, drunken and fiendish rage Killalea did not seem to be exhausted until life was extinct and the body of his wife lay lifeless at his feet, mangled and bloody. No reason is assigned for the fearful deed but a spirit of jealousy inflamed by strong drink. When arrested the murderer was asked what was the matter, when he answered, with brutal indifference, "Oh, nothing; I have only cut my wife's throat—that's all." Deceased was a native of Ireland and aged 46 years. She was the mother of six children, all living. Killalea was taken to the city jail at once after committing the fearful deed, and locked up on the charge of murder.

War and Interior Departments. WASHINGTON, March 28.—The secretary of war thinks congress will vote full supplies for the hungry Arapahoes and Cheyennes. Troops in the Indian territory number about five hundred men and about two hundred mounted staff officers. He thinks there is little danger of the Cheyennes attempting to get north again.

Before leaving the interior department Secretary Kirkwood will send in his report upon the present legal status of all grants of land made to railroads, in response to a resolution of representative Cobb, passed five weeks ago. Since that time half the force of the land office has been night and day compiling tables and collating the laws. The records had to be searched from the beginning of the government, as the resolution called for information as to land grants made to date, which included those made to national turnpikes, canals, etc., in early days.

The Chinese Bill. WASHINGTON, March 28.—Rumors that President Arthur intends to veto the Chinese bill are extensively circulated and find some believers, but all the members of the Pacific coast delegation continue to feel cheerfully confident that he will on no account fail to sign it. The Star this evening says the rumor published in many papers, positively asserting that on account of the passage of the anti-Chinese bill by congress, the Chinese minister would remove the legation to Madrid is untrue. He was originally accredited to Spain as well as to this country, and he will go there this spring, but his wife will remain here until he returns, and so will certain gentlemen of the legation. It will be remembered that the former Chinese minister, Chin Lan Pin, after remaining here a few months, went to Spain to present his credentials, and then returned to Washington to live.

Republican Campaign Club. WASHINGTON, March 28.—A republican congressional campaign club was organized to-night. After

selecting representatives Parrot and Lafford, of Colorado, and Taylor, of Vermont, to fill vacancies from those states, the committee elected representative J. A. Hubbell, of Michigan, chairman, and appointed an executive committee of fifteen to look after campaign affairs the ensuing year, as follows: Senators Allison, Hall and Aldrich; representatives Hisecock, Robeson, McKinley, Fisher, Page, Daris, Houck, Calkins, Van Horn, Russell, Washburne, of Minnesota, and Ryan, of Kansas. The executive committee will appoint a secretary, and five members of the executive committee will be a quorum.

National Notes. WASHINGTON, March 28.—The senate resolution to retire Crittenden as a brigadier general was reported adversely.

Kellogg will on Monday next call up the bill for the improvement of the Mississippi rivers.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—The judge advocate-general submitted a report to the secretary of war on the Sergeant Mason case. He holds that Mason is not lawfully confined and the proceedings of the court-martial invalid.

The president has nominated Sterling P. Rounds, of Illinois, to be public printer, and Edwin A. Treland to be United States marshal.

The Supreme court did not reach a decision in the matter of the petition of Sergeant Mason for a writ of habeas corpus and certiorari.

The democrats have evidently determined to oppose the admission of Dakota as a state into the Union, at the request of the members of the senate territorial committee. The bill favoring its admission will be recommended so they can submit a minority report against it.

Fight With Half-Breeds. ST. PAUL, Minn., March 28.—Special reports received at Fort Assiniboine, Montana, by a carrier from Capt. Jacob Kline of the 18th infantry, in command of the column operating against the half-breeds and Indians on Milk river, says he struck the Indians on the 14th instant a half mile below Medicine Lodge, where there were thirty-five or forty lodges of Little Pine's band. On the 15th, by forced marches he reached the first half-breed village, and half an hour later a detachment of cavalry had destroyed eighty or ninety dwellings. The leaders had fled. The half-breeds were badly demoralized, and are going north. The cavalry has been sent to the lower village, and this movement will close the half-breed campaign, unless the Indians again show themselves on the north side of the river, when Captain Kline will drive them back over the line.

A Fearful Hurricane. NEW ORLEANS, March 28.—A Times-Democrat Monroe, La., special says a violent hurricane swept over this place yesterday evening. At McGuire's place six cabins and a portion of the gin house were blown down. On Cooper's plantation all the houses, including the dwelling, were destroyed. J. W. Scarborough lost his gin house and two cabins, which were blown to atoms. On Avery's plantation all the houses were destroyed. Carpenter's plantation lost the gin house and two cabins. Loss, \$25,000. An old colored woman on Ludeling place was blown away and her body has not yet been found. Several negroes are reported killed.

More Devastation From Floods. NEW ORLEANS, March 28.—A crevasse at Arizona plantation, twelve feet deep and two hundred wide. This crevasse may overflow all the sugar plantations on the left bank down to Bonnet Carre. The entire Grossette county is reported submerged. Back water is rapidly encroaching on the plantations west of Baton Rouge.

Reports from the overflowed districts are very discouraging.

Growing at the President. WASHINGTON, March 28.—There is dissatisfaction among republican senators at what they consider the unnecessary dilatory action of the president in making appointments is gaining expression daily and the grumbling increases. Last Saturday a half-dozen or so republican senators, who happened to meet at the capitol, discussed the presidential tardiness with warmth and commented freely upon what they regarded as favoritism shown certain senators.

Funeral of Longfellow. BOSTON, March 29.—The funeral of Longfellow, to-day, was attended by many persons famous in the literary world. The services, which were short, were conducted by Rev. Samuel Longfellow, brother of the deceased. The remains were laid in the family vault in Mount Auburn cemetery. Memorial services were held in the evening in the chapel of Harvard college. The eulogy was pronounced by Prof. C. C. Everett.

Terrific Accident. AUSTIN, Nev., March 27.—To-day a young man named Austin Parrott fell down a shaft at the King Alfred mine, striking on the 250 foot station, which fortunately stopped his descent of a distance of 800 feet. While assisting in rescuing Parrott, Charles Currelly fell down the shaft and was horribly mutilated and killed outright.

Cyclone. COLUMBUS, Ga., March 28.—A cyclone passed near Loacnapoka, Alabama, doing great damage and killing two men.

Destroyed by Fire. LYNCHBURG, Va., March 28.—The town of Gurdan has been almost entirely destroyed by fire.

Track-laying Begun. GALVESTON, Texas, March 28.—Track-laying to Dos, on the Mexican road, has been commenced.