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## THE WEEKLY HERALD.

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## "A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER."

(Written for the HELENA HERALD.)  
Oh! truest words, so sweetly sung;  
What response from our hearts is wrung;  
As thought flies back with fond delight,  
Through brightest day and darkest night,  
To visions of beauty that gladden the heart,  
Long years ago, yet still are a part  
Of all that we love; the sunshine of life  
Shining bright through the clouds of the world's  
bitter strife.

Who hath not paused at close of day,  
Beside some streamlet's flowery way,  
And gazing o'er that happy scene,  
Before his eyes had vision's gleam  
Of Paradise; that blessed abode  
Of which we dream, as o'er life's road  
We wander, groping for the light,  
That illumines even death's dark night.

What heart so dead, it hath not felt,  
When looking up to Heaven's broad belt,  
Through the mystic moon's pale silvery light,  
That beauty fills e'en shadowy night:  
The full orb'd moon, the glittering star,  
Perhaps an erring world afar,  
Speak to the soul in fullest measure,  
Their beauty is "a joy forever."

The trees that lift their lofty heads;  
The flowers that bloom in mossy beds;  
The matin bird that greets the sun;  
The nightingale's song when day is done;  
Are "things of beauty" never forgot,  
They cheer, they bless, the humblest lot;  
Life's flowers, o'er life's dark pathway cast,  
What wonder that we hold them fast?

Drink deep, O heart! of beauty's cup;  
Drink deep, and long; and looking up,  
Thank Him who made His works so fair,  
Who fills the earth with beauty rare,  
Of mountain, vale, and tinkling rill,  
Of flowery plains, and snow-capped hill;  
Whose simplest work is without measure,  
"A thing of beauty," "a joy forever."  
G. L. B.

Fort Baker, M. T., April 20th, 1872.

## What is the Width of Our Lead Mines?

For the benefit of our lead miners we clip the following from the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, giving the dimensions of several veins in Colorado, showing what sort of leads are worked there and counted among the best. If we had dimensions of the mines in our neighborhood, we are certain that we could make as good, if not a better, showing than this. Will our miners furnish us with names of leads and width of crevice?

"It may be interesting to mention a few of the largest and best known of the lead veins. The Bush and Mendota, on Sherman Mountain, show one and two feet of mineral on the surface, and where the lode has been struck in Burleigh's Tunnel, 900 feet from the entrance, it is stated to be five feet from wall to wall. The Gilpin, on Leavenworth, is a huge vein of galena, often two feet wide and more. In the Henry Ward Beecher, on Democrat Mountain, the seam is two feet solid; and in the New Boston, higher up on the same mountain, with a crevice over 40 feet across there are seams varying in width from a quarter inch to six feet. Many other lodes could be named, containing as large bodies of galena, assaying 50 and 60 per cent. of lead, and carrying silver enough to cover every expense of mining and milling. Often narrow veins expand in places and pockets of considerable size and extent as in the last end of the Phoenix (Maine discovery). The west Phoenix rarely shows more than 6 or 8 inches, while the Maine opens upon a chimney which has varied from one to four feet in width, carrying from 100 to 2,000 ounces of silver per ton."

## Unfortunate Predicament of a Poor Debtor.

A bill to amend the Poor Debtors law, discussed in the House yesterday, shows a singular state of things—almost as bad as the pictures of English Marshalsea places of confinement. The amending bill was suggested by the case of John Dennis, now lying in Charles Street jail a prisoner for debt, and who, unless the Legislature acts on the matter, or a forcible release is made, must remain there for life. He was arrested for debt, but, in an examination as to his power to take the poor debtor's oath, fraud on his part was discovered, and he was sentenced to thirty days in jail. He served out his time and again applied to take the oath, which was administered to him in the jail. The sheriff declined to release him, on the ground that he had forfeited his rights under the law by such imprisonment. The Supreme Court sustained the sheriff, and the prison gates seemed sealed against the poor debtor for life. The amending bill, started on its passage in the House yesterday, and will probably set the prisoner at liberty.—*Boston Times*, April 6.

## WATER RIGHTS.

The following are the provisions of the California Civil Code, recently enacted, relating to water rights:

Sec. 1,410. The right to the use of running water flowing in a river or stream or down a canyon or ravine may be acquired by appropriation.

Sec. 1,411. The appropriation must be for some useful or beneficial purpose, and when the appropriator or his successor in interest ceases to use it for such a purpose the right ceases.

Sec. 1,412. The person entitled to the use may change the place of diversion if others are not injured by such change, and may extend the ditch, flume, pipe or aqueduct by which the diversion is made to places beyond that where the first use was made.

Sec. 1,413. The water appropriated may be turned into the channel of another stream and mingled with its water and then reclaimed, but in reclaiming it the water already appropriated by another must not be diminished.

Sec. 1,414. As between appropriators, the one first in time is the first in right.

Sec. 1,415. A person desiring to appropriate water must post a notice, in writing, in a conspicuous place at the point of intended diversion, stating therein: 1. That he claims the water there flowing to the extent of (giving the number) inches, measured under a four inch pressure; 2. The purposes for which he claims it, and the place of intended use; 3. The means by which he intends to divert it, and the size of the flume, ditch, pipe or aqueduct in which he intends to divert it. A copy of the notice must, within ten days after it is posted, be recorded in the office of the Recorder of the county in which it is posted.

Sec. 1,416. Within sixty days after the notice is posted the claimant must commence the excavation or construction of the works in which he intends to divert the water, and must prosecute the work diligently and uninterruptedly to completion, unless temporarily interrupted by snow or rain.

Sec. 1,417. By "completion" is meant conducting the waters to the place of intended use.

Sec. 1,418. By a compliance with the above rules, the claimant's right to the use of the water relates back to the time the notice was posted.

Sec. 1,419. A failure to comply with such rules deprives the claimant of the right to the use of the water as against a subsequent claimant who complies therewith.

Sec. 1,420. Persons who have heretofore claimed the right to water, and who have constructed works in which to divert it, and who have not diverted or applied it to some useful purpose, must, after this title takes effect, and within twenty days thereafter, proceed as in this title provided, or their right ceases.

Sec. 1,421. The Recorder of each county must keep a book, in which he must record the notices provided for in this title.

Sec. 1,422. The rights of riparian proprietors are not affected by the provisions of this title.

## The Davis Party.

Judge Davis' non-committal, half-way acceptance of the Labor Reform Presidential nomination reminds the Berkshire (Massachusetts) people of a similar instance in the political history of Mr. Henry Shaw, of Lanesboro, the father of "Josh Billings." Mr. Shaw was one day nominated by the old Native American party for Governor of Massachusetts, and accepted the nomination. But it soon came out that he was the author, under the signature of "Greylock," of a series of newspaper articles which denounced the party and its principles with all the logic and pungency for which he was distinguished. Of course this was a bombshell in the camp, and a committee was dispatched to interview the standard-bearer. The candidate received them with his characteristic urbanity, but at once acknowledged the paternity of the "Greylock" letters, and cut short their perplexed remonstrances by saying, "Yes, gentlemen, I am, as you say, the candidate of your party; I have accepted their nomination, but not their principles. That is your affair, you must look out for that."

THERE are a number of words in the English language each of which contains all the five regular vowels, but it would puzzle almost any one to think of more than one or two at short notice. The following may be given as examples: Education, Reputation, Regulation, Emulation, Perturbation, Mensuration, Repudiation. Besides these there are several words each containing all the vowels, including the "y." Of these we may mention Revolutionary, Elocutionary and Unquestionably. The word "indivisibility" may be noted as a peculiar word, for it contains the letter "i" six times. Mississippi and Tennessee are each spelled with only four different letters of the alphabet, although one contains eleven letters and the other nine. Schnapps, a word of one syllable and eight letters, contains but one vowel. There are no words in the English language of more than eight syllables, and of those containing that number we may mention "incomprehensibility."

THE oldest pieces of wrought-iron now known are probably the sickle-blade found by Belzoni under the base of a sphinx in Karnak, the blade found by Colonel Vyse imbedded in the masonry of the great pyramid, and the portion of a cross-cut saw exhumed at Nimrod by Mr. Layard, all of which are now in the British Museum. A wrought bar of Damascus steel was presented by King Porus to Alexander the Great, and the razor steel of China for many centuries has surpassed all European steel in temper and durability of edge. The Hindoos appear to have made wrought-iron directly from the ore, from time immemorial.

## The President and Mrs. Grant.

A French Woman's Opinion of the White House and its Residents.

(Countess de Paula in the London Cosmopolitan.)

The White House is a shabby residence. The President, however, is so much loved that one soon forgets the discomfort. Like all great men, he is simplicity itself. I had heard a great deal of the gallant soldier, but I never felt more impressed, and, as a French woman, I wished we had had such a man during the war—at all events at Metz.

The President talks little—if possible receives every one who has business with him. Many of his subjects only desire the honor of shaking hands. I found this great, simple man affable, just in his remarks, courteous in his demeanor; and the mode in which he shakes hands tells you at once he is honest. I saw Thiers' likeness in his cabinet, and compared Grant—the great man, the victoriously—to that small, egotistical individual, so difficult of approach. The President simply told me Mr. Washburne had sent the likeness, adding that he never was abroad. While I was there letters arrived, the President putting them into his pocket with the gallantry of a Talleyrand and the manner of a soldier, which he is every inch. None of his portraits do him justice. His head is larger than any of the portraits represent. His beard is fair, and there is a peculiar softness in the eye. As I am gifted with double sight and can enter on the domains of "crainland," I was sure of welcome. The fact is, ladies here are the first in all—first received. It is only a pity that American belles do not use their mighty power for something else than coquetry. As a proof of the welcome and interest President Grant felt in your sister editor, I was requested to give him another call, and in the few sentences with which now and then he favored me, I saw robust common sense. I was pleased—in truth, delighted—and I admired the chief of the Great Republic. I left the Executive mansion convinced that the United States had an honest man at its head; a soldier with an iron will; and God knows how soon his skill may be required to put down the enemies at home or abroad.

The receptions of Mrs. Grant are closed for the Lent; but she receives calls—rests awhile from the hard duties of the reception season, and now enjoys the family circle and the company of a few friends. Her manner is perfectly in accordance with her position of *President's*. Great in her simplicity she represents the true woman—the fond companion, the star of the Union, the inspirer of her husband and children; and I only wonder that with such an example at the head of the State I see no such folly and extravagance.

From the first number of the paper the enterprise rapidly grew and flourished; the shoeless little fellows, who so unwittingly furnished the capital to set up a newspaper, soon had their money returned, and none were the wiser, none the worse, for the clever ruse that had been played.

## Jim Fisk's First Composition.

From McAlpine's Life and Times of James Fisk, Jr.

One of his copy-books, used when he was about twelve years of age, is still preserved by his step-mother at her home in Brattleboro, and to say that it is a literary curiosity is to do meager justice to one of the most original of all the written results of schoolboy labor ever examined by the critic. Had a page but shown the antipathy of the boy to everything like set forms, and hardly a line but bears evidence of his natural contempt for uniformity. The little book contains three or four compositions, one of which is entitled, "A Dog is an animal with fore legs because he is a quadruped. I like large dogs because they can run further and fight better than little dogs and they can also catch rabbits. A big dog ain't worth much without he's got good bread into him. Then I had a drafter hev a little one. They can also drag sleds some has been learned to carry sticks and baskets and sester. The bulldog is the best fighting dog because most likely he was made for that purpos. A terrier goes mostly for rats, but they can also fight. I think the newfoundland is the noblest dog he saves children from drowning, and they are sagacious. This is all for the present."

## Great Loss of Cattle in Texas.

Both the late cold weather and the drouth have occasioned an immense loss of cattle in many portions of Texas. Indeed, the stock interest has not received for many years such a severe blow. According to the Texas papers, it is estimated that 200,000 head of cattle have died during the past few weeks in western Texas. The loss has been fearful between the Guadalupe and Nueces rivers. In Goliad alone, 20,000 animals have been skinned, about an equal number in San Patricio and Karnes counties. The *Herald* says that in a space of one mile, opposite Helene, 1,000 or more animals have been skinned. Within a space of three miles, near Kennedy's ferry, on the Nueces, 5,000 more died, and many of the carcasses have been stripped of the hides. At last accounts the cattle were dying in Texas at a fearful rate, from starvation. After the cold weather came a fearful drouth, and there was literally no grass for them to subsist upon. So the loss of stock in the counties above named, in Victoria, DeWitt, Gonzales, and other neighboring portions, this winter and spring, may be estimated at about one half. We rejoice to learn that abundant rains have recently fallen over all the State.—*N. O. Picayune*, March 21st.

A FASHION reporter describes some of the toilettes at a recent party at Cheyenne: "The belle of the evening was Miss W. She dressed faultlessly in linsey-woolsey of the pale shade of café au lait cut on train and trimmed with Chicago ribbons. Miss H. wore a poisonous made of blue jeans, positioned in the back, cut viz-a-viz with a detrop bias, and gored in the most sanguinary manner."

## How a Newspaper Was Started.

Years ago an educated, but rather fast young Englishman, having run through all his ready money by a long course of fashionable dissipation in the chief cities of the continent, found himself one day in Paris with his means of livelihood nearly exhausted and credit entirely gone. This state of things—almost face to face with want—set him to reflecting seriously, for the first time in several years. "Something must be done," mused he, "and that right quickly. Bread and butter must be had, and there is no money in my trousers wherewith to get it; or, at best, only sufficient to last, with economy, three or four days longer, and then what?" Being naturally shrewd, of an inventive turn of mind, and a very ready ink slinger, he quickly formed the determination of turning these qualities to present account. "Necessity is the mother of invention," it is said. His resolution to strike out in his new course was no sooner taken than he proceeded to put it into execution.

On taking account of stock our impecunious friend finds that he has just sufficient funds on hand to settle up with his landlady for his last lodgings, take him across the channel to London, and insert an advertisement he had studied up and prepared, three times in two daily papers of the city. "And what was this curious advertisement?" very naturally asks the reader. It simply called for five hundred newspapers to sell a new daily about to start. As their commissions for doing this, they were to receive an extra percentage, but as a guarantee (and here comes the joke) each boy to be employed must leave with his employer just one pound sterling. This condition was peremptorily insisted on in every case. But the extra inducement had the desired effect—in fact, it took admirably, for in less than a week the five hundred boys, or their friends for them, had applied, registered their names, and £500 sterling was duly deposited.

Mr. Smithson, our embryo journalist, now set himself to work night and day to get up a daily paper. Aside from a few paying advertisements and some shuffling notices, he himself wrote up the entire contents of the little sheet, and on the day the boys were told to come for their papers the first number was ready. The paper was no longer a myth, but a living reality. Little did these ragged urchins or their friends suspect, however, that the whole thing was got up on their money. The venture proved a great success; but, on the other hand, had it been a failure, then what? Ha! in that case our friend would suddenly have found it necessary to resume his travels again, otherwise he would have found himself ticketed for ten years at least at Bridgewater.

From the first number of the paper the enterprise rapidly grew and flourished; the shoeless little fellows, who so unwittingly furnished the capital to set up a newspaper, soon had their money returned, and none were the wiser, none the worse, for the clever ruse that had been played.

This was ushered into the world that powerful institution, known to-day all over two hemispheres as the *London Daily Telegraph*, with correspondents on every part of the globe, employing a corps of writers and wielding an influence second only to the "thunderer" itself. Smithson, the projector, died several years ago, wealthy from the proceeds of an enterprise begotten of sheer desperation, and, though rash in its inception, yet highly successful in its results.

## A GREAT JOURNAL.

The Missouri *Democrat* is conceded to be one of the ablest and most influential Republican journals in the West. Recently it underwent a political change of proprietorship, the property passing into the hands of the senior of the old firm, Mr. Geo. W. Fishback, for the sum of \$456,000. The *Democrat* now comes to us enlarged to a ten column sheet, printed on a new six-cylinder Hoe press, and much improved in appearance. When the pending change was in prospect the *Chicago Tribune* took occasion to predict that it would be followed by a change in the political attitude of the *Democrat*. This is the *Democrat's* answer to the vaticinations of the false prophet: "And now a word as to the *Democrat* of the future. Believing that the nearest approach to political perfection which men as beings can make, is attainable through the success of the Republican party, we shall adhere to and support the principles, politics and properly nominated candidates of that party. Believing General Grant to be the wisest choice of the Republican party; having indorsement for his past and confidence in his future career as a civil ruler, we shall continue the advocacy of his nomination until the Philadelphia Convention shall have crystallized the party will in an accredited nominee, who—be he General Grant or some other worthy man—will receive our earnest support in the great struggle between disguised Democracy and avowed Republicanism, which is certain to be the complexion of the Presidential contest."

## The Individual Responsibility of a Judge.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—The Supreme Court has given an opinion in the *Bradley-Fisher* suit. One feature in the decision has never before been announced in this country. In this case *Bradley* sued *Fisher* for damages because the latter, as Judge of the Court in the district, had disbarred *Bradley* for alleged contempt. Justice Field delivered the opinion of the Court. It held that a Judge of a Court having general jurisdiction was not liable in a civil suit for any decision it may have rendered, even though it should appear that the decision was influenced by malicious or corrupt motives, and had been given outside of his jurisdiction. In alluding to the merits of the case, Justice Field said that Judge *Fisher* had no right to disbar *Bradley* without first giving him a hearing. The opinion of Justice Field is in accordance with an English custom not heretofore adopted in our Courts.

## Another "Innocent" Abroad.

Annie Brewster's Rome Letter, in Philadelphia Bulletin. One of the most refreshing specimens of ignorance and common sense has been delighting a portion of American Rome the last fortnight. It is one of our countrymen. He has become famous. His witty sayings have been repeated at the dinner parties of "the elect made perfect." As Monsieur Jourdan, he has spoken prose without knowing it. I made even the calm languid features of Mr. Leckey, the author of Rationalism, relax into a benignant smile, at a dinner the other night, and the rest of the company pealed out laughter, by recounting in the simplest manner the delicious *bon mots* of this wit unawares.

"Here," he said to a gentleman, whom he met in the reading-room of the hotel at which they both lodged, "here, tell me what there is to see in this infernal old one-horse town." The gentleman appealed to was stunned for an instant; then he suddenly thought of St. Peter's as a place likely to effect all manner of persons, ignorant as well as educated. "O, I've seen that *bildin'*," answered our wit. "I've walked its *hull* length and then stepped off its *weath*, and then went a top. I know the old place all through and through to bits. None of you can't tell nothing about that old churc. I jest studied it out all by myself, and I finished it up clean, I tell you. But there's another *bildin'* I was told I must see, and I can't for the life of me recollect what it is called."

Several places were named over in vain; at last the Coliseum was by chance mentioned. "Kolly-see-um! That sounds *outin* like it. What sort of *bildin'* is it? What did they use to do in it?"

"It was a place of public amusement," he was told.

"A sort of theatre? Eh," he asked.

"Yes, an amphitheater for public games.

"Is it runnin' now?"

"Oh no! it is in ruins."

"Oh, played out," said our delicious wit, with a snort of contempt. "I see. Just like many another thing in the blasted dirty old hole," and my dear fellow-countryman swagged off sucking his cigar, filled with intense disgust for the whole d-d nonsense," as he expressed it, "of this here Rome and its ruins, its idolatry, ignorance and dirt." A few days after he said he had been visiting some of the galleries; he was asked how he liked the pictures.

"Not much; it seems like a useless pack of rubbish to me. But then you see I'm no epicure."

## Miraculous Case of Drunkenness.

New York Correspondence Baltimore American. A gentleman arose in the Fulton street prayer meeting the other day and stated that he had been a slave to intemperance for ten years past. Every remedy—medical, moral and social—that the ingenuity of man could suggest had been tried on him by his anxious friends and his anxious self, with no effect. All had become utterly discouraged, and all, including himself, had given him up for lost and incurable—all except the praying ones, who loved him; they alone kept on praying. New Year's day he felt that now was the time to break through this curse or perish forever. One more spasmodic resolve was made only to be broken. From week to week he still struggled, but gained no ground against his oppressor. On the last Sunday morning, more to divert his wretched mind than anything else, he went into a church. There he prostrated himself in his utter helplessness with a cry for rescue before God. And there the chains fell off from his soul. He walked forth glad and strong in the sense of a new spirit of life from Jesus Christ, and sure of his freedom by confidence in his Divine Helper. Drink was no temptation—the appetite was gone. Next morning he hastened to his praying and long sorrowing mother to tell the wonderful news. The locomotive was a snail to his eager desire. He spent the happiest day of both their lives with her, and yesterday returned to the city, and to-day had come in here to give thanks that the Son of God had made him free, and he was free indeed. After him followed in prayer and thanksgiving a fine specimen of intelligent young manhood, who frequently lifts up his voice for the throng of intemperate cases every day presented in this meeting for intercession, and who never omits to give fervent thanks for his own recent emancipation by the Son from the Devil and his Prime Minister Intemperance.

## A Spanish Orator.

It is certainly worth a pilgrimage to Mecca or Madrid to see and hear that man of men, the perfect orator. Such an orator, Senor Castelar says, is Figueras, the Spanish Republican leader. He has the purest, noblest character imaginable,—he is frankness, sincerity, fidelity personified. He has indomitable energy, the most delicate political skill, ardent devotion to conviction, and excellent culture. So much for the framework of his eloquence. His speeches are sober, correct and brilliant; earnest, courteous, calm, and reasonable; wonderfully acute, and at the same time persuasive. When it is necessary he knows how to thrill the Cortes with his passionate fervor; and at times he rises to sublimity. He has the keenest perception of the weak points in the enemy's armor, and the most exquisite sense of opportunity; he can call up storms upon the Opposition benches with the same facility with which he calms them among his own partisans. He has a prodigious memory, unalterable serenity and self-possession, wears a benevolent smile when his lips are sending forth shafts of bitterness, and holds himself in perfect calm while his hearers are quivering with the excitement produced by his eloquence. And, withal, his face, attitude, and action are full of majesty and simplicity. Truly such a sketch as this almost makes us doubt one of two things—Castelar's vision or Figueras' humanity.

—Russia has recently organized 15,000 public schools.