HELENA WEEKLY HERALD

Volume 7. Helena, Montana, Thursday, January 23, 1873. No. 9

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

TERMS FOR THE DAILY HERALD.

City Subscribers, delivered by Carrier, per month, $3 00

BY MAIL.

One copy one month	$3 00
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TERMS FOR THE WEEKLY HERALD.

One year	$6 00
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THE WEEKLY HERALD

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

D. W. FISK, A. J. FISK. FISK BROS., Publishers

A Dialogue from Plato.

"Le temps le mieux employe est cel ui qu'on perd."—CLAUDE TILLIER.

I'd "read" three hours. The text—for me—
Had grown one drowsy blurring;
In bounced a blundering bumble-bee,
That filled the room with whirring.

Then out. The window's leafage sways,
And, parted soft, discloses
Miss Dil, with hat and book—a maze
Of muslin *mixta rosis.*

"You're reading Greek." "I am—and you?"
"Oh, mine's a mere romancer!"
"So Plato is." "Then read him—do;
And I'll read mine in answer."

I read. "My Plato (Plato, too,—
That wisdom thus should harden!)
Declares 'blue eyes look doubly blue
Beneath a Dolly Varden.'"

She smiled. "My book in turn, avers
(I don't quite know who wrote it,)
That sometimes those Philosophers
Are not correctly quoted."

"But hear—the next's in stranger style:
'Diogenies asserted
That two red lips which part and smile
May not be controverted.'"

She smiled once more—"My book, I see,
Observes some modern doctors,
Would make the Cynics out to be
Mere album verse concoctors."

Then I—"Why not? 'Athenian law,
No less than time's tradition,
Enjoined sweet speech on all who saw
Diana's apparition.'"

She blushes!—this time. "If Plato's page
No wiser precepts teaches,
Then I'd renounce that doubtful sage,
And walk to Burnham Beeches."

"Agreed," I said. "For Socrates
(I find he, too, is talking,)
Thinks Learning can't remain at ease
While Beauty goes a-walking."

She read no more. I leapt the sill;
The sequel's scarce essential—
Nay, more than this, I hold it still
"Profoundly confidential."

[—Austin Dobson.

—I have le-hoved the-he Zala zo-hong,
Fo-hor th-hall life was all sa-hand;
Wa-wa has a che-heer-ful smi-ile;
Wa-wa has su-hunshine all the whi-ile.

—"Mother, may I go out to skate?"
"Yes, my dearest daughter;
But come back home at half-past eight,
And don't slide under the water.

The Territorial Prison.

The *Montanian's* reporter has been looking over matters in the Penitentiary, at Deer Lodge, with the following result: There are now twenty-two convicts, eighteen of whom are sentenced for the following terms of years respectively: 3½, 20, 10, 5, 10, 3, 3, 2, 2, 1, 2, 2, 7, 7, 2, 1, 1, 1,—a total of 82½ years imprisonment. Their respective ages are 25, 20, 54, 27, 27, 26, 30, 23, 25, 23, 18, 29, 23, 27, 29, 60, 22, 18—among whom are 4 negroes, 1 native of Ireland, Germany, 1, Australia, 1, New York, 3, Missouri, 3, Virginia, 1, Illinois, 1, Kentucky, 1, Iowa, 1, Pennsylvania, 1, Ohio, 2, Louisiana, 1, Utah, 1. The 1st Judicial District has furnished 8, the 2d, 4, [record not appearing in the December report], and the 3d, 10. The convictions are for grand larceny, 15, murder, 1, manslaughter, 2, robbery, 2, forgery, 1, assault with intent to kill, 1. The amount received up to December 1st for convict labor is $91.60, and the cost to the Territory for their safe keeping is $657 cash, or $772.94 in warrants. An order from the Executive instructs the Prison Superintendent to remit 30 days of the sentence of any convict whose record shows unexceptionable good conduct and obedience of prison rules during term of confinement, which obviates the necessity of pardoning before expiration of term to restore a conviet to citizenship.

THE San Franciscon *Bulletin* thinks that in a very few years the Pacific coast will raise more than 100,000,000 bushels of surplus wheat per annum, and says that, besides this, the gold and silver product of the coast, estimated at $65,000,000 annually, will sink into insignificance.

THE government is about to appoint a Congressional investigating committee to ascertain what became of the immense flocks of velocipedes that bark the shins of the public, and gave Christianity a set-back, a few years since.

THE San Francisco *Chronicle*, which has recently purchased a new Hoe press, is reported to be very successful. The receipts of the paper are estimated at $18,894 per month, and the expenses at $16,440.

The Death-Roll of 1872.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

The year which is just closed has been one of the most remarkable in the history of the world, and especially for the large number of prominent persons who have died in it. Journalism has lost Horace Greeley, of the New York *Tribune*; James Gorden Bennett, of the New York Herald; Mr. Spaulding, of the New York *World*; Edward A. Pollard, formerly of the Richmond *Examiner;* Gen. Ambrose R. Wright, of the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle and Sentinel*; Thomas B. Holcombe, formerly editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*; Rev. Dr. Amasa Converse, editor of the *Christian Observer*, one of the most widely circulated journals in the South; Adolph Geroult, editor of the Paris *Opinion Nationale*; and Theophile Gautier, the celebrated French feuilletonist. Literature has lost Charles Lever, whose "Charles O'Malley" obtained a world-wide fame; D'Aubigne, the historian of the Reformation; Professor Hadley, the Yale Professor, whose Greek and Oriental writings are well known among scholars; Sir John Bowring, the Reform writer; "Fanny Fern" Parton; Norman McLeod, whose theological writings are very numerous; and Horace Mayhew, the English Novelist. Many great names have also been lost to science, among them Professor Morse, the inventor of the magnetic telegraph; Feuerbach, the Germam speculative philosopher; Babinet, the French scientist; Dr. Francis Lieber, of New York; and Mary Somerville, the English astronomer. Among the artists who have died are Westmacott, the English sculptor; Kensett; Ames; T. Buchanan Read, both painter and poet; and Robert S. Duncanson, who died recently in an insane asylum. The stage has lost Forrest, Hackett, Miss O'Neil—the greatest tragic actress in England fifty years ago, Eliza Logan, McKean Buchanan—the eccentric tragedian, Sedley Smith, Bogumil Dawson—who died insane, and Emil Devrient. Not many eminent musicians have died, the only ones we can recall being Hastings, the writer of church music: Lowell Mason; and Henry G. Chorley, the famous critic of the London *Athenaeum*. The pulpit has lost the Roman Catholic prelates Cardinal Amat; Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore; Bishop McGill, of Richmond; and Very Rev. Thos. Mulvey, Vicar General of the Catholic Diocese of Virginia; also, Dr. Francis Vinton, Rector of Trinity Church, New York; Peter Cartwright, the eccentric Methodist; and Rev. Dr. Henry Ostrander, of the Reformed Church at Saugerties, N. Y. Among the great soldiers who have died are Major Generals Meade and Halleck, of the regular army; Lieutenant Generals Ewell and Patten Anderson, of the Confederate army; Marshal Forey, of the French army, who defeated the Austrians at Montebello; and Field Marshal Sir John Pollock, Constable of the London Tower, and an East India veteran. Among Americans of political life are Mr Seward; ex-Postmaster General Randall; ex-Minister to Russia Ingersoll; Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky; ex-Senators Wall, of New Jersey; Grimes, of Iowa; Walker, of Wisconsin; Bragg, of North Carolina; Van Winkle, of West Virginia; and Garrett Davis, of Kentucky. Among foreign statesmen are Jaurez, President of Mexico; Earl Mayo, the Governor General of India—assassinated by a religious fanatic; Mazini, the Italian revolutionist; Duke de Persigny, the favorite of the Third Napoleon; Sir Henry Bulwer, the brother of the novelist and once British Minister at Washington; Lord Lonsdale, the late Postmaster General of England; and the Duke of Bedford. Royalty has lost King Charles XV, of Sweden; Marshal Prim, of Spain; the Duke of Guise; Don Angel Iturbide, son of the first Emperor of Mexico; Archduke Albrecht, of Austria; and King Kamahameha, of the Sandwich Islands. Among prominent men in private life in this country who have died are David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia; Gen. Howard, author of Howard's United States Supreme Court Reports;" James Fisk, Jr.; Samuel M. Pike; Erastus Corning; John A. Griswold; Joseph H. Scranton, who founded Scranton, Pennsylvania; Paran Stevens; and Simeon Leland. With the exception of music, all the other departments have suffered a severe loss in their necrology; more severe, perhaps, than during any other single year.

A NEW YORK commercial and financial paper prints a table, compiled from official sources, of the amount of the national debts of twenty-seven governments for the years 1862 and 1872, from which it appears that the increase of their joint indebtedness during the last decade is over nine thousand four hundred and thirteen millions of dollars. This does not include Great Britain, whose indebtedness has not been increased in that time. The total indebtedness of the nations at the present time is sixteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine millions of dollars.

Turkey and Spain are virtually bankrupt; Mexico and one or two of the South American States pay no interest on their debts; Brazil is mortgaged to the extent of two hundred and seventy-five million dollars—as the price of the conquest of Paraguay; Egypt has run up a debt of $225,000,000, an increase of $205,000,000 in ten years. Russia has increased her indebtedness seven hundred millions in the last decade, which has been chiefly expended in building railroads and in internal improvements.

The German war cost Fracce $2,870,000,000; while Italy has had to pay $875,000,000 for her independence and national unity. The United States debt is now $1,975,000,000 more than it was ten years ago; but, unlike every other country, we are rapidly diminishing our indebtedness, and "we stand as one of the only three nations in the world that pay as they go." The other two are Holland and England.

LAND which sold in Springfield, Mass., for $250 an acre ten years ago, was lately bought back by the same parties for $2,000 an acre.

The Eye—Some of the Common Dangers to which it is Subject.

The sculptor Crawford was accustomed all his life to read lying down. To this very largely physicians attributed the loss of his eye. Very soon a cancer formed in the other, which caused his death,

The great historian Prescott lost his eyesight when a student by a bit of bread thrown in sport by a fellow-student at the table. Never be careless in such little matters. A pair of scissors or a fork thrown in sport or anger, has often caused the loss of an eye, which the wealth of the world cannot replace.

A friend, who was very ambitious to finish a set of linen for her brothers, spent almost a winter in fine stitching, sitting up often late at night over the work, in which she took great delight. The result was that the nerve of the eye was so injured that she was obliged wholly to give up sewing, knitting and reading, under penalty of becoming perfectly blind.

A young lady, who lived but ten miles by train from school, used to spend the time in studying a certain lesson while she was riding down in the morning. The result was a severe affection of the eyes, which disabled her from study for a long time. It is always hurtful to the eyes to read in the train, though we may not see the bad effects so plainly when it happens only occasionally. A steady practice, like this young lady's, may produce even worse results when the system is in a bad state.

Never read by twilight, nor before eating in the morning. The little you gain in time will be doubly lost in a failing of the eyesight long before life's sundown.

I know a young clergyman who is a remarkably well-read man, but whose eyes are a perfect deformity. He said he ruined them by reading at night, long and intently, when he was getting his education. He seems to have no control of the lids, which twitch and move in a most grotesque manner. Don't fancy you can do what you please with your eyes, and yet have them serve you faithfully. Take as good care of them as you would of gold, for gold can never replace lost eyesight.

Mrs. Edwin Forrest at Her Husband's Bier.

Mrs. Edwin Forrest, the tragedian's wife, was, according to the statement of a reporter, at her husband's funeral. He says: "Sitting at the window facing Broad street, and with no one near her, her arms resting listlessly upon her knees, her fingers nervously drumming and toying each other, was Catharine Sinclair, the divorced wife of the dead. If any one knew who she was they appeared to keep their distance. She arrived yesterday morning and entered the house at 12:30. She was dressed in deep mourning, with a double black crape veil flowing nearly to her feet. She moved nervously toward the rear parlor, where the remains were lying. There were but five or six persons in the room. Throwing aside her veil, she stood for nearly ten minutes, placed her hand upon his head, and followed the arm down to the hand, which she grasped for a few minutes. Then she glided toward the foot of the coffin and plucked two or three flowers from the cross which lay upon the dead man's feet. She then moved rapidly to the front parlor, where she was seated until the coffin lett the house."

THEY have strange chambermaids at Shepard's Hotel, in Cairo, (says a lady traveler). The one who waited on our room and attended to the various duties of the calling, even to the making of beds, was a Frenchman, dressed as if for a dinner party, white vest and dress coat, and having the air of a refined gentleman. It was really embarrassing to accept his services in such a capacity. One of the ladies, on arriving at the hotel, rang for the chambermaid. This gentleman presented himself. Supposing him to be the proprietor or his clerk, see expressed her wish to see the chambermaid. He very politely replied, in the best English he could command, "Madame, I am she."

IT is a curious fact that if the same letters of the same size precisely are painted on two boards, the one black on a white ground and the other white on a black ground, the white letters will appear larger and be read at a greater distance than the black. This is owing to what is called the irradiation of light. It depends on this that the impression made on the bottom of the eye by bright objects extends a little wider than the actual portion of the organ struck by the light, and, invading the space occupied by the darker objects, makes the brighter appear larger than they really are.

The Princess Beatrice, of England, does not alwas fall in with family decisions and plans, and her proposed marriage to the Marquis of Stafford is a very improbable affair. She was vety much opposed to her sister marrying the Marquis of Lorne, saying she supposed when her time came she would be offered a dry goods clerk. Germany, that inexhaustible field of royal Protestant husbands, she has refused to contemplate, as she "hates Germans," and even a Marquis may seem preferable to her by comparison.

A COMMISSION appointed by the government of Italy to investigate the condition of the Campagna, its malaria and remedy, has reported that the evil is practically irremediable. It can not be drained, or if at all, only at an expense that makes it impracticable. The Pontine marshes are steadily encroaching on the Campagna, and the region of malaria is extending. Thus Rome must continue a vast sepulcre going to ruin.

IT is stated that Professor Wise, the well-known aeronaut, will make a balloon trip across the Atlantic next spring, and that many scientific men have applied for permission to accompany him. He expects to travel at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour and make the trip in two days.

Sunday and Suicide.

A well-kept Sunday perfectly meets the want of the modern man. It offers him just the rest which he requires. There is no relaxation so complete as that which presents thoughts and interests so utterly different from those with with which a man is commonly engage, and the loftier those thonghts and the higher those interests the better. The jaded faculties never enjoy such perfect rest as when another set of faculties are called into play and exercise while the tired ones sleep in calm. We are not going now on the theological argument for Sunday; we leave that entirely untouched, except in so far as we recognize the truth that good theology is good sense, and that the requirements of a true religion are founded on the surest bases of the eternal fitness of things. And we say then, never more than in this country and at this time, was Sunday an essential element in human life for its well being; and not, be it marked, the continental Sunday of military reviews, brass bands, and beer gardens, nor the old Jewish "Sabbath" of the Puritan, with its stern and funeral gloom, but the Christian and churchly Lord's day, the cheerfullest and brightest of all the seven, when the old primeval curse, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," is suspended for the sons of Adam, and they stand on the earth, Christ's emancipated free men. It is the neglect of this provision of God that is the root cause of the deaths and suicides and insanities from overwork, which shock us almost daily in the current items of news.

A New Invention in Telegraphy.

When Sir William Thomson invented his reflecting galvanometer, and showed its usefulness for telegraphic purposes, he insured the success of under-sea cables, whatever their length. With this instrument the movements of the little reflector enable the clerk to read off the message by careful watching. But recently, Sir William Thomson has invented an instrument—the patent siphon recorder—which, as its name indicates, writes or records the message, as received, on a strip of paper. It is an essential condition of such an instrument that it shall be very light; and the siphon, in this case, made of capiliary tubing, is not thicker than a horse-hair. Indeed, so small is the bore, that the ink will not flow therein of itself, but squirts out when electrified. The siphon is connected with a coil of copper-wire, an electro-magnet, and an ebonite disk, armed with pieces of soft iron, which, being attracted by the magnet, is kept rotating, and regulates the current flowing from the battery and the cable. Acted on by this current, the ink, as already stated, squirts from the siphon, and writes a succession of dots and dashes, which represent the letters of the alphabet. To an unaccustomed eye the writing is a confused, unmeaning scribble; but a good telegraph clerk will read it off as if it were ordinary writing. Thus a message will now, so to speak, deliver itself from the other side of the ocean, thousands of miles distant; and telegraphy has achieved another triumph.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Elements of a Home.

I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler, or cooper, or king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools of housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a home for the mahogany we would bring into it? I would rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume myself before I get to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garments, house and furniture is a very tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoon full of real hearty love than for whole ship-loads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsters in the world could gather together.—*Theodore Parker.*

A specimen of Mr. Greeley's humor was his reply to a college president who was arguing with him for the classics—worthy to be nurtured at least as conduits of so much ancient wisdom and culture for what they have brought down to us. "Good heavens," exclaimed Mr. Greeley vehemently, "I do not want to be compelled to eat a rod and a half of Croton water pipe every time I am thirsty."

A SAN FRANCISCO reporter recently interviewed Matilda Heron, and he says that there was a bottle on the table labeled "citrate of magnesia," and when she saw him eyeing it, she took the bottle in her left hand, put her right arm around his neck, and in spite of his struggles compelled him to taste the stuff, lest he should ge off and write that she kept whisky in her room.

LOUISVILLE boasts of a small boy who made a steam engine out of an oyster can and two pieces of an old led pipe. His father will soon be compelled to make a coffin out of a raisin box, to accommodate the remains of this young genius when his steam engine blows up.

IN response to his request, Mr. Cornell has received copies of newspapers containing a notice of Mr. Greeley's death from more than 800 different journals from the several States and Territories. These volumes will make a grand memorial for the American press as well as of the great journalist.

LARGE quantities of frozen Kentucky whisky are being shipped out of the State as "medicated ice" for summer use.

RAILROAD FREIGHT TRANSPORTATION.

Montana Shippers and the Utah Northern R. R.

The way Corinne Looks at the Matter.

CORINNE, Utah, January 8th, 1873.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Referring to a dispatch contained in your paper of the 31st ult. from John W. Young, Esq., to George S. Kennedy, Esq., of Helena, instructing or requesting him to use every exertion to influence merchants to have their goods marked via Utah Northern railroad, and to have the merchants communicate by "joint resolution" their wishes to him, care of some firm in New York City, the question naturally arises in connection with this unbusiness-like proposition of Mr. Young's, is he soliciting Montana shipments for his road, or are the merchants of of Montana urging him, or do they purpose humbly begging him by "joint resolution" to relieve them of the necessity of having their goods transported over a good wagon road from Corinne to where the wagon road from Logan or Franklin will intersect the regular traveled stage road from this point to Montana? Are there any advantages to be gained by having goods transferred at Corinne, or at the present junction of the Utah Northern Railroad, some three miles below this place, from broad-gauge ten-ton cars, to narrow-gauge four-ton cars, breaking up large shipments for the purpose of transporting by rail (if such we may term it) some 40 miles further, and then saving—as a glance at the map of Utah will show—only some 12 miles from Logan and 15 miles from Franklin of wagon road, over a route not to be compared with the road from here to Malad Range?

Perhaps it is unknown to the citizens of Montana that the bonds of the U. N. R. R. Co. are now quoted in New York City at the rate of 30 and 40 cents on the dollar; and such being the case, would it not, perchance, bolster them up to have the merchants of your Territory, by "joint resolution," ask Mr. Young to transport their merchandise over his road, giving promise to bond-holders of a traffic and a consequent profit which cannot otherwise be obtained? Are the good citizens of Montana endorsing for the Utah Northern Railroad? We trust not, although the only construction to be put upon a "joint resolution" praying Mr. Young to transport goods for them amounts to this; at least it is so viewed by the Gentile inhabitants of Utah.

Were there any material benefits to be derived by the merchants of Montana in ordering goods marked via U. N. Railroad, would it not have been policy for Mr. Young to offer some inducement for such a procedure? A man should always advertise his own business, and not expect his patrons to do it for him. Pray, if I may be permitted to ask, what are the merchants expected to communicate by "joint resolution?" Have they any assurance that the Utah Northern Railroad will be completed or extended beyond its present terminus, south of Logan, or do any of them know where their goods will be delivered to them or their agents for wagon transportation to Montana, if marked via U. N. Railroad?

The contents of Mr. Young's dispatch to Mr. Kennedy are very indefinite indeed, and if he desires the Montana freighting business for the year 1873, would it not be advisable as well as profitable (if any inducements are offered) for him to intimate through the press of Montana what arrangements he has perfected or proposes perfecting for the interests of your merchants? Their wishes by "joint resolution" would perhaps be a railroad into Montana. Query: Will or can he build it?

Yours,

SPECTATOR.

A BLACK JUDGE FOR UTAH.

"We are informed," says the Corinne *Reporter* of January 10th, "that the newly appointed Associate Justice of this Territory is a South Carolina negro, a lawyer by profession, since the war; and that he has served in his State Legislature with marked distinction during the past seven years. This is told us by a former resident of Savannah who was there on intimate terms with Mr. Mitchell, but whether he is the identical individual now brought to honorable prominence remains to be seen. We have no means of ascertaining the facts at this writing, though in the phrase of Hamlet: 'Be he spirit of hell or goblin damned,' we'll be proud to make his acquaintance when he mounts the woolsack at Provo. No objection to color if the man is all right otherwise."

A PARTY of foreign noblemen are coming over to this side next spring to hunt buffalo, pursue the Colorado potatoe bug to his lair, and beard the Omaha cockroach in his den.