THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

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POETRY.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

A HOMILY—BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's a game much in fashion—I think it's called
Euchre:
(Though I never have played it, for pleasure or lucre,)
In which, when the cards are in certain conditions,
The players appear to have changed their positions,
And one of them cries, in confident tone,
"I think I may venture to *go it alone.*"

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the bard's
A moral to draw from that skirmish of cards,
And to fancy he finds in that trivial strife
Some excellent hints of the battle of Life;
Where—whether the prize be a ribbon or throne—
The winner is he who can "go it alone!"

When great Galileo proclaimed that the world
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled,
And got—not a convert—for all of his pains,
But only derision and prison and chains,
"It moves, *for all that!*" was his answering tone,
For he knew, like the Earth, he could "go it alone."

When KEPLER, with intellect piercing afar,
Discovered the laws of each planet and star,
And doctors, who ought to have lauded his name,
Derided his learning and blackened his fame,
"I can *wait*," he replied, "till the truth you shall own;"
For he felt in his heart he could "go it alone."

Alas, for the player who idly depends,
In the struggle of Life, upon kindred or friends;
Whatever the value of blessings like these,
They can never atone for inglorious ease,
Nor comfort the coward who finds, with a groan,
That his crutches have left him to "go it alone."

There's something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold,
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold
The fortunate owner may fairly regard
As each, in its way, a most excellent card;
Yet the game may be lost, with all these for your own,
Unless you've the courage to "go it alone."

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power, or the scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto: "*Rely on yourself!*"
For, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can "go it alone."

A HOMILY ON A HOMILY.

BY DOUGLAS A. LEVIEN.

I have read, witty Saxe, your last verses on *Euchre*,
(It's a game I *have* played—although not for lucre,)
And if you but know it as well as I know it,
You'll find, oh most genial and excellent poet,
It teaches a lesson more useful than one
To be gleaned from the sentence—"I'll play it alone."

Self-reliance, we know, is an excellent trait,
The Advance Guard of Science who patiently wait,
Until Time has developed the Truths they proclaim,
Deserve a high place on the record of Fame;
And often in life, as in Euchre, I own,
You make a big march when you "play it alone."

But to "go it alone," you no doubt understand,
You must hold the *Big Knave* of the pack in your hand:
And too often in life, in a similar fix,
You depend on such cards to secure you the tricks,
So that something too much of the knave may be shown
In a selfish desire to "go it alone."

But the game you describe as a "trivial strife,"
Has a moral to point for the battle of Life;
It is this: When the cards are all round on the stand,
And each player looks anxiously [illegible]
How bravely your partner ill-luck can resist
If cheered by the sound of your voice—"I'll assist."

The great Galileo, imprisoned and bound,
In the depth of his sorrow this sympathy found;
When angry Dominicans hurled at his head,
All the wrath on which Bigotry's passion is fed,
A fair form appeared through the dungeon's dim mist,
And a daughter's soft voice whisper'd low—"I'll assist."

What's the worth of this world, if designing and cold,
You selfishly seek all the honors to hold,
Repelling your neighbors with glances of stone,
And the words harshly spoken "I'll play it alone."
No—no; higher up in Humanity's list,
Is he who can cheerfully say—"I'll assist."

Then in Love, oh, rash poet, if she whose bright eyes
Are gazing in yours with a tender surprise,
Should apply to your own case the moral you've shown,
And quietly tell *you* to "play it alone,"
With what passionate ardor those lips would be kissed
Till they murmured once more the soft words—"I'll assist."

So shuffle the pack; cut the cards once again,
And let a new moral awaken your strain.
Go teach to the world that the battle of Life
May be lightened to all who take part in the strife,
If the generous lessons thus taught be not missed,
And each man to his neighbor will say—"I'll assist."

A HOMILY ON THE HOMILIES OF SAXE AND LEVIEN.

BY MARCUS BARTLETT.

I have read in the papers, oh praiseworthy Bards,
How each drew a moral from one game of cards,
Though widely they differ in import, yet still,
Each handles his subject with consummate skill;
And though they are drawn from a "trivial strife,"
Each one has its worth in the battle of Life.

And here let me urge, ere I further proceed,
That, though very good, they are not all we need;
I'll therefore call Euchre once more on the stand,
And shuffle and deal to each player a hand;
And soon in the circle the game goes around,
Examine the cards till another is found.

'Twill not always answer to "go it alone,"
As many who've failed will most willingly own;
And if you "assist" you may both get a fall,
And often 'tis ruin to go it at all;
For, through luck or misfortune, you sometimes, alas,
Hold a very bad hand—you should then say, "I pass."

When a man's in the wrong, it is wicked, you'll own,
To encourage him even to "go it alone;"
And wickeder, far, if, alone, he'd desist,
To strengthen his hand with the cry, "I'll assist;"
For both will be beaten and "Euchered" at last,
And wish, when too late, the hand had been "passed."

Time carries us onward, and not very slow;
Temptations are thronging our way as we go;
And the wealth that's another's, so seemingly nice;
We may stealthily grasp with the clench of a vice;
Or may raise to our lips the inebriate's glass;
Then we hold a bad hand—'tis our duty to "pass."

With the Bowers and the Ace, and the pair on the throne,
You can make a "big march" if you "play it alone;"
And when you in confidence say, "I'll assist,"
You'll perhaps make a "point," though a march may be missed;
But, with a full hand, and no trump in the class,
You cannot be "Euchered" if you just say, "I pass."

It appears from this game, then—this "trivial strife"—
Three maxims we get for the "Battle of Life:"
And these all your nerves for the conflict will brace,
If each with discretion is used in its place.
Meet bravely each game, then, and be not dismayed;
In none you'll get "Euchered," if skillfully played.

So down in your list Self-Reliance write first—
Of the three, 'tis a mixture by no means the worst;
For oft a rich prize has been needlessly missed,
By "passing," or waiting some friend to "assist;"
And the light on the earth with which Science has shone,
Had been dimmer by far, had none "gone it alone."

'Twill encourage the timid and strengthen the weak,
To treat them with kindness, and kindly words speak;
For often when sinking with hope long deferred,
Has a mortal been strengthened by one kindly word,
And a victory gained which despair would have missed,
By the heartfelt expression, Go on; "I'll assist."

And now, through the length and the breadth of the land,
Too many are trying to play a bad hand;
Humanity shudders when watching the game
Where Crime is arrayed against Honor and Fame;
But Justice will smite evil-doers at last—
Then they'll wish in their hearts they had prudently "passed."

The Fire at Blackfoot City.

[From the Herald's Blackfoot Correspondence June 30.]

I have seldom met a warmer reception than greeted me on my arrival in this busy burg this morning. After all, there is a sort of sadness in the welcome. At the hour of 10 last evening, the fiendish incendiary plied his torch to the haymow of a stable in the southeast corner of the business portion of this young city, and notwithstanding the early discovery and noble efforts of the people, who flocked *en masse* to the scene, the principal business houses on both sides of Main street were soon wrapped in flames and totally consumed in rapid succession. There was considerable wind blowing from the northeast to fan the flames, and every effort to stay the progress of the destroyer was unavailing until it reached as far down as the "Higgins Corner" on one side, and the barber shop on the other, when the wind luckily subsided, and one more desperate rally of the people was made, and the Cary House Block, with some good buildings opposite, was saved. Through the politeness of Mr. Simmons, who has been over the ground carefully, I am enabled to give you a complete list of the losers and losses. Those who suffered from the entire destruction of their buildings, and in some instances the burning of their goods and merchandise, are as follows:

Smith & Bratton, Livery Stable, $2,000; O. H. Newell, store and goods, $3,500; Frank McConnell, blacksmith shop and dwelling, $2,000; Aunt Betsy's house, $100; St. Jo. hotel, J. B. Wilson, $2,500; Montana Hide and Fur Company, $1,000; Smith & Green's store, $2,000; E. P. Lindsay, building and goods, $7,000; F. R. Bill, three buildings, $1,500; A. M. Holter, tenements, $750.

The following is a list of losses from damage in removal of goods, partial burning and tearing up of buildings, etc., adjacent to the fire:

W. W. Higgins, $1,000; D. N. Birdseye, $1,800; J. R. Quigley, $200; Richardson & Co., $1,000; Cary & Rooke, saloon, 400; M. McFarland, billiard saloon, $1,500; Cary House, J. B. Wilson, $1,000; John White, barber, $800; John Heiber, $800; E. Matlock, $500; Coleman, $400; Dr. Bourie, drug store, $500. Total loss about $35,000.

No doubt whatever is entertained as to its being the work of an incendiary; and now I even hint that this should prove as an additional warning to the good people of Montana in every city, town and camp, to be on the alert, and try to ferrit out the gang, that they may be summarily "promoted" ere more serious losses and destructions occur.

So far as Blackfoot City is concerned, there are many good men suddenly [illegible] to the lower round of the ladder, to enter upon other long years of honest toil and enterprise to attain the position they occupied but yesterday. While it may be said that there are buildings enough yet standing to meet the requirements of the present business of the camp, yet it can also be claimed, and with great propriety, in my judgment, that with the increased developments of the rich resources of this portion of Deer Lodge county as must take place at an early day in the future, Blackfoot City must inevitably grow to double its former bigness, and become one of the most flourishing towns of the Territory.

I suppose that most of those who are now thrown out of homes and business by the fire, at least such as are not wholly crippled or ruined, will resume their respective operations ere long.

Although there is an unprecedented scarcity of water throughout this section, as well as on the east side, yet I may mention the fact that the saving of Blackfoot from entire destruction is alone attributable to the good fortune of having a hundred inches of water running through an open ditch down through the town, immediately adjacent to the burning district.

From Salt Lake City.

[Extract from a personal letter.]

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The city of Saintly Sanctity is moderately dull—the principal business being done by the Co-operative Associations. A great many strangers are visiting the city. Among others, we have the Congressional Ways and Means sub-committee, Phil Sheridan, Anna Dickenson, and a few other gentlemen (?) known to fame, with Ex-Secretary Seward expected on Saturday. They are bound for the Pacific coast, and would gaze on "the Lion in the way."

The Pacific Circus gave its closing performance last night. It was a dead beat. The proprietor in a brief closing speech, thanked the citizens for their very *illiberal* patronage. Hattz, Prestidigitateur is giving a few of his unique and chaste performances at the theatre. He, too, has slim audiences. Mr. Chapman, well known in the East, will open an engagement at the theatre next week. Dan Castello's circus will be under canvas here on Monday. It is said to be "nobby" and "the boys" are saving their stamps in anticipation of a box of fun at "prices to suit the times," and a little courtesy to the deities in dimity, who are of the earth and on it.

I find quite a number of Montana boys here, and am indebted to them for all the courtesies of the craft—none more so than Willey, late of Helena; and Wild, late of Virginia, who dispense intelligent electricity across the continent. With all the church discipline that permeates the municipal government here, the wild oats will grow, and the "owls" shake up the silent nights more lively than ever the historic "night herd" in the celestial avenues of Last Chance. Am sorry to see the *Post* has suspended. I can't deal Webster from the bottom with that pious and prudent dexterity I would like to, but I shall be on the "trump" again shortly, and if you remount the tripod, you have but to command the services of

Yours, L. R. S.

SALT LAKE CITY, June 26th, 1869.

RELISHES.

—Santa Anna is in Hayti.
—Regular swells—the buds.
—Seward is going to Alaska.
—Rock-it apparatus—a cradle.
—Maggie Mitchell is paralyzed.
—A. H. Stephens is convalescent.
—Reverdy Johnson writeth a book.
—Objects of interest—U. S. bonds.
—The debt of Chicago is $8,000,000.
—Eugenie carries a gold-headed cane.
—A Mormon—a rooster in a hen yard.
—Illegal husbandry—thrashing a wife.
—The largest rope in the world—Eu rope.
—Nasby lectured $35,000 worth last year.
—A corn extractor never patented—the crow.
—Boston is going to do Daniel Webster in brass.
—Knowledge is power—hence the widow's might.
—An old saw new-set—a Miss is good at a smile.
—Mr. A. T. Stewart has become a Roman Catholic.
—Motto for an old bachelor—Be just and fear knot.
—St. Louis has but two hundred incomes over $5,000.
—Butler wants to succeed Wilson as Senator in 1871.
—To keep your wife in check—dress her in Gingham.
—An enterprising showman has "performing fishes."
—A promise to quit smoking generally ends in—smoke.
—The man who waxes strong every day—the shoemaker.
—Kirby Smith is running a military academy in Kentucky.
—Ostrich feathers will be much worn this summer in bonnets.
—Seven miles of violin strings vibrated at the Boston Jubilee.
—One-eighth of the whole population of the globe is military.
—Lovers, like armies get along well enough until engaged.
—The total receipts of the Boston Jubilee were nearly $1,000,000.
—Only six days will be devoted to the taking of the new census.
—John P. Hale will be candidate for Senator in New Hampshire.
—Genius is the wand of an enchanter; talent the strength of a giant.
—It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.
—The froth of the head generally becomes venom when it reaches the heart.
—A prudent man is like a pin—his head prevents him from going too far.
—Fifty [illegible] beer manufacture in this country.
—A few years ago we began to ship wheat to England, then cheese, now hay.
—Of the 700,000 children in Missouri, only 100,000 attend Sunday school.
—Jay Cooke has determined to take a hand in the North Pacific Railroad.
—Senator Chandler has gone to Greece. Grease usually goes to the chandlar.
—A man at Augusta, Maine, owns a pig which was assessed at $500 last year.
—Hope is a draft on futurity, sometimes honored, but more frequently extended.
—There is two things in this life for which we are never prepared, and that is twins.
—A secret has been defined as "anything made known to everybody in a whisper."
—What a difference it makes whether you put Dr. before or after a man's name.
—Seventy-five thousand Swedish emigrants are expected in Minnesota this year.
—General Sam. Cary is Democratic Workingmans' candidate for Governor of Ohio.
—Socrates, being asked the way to honest fame, said, "Study *to be* what you wish to *seem.*"
—The Paris *Pays* predicts that Breckenridge will yet be President of the United States.
—Brick Pomeroy is proposed as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Wisconsin next Fall.
—Fifty-one volumes of the *Congressional Globe* sold recently in New York for 30 cents. Oh! dear.
—John E. Owens is the richest actor in America—worth half a million, and still he is owe-en all over.
—Chicago now has thirteen railways connecting it with other places, and seventeen more are building.
—A landlady in Boston, it is said, makes her bulscuit so light that the lodgers can see to go to bed by them.
—Charles Beecher, a younger brother of the Rev. Henry Ward, played second fiddle at the Boston Jubilee.
—Senator Fowler and Andrew Johnson are on the stump for DeWitt C. Senter as Governor of Tennessee.
—A Maine clergyman was tarred, feathered, etc., for thinking too much of one of the female lambs of his flock.
—Fifteen dollars for kissing a married woman was lately levied on a Chicago M. D. That's what "Our Jim" calls buss and rebuss.
—Revolvers are more plentiful than handkerchiefs in Texas. Instead of blowing their noses they blow out each others brains.
—The first railroad train in America was run from Albany to Schenectady—17 miles—in 1831. Now, we have nearly 43,000 miles of track.
—A patent has been obtained for the manufacture of water-proof paper. It will be no uncommon thing, by and by, to carry a quantity of milk home in a paper bag.
—An Alabama parallel complains that he sent four dollars to a jewelry firm in New York for a music box playing twenty-four tunes, and received in return a jewsharp.
—A doting mother of a waggish boy, having bottled a lot of nice preserves, labeled them, "Put up by Mrs. D——." Johnny discovered them, ate the contents and wrote on the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnny D——."

Langrishe Returns to Montana.

[Extract from a personal letter.]

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I have concluded to take the theatre at Helena, now building, and am making arrangements to bring a first-class company, nearly all of whom will be new to the people of Montana. I have also arranged for a succession of star attractions that cannot fail to delight our audiences. I am informed that Helena has been rebuilt better than before the great fire. I hope the town has recovered from its disastrous effects, and that a plentiful supply of water will bring back its wonted prosperity to the metropolis of Montana and other camps. The Howson Opera Troupe, a fine company, commence here next Saturday, playing for one week. I shall then take them to Central City for ten days, and will then start for Helena. Mr. George Waldron is now playing with the company at Cheyenne, and they are all "up" in attractive pieces. Remembrance to all friends. Yours,

JNO. S. LANGRISHE.

DENVER, June 24th, 1869.

RAILROADS.—This is certainly the age of railroads. The fact is almost a truism, but every day adds something to its cogency. The whole world last January had 109,177 miles—and so few years, bounded by existing lives, comprise its whole history. The apportionment is so much in our favor that we can claim a greater share of value, from what all attest as a most valuable instrumentality, than any other country. Australia has but 789 miles; Africa only 583; South America 1,424, and Asia 4,474.

Coming to more civilized countries, we find 14,247 for Great Britian, 9,934 for France, 5,926 for Prussia, 4,317 for Russia, 1,109 for Italy. The largest supply is that of Great Britian—14,247 miles. About one-fourth of this whole amount is equalled by the tremendous span thrown from Bangor, in Maine, to San Francisco—a distance of 3,769 miles. The total railway system of the United States covers 42,255 miles. This is equal to the collective aggregate of Great Britian, France, Prussia, Russia, Italy and Asia.

Interesting Facts.

Glass windows were used for lights in 1180.
Chimneys first put up to houses in 1236.
Tallow candles for lights in 1290.
Spectacles invented by an Italian in 1249.
Paper made from linen, 1302.
Woolen cloth made in England, 1341.
Art of printing from movable type, 1440.
Watches first made in Germany, 1447.
Telescopes invented by Porto and Janson, 1590.
1501. Circulation of blood discovered by Harvey in 1610.
Newspaper first established in 1620.
Pendulum clocks first invented in 1639.
Barometer invented by Torricelli in 1635.
Steam engine invented in 1649.
Bread made with yeast in 1650.
Cotton planted in the United States in 1759.
Fire engine invented in 1685.
Stereotyping invented in Scotland in 1785.
Telegraphing invented by Morse in 1832.
The first daguerrotype made in France in 1839.

THE WEAPON OF TO-DAY.—The knife with which chivalry now defends its honor and slays its enemies, says the Chicago *Post*, consists of a stout and heavy but short blade set at right angles with a handle to which it is joined, like a letter L. In using it, the handle is firmly grasped with the right hand, the blade of course being then horizontal, and the blow is delivered from the shoulder, with deadly force and effect, to be instantaneously repeated as often as the case may demand. As the heaviest blow that a man can deal is in the manner described, it is easy to see that a four-and-a-half-inch, sharp-pointed, cutting blade, impelled with the whole force of a strong arm and the weight of the body, would not stop for any bone in the human frame, and that a single stroke would be almost certain death. This was the weapon before which Colonel Crane fell.

MUSQITOES.—These tuneful little pests will soon be here and everybody should cut out and save the following receipe for their extermination: "Take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel, holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes. One night I was terribly annoyed by them, when I thought of and tried the above, after which I never saw nor heard them that night, and next morning there was not one to be found in the room, though the window had been left open all night."

Reduced Fare.

The following from the Omaha *Herald* of the 17th, is of interest to travelers: "We were notified yesterday that the Union and Central Pacific railroads had made arrangements adjusting the passenger fares over their respective lines. The following circular was issued by General ticket Agent Budd, yesterday:

"Commencing to-day, June 16th, the rate of through tickets from Omaha to San Francisco, will be $125 in currency. Please report proportions as follows:

Union Pacific Railroad	$60.00
Central Pacific Railroad	67.00

WHO ARE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING?—One of that curious class of men, the statisticians, has taken the pains to ascertain the number of persons struck by lightning in several countries in Europe. In France the average number of persons struck each year is eighty-one out of a population of 36,000,000; in Saxony, six out of 2,000,000. He ascertains also that lightning is exceedingly fond of visiting churches, and is more partial to them than to any other class of buildings. Of the 81 persons struck in France, 10 were in churches, 8 in other public buildings, 23 in houses, 18 under trees, 4 in barns, 3 in stables, 15 in the fields, 3 on roads, 1 on a bridge. Of the persons killed, 52 were men, 14 women, 15 boys, 5 girls, 3 male animals, 2 female animals. Of the persons struck, 62 were men, 16 women, 3 boys, 1 girl, 3 male animals, 2 female animals. Of the persons killed, 37 were married persons, 5 widows, 1 widower, 8 bachelors, 2 spinsters. Of persons struck, 52 were married persons, 2 widows, 1 widower, 12 bachelors, 3 spinsters. Of persons killed, 21 were between 15 and 30 years of age, 8 between 30 and 45, 6 between 45 and 60, 2 between 60 and 75. Of persons struck, 15 were between 15 and 30 years of age, 14 between 30 and 45, 12 between 45 and 60, 3 between 60 and 75. Of persons killed, 3 were struck between 6 and 9 o'clock in the morning, 2 between 9 and 12, 1 between 12 and 3, 3 between 3 and 6, 2 between 6 and 9 o'clock in the evening. Of persons struck, 1 between 6 and 9 o'clock in the morning, 2 between 9 and 12, 1 between 12 and 3, 3 between 3 and 6, 2 between 6 and 9 o'clock in the evening. Of persons killed, 1 in January, 1 in February, 1 in March, 1 in April, 1 in May, 1 in June, 1 in July, 1 in August, 1 in September, 1 in October, 1 in November, 1 in December. Of persons struck, 1 in January, 1 in February, 1 in March, 1 in April, 1 in May, 1 in June, 1 in July, 1 in August, 1 in September, 1 in October, 1 in November, 1 in December.

The Moose Creek Mines.

[From the Walla Walla Statesman of June 19th.]

The following communication is written by a gentleman who is well known in this valley, and although his statements differ widely from reports in relation to the Moose Creek mines, we yet deem it proper to give them to the public.—[ED.

PIERCE CITY, I. T., June 2, 1869.

"EDITOR STATESMAN:—Please allow me to correct a statement made by Mr. O'Neil in regard to the Moose Creek Mines. He stated that he had been to Moose Creek, and found it to be a rich and extensive camp. This statement is false in every particular. Mr. O'Neil never was there and knows nothing of the mines whatever. Moose Creek is not rich, neither is it extensive—the best claims are scarcely paying wages, and the whole camp will not number over forty claims that pay anything at all, and even these cannot be worked but a short time longer on account of water. Ditches are being brought in, but it will take all summer to complete them. Before the claims were opened the prospects were very flattering; one, two, three, and even twenty dollars was got to the pan, but the leads, after working, have proven to be very narrow and spotted, and fall short of the expectations of every one. The basin is low, yet diggings are well up to the head of the gulches, making natural water scarce. The largest week's work yet made was 48 ounces to two men, and the largest nugget $117. The distance from this place to Moose Creek is about forty miles, and from Moose Creek to Hell Gate valley about the same. Provisions have been very scarce this spring, but when I left, a few days since, teams were coming in from both sides.

"A. C. WELLMAN."

Centenary of the Steam-Engine.

A writer in *Once a Week* says: "I suppose the engineers of Britian are not forgetting that this is the centenary of the birth of Watt's condensing steam-engine. Before 1769 his invention lay in an embryotic state in his model room; but in April of that year a patent was granted for it, and the world first knew of the tender child which brought poverty to its rearers, but which has grown to a wealthy giant in these later times, and coined and scattered millions over the world. If Watt and his masterpiece deserve the honors that have been poured upon them, then have they a right to some sort of commemorative recognition during this the hundreth year of the engine's life, and one naturally looks to the profession to take the initiative. We are glad of an excuse for crowning the bust of a poet or for celebrating the birth of a musician, let us not be backward in honoring the memory and the works of him who, as Brougham modestly inscribed on Chantrey's statue, enlarged the recources of his country, increased the power of man, and rose to an eminent place among the real benefactors of the world. This year, too, is the fiftieth since the death of Watt. It is also the centenary of the birth of his son, James Watt the younger, and of many a great man besides. Humbolt, Cuvier, the first Brunel, Wellington, Marshals Soult and Ney, and Sir Thomas Lawrence were all born in 1769. Arkwright's spinning-jenny patent bears the same date. Truly, as a commemorative year, 1869 is remarkable."

Joseph A. Young, the eldest son of Brigham, is in San Francisco. The *Chronicle* of June 22d has the following concerning him: "Brigham Young's eldest son, accompanied by his father-in-law and brother-in-law, Mr. Stenhouse, spent last evening in making a survey of the Barbery coast. They went to all the underground saloons and beer-cellars in that delectable locality, and had a good time with the "pretty waiter girls" on Pacific street. They finally brought up in the Chinese theatre, on Dupont street, where, it is said, Mr. Young was struck with the charms of three of the newly arrived Chinese damsels. They were offered to him in a lot for $3,000. The negotiations were not concluded, but it is understood that it is probable he will take one or two of the Celestials to Salt Lake on trial." Go it, Bro. Stenhouse.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.—For centuries it was customary in England to jerk the pillow from under the head of dying persons to hasten their departure. In Holland, when a child is departing life, persons shade it by the hands from the parent's gaze—the soul being supposed to linger in the body as long as a compassionate eye is fixed upon it. The custom of placing a feather near the lips, to ascertain whether the breath has left the body, is as old as our race. Shakespeare represents Prince Henry as having been deceived when he carried off the crown from his father's pillow:—

"By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not;
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perchance must move."

A GIRL OF THE AGE.—A New York paper thus describes a specimen of this genus in that city: "She went to the theatre and two parties in one evening, carried on three flirtations at each, and the next day refused three offers of marriage, accepted two and broke off three previous engagements, read four new novels, wrote two love letters and one hundred notes of invitation, practiced her music lesson, made herself a new waterfall, ate breakfast, lunch and dinner enough for two milkmen, took a walk on Fifth avenue, bought two pounds of French candy and ate it, rode to the skating rink with one of her *beaux* and walked home with the other."

The New York dailies have a circulation about as follows: The *Times*, fifty thousand; the *Tribune*, thirty-five thousand; the *Herald*, sixty thousand; and the *Sun*, Dana's paper, about sixty-five thousand.

THE WEST.

Miners are scarce at Austin, Nevada.

Dead Indians cost $50,000 each in Arizona.

Judge Bowers orated at Boise City, July 4th.

George Pauncefort is reading in Boise City.

The steam man is performing in Leavenworth.

Small pox is rapidly dying out at Virginia, Nevada.

Sitka, Alaska, has a weekly newspaper—the *Times.*

E. Creighton, of Omaha, returns $38,000 income.

Colorado is complaining of multitudinous grasshoppers.

Tom Dorris, formerly of Boise Basin, is Texas-bound.

Christiana Fisher suicided in Denver a few days since.

Water at Treasure City, White Pine, sells at six cents a gallon.

The railroad fare from Omaha to San Francisco is $138.50.

San Francisco's largest income is Claus Spreckle's, $113,833.

Many Oregonians are said to be returning to the Atlantic States.

Only twenty-two persons in Oregon pay income on over $10,000.

Denver hotel waiters are like time and tide—they wait on no man.

Half ounce diggings have been found on Boise river, above Nun creek.

The crops in the vicinity of Walla Walla are suffering for want of rain.

Professor Hayden's party has begun the geological survey of Colorado.

The White Pine *News* says there are 1,463 miners at work on Treasure Hill.

George Francis Train delivered the 4th of July oration in Portland, Oregon.

The Cheyenne *Star* has sunk. It will rise again at the Sweetwater mines.

The bridge across the Missouri river at Kansas City was completed July 3d.

Omaha had a big flood lately. Don't we Omahogish about it? We need some.

W. W. Black horsewhipped John Wade, a lawyer of San Francisco, June 20th.

The assessed valuation of the property of Hamilton, of White Pine, is $1,250,000.

Seven families left Grand Ronde Valley, June 9th, for Montana homes. Well-come.

The name of Deseret Station, on the Union Pacific Railroad, has been changed to Uinta.

Colonel Otis commands the "District of the Lakes"—headquarters Camp Harney, Oregon.

Thomas Sheldon stole $2,600 from Mr. Stephenson, of Boise, recently, and is in durance vile.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says "Daisy Dean," the Montana nightingale, has arrived at White Pine.

Maggie Glynn, *alias* Lizzie Hayes, a Virginia, Nevada, cyprian, was found dead in a saloon, June 20th.

The election returns in Washington Territory show the election of Garfield (Republican,) for delegate.

George P. Sanford was shot and dangerously wounded by roughs at Contra Costa, California, June 19th.

Five years ago no white man lived within six miles of Ottawa, Kansas. Now the place has 3,000 inhabitants.

It was expected there would be 1,000 California born boys in the Fourth of July procession in San Francisco.

The nutmeg tree is indigenous to California. Nutmegs were gathered and sold in Placer county many years ago.

James Irwing has sued Horace Morrison in San Francisco for $10,000 damages for being called a swindler and thief.

Langrishe is running the Howson Opera Troupe in Colorado. It is a California institution, and highly recommended.

Ben Wade, Roscoe Conkling, General Boynton and other distinguished visitors, were in San Francisco, June 25th.

"Dad Hulvey," well known in Deer Lodge, has been to Chili and turned up at White Pine. He'll find it chill-y enough there.

There are now more than 1,000,000 persons on the Pacific Slope. San Francisco, not twenty-five years old, has 150,000 inhabitants.

A. McAllister, convicted of killing John Grimes, was sentenced at Sacramento, to twenty-one years' imprisonment in the State prison.

L. L. Wood stoned his wife to death at Sierra county, California, June 16th. Flesh and blood could not resist wood and stone and brutality.

Andrew Morrison, 60 years of age, died suddenly at Calveras, California, June 20th. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that he died from an overdose of Ayers "Cherry Pectoral."

The Democrats carried the entire ticket in Washington Territory at the recent election, by about 350 average majority. The delegate elect is Marshall F. Moore. So says the *Statesman*, but it is doubtful.

The design of the Wyoming seal is an elk's head, a shield, with a train of cars and agricultural implements, while the words "Let us have Peace," are artistically arranged. The seal is nearly three inches broad.

The White Pine *Inland Empire* of June 26th, says: "The well known sentiment of this city, H. M. Cutts, more generally known as "Monte," died of smallpox Thursday evening." Good bye, "Monte," you are knocked off at last. Death has uttered "Cons," for you had no [illegible] going, being."

A New Battery,

[From the White Pine Inland Empire.]

We have before us a cut of Wilson's Patent Steam Stamp Mill, a Philadelphia invention, which promises to revolutionize quartz mills. This battery consists of only two stamps of five hundred pounds weight each, and is constructed very much in the usual way, except that the power is not applied upon a cam shaft but direct upon the stamps. Above each stamp is a steam cylinder, and the stem of the stamp is in fact but a piston to an engine. The result will be apparent to every mechanic. The stamps work precisely like steam trip hammers, and strike each blow of a ton's weight, at the rate of two hundred strokes per minute, or more than twice the number of our swiftest mills. The manufacturers warrant this mill to crush a ton per hour of the hardest quartz to an impalpable powder. And this is dry crushing. The whole mill costs two thousand five hundred dollars in currency in Philadelphia, and weighs (with shoes and dies sufficient to run a year) only five thousand pounds. It takes but two cords of wood per day to run it. It occupies but little space, it requires but little lumber to set it up, and it is equal in capacity to thirty ordinary stamps. The advantage is at once apparent. First—a great saving is made in the original cost; second—in freight; third—in construction; and lastly, in repairs. Again, this mill has its own engines, and only needs a boiler to put it in motion. The result is that only a small engine is required in addition, with which is to run pans and settlers. So much for its advantages. The objections which the mill presents, at first sight, are, first—that the mill will not discharge pulp as fast as it crushes it; second—that the tremendous work performed by the battery will swiftly wear out, or shake to pieces the machinery. On these points, Mr. P. W. Murray, a practical machinist, an old resident of Austin, and a man generally well known in Lander county, informs us, that after a thorough trial of nine months of one of these machines in the copper mines of Michigan, none of these forebodings were realised, and indeed, the builders will give bonds (good and sufficient) that none of these objections need occur. Mr. Murray has the right to sell this mill on this coast. He has already organized one company in Austin and sent for a mill. He would like to send for another for White Pine. We commend this matter to miners and mill-owners. It seems to us it is just the thing here, where freights and lumber are both so costly.

The North Pacific Railroad Company.

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In the Pittsburg *Post*, we find a detailed account of the designs of the newly proposed organization of the North Pacific Railroad Company. They have formed an expedition, consisting of a party gentlemen who are going over the route for the purpose of judging of its merits as a feasible line for a railroad extending from the head of Lake Superior to Seattle, on Puget Sound, with a branch to Portland, on the Columbia River. The members of the expedition, whose names are given, are W. Milner Roberts, of Pittsburg; Thomas H. Canfield, of Burlington, Vermont, Managing Director of the Northern Pacific Railroad; Edwin F. Johnson, their chief Engineer; Samuel Wilkinson, Esq., of New Jersey, well known to the editorial world; Rev. R. B. Claxton, of Philadelphia; and W. E. C. Moorhead, Esq., of Philadelphia.

Other persons, whose names are not announced will be added to the party. The arrangement is to leave Omaha, Monday, June 14th, and San Francisco, June 21st, to go up the coast to Columbia River in a steamer.

The article from which we gather these facts gives the statements of Edwin F. Johnson in regard to the route, distances, climate, and feasibility of the enterprise, with which our readers are familiar, and adds:

"The object of the capitalists in sending the present expedition, as we understand it, is to have the examination and opinion of disinterested persons, qualified to judge respecting all these important points, before committing themselves fully to the endorsement of the great scheme. If the route proves as favorable as it has been reported to be, Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co., and others, will, it is presumed, proceed at once to put the work in motion. It is deemed to be a work of National importance, and we learn that Lieutenant General Sherman has ordered a special military escort for the party."

These statements are semi-official, as they appear to be derived from Mr. Roberts, of Pittsburg, one of the members of the expedition.

THE CAPITOL DOME.—The dome of the Capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is a hundred and eight feet higher than the Washington Monument at Baltimore, sixty-eight feet higher than that of Bunker Hill, and twenty-three feet higher than the Trinity Church tower, New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is a vast hollow sphere of iron, weighing 8,000,000 pounds. How much is that? More than four thousand tons, or about the weight of seventy thousand full-grown people; or about equal to a thousand Indian coal cars, which, holding four tons apiece, would reach two miles and a half. Directly over your head is a figure in bronze, "America," weighing 14,[illegible] pounds. The pressure of the iron dome upon its piers and pillars is 18,477 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter's presses nearly 20,000 pounds more to the square foot, and St. Genevieve, at Paris, 66,000 pounds more. It would require to crush the supports of our dome a pressure of 705,200 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about $[illegible]. The new wings cost about $[illegible]. The architect has a plan for altering the old central part of the Capitol, and enlarging the Park, which will cost about $[illegible].