

NEW NORTH-WEST.

DEER LODGE CITY, FRIDAY, JULY 28.

THE SHADOWS BEFORE.

Appropos of the unsettled condition of affairs in France, we have the following from the nervous, magnetic pen of George Wilkes, in the Spirit:

"Napoleonism has fixed bayonets! The Empire is no longer Peace! The Emperor has taken to military speech-making. For the last few years he has had solid comfort in talking to weavers, vintners, and the husbandman. The first Bonaparte carried the colors of France into nearly every European capital, and called it Glory! This one has carried the machinery and wares of every capital into Paris, and called it Exposition. This was his victory, and he was fond of talking about it. Austerlitz comes down to pianos and spinning-jennies, and the much coveted cross of honor to fiddlers and painters, and artificers in metal. This might suit England, or America, or quiet, stolid Holland. It does not suit France. Napoleonism is a fearful inheritance, and it requires Austerlitz, and Marengo, and Tena to make it tolerable. To take a mighty nation and make it dress ranks, to mould a people into a thunderbolt and hurl it at all Europe; to take a generation of men and youths and batter down kingdoms and principalities, and moss-covered institutions of church and state; to make France invincible, and give her the pleasure of trailing her tri-color over Germany and Spain and Holland and Russia—all this a people like the French will gladly permit a man like Napoleon to do. This the First Napoleon did, and France worshipped him! This the Third Napoleon has been promising to do, and France has trusted him. "Be Napoleon," said France, "and take me. Yes, even with the bloody hands of the Lamarders, and coup d'etat, with perjury and deceit and assassination—only be Napoleon, and I am content."

Twenty-one years have passed and France has waited, and no sun of Austerlitz has risen over the horizon. And yet this Bonaparte has not been without many strivings after Napoleonism. He has had a large army. He has sedulously fostered the military spirit. He has planned "enterprises." He has sought to be the arbiter of nations. If he has not given France Napoleonism, it has not been from a want of effort. He fought Russia, and tried to "solve" the Eastern Question; but the Eastern Question looks more loweringly than ever, and the Czar seems about to put his frosty hands upon the bright gem of Stamboul. He fought Austria, and thus "settled" the Italian Question! Yet all Italy is in alliance with his foes, and the King upon whose brows he placed a crown may take the field against him at any time. He "decided" the Roman question, and it is more undecided than ever, and the poor Pope not much more content with him than the Seventh Pius was with the First Napoleon when in prison at Fontainebleau. He had "conquered" China into civilization, and China to-day comes to his palace an equal in sovereignty, and demanding fraternity and justice. He has enormous schemes about the Latin race on this continent, and sent a young Austrian Prince to be the Mexican sultan of the house of Bonaparte—the champion of the Latin nationality in America. His poor Prince was shot like a felon, and his armies blotted out of Mexico as rapidly as village marauders in fear of the constable. Twenty-one years of Napoleonism and no glory, no vengeance, no renown, for the Grand Nation! To be sure, France has Algiers, but Algiers was won by Lamoriciere, and Lamoriciere has long been an exiled follower of the house of Bourbon. Only this—and yet a Bonaparte is on the throne, and Waterloo unavenged; and just over the border the grim English lion still crouches on the plateau of Mont St. Jean as a monumental memory and warning!

We cannot wonder that France should be in a ferment; that troops should again counter-march in Paris; that the "heroes" of the Boulevards of 1851 should once more be in line. The Emperor has fixed bayonets, and instead of peace and grave declarations on the subject of beet-sugar and Lyons weaving, we have him at Chalons, admonishing his soldiers to preserve the remembrance of the battles fought by their fathers and themselves; for their battles are "the history of the progress of civilization." "You will thus maintain," he says, "the military spirit, which is the triumph of noble over vulgar passions." In other words, Napoleon appeals to the bayonet against the pen of Hugo and the press of Rochefort! He promises reform; he speaks of liberal institutions; he intimates he may withdraw his troops from Rome; he will do anything to save his crown peaceably; but if the worst comes, he has this camp at Chalons!

But even France can weary of this sham Napoleon. France has overthrown a greater dynasty than that of Bonaparte. She did it in spite of armed and united Europe. The present Emperor should remember that lesson, and look anxiously at these gathering and deepening shadows.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—The Hon. George M. Robeson, the new Secretary of the Navy, in place of the Hon. A. H. Borie, resigned, is a son of Judge William P. Robeson, of Warren county, N. J., who was a leading Whig, long and prominently connected with the politics of the State. Mr. Robeson entered Princeton College in 1844, and on graduating in 1847, entered the law office of Chief Justice Hornblower, in Newark. On concluding his studies in 1850, he was associated with the Hon. A. M. C. Pennington. Subsequently removing to Camden, he was appointed Prosecutor of the Pleas for that county in 1859. On the election of Mr. Frelinghuysen as Senator in 1867, Mr. Robeson was appointed, by Governor Ward, Attorney General, which position he resigned for his new duties. He is about 45 years of age, and justly holds high rank in his profession. Mr. Robeson is a strong and devoted Republican.

The Indians are committing and depredations in the vicinity of the South Pass mines.

A BOY AGAIN.

A company of gentlemen in Reno were, not long since, whiling an evening away by singing songs and relating anecdotes, when one asked for the song of "Would I were a boy again;" at which "Old Fiste," (John E. Lovejoy) who was present, broke out as follows: "A boy again! Who would be a boy again if he could? To have the messes, rumps and itch, to get licked by bigger boys and scolded by older brothers, to stub your toes, to have the bellyache from swallowing cherry stones, to get lousy helping Irish Mike do his sums, to have chapped hands and frozen toes, to slip on the ice, to do chores, to get your ears boxed, to get spanked with a slipper, to get whaled by a thick-headed school master, to be made to stand up as the "dunce" for the amusement of the school, to have visitors come to the school and tell you how miserably weak and stupid you were when you were born, and to ask you what would have become of you at that interesting time in your life if your parents had not been so patient with and kind to you (of course it was all one's fault that he was born and his parents were in no way concerned or interested in the matter); to eat at the second table when company comes, to set out cabbage plants because you are little and consequently it won't make your back ache much, to be made to go to school when you don't want to, to get spelled down in school, to lose your marbles, to have your sled broken, to get hit in the eye with frozen apples and soggy snow balls, to cut your finger, to lose your knife, to have a hole in the rear of your only pair of pants when your pretty cousin from the city comes to see you, to be called a coward if you won't fight at school, to be whaled at home if you do fight at school, to be stuck after a little girl and dare not tell her, to have a boy too big for you to lick tell you your sweetheart squints, to have your sweetheart cut dead, affiliate with that boy John Smith whom you hate particularly because he set your nose up the week before, to be made to go to bed when you know you ain't a bit sleepy, to have no fire crackers on the Fourth of July, no skates on Christmas, to want a piece of bread and butter with honey and get your ears pulled, to be kept from the circus when it comes to town and when all the other boys go, to get pounded for stealing roasting-eats, to get run by bull dogs for trying to nip watermelons, to have the canker rash, catclash and stone bruises, to be called up to kiss all the old women that visit your mother, to be scolded because you like Maggie Love better than your own dear sister, to be told of what a scorching time little boys will have who tell lies and are not like George Washington, to catch your big brother kissing the pretty school ma'am on the sly and to wish you were big to kiss too, and—and—why d-n being a boy again."—Crescent.

One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred and ten years ago, there was scarcely a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, or Illinois. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America, was as little known as the country around the moon. It was not until 1767 that Doane left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler of Kentucky. The first twenty years after this time, a hundred years ago, France owned Canada, and the white population did not exceed a million and a half people. A hundred years ago, the great Frederic of Prussia was performing those great exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria and France, the three great powers of Europe combined. A hundred years ago Napoleon was not born, and Washington was a modest Virginia colonel, and the great events in the history of the two worlds, in which these great but dissimilar men took leading parts were then scarcely foreshadowed. A hundred years ago, the United States were the most loyal of the British empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which within a score of years thereafter established the great Republic of the world. A hundred years ago, there were but four newspapers in America. Steam engines had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conception of man. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that to the century passed has been allotted more important events in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than to almost any other which has elapsed since the creation.

AROUND THE WORLD BY STEAM, IN EIGHTY DAYS.—Now that the Pacific Railroad has been completed, few of our readers are probably aware that a journey around the world can be made in eighty days, which estimate, allows for ordinary delays incident to travelling. Moreover, the entire distance can be traversed by steam either on land or water, save about one hundred miles in India, between Allahabad and Bombay, over which a railroad is now constructing. The particulars of this marvellous trip—for it is even more than marvellous—we condense into tabular form for convenience, as follows:

Table with columns for route, distance, and time. Includes entries for New York to San Francisco (21 days), San Francisco to Yokohama (21 days), Yokohama to Hongkong (21 days), Hongkong to Calcutta (21 days), Calcutta to Bombay (21 days), Bombay to Cairo (21 days), Cairo to Paris (21 days), Paris to New York (21 days).

AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES.—Statistics show that the territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific, which in 1850 produced but 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, in 1858 yielded 65,000,000. Ten years ago that region yielded but one-seventh of the total product of the country; now it yields one-third of the aggregate. In twenty years, California and the States on the immediate eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains will furnish the great bulk of the cereals for a population of nearly 65,000,000 within our own territory; to say nothing of the millions which will then be dwelling in the islands of the Pacific, on the eastern borders of Asia, and in Europe, who will look to us for more or less of their breadstuffs.

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