THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

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POETRY.

Heirship.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

Little store of wealth have I;
Not a rood of land I own;
Nor a mansion fair and high
Built with towers of fretted stone.
Stocks, nor bonds, nor title deeds,
Flocks nor herds have I to show;
When I ride, no Arab steeds
Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,
Massive plate, nor jewels rare;
Broidered silks of worth untold,
Nor rich robes a queen might wear.
In my garden's narrow bound
Flaunt no costly trophic blooms,
Ladening all the air around
With a weight of rare perfumes.

Yet to an immense estate
Am I heir, by grace of God—
Richer, grander than doth wait
Any earthly monarch's sod.
Heir of all the Ages, I—
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way;
All their labors, all their prayers
Sanctify this present day!
Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears—
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that Time
To Earth's fainting sons hath given!
Aspirations pure and high—
Strength to dare and to endure—
Heir of all the Ages, I—
Lo! I am no longer poor!

—*From Appleton's Journal.*

Garibaldi.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

In trance and dream of old, God's prophet saw
The casting down of thrones. Thou, watching lone
The hot Sardinian coast-line, hazy-hilled,
Where, fringing round Caprera's rocky zone
With foam, the slow waves gather and withdraw,
Beheld'st the vision of the seer fulfilled,
And hear'st the sea winds burdened with a sound
Of falling chains, as one by one unbound,
The nations lift their right hands up and swear
Their oath of freedom. From the chalk-white wall
Of England, from the black Carpathian range,
Along the Danube and the Theiss, through all
The passes of the Spanish Pyrenees,
And from the Seine's thronged banks, a murmur strange
And glad floats to thee o'er thy summer seas,
On the salt wind that stirs thy whitening hair,—
The song of freedom's bloodless victories!
Rejoice, Oh Garibaldi! Though thy sword
Failed at Rome's gates, and blood seemed vainly poured
Where, in Christ's name, the crowned infidel
Of France wrought murder with the arms of hell
On that sad mountain slope whose ghostly dead,
Unmindful of the gay exorcist's ban,
Walk, unappeased, the chambered Vatican,
And draw the curtains of Napoleon's bed!
God's prophecy is not blind, but, full of eyes,
It searches all the refuges of lies!
And in His time and way, the accursed things
Before whose evil feet thy battle gage
Has clashed defiance from hot youth to age,
Shall perish. All men shall be priests and kings—
One royal brotherhood, one church made free
By love, which is the law of liberty!

Grizzly.

Coward—of heroic size,
In whose lazy muscles lies
Strength we fear and yet despise;
Savage—whose relentless tusks
Are content with acorn husks;
Robber—whose exploits ne'er soared
O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard;
Whiskered chin and feeble nose,
Claws of steel on baby toes—
Here, in solitude and shade,
Shambling, shuffling, plantigrade—
Be thy courses undismayed!

Here, where Nature makes thy bed,
Let thy rude, half-human tread
Point to hidden, Indian springs,
Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,
Hovered o'er by timid wings,
Where the wood duck lightly passes;
Where the wild bee holds her sweets—
Epicurean retreats,
Fit for thee, and better than
Fearful spoils of dangerous man.

In thy fat-jowled deviltry
Friar Tuck shall live in thee;
Thou may'st levy tithe and dole;
Thou shalt spread the woodland cheer,
From the pilgrim taking toll;
Match thy cunning with his fear;
Eat and drink and have thy fill,
Yet remain an outlaw still!

—*Overland Monthly.*

A Brutus in Humble Life.

The *Evening Post* says: "Albert G. Drecker is the watchman of the Passaic river drawbridge, on the New York and Newak railroad, whose business it is to see that the bridge is always properly closed on the approach of the trains. On Friday afternoon last, just before a passenger train was to pass the bridge, the draw was open and Mr. Drecker began to close it. The train was not yet in sight at this moment, but the watchman knew that it was coming and no time should be lost in putting the bridge in proper position. While engaged in closing the draw, a little son of Mr. Drecker, ten years old, fell from the bridge into the deep water below. To save the child's life would be an easy matter, but Mr. Drecker now saw the train thundering along the track, and knew the rescue of his boy would involve the destruction of the train. What was he to do? We may well suppose it was a moment of supreme agony. His child was drawning before his eyes, and its life could only be purchased at the loss of many other lives that were in his hands. God mercifully spare us from such a trial as was forced upon Drecker! He stood by his duty, the bridge was closed, the train passed safely over it—but the boy was drowned. Little did any passenger in that train dream at what a struggle between a sense of duty and the natural promptings of the human heart the safe passage of the bridge had been secured. Such is the story of Albert G. Drecker. Historians and poets have told us

"How well Horatio kept the bridge
In the brave days of old,"

but the Jersey railroad servant 'kept the bridge' at a costlier sacrifice than the Roman captain.

The Grain We Raise.

At the International Statistical Congress, recently in session at Hague, Holland, Mr. Samuel B. Ruggles, Delegate from the United States, presented the following in his Report:

I. CEREAL PRODUCT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The information officially collected and reported to the 'Department of Agriculture' of the United States shows the product of cereals for the years 1850, 1860, 1867 and 1868 to have been, in 'Winchester bushels,' as follows:

	1850	1860	1867	1868
Wheat	100,485,944	173,104,924	212,441,400	221,028,000
Rye	14,188,818	21,101,390	23,184,000	22,504,000
Barley	5,167,015	13,226,898	25,727,000	22,696,100
Oats	146,584,179	172,643,185	278,786,000	254,992,000
Buckwheat	8,956,912	17,571,218	21,750,000	19,087,700
Corn	592,071,104	838,792,744	678,380,000	906,527,000
Total 1850	867,393,967	1860	1,297,629,259	
1867	1,329,729,400	1868	1,450,786,000	

The decrease in Indian corn, or maize, shown by the table from 1860 to 1867 was caused by the four years of war, from 1861 to 1865, seriously disturbing the agricultural operations in several of the States most largely producing Indian corn.

The money value of the 1,329,729,400 bushels of cereals produced in 1867, is officially stated by the Department of Agriculture at $1,284,037,000.

The increase of production in the nineteen years from 1850 to 1868 (both inclusive), from 867,393,967 bushels to 1,450,786,000 bushels, is 582,392,033 bushels, or 67 per cent.

If that rate of increase shall be maintained for the next nineteen years, the yearly product in the year 1888 will reach 2,422,813,620 bushels. The large immigration into the United States, of European farmers seeking cheap and fertile land, may expedite that result. On the other hand, it is not so impossible that the people of the United States may ere long follow the example of the people of Great Britain and of France, and divert a larger portion of their industry than at present from agriculture to manufacturing, mining, or other pursuits. It is indeed desirable that the surplus cereal product of the United States should keep pace as nearly as may be with any deficiency of supply in Europe.

Before the recent acquisition of Alaska, the territory of the United States was wholly within the temperate zone, and contained 1,879,146,120 acres, at least three-fourths of which is susceptible of agricultural cultivation or use. The present population, thinly sprinkled over our continental area, has hardly begun to use it for agriculture, still less cultivate it with care. The acres in cereals in the years 1867 and 1868, as reported by the Department of Agriculture, are as follows:

	1867	1868
In wheat, acres	18,327,561	18,405,759
Rye, "	1,692,375	1,651,881
Barley, "	1,131,217	977,498
Oats, "	10,746,416	9,695,796
Buckwheat, "	1,097,669	1,142,600
Indian corn "	32,521,289	34,369,100
Total,	65,796,541	66,769,436

The area now in cereals, if occasion shall require, may be readily enlarged ten fold.

We raised in 1868 an average of 36 bushels to each of the population, the nearest approach to that by any European power being Denmark, which raised 33 1/6 bushels. All Europe, in 1860, raised 4,773,664,775 bushels of cereals; the United States alone, in 1868, raised 1,456,786,000 bushels.

PSEUDONYMS.

THE IDENTITY OF POPULAR WRITERS REVEALED.

Mr. Dole in his "Catalogue of the Skowhegan Library," gives the following list of pseudonyms of native and foreign authors, and names changed by marriage:

AMERICAN PSEUDONYMS.

PSEUDONYMS.	REAL NAMES.
Bill Arp	Charles H Smith.
Samuel A Bard	Ephriam G Squier.
Walter Barrett	Joseph A Scoville.
Benanly	Benjamin Austin and Lyman Abbott, jointly.
Carl Benson	Charles Astor Bristed.
Cadwal A Bigly [Can tell a bi-ble]	George W Peck.
Josh Billings	Henry W Shaw.
Dunn Browne	Rev Samuel Fiske.
Paul Creighton	J T Trowbridge.
Shirley Dare	Miss Susan Dunning.
Q K Philander Doesticks	Mortimer Thompson.
Fat Contributor	A M Griswold.
Major Jack Downing	Seba Smith.
Fleeta	Kate W Hamilton.
Frank Forrester	H W Herbert.
Mrs Gilman	Mr Ballou.
Howard Glyndon	Miss Laura C Redden.
Harry Gray	R B Coffin.
Grace Greenwood	Mrs Sarah J C Lippincott.
Harry Grimo	Lt Henry A Wise, U S N.
Gail Hamilton	Miss Mary Abigail Dodge.
Marion Harland	Mrs M V Terhune.
Jennie June	Mrs Jennie C Croly.
Orpheus C Kerr, [Office Seeker]	R H Newell.
Edmund Kirke	J R Gilmore.
Sut Lovingood	Captain G Harris.
Helen Mar	Mrs D M F Walker.
Ik Marvel	Donald G Mitchell.
Sophie May	Miss R S Clarke.
Minnie Myrtle	Miss Anna L Johnson.
Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby	D R Locke.
Dr Oldham, of Greystone	Caleb S Henry, L L D.
Oliver Optic	William T Adams.
Miles O'Reilly	Colonel Charles G Halpine
Mrs Partington	B P Shillaber.
Florence Percy	Mrs Akers.
John Phoenix	Capt Geo H Derby, U S A.
Paul Crayon	General D H Strother.
L Pylodet [anagram]	F Leypoldt.
Seeley Regester	Mrs O J Victor.
Jon Saxe	Mr Poxcroft.
So De Kay, [author of "Camp-hickory"]	Charles D Kirk.
Ethan Spike	Matthew F Whittier.
Talvi	Mrs E Robinson [Therese A L Von Jakob]
Timothy Titcomb	Josiah G Holland, M D.
Trivia [anagram]	Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Mark Twain	Samuel L Clemens
A Veteran Observer	E D Mansfield.
Artemus Ward	Charles F Browne.
Blythe White, Junior	Solon Robinson.

FOREIGN PSEUDONYMS.

A. L. O. E., a Lady of England.	Miss Charlotte Tucker.
Cuthbert Bede	Rev Edward Bradley.
E Berger	Miss Elizabeth Sheppard.
Bon Gaultier	Prof W E Aytoun and T Martin.
Country Parson, "A K H B"	Rev A K H Boyd.
George Eliot	Mrs Marian J [Evans] Lewes.
Holme Lee	Mrs Harriet Parr.
Mrs Markham	Mrs Elizabeth Penrose.
Owen Meredith	Hon Edward R B Lytton.
Louise Muhlbach	Mme Clara Mundt.
Nimrod	Charles J Apperley.
Old Humphrey	George Mogridge.
George Sand	Amantine Lucile Aurore [Dupin Dudevant].
Jacques Strop	George S Phillips.
Arthur Sketchley	George Rose.
Samuel Slick	Judge Thos C Haliburton
Stonehenge	John H Walsh.
Zadkiel	Lieut Richard J Morrison.

NAMES CHANGED BY MARRIAGE.

Charlotte Bronte	Mrs Nicholls.
Augusta J Evans	Mrs Wilson.
Marian J. Evans	Mrs G H Lewes.
Caroline Fry	Mrs Newton.
Dinah Mulock	Mrs Craik.
Harriet J Prescott	Mrs S O Spofford.

NOR' WESTERS.

—Indian alphabet—T. P.

—A cold "snap" closes itself.

—Blue paper collars are the *ton*.

—A miss-spent life—an old maid's.

—Our securities abroad—iron-clads.

—Chicago contains 35 square miles.

—A big blast—Sunday night's Chinook.

—Velveteen will be the rage this winter.

—Unbleached domestics—negro servants.

—10,000 Jews cut diamonds in Amsterdam.

—Five noblemen own one-fourth of Scotland.

—Ex-Gov. Hahn, of Louisiana, is editing again.

—Dying embers—Nov-ember and December.

—The King of Sweden is threatened with insanity.

—Deep velvet collars are prescribed for dress coats.

—Queue-ricalities of literature—the tails of the Chinese.

—France sends no delegates to the Ecumenical Council.

—The United States lost $16,428,000 by fire during August.

—They run sewing machines by water power up in Maine.

—Mark Twain's lecture is on the "Curosities of California."

—The Prince of Wales has become a Past Grand Master of Masons.

—The French War Minister is said to be the biggest man in the army.

—Madame Celeste, in 1830, was a "star." She still plays young lady parts.

—A Japanese step-mother got up a family broil by roasting her step-children.

—Mrs. Stowe is said to be composing a continuation of the Byron romance.

—The abolition of the Grand Jury system in Michigan is said to work well.

—The Thumbs go to Japan shortly, which is, in fact, the only way they could go anywhere.

Henry Ward Beecher, after next January, is to be the editor of the New York *Church Union*.

—St. Louis merchants claim the September business was the greatest ever known in the city.

—It is estimated that an equivalent of twelve tons of hay can be produced on one acre in roots.

—Anna Dickinson and Fred. Douglas will draw Boston audiences this winter—plain and colored.

—E. M. Chamberlin, the workingmen's candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, is 30 years old.

—Governor Walker, who is thirty-seven years of age, is the youngest Governor Virginia ever had.

—"Have you ever been baptized, Michael?" "No sir, not as I knows on, but I've been waxinated."

—Five belles of Louisville are paralyzed by too much cosmetics. "To this complexion has it come at last."

—Six million baskets of tomatoes have been used for canning this fall in Philadelphia and New Jersey factories.

—One of the leading aristocratic journals of England proposes to rid the country of criminal lunatics by killing them.

—"A'n't it wicked to rob this hen roost, Jim?" "Ah, Bob, that's a great moral question. Hand down t'other pullet."

"Love," in the Indian language is "Schimlendamowitchewagin." It must be quite an undertaking to tell a squaw that you love her.

—John Morrissy has been to hear Beecher preach, and says he never saw a man "get the devil's head in chancery so quick in all his life."

—Astronomers predict an extraordinary celestial conflagration in 1870. Staticians predict an extraordinary Celestial *immigra*-some time that year.

—A Paris letter states that Louis Napoleon has fixed upon March 16, 1870, as the time of his abdication. The Prince Imperial will be fifteen years old then.

—Miss Middy Morgan is the cattle market reporter of the New York *Times*. She is an Irish lady of 30, a splendid horsewoman, and a friend of Charlotte Cushman.

—The peach stones thrown aside by the armies at Petersburg, Virginia, are said to have produced a grove forty-five miles in extent, and are now loaded with fruit.

—Mark M. Pomeroy, the editor of the *Democrat*, is lying very low at his residence in New York from congestion of the lungs, aggravated by billious intermittant fever.

—Mr. James O'Connell, of Killarney, only surviving brother of the Liberator, is to be created a Baronet. He is eighty years of age, and has been all his life an active politician.

—A reduction of 150,000,000 bushels of corn is expected in the crops this year. There will probably be a yield of 2,750,000 bales of cotton. The wheat crop will be larger this year than last.

—Upon the reading of the Declaration of Independence at Ypsilanti, Michigan, by a citizen of the place, a gentleman from the rural districts made this comment: "O, he reads it well enough; but darned if I believe he wrote it."

—The Government property at Harper's Ferry and vicinity, Virginia, is to be sold on November 30. It includes the musket and rifle factory, the Shenandoah ferry, houses and lots in town, lands, water power, the right to dig ore, etc.

—Biddy Coz, who, for many years, sold tripe in the market, corner Third and Green streets, St. Louis, died Oct. 8d, at an advanced age. On searching her premises, $300 in gold and $4,000 in greenbacks were found concealed in her cellar.

—They have a new kind of wedding in Iowa, called "housepatry wedding." When Matoondal eloped with a girl and much misery her, they pulled his head off a mowing machine and left him to "chew down," or the top of this hotel makes a soup-bowl. He generally comes.

A TRIP TO BIG HOLE PRAIRIE.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE BIG HOLE RIVER

Is much larger here than below, at the mouth of Divide Creek, has a lagoon-like character, being in long, still reaches from 60 to 100 yards wide, with a gentle current except on the intervening riffles—gravel bottom everywhere, and banks low and grassy. Its waters are alive with ducks of various kinds, geese, brant, cranes and fish. Shade of Ike Walton, what fish!—long's yer arm, big's yer leg—playful chaps—tails in the air half the time! We went for them; tried to play fool-hen on 'em for bait—they could'nt see it; tried grouse—no go; tried antelope meat—turned up their noses in disgust. They wanted grasshoppers in their's—none in the valley. There are three kinds of fish here; yes, four—trout, white fish, suckers and——fish that arn't "suckers" enough to bite!

THE ANTELOPE

Were quite plenty. They were rarely out out of our sight. The largest band contained 31; but, as usual, they were very difficult of approach, staying on level plains where they could see a long distance. I had made up my mind long ago that an old buck antelope knew more than an Indian or a nigger, and this trip convinced me that an uneducated white man stood no show with them. As we progressed up the valley I made an attempt or two to crawl within gunshot of them, but they wouldn't stand it. A few were in among the willows, Maillet took the Henry and started with blood in his eye; crawled till he wore all the buttons off his clothes, and until Oliver and I thought he had passed them and crawled into the river and drowned himself. At last a shot rung out on the mid-day air, and the patriarch of the band went hobbling off with a broken thigh. We watched him awhile, thinking he would lie down. He declined doing so, and took to the plain across the river. We mounted our horses and, pistols in hand, gave chase. My cayuse, however, only being a quarter-nag, stopped at the end of that distance, and while I was arguing the point with her, Maillet overtook and dispatched him. He was quite fat, but didn't eat well, for he had a musky flavor about him that was much stronger than our appetites. In this chase I deposited my thermometer in the sage brush to see how cold it would get during the winter.

THE VALLEY

Is vast, huge, big, three times the size of Deer Lodge—75 to 80 miles long, 25 to 35 wide—is fully its equal for grazing purposes except during the winters, which are said to be very bad, with deep snow and awful cold. I think, however, from certain indications noticed that the central portion of the valley has much less snow than above or below, probably not exceeding a foot in depth in ordinary winters. It is certain that the antelope winter here, which they could not do if the snow was uniformly three and four feet deep in the valey, as has been represented to me. Hay could be cut here by millions of tons, and I see no good reason why the valley should not support 100,000 head of cattle, yet strange to say *there is not a house in all this vast valley, and there never has been*, so little are our great resources known.

THE BEAVER DAMS

Are something wonderful to behold; in fact, this was evidently beaver heaven once. But Tolman and the Indians went through them; there are but few left, although thousands of dams attest their former power and greatness, and their disestat on of the parties aforesaid. The valey is noted as being the home of the moose, but none of them were at home when we were there. Mountain buffalo or bison were once plenty—now very scarce—cause: Tolman, Finley, and "ye aborigines;" effect: profanity by amateur hunters. More hawks by day and owls by night here than any other place I ever saw; eagles tolerably numerous also, all of which is doubtless owing to the great number of water fowl and prairie chickens found here.

A LOVELY CAMP

Was ours the second night we were in the valley—in the edge of a beautiful grove at the sink of a little creek that came down from the eastern mountains. Dry wood was abundant, grass waist high and only second to sheaf oats. Storm impending; built a blanket house and staid two nights and one day, while it rained at intervals, threatening storms most dire, but fortunately for us doing but little at it. The weather diabolical—snow squalls with vicient west winds; but we started up the valley.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF BIG HOLE PRAIRIE.

These springs are on a small creek that comes in from the east a little below where the wagon road to Bannack leaves the valley. They rise in a level bottom through a bed of gravel and do not form any basin or pool, but flow directly off, forming a stream of over 100 inches, the steam from which was visible a long distance. They do not deposit tufa or any other substance so far as observed, but being in an exposed situation and the day very windy, with snow squalls, we did not examine it very thoroughly. The water is clear and tastes pure, but gives forth a slight smell which, however, cannot be distinguished at a little distance. Having lost my bulb of a thermometer, I could not ascertain their temperature, but they felt about as hot as those in Deer Lodge. The view from these springs looking south and south-west, baffles description. It embraces the wide expanse of the valley, looking like a vast field of yellow grain through which flow many silver threads of crystal. While beyond rises the main chain of the Rocky mountains, skirting the waters of the "Hole" from "Gibbons" to "Jackson's Silver Thaw." These peaks, which averaged and jagged beyond belief, rise to a prodigious height, and are the highest mountains I have yet seen in this country. The whole forms a picture that must be seen to be appreciated. It knocks the Alps, Rhine nowhere. Oh that I were Bierstadt or some other talented cuss, I'd go through against that view or capture it.

A FIELD OF PETRIFACTIONS,

Of unknown extent, lies just across the creek south of the hot springs. While riding across it in a snow-storm, some pieces of limbs of trees attracted my attention, and dismounting, I found they were turned to stone. A hasty examination among the bunch-grass brought to light many beautiful specimens, showing the growth and grain of the wood, limbs with knots on them, pieces of bark, etc.; and strangest of all, many pieces are of oak and hickory. What changes of soil and climate have taken place since these trees grew? who lived here then and broke his arms and legs climbing after hickory nuts? and "who's been here since he's been gone?" Oh that we could live five or six hundred years! We could get posted in that time, and might figure up things generally; but under existing circumstances 't wont pay. About the time we begin to get tolerably smart, time's up and we go under—all is vanity, bet your life.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Salt all gone, sugar also, tea on its last legs, weather awful. Held a council and reluctantly decided to return without seeing the "Ultima Thule" of Big Hole. Down the valley. Weather pleasant as soon it found we were going back home. On the way my horse and I got down to examine a badger hole; found it deep, but not worth the trouble we went to finding it out. The badgers have undoubtedly struck the softest thing here that they have ever had in modern times. Every part of the valley above high water mark is literally perforated with their holes. They have went through against it—dug till they run out of ground, used it all up, and are now starting in to work it over the second time. It really looks as though the country had been settled once, and that the U. S. of A. had stationed soldiers round about it to keep the badgers out, so peculiarly abundant are they. Killed an antelope to take home with us—doe this time—slight improvement on the buck, but have eat as good meat in the States More rain; put on a rubber poncho and stopped it.

French Gulch again. Citizens glad to see us—freedom of the city—"bug juice," *ad. lib.* Festive place—run horse races through Main street every day—bets as to who could jump his horse over most cows, hogs and dogs, at full speed, without killing 'selves or other animals. An occasional mis-lick does occur, however, judging from the prints of the human form divine that I observed indented in the hard ground of that street.

From French home. Gone two weeks to a day. Tried to weigh—broke scales; rough estimate, half a ton. Had more fun than anybody, and advise everybody that has the blues, dyspepsia, small-pox, or anything else that annoys them, to go and "get some of it in theirn."

G. S.

Deer Lodge, Oct. 12, 1869.

The Chinese Problem.

One of the agencies that are going to give it impetus is the incoming of the Chinese, and it is of this I want to speak. At this state of affairs, when our country is likely to be overrun with them, it calls for thought and action for security against them by the association of capital and *white* labor to use them. And here let me say, your miners must stare fact square in the face, and arouse all their energies, not by brutish or unconstitutional acts, but by putting yourselves in a way to use them. They are coming by the thousands; yes, tens of thousands. There is no staying it. State laws cannot be made strong enough to do it, and national ones will not be enacted to prevent it; all organizations combined can't stay it; nature's laws are inevitable, for it seemingly is manifest destiny. I accept it as such. I have fought it, for I see an evil in it, which only the lifting of ourselves square up in our boots, and declaring that we will turn an impending evil into a universal good, by resolving ourselves masters and they our servants, can avert. Every miner, if he has brains, can use them to a profit in some part of the vast mineral domain. If he has not this requisite, he must abide the wave that is to carry him on or under. He must use them, or counteract this cheap labor by co-operation; for without this action by all, the rich will be richer and the poor poorer. The rich will use them to build up colossal fortunes and power, and for the poorer to fight them without avail, is ruinous to them.

If this great Asiatic wave can be stayed, then I say Amen; but can you do it? The world seemingly has turned upon its axis crosswise. The magnetic currents have changed. With the Caucasian it has been Westward ho! With the Asiatic it is now Eastward. The Orient and the Occident are to mingle.

New York alone wants 100,000. The South asks for 50,000 at once. From the fact that a Commissioner from Arkansas has already been despatched to China for thousands, I would not be surprised to hear any day that every bateau in the harbor of San Francisco that can brave the billows of the ocean, will be chartered for China to fill the demand.

I talk plain—not that I want it, but that I see it in the future, and my interest in behalf of those who labor, calls for candid declarations and timely warning, that you all may understand it, wake up to it, husband your efforts, and prepare to meet it.

BEARDED WOMAN.—A real bearded woman was taken by the Russians at the battle of Pultowa, and presented to Peter I., 1724. Her beard was one and a half yards long. The great Margaret, Governess of the Netherlands, had a long, stiff beard. Mademoiselle Elie de Orgin, born at Genova, in 1694, was exhibited in London and this country some years since. She had a strong, black beard. The wife of Baraisi Vaillant, who recently died, shaved regularly every day for many years. She had a thicker beard than most men. During her last illness her beard became so long that when the physician who visited all the dead, to see that they died a natural death, examined her, she asked, "what was this gentleman's position?"

THE WEST.

The Idaho *Statesman* calls Ike Marx "the Wandering Jew."

"Freiberg" is the name of a new town springing up in White Pine.

Charles E. DeLong and suite left San Francisco for Japan October 6.

Fort Ruby, in Ruby Valley, Nevada, has been abandoned as a military post.

California courts have decided that it takes four days to starve a man to death.

Brigham Young has eight thousand drilled militia. They ought to be punched.

Thomas Barry, a bar-tender at Oregon City, committed suicide on Wednesday.

Housebreakers are practicing their open vocation at White Pine to a great extent.

During September nineteen steamers and sixty-four sail vessels arrived at Sacramento.

Track is laid at the rate of a mile or more daily on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad.

Robert McCall well known in eastern Nevada, died at Hamilton, White Pine, October 5th.

One hundred and thirty-seven tons of ore per day is the present yield of the Hale & Norcross.

Matt Tracy, of Truckee, through the *Tribune*, challenges Joe Coburn to fight him for from $1,000 to $2,000.

It is said that the "skeleton man" and the "bearded woman," have purchased a farm in Lane county, Oregon.

Edward Lane, a native of New York, and veteran of the Mexican war, died in Sacramento a few days since, aged 41 years.

California is suffering from the Texas cattle disease. On one ranch in San Louis, Obispo county, fifteen head are infected.

A movement is on foot to divide Walla Walla county and organize a new county of that part of which Waltsburg is the centre.

A blast was exploded in a mine at Sucker Flat, California, October 5, containing 1,500 kegs, or 37,500 pounds of powder. It was a success.

The coinage at the Branch Mint, in San Francisco during September was, in twenty dollar pieces, $250,000, and in half dollar pieces, $30,050.

A Missouri girl brought a recreant lover to terms, in Omaha, the other day, by one shot from a revolver, and the remark that she had five more left.

There is a cranberry patch of more than two thousand acres on the Snohomish river, Washington Territory, which grows annually about 100,000 bushels of cranberries.

G. W. Huffaker, late Postmaster on Truckee Meadows, having had two or three resignations disregarded, has finally shut up shop, and is waiting to see what he shall see.

A man named Michael Logan was badly crushed in the Savage mill, at Washoe, October 3d, by being caught by the belt which drives the stamps. It is believed that he cannot recover.

The White Pine *Inland Empire* details the scene on the suspension of the First National Bank of Hamilton, and says the wildest excitement and rumors prevailed. The liabilities are $200,000.

J. H. Murphy, indicted by the Grand Jury of Elko county, Nevada, for the murder of Kennee, has been discharged, on the ground that the testimony elicited shows that the killing was done in self-defense.

The Railroad officials and the Virginia city Miners' Union have come to terms. Chinese will be allowed to work on any portion of the road below the American mine, a short distance below Gold Hill.

A sad catastrophe happened about seven miles from Haywood, California, on the night of September 29. An old lady, Mrs. Sutton, was burned to death, the house having taken fire after she had gone to bed. It is supposed to have been set on fire.

A threshing machine in Monterey county, California, recently threshed two thousand one hundred and ninety-four sacks, or four thousand five hundred and seventy-one bushels, and eight pounds of barley, in less than twelve hours, or at the rate of more than three sacks per minute.

The financial condition of the city and county of San Francisco is as follows: Funded debt, $3,410,305.60; value of county property, $5,340,000; cash in hands of Treasurer, $338,275.60; value of real estate, $69,655,876; value of personal property, $39,780,994; rate of taxation, $3.08; amount of taxes, $3,093,437 12.

A dispatch dated Georgetown, El Dorado county, California, September 29, says: "James Langton was found dead in the woods, about two miles west of here, yesterday afternoon. We learn from doctor Bayles, County Coroner, that death was caused by hemohrage of a sore upon his leg. Langton is from Dundas, Michigan, and came to California about the year 1850.

The Central City, Colorado *Herald*, describing Miss Dickinson's horseback ride up the mountains from Georgetown, says: "She was dressed in bloomers, and wore a gentleman's overcoat. Her delicate little foot and finely turned ankle were encased in substantial boots, with buttons up the sides. An eye witness gives the number of the boots at two and a half." He does not say what she did with the odd half-boot, but he follows up the subject higher than we care to follow.—*Chicago Post.*

Bishop Tuttle, of the Episcopal Church, preached two discourses on Sunday last, in Masonic Hall, Silver City, Idaho, that would have done credit in any divine, in any place. The sermon in the morning on the "Brotherhood of man and Fatherhood of God" was sound, eloquent, and deep, while that in the evening, on God's commandments, while it forcibly enjoined obedience to the mandates of the gospel by holding up inducements in the way of happiness here as well as hereafter to those who obey the divine law, was touched off with the beautiful and poetic in rhetoric and philosophy that made it an instructive entertainment, as well as observance of a religious duty, to attend upon the ministry.—*Tidal Wave*, October 7.

A correspondent describes the manner in which Treasure City and Hamilton, in the White Pine district, get their fluid: "The water is taken from the eastern slope of the next range east of Treasure Hill, raised to the divide, nine hundred and forty feet perpendicular, by heavy pumps; thence is conveyed across the valley and up to a corresponding height on Treasure Hill, by an inverted siphon. Here it is received in a reservoir, from which it is again pumped six hundred and eighty feet high, to Treasure City. Hamilton, at the foot of Treasure Hill, draws its supply from the siphon. The capacity of the works is equal to 2,500,000 gallons per day, and their cost $390,000 in coin.

It would appear almost like carrying coals to Newcastle to attempt to "puff" these enterprising livery men, the Travis Brothers; for they make themselves known wherever they go. By close application to business and fair dealing, they have won for themselves a name in the "hoss" line that a Rarey, "or any other man," might well envy. At Helena, Montana, they established an immense business, and for several years four-fifths of all the horses and mules bought and sold in that entire Territory, passed through their hands. Here in White Pine they are doing the very same thing. And the reason for all this is that they invariably hold themselves responsible to purchasers in matters pertaining to titles. Their livery and sale stable in this city is also one of the finest to be found anywhere in the interior, and some of their turn-outs would really do credit to any of the older cities. Good saddle horses, carriages, buggies, etc., are always in readiness at Travis Bros'. Two-forty stock, till you can't rest.—White Pine, *Inland Empire.*

Origin of the Potato.

There are several species of potato described as growing wild in Mexico, and one of these, the *solanum verrucosum*, is said to produce very palatable but small tubers. Our civilized species probably came from Chili.

The word potato comes to us from the Spanish *battata*, and the Spanish got it from the Indian *papas*.

The date of the introduction of the potato into England is rendered uncertain, probably by confounding the sweet potato with the common potato. There is no doubt that the potato was cultivated in South America by the Indians, before the discovery of Chili by the Europeans. The cultivated plant found its way to the Carolinas and Virginia, and Sir Walter Raleigh took it to England in 1586.

The tuber of the native potato never exceeds two inches in length, and is insipid to the taste, but not bitter. It has been supposed to be naturally a sea shore plant, peculiar to hilly and rocky soils. The first particular cannot be true of all esculent native potatoes. The potato loves such a cool, uniform, moist and long season as may be found in some parts of the altitudes of the tropics. But its wonderful constitutional vigor has enabled it to be transplanted in all parts of the earth, until it is now considered "the most important of all esculent roots, and next in value to cereals as an article of human subsistence."

Did not Dance.

There are persons in Illinois who have the proper reverence for places of public worship. One of this class having had the misfortune to be detained in Chicago over Sunday, slowly sauntered down Wabash avenue in the morning, about the hour of morning service. Arriving at the —— Church, and stopping a moment, the organist commenced playing one of those lively compositions with which the "performance" of religious service is now generally commenced. Just then a gentleman passing in the church invited him to enter and take a seat.

"Not exactly, mister," replied our friend; "I ain't used to such doin's on Sunday—and besides, I don't dance!"

Telegraphic Money Orders.

England is about to introduce the telegraphic money order system now in use in Belgium and Switzerland. The method of transmission is similar to the post office system. The sender fills up two blank forms, stating the sum to be forwarded, hands them to the postmaster, who stamps and returns it. The sender then presents his stamped card at the telegraph office, the dispatch is transmitted, and the receiver presents the telegram at the distant post office, upon which he receives the money.

An Irish waiter once complimented a salmon in the following manner: "Faith, it's not two hours since that salmon was walking around his real estate, with his hands in his pockets, niver dhreaming what a pretty invitashun he'd have to jine ye jintlemin at dinner."

A Chicago reporter who attended a Spring opening of a fashionable millinery says of it: A cabbage leaf trimmed with three red peppers and a dried cherry sells for $35. It is called jockey; has one great advantage—can be eaten as a salad when the season changes. One composed of three sighs on a bit of pink-colored fog was considered cheap at $55.

General W. S. Hillyer, the only surviving member of General Grant's first staff, and who enjoyed the most intimate friendship of General Rawlins, purposes writing the life of the late Secretary of War, having in his possession a large collection of letters and documents which will enable him to enter into the details of the war namely, the causes