# THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

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## POETRY.

### Cosmos.

The field of vision from the mountain's hight,
The desert wide, the empire of the deep—
Earth and her journey round the throne of light,
The course of planets and the comet's leap—
The starry heavens with their stupendous sweep,
Are bounded all—but fancy fails to trace
Beyond all worlds, where void and chaos sleep,
Thy utmost verge and final resting-place—
Unlimited, all-abounding, never-failing Space.

The far-off epoch of creation's dawn,
The far-off period of creation's doom,
Are bounded, too—but countless ages gone,
When suns are wrapt in winding-sheets of gloom
Wove by the shuttles of thy tireless loom,
Thou shalt remain as ever in thy prime;
The universe contains for thee no tomb;
Unfathomable, infinite, sublime,
Eternal age of God, oh! never-ending Time.

Infinite wisdom, and infinite thought,
Conceived the grandeur of the earth and sky;
Infinite power evoked the worlds from naught,
Rolled out their orbs and fixed their destiny.
Infinite goodness, truth and charity,
Envelope all things in their wide embrace;
These are Thy attributes, oh, Deity!
Thy life Eternity; Thy dwelling-place
The vast, unbounded empire of unfailing Space.

### A Legal Legacy.

Of great value is the following from the pen of the late Judge Story. It is equally applicable to the members of the bar in all meridians:

Whene'er you speak, remember every cause
Stands not on eloquence, but stand on laws—
Pregnant in matter, in expression brief,
Let every sentence stand in bold relief;
On trifling points nor time nor talents waste,
A sad offense to learning and to taste;
Nor deal with pompous phrase, nor e'er suppose
Poetic flights belong to reasoning prose.
Loose declamation may deceive the crowd,
And seem more striking as it grows more loud,
But sober sense rejects it with disdain,
As naught but empty noise—and weak as vain.
The froth of words, the schoolboy's vain parade
Of books and cases—all his stock and trade—
The pert conceits, the cunning tricks and play
Of low attorneys, strung in loose array;
The unseemly jest, the petulant reply,
That chatters on, and cares not how or why,
Studious, avoid—unworthy schemes to scan,
They sink the speaker and disgrace the man—
Like the false lights by flying shadows cast,
Scarce seen when present, and forgot when past.

Begin with dignity; expound with grace
Each ground of reason in its time and place;
Let order reign throughout—each topic touch,
Nor urge its power too little nor too much;
Give each strong thought its most attractive view
In diction clear, and yet severely true.
And, as the arguments in splendor grow,
Let each reflect its light on all below.
When to the close arrived, make no delays
By petty flourishes or verbal plays,
But sum the whole in one deep, solemn strain,
Like a strong current hastening to the main.

### "Our Country!"

Greatest country! Bravest people!
Finest churches—tallest steeples;
Fastest horses—fairest women;
Biggest lakes that fishes swim in,
Most of railroads; longest rivers—
Beats creation "all to shivers;"
Never flinching, never flunking,
Some of one thing—mostly pumpkin;
Jumps the highest—squats the lowest;
Runs the fastest—walks the slowest;
More disasters—more delusions;
More confessions—more confusions—
Who can beat us? who outdo us?
Who can hold a candle to us?
Biggest country—bigger to be—
Now they talk of adding Cuba.

### RESPECT FOR WOMAN TESTS MAN.

So much as one holds woman in esteem,
Purely or basely as he deals with love,
So much is his regard for honor, or
So little; such the honor he receives!
Who not himself respects, honors not woman;
Who honors not woman, knows he love?
Who knows not love, can he know honor then?
Who knows not honor, what has he beside?

### Genius.

Who make their very body like their souls,
And like the young moon with a ragged edge;
Still in their imperfection, beautiful—
Whose weaknesses are lovely as their strengths;
Like the white nebulous matter between stars,
Which, if not light, at least is likest light.

(BAILEY.

## *Col. Chaffin, the Smallest Man in the World.*

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

Among the arrivals at the Merchant's Hotel, yesterday, was Col. J. H. Chaffin and his brother C. C. Chaffin, of Liberty, Bedford county, Va. The Colonel is undoubtedly the smallest man in the world, being just 27 inches high, and weighing exactly 35 pounds. The contrast between him and his brother is something very remarkable, the latter being 6 feet 4½ inches high, and weighing 210 pounds. The Colonel will be forty-four years old on December 22d next, while his brother was forty-five years old on the 22d of August last. Colonel Chaffin wears a full suit of hair, mustache and whiskers, and is dressed in a military fatigue dress. Twenty-three years ago the Colonel made quite an extensive trip through the country, in the course of which he visited this city. He takes considerable interest in political affairs; was an ardent supporter of Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency, and at the late election in Virginia voted for Governor Walker.

## *A Puzzle.*

Here is a question for young arithmeticians, and others who like to crack an arithmetical nut now and then, to try their wits upon: Two Arabs sat down to dinner, and were accosted by a stranger, who requested to join their party, saying "that he could not get provisions to buy in that part of the country; if they would admit him to eat an equal share with themselves he would willingly pay them the whole." The frugal meal consisted of eight small loves of bread, five of which belonged to one of the Arabs and three to the other. The stranger having eaten a third part of the eight loaves, arose and laid before them eight pieces of money, saying: "My friends, there is what I promised you; divide it among you according to your rights." A little dispute arose respecting a division of the money; but, reference being made to the Cadi, he adjudged seven pieces to the owner of the five loaves and only one piece to him who had owned the three loaves. Yet the Cadi decided justly.

## *Barring Second Marriages.*

It has been not uncommon for husbands deceasing to devise property to their widows on condition of their not marrying again. Whatever may be thought of this morally, sentimentally, or otherwise, it seems to stand justified in the eye of the law—an optic which is supposed to view all things calmly, comprehensively and beneficently. A case in point was recently decided in Cincinnati, by the Supreme Court of Ohio. The widow had taken the whole of the property of her husband under a will which gave her a life estate provided she remained his widow. Marrying afterward, she sued for dower, which she had in due form of law, surrendered at probate, electing to take by will. The first question was as to the effect of the widow's election; and since there was nothing said about election in the will, it was held that the devise, being of all the real estate, was not intended to be in lieu of dower, and therefore "the widow's act of election operates to bar her estate at law."

The next question was whether the condition of the devise was valid, or whether it was against public policy as restraining marriage. Upon this all the big wigs were quoted to the disadvantage of the widow. "The text writers, judges and chancellors who have referred to the question, state the doctrine to have been borrowed from the civil law introduced by the eclesiastics, and adopted subsequently by the civil courts." And, "it is now definitely settled that the husband is not restrained from limiting the enjoyment of a devise made to his wife, to the period of her widowhood." "The reason of the rule, recognized as it is by such a series of decisions, is founded upon the soundest principles of justice and morality." The husband "may well be supposed to be anxious for her happiness; and, by placing a second marriage as a bar to his wife's subsequent enjoyment of the estate devised, prevent an ill sorted or unhappy union." The Court mentions also the husband's consideration for his children and his right to guard them from a stepfather "whose only motive in marriage may have been to obtain control of the testator's property." And "more than all the property, which was the result of his toil, he may without any reflection upon her conjugal duties, be unwilling should be appropriated to the children of a second marriage."

These considerations satisfied the Court that the testator had the right to impose the condition. The law in Ohio, however, secures a widow in her personal "year's maintenance" from the husband's estate; but in this case the pleadings were not framed so as to ask for that, which she might have claimed in spite of any devise by will or any alienation during his life.

## *A Circus Auction.*

### *The Wild Animals and the Elephant Going, Gone!*

From the Cincinnati Commercial, 18th.

By order of the Common Pleas Court, Sheriff Weber, acting as receiver, sold yesterday the entire effects of Dr. James L. Thayer's Circus, including horses, wagons, wild animals, etc. The sale took place at the stable so much patronized by circuses and menageries, on Ninth street, near Sycamore.

At 2 o'clock p. m., a crowd of two or three hundred persons had assembled, and the Sheriff commenced his work. Ten performing horses were first offered, averaging about one hundred and fifty dollars each. Mr. Adam Forepaugh became the purchaser of the trick pony "Doctor," paying for him the handsome sum of nine hundred and thirty dollars. An elephant, small in size, but dignified in appearance, was next led forth, and immediately became the observed of all observers. Bidders seemed to be very shy about making offers, however, and finally, his diminutive majesty was knocked down to Mr. Forepaugh for $1,275. An old showman, who was present in the crowd, said "that there little animal ought to have fetched $6,000," and walked off indignant at the sacrifice.

Four fiery and untamed lions were next offered, and, after some lively bidding, were awarded to Oscar H. Norman at $8,000. The "kings of the forest" did not seem to be much affected by the novel process of being knocked down—to the highest bidder, of course—and blinked lazily at the crowd through the iron bars of their cage. A few timid persons inquired whether the cage was perfectly secure, and looked fearfully upon the tawney beasts, whose massive jaws and powerful limbs seemed waiting only for the opportunity to burst forth, wild with resistless rage and fury. Mr. Forepaugh and Mr. Norman were the principal purchasers, the former investing $4,200 and the latter $9,055. The sales will foot up to about $15,000.

## *Exit Blondes.—Brunettes the Fashionable Rage.*

From the New York World.

It is intimated that the blondes are not to have it all their own way this winter, as they have had for several years past. The brunettes, instead of dyeing their hair a dingy yellow, and daubing their skins until their complexions look like raw starch, have wisely determined to stick to their own brilliant and natural attractions, and fight it out upon that line. They have discovered that their utmost efforts only succeeded in producing a hideous sort of general resemblance to the blondes, who were thus left masters of the field, superior to competition or rivalry.

This supremacy received a great blow, however, a few weeks ago, at a grand wedding which was considered as inaugurating the fashionable season. The beautiful bride, though not strictly a brunette, was not at all a blonde, but the four bridesmaids, all exceedingly lovely, were all decided brunettes, and wore in their dark tresses only the scarlet flowers of the sweet scented geranium. Their dresses were triumphs of art and taste. They consisted of white tulle, bouffonne, trimmed with white satin paniers. The bouquets of scarlet flowers were placed on the left side of the bodice.

## *FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.*

—QQQuinner is better.
—On the wing—Feathers.
—Only 28 more days in 1869.
—Jennie June Croly has a boy.
—Tough Venison—A saw buck.
—Congress meets next Monday.
—Lesseps is a cousin of Eugenie.
—*Long* eye-lashes are to be next.
—New Years day falls on Saturday.
—Boutwell is addicted to billiards.
—Parepa travels with 800 pieces of baggage
—Bonner has two boys besides Dexter and Jo. Elliott.
—A nu milk cow is a stepmother tew evry man's baby.
—The earliest tubular bridge—the bridge of the nose.
—Olive Logan is credited with a chignon costing $1,500.
—A lie is like a kat, it never cums to yu in a strait line.
—Vigo county, Indiana, has one hundred public schools.
—Butler and Bingham have made up. Blow Gabriel!
—Congress will have to decide nineteen contested elections.
—Mrs. Edward A. Pollard is keeping a hotel in Washington.
—Whisky is sharper than lightning, because it's a "sutler" fluid.
—When Victor Emanual *does* die, Prince Humbert will be King of Italy.
—The Chicago Rogue's Gallery already contains the portraits of 864 persons.
—A settled aversion is enough for a divorce in Indiana. So is a settled residence in Illinois.
—Sister Loretto has followed to heaven the old man Thaddeus Stevens, whom she nursed.
—A young woman has been elected Superintendent of Public Schools in Mitchell county, Iowa.
—Maine boasts nineteen revolutionary widows and Lord knows how many revolutionary wives.
—Mrs. General Custer goes with her husband on the Indian campaigns, and is a good shot with a rifle.
—There are 207,000 names on the pension rolls at Washington, and over 100,000 applications still pending.
—A lady in Waterbury, who drew a gent's wrapper at a prize concert, now wants to draw a man to put in it.
—A. Bee, who captured Jefferson Davis, is tin-smithing in Janesville, and in appearance is sadly to be A B C D.
—Rose Eytinge, a popular New York actress, has married George H. Butler, the dramatic critic of *Wilkes Spirit*.
—Bismark is five feet eleven—an inch taller than his King—while Prince Albert, Jr., of Prussia, is six feet four.
—General Wool's funeral at Troy was observed with appropriate honors. It is estimated that 50,000 people were on the street.
—A Georgia editor hearing of General Sherman as "the coming man" expresses a fervent hope that he is not coming *that* way again.
—Here is a "personal" advertisement in a French newspaper: "Eliza: you can return to the house. The boil on my nose is gone."
—John Minor Bott's farm, in Culpepper county, Va., has been sold to a Northern man for $55,000 cash. It contains upward of 900 acres.
—A monument to John McIntire, founder of Zanesville, Ohio, is to be erected over his grave, at a cost of $10,000, by the managers of his estate.
—The Democrats paid Sam. Cary $3,000 for his services on the stump this fall. He won, they lost, and he has gone to Europe to spend the winnings.
—Vanderbilt and Drew didn't invent the art of watering stock, by any means. Remember how Jacob used to water Laban's stock in old Bible times.?
—Senator Sprague is said to be the largest employer in the United States. He gives work to about 8,000 persons, and has recently raised their wages fifteen per cent.
—The growth of the telegraph business in this country is something wonderful. There are in round numbers, some 70,000 miles of wire, 4,000 offices, and 5,000 operators.
—The old prison of the Conciergerie is about to disappear, and with it the cell where the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was confined previous to her execution, Charlotte Corday before her, and the infamous Fouquier Tinville after her, occupied the same chamber.
—John G. Saxe, at a hotel at the West the other day, undertook to carve a piece of beef which was so tough that the carving knife made but little impression upon it. The poet laid down his knife and fork, glance around and spoke, "Gentlemen," said he, "that's an infringement on Goodyear's patent!"
—The heart is six inches in length, four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, and 36,770,000 times per year.
—John A. Bieden, the author of the story of the loss of the Powell expedition, was convicted of horse-stealing at Lincoln, Ill., a few days ago, and sentenced to the penitentiary for three years.
—Patrick saw a bull paving in a field, and thought how amusing it would be to jump over, catch him by the horns, and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea seemed funny that he lay down and laughed to think of it. The more he thought of it the funnier it seemed, and he determined to do it. Seven quietly leaped him over the fence little. Somewhat bruised, Patrick bravely picked himself up, with the consoling reflection: "Well it's a mighty funny thing I had my laugh foreby."

## *A Strange Story.*

### *An Austrian Baron Found Carrying a Hod at Galesburg, Illinois.*

[From the Galesburg Free Press, 9th.]

How often it has been said and written that "truth is stranger than fiction"; and every day further verifies and corroborates the axiom. The elements of actual romance pervade everything around us, and event and accident sometimes give birth to occurrences and incidents that seem truly astounding. Every day men become richer and men become poorer. With one flash of the telegraph hundreds are ruined, and consequently others become enriched. But, it is not our purpose, at present, to deal with generalities and speculations, but to narrate, as accurately as possible, an event that has startled our German citizens from their usual propriety, and caused them even for a time to forget their local church feud.

On Thursday afternoon last, Colonel Carr, the Postmaster, received a heavy sealed document at his office, postmarked "Vienna," and directed to "Herr Carl Von Vechter, Galesburg, Knox County, State of Illinois, United States of America." Knowing that the massive letter must be of importance from its created seals and general official appearance, he dispatched Mr. William Post, Chief Clerk of the office, in search of the Herr Von Vechter. Mr. Post made diligent inquiry of several, but could not find any trace of the individual wanted until he met with Mr. John Loos, the well known saloon-keeper on the east side of the square. Mr. Loos knew a Charley Vechter; he was working on the new hotel building, and both walked over there, where they found Vechter about to ascend a ladder, with a hod on his shoulder. When Mr. Post handed him the letter, and he had read it, the delight of the hod man knew no bounds. He threw his hod full of brick away, and embraced Mr. Loos, calling him his dearest friend. The letter contained a draft for $7,500 on the First National Bank of Chicago, and he insisted on paying Mr. Post $500 for being the bearer of such joyful tidings as the document contained, which, of course, Mr. Post refused.

This morning Herr Von Vechter, arrayed in a suit of fashionable clothing, and having passed through the hands of the barber, called at our office in company with Captain Henry Emerich, an *attache* of the *Free Press* establishment. No one could recognize, in the noble looking personage before us the ex-hod carrier; his manly and commanding appearance attracted general attention and remark, and the ease and dignity of his manners was truly remarkable. He clearly and succinctly stated to us the eventful chain of incidents in his career, which eventuated in his carrying a hod at Galesburg. In the year 1857, Herr Von Vechter, being then nineteen years old, and of a noble family, entered the Austrian army as a Lieutenant, and, through regular graduations, in 1860, arrived at the rank of Major. In the month of September of that year, he was grossly insulted at a levee by the Colonel of his regiment. Proud and high spirited, he resented the insult, and a challenge was passed between the two officers. They met—pistols at ten paces—and the Colonel fell! With great difficulty Vechter eluded the authorities, and at length escaped to England. There he remained but a short time, and finding no suitable employment, he embarked for the United States, and upon his arrival proceeded to Chicago. He arrived in that city on the day the intelligence of the fall of Fort Sumpter flashed through the country, and his means being nearly exhausted, he enlisted in the Ninth Illinois, then being organized. The man who had worn the epaulets of an Austrian officer, for more than three years, carried a musket in the ranks of that battalion, and was severely wounded at the sanguinary battle of Pittsburg Landing. When he was mustered out he obtained employment of various kinds, and endured many vicissitudes incident to the lot of a laboring man. He feared to write to his relatives, as the Austrian government might learn his whereabouts and cause his apprehension under the extradition treaty, and so he suffered and toiled in silence, and finally he found himself in Galesburg, carrying a hod on the new hotel.

The packet he received yesterday contained a full pardon under the sign manuel of the Emperor. The Colonel had only been severely wounded, and freely acknowledged that he alone had been in the fault, and that the duel had been of his own seeking. By the death of his uncle, Von V. inherits a rich estate and the title of Baron. Thus has the humble hod-carrier been elevated and restored to his proper place, as at the same time he lands in his native country, he will receive his commission of Colonel of his old regiment.

## *Habits of Some of the Cabinet.*

President Grant's chief mode of recreation while in Washington is a long walk early in the morning and a ride after dinner. One day, for instance, the President starts out from the White House and walks towards the Capitol along F street and back, and the next day, by the way of variety, takes his course along Pennsylvania avenue toward Germantown. He may be seen almost any morning enjoying this pedestrian exercise. He walks along very slowly, with one hand in his breeches pocket and the other either holding a cigar or thrown behind his back. A strange little man is Grant in his walks. He never looks to the right or left, but straight before him, or towards the ground, and seems not to notice any of the pageants. His manner is slaughtier that of a man wrapped up in his own thoughts and unconscious of what is happening about him. Many who know him give President Grant in their walks, but very few venture to join him.

SECRETARY BOUTWELL AS A BILLIARDIST.

Boutwell is a good deal of a walker also, but his chief amusement is of another kind. The financial head of the country is an enthusiastic billiardist. To him the cue and balls are a perfect delight. After a busy day spent in close attention to the dry work of his department, the elegant Governor, who by the way, is growing in his manner very like unto Charles Sumner, repairs to a select billiard saloon on Pennsylvania avenue, and there spends two or three hours making his caroms. Boutwell is not a professor of the scientific game, but he is a very fine player and improves apace. He has a cue of his own, which he brings with him to the billiard saloon and carries home with him when he finishes playing. George S. may be seen issuing from the saloon sometimes as late as midnight.

THE OTHER MINISTERS.

Fish scarcely ever is seen in the *role* of a pedestrian on the streets. He rides to and from the State Department in a stylish little coupe, and after official hours generally passes his time at home in entertaining select parties at dinner.

Belknap and Robeson are great walkists. The former is a splendid looking gentleman, the very picture of good health, with fine, clear, dark eyes, ruddy complexion and a well put together frame. He is not, as formerly described in some of the newspapers, "a big, red faced and red-whiskered fellow from Iowa." To sum up Belknap in that style would be doing him great injustice. He has quite an intelligent face, and carries about him a self-reliant, independent air, that stamps him as a man of decided character. He has made a very good impression in Washington already, and his friends predict he will prove one of the strongest members of the Cabinet.

Robeson is popular in Washington also. He has a pleasant way about him, and ought to take. He likes good dinners and gives them.

Cox and Hoar are very reserved and quiet gentlemen. Hoar might seem to some a little bit sour, which others say is only his way, and not at all a part of his disposition. *N. Y. Herald.*

## *The Largest Church in the United States.*

This is, or will be, St. Patrick's Cathedral at New York. The corner stone of this edifice was laid in August, 1858, but the work has proceeded slowly since then, and the walls have only risen to the height of about fifty feet of the building as it is to be, the New York *Sun* says:

When completed, this building will be the largest and most magnificent temple of worship upon the American continent, and will compare in size as well as architectural beauty with the cathedrals of Europe. It is being built of white marble, within and without, with a filling of solid brick masonry between the outer and inner walls. The marble is brought from the quarries of Westchester county. The style of the architecture is the highly ornamented mediæval Gothic, not the usual Romanesque or Byzantine of our Catholic churches. The space covered by the whole building, including the walls and buttresses, is 46,500 square feet. The space within the wall comprises an area of 36,500 square feet, and will afford ample room for 14,000 persons, and when necessary it could accommodate 19,000. From these figures some idea may be formed of the immense extent of the edifice, as compared with other churches in New York, the largest of which will not contain more than 3,000 persons. Its extent in length will be 330 feet from buttress to buttress; inside the walls 301 feet. The breadth at the transept is to be 172 feet, 120 above and below, the point of intersection of transept and nave. The height from the floor to the crown of the arched ceiling will be one hundred and ten feet, while the ceilings of the side aisles are fifty-four feet from the church floor. Along the aisles will be a row of chapels, fourteen in number, the height of each seventeen feet. There are to be eight sacristies and two baptisteries at the east end of the church. The high altar is to stand forty-eight feet east of the line of intersection of nave and transept. Back of this is to be a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, forty-eight feet in length. Upon entering the building the beauty of the arched and star-grained ceiling with its foliaged bosses and wrought ribs, will strike the beholder as in perfect keeping with the tessellated floor, which is to be formed of variegated marbles and stones arranged in rich Gothic patterns. A uniformity of design throughout the structure is to be observed. The interior will present the same Gothic finish in the minutest detail which will be noticed upon the exterior. In one of the towers over the portals on Fifth avenue the great bell is to be hung, and in the other the chimes. There will be no basement, but widely extending vaults from which the edifice will be heated by steam pipes. The structure is being erected upon a granite base, raised five feet in front, and higher in the rear on Madison avenue, above the surrounding pavement.

THE SMALLEST STEAM ENGINE YET.—The Newburyport *Herald* says that W. J. Trafton, who built the little steam engine "Fairy Queen," will, during the winter, complete another, which will be made from a silver half dollar, and with boiler and all complete will be placed under a glass case one inch and an eighth in height by three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The dimensions will be as follows: Diameter of cylinder, 1-16 of an inch; stroke 5-32; diameter of wheel, 5-16; steam pipe, 1-32 (about the size of a common knitting needle). The boiler will have two minute gauges, and will hold eight drops of water, and it is expected that four drops generated into steam will be sufficient to run it several minutes. The parts being so small will be obliged to be made with a powerful magnifying glass.

A tree 365 feet high, standing on the banks of Russian river, near Healdsburg, Sonoma county, is said to be the tallest in California.

## *THE WEST.*

Austin, Nevada, has a case small pox.

Scarlet fever has broken out at Hamilton.

There is a demand for real estate at Portland.

Rev. B. Ward will open an academy at Gilroy, Cal.

Mrs. Livermore has had a town in Colorado named after her.

Reverdy Johnson celebrated his golden wedding on the 16th.

Council Bluffs has a street railway graded and part of the ties laid.

Mrs. Annie Lockhart, actress, died in Salt Lake City a few days ago.

Dr. McMeans, who was reported to have died in White Pine is still alive.

The *Oregonian* thinks an immigrant settler is worth $1,500 to the country.

The Mare Island Navy Yard, when completed, will be the finest in the world.

Andrew J. Harval committed suicide in a brothel in Denver, a few days since.

Patrick Daly was thrown from a buggy at East Portland, Nov. 12th, and killed.

Hugh Fitzsimmons will be a candidate for Secretary of the next Cal. Senate.

The leading Grass Valley mines pay over $120,000 per month to their employees.

It is reported that immense bodies of rich ore have been struck on the Comstock.

Mr W. Irish, the oldest citizen of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, suicided a few days ago.

The Corinne Reporter nominates General J. H. Williamson, for Governor of Utah.

A bill has been introduced in Washington Territory Legislature to incorporate Seattle as a city.

Richard F. Searsy committed suicide in Mendocino a few days since. Cause—unrequited love.

Miss Mary E. Falls, Postmistress of Vallejo, has resigned, and E. J. Wilson has been appointed Postmaster.

Game is abundant around Laramie, antelope sell for $1 apiece, and hunters make good wages at that price.

Bids for erecting a penitentiary at Boise City have been forwarded to Washington. The lowest bid is about $35,000.

An appropriation of $60,000 will be granted to building of a macadamized road between Valejo and Benecia, Cal.

Dr. J. D. M. Crockwell, once of Denver, has turned Mormon, and missionary, and has been sent abroad to preach the faith.

Stenhouse, of the Salt Lake Telegraph, denies that he is "cut off" by Brigham. We sympathize with him in his misfortune.

The Colorado *Herald* says there is a dearth of preachers in the Mountains, and the people go like sheep without a shepherd.

The largest wagon ever built on the coast is at Hamilton, Nevada. It will bear up 40,000 pounds over any ordinary mountain road.

A race for $2,000 a side is to come off soon at Portland, (Oregon,) between the horses "Vallandingham" and "Jack Miner."

The Boise *Statesman* says the Grand Jury of Ada county ignored the bill against William Tracy, who was charged with the killing Sergeant Vogel, some weeks ago, at Boise City.

Mr. Tustin, of Petaluma, who was killed by the recent accident on the Union Pacific Railroad, Wasatch, was the inventor of the Union reaper, the Tustin Gang-plow, and several other valuable inventions.

Oregon prices: Wheat is sixty cents per bushel, oats forty cents, flour four dollars a barrel, beef; on foot, four to six cents a pound, and other things in proportion up there. Money is scarce and times dull.

The Grand Jury of Ada county, Idaho, indicted Theodore Burmester, Esq., for murder in the first degree. He is defended by Judge Rosborough and Frank Ganahl, Esq. The Court refused to admit Mr. Burmester to bail.

The Democratic members of the Washington Territory Leislature have published a card addressed to J. S. Van Sycle, Democratic member of the Council, charging him with betraying the party and demanding that he resign.

In Dakota Territory nearly a milion acres of land have been taken up by actual settlers, under the Preemption and Homestead laws, since last spring. Immigration continues, and among the late arrivals is a colony of farmers from Wisconsin.

The Associated Printers of San Francisco issued, recently, the first copy of the dramatic paper, *Town and Stage*—a daily, gratuitous, devoted to dramatic and musical affairs. It cuts clear of ambodeons and the Barbary Coast, and the "ads" of quack doctors.

The Sutro Tunnel is progressing. But one gang of hands are yet employed, but three will soon be put on. The Virginia Entrerprise says it will require 1,000 feet of timber for every "set" of five feet in length. The tunnel starts in a cement composed of clay and boulders.

The Hotel project is an assured success. When we last saw the suscription paper, $130,000 of $150,000 originally contemplated were subscribed. It has probably reached $150,000 by this time. There is no longer a question as to the Hotel. The whole amount will be raised this week without difficulty. Omaha Republican, 17th.

The Colorado *Register* says of Kate Warneton of the *Transcript*: "Katie is neither a myth or a Man, but a pretty little brunette body, galloping into womanood, just as fast as she can fulfillment of her mission. The "Home Department," under her editorial charge, is fast becoming the important feature of that paper. At first our pretty editress was shy and timid, but has now become as bright and sparkling as a diamond necklace."

## *Raymond, Mining Commissioner.*

From the Colorado Register, Nov. 18th.

It seems that the *Register* is not the only paper that has a bone to pick with Commissioner Raymond. The NEW NORTH WEST is seven times hotter, and in answer to the Commissioner's demand for a "decent and honorable apology," he gets a scorification, and the flat assurance that there is nothing Pickwickian in what he says. The NEW NORTH WEST complains that neither Mr. Raymond nor any former Commissioner has even called upon them, and that the reports have been furnished with a $50 green-back attached. We wonder if Mr. Raymond will think the following Pickwickian, or will it be "little less than decent?"

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(Here the NEW NORTH WEST is quoted.)

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We hasten to assure the NEW NORTH WEST that Montana has been much better treated than Colorado. The honorable Commissioner did visit us, twice, we think, but we had no proper sense of bereavement when he left for the last time. We could not in fact. Very few in the mining counties ever saw his noble form. He lingered in the "commercial centre," and made friends—admiring friends that bow down and say "great is Raymond!" Very likely he whiled the summer hours away with personal reminiscences of his success in "placing" a state of Maine gold mine in New York, and other equally honorable schemes. "And that's the way the battle was fought." Consider yourself fortunate, Mr. Montana, that you are out of the beaten track of the Commissioners. Have not Indian wars, grass hoppers and drouths afflicted you? Why covet deaper sorrows? "Better endure the ills you have than fly to others you know not of."

It was, then, the Register, Mr. R. alluded to so bitterly? Well, we have excellent good company. We are sorry, however, if the Commissioner fails to do right where he does go, for our sole object was to induce his attention toward Montana. If Mr. R. labors under the hallucination that the western territories have no rights a Mining Commissioner is bound to respect, he must learn better. Position in high places will not atone for inefficiency, or excuse nonperformance of duties. Mr. R. is hostile towards the *Register* for the opinions it expressed. So he may be toward the NEW NORTH WEST. We entertain no malice toward him, but rather insist on his making Montana a visit next year. If somebody has to sacrifice the hope of pleasant acquaintance to accomplish that, why not we as well as any other?

## *An Open Letter.*

[From the Leavenworth Conservative, Nov. 18.]

*To John A. J. Cresswell, Postmaster General:*

SIR: In your new list of mail routes for Kansas—one hundred aud thirty-five in all—there are two distinctly marked out from Leavenworth, and only two, one from Leavenworth to Berry, three times a week, and one from Leavenworth to Oskaloosa, twice a week.

Judging from what you have done thus far for Kansas, an old citizen is led to the conclusion that you know nothing whatever about our State or people. You appointed a Mail Superintendent for this State who cannot superintend himself, and who has had almost nothing to do with the mails, although he has been in office several months.

* * * Your ignorance of the men and women in Kansas is so vast and various, that it is not surprising that you know nothing of her towns.

Many persons, not members of the Cabinet, are aware that Leavenworth is by far the largest city in Kansas—that Leavenworth County contains about fifty thousand people, that no other county in the State contains one half that number—that Leavenworth has more railway connections than any other town in the State, and, therefore, more facilities for sending out and receiving mails—and that the people of this county write letters and read newspapers, and have a right to demand the means of communication with one another which their taxes pay for giving them. Towns only an hour or two old, and at present only prospectively populous, get mail facilites which are denied to a place which has been the military and commercial centre of this valley for many years.

After giving us this mail abortion, you advertise your list of routes in a few obscure newspapers, because they *are* obscure, and because that is the best way to conceal any fact which ought to be made known.

* * *

With no hope whatever of having this gross wrong righted, and with no great respect for a man who occupies a place he does not fill, I am, D. W. WILDER.

## *The Couldocks.*

From the Detroit Tribune, 12th.

Last evening the beautiful drama of the "Willow Copse" was presented to a crowded house. Although the weather has been anything but favorable, the present engagement of Mr. and Miss Couldock has proved one of the most successful we have had in a long time. This is particularly gratifying, not only as a deserved compliment to two such worthy and distinguished artists, but as showing that our citizens still appreciate and will patronize dramatic talent of the best order. The drama last night was rendered in excellent style. Luke Fielding is one of Mr. Couldock's most powerful impersonations. At the close of the third act he wrought his audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm that he was called before the curtain by rounds of tumultuous applause. Miss Couldock has improved much since her last visit, and though always a graceful and pleasing actress, she now throws more power into her renditions, and has added by study skill to her native qualities. Her Rose Fielding was as artistic and finished a rendition as could be desired.

The season—all too short—closes to-night, when an attractive bill is presented in "Old Phil's Birthday" and "Milky White."