THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

VOLUME 1. DEER LODGE CITY, MONTANA, FRIDAY DECEMBER 10, 1869. NUMBER 23.

POETRY.

The House that Vander built.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

This is the house that Vander built!
A Wonderful work it was to build it!
The walls of paper, the ceilings gilt,
And Harlem stock was the Malt that filled it!

This is the gray old Erie Rat,
That ate the Malt that lay in the vat,
And this is the Dog that worried the Cat
That "cornered" the Rat and killed it.

Great is the power that riches bring!
Long on the ocean Vander was king;
At last it govern one kingdom more,
He built the ocean and bestrode the shore,
And vowed to build him a house so high
Its pinnacle should pierce the sky,
Like Nimrod's tower of Babel—
So capacious that all the balls of mark,
Like the Happy Family in the Ark,
To dwell in it should be able.
Ten times times more quickly than Cheops did
He would rear this modern pyramid
On its base four-square and ample;
The lucky fellows within should hold
More wealth in greenbacks a hundred-fold
Than all the ivory, silver and gold
Of the priests in Solomon's Temple;
And their grand Consolidated Shares
Outnumber the pillars and flights of stairs
In the corridors of St. Peter's.
Nor yet of stone would he shape its walls,
As our connoisseurs built the City Halls
(Thieves and city robbers and caterers),
Nor pattern it after the Coliseum,
Nor—no, I would try his skill still more—
Copy the Tabernacle
And have it built from Gilmore.
Its walls should be of paper, along
Painted to look like iron and stone,
As if of plate to resemble bone
When Prof. Owen Hawkins sits on his throne
A monster Plesiosaurus;
And over its entrance door should stand,
With a brazen ewer in either hand,
A brazen image erect and grand—
King Vander, the great High Taurus!

This is the House that Vander built!
A wonderful work it was to build it,
And thousand fortunes were made and spilt;
'Twould sink a ship to carry the scrip
Which plaster the wall and filled it,
Soon as it towered above the ground,
A furious warfare raged around:
Mom and Mon on the conflict came
The jackdaw, shouting their master's name.
There was Frank, to do the contract work;
Morrissey, bended like the Turk;
Horace and Peter to ring the bell;
And Dick and Gee, with their shot and shell.
Before the battle was over
There were scores of Maidens all forlorn
Where to clean up Men all tattered and torn
With losses that somehow vanish, when borne,
Once through the gate of Hades and Styx.
Once through the gate of Hades and Styx,
Place from to earth the fable grew,
In spite of Fisk or Woodward, or Drew;
And at last a gulf full of water
Brought the oldest, boldest bears to slaughter.
[You'd have thought such a flood would drain forever
The current even of the Indson river!]
King Vander's palace stands complete,
While they sprawl and drown about his feet.
Two hundred and seven cubits high,
Its Central flag staff greets the sky;
A little lower, on either side,
The Hudson banners are flaunting wide;
From near and far his people wait
To worship the image they fix gate.
Why should not Vander, like Alexander—
That ancient monarch and commander—
Build him a monument of brass
For all to marvel at who pass;
A shrine, *perennial Erie*,
To answer Posterity's query?
This is the statue Vander built!
A wonderful work it was to build it!
Copper and spelter, glare and guilt;
And I place I pay for this kind of sport
Would empty the purse of King Vander's court
Faster than Central profits filled it.
'Tis said that he counted the money down
From the private Treasury of the Crown.
But that as it may, our tale shall close
With the moon tide when the curtain rose
In the sight of a motley company—
Brothers of high and low degree,
Courtiers and dames, the guard, the band,
The money changers that held the land
And the toiling hinds that tilled it.

A Poet fed on golden Corn,
Was the musical Cock that crowed in the morn,
And waked the Priest all shaven and shorn;
For the Priest all shaven and shorn was there,
To christen the image and make the prayer
Ere proclamation was read by the Mayor.
But where was the Farmer that sowed the corn
That fed the Cock that crowed in the morn—
The Farmer whose wheat must pay the freight
To keep King Vander in court and state?
Smoking his pipe at home, they said,
Counting the cost and scratching his head
As if he were stupidly puzzling,
Puzzling his rustic wits to know,
With taxes so high and grain so low,
What use in shouting and guzzling.

Now, what shall King Vander's statue teach,
With its silent, metallifuous speech,
To thousands the Mayor's will scarcely reach—
The people of future ages?
The workman's triumph, the sculptor's fame?
The gracious philanthropical name
That earned a blessing wherever it came?
The victor's meed, or the sage's?
Rather, methinks, the way to grow rich
Is to seize the golden liquor which
Has been brewed from others' honey,
Mix it with water soft and well,
Portion by portion the compound sell
For the true original hydromel.
And double or treble your money.

But those who sing, "Long live the King,"
And trust to his strong protection—
Who tenant his Castle in the Air,
Two hundred cubits from earth—beware,
Lest a final deluge to place dash
Houses, tenants and all, in one huge crash,
With no hope of resurrection.

Memory.

I.

There is a Sea by whose dim shore,
We fondly pause awhile to gaze
On wrecks of pleasure, now no more—
The traces sad of "by-gone days."
That Sea is Memory; Oh its waves
Roll dark and chill above the spot
Where, resting in their silent graves,
Lies those who were, but now are not!

II.

There is a Star whose brightness gleams,
Above the cold and chilly tide
The radiance of whose lovely beams,
May pierce the dark and shadowy gloom;
That Star is Memory! Oft its light
Hath cheered life's dark and lonely way,
And Sorrow's path hath grown more bright
Beneath its sweet and calm ray.

III.

There is a Strain whose music flings
The sounds of sadness on the ear,
And tones of sight sweetest things,
Like angel notes—so soft—so clear;
So solemn comes it unto us
Its mournful homage at thy shrine,
That Strain is thine, too, Memory!
Oh! all that's sad and lovely are thine.

Butte City, Montana, Dec. 6, 1869.

ASHLEY.

(As evidence of how Governor Ashley's recent political move, to which our Washington correspondent refers, is viewed by Republican journals East, we give the following from the only Chicago paper, printed in English, that supported the Straight Republican Ticket in the Campaign of 1869.—ED. N. N. W.)

From the Chicago Post Nov. 22d.

If the Hon. J. M. Ashley, long Representative of the Toledo, Ohio, district in Congress, was distinguished for anything, it was for his eternal iteration and reiteration of what he called the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." Mr. Ashley did not particularly impress his influences on the legislation of the country; he did not particularly impress his ideas upon the masses of the people; his statesmanship will be looked for in vain among the archives of the nation, or results in the practical benefits of his measures upon the body politic. Nevertheless, he was often elected to Congress, and was frequently heard from there, always in the advocacy of extreme views. It was clearly evident from all Mr. Ashley's utterances, that he thought a little more of the negro race than of any white race whatever. Such was Mr. Ashley's idea in the abstract, and he was shrewd enough to keep it before the people so prominently and adroitly as to be of great service to him in a district which justly had great contempt for negro hating, sham Democracy.

Now that Mr. Ashley is Governor of Montana, a change has come over the spirit of his dreams. He retracts. In a recent speech, referring to one previously made, he said:

In speaking of the "*proper mingling of races.*" I intend to say, as everybody knew, "*the proper mingling of European, civilized, and Christian nationalities.*" I never have favored, and never expect to favor the amalgamation of "barbarians," whether of the Mongolian, Indian, or negro races, with the white race.

And so Ashley has gone back on the negro. Whereupon we beg to congratulate the negro most heartily and sincerely. Montana will by-and-by want a Senator or two. Montana is chiefly settled by ex-Confederates and their sympathizers. Put that and that together and you fully account for the milk in the cocoa nut, as the same pertains to the Hon. J. M. Ashley, whilom Republican, now breaking for the other side, to the gratification of Republicans generally.

The Republican party, having got rid of most of its rascals, and now getting rid of its eminent idiots, is in a fair way to achieve an old fashioned general victory in 1870.

The Red River Revolt.

[From the St. Paul Press, November 26.

It will be seen from the correspondence of the *Press* that the Red River rebellion is by no means the contemptible movement which it has been represented. We have been aware for months that a secret league had been organized among the half-breeds of Red River to resist the consummation of the bargain by which, for the paltry sum of £300,000 paid on the Hudson Bay Coterie in London, it was proposed, by a mere order of the Queen's Council, to transfer their country to Canadian domination without any guarantee for the rights of the settlers, and to impose a government of Canadian officials upon them without any consultation with the inhabitants. The high contracting parties to the cession took no pains to secure in the terms of the transfer, or by subsequent legislation, the possessory or other rights of the settlers. They and their lands, which for a half a century they have occupied, were turned over by a stroke of the pen to what was to them a foreign government, their wishes, their views, and interests being utterly ignored, as if wholly unworthy of notice. They conceived, therefore, that they and their property had been wantonly delivered up by an act of despotism to spoliation and oppression. This general popular dissatisfaction was greatly aggravated by the policy of the Canadian government, which, at the first step to the establishment of its authority in the ceded territory, undertook to impose upon it a provisional government in the most offensive form of arbitrary power. This new government, was to consist of a governor, and a council to be nominated by himself, to consist of not less or more than twelve persons, in whom were to be vested complete executive and legislative power, subject of course to the authority of Canada.

Rupert's Land was thus ceded to a new satrapy. Its people were and are intensely incensed at the contemptuous treatment of their rights, all the more so because just across the border they have long seen the familiar neighbors and relations of another half-breed population in the full enjoyment, under an American Territorial Government, of all the rights of self-government, and especially of the right to own and occupy at small expense the lands which they cultivate.

Mark Twain, in his Lecture at Boston, related several anecdotes of a famous liar, named Morgan, who never let any other man tell a bigger story than he could. Somebody was talking of memories, when Morgan said he knew of a society of incorporated mean men in California. The society hired a blast to blast a rock, and he was punching powder down in a hole with a crowbar when a premature explosion followed, sending the man and crowbar out of sight. Both came down again all right however, and the man went to work again promptly. But though he was gone only fifteen minutes, the company docked him for lost time. The curbs Morgan had a horse so fast that he kept ahead of a thunder shower on an eighteen mile race, and his driver did not catch a drop of rain, notwithstanding the horse was swinging behind the wagon all the way.

LINE UPON LINE.

—Duffie Porter—Watering it.

—Irma is not popular in Paris.

—Caleb Cushing is 70—almost.

—Senator Brownlow is sixty-nine.

—Mr. Stewart, though A. T., is only 54.

—Mr. Stanton is now quite sick.

—Russia is buying Artillery from America.

—Theodorus is sainted by the Abyssinians.

—The Cardiff Giant is going to New York City.

—Andy has taken quarters for the winter in Washington.

—Four prominent English magazines are now edited by ladies.

—The only bachelor in the Cabinet is the Secretary of the Navy.

—Isn't it queer that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

—Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because it's light when it rises.

—The Rev. Eliza E. Tupper, of Wisconsin, has married a Mr. Wilkes.

—Congressman Schenck has bought a house in Washington for $32,000.

—Dr. Willard Parker estimates that there are 235,000 smokers in New York.

A telegraph cable is to be laid from Said to Suez, on the bottom of the canal.

Robert Lincoln has just become the father of Abraham Lincoln's first grandchild.

—Omaha has an Hotel du Nord. The aborigines call it the "Hotel to Gnaw."

Maggie Mitchell is thirty-two years old, and has been on the stage seventeen years.

—'Sophia Worrell, the actress, is soon to be married." Worrell's without end, amen.

—A celebrated Louisiana lawyer, G. F. Webber has become insane on religious subjects.

—Vermicelli is manufactured in one hundred and thirty-four establishments in Genoa.

—Miss Florence Morrison has been awarded ten dollars for being the prettiest girl in Topeka, Kansas.

Tombstones are but marks on the road to show us where the mortal and immortal parted company.

—George Peabody is the first philanthropist who has been honored with a niche in Westminster Abbey.

Jeff. Davis has been elected President of a life insurance company in Memphis, and will live there, is said.

—The drinking, smoking and chewing of the working men of New York costs them $9,720,000 per annum.

—Fisk has settled a couple of millions on his wife in such a manner as to be beyond the reach of his creditors.

—Charles Dickens is engaged upon a new serial story, the first part of which will appear in London next March.

—Every plain girl has one consolation—though not a pretty young lady, she will, if she lives be a pretty old one.

The Private Secretary of Prince Napoleon is a Spanish ex-priest, who left the church to marry a French ballet girl.

—J. P. Jewett, the original publisher of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is now working as a journeyman printer in Philadelphia.

—Henry Ward Beecher's income will be twenty one thousand dollars the coming year. It was twenty-eight thousand dollars last year.

—The Pope invites his "holy daughter, Isabella II., Queen of Spain," with her "very happy husband and holy children," to the Ecumenical.

—Ex-President Pierce's estate is estimated at $1,000,000, the bulk of which will probably go to a nephew who is being educated at Princeton College.

—A practical Chicago woman advertises in the "personals" of a local paper that she desires to make the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman, "with a view to a ton of coal."

—Next Christmas Eve is set for the marriage of some five hundred cousins in New Hampshire. After that date the intermarriage of first cousins is to be prohibited there.

—Gen. Banks went through the Suez Canal with the rest of the distinguished people. The General is to be congratulated on being connected with one naval expedition that didn't get stuck.

—Congressman Myers, of Pennsylvania, intends to introduce a bill changing the present system of collecting a tax on distilled spirits, by levying it entirely on the capacity of a distillery.

—All about of the fashionable boarding schools, it is said by the Bust, young ladies are taught the "art of refusing an offer" so as to give the victim little or no pain, or a perfect avalanche of agony.

—There is a paper published in Austin, Texas, which is to printers a literary curiosity. It is printed with 120 line nice type and is very easily read in the dark. They charge fifty cents an inch for advertising, but a man can't say but a few words in that space, [illegible]

—It may, perhaps, prove consoling to people on the shady side of forty, who have not yet succeeded in making their fortunes, to know that the late Mr. Peabody accumulated the greater part of his vast wealth during the last five and twenty years of his life. It is said, on trustworthy authority, that at fifty he was worth but little more than $50,000.

—They have away in New York for almost everything. A while ago Horace Greeley's widow [illegible] without precedent made him familiar with the [illegible] the Czarina [illegible] feed [illegible] Mr. Hardman, of the Greeley [illegible] of his watch. The old relic had the effect to return it, as it was a much prized gift from Thurlow Weed. The chief [illegible] August [illegible] by August, not near the [illegible]

From Commissioner Raymond.

We are in receipt of a [illegible] letter from Mining Commissioner Raymond. It is written in such spirit that we are pleased to have connected as him, in a manner not harsh article, the belief that he was "an honest, honorable, good natured gentleman." He very sensibly corrects the misapprehension in our papers of a discussion, disadvantageous to the public, and distasteful to him." Mr. R. makes these points, and we give him the benefit of them:

1st: That the allowances for Printing should not be reckoned as at the disposal of the Commissioner.

2nd: That the government edition of his first report was not 25,000, or 30,000 copies, but 15,000; that the unusual delay of the government binder caused the issuance of the private New York edition first, and the profits of the Mining Journal on this did not exceed $500.

3d: That he visited Colorado in '60, but not in '68; and was necessitated so to do to acquire competent assistants to report to him.

4th: That his charge of apathy, on the part of Montanians, is founded upon the reports of the gentlemen collating facts in this territory, and his own experience in correspondence.

5th: That Messrs Keyes and Eaton were paid for their labors—though inadequately.

6th: "Will you do me the favor to believe my simple declaration that I wished to visit Montana, and was prevented by my physical condition?"

7th: That the $50 greenback, with its mysterious "sting" was evidently in regard to a gentleman noticed editorially and who subsequently sent a list of subscribers and $48, to pay for the same.

8th: That he receives from the government $2,000 per annum and expenses; is laboring as diligently and faithfully as he can to perform his duty; that his duty is *to write a report*, and by the value of that *result*, he asks to be judged.

9th: That the estimates of Montana yield have always been disputed. Mr. Cavanaugh attacked Mr. Brown's Report in the House—the only time, so far as he knows, that the voice of Montana has been heard in the matter; but Mr. Brown's figures have since been acknowledged by Montana men to be substantially correct; that he, Raymond, cut down the estimate of Montana last year, one million dollars, and the parties making them have since acknowledged he was correct.

These arguments Mr. Raymond makes, elaborating them greatly. We assailed him severely, but honestly, and the best evidence we can give of that is the space we accord in the NEW NORTH WEST to his defense leaving him the more room for advertisements in the *Journal*. Aggravated by the continued personal neglect shown Montana by all the Commissioners we desired to mention it in such way that it would bring a response, show what was the cause, and give us some indication of what we were to expect in the future. That object has been attained. Mr. R. asks justice. We have granted him that; possibly on a suitable occasion, might be generous.

He claims to be doing the best he can, and the best can do no more. We are glad to have found it out. He says *he did wish* to visit Montana: Let us trust the spirit will not be less willing, and the flesh a great deal stronger in the Summer of seventy. The purpose is accomplished. We offer no rejoinder to this letter. If so be that others are willing as we, the Past is given to bury its dead.

The President's "Family."

[From the Chicago Post 20th.]

"The Ancestry of General Grant, and their Contemporaries," is a genealogical work, containing considerable curious information, and more "mere muster-rolls of names," by Edward Chauncey Marshall, A. M. All genealogical works have a fine quality of dryness, productive of a great deal of sneezing. If this little book about the ancestry of our much admired President is a little better than most of books of genealogical research, the reason—very fortunate for the reader—is that the President had among his ancestry, and the connections of his ancestry, a rather unusual number of very good, honest, and influential people.

The fact is, the Grant clan in Scotland was long celebrated for military talents, ferocity, and red hair, with once in a while a member noted in literature, science or religion. Sir Alexander Boswell (who was himself killed in a duel, we believe, and if he was not, his father, Sir Alexander before him, was) celebrated some of the Grants of Scotland in the follwing stanzas:

"Come the Grants of Tullochgorum
Wi' the pipes man before 'em,
Proud the mothers are that bore 'em.

Next the Grants of Rothiemurchus,
Every man his sword and dirk has,
Every man as proud as Turk is."

Sir Robert Grant, however, once Governor of Bombay, was a better poet than the one we have just quoted. He is the author of that well known religious hymn, beginning, "O God, Thy throne is in the skies," and other poems of a devotional character.

The founder of the Grant family in this country was Mathew Grant, who came over from England in 1630, and, having lived a few years in Massachusetts, removed to Windsor, Connecticut, "where his descendants still live. From that time to this, the Grants have been respectable people, but with the exception of Captain Noah Grant, killed in the French war, not distinguished. They, one and all, have had good common sense and common morals, and as the stock may be called good enough for any body to spring from, a President, Grant's ancestry, considered as all, is probably less remarkable than his mother.

The foregoing will be interesting to those who have read the family records and the genealogical research, the reason—very fortunate for the reader—is that the President had among his ancestry, and the connections of his ancestry, a rather unusual number of very good, honest, and influential people. [illegible] of the importance to the interest of this State.

THE WEST.

A slight earthquake in Colorado, Nov. 27.

The Solano, Cal., *Press* and *Herald* have been merged.

The Gilroy *Advocate* has enlarged to 32 columns.

The wool clip of California last year was fourteen million pounds.

The Denver *News* will start a branch paper—the *Express*—at Evans.

Blue Hawk, the Pawnee murderer, has at last been captured and taken to Omaha.

Brigham Young refuses to exchange silkworm eggs with Ed Muller of California.

The Mormons have 130 cities, towns and villages, and number over 200,000 souls.

Mrs. Pettijohn, ninety years of age, has just emigrated from Colorado to Oregon.

Charles R. Peake, merchant of Sacramento, was killed by a runaway team, a few days ago.

Recently a patent was granted to Dr. Lawrence Ray, of St. Joseph, Mo., for a "cure for cancer."

The wife of Gen John B. Winters of Virginia City, Cal., died in San Francisco, Nov. 20th.

A corps of surveyors are locating the depot and buildings of the California Railroad at Sacramento.

The fire yet continues in the Comstock lode, on the 600 and 700 foot levels of the Kentuck mine.

Mike Kelly shot Pat Desmond at White Pine, Nov. 24. The wound is fatal. Kelly is in durance.

The Mint at Carson is ready and waiting for the proper officers to take possession and put it into operation.

P. B. Foster of the San Francisco *Call*, was struck with paralysis Nov. 21, and is not expected to recover.

A Dr. Benton, of Portland (Oregon) eloped recently with the wife of Samuel Hoover. Both parties leave families.

L. E. Hinckley, suicided at Mrs McDonalds, Fort Point, near San Francisco Nov. 18. Domestic troubles and whisky.

The Sutro tunnel is one hundred and seventy-three feet; seven feet of progress is made every twenty-four hours.

The storm at Golden City, Col., did little damage, save demolishing the beautiful new College building of Bishop Randall.

A. E. Mathews has sold his panorama of the Rocky Mountains to Dr. J. E. Wharton, of Colorado, who will exhibit it in the States this winter.

The bodies of Laity, Belney, and O'Neil, victims of the Gold Hill disaster, still remain inclosed within their great subterranean tomb.

Charley Aldrich, has rented the Rocky Mountain Company's mill in the lower part of Central City, Col, and will run it, saith the *Register*.

A California paper thinks there is a fortune in a milk weed that grows wild in that State, the fiber of which is as strong as Manilla hemp and fine as linen.

The Burmester trial has been removed from Ada to Boise county, Idaho, and will be heard before Judge Noggle at an extra session of the Court early in December.

They had a little ball at Hamilton, White Pine, Nov. 25th, and the number of the committee of invitations as advertized in the *Inland Empire* was 214—a pretty good lay out.

It is whispered in political circles that C. A. Tweed, Senator from Placer county, Cal. will, after the expiration of his term, be appointed United States District Judge of New Mexico.

On the 18th of November, Wm. Fletcher, a miner working at the Havilla quartz mill, in Nashville, Eldorado County, Cal., slipped and fell down the shaft 130 feet, and was instantly killed.

Miss Elizabeth Peebles has been elected enrolling clerk of the House of Representatives of Washington Territory. She is said to be a carpet-bagger of the school-teaching persuasion, from New York.

The citizens of Promontory formed themselves into a Vigilance Committee a few days ago to rid the town of the gamblers, etc., who have infested the town for months past, and been a terror to travellers.

An order was recently given cutting down the wages of the hands employed on the Branch Mint at the Dalles, Oregon, from $6 to $5 per day, in consequence of which the workmen refused to go to work, and operations are suspended for the present.

The District Court, Judge Lewis presiding, is in session at Silver City, Owyhee. The Grand Jury found a true bill for murder against H. B. Maize, who shot at Frank Babb and killed another man, last Spring, at Silver City.

At Smartsville, Cal., Nov. 21, about noon three men—H. Smith of Smartsville, and Wilson and Leatham, of San Francisco, while experimenting with Hoffinger powder in O'Brien's tunnel, were blown up. The two former were killed.

Mrs. Cody's Millinery establishment took fire and communicated to several other buildings in Denver, Nov. 21. Walker's Boot and Shoe store; Mrs. Gunnels Hair store, Doolittle's Dry Goods and Boots, Jewelry and Music stores were burned. Loss $20,000 to $25,000.

Advices from Virginia, Nov. 23d, says, the Hale & Norcross tower level is being developed rapidly. Drifts are being run north and south from each of the three crosscuts. The platform cut has reached the west drift. The ore at this point is forty nine feet wide. The western ten feet contains the richest ore ever found in the mine. The [illegible] Mr. Bell, Sutherland, Benner, Schamp, Hazzhurst and [illegible]

Feed the Cows Well.

A lady correspondent sends *The North West Farmer* the following bit of experience, which may be of advantage to other housewives who find their supply of milk decreasing with the advance of cold weather:

"Why, Corny, what have you done to that cow? She has certainly shrunk a quart at a milking since the snow fell. You don't feed her well."

Such was our exclamation as we looked into the milk pail on November 1st.

"Indade, ma'am, an I do. It's just the way with these critters. If they can't have grass, they wont have anything. Now, ma'am, I've fed that cow just as nice as I could," was the reply of our Milesian assistant.

"Well, I can't have this; butter at fifty cents per pound, and Juno makes a pound to every seven quarts of milk. If she loses two quarts a day, there's two pounds less of butter per week. You must feed her differently. Give one pail of warm water, slightly salted, morning, noon and night. Then keep her well supplied with hay, and Corny, I know that if you should stir two quarts of wheat bran and corn meal, mixed together, into the pail of hot water, morning and night, that she should give more milk than she did before she left the pasture. Now, try it and see."

"Indade, ma'am, and you be the curious est lady I ever met. What'll the master be afther saying at this?"

"When he sees a nice platterful of butter cakes, then we'll hear what he has to say. Meanwhile you do as I tell you."

Fortunately, Corny possessed one great virtue—he would obey. So Juno was fed as we desired, with the addition of half peck of potatoes night and morning, and butter was thereafter plentiful.

Discovery of an Inland Sea.

A dispatch to a Boston paper says that a geographical discovery which will rather astonish map publishers, has been made in the country north of Lake Superior, by a party under Prof. Bell, which was recently engaged in a geographical survey of that region. Lake Neepigon, lying only thirty miles north of Lake Superior, hitherto considered too insignificant to find a place in American atlases, is announced by the professor to be larger than Lake Ontario or Erie. He had traversed five hundred miles of coast line when the approach of winter compelled the party to return to Canada. This lake discharges its waters into Lake Superior by the Neepigon river a broad rapid stream, and is the seventh in number and possibly the second in size of the chain of great Lakes which form so remarkable a feature in the geography of North America. That the existence of this inland sea, should have remained unknown to this time is most remarkable, considering how near it lies to Lake Superior. As it receives its waters from upward of a dozen considerable rivers, is not improbable that the system of lakes, beginning at Lake Ontario, may extend many miles further to the north. This will add one more link to the great chain, and damage the nomenclature of Lake Superior, surpassing it also in interest in a swarm of picturesque little islands, which dot the surface of its waters.

"GATH" writing from Washington says, the new Arlington Hotel is completely occupied, except some five apartments which the proprietors refuse to rent. The charges can be gained from this: A newspaper correspondent pays $300 a month for three rooms on the third floor, and board for himself, wife and maid. A member of Congress from Wisconsin pays $500 a month for three rooms and board for himself and one daughter, or six dollars and a half a day each person. The same proprietor, keeping the same sort of house elsewhere, would board by the week at fifteen dollars each, room included. Yet, dear as it is, this is probably the cheapest board in the city, considering the fact that one can eat with faith.

A GREAT INVENTION.—Under this heading the Reno *Crescent* of Nov. 20 declares the belief that the Stetefeldt chloridizing furnace is to revolutionize the working of ores that require roasting. The furnace is in operation at the English mill, near Reno, and, according to the *Crescent*, one man, with one cord of wood and six per cent. salt, can roast at the rate of from fifteen to twenty-four tons per day; or briefly, the Stetefeldt furnace does fourteen times the work of the reverberatory, with only one-fifth the fuel per ton, and completes its work better than it can be done in the old way. The furnace is described as simple in its workings; though the probable cost is not mentioned.

SINGULAR—IF TRUE.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says for two summers, since railroad work has been in progress on the Plains, rain has fallen freely during the summer, for some 35 miles on either side of the track, while outside of that strip of fifty miles the ground has remained during the season as dry as ever. If this statement is reliable, it furnishes the most striking example yet noticed of the effect of civilization upon climatic changes.

THE new two-dollar greenbacks are printed on a patent fibered paper, and are decidedly the handsomest notes of their denomination that have been issued since the beginning of the war. There is an excellent view of the Capitol in the center and a portrait of Jefferson on the left and [illegible] area, small work and letering are very fine.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.—Is it said that one of the wires of the old Atlantic telegraph is pronounced by experts to be in good condition, and capable of transmitting its operations. If this report is correct, the fact is a most unfortunate one in its connection with ocean telegraphy.

Our New Circuit Judges.

For Judicial purposes, the United States are divided into nine Circuits, as follows:

I. Maine, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island.
II. Connecticut, Vermont, New York.
III. New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware.
IV. Maryland, Virginia, W. Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina.
V. Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas.
VI. Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee.
VII. Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin.
VIII. Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Arkansas, Nebraska.
IX. California, Oregon, Nevada.

Hitherto, each of the eight Justices of the Supreme Court, the Chief-Justice included, has performed the duties of Circuit Judges; but the vast expansion of the business of both Supreme and Circuit Courts has rendered their persistence in so doing impracticable: hence, by an act of Congress at its last session, a Circuit Judge is to be appointed this month for each Circuit, as well as a ninth Justice of the Supreme Court—no Justice having yet been designated to fill the place of the Hon. James M. Wayne of Georgia, deceased. We presume the new Justice will be selected from that district, or at all events from the South.

For the new Circuit Judges, it is understood that the Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar (now Attorney General) will be nominated by the President for the first Circuit. The fitness of the selection is very generally conceded.

For this Circuit, the leading names are those of the Hon. Lafayette S. Foster (late U. S. Senator of Connecticut, and the Hon. Lewis B. Woodruff of this city. Mr. Foster has the higher political standing; Judge Woodruff has more judicial reputation; but either would fill the post worthily. There are a dozen aspirants for it; but we do not think any of them can bear a comparison with these.

For the Sixth Circuit, it is understood that the Hon. Horace Maynard (now M. C.) of Tennessee is prominently considered.

In the Fifth Circuit, Judge Durant of New Orleans (at present sojourning in Washington) is conspicuous among those named as eligible.

Doubtless, the President will ponder long and earnestly before making these important nominations. If a mistake is made in an Executive appointment, it may be promptly corrected; but a bad Judicial appointment is irrevocable. It is, therefore, of vital moment that the Justices now to be appointed shall be the very best who can be persuaded to accept the position. And there are not many good lawyers—and no bad ones—who are likely to decline it.

Three Representative Men

Holmes, Emerson and Lowell are thus referred to in a sermon on "New England Life," recently preached by Rev. Robert Collyer, in Chicago:

And now I would like to tell you, if I had time, very much more of the good I always get by a visit to New England, of the men I love to see, that I count among the wisest and sweetest souls in the American republic, or in the world. Wendell Holmes—among his books, ponderous old folios, mainly about crabbed and cranky questions in medicine, but as bright and genial himself as a flood of summer sunshine—tremulous, keen and high; just the man you would guess from his books, but with the blessed quality above all beside, of being one of the best listeners I ever watched from a pulpit.

Emerson, simple as a child, in his quaint old Concord home, with the great pine trees in front, and the garden at the end he trims and cares for with his own hands; proud of his grapes and pears, and the green field that lies beyond the garden; living in his old house, out of the world, as it were, but watching with his grey prophet's eyes, everything significant from Chippeway to China. Lowell, mirroring all that is quaint and touched with any witchery, and all that is deep and wise in the light and shadow of the time; the man who has the mantle of Hawthorne, if he would only wear it, but who is probably better content to be himself, to be what he is, one of the three or four great poets of this country, and one of the few great scholars. This is something about which one must be bound by delicacy and good manners.

I mention some of these men (your teachers and mine) some of the centres of deepest interest and pleasure I ever touch down in New England. And these, with her homes full of peace and plenty, her sons and her daughters men and women to be honored, when you know them, for their worth, are some of the things for which I am glad, when I can, to go down there and spend a week or two, to come back again feeling that while I love the West I love the East too, and that each can give to the other a treasure that neither can possess alone.

Billings.

If it is fame, Clarence, that you are looking after, I can assure yer that the glory of the common scribbler will perforate posterity just about as deep as the advertisements of a quack doctor. His advice to you is dredful short and simple, and as easy to follow as a halter. If you are fully satisfied that yure fust litterary effort is perfect, tare it up, and don't be a phool but once; but if you sincerely doubt its merit, (which iz the hardest doubt to inhale), let the public decide between yu and yure fears. The publick hav no vanity; they are as practical as a lot ov surgeons in a dissekting room. Don't be scared at the critiks neither; they are like the hornits, never sting dead beings.

A LARGE MINING SYPHON.—Mr. G. A. Crawford has a mining syphon at Grover Range, Tuolumne county, Cal., 1,600 feet long and four inches in diameter, made of galvanized iron. The head of the syphon is sunk 18 feet down a pit in a tunnel, and the descent from the highest point to the foot is forty feet, giving a difference of twenty-two feet between the levels of the two ends. The current is so strong that gravel an inch in diameter is carried out. The pipe leads a lateral so that many days labor is dispensed by a force pump.