THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

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POETRY.

Memories.

They come on the breeze of the morning,
They come with the dying day,
They pity my lone, sad spirit,
And carry me far away;
Away on the wings of fancy
To wander in realms sublime,
Surrounded by golden glory,
Unshackled by space or time.

And there, among dreams of beauty,
And visions of light and love,
And murmuring sounds of music,
That float in the air above,
The form of the long departed
Comes forth from a mist of gloom,
And beckons, with loving gesture,
My wandering spirit home.

And there is no more heart-aching,
For pinions of love we spread,
And floating in endless glory
With shadow-light overhead,
'Mong rustling trees that murmur
To rippling, silvery streams,
Our spirits hold sweet communion,
Immured in this land of dreams.

Oh! love with the sunlight tresses,
Oh! love with the eyes of blue,
Come forth from the vast Eternal
And beckon my soul to you.
And weariness all shall vanish,
My spirit shall find its peace
With thee, the beloved and loving,
Where sorrow and longing cease.

Even now there's a yearning foretaste
Of gladness without alloy,
That comes in these sweet, heart visions,
O'erflowing my soul with joy.
I taste of it in the gloaming
When wearying toil is done,
And the shadow upon my spirit
Goes off with the setting sun.

They come on the breeze of morning;
They come with the dying day;
They pity my lone, sad spirit,
And carry it far away—
Away upon wings of fancy,
To joys of the shadow-land,
Which only the soul's deep longing
Is able to under-stand.

At my Mother's Grave.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

If there is a finer short poem than his "Written at my Mother's Grave" in our literature, we do not recollect it.—*Chicago Post*, 23.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shattering flowers like souls at rest,
The stars shine gloriously, and all
Save me, is blest.

Mother, I love thy grave,
The violet with its blossoms blue and mild,
Wave o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a bright bower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow;
Dear mother 'tis thine emblem—dust;
Dust is on thy brow!

And I could love to die,
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear,
With bitter tears?

Aye, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim, blue wave,
I stay to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above; thy look is imaged there,
I listen; and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

O, come! while here I press
My brow upon thy grave; and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness, bless,
Bless thy child.

The Petrified Fern.

In a valley centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibers tender,
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall and moss and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it—
But no foot of man o'er came that way,
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching nature's secrets far and deep—
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Leafage, veining, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line—
So I think God hides some lives away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

PRENTICE'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS.—On the day of Mr. Prentice's death a paper was presented to him, which he signed at the request of a friend, remarking, as he laid down the pen, that it was the last time he would ever write his name. His last hours was calm and peaceful. Death had no terrors for him. He did not express a single regret that he was so near the verge of the grave, nor did he seem to regret any act of his eventful life. He was not a professor of religion, but was a Free Mason, and of course, believed in the immortality of the soul. He had expressed recently his desire to connect himself with the Christian [Campbellite] Church, and had appointed a time to go the Church for that purpose, but was prevented by sickness from keeping that appointment. He made this desire and resolve known to but a few of his most intimate friends.

VERY SINGULAR COINCIDENCES.—It is a singular but not less true remark in a late work, that Jefferson was born just eight years after his predecessor, Adams; Madison eight years after Jefferson; Monroe eight years after Madison; and John Quincy Adams eight years after Monroe. Another curious fact to be observed is, that Adams was just sixty-six years old when he retired; Madison was sixty-six; Monroe was sixty-six, and John Quincy Adams, had he been elected to a second term, would have been sixty-six. Adams, Jefferson and Monroe, all died on the 4th of July.

National Facts.

The United States of America, with its Territories, with the exception of Alaska, extends from the Atlantic west to the Pacific Ocean, occupying the middle division of North America; being bounded on the north by the British Possessions, and on the Gulf of Mexico and the Republic of Mexico. Its great length from east to west is estimated at 3,000 miles, and its greatest breadth, from north to south 1,700 miles; containing an area of 3,250,000 square miles, or 1,951,288,233 acres. It has a frontier line of about 10,000 miles, of which 3,500 miles is along the Atlantic coast and Gulf of Mexico, and 1,620 miles on the Pacific Ocean and Straits of Juan de Fuca. Its surface embraces about one-third of North America, including the West India Islands, being one-twentieth of the land of the whole earth. It was first discovered to the inhabitants of the old World by John Cabot, A. D. 1497, being five years after the landing of Columbus at St. Salvador.

The first permanent English settlement in the United States was at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, which continued an English colony till the declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776. After a war of seven years' duration, peace was made, and independence acknowledged in 1783. St. Augustine, Florida, was settled in 1565 by the Spaniards.

The articles of Confederation were entered into in 1777. The present United States Constitution, framed in 1737, went into operation March 1st, 1789, after being approved by the thirteen original States of the Union. Louisiana, comprising the States and Territories now belonging to the United States west of the Mississippi river, was purchased of France in 1803, and Florida of Spain in 1819. Texas was admitted into the Union by "Joint Resolutions" of Congress, passed March 1, 1845. New Mexico and Upper California, including Utah, were acquired by treaty with Mexico, ratified in June, 1848. Arizona was a conquest by treaty with Mexico, ratified in 1854.

The population of the United States at the time of taking the first census in 1790, was 3,929,328; in 1800, 5,309,758; in 1860, 31,443 321; of the latter number 3,953,760 were slaves of African descent. Estimated population 1868, 33,422,995; net increase over 1860, 6,979 674.

The slave-trade was prohibited by act of Congress after January 1, 1808. In 1818, Congress declared the traffic to be piracy. Slavery was abolished in the United States by amendment to the Constitution proclaimed December 18, 1865.

Maine, Vermont, Louisiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, and eighteen territorial governments have been organized and converted into States since the adoption of the Constitution, making in all thirty-seven States, together with ten organized Territories and Alaska.

Power for Stamp Mills.

We frequently hear extravagant claims put forth by the manfacturers or owners of stamp mills, as to the amount of work performed by the employment of a given horse power. A mill of so many stamps is said to run at such a speed, on so many horse-power. We desire to offer a simple suggestion by which these assertions may be tested.

The power applied to a stamp mill is expended in lifting the stamps and in moving the intermediate machinery. The amount of power required to lift a stamp is exactly the same us that which the fall of the stamp generates. It follows that in no case can a stamp mill be run with less power than the stamps themselves yield in dropping. The only saving of power possible is that which can be effected by reducing friction and weight of gearing.

For instance, a battery of ten stamps is run at ninety drops per minute, the stamps weighing six hundred pounds each, and dropping eight inches or two-thirds of a foot. The force required to lift six hundred pounds eight inches, is four hundred foot-pounds, and this being done ninety times per min., gives thirty-six thousand foot-pounds per minute for each stamp, or three hundred and sixty thousand foot pounds per minute for the battery. Now, thirty-three thousand foot-pounds per minute is one horse power; hence a battery of ten six hundred pound stamps, dropping eight inches, cannot possibly be run at ninety to the minute with less than 10 9 horse power, aside from the power lost in the machinery itself.

The actual useful effect of the stamps may be increased by judicious arrangements. It may be found more economical to run at one speed than another. The character of the rock, the nature of discharge, and the fineness of the pulverization, affect this question. Yet, on the whole, there is a remarkable uniformity in the results achieved. Mr. Ashburner, of San Francisco, found some years ago, by comparing the work of a large number of quartz-mills, that they crushed, on the average, of ordinary rock, one and one-quarter tons per horse-power developed by the falling stamps, and recent investigations of our own had us to accept this conclusion. Inventors may claim a saving of power by simpler applications of it, or an increased result in amount of rock crushed per horse-power applied, and prove their claims if they can; but when they propose to lift stamps to certain heights at a certain speed, they must be careful not to put the power too low, as the simple calculation we have given will inevitably expose the fallacy.—*N. Y. Mining Journal.*

There is a wonderful "Healing Pool" in Gratiot county, Michigan. A well three-and-a-half inches in diameter, sank in search of petroleum, began at a depth of 200 feet, to spout water so powerfully magnetic that pen-knives dipped into it became permanently magnetized, and tin cups and glass tumblers held in the water were galvanized with a coating closely resembling gold. But the marvelous peculiarity of this water is its healing qualities. It seems to be a veritable Pool of Bethesda.

THE WEST.

Stockton, Cal., is besieged by thieves.

Ashland (Or.) is to have a newspaper.

The Salinas valley, Cal., is 70 miles long.

Fresh oysters are 75 cents a can in Denver.

Sacramento is importing beer from Chicago.

William White suicided at Sonoma, Cal., recently.

Healdsburg, Cal., does not contain a single dwelling.

It is again proposed to make two States out of Texas.

The people of Kansas want the Osage Indians removed.

There are but six faro games now dealt in White Pine.

Marysville (Cal.) nurserymen propose to plant orange seed.

At Mariposa, California, girls marry at the age of 12 years.

California is manufacturing "sweet oil" from the sunflower.

Brigham Young is building a cannon foundry and powder mill.

The Missouri river was frozen over at Yankton, Dakota, Jan. 20th.

Los Angeles, Cal., is shipping a large amount of freight to Arizona.

Sioux City is in danger of being left out in the country by the Missouri.

The Free Masons of Hamilton (W. P.) are preparing to organize a Lodge.

Kenyon & Knowlton are making a newspaper success of the *Gilroy Advocate.*

Col. Nathaniel Ford, who was among the early settlers of Oregon, died recently.

A California farmer raised four crops of watermelons on one patch last season.

The Austria and Salem Railroad has been incorporated. Capital stock, 3,000,000.

Every town in Kansas that has a newspaper is called "the great business centre."

Up to Jan. 25th, 10½ inches of rain had fallen during the season in San Francisco.

A pure article of porcelain clay has been discovered at the California mine in Nevada.

Bill Anderson, the Missouri guerrilla, is living in California under an assumed name.

There are said to be four times as many cattle in Texas as there were before the war.

The New Eldorado mine at South Pass city, Wy., cleans up $37 50 of gold to the ton.

The Tualatin river, Oregon, is to be connected with Silver Lake by means of a canal.

The Colorado *Transcript* has been bilked by strolling minstrels. Moral: Patronize Amateurs.

Francis Buckle, a miner, was crushed to death by falling rocks in the Eureka mine, Grass Valley, Cal.

The branch from the Carson Railroad to run into Silver city will be about two and a half miles long.

The Salt Lake *Reporter* knows of one Mormon family that has buried one hundred and forty-eight children.

An unsuccessful attempt was made recently to assassinate C. D. Fowle, a prominent citizen of Salem, Oregon.

Delegate Thayer has introduced a bill to aid the construction of a railroad from Omaha to Fort Berthold, Dakota.

The Omaha *Republican* says that Col. E. T. Ruggles, an attachee of the Council Bluffs *Nonpariel*, was lately frozen to death near that city.

Mr. Roland Chambers, of King's Valley, Benton county, Oregon, died instantly, a few days since, while standing in the road talking with another person.

Big Horn meetings are held nightly at Cheyenne. The roll at present embraces one hundred and thirteen names. The association will leave for the mining region very soon.

Williamson Valley, a fine district lying about twenty-four miles west of Prescott, Arizona, on the Mohave wagon road, is rapidly filling up with people, and a "big fort" is expected to be established there soon.

Goldrick's *Herald* says, a party recently left Atlantic city, Col., to prospect the Big Horn country for gold. A report has come in that the party has been intercepted by Indians and is having a warm time of it.

Owing to the snow blocade on the U. P. R. R., mail communication is becoming somewhat irregular of late, and occasionally the evening train for the West leaves Ogden without waiting for the eastern connection.—*Corinne Reporter* 29th.

Colonel Hammond, General Superintendent of the Union Pacific Railroad, is arranging for the collection of mineral specimens from Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana, and Idaho. A cabinet will be opened at Omaha by the Union Pacific Road.

The *Oregonian* says: "Our readers will remember the mysterious disappearance of Col. Noyes, from Albany, a couple of years since. The *Mountaineer* now says that he and his wife, who left here some time afterward, are living at Omaha, and doing well.

The Leavenworth *Conservatist* says: "Horace Greeley was supposed to be in the city yesterday. Just after dark a man about his size slipped down on Shawnee street; did twore a sentence two minutes long, with nothing but oaths in it, and didn't make a grammatical error."

The Territorial Treasurer, of Idaho, has submitted a report to the Governor, which we find published in the *Enterprise*, showing the indebtedness of the Territory to be $108, 250 77. The Territory has sold in the management and sale, keeping of prisoners during the year $39,157.00, and expended for school purposes during the same period $169 25. Our then county, then paid into the Treasury during the year $16,625.70. Below [illegible] Ada $14,[illegible] Kootenai and [illegible]

Beecher on Sleep.

From the New York Ledger.

There are thousands of busy people who die every year for want of sleep. It may be that too much sleep injures some; but in an excitable people, and in our intense business habits, there is far more mischief for want of sleep than from too much of it. Sleeplessness becomes a disease. It is the precursor of insanity. When it does not reach to that sad result, it is still full of peril, as well as of suffering. Thousands of men have been indebted for bad bargains, for lack of courage, for ineffectiveness, to loss of sleep.

It is curious that all the popular poetical representations of sleeping and waking are reverse of the truth. We speak of sleep as the image of death, and of our waking hours as the image of life. But all activity is the result of some form of decomposition in the body. Every volition wastes some form of decomposition in the body. Every thought, still more, every emotion, any volition wastes some part of the nervous substance, precisely as flame is produced by wasting the fuel. It is the death of some part of the physical substance that produces the phenomena of intelligent and voluntary life. On the other hand, sleep is not, like death; for it is the period in which the waste of the system ceases, or is reduced to its minimum. Sleep repairs the wastes which waking hours have made. It rebuilds the system. The night is the repair-shop of the body. Every part of the system is silently overhauled, and all the organs, tissues, and substances are replenished. Waking consumes, sleep replaces; waking exhausts, sleep repairs; waking is death, sleep is life.

The man who sleeps little, repairs little; if he sleeps poorly, he repairs poorly. If he uses up in the day less than he accumulates at night, he will gain in health and vigor. If he uses up all that he gains at night, he will just hold his own. If he uses up more by day than he gathers at night he will lose. And if this last process be long continued, he must succumb. A man who would be a good worker must see to it that he is a good sleeper. Human life is like a mill; sometimes the stream is so copious that one needs care but little about his supply. Now, often, the stream that turns the mill needs to be economized. A dam is built to hold a larger supply. The mill runs the pond pretty low through the day, but, by shutting down the gate, the night re-fills the pond, and the wheels go merrily around again the next day. Once in a while, when spring rains are copious and freshets overflow, the mill may run night and day; but this is rare. Ordinarily the mill should run by day, and the pond fill up by night.

A man has as much force in him as he has provided for by sleep. The quality of action, especially mental activity, depends upon the quality of sleep. If daytime is the loom in which men weave their purposes, night is the time when the threads are laid in and the filling prepared.

Men need on an average eight hours of sleep a day, or one-third of their time. A man of lymphatic temperament may require nine. A nervous temperment may require but seven, or six, and instances have been known in which four hours have been enough. The reason is plain. A lymphatic man is sluggish in all his functions. He moves slowly, thinks slowly, eats slowly, digests slowly, and sleeps slowly; that is, all the restorative acts of his system go on slowly, in analogy with his temperament. But a nervous man acts quickly in everything, by night or by day. When awake he does more in an hour than a sluggish man in two hours; and so in his sleep. He sleeps faster, and his system nimbly repairs in six hours what it would take another one eight hours to perform.

Every man must sleep according to his tempermaent. But eight hours is the average. If one requires a little more or a little less, he will find it out for himself. Whether by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but nature keeps close accounts, and no man can dodge her settlements. We have seen impoverished railroads that could not keep the track in order, nor spare the engines to be thoroughly repaired. Every year track and equipment deteriorated. By and by comes a crash, and the road is in a heap of confusion and destruction. So it is with men. They cannot spare time to sleep enough. They slowly run behind. Symptoms of general waste appear. Premature wrinkles, weak eyes, depression of spirits, failure of digestion, feeblenes in the morning, and overwhelming melancholy—these and other signs show a general dilapidation. If, now, sudden calamity causes an extraordinary pressure, they go down under it. They have no resource to draw upon. They have been living up to the verge of their whole vitality every day.

There is a great deal of intemperance besides that of tobacco, opium, or brandy.

Men are dissipated, to overtax their system all day and under sleep every night. Some men are dissipated by physical stimulants, and some by social, and some by professional and commercial. But a man who dies of disease brought on by too much drink and sent a suicide than the lawyer, the minister, or the merchant that works excessively all day, and sleeps but little at night.

—Kansas has on the walls of its new Capitol, pictures which cost $25 each, and is very much pleased at being assured by good judges that some of them are equal to some in Washington which cost from $500 to $1000.

—A boy of seven years went into a barber shop in Racine, Wisconsin, and ordered a bushel and his hair on place on shave, could do it. He was asked if his mother ordered it that way. "Shall said he, 'Pat, school commence next week, and when girls school ma'am that spoke to me I want to look as fine as any of the girls.'"

Pacific Coast Desperadoes.

From the Buffalo Express, Jan. 24.

A curious feature about California life was the breed of desperadoes she reared and fostered on her soil and afterward distributed over adjacent Territories through her Vigilance Committees when she had had enough of their exploits. These men went armed to the teeth with monstrous revolvers, and preyed upon each other. Their slightest misunderstandings were settled on the spot by the bullet; but they rarely molested peaceable citizens. They robbed and gambled and killed people for three or four years, and then "died with their boots on," as they phrased it; that is, they were killed themselves—almost invariably and they never expected any other fate, and were very seldom disappointed.

SAM BROWN.

Sam Brown, of Nevada, killed sixteen men in his time, and was journeying toward Esmeralda to kill a seventeenth, who had stopped the breath of a friend of his, when a party of law-abiding citizens waylaid him and slaughtered him with shotguns. Mourners were exceeding scarce at his funeral. It is said that Sam Brown called for a drink at the bar of the Slaughter House in Carson City one morning (a saloon so nicknamed because so many men had been killed in it) and invited a stranger up to drink with him. The stranger said he never drank and wished to be excused. By the custom of the country, that was a deadly insult, and so Brown very properly shot him down. He left him lying there and went away, warning everybody to let the body alone, because it was *his* meat, he said. And it is said, also, that he came back after awhile and made a coffin and buried the man himself—though I never could quite believe that without assistance.

Virginia City was full of desperadoes, and some of the pleasantest newspaper reporting I ever did was in those days, because I reported the inquests on the entire lot of them, nearly. We had a fresh one pretty much every morning. Toward the last it was melancholy to see how the material was running short. Those were halcyon days! I don't know what halcyon days are, but that is the proper expression to use in this connection, I believe.

JACK WILLIAMS.

Jack Williams was one of the luckiest of the Virginia City desperadoes. He killed a good many men. He was a kind-hearted man, and gave all his custom to a poor undertaker who was trying to get along. But by and bye some body poxed a double-barreled shot gun through a crack while Williams was sitting at breakfast, and riddled him at such a rate that there was hardly enough of him left to hold an inquest on—and then the poor unfortunate undertaker's best friend was gone, and he had to take in his sign. Thus he was stricken in the midst of his prosperity and his happiness—for he was just on the point of getting married when Jack Williams was taken away from him, and of course he had to give it up then.

CEMETERIAL CURIOSITIES.

It is said that the first twenty-six graves in the cemetery at Virginia City were those of men who all died by the bullet. And the first six of another of those towns contained the bodies of a desperado and five of his victims—and there in the bosom of his family, made dear to him by ties of blood, he camly sleeps unto this day.

MR. SLADE.

At the Rocky Ridge station in the Rocky Mountains, in the old days of overland stages and pony expresses, I had the gorgeous honor of breakfasting with Mr. Slade, the Prince of all the desperadoes; who killed twenty-six men in his time; who used to cut off his victims' ears and send them as keepsakes to their relatives; and who bound one of his victims hand and foot and practiced on him with his revolver for hours together—a proceeding which seems almost inexcusable until we reflect that Rocky Ridge is away off in the dull solitudes of the mountains, and the poor desperadoes have hardly any amusements. Mr. Slade afterward went to Montana and began to thin out the population as usual—for he took a great interest in trimming the census and regulating the vote—but finally the Vigilance Committee captured him and hanged him, giving him just fifteen minutes to prepare himself. The papers said he cried on the scaffold.

The Vigilance Committee is a wholesome regulator in the new countries, and bad characters have a lively dread of it. In Montana one of these characters was placed on his mule and informed that he had precisely fifteen minutes to leave the country in. He said, "Gents, if this mule don't balk, five'll answer."

But that is sufficient about the desperadoes. I merely wished to make passing mention of them as a Californian production.

MARK TWAIN.

In an ordinary piano there are sixteen kinds of wood, namely: pine, maple, spruce, cherry, walnut, whitewood, apple, basswood, birch, mahogany, ebony, holly, cedar, beech and rosewood, from Honduras, Ceylon, England, South America, and Germany. In this combination, elasticity, strength, pliability, toughness, resonance, lightness, durability and beauty are individual qualities, and the general result is sweet. There are also used of the metals, iron, steel, brass, white metal, gun metal and lead. There are in the instrument of seven and a half octaves 84 strings, making a total length of 237 feet of steel wire, and 300 feet of white (covering) wire. Such a piano will weigh from 550 to 1,000 pounds, and will last with constant use (not abuse) fifteen or twenty years. The total manufacture of pianos in New York plans averages 15,000 [illegible]

INKOTYPES.

—Watts dashed off 607 hymns.

—D. R. Locke is writing a novel.

—The land of infancy—Lap-land.

—England taxes two million dogs.

—New York snobdom boasts five lords.

—The Baptist's complaints—dip-theory.

—Private caring—listening at a keyhole.

—Guizot writes history on one meal a day.

—Victoria is thinking seriously of dropsy.

—Good Friday falls on the 15th of April.

—Troubles, like babies, grow big by nursing.

—Prince Pierre Bonaparte is fifty-five years old.

—Fechter is to have $50,000 for playing at Niblo's.

—The Maine Legislature attend the Peabody funeral.

—The man who works with a will—the Probate Judge.

—There are 70 papers in America called the "Telegraph."

—The proprietress of a drinking saloon in Philadelphia weighs 600 pounds.

—"Imperishable paper coffins" are the latest device of Connecticut genius.

—Mrs. James Gordon Bennett has bought a beautiful villa on the Lake of Como.

—Jeff. Davis and Braxton Bragg have gone into the insurance business together.

—George H. Pendleton is to orate to the Southern youth at Robert E. Lee's college, July 4th.

—Daniel Webster's old farm in Franklin, Massachusetts, was sold, a few days since, for $15,000.

—General Kantzler, Commander-in-Chief of the Pontifical Army, is an inveterate opium eater.

—There is a proposition on foot to make Fred. Douglass Governor of the Territory of St. Domingo.

—Of all the planets Jupiter "wears the belt," while Saturn is the only one that is "in the ring."

—Charles O'Connor's new Fifth Avenue mansion is to be second in magnificene only to A. T. Stewart's.

—The marriage certificate of Albert D. Richardson and Mrs. Abby Sage has mysteriously disappeared.

—The members of the Wisconsin Legislature are all carpet-baggers—not a native of the State among them.

M. Louis Gottschalk, the celebrated pianist and composer, died on the 18th of December, near Rio Janerio.

—Pierre Bonaparte is an old enemy of Eugenie, a fact which will not work favorably to the Prince in his present crisis.

—The Pope's infallibility has been put to the test. He prayed for and promised a Prince to the Queen of Naples. It was a girl.

—A new party has been organized in New York under the name of the New Democratic. Female suffrage is a plank in its platform.

—At Vicksburg the frequenters of saloons are not asked what beverage they prefer, but are invited to "nominate your family disturbance."

—A Pennsylvania editor has an ax which was used to commit murder with, and he says that delinquent subscribers had better pay up without ax-ing

—The word d-e-b-t is composed of the initials of "dun every body twice." C-r-e-d-i-t is formed of the initial letters of "call regularly every day—I'll trust."

—Governor Fairchild recommends that the Legislature of Wisconsin submit to the people a constitutional amendment abolishing the Grand Jury system.

—The editor of a Western Missouri paper asks his readers to excuse the looks of his paper, as he is in bed from the effects of a fight with a delinquent subscriber.

—There was high Revels in the national Senate when the Hon. Hiram R. Revels, colored, from Mississippi, got there. Hiram measures six feet in his stockings.

—It is said that Cyrus W. Field, of the original ocean cable, and Wm. Orton, President of the Western Union Telegraph, have purchased the French cable for $1,000,000 in gold.

—When an ill-natured fellow was trying to pick a quarrel with a peaceable man, the latter said, "I never had a fuss with but one man, and he was buried at four o'clock; it is now half-past three."

—Prince Arthur is described as about 19 years old, with a good humored eye, and a first crop of blonde whiskers on his healthy looking cheeks. His hair and complexion are also light, and, altogether, he is a genuine "English blonde."

—Virginia boasts the champion oyster-eater. The *Native Virginian* affirms that a resident of Gordonville, and two of his friends from Madison Court House, devoured, at a single sitting of four hours' duration, one barrel and one wash-tub full of oysters!

—The statistics of Chicago show that its manufactures last year were valued at $58,000,000; that it rec'd $115,652,000 worth of commodities; that its wholesale trade amounted to $[illegible] that its net income last year was $75,000,000; and that it added 2,433 to the number of its buildings last year.

—In the early days of Western emigration an intelligent Irishman, known as Pat Doogan, settled on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river, where he built a little dock and supplied the steamboats with wood. The place was called Pat Doogan's landing. It was soon shortened into "Pat Doogan's," then into "Padoogan," and finally to the euphonious name which now appears on all the maps, Paducah.

Advice as to Horses.

In teaching a young horse to drive well do not hurry to see how fast he can trot. Keep each pace clear and distinct from the other, that is in walking make him walk and do not allow him to trot. While trotting be equally careful that he keeps steady at his pace, and do not allow him to slack into a walk. The reins while driving should be kept snug, and when pushed to the top of his speed keep him well in hand, that he may learn well to bear upon the bit, so that when going at a high rate of speed he can be held at his pace; but do not allow him to pull to hard, for it not only unpleasant, but makes him often difficult to manage.

To prevent halter-breaking procure a small, hard, strong cord, from eight to ten feet long; put the harness on the horse, buckle the girth tight, make a slipping noose on one end of the cord and put it around the horse's tail, close to the body; slip the other end through the territ and bit ring, and hitch the horse to a post, and leave him to himself. Two or three lessons will cure any horse.

When a horse stands long in a stable his legs are apt to swell. No horse which is not disabled by sickness or lameness should be allowed to stand long in a stable. Inaction produces a dropsical condition of the dependent parts of the body, and the obvious remedy is to exercise the horse every day.

To prevent over reaching, pare the heel of the forward foot low. This causes the horse as he moves forward to raise the forward foot quicker and allows the hind foot to remain longer, so that before the hind foot comes forward the forefoot is quite out of the way. Also, make the forward shoe long. If my reason is not plain let any one try the experiment and they will be satisfied.

J. W. MARSHALL, THE GOLD DISCOVERER.—The Truckee *Tribune*, of Jan. 8th, speaks of this individual as follows, and suggests a contribution in his behalf:

It may not be generally known that the man whose name heads this paragraph, and who first discovered gold in this State at Sutter's mill, is still alive. He is now living at a place called Kelsey's Diggings, in El Dorado county. He is now upwards of fifty years of age, and is so reduced in circumstances, that, though feeble, he is compelled to work for his board and clothes, not being able to earn more. The miners of California certainly should not let this man remain in this fix. It is due to him, as the first discoverer of gold, that he should be respectably taken care of in his old age. Were he dead you would all respond liberally to build him a monument. Would it not be better to smooth the rough path as he moves down life's way, by a general contribution being taken up among you, and show your appreciation of his discovery, than to let him toil and suffer and die, almost unknown and uncared for? In his behalf, therefore, we make this appeal—not at his request, for he is ignorant of the fact that we make it, but because it is justly due him: That the miners of this State take up a collection, limiting the subscriptions to fifty cents each, and send it to him, or, what is better, to Controller Watt, who, by the way, is a miner, and will certainly interest himself in the matter, for transmission.

ESCAPE OF POPE PIUS IX. FROM MATRIMONY.—It is well known that the present Pope, Pius IX., was never married, but it is not generally known how near he once came to that blissful state. The Rome correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* says that he has the documentary proof and the assertion of the relation of a certain Miss Foster, which reveals the existence of a romantic incident in the early life of the Count Ferretti, in the days when the world had more charms for him than the church. The reader will remember that it was just fifty years ago last April that the present Pope took the vows of a priest. In 1832, as Archbishop, he was transferred from Rome to the See of Imola, and made a Cardinal in 1839. The story is as follows:

The world at large does not know that fifty or sixty years ago he was engaged to be married to a Miss Foster, the daughter of an Irish bishop, and the sister of the Countess de Salis, famous at that time in Italian society, and that the young lady and her friend waited at the altar of the church of S. Luigi de Francesci (near the present post-office) for Count Mastai Ferretti to appear and complete his marriage vows, and they waited and waited in vain, because the young Count never came. Nor is the world aware that the explanation given to her before her death was that his Jesuit relations had forcibly abducted him and sent him abroad under oath of secrecy, which he never divulged till after he was Pope, and that this he caused to be communicated to her, to ease his own conscience and her broken heart.

This story would solve the mystery which has existed concerning his taking the vows of the priesthood.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.—The English post office, with a net profit, last year, of $23,000,000.

The American post office last year running behind expenses over $4,000,000, and showing a deficit of nearly $5,000,000.

The American post office with nearly 33,000 dead-heads—sending to and fro shirts, boots, books, paregoric, plantation bitters and Christmas gifts.

The English post office without any dead-head permitted in it, not even the sovereign, who must use postage stamps.

Think of this noble array of non-contributing members assembled in one vast camp, with their daily mail to and fro! What Petticoat Lane of old clothes men in the world would compare with the junk-shop of traps thus deposited, or with the motley appearance of this vast army of franks, carrying us, at a wink and a word, back to the age of Clovis. *Correspondent Chicago Tribune.*