# THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

VOLUME 1. DEER LODGE CITY, MONTANA, FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1870. NUMBER 37.


## POETRY.

### The Fortune in the Daisy.

Of what are you dreaming, my pretty maid,
With your feet in the summer clover?
Ah! you need not hang your modest head—
I know 'tis about your lover.

I know by the blushes on your cheek,
Though you strive to hide the token;
And I know because you will not speak,
The thought that is unspoken.

You are counting the petals one by one,
Of your dainty, dewy posies,
To find from their number, when 'tis done,
The secret it discloses.

You would see if he comes with gold and land,
The lover that is to woo you;
Or bring his heart in his hand,
For your heart and your hand to sue you.

Beware, beware! what you say and do,
Fair maid, with your feet in the clover;
For the poorest man that comes to woo
May be the richest lover.

Since not by outward show and sign,
Can you reckon worth's true measure,
Who only is rich in soul and mind,
May offer the greatest treasure.

Ah! there never was power in gems alone
To bind a brow from aching;
Nor strength enough in a jeweled zone
To hold a heart from breaking.

Then be not caught by the sheen and glare
Of worldly wealth and splendor:
But speak him soft and speak him fair,
Whose heart is true and tender.

You may wear your virtues as a crown,
As you walk through life serenely,
And grace your simple rustic gown
With a grace that's more than queenly.

Though only one for you shall care,
One only speak your praiser,
And you never wear in your shining hair
A richer flower than daisies!

[*Overland Monthly.*

### Cuba.

Is it naught? Is it naught
That the south wind brings her wail to our shore,
That the spoilers compass our desolate sister?
Is it naught? Must we say to her "Strive no more,"
With the lips wherewith we loved her and kissed her?
With the mocking lips wherewith we said,
"Thou art the dearest and fairest to us
Of all the daughters the sea hath bred,
Of all green-girdled isles that woo us!"
Is it naught?

Must ye wait? Must ye wait,
Till they ravage her gardens of orange and palm,
Till her heart is dust, till her strength is water?
Must ye see them trample her, and be calm
As priests when a virgin is led to slaughter?
Shall they smite the marvel of all lands,—
The nation's longing, the earth's completeness—
On her red mouth dropping myrrh, her hands
Filled with fruitage and spice and sweetness?
Must ye wait?

In the day, in the night,
In the burning day, in the dolorous night,
Her sun browned cheeks are stained with weeping.
Her watch-fires beacon the misty height:—
Why are her friends and lovers sleeping?
"Ye, at whose ear the flatterer bends,
Who were my kindred before all others—
Hath he set your hearts afar, my friends?
Hath he made ye alien, my brothers?
Day and night?"

Hear ye not? Hear ye not
From the hollow sea the sound of her voice:
The passionate, far-off tone, which sayeth,
"Alas, my brothers! alas, what choice—
The lust that shamoch, the sword that slayeth?
They bind me! they rend my delicate locks;
They shred the beautiful robes I won me!
My round limbs bleed on the mountain rocks;
Save me, ere they have quite undone me!"
Hear ye not?

Speak at last! speak at last!
In the right of your strength, in the strength of your right,
Speak out at last to the treacherous spoiler!
Say: "Will ye harry her in our sight?
Ye shall not trample her down, nor soil her!
Loose her bonds! let her rise in her loveliness—
Our virginal sister; or, if ye shame her,
Dark Amnon shall rue for her sore distress,
And her sure revenge shall be that of Tamar!"
Speak at last!

*Feb. 22.* EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

### *Feminine Lawyers.*

*The Right of Women to Practice Law to be Tested in the Supreme Court of the United States.*

Some months ago, Mrs. Myra Bradwell, of Chicago, made application to the Supreme Court of Illinois, for license to practice law. The court declined her application on the ground of sex, but by reason of the disability imposed by her married condition—thus plainly implying that a license might have been granted to a single woman. This was in October last. But Mrs. Bradwell was not to be put off by any such reasoning, and she rejoined in an able brief, renewing the application and asking a reconsideration of the refusal. The court has now given a formal written opinion, reiterating its adverse judgment, but adding, "after further consultation, we find ourselves constrained to hold that the sex of the applicant, independently of coverture, is, as our law now stands, a sufficient reason for not granting this license." They set forth that the important trust reposed in them "should be exercised in conformity to the designs of the power creating it," and that they ought not to admit any person whom the Legislature did not intend to admit. They say that female attorneys at law were unknown in England, and whatever justice may now require, "courts of justice were not intended to be made the instruments of pushing forward measures of popular reform." They conclude by conceding that "there are some departments of the legal profession in which women can appropriately labor, "and suggest to the applicant to appeal to the Legislature to open the doors of the profession. Mrs. Bradwell is not satisfied. The proposes to take redress at Washington, and has confided to Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, her application for admission to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States. Chief Justice Chase, like Mr. Carpenter, is known to be *personally* in favor of this reform, whatever his judicial opinion may be.

## THE CULLOM (UTAH) BILL.

"Gath," (George Alfred Townsend) of the Chicago *Tribune*, devotes a letter to the Cullom bill on the suppression of polygamy as effecting the Mormon question. He does not like it; thinks it loosely drawn, and, in view of the diverse elements now at work in Utah, that it is *mal apropos*, and will strengthen Brigham. After reviewing the bill, he interviewed Mr. Cullom, and failing to find Hooper (Delegate from Utah) dropped in on senator Nye, with whom he found a number of Californians and Nevadans—and the rest we let him tell, for the sake of the way it is told:

Said Nye, "there is a bitter feud going on between the Young party and the Smith party, in Utah. Were we to give them the pretext of a war just now, the malcontent and rebellious party would be crushed out, and we should have, at great expense, to do what they would otherwise accomplish for us cheaply and peacefully."

"I am from Virginia City," said a tall, sinewy miner near by, "and I have spent three weeks at Salt Lake since Christmas. Nobody can say much in favor of Mormonism as a religion, or as a moral matter. But the reports of atrocities there are always exaggerated, and often manufactured. The fact is, that there is a Gentile element in the territory, which looks with greed upon the fine property of the Mormons, and which hopes, by making good use of polygamy and the feeling against it in the States, to be able to appropriate, or confiscate, or buy up at reduced values, the Mormon improvements. The Cullom bill proposes to except the Mormons from almost all the privileges of the people of less deserving Territories. They have built up a fine city, and introduced a system of irrigation and agriculture as original as it is unequalled. They occupied the site before it became the property of the United States, and Brigham Young has been there in person for twenty three years. What ever else he may be, he has one of the greatest administrative minds in the United States, and it does not look fair to rob those people of all their improvements, to deny them the right of pre-emption, to break up their organic customs under which the Territory has certainly flourished in a remarkable degree, and to expatriate them because we cannot immediately stop polygamy. The Gentile element of Utah is disorganized and always growling. Look at old McGrorty as a specimen of this kind of a Congressman. Why, Hooper is a Gulliver beside him!"

"We, Americans on the Pacific coast," said the big miner again, "are not more philosophic than some people in Illinois and the East. We ought occasionally to look over the head of what Mormonism is to the fact of what it has done. Like Puritanism, Quakerism, and the Baptist fervor, it has answered the purposes of colonization in America more wonderfully than anything beside a superstition could do. Those Mormons can get ten emigrants to Nevada's or California's one. No other sort of inducement but a religious one would have built up that half-way house to the Pacific, and made it the delight of so many an incredulous traveller crossing the great plains. It has clearly been an American, not a Providential instrumentality in populating a remote part of this continent. At present the gross feature of it is decaying by the working of natural laws. Schism has broken out. The births there as in every other part of the world, run nearly equal, sex for sex, and only the immigrant women keep up the complement of a Mormon's family. If we are going to put such a screw as the Cullom bill upon the Mormon flock, and precipitate war and ravage upon Salt Lake, what shall we do when the Chinese question confronts us on the Pacific slope? For, as sure as Asia looks out upon California, the destiny of the Pacific coast is to be Japanese and Chinese. There is where our immigration is to come from. European immigrants will not go to California while women are gathering the crops of Iowa. The Mississippi Valley offers far better inducements in land and labor than the Pacific coast to Europeans. Neither California nor Nevada is growing. California cast more votes in 1857 than she does to-day. Despite our prejudice, the Chinese will get our coast."

"And then," said I, "what will become of the institutions we have planted there?"

Senator Nye looked up and said:

"Well! If Josh can beat God, I'm for Josh."

"That's the case in a nutshell," said the big miner "It is not in the power of any inundation to make head against the institutions we have given California."

"Why," said Nye, "I remember reading sermons delivered about the time Mr. Jefferson bought Louisiana, going to show that the Catholic and French element there would uproot Christianity in the whole Mississippi Valley."

"I have read the Cullom bill," said the miner, in conclusion, "and probably it was conscientiously drawn up, but it is a loose bill. It kills a mouse with a mountain. It is a bad precedent and will work disorder in the Territories, retard the speedy extinction of polygamy, and be a help to the domination of Brigham Young. We have driven the Mormons from Kirtland to Nauvoo, from Nauvoo to Missouri and Iowa, and thence to Deseret. Every time we have lengthened, by our precipitation, the life and power of that superstition. Give it rest and it will die."

—The Kishiminitas Iron Works, Apollo, Pa., have rolled a perfect sheet of iron, in the ordinary rollers, 36 inches long and 12 inches wide, weighing 2¼ oz. It is on exhibition in New York.

—Ohio proposes to give $5,000 for a monument to General William Henry Harrison.

## *THE WEST.*

Wash-houses are taxed $5 a quarter at Sacramento.

The delinquent tax list of Denver occupies seven columns.

Patrick Kane committed suicide recently at Salinas City, Cal.

The Hebrews of San Jose, Cal., are about to build a synagogue.

John Chinamen has earned $68,000,000 in California since 1855.

There are 500,000 mulberry trees growing in Southern California.

The Carson Mint is steadily receiving bullion for coining purposes.

George A. Clark has been nominated for Postmaster at Los Angeles.

A three-wheeled buggy has appeared on the streets of San Jose, Cal.

The recent freshet swept several small houses down the Sacramento.

Mathew Saxe, wounded by Indians near Prescott, Arizona, has since died.

Ten tons of salmon were shipped from Sacramento to Chicago, Feb. 15.

The Petaluma *Journal and Argus* has commenced its sixteenth volume.

The Eureka mine, at Grass Valley, Cal., gives $27,000 for twelve days run.

Work on the permanent railroad bridge at Omaha is to be resumed immediately.

Colusa ladies are given to chewing gum, and the *Sun* berates them for the practice.

Mrs. John Morris has qualified as Justice of the Peace at South Pass City, Wyoming.

Flour has fallen in value at Prescott, Arizona. It is now only worth $36 per barrel.

A female seminary is to be established soon near San Leandro, in Alameda county, Cal.

The Grand Ronde, Oregon, *Sentinel* office has been sold at Sheriff sale for five hundred dollars.

General Dodge, Chief Engineer of the Union Pacific railroad, has resigned on account of ill health.

A herd of 2,500 buffaloes crossed the track of the Union Pacific railroad near Laramie City, the other day.

Seattle now has about 1,500 inhabitants. Money is scarce there at present and little business is transacted.

There are 3,423, between the ages of 6 and 18 years, attending the public schools in the State of Nevada.

A. R. Abbot has been awarded the contract for building a jail at Olympia, W. T. Price to be paid $6,500.

Col. Wm. E. Johnson is talked of as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Nevada.

The mining troubles in the Ely district, White Pine, have ended, the jumpers having withdrawn in disgust.

Last week eight hundred feet of the celebrated Soules-Perkins ledge, at South Pass, Wyoming, was sold for $32,000.

Some of the papers in Nevada are advocating the formation of a People's party for the coming election in that State.

Isaac J. Bowen, an old pioneer and member of the California volunteers, died of small pox at San Bernardino recently.

The Lake Washington Coal Mine near Seattle has been sold for $25,000. The company will soon be prepared to supply demands.

A steamboat has ascended the Umpqua river, in Oregon, a distance of one hundred miles. The citizens of Roseburg are jubilant over it.

The Nebraska legislature has ceded ground for postoffice and custom house site at Omaha, to the jurisdiction of the United States government.

In view of apprehended hostilities from the Indians this spring, workmen on the Kansas Pacific, west of Fort Harker, are to be armed.

The withdrawal of lands from market for the Denver Pacific road is advertised. The lands withdrawn extend into the mountains as far as the Michigan House.

A tremendous conflagration is raging in the mountains near Santa Anita canyon, in the southern part of California. The fire extends for a distance of thirty miles.

Colorado is rejoicing over the fact that Colorado coal smelted a 300 pound charge of old iron to casting heat in two hours and ten minutes. It was done at the Golden City foundry the other day.

The Oregon City *Enterprise* speaks of some very fine specimens of native plumbago or black lead taken from a place where the railroad cuts through a portion of the bluff in the upper end of the city.

The Corinne *Reporter* says "there is now in the warehouse of Creighton & Munro, of this city, 200,000 pounds of freight waiting the opening of the roads for shipment to the north. This enterprising firm have succeeded in making Corinne the central depot of the "Far West Fast Freight Line," now the largest transportation company of the United States."

The Colorado *Transcript* of the 2d says: "They are making a great fuss in New York over a compositor in the *Times* office, named Arnesberg, who can set 1840 ems of solid minion in an hour. Mr. John C. Bacon last fall set, in our office, 2016 ems solid brevier, the same measure as this article, [18 ems pica] in one hour. There was not a paragraph in the matter set, and only one error—a turned letter—found in the proof. Considering the narrow measure and "lean" type, this beats Mr. Arnesberg about one-third. Mr. Bacon is now a compositor on the *Alta*, in San Francisco, and we believe has a few scruples that may do even beat the fastest compositor on the eastern slope."

## *Adventuresses.*

From the Atlantic Monthly for March.

An adventuress is not difficult of detection to a clear vision; but eyes are used in this world for almost everything but seeing. She varies her form; but in the place where her heart was before some man broke it (as she would say) she is almost the same. She is usually handsome or bears traces of handsomeness departed or departing. At least she looks interesting, and interestingness is the sum of all we seek in humanity, literature and art. She is rarely young, nor is she old. She is of an uncertain age. She may be thirty, she may be less; she may be forty. She is calm and cold apparently; but if you study her you will see her calmness and coldness are the result of severe self discipline, and in her eye gleams of intensity and anxiety that dart out while her manners are relieving guard.

There are certain hard lines in her face; the soft mouth has lost some of her symmetry, the nose is questioning and questioning, the nostril expanded as though it knew each individual had an odor, and were determining to what species he should be assigned. Across the brow flit subtle shadows, and between and over the eyes they gather ever and anon, as if the electricity of her system were entering there to burst; and then the lightning leaps sharp and quickly out below, and a momentary darkness falls from the hair to the defiant chin. Her ears are a trifle prominent, and when you look at them you see they are listening—listening perhaps for what she will never hear again. Her form is full—a trifle too full to indicate fineness and spirituality; and her manner is too decided and positive to be attractive at first. Her toilet is somewhat outre; and there is more and less of it than there should be, while some of jewelry might be spared for the sake of taste. But above all, there is an expression in her face and her air that something has gone out of her life—something that rounded and completed her womanhood—something that will never return. She has been a wife and mother; she is not likely to be again, for the memory of that wifehood and maternity makes her shudder, and sends the strange, almost lurid look out of her eye. She may have a child or children with her, and if you could look into her chamber after midnight you would see her bending over the bed where the little creatures lie, with tears baptizing the whispered prayers for them which she never utters for herself.

Unlike the adventurer, the adventuress has a conscience, feels remorse, suffers for the past, dares not reflect upon the future. When the mental torture comes, she plunges into excitement, and laughs wildest when her heart sinks like burning lead in her bosom.

Adventuresses are most at home in the great hotels. [illegible] houses that has not several of the singular sisterhood. They always avoid each other—are enemies on instinct. Men alone they affect. Without doing anything you can describe, they always attract attention. When they enter the ordinary, or sit in the drawing-room, or walk in the corridor, every masculine eye beholds and many masculine eyes follow them. They know, with almost mathematical certainty, the impression they are making, when is their time to glance, to speak, to drop a handkerchief, to write a note. Nothing escapes their acute senses. The man whom they have selected for a dupe is such before he has spoken. What is the boasted reason of our sex to the subtle instinct of theirs? They have made men a study as Balzac and Gœthe made women a study, and they have found their profit in it, be sure. They grow upon their acquaintances imperceptibly but rapidly; and, after a few hours of untrammelled talk, seem like old friends you are bound to assist when trouble comes. It will come very soon. The adventuress is always in trouble, and she tells so sad a story that you feel, during its narration, as if you should dry every tear with a $100 note. You are too liberal altogether. She accepts half the sum; is eternally grateful, and the situation changes with the pressure of a hand.

The adventuress lives in Manhattan; but she goes to Washington frequently when Congress is in session, for there she reaps a harvest. She brings all her arts to bear on members of the House and Senate, who yield to feminine influence when they can withstand bribes and the clamor of constituents. The adventuress often arranges her campaign on the Hudson, and fights it out on the Potomac. She completes there what she begins here.

Women want their rights. Let them have their rights by all means; but their rights are little compared with their privileges. Men have neither when an accomplished adventuress has fairly taken them in her toils.

"Keep pretty women out of my sight," said St. Evremond, "and the thunder-strokes shall not make me swerve. But with their eyes looking into mine, I am like wax over the flame of a taper."

Adventuresses do not decline so rapidly as adventurers. Women of education and some breeding, as they usually are, seldom descend with the plummet-like promptness of men. Culture seems to make ledges of them, and there they lodge, instead of plunging over the precipice down to the dizzy depths below. They change their nearest friends as they do their gowns; for these wear out even quicker than these. But they laugh and are gay, go clad in purple, and seem to float on the top wave of life. At the theatre and the opera, at the picture-galleries and the Academy ball, they queen it grandly, and many of their sex who know them not envy them the gilded shell in which they masquerade. They all have a history different from the one they tell, and sadder far. If they wrote autobiographies, the simple truth would be more eloquent than any romance.

Letting could pass to our right, guardedly feet on the firm rock of principle, all might be well. But they seem incapable. Somehow their will is too weak; their love of variety and excitement too great. They often turn to white memories and fairer futures, and stretch out their pale hands. But the voice that drove Ahasuerus seems to say "March! march!" and they go on and on, until the long grass of the churchyard muffles the weary feet forever.

## *Transit of Venus.*

*Great Event in the Scientific World—Great Problems and Their Solutions.*

The next transit of Venus will occur on the 8th of December, 1874. It will be a grand event in science, and already the scientific world is on the move in reference to it. These transits are rare and important, occurring about eight years apart in June and December, and not again for generations. Kepler in 1604 announced that it would happen in 1761; but Young Horrocks, of Liverpool, better informed, fixed the event on the fourth of December, 1639, and he was right. It was then calculated that one must have taken place on the 6th of December, 1631, another in June, 1726, and that the next would not occur till the 5th of June, 1761. But of all the transits, past and to come, the climax would be that of the 3d of June, 1769, when Venus passed across the disc of the sun very near the center. The next one, but not visible in this country, will take place five years hence, on the 8th of December, 1874. Another will occur on the 6th of December, 1882, but not again till nearly five quarters of a century later on the 7th of June, 2004; to be followed eight years after, on he 5th of June, 2012; to be repeated in December, 2117, and so on. In Furguson's Astronomy, written about the middle of last century, the earth's distance from the sun is given as 82,000,000 miles. The transit of 1763 gave a result of 95,000,000 miles. The same result was obtained by the transit of 1769. We are now dependent alone upon the transit of Venus. The base line system has been applied to Mars, and even the velocity of light has been made to bear on the problem. The result of modern investigation shows an error of 4,000,000 miles.

Distant stations have already been chosen; the most accurate instruments are being constructed; arrangements for the outfit of expeditions have been commenced; it is nearly time for those destined for the Antarctic regions to commence their long journey. The English astronomers have selected their stations, and have petitioned Parliament for a grant of $50,000; the French Academy is vigorously at work; the German "Bunds" are zealously in the field, and the other European societies will contribute their share to the great object. The wonderful agencies of the spectroscope and photograph as indicators of time will be as indicators of time will be brought into requisition, and four years remain to perfect the arrangements which are being made for the purpose.

## *George Sand.*

*Pen Portrait of the Great Novelist—How She Occupies Her Time.*

Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Chronicle.

George Sand is a dumpy woman, but not to be hated. Her head and shoulders, large and heavy; an eye piercing black, always looking in on itself; a heavy, vulgar, but not sensual mouth; hands as small and plump as an infant's, and feet like a mandarin's wife. Her features are the color of ivory. In neatness she is incomparable. It is said she can travel one hundred miles on a railroad without deranging in the slightest degree her toilette. She dresses according to the antique, and is fond of gaudy colors as Mrs. Sambo. The most extraordinary trait is her excessive timidity. She lives nearly altogether in her chateau at Nahant, with her son and daughter-in-law; is a model farmer like her remote neighbor, Rosa Bonheur. She is fond of dominoes, but never plays for money, and to laugh and romp is her delight. She rises at eleven, breakfasts alone on an egg and a cup of sugarless coffee. Then she smokes a few cigarettes—the best Maryland tobacco. Inveterate smoker, she prohibits her guests pipes and cigars in the house. At twelve she goes out for a walk, returns in an hour to write till six, then dinner—for herself, soup, fish caught by her own hands and fruits *ad libitum*. At midnight she retires to her room, makes her *toilette du nuit* and commences to write till six in the morning. If she finishes a work at two o'clock she "lays down a new keel," but writes on—marrying cabinet makers to Princesses, and Kings to the guardians of poultry. Her penmanship is clear, and each page, written in "lines," is limited to a fixed number of words. Old music is her delight—Mozart her favorite. Her soul is in her private theatricals to which she invites her neighbors. Her bull dog Fadet is a curiosity. On arriving at the house he conducts you over it and around the park. This pious duty performed, he ever afterward ignores your existence.

It is stated that the most elegant and gorgeous apparel ever seen in America, was worn at a recent disreputable ball in the metropolis. Twelve hundred yards of delicate white illusion, forty yards of the costliest gold cord, thirty-eight yards of salmon-colored satin, fifteen yards of white satin, and eight yards of thread lace, were used in making this beautiful pattern dress. It was made by an American modiste, after designs by the wearer, and is a triumph over all imported costumes. If we add to the dress a wealth of brown hair, decorated with an Elizabeth plume, a side feather, diamonds, with a butterfly of diamonds and gold, made in Paris at great cost; a full parure of white Indian diamonds, Malabrigo, and emeralds, with diamond ear-rings, necklace and finger-rings, the lady carried $75,000 in her promenade around the floor.

## *INKOTYPES.*

—They don't, either!

—Joint education—gymnastics.

—The color of parasites—fawn.

—Country seat—a milking stool.

—Hightened man—the tenor singer.

—Gustave Dore is coming to America.

—Handy book markers—dirty fingers.

—Maryland's oyster beds cover 373 square miles.

—There are 184 church edifices in Baltimore.

—J. G. Saxe has been breaking his arm in Albany.

—A Minnesota county has 164 babies to the square mile.

—There are 600 newspapers in France and 3,000 in Europe.

—"Moonlight mechanics" is the name given to burglars.

—Spring hats for gentlemen are said to be of monstrous size.

—Queen Victoria is said to be almost as rich as A. T. Stewart.

—One-third of the 300,000 inhabitants of Cincinnati are Germans.

—Lester Wallack is the best dressed man on the American stage.

—A beef condensing factory will cram a large ox into a twenty pound can.

Mrs. Douglas (that was) has presented her husband, General Williams, with a boy.

—Colonel John S. Mosby is a candidate for County Judge of Fanquier, Virginia.

The New York *Express* is said to have been bought by the Republicans for $30,000.

—Cornelius Vanderbilt holds *seven millions* of the bonds of the Harlem Railroad.

—A punster gave as an excuse for writing to a friend, that it was ink-convenient to call.

—A new Haven man has a half a million of young trout in a hatching pond in his cellar.

The Philadelphia *Press* prints thirteen columns of 22d of February festivities in that city.

—11 Scandinavian newspapers are published in the United States, four of them in Chicago.

—Why would the spider be a good correspondent? Because he drops a line by every post.

—Voltaire is the author of the saying, "The worst use you can put a man to is to hang him."

—Mr. Hoag, of Ohio, the member of Congress who lately died, is said to have left one million dollars.

—The Detroit *Tribune* is informed Mark Twain will sever his connection with the Buffalo *Express* this spring.

—The receipts of the Western Union telegraph company last year were $6,500,000, and the expenses $4,500,000.

—A lady recently entered a dry goods store and asked for some "bleached cloth, suitable for reposing robes."

—Dr. William Prescott, of Concord, New Hampshire, has the dress sword which General Washington wore at his marriage.

—Authors compute in South America 280 to 700 languages, four-fifths of which are composed of idioms radically distinct.

—When Jacob got rich watering his uncle Laban's stock, he set an example that modern "railroad kings" have diligently followed.

—The flag of the Red River insurgents consists of three *fleur de lis* above three shamrocks, in a white field, with gold fringe around the border.

—An astronomer predicts for this year a comet of such brilliancy, and so near the earth, that our nights will be almost as bright as our days.

—Cassius M. Clay is manufacturing candles in Connecticut of a new-fangled dip which he brought from Russia. This is the first time he has been usefully employed within the memory of man.

—There are sixty-four prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary for life. The veteran is John Gull, from Stark county, 33 years a convict, now seventy years old; mind long since gone and a wanderer about the yard.

—Touching and irresistible was that invitation of the rustic maiden to her swain: "Come and see me; we have a new lamp at our house that we can turn down, down, down, until there isn't scarcely a bit of light in the room."

—St. John's Masonic Lodge, No. 3, of Glasgow, Scotland, lately celebrated the "eight hundred and twelfth" anniversary of its existence. It was founded by King Malcolm in the year 1059, nine years previous to the Norman conquest of England.

—Miss Caroline Godsey, the "sleeping girl," eleven miles from Union City, Tenn., is still living, and, as usual, arouses and remains awake nine minutes eleven times in twenty-four hours. Twenty years have passed since the sun shone upon her. She looks well and is very beautiful.

—Baltimore ladies were always a little difficult to please. One of them sends back a *quantum* of molasses to her grocer with this critical note: "Mr. Tuttle, this here thing has got too much hemp in it for molasses, and not quite enough for a clothes line, so I beg you will exchange it for a purer article."

—A general order, promulgated from the War Department, provides that hereafter no volatile oils will be issued for illuminating purposes at military posts, and all varieties of coal oil will be regarded as volatile. In future, lard oil will be required for issues of oil authorized for the necessary illumination of military posts. But the wells keep pumping and flowing just as though there was no War Department.

THE MATCH MAKER OF ABERDEEN.—The Cincinnati *Gazette*, of Saturday, Feb. 19th, says: John Shelton, better known as 'Squire Shelton, died in Aberdeen, Ohio, on Wednesday, aged about 70 years, and was buried on the Kentucky side of the river, below Maysville, on Thursday.

It is said of 'Squire Shelton that during the thirty-five years he was Magistrate at Aberden, he performed the marriage ceremony for four thousand couples. His fame as the tier of the knot matrimonial extended far and wide, and the many runaway matches that found his house a stopping-place gave to Aberdeen the name "Gretna Green of America." He was never very particular about whether or not all the forms of law had been complied with by loving hearts, seeming to have adopted, as his rule of action, the single one, "Love knows no law." He had performed the ceremony for so many who were not married in strict accordance with the law, that the Legislature of Kentucky, a year or two ago, found it necessary to pass a special act legalizing all his marriages. In cases where time was a great object, in consequence of the close pursuit of "enraged parents," he has been known to get out of his bed in the middle of the night, and, to save time, actually perform the ceremony with no other clothing on his person than his shirt. Again, he has performed the ceremony from his window, at night, while parties to the marriage contract were standing in the street, in front of his house. But, no matter what was the occasion for hurry, 'Squire Shelton invariably made a bargain before the job was commenced—his fees ranging from one dollar up to one hundred, according to his own notion by observation of appearances of what the groom was able to pay. As stated before, he had been Magistrate at Aberdeen for thirty-five years, continuously to the day of his death. No oppposition candidate for the office could ever be elected, no matter how popular he might be personally or politically.

'Squire Shelton's ruling passion was watches. A friend informs us that he left a large number of these behind. Nearly a hundred and fifty canes were presented him at different times, by parties whom he had served and made happy, and he seldom walked out twice in one day with the same cane in his hand.

A NEW PROJECTILE.—A novelty in the shape of a projectile was tried at Fortress Monroe recently, which promises a range of ten miles. It is a cannon shot containing another shot. During the fight shot number one lets fly shot number two, which keeps on as if discharged from a cannon. The experiment was pronounced successful. The inner cavity or bore was three and a-half inches, and extended some eight inches. Into this cavity was placed a half pound of powder; some tow was then inserted, and then a twelve and a-half pound shot. The nozzle is stopped up by a brass plug in two pieces. The double shot is then placed in a cannon and discharged. The fuses are from five to ten seconds. At the end of that time the fuse ignites the powder and discharges the twelve pound shot. The explosion does not burst the shot but drives out the plug, as there is no vacuum between the shot and the nozzle. The principle on which the improvement is made is regarded as a good one. Our fifteen-inch guns throw a solid shot at least five miles; load one of these guns with a double shotted projectile, with a fuse arranged to discharge the small shot when the cannon ball has reached its highest elevation. A fifteen inch shot would take a twenty or twenty-four pound shot without danger of bursting, and it is claimed that it would go further from this elevation than it would from the ground. The large shot would, of course, be fired at an object, while the small one would be sent on to do what execution it could, and in firing at a line of troops would be very effective. The small shot is made with a sabot for a rifle in the large shot, and is large enough to fill up the space between the powder and the plug, which is screwed in, but only just enough to keep it from being shaken out.

IS THE GUILLOTINE INSTANTLY FATAL.—The recent execution in Paris revived the old question whether death instantaneously follows upon the severance of the head from the body. In a letter to the *Gaulois* Dr. Pinel asserts that decapitation does not immediately affect the brain. The blood which flows immediately after decapitation comes from the large vessels of the neck, and there is hardly any call upon the circulation of the cranium. The brain remains intact, nourishing itself with the blood retained by the pressure of the air. When the blood remaining in the head at the moment of separation is exhausted, there commences a state, not of death, but of inertia, which lasts up to the moment when the organ, no longer fed, ceases to exist. Dr. Pinnel estimates that the brain finds nourishment in the residuary blood after decapitation. The period of inertia would last for about two hours, and absolute death would not ensue till after the space of three hours altogether. If, he adds, a bodyless head indicates by no movement the horror of its situation, it is because it is physically impossible that it should do so, all the nerves which serve for transmission of orders from the brain to the trunk being severed. But there remain the nerves of hearing, of smell, and of sight.

TIN IN CALIFORNIA.—The Chief of the Cabinet of practical Mining and Geology of the United States General Land Office has very recently written a letter, stating that additional information in reference to the discovery of tin in San Jacinto, San Bernardino county, Cal., has been received, and specimens of the ore have arrived. The analysis of an average specimen by a competent chemist and mineralogist shows that the ore contains 13.37 per cent. of pure tin The ore is intermixed with tourmaline, containing boracic acid, and with cassiterite. This combination is reported to be unusual and highly interesting, and the yield of tin is double that of the ores of the Cornwall mines, in England.