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The New North-West,

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

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REFERENCES:
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THE REGULAR COMMUNICATIONS OF Deer Lodge No. 14 A. F. & A. M. will be held on the First and Third Saturdays of each month.
E. S. STACKPOLE, W. M.
S. T. KENNON, Secretary.

POETRY.

A Tragical Tale of the Tropics.

Jean Jacques Knife was a jolly tar
Aboard of the steamship Golden Star,
That belongs to the line of old what d'ye call,
And sail from New York to Aspinwall.

Kitty Bo Peep was a dusky maid,
Whose father was in the banana trade;
Oranges, too, were in his way,
And the Bo Peeps lived at Panama Bay.

One day Jean Jacques Knife left his ship,
And across the Isthmus he took a trip:
And in his wanderings who should he see.
But Kitty asleep 'neath a mango tree.

Under a mango tree fast asleep,
With her head on her arm, lay sweet Bo Peep,
She looked like an angel—minus wings—
In her snow white muslin and other things.

And Jean he looked and shivered his eyes,
And swore an oath of tremendous size,
That any party might take his hat,
If ever he'd seen a sight like that.

Kitty Bo Peep started up in alarm,
And Jacques Knife offered to her his arm.
You'd a thought he'd known her a year or two
If you'd only seen the kisses he threw.

'Twas love at first sight, I am sure, with he,
And ditto it was, I know, with she;
She promised to meet him and tell her love
That night, at nine, in the pine apple grove.

And there, at that witching hour of June,
They whispered their love 'neath the round full moon;
He held her fast in his manly arms,
And feasted his eyes on her dusky charms.

The ring-tailed monkeys spotted round,
And the speckled snakes squirmed over the ground
The crocodile paused in his wild career,
When he heard their low-toned voices near.

Ominous hour! sad to relate!
A cocoanut dropped on Jean Jacques Knife's pate
It doubled him up—she gave a yell—
And down a cold corpus Jean Jacques fell.

Bo Peep she shrieked for a glass of rum
And an ounce of a kind of native gum,
Which the generous neighbors, quick as flash,
Kindly supplied her with—for cash.

She mixed them together, and every speck
She—drank, and fell on her Jean Jacques' neck;
Then smoothed her hair and laid by his side,
And bidding farewell to Bo Peep, died.

They buried him under the Ginkgo tree—
Jean Jacques Knife and Kitty Bo P.,
And around the foot of the Ginkgo's trunk,
The mourners, I am sorry to say, got drunk.

And over Jean Jacques and Bo Peep's grave,
The winds and the bald-face monkeys rave;
This for a trysting-place they choose—
The aforesaid monkeys and kangaroos,

Strangers, if ever you pass that way,
Remember the lovers of Panama Bay.
Find the Ginkgo tree under which they sleep,
Where the gay gorillas their vigils keep.

Fate.

The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb;
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was built upon the rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

Iron Mountain.

The following is published of the Iron Mountain in Wyoming, on the route of the proposed Helena and Cheyenne R. R:

About forty miles northwest of Cheyenne there is a mountain of almost pure magnetic iron that quite dwarfs the famous Pilot Knob region of Missouri. It is the spur of the Black hills, shooting up near where the canyon of the Chugwater cuts through the crest of the plateau. It is an isolated peak a mile long by several hundred feet wide, rising almost perpendicularly two thousand feet above the general surface on the west side, and covered with earth and drift on the east. The ore is stratified and entirely free from rock. The rocks are black chrystalline, and break with a fracture almost like cast iron. The deposites are immense. An enthusiastic explorer of the region says "there is more pure magnetic iron ore in the Black hills of Wyoming Territory, above ground, than all the teams of North America can haul away in a lifetime." The ore is said to contain seventy five per cent. of pure iron. Its quality will soon be determined, as a shipment of twenty-five thousand pounds was lately sent to St. Louis to be tested. A local paper anticipating the result, declared that it will simply be confirmatory of what is already known here, namely, that this iron ore exceeds in its proportion of pure metal any similar deposit of ore anywhere in the world. The Iron Mountain of Wyoming is destined to become one of the most important and valuable possessions in North America." South of Cheyenne important deposits of brown hematite ore have been found. The proximity of these iron beds to the coal mines, and the adaptability of the latter for purposes of manufacture is likely to make of Cheyenne and Laramie important manufacturing centres. Each is from twenty five to thirty-five miles from the Iron Mountain, while the latter is almost in the neighborhood of the purest and most extensive coal bank.

Mr. McCormick, the delegate from Arizona, seems to have made an admirable speech in the house, on the Indian question, judging from the brief notices of it we have seen. He made just those distinctions which eastern men find it so hard to recognize, and advocated the kindest treatment of those Indians who are inclined to peace, and at the same time the most vigorous measures against those who persist in hostilities. He protested against the common habit of eastern people, in charging at every case of Indian outbreak that the whites have been the aggressors. He said he knew the frontiersmen, and they are eager for peace and friendship with the Indians. He thought if congressmen would consult the territorial delegates on the Indian affairs, they would understand them better. Mr. McCormick's speech is said to have made an excellent impression on the house, and we hope it may reach and enlighten many of the people.—*Detroit News.*

Mount Rainier Firing Up.

Many of our readers will remember that, in the graphic account published by us of the ascent of Mount Rainier, by Messrs. Stevens and Van Trump, in August last, it was stated that they slept near the summit on a sheltered spot which was warmed by the fires of a nearly extinct crater, and they saw steam issuing from the crevices in the rocks. However incredulous others may have been of the existence of smouldering fires in the moutain, these gentlemen saw enough to remove any doubt from their minds.

Since winter set in, with its snows on the mountains, people living within view of Mount Rainier have observed strange and unusual sights on its rugged sides. One day it is seen covered, apparently at great depth, with snow from the summit to the base; the next day not a vistage of snow is visible. And so it is alternately white and gray from day to day; while some persons allege that they can plainly see smoke and steam ascend from the mountain. None who have witnessed these sights doubt the existence of fires in the mountain, to the heat of which they attribute the rapid disappearance of the snows. In support of this belief it is further stated that the rivers and streams in the vicinity, the Puyallup among others, have for some weeks been higher than usual.

From all the signs it would appear that old Rainier is firing up for a grand pyrotechnic display. In former years, at this season, the mountain was clad in snow from the foothills to the summit, without a rent appearing in the raiment for months together. Only in summer, under the rays of a warm sun, was the snows partially melted, exposing portions of its naked sides to the beholder. Should the fires continue to increase in intensity, it cannot be long before they will break through the crust which now confines them, and issue forth in flames and ashes and molten lava. What a grand spectacle that will be! If this exhibition comes off according to promise, we shall have another attraction to add to the many which now inspire with awe and wonder the tourist who comes to see sights in Washington Territory.—*Olympia Tribune.*

AN ICE BOAT BEATING A LOCOMOTIVE.—There was a novel race on the Hudson, north of Poughkeepsie, on Friday last, the participants being the ice-boats Zephyr and Icicle and the Chicago Express train from New York. The vessels were at a standstill within 100 feet of the east shore when the whistle of the locomotive of the coming train was heard. The crafts were at once put before the wind, and the race commenced, the passengers on the train waving hats and handkerchiefs and manifesting the greatest excitement. For a time the train had the advantage, distancing its competitors, but at length the breeze freshened, the canvas on the boats swelled out, the rigging tightened, the steel runners commenced humming over the clear, smooth, black ice, and then the tables were speedily turned. The Zephyr rapidly overhauled the lightening train with bow "dead to the north," and close behind followed the Icicle, both boats flying along with lightning rapidity. Again the waving of handkerchiefs and hats and the blowing of locomotive whistle added excitement to the scene. Soon the novel craft had passed the fast train and were far ahead, slipping over the ice at the rate of a mile a minute. Never was there a prettier race and never was a railroad train, and a fast train at that, so very badly beaten. The affair has occasioned the liveliest satisfaction among the owners of ice-boats

Chicago is "slopping over," and some of her best citizens are preparing to seek a more desirable location further West. A "Colorado Colony" has been organized and a committee appointed to view and report upon a suitable location, have returned and made their report, after thoroughly examining the whole country, from South of Denver to north of the Cache le Poudre, and extending on from the foot of the mountains to the line of the Denver Pacific Railroad. This strip of country is about a hundred miles in length, and embraces several tracts of valuable farming and grazing lands, easily irrigated, with eligible situations for town sites. The Executive Committee have accepted the report, five and a half townships will be taken at once, and the new town will be laid out immediately—an engineer and surveyor having been sent from the city for that purpose—and within the next three weeks the erection of houses, stores, shops, etc., will be commenced. This "slougking off" from Chicago does not increase her chances for becoming the "future great city."

For Boys.

It is not necessary that a boy who learns a trade is compelled to follow it all his life. Governor Palmer, of Illinois, was a country blacksmith once, and began his political career as a Constable in Macoupin county. A Circuit Judge in the central part of Illinois was once a Tailor. Hon. Thos Hughes, a rich and eminent lawyer of Illinois, was a book-binder. Erastus Corning, of New York, too lame to do hard labor, commenced life as a shop-boy in Albany. When he applied for employment, first he was asked: "Why, what can you do, little boy?" "I can do as I am bid," was the answer that secured him a place. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, was a shoemaker. Thurlow Weed, a canal boat driver; ex-Governor Stone, of Iowa, was a rail maker, which trade the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas also worked at in his youth. Large numbers of men of prominence now living, have risen from humble life by dint of industry, without which, talent is as useless as a gold coin on a barren island. Work, work, work, is the cry of the times, and it does not depend on the kind of work you have to do whether you will be a man or not. It depends how you do it.

NOR'-WESTERS.

Still life—A mutes.

Gambetta eats opium.

Stuck up—Show bills.

A real sell—A mock auction.

Isabella of Spain weighs 238.

Womens' Rites—Bonnet worship.

Jenny Lind will be 50 next October.

Wendell Phillips is bald and stooped.

Pleasant checks in life—Bank checks.

Fanny Fern weighs nearly 200 pounds.

Mr. Morley parts his hair in the middle.

Maryland convicts cost 28 c. each per day.

Mutual friends—Kerosene and coroners.

Twenty per cent of the army deserted last year.

Spanish Republicans call their new King "Maccaroni I."

Bennet recently refused $10,000,000 for the New York *Herald.*

Gen. Manteuffel bears quite a striking likeness to Gen. Fremont.

What State is round at both ends and high in the middle? Ohio.

Three tons of coal represent the labor power of a man for his lifetime.

The marriage of Lorne and Louisa is to occur on Wednesday, March 21.

Gen. Beauregard intends to make Paris his permanent place of resilence.

The leading paper of Aberdeen, Scotland, is under the control of an American.

One house in New York is inhabited by 1218 persons—"a village under one roof."

The present Duke of Wellington is as insignificant as his father was distinguished.

Worth, the noted man-milliner of Paris, talks of taking up his abode in New York

An orphan girl in Virginia has just smoked herself to death at the age of 100 years.

Why are birds melancholy in the morning? Because their little bills are all over due!

The present style of "plug hats" corresponds exactly, it is said, with the fashion of 1840.

Mrs. General McDowel inherits a very large property by the death of her father at Troy.

The Belfast *Journal* discovers that lobsters are built more for durability than speed.

The three elephants in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, were lately sold to a butcher for £810.

A woman at Chattoonaga recently roasted her new born illegitimate child on a bed of live coals.

The corner-stone of the new Capital building at Albany, N. Y., weighs twenty-eight tons.

Railways are aristocratic. They teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there.

Heaven-gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces; they that enter there must go on their knees.

The newspaper report that Susan B. Anthony "swears" is pronounced by the Col. herself to be "a —— lie."

"Pound parties" are the newest thing in vogue in Terre Haute, Ind. Every one that goes takes a pound of something.

We see it stated that there are eleven thousand factories in the United States, which make "pure Havana" cigars.

A monument to Ex-President Pierce has been erected at Concord, N. H. It is of the finest Italian marble, 15 feet high.

A Cincinati railroad agent has an advertising card headed:

"This is The Route I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

Maggie—"My hands are so dreadfully chapped, Kate." Brother Tom—"Ah, they'll be 'chapter and verse' before the winter's over!"

A carriage was upset in Auburn, N. Y., the other day, by an infuriated animal that was afterward descriptively referred to by a lady as a "bachelor ox."

Miss Mary Motley, daughter of the late Minister of the United States, was recently married at Frampton, in Dorsetshire, England, to Algernon Sheridan.

The late Jno. Covode leaves a widow and nine children, two of the latter minors. He died intestate, and his estate is valued at a million and a half of dollars.

Senator Wilson, it is stated, has another rod in pickle for Judge Black; in other words, he intends to reply to Mr. Black's article in the February *Galaxy.*

The Chicago *Tribune* laments that Mr. Greeley in his work upon farming neglected to treat of the relative cost of crops of plain-handled brooms and the red and blue variety.

Boucicault is reported to have written, translated, and adapted more than 200 plays, and to have realized upon them over $1,000,000, most of which has gone where the pepper is hot.

A lady in London got the idea into her head that the devil was in her, and hung herself. If women go to hanging themselves for a little thing like that, they are going to be mighty scarce, that's all.

They have a "praying band" in Auburn, N. Y., devoted to continuous supplications by turns. A day or two ago, some sacrilegious savage applied by letter to the company for the position of "end man."

A little boy who went to church was cautioned to remember the text, which was: "Why stand ye all the day idle? Go into my vineyard and work, and whatsoever is right I will pay thee." Johnny came home and was asked to repeat the text. He thought over it awhile, and then cried out: "What do you think I stand round here doing when I can go into my back yard and work, and I'll make it all right with you?"

Black Lead Pencils.

The best black lead pencils are made from a natural ore of plumbago obtained from Borroudale, in Cumberland; but the more common sort from an artificial compound of plumbago dust and antimony. The lumps of pure plumbago, when scraped and freed from dirt, are of irregular form, varying generally in size between that of a walnut and an egg. These lumps are cut into slices by a circular saw, which is put in motion by the operator turning a winch and fly wheel with one hand, while he applies the lump of ore with the other against a metal face set at a proper distance from the disc of the saw, so as to act as a guage or stop for producing the proper thickness in the slice. The saw runs vertically, and the ore is applied below it; the workman gradually raising it against the saw till the piece is cut off, when it falls down slice upon slice on a table below, these being of different sizes, from one or two inches in length, and of variable breadths.

Pieces of cedar are cut by a fine circular saw into square prisms of the intended length of the pencil, or rather into such thickness that two of them together form a square, one of them thicker than the other, so as to admit the groove cut to receive the lead to be in one piece only, this groove being plowed out by a proper gauge plane. The operator takes one of the slices of plumbago brought to a straight edge into glue, then inserts it in the groove, and with a sharp instrument makes a cut on each side along the edge of the wood, when by a slight force it breaks off, leaving again a straight edge. This is now dipped again in glue, and inserted at the end of the last piece, and again cut off, till the length of the groove is filled with lead. The whole upper surface is then smoothed, and the other piece of wood glued on; the pencil is then square and rather rough.

It is now taken to be made round, preparatory to which it is passed along a circular saw, set to an exact gauge, and cut also to a certain length. In order to give its cylindrical figure, it is passed through a hole in an iron or steel puppet of the exact size of the pencil, and forced along by the workman. On the other side of this puppet is the revolving apparatus which cuts the pencils round; it consists of two gauges, and a small plane iron revolving around an open center. Beyond this is a cylindrical hole in a steel plate; as soon, therefore, as the first end of the pencil is cut round, it is forced into this circular hole, and, before the workman has lost the means of pushing forward the end that is square, the cylindrical end is pushed through the circular hole, so as to enable him to seize it with a pair of wooden nippers; and it is thus pushed and drawn quite through, and comes out beautiful, round and polished.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

HOW VANDERBILT STARTED.—Every little while the newspapers contain an account of Vanderbilt's beginning. Most of these accounts are apocryphal. His statement of his first real success is this: He was a young man on Staten Island. He was master of rowing. He was athletic, strong and daring. One night a stranger came to the landing and wanted to be rowed across to Gowanus. The night was dark and stormy and the wind blue a gale. Not a boatman could be found who would leave. The landlord said, "There is nobody what can row you over but Corn. Vanderbilt"—for so he was called. It was doubtful, he said, whether he would do it. Vanderbilt was found, and, in answer to the request, replied: "It's pretty rough, but if you'll give me ten dollars, lay down in my boat and not stir, or do just what I bid you, I'll try it." He rowed the man over and back in safety. As soon as he landed on Staten Island the stranger said: "Young man, how would you like to run an opposition steamboat?" "Nothing would suit me better," was the reply. "Have you pluck enough to obey orders?" said the stranger. "I have," was the response. "Suppose I was to tell you to run into a steamboat, what would you do?" "Run into her, by——." The barg in was sealed amid the storm that night, on the island, and Vanderbilt entered on his well known career as a steamboat man.

A Comic Crœsus.

John E. Owens is said to be the wealthiest of American actors, and owns a farm of about 400 acres near Baltimore (Md.), his native city, and is reported to be worth over $700,000. The "nest egg" of his great fortune was realized from his original performance of "Jakey" (a Philadelphia Mose) at the Arch Street Theatre, in 1849. When the piece was produced, Mr. Owens was in the receipt of a salary of of $14 per week, from the late William E. Burton, then manager. On the third week of the run his salary was increased to $200 a week, and before the close of the year he was starring it through the West with rich success. It was from the profits of this production that Mr. Burton was enabled to purchase the Chambers Street Theatre in New York, and thus to enter upon a career which led to fortune. To Mr. Owens belongs the distinction of having held the longest star engagement known in the annals of the American stage—that of "Solon Shingle," run at the Broadway Theatre, New York. It covered a term of ten months, and netted for Mr. Owens $60,000.

Should the war in Europe come to a close immediately, Prussia and Russia will stand nearly together as regards losses in two of their late wars. The loss of Prussia up to the present time, is stated to be about 300,000 men. It is stated on the authority of a clergyman who had resided for some time at Odessa, and derived his information from some Russian officers stationed there, that the Russians lost 300,000 men during the Crimean campaign.

THE WEST.

Walla Walla has small-pox.

Susan B. Anthony lectured in Omaha Feb. 5th.

Charles Galis suicided at Portland, Oregon, recently.

There were twenty-nine deaths in Sacramento during January.

G. E. Clifford committed suicide in San Francisco on Feb. 9th.

Fruit "canneries" are being established throughout California.

The third house of the Nevada Legislature has been organized.

Oscar Olney, of Washington Territory, died suddenly a few days ago.

Twenty-six men have sown 13,900 acres of wheat in Merced County, Cal., this season.

Herndon Barrett, City Clerk of Marysville, Cal., falls heir to $10,000 by the death of a relative in Virginia.

Mr. Holt, of Napa, California, has inherited a fortune of $80,000.

Excellent coal has been discovered 30 miles north of San Juan, Cal.

Modesto aspires to become the county seat of Stanislaus county, Cal.

The *Masepps*, published at San Francisco, suspended publication Feb. 10th.

The Salt Lake *Tribune* is in favor of a new election for Delegate to Congress.

Portland (Or.) has purchased forty acres of ground near the city for a public park.

The Yolo (Cal) *Mail* hoists the name of Newton Booth as its candidate for Governor.

Redpath, the Boston literary broker, has offered Gough $3,500 to lecture ten nights in California next May.

John Kelly, who attempted suicide at the Western Hotel, Sacramento, has nearly recovered from the effects of his attempts.

Thomas Seale and Henry Motz, millmen, of Gold Hill, (Nev.) have been adjudged bankrupt on petition of their creditors.

It is reported that out of 75,000 Indians in Nebraska, 15,000 attend religious services, and the remaining 60,000 are——out stealing and scalping.

St. Joseph has voted to take $500,000 stock in the proposed permanent bridge across the Missouri, and $50,000 in the St. Joseph and Iowa Railroad.

Matt Greer, who was wounded in his difficulty with William Dresser, at Sacramento, has recovered sufficiently to be able to sit up a little every day.

Man milliners are in vogue with the beauty and fashion of San Francisco, which is measured and fitted by male hands, whilst female tailors are attracting the custom of the ruder sex.

The Memphis *Appeal* says: "It now costs $7,000 in gold to get one hundred Chinamen to an interior town, and a smaller number will not migrate from California—they move in colonies."

The subscription of $100,000, stipulated for by Ben Holladay as a condition for the building of the first twenty miles of the West Side Railroad, was completed at Portland, Oregon, Feb. 9.

Dr. Scudder has preached for seven years in San Francisco at $6,000 per annum, besides delivering lectures, etc., and now retires to Brooklyn (N. Y.) with shattered health and an empty purse.

There are at the present time over fifteen hundred miles of railroad in operation and in progress of building in Texas, when at the close of the war less than four hundred and fifty miles were in existence.

The printers of Denver are anticipating trouble in that city, owing to the reduction of wages, and have issued a circular to printers generally, desiring members of the craft elsewhere to pay no attention to telegrams or published notices for help.

Nevada, the home of Truthful James and William Nye—also of the big Senator popularly known as Jim Nye—enjoys the luxury of a State debt amounting to $670,000, upon which interest is paid at the rate of 15 per cent.

Matt Bledsoe formerly a well known character in Idaho, during the "rough times," but who is now serving a life term in the Oregon penitentiary, recently fell from a pile of lumber in that institution, and is reported fatally injured.

A deed of trust was recorded by the County Recorder of San Joaquin county, Cal., February 6th, made by the Central Pacific R. R. Company to D. O. Mills and W. C. Ralston, on the road from Lathrop to Visalia, to secure the payment of $6,080,000.

Only one hundred and six Chinese arrived on the steamer America at San Francisco—a fact which bespeaks the continued diminution of Asiatic immigration. The number of deaths alone are now much in excess of the arrivals, and the departures by sea and land are even more numerous.

The first cargo of anthracite coal ever received in San Francisco from an American port has been landed from the bark Lulu, from Queen Charlotte's Island. Col. Gool, of British Columbia, had offered $2500 premium for the first cargo exported. This coal resembles that produced at Lackawana, Pa., and arrangements are made to deliver full supplies from the same source hereafter.

Joe Meeks, the Oregon trapper, went to Washington as a Territorial messenger. His good looks and a relationship to President Polk made him a great favorite with the ladies. While promenading one evening a lady inquired whether he had ever been married. "Yes," said Joe, "I have a wife and six children." "Oh, la," continued his friend, "isn't Mrs. Meeks afraid of the Indians?" "Afraid of the Indians!" replied the frontiersman, "I reckon not; why, she's an Injun herself!"

A Bolt from the Vatican.

The Anathemata of Pope Pius IX.—Victor Emanuel Cursed All Over—A Model of Terrific Invective.

HOTEL, D'ANGLETERRE, ROME.

Since King Victor Emanuel's triumphant entry into Rome, the chief topic of interest is the bull of major excommunication issued against the King of Italy by the Pope. The following is a literal translation of the

EXTRAORDINARY RELIGIOUS DOCUMENT:

By the authority of the Omnipotent God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and of the sacred canons, and of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother and nurse of our Saviour; and of the celestial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominations, powers, cherubims and seraphims; and of the holy patriarchs and prophets; and of all the apostles and evangelists; and of all the holy innocents, who in the presence of the Holy Lamb, are worthy of singing new hymns; and of the holy martyrs, holy confessors, holy virgins, and of all the saints together with all the blest and elect of the Lord—we excommuninate and anathematize and separate him from the Holy Church of Omnipotent God; that he may be tormented by an eternal martyrdom together with Dathan and Abiram and all those who say to the Lord God, "Depart from us—we do not wish to walk in thy ways." And as fire is quenched by water, so let his light henceforth be extinguished!

May the Father who created man, curse him! May the Son who suffered for us, curse him! May the Holy Ghost who visited us in baptism, curse him! May the Holy Cross on which Christ (for our salvation and triumphant over his enemies) ascended, curse him! May the Holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God, curse him! May St. Michael, defender of Holy souls, curse Him! May the angels and archangels, principalities and powers and all the celestial cohorts curse him! May St. John the Precursor, St. John the Baptist, St. Peter, St. Prul, St. Andrea, and all the other apostles of Christ together curse him! May the rest of His disciples and the four evangelist, (that with their word converted the world) and may the holy and wonderful army of martyrs and confessors (they by their sacrifice defended the All-powerful God) curse him!

May the choirs of holy virgins (who for the love of Christ despised the things of the world) condemn him! May the heavens, the earth and holy things embraced therein, condemn him!

May he be condemned in the house and in the field, in the open streets and in the byways, in the wood, in the water, and in the church!

May he be cursed in his birth and in his death; in his food and in his drink; in his fasting and his intemperance; in his quiet moments and in his sleep; in his waking and in his passage on foot or seated in his repose or in his labor; in the excrements in the circulation of his blood! Be he cursed in all the facilities of his body! Be he cursed internally and externally! May he be cursed in his hairs! May he be cursed in his brain! Be cursed in the covering of his head and in his temples! May he be cursed in his forehead and in his ears! In his eye-brows and in his eyes! In his cheeks and in his nostrils! in his anterior and posterior teeth! be he cursed in his lips, and in his throat! be he cursed in his shoulders and in his pulses! in his arms, hands and fingers! May he be condemned in his mouth! In the breast, heart, and all the bowels of his body let him be condemned! In his veins, in his arteries, in his thighs, genitals, ankles, knees, legs, feet, and in his nails! May he be cursed in all the ligatures and joints of his members, from the head to the feet! May he have no health! May the Son of the living God and all the glory of His majesty curse him, and may Heaven, with all its powers, unite and rise against him to curse and condemn him! So be it.—*N. Y. Standard.*

[After having read the above with profound astonishment that Victor Emanuel survives its intensified curses, it may be well enough to know that it is probably a bogus bohemianism—an adaptation from the curse Dr. Slop read for a cut finger in Laurence Sterne's "Tristram Shandy"—ED. N. N. W.]

THE CHARGE OF THE SCHOOL MA'AM.—The Brooklyn (Iowa) *Journal* says:

"One of the most charmingly pleasant incidents that have occurred in the history of Bear Creek transpired in a district school the other day. While hearing a recitation, the lady teacher casually looked around the room and observed an incipient sovereign of six or eight glorious summers leaning nonchlantly back in his seat, with a navy six shooter resting on the desk before him and aimed point blank at herself. It was not a good place to faint; so, mustering up good courage, she made a slight detour to the left, flanked the battery, and asked 'if that nasty, dreadful, thing was loaded?' 'Yes 'em.' An unconditional surrender was demanded in the name of the United States and the Superintendent of Public Instruction, 'which was acceeded to by the youngster, and the piece of Artillery is now in the hands of the instructress."—*San Fran. Coll, Feb. 10th.*

It is said history repeats itself. Doubtless it does. But it seems passing strange the *Journal* should have repeated this incident word for word save locality as it was published in the NEW NORTH-WEST a year or so ago.

COMPLIMENTARY TO THE PACIFIC COAST.—The Stedefelt furnace is to be erected at Ocker, in the Hartz Mining District, Germany. The introduction of amalgamation, in place of smelting, is talked of. That an American—a Pacific Coast—process should supersede a German process in Germany, is a fact on which we may be permitted to talk a little proudly.

Major Zagonyi, who led the famous charge of Fremont's body-guard at Springfield, Mo., the first year of the war, is said to be keeping a cigar shop in Pesth, Hungary.