THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

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The New North-West,

DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

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REFERENCES:
A. H. Mitchell, M. D., H. Strafford Bowie, M. D., Deer Lodge; Robert Linder, Esq., A. P. Rose, P. M., and James Kennedy, Esq., Lincoln.
Blackfoot City, October 6th, 1870. 66-3m

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POETRY.

Dog Days.

A misty veil adown the mountains' steep,
And vapors circling where the waters leap
To kiss the valleys sleeping at their base;
Like mystic splendor, floating into space
Of silver sheen and violet tinted hue,
Whose waves, embracing, mingle in the view.
The sun with lurid light, nor dimly clear,
In shadow hides the brown leaves parched and sere.
A mimic thunder whispers in the clouds,
Whose terraced splendor, half the sky enshrouds;
A silence vacant, hushed—like anger still,
When passion throbbings heed the wayward will.

The birds asleep, anon the timid hare,
Peeps from his covert—scents the noon-day air.
The cricket's chirp, occasional and slow,
Reminders of the insect life below;
The cold snake glitters in the knotted grass,
Just stirred by ripples breathing as they pass.
The herd reclining by the river's brink,
The herbage clip, or idly stooping, drink
The waters gurgling through the silent mead—
A world of beauty, charming those who heed,
With mystic utterance, visions terse,
The mighty music of the universe.

Ah! dost thou thy dear waves [illegible]
With Sol, to further this, the destined end?
Reveal thy secrets, million years unroll,
The lights that energize, and worlds control.
Wilt thou retreating to some ancient sphere,
Doom us to Winter's ever-waning year?
Perhaps thou art a child of love and light—
Sad measures these thy gayety requite!
A soul of song, impassioned numbers flow,
Like deep sea murmurs, tremulous and slow.
Or dost thou mirthful, festive garlands twine,
To Naxian Bacchus or the witching Nine?
Indue us with thy wondrous pride of birth.
Thy ministry, to charm the sleeping earth!
Art thou a Titan hurtling from thy sphere,
Existence moaning desolate and drear?
This torrid heat, thy heart's consuming fire,
Each passion crushing when thou wouldst expire—
In vain! in vain! thy lips are hushed in prayer.
Seek not to penetrate nor idly dare,
The secret lightnings of that down-cast eye,
Or grief, or love, thou deignest no reply.

A Quiet Hour.

LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEM.

The sunlight is past, and the dusty air,
That filled the day in its prime;
Of all the hours there's none so fair
As the dim white even time.
The wind, that blew like a breath of heat,
Is cooler and fresher now;
Of all the winds, there is none so sweet,
Soft evening wind, as thou.

An hour like this is soon forgot,
And never recalled again;
The peace and rest we remember not,
Only the joy and the pain.
Were we content with such pleasure as this,
We might be happy in rest;
But, in the pursuit of more difficult bliss,
We scorn to be easily blest.

The Luxury of Loafing.

Idleness, pure and unmixed, is one of the greatest luxuries of human life. It is also a luxury peculiarly appropriate to the holiday season. On the same principle, I am very much in favor of lying in bed late of a morning. Theoretically I hold the latitudinarian principle; but practically I am a tolerably early riser. The more sleep you give the brain, the better quality does the brain become, and the better is the energy and harmonious play of the whole system. Sleep as much as you can, and, in consequense, as late as you can, but never lie in bed after you are awake, "thinking," as you are sometimes pleased to term it. It is all a mistake. It is the worst kind of debauch; as bad as dram-taking; I do not believe that there is any real quality of thought in such morning reveries. Similarly of the delights of idleness, the pleasures of the castle of Indolence, some qualifying language must be used. I know of no greater pleasure than to saunter about for a whole day with one's hands in one's pockets, and with a steady determination to think, wait, and do nothing at all. In order to do this with proper effect, a man ought to be on tolerably good terms with his own conscience; otherwise some dark influences will begin to brew disquiet in his mind. But this idleness is a first-rate clarifying process. Without any settled, studious efforts of the mind, the subjects that had troubled you will begin to take shape and form. All kinds of matters, which had been waiting for a quiet hour of deliberation, will gradually, and almost without a conscious effort, be satisfactorily disposed of. Moreover, your idle day, to be perfectly idle and happy, must not be haunted by the corroding recollection that there is something to be done. Such idle days are as rare as happy days, of which the Caliph could only score up eleven; and it may be that the happy day and the idle day are synonymous. I know of no greater luxury than to wake up in the morning thinking it is seven, and finding that it is nine. I always calculate on a feeling of intense vitality for that day, and an extra amount of my very limited power of doing and enduring.—*Exchange.*

ABOUT MONKEYS.—*All The Year Round* says: Reugger observed an American monkey carefully driving away the flies which plagued her infant; and Duvanoel saw a hylobates washing the faces of her young ones in a stream. So intense is the grief of female monkeys for the loss of their young, that it invariable caused the death of certain kinds kept under confinement under Brehm in North Africa. Orphan monkeys were also adopted and carefully guarded by the other monkeys, both male and female. One female baboon had so capacious a heart, that she not only adopted young monkeys of other species, but stole young dogs and cats, which she continually carried about. An adopted kitten scratched this affectionate baboon, who certainly had a sharp intellect; for she was much astonished at being scratched, and immediately examined the kitten's feet and without more ado bit off the claws.

The *New Northwest*, published at Deer Lodge, Montana, by Jas. H. Mills, is a rattling good paper, and got up regardless of cost.—*South Pass News, Aug. 2d.*

Thank you, friend Slack. That was in "rattling" political times. Now that we propose to have some "regard for cost" in view of the financial winter, we hope your good opinion will not be modified.

The New Orleans Sensation.

Few of the residents in the lower part of New Orleans of late years but are familiar with some of the incidents we are now relating. They have often seen in the twilight of summer evenings, a singular apparation. Suddenly, on the banquette of Music street, has appeared an old man, with long gray hair, and clad in the custume of half a century ago. The garments were faded and worn, but revealed a richness which in earlier days was more fitted for a court than an American metropolis. He was a very tall man, though a hunchback, and but for the deformity would have been of gigantic proportions. In the breadth of shoulders, deep, powerful chest, and long nervous arms, resided marvelous strength, while the lower limbs, formed in magnificent strength and beauty, arrested attention and commanded admiration wherever he appeared. He spoke to no one, looked at no one, but in silent abstraction pursued his lonely walk far into the night. Years went by, and [illegible] children paused in their play to watch the receding figure of the lonely man. It must have been forty years since he first came to the city. He looked to be middle-aged then; but as the years flew by the sturdy frame remained flexible and active, but the hair grew gray and his face was seamed with wrinkles. He lived in a little brick building that sat back from the street. Wild vines crept over the crumbling tiles and wreathed fantastic shapes on the chimney top. In the yard beautiful flowers bloomed all the year round, and their rich perfume made the air sensuous and sweet. At a window shaded by a trellis work, hid in the bloom of roses, the old man sat of afternoons and watched the sun's decline. No one else was ever seen in the house—no one ever crossed the threshold; and so he lived, a smileless, sad old man, in a lonely house. But one day, not a great while since, the neighbors saw that the blinds in the house were closed. The old man had not appeared on the street for weeks, and the grass had begun to grow from the chinks of the marble slabs at his door, and it began to be whispered about that the old man was dead. At last, one day, the neighbors went in (they were poor people, but kindly and true.) Sure enough, he was dead. He lay pallid and stark on a pallet of straw. There were a few chattered chairs about the room, and a plain table. Only one object arrested the eye. Near the body was a rich casket, set in mother-of-pearl and gold. Jewels flashed from the costly lid, and wreathed in the dust of diamonds were engraved the "Lillies of France" in a coronet of gold. They opened the box, and there flashed in their eyes the Bourbon diadem. It was stolen the night of the 16th of August, 1830, when Charles the Tenth abdicated the throne of France in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux. Underneath it was a manuscript, written in French. It contained only these words: "I am Charette, the Vendean general; Marie of Savoy was to have been my wife. She was taken from me and given to the Comte d'Artois. I could have forgiven this, but he deserted me when I most needed his help and assistance. I revenged myself and procured his overthrow, and am happy since he died in exile." This was all. Over his life silence now draws a veil. His wayward passions, his inward conflicts, none can estimate. Lonely and sad he perished in exile; none could appreciate his injuries; let no one judge too harshly of his life.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Fleetest Horse in the World.

Kentucky maintains the reputation still of producing the fleetest racers in America, and now, perhaps, in the world. At the great Saratoga races last month the Kentucky bred horse, "Longfellow," proved the victor of every other that was brought against him, and so easily did he win in each race that his best powers were not developed. Yet he ran his first mile in a race of two and a quarter miles in the unprecedented time of one minute and forty seconds, and came in an easy winner on a canter in four minutes two and three-quarter seconds. To the two-mile post he was three minutes and thirty-three seconds. His first mile was run in three seconds' quicker time than was ever made in America, and never in England, by any authentic record, has so fast time been made. His competitor was August Belmont's "Kingfisher," four years old, by "Lexington," dam "Eltham Lass," a four year old, and "Longfellow" led the son of "Lexington" five to six lengths at the outcome. He is a four year old by "Leamington," dam "Nantura," and is owned by John Harper, a noted octogenarian thoroughbred horseman of Old Kentucky. Before his race with "Kingfisher," he had beaten "Freakness" and "Helmbold," the best descendants of "Lexington," and "Australian," over the same track, and D. W. Smith, the owner of the famous trotter, "Lady Thorne," then offered Harper $60,000 for him. The old fellow refused it, and after his favorite had beaten "Kingfisher" he declined to sell him at any price. He declared his purpose to retire the horse from the turf, and to keep him exclusively for breeding.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN WHEAT.—The Portland, Oregon, *Bulletin*, says: Several heads of a new variety of wheat have been brought to the *Bulletin* office for notice. It is called the Rocky Mountain wheat, and a small field of the variety has been this year raised by A. P. Smith, whose farm is in Clackamas county, near the Multnomah line, a few miles south of East Portland. A note from Mr. Smith gives information that he obtained the seed from Cariboo, and sowed it late in the Spring, and that it ripens early and produces bountifully. The heads brought to us are fully ten inches in length, and fully bearded. The grain is uncommonly large and full, and though not quite ripened, gives indication that it is of firm, flinty quality.

NOR' WESTERS.

Strict economy is a great income.

A pretender to the crown—Chignon.

The fastest city in the world—Electri-city.

Osceola county, Iowa, has not a single tree.

Peoria has forty liquor saloons in full blast every Sunday.

A park containing 1,000 acres is to be laid out at Buffalo, N. Y.

Modern Knights of the Golden Fleece—New York Tammanyites.

Ireland has now less than twice the population of the city of London.

They have got hot weather, small-pox and a new national bank in Chicago.

It is stated that Secretary Robeson will be married to Mrs. Alluck about Nov. 13.

Why is the treadmill like a true convert? Because its turning is the result of conviction.

Why was Louis Napoleon's army like his mustache? Because it was waxed at both ends.

"Corn bread?" said an Irish waiter; "we hav'nt got it; an' is'nt in corn bafe ye mane?"

People who fish for compliments don't need long lines; they get their best bits in shallow water.

There is in Illinois a town called Marseilles. The men of the town are called Marseilles hims.

The Paris *Opinion Nationale* chronicles the death of "Fisk, the American nabob, worth $45,000,000."

Two San Francisco girls lately ordered eighty-five dresses from Berlin. The "old man" owns a gold mine.

The South African diamond diggings do not pay. It costs two dollars to get a dollars' worth of diamonds.

Fun, commenting on the proverb, "Peace hath her victories," says, "Just so: more fall in love than in war."

A baby who kisses his mother and fights his father may be said to be partial to his ma and martial to his pa.

Mrs. Abbott, of Janesville, threw herself into the river last week. Her husband was in the Abbott of getting drunk.

Valuable gold mines have been discovered in Monroe county, Tenn. General Vaughn calls for a hundred hands to work the mines.

An up-country paper, under the head of 'Religious,' says: "It is now hoped that five twenties will be speedily converted."

Another wife has poisoned her husband. The salutation among wives has become, "How are you, my dear? "Where do you buy your poison?"

Upwards of three thousand persons exist—they can't hardly be said to live—in a single block of tenement houses near the Five Points in New York.

One single pigeon, a favorite bird with the pigeon fanciers of Paris, brought into that city during the siege 500 pages of official dispatches and 15,000 private dispatches.

Lowe, not the poor Indian, but the old aeronaut of the Potomac army, is building ice factories in the South. He has put one in operation at New Orleans and one at Atlanta.

Ex-Senator Yates has accepted the offer of the American Literary Bureau of New York to deliver fifty lectures during the coming fall and winter, for which he is to receive $10,000.

In a speech in San Francisco Senator Cole expressed an opinion that the treaty of Washington will preclude the possibility of war between America and England for perhaps a century to come.

Washington Irving once alluded to a man of superior pomposity as "a great man, and, in his own estimation, a man of great weight. When he goes to the West, he he thinks the East tips up."

"Now, my little boys and girls," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop." In a moment all was silent, when a little boy shrieked out, "Let her drop!"

A New York journal, in speaking of the magic strains of a hand organ, says, "When he plays 'Old Dog Tray,' we noticed even pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing the tears from their eyes with their fore paws."

During the month of July the deposits of silver at the United States assay office amounted to $165,000, including $55,000 from Nevada, $43,000 from Lake Superior, $15,000 from Colorado, $8,000 from Nebraska and $7,000 from Montana.

A lady writes to know if it is proper—that is, is at ladylike—to retaliate by squeezing back when a man squeezes her hand. Mr. Editor answers: "Well, you might squeeze easy; just enough to let him know that you are not disposed to be mean about it. But don't turn around and ask him, 'How is that for high?' or he might think you too forward."

At Lawrence, Kansas, on Sunday, while a minister was holding forth in the church, a crowd got up a cock fight in the yard. The people who had congregated in the church went out to stop the fight, but awaited until the battle was over before objecting. The minister looked out of the window at the crowd and said: "We are all miserable sinners—which whipped?"

A splendid story is told of Marshal McMahon when a Colonel. During a parade he had an altercation with an officer in the ranks, who refused to obey him. McMahon finally threatened the offender, and the latter drawing a pistol took deliberate aim and fired; fortunately the cap snapped. Without the slightest sign of fear, cool and impressive, McMahon said: "Give that man fifteen days with the police, for having his arms out of order."

A Beautiful Demon—The Young Girl who Roasted a Man.

From the New Orleans Picayune, July 23.

In going through the parish prison a few days since, the attention of the reporter was attracted to a young girl, apparently not more than 15 years of age. She had fair nut brown hair and a complexion fresh and white as milk. The mild blue eyes were singularly soft and intelligent, and her whole appearance indicated the free, joyous characteristics of youth and happiness. Yet this amiable looking creature, this fair, delicate Minerva of slender form and ingenuous face, is said to be a devil incarnate. She was not a prisoner, only a visitor to the institution, and when the reporter saw her she was conversing with a noted burglar; indeed, she says she is a cousin of Pete Munday's and goes under the sobriquet of Lily. Her career is a remarkable series of adventures and hair breadth escapes About a year ago she lived in San Antonio, Texas, and for some real or fancied misconduct received a severe castigation at the hands of the man with whom she was living. Burning with resentment and conscious of her inability to cope with him in physical strength, she waited until the next night when he was asleep, and then locking the doors of the room and closing all avenues of escape, she prepared for a work of horror almost impossible to conceive. On one pretext and another she sent all the inmates of the house away, and procuring paper and other inflammable material, built a funeral pyre around the bed of the sleeping man. This done, she set fire to it, and locking the door behind her, fled the house. The man woke up when the house was full of flames, and in escaping from the room was literally roasted. One side of his body was burned almost to a cinder. He has never recovered from his injuries, and is to-day a helpless invalid, suffering excrutiating torture and continual anguish. His generosity—perhaps his sense of atonement—prevented his prosecuting the girl, and she made her escape to New Orleans. Arriving here she took apartments on Toulouse street, between Rampart and Burgundy, where she still resides. She is yet very young, certainly not more than 17 at furthest. Her vindictive and savage fury when excited is a terror to all her acquaintances. It is strange that beneath an exterior so fair and beautiful should be concealed the elements of such lawless violence.

The Utah Election.

The election occurred in Utah last Monday, and, from all accounts, was a disgraceful farce throughout. The Liberal party was everywhere defeated by the church faction, a result to a great extent attributable, according to the Salt Lake Tribune, to frauds of the boldest description. Our readers will recollect that female suffrage is authorized in Utah, and "to a man" the women voted the straight Mormon ticket. The Liberals counted on receiving a portion of the Mormon female vote; but the wives and concubines of Zion stood gallantly by the Church. Of course, the united male and female Mormon vote of the Territory was overwhelming, and the Gentiles went to the wall. Frauds were so numerous that the *Tribune* says it is impossible to mention them in detail, and adds: "Bishops high in the Mormon Church, led to the polls girls of fifteen or sixteen years of age, and offered them ballots, which were accepted by the Judge of the election, and deposited in the ballot box. Hundreds of votes from aliens who had never troubled themselves to apply for their papers from 'that Government'—the United States—were received when the ballots of American born citizens were refused. The police were particularly active in hustling out Liberals, while they carefully supported Mormons, engaged in distributing tickets at the polls. Such a complete and utter violation of the commonest principles of decency and statutory enactments was never before seen, unless it were in previous elections under the auspicies of Brigham Young and his blind followers."

The Yellow Fever in Buenos Ayres—Dreadful Ravages of the Disease.

The ravages of yellow fever in the City of Buenos Ayres, South America, during the months of February, March, April and May, 1871, are unparalleled in the history of epidemics of modern times. Between 75,000 and 100,000 persons have been attacked by the disease, including those of every nationality, age and situation in life. The total number of deaths during the months named is variously estimated at from 15,000 to 25,000, out of a population of 180,000. As the plague increased in violence, the people became panic-stricken, and fled from the city in great numbers. Thousands of the poor were sent out by the Government at the public expense, being obliged to live in tents, railway cars, &c., for lack of better accommodations. Business was totally suspended; the banks, custom houses and public offices were closed by order of Government. The laboring classes who were thus deprived of the means of gaining a livelihood, and at the same time subjected to extraordinary expenses by the sickness, were soon reduced to absolute want. The American church and community have had to bear their full share of these evils. Nearly all who remained in the city were attacked by the fever. Over thirty-five, most of whom were adults, have died, leaving many poor, chiefly widows and orphans, dependent on us as a Church for support. Those of our number who are able have already contributed liberally to the relief of the destitute. Another subscription for this purpose is being raised, but in view of the financial embarrassment now existing in Buenos Ayres, the Official Board of the Church determined to ask assistance from friends in the United States.

Hartford, Connecticut, claims to be the richest city of its size in the United States.

THE WEST.

San Rafael, Cal., is to be lighted with gas.

George S. Kennedy, of Helena, is in Corinne.

Wheat is selling at $1 in Portland. Flour $6.

Five murders were committed in Colorado in one week.

There are 170,000 sheep in the mountains near Calaveras.

Many artesian wells are being sunk in Los Angeles county, Cal.

Sewers and Nicolson pavements are being called for in Corinne, Utah.

Quimper peninsula, Puget Sound, is now said to be the best place for a terminus.

The great Gold Hill telescope was destroyed during the recent fire in that city.

The farmers of Marion county, Oregon, pay a bounty of $35 each for wolf scalps.

Mail robberies in the vicinity of South Pass, Wyoming, are greatly complained of by the *News*.

Richland is the name of a new town laid out on the Santa Anna ranch, Los Angeles county, Cal.

The Great Register of Los Angeles, Cal., contains the name of an Egyptian, lately naturalized.

W. H. Presbury, of California, has been promoted to be Minute Clerk of the Senate, *vice* Burch, deceased.

Matches thrown among the rubbish set fire to the Court-house at Austin, a few days since. No damage.

Major Sam D. Johns is confined to his room by an attack of erysipelas, but the ailment is fast disappearing.—*Corinne Rep.*

Joseph Knight, a native of Cornwall, England, aged 35 years, was killed by a fall in the South Aurora mine, at Treasure Hill, White Pine, a few days ago.

The product of the principal mines of the White Pine District, as returned to the Assessor of Internal Revenue, for the quarter ending June 30th, 1871, was $239,498 03.

Mr. James Keating, one of the oldest residents of Centreville, Idaho, and who has been engaged in mining there for more than eight years past, left a few days ago for the Peace River mines.

The Stockton *Independent* tells of a watermelon, from near the mouth of the Merced river, in Stanislaus county, and sent to Stockton, which weighed seventy-three pounds, nine and one-half ounces.

The Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake Company have commenced suit against the O. S. N. Company, for the right of way through the pass of the Columbia at the Cascades. This pass is the only one through which the Company can build their road.

The threshing season in Boise Valley is now fairly under way, and enough is known to assure us that the wheat crop is an unusually light yield. It is probably the lightest average crop ever raised in Boise Valley.—*Idaho Statesman.*

Bishop Demars, first Bishop of Vancouver Island, and missionary of the Pacific coast, died recently of paralytic dropsy, aged 65 years. Bishop Demars left Quebec as a missionary in 1837, arrived at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia, in 1838, and in Victoria, V. I., 1848.

On the evening of the 2d of July the Pope was seized with sickness, followed by a fainting fit, and on the 10th of July he became seriously ill, and was insensible for more than half an hour. The sickness and fainting fits have become very serious, and the least observant of the courtiers are now alarmed.

A New York letter says; "One of the Presbyterian churches of San Francisco have a committee on here in search of a minister. They want a genuine sensation man, and to such a one they are willing to pay the round sum of $10,000. No clergyman that goes to California wants to stay. Eminent men who have been allured to the Land of Gold, have embraced the first opportunity to get back."

VIGILANTES AT TRUCKEE.—We learn that since the last disastrous fire in Truckee a Vigilance Committee has been organized, who have busied themselves with the endeavor to ascertain the cause of these conflagrations. Suspicion has rested very strongly upon certain parties, who had just finished the erection of new buildings that they were about to occupy, when on Tuesday evening the Committee called upon them, through a sub committee, and gave them till yesterday morning to leave town. It was at first intended to raze their buildings to the ground and then drive them out, but the person from whom the building material was purchased informed the Committee that the lumber was not paid for; so the buildings were not molested. The men left town at once, and they may thank their fortune that they were not more harshly dealth with. If guilty, death is not too severe a punishment for them.—*Nevada Gazette, August 19th.*

An Adjustable Candidate.

The *Western New Yorker*, published at Warsaw, N. Y., the home of the youth and early manhood of Mr. Doolittle, gives this aspirant for the Democratic Presidential nomination the following first rate notice:

Ex Senator James R. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, upon whose shoulders, according to the statement of some of his admirers, fell the mantle of Stephen A. Douglas, is looming into prominence as a Democratic candidate for the Presidency. His name has put forward in that connection by Democratic papers East, West, North and South. The Democratic Convention might, and probably will, do a great deal worse than take this Free Soiler of '48, Republican of '60, Circle Swinger of '65, and Democrat of '68. He can "accept" any political situation, and his character and record would make him a strong candidate.

THE IDAHO FIRE.—The Idaho *World* gives the following as the loss by the fire:

F. Miller & Co., damages to Soda Factory, &c.	$1,000
Vantine & Co., store and goods damaged, &c.	5,000
Wm. Baird, out houses and damage to saloon	3,000
J. G. Bryant & Co., out-houses and damage to cellar and goods	3,000
G. Marre, tin shop and wares	1,500
Thos. Dickson, Taylor shop, &c.	400
Zipf & Marx, damage to drug store	1,000
C. S. Kingsley, damage to store and goods	500
D. B. Kimmel, damage to store and goods	500
Lauer & Swin, damage to store and goods	150
J. B. Emery & Co., damage, goods stolen, &c.	1,000
Mrs. Emery, millinery, damage, goods stolen, &c.	500
Matt Zapp, damage to cellar	300
Jo. Burkett, house, &c.	500
N. Marx, dwelling-house, &c.	500
L. Eckhart, personal property, &c.	500
Jim Gallagher, " " &c.	300
Henry Freidinger, " " &c.	150
T. L. Ayers, " "	400
Dr. J. M. Betts, house, office, &c.	250
C. Mautz, boots, &c., stolen	50

A DISCOVERY.—We understand that a party of mountaineers have at length been able to penetrate to the great basin of the middle fork of the Kaweah River. This region has, heretofore, only been viewed from the summit of the Sierras. The party referred to procured the service of an old Indian; he led the party a short distance up the second north fork and then, instead of pursuing the course generally followed by parties making an effort in this direction, he turned back around the edge of a certain big bluff rock, and ascending behind it soon led the party into a rolling country covered by the most magnificent pinery in this portion of the State. It is said that there is the evidence of an old Spanish trail having run into this region, but that no one has been able to follow it beyond a certain point where a large slide has taken place in the bluff. There is a legend that a mine of the precious metals was once worked by the Spanish in the region referred to, that the miners were murdered by the Indians, and that an English company were left in possession of a chart containing a diagram of this mine. It will be but a short time before the truth of this legend is tested. The pinery referred to is nearer to Visalia than any of the present lumber mills.—*Visalia Delta.*

A dastardly attempt was made to blow up the Cosmos mill, Silver City, on last Thursday. The *Avalanche* says that at 7 o'clock in the evening the people at the upper end of the town were startled at a dreadful explosion, which shook the Cosmos building as if a tremendous earthquake had occurred. The entire establishment was filled with smoke and ashes, and the furnace shed took fire in several places. The fire was fortunately extinguished, and upon examination it was found that the masonry containing the boiler was cracked and dislocated, and part of it blown entirely away. The iron doors of the furnace were blown a distance of several feet. From various circumstances connected with the affair, it is certain that some wretch charged a stick of cordwood with Giant powder, or some such explosive compound, and left it on the wood pile, doubtless thinking to blow up the mill, and caring but little how many lives went with it. A reward of $500 is offered for the arrest of the perpetrator, and we hope he may be caught.—*Idaho Statesman*, 12th.

VETERANS OF 1812.—Considerable speculation having existed in reference to the question of how many survivors of the 1812 war are entitled to pensions, under the act of February 14, 1871, the following data, compiled from the official records of the War Department, will be read with interest: During the war of 1812-14, the following number of enlistments occurred:

Soldiers of the regular army who served twelve months	38,136
Sailors and marines in the navy who served twelve months	17,848
Militiamen who served twelve months	7,148
Militiamen who served six months and less than twelve months	66,285
Militiamen who served three months and less than six months	125,643
Militiamen who served one month and less than three months	123,307
Militiamen who served less than one month	142,300
Total enlistments	537,654

ARIZONA.

Armed Miners on a Prospecting Trip—Mining News—Deaths from Excessive Heat.

The *Arizona Miner* of August 5th contains the following:

Governor Safford, with a company of some fifty miners have gone on a prospecting trip to the rich mineral districts of the Pinal country, eastern Arizona, carrying the war into the heart of the Apache country.

In Bradshaw district the Tiger Company have about twenty tons of ore which, it is said, will pay upwards of $1,000 per ton. They will ship to San Francisco about 300 tons that will go from $100 to $300 to the ton. The Lorenna, Cougar and other Bradshaw ledges are taking out good ore. In Pine Grove District there is not water enough to work arastras. A silver ledge, found within a mile of Prescott, is being opened. The Vulture Company are crushing rock which averages $90 per ton.

Potatoes have been selling at 20 cents per pound in Prescott. Flour $8 50 to $10 per hundred. Other provisions are cheaper than usual.

Correspondence from the more remote and lower parts of the Territory show the present summer to be the driest and hottest ever known in Arizona. A number of deaths have occurred from the excessive heat; among them, Joseph Todd, at Arizona City, and on the 25th of July, at Phœnix, Maricopa county, James Rightmire, recently from Virginia City, Nevada.

The bodies of twenty-two dead Chinamen were shipped west to-day from the Diamond R Express Company, and the whole are en route to their native land for sepulture. They died in Montana during the summer.—*Corinne Rep.*, 14