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POETRY.

LIFE.

BY FATHER BRYAN.

A baby played with the suppled sleeve
Of the gentle Priest—while in accents low
The sponsor murmured the grand "I believe,"
And the Priest made the mystic waters flow—
In the name of the Father, of the Son,
And of the Holy Spirit—Three in One.

Spotless as a lily's leaf!
Whiter than the Christmas snow!
Not a stain of sin or grief—
And the Babe laughed sweet and low.

A smile flitted over the baby's face—
Or was it the gleam of his angel's wing
Just passing them and leaving a trace
Of its presence, as it soared to sing
A hymn, when words and waters win
To grace and life a child of sin?

Not an outward sign or token
That the child was saved from woe—
But the bonds of sin were broken,
And the Babe laughed sweet and low.

A heart rose up to the Mother's eyes—
And out of the cloud grief's rain fell fast;
Came the baby's smile and the Mother's sigh
Of the Future, or the Past?
Ah! I gleam and glow must ever meet,
And gail must mingle with the sweet!

Yes! upon her baby's laughter
Trickled tears—'tis always so—
Mothers dread the dark hereafter—
But her Babe laughed sweet and low.

And the years, like waves, broke on the shore
Of the Mother's heart and the baby's life—
But her love heart dried away before
Her little boy knew an hour of strife!
Drifted away on a summer eve
Ever the orphaned boy knew how to grieve.

Her humble grave was gently made
Where the roses bloomed in summer's glow;
The wild birds sang where her heart was laid,
And her Boy—laughed sweet and low.

He floated away from his Mother's grave,
Like a fragile flower on a bright stream's tide!
Till he heard the moan of the mighty wave
That welcomed the stream to the ocean wide!
Out from the shore and over the deep,
He sailed away—and he learned to weep!

Furrowed grew the face once fair—
Under storms of human woe;
Silver gray, the bright brown hair;
And he walked so sad and low.

And years went on, as erst they swept;
Bright waves came—'twild billows now;
Wherever he sailed he ever wept,
And a cloud hung o'er his brow.

Over the deep and into the dark,
But to one knew where sank his bark.
Wild roes watched the Mother's tomb,
The world will laugh—'tis ever so;
God only knew the baby's doom,
That laughed so sweet and low.

A MULE IN A MINE.

How the Long-Eared Q Incurved Acts in the Bowls of the Earth.

From the Gold Hill News of Sept. 30th.

Hank Smith's mule "Pete," which he lowered down the *Jackass shaft*, *split* *his* *back* *last* *to* *work* *in* *the* *Becher* *mine*, was hatched up this morning to initiate him into the mysteries of being a "miner" in the 1,100-foot level. "Pete" was a decided success for two trips, until he got warmed up to his work, blowing and sweating like a mule-porpoise just up out of deep water. But on returning for the third carload the brake of the car gave way, allowing that useful vehicle to press "Pete's" hind legs too close, which caused him to strike out right and left from behind, demoralizing himself more than injuring the car. The brakeman got scared and left, leaving "Pete" and the car to fight it out; and as they were on the down grade, "Pete" struck out in the direction of the lower levels of American Flat, and was making good time, when suddenly he brought up among miners of the 1,100-foot level of Belcher—cavorting around, with

his hind parts like a "girl of the period" and her Grecian bend. Great and terrible was the consternation among the miners, who ran in every direction, as "Pete" raised a terrible dust, and they were unable to discover what the tremendous rumpus was all about—some thinking that the devil had broke loose, or perhaps that some of the escaped convicts were making forcible entry into the mine to hide themselves. Hank Smith was there and soon discovered that it was his favorite Bucephalus, "Pete," and on addressing him the animal made a fresh start for American Flat, and ran into the new drift "like sixty," dragging the almost disabled and dismantled car along with him. Oh! but there was a terrible racket along the west wall of the Comstock! The timber shook.

THE MINERS SPOOK.
and the ore rattled down from the face as if giant powder or Peter of old were shaking things up generally. Old Pike suggested that they fill the mule's ears with ore, so as to gentle him a little. Hank Smith sent a man up to the surface to get a bottle of chloroform at Jones's drug store, while another tried to reason with him by asking him why he acted thusly, and behaved so like a drunken miner. Pete gave up, when Hank Smith addressed him kindly, with "Whoa, Pete!" "Whoa, January!" The fact is, the air is slightly warm in the Belcher, and Pete was only taking a little airing; but he'll get tame in a few years down there, and will have to wear goggles by and by.

THE NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER publishes the following "poem" after the manner of Walt Whitman:

An elephant leaped up against a tree and scratched. An elephant, from immemorial times, Has scratched, and scratched, and scratched.

Think! think! Gigantic irritation! An on-on set you say, I grant it! Set to subvert the immemorial times. (The child ambition a bruta lacerat, gauding.) An set in-arsate of the Agra spirit! Making the jagged and cut-and-throat! To yield masses of inch, centimeter, of inches of gleaming in different jaw. Of having some other elephant to scratch him.

In one county of Kansas alone there are 121 acres of cedar buds under cultivation, and Greeley thinks it needs no mathematical demonstration to show that the crop will supply mules to every bedstead in the United States.—Detroit Free Press.

"Cundurango."

An Adventure New Yorker in the Wilds of Ecuador.

[From the New York Commercial Advertiser.]
The great stir made last winter about the reported discovery of a new cure for cancer will be remembered. The story ran to the effect that a plant indigenous to the Republic of Ecuador, known by the name of "Cundurango," had been suddenly discovered to be a sovereign remedy for one of the terrible ills which flesh is heir to; and a tradition was set afloat that an Equatorian woman with a sick husband had attempted to poison him with a decoction of this plant. The sick man immediately got well, to his own surprise and apparently to the disgust of the "attached" wife. The buzz over this business gave rise to a curious diplomatic correspondence; the Equatorian Minister, M. Flores, "took a hand;" Vice President Colfax's mother swallowed cundurango extract, and felt better; and then the medical profession fell to talking of the new cure, and their journals kept up a controversy about it ever since—the issue of the *Medical Record*, for September 15, devoting a column to a fierce denunciation of the whole business.

The *Record* says it is unfortunate that four out of six patients treated with the new remedy have died—but such luck will happen. Nevertheless, the true spirit of American enterprise has been developed by the opposition of "the faculty," and one of the firm believers in Cundurango has recently undergone perils by land and sea in an attempt to procure the healing balm. Being an American, and a "pushing" one at that, he succeeded, of course—the irrepressible Yankee always does succeed when he makes up his mind to do a thing. Therefore, we give notice to the doctors that the new remedy is ready to do battle with them—physic against physic, dose against dose. And then think of the patients who will have to suffer. As one of the floating bits of the news of the day, it is interesting to know that the doctor who went exploring into Ecuador found the plant in great abundance on the Peruvian frontier, not far from the city of Loja.

It is not a tree, nor yet a shrub, but a climbing vine, and unlike the grape, the bark is the remedial portion. The natives thought that it was poisonous—but after the failure of several attempts to murder a dog with it, in their presence, they altered their opinion and clamored for doses of it—the misfortune of those gentle savages being; that they are generally sufferers from disreputable disorders. The spectacle of the Yankee doctor setting up an impromptu dispensary among the natives is a subject for an artist—the scene in *Paradise Lost*; and then departed better. Cundurango was evidently what the lamented Artemus would have called a "sweet bonon" to that afflicted and exceedingly immoral community, and the Yankee Doctor was rained upon by tears of gratitude. But to get there, and to get back, he had twenty-three consecutive days of mule-back riding, a mile above the sea, up and down mountain ranges, sleeping under the sky, and half starved by Equatorian fare, which is perhaps a trifle more abundant than any other civilized man adopts. And this is the story of Cundurango up to date. It is an exciting, at least—upon the medical faculty would not have begun so bitter a warfare against it.

HUNTING DOWN A MILLIONAIRE.—The following story is told by the *San Francisco Chronicle*, of Meigs, the great railway prince of Peru, who ran away in debt from San Francisco, some years ago:

Mrs. Joselyn is a washerwoman, and works very hard for her living. In the palmy days of Harry Meigs she deposited with him no less an amount than \$2,000, and when Meigs and her money were gone, the time in which a woman could lay up so large a sum from the profits of her business was gone also. But she washed on, and kept her head above water. Some two or three months ago she read in the *Oceanaid Monthly*, or some other publication, of how much money her old banker had made in South America by building railroads, and with a beautiful faith in human nature, which cannot be too highly commended, she embarked upon the Panama steamer and wended her way to the sultry South; where Meigs now holds sway. She sought the millionaire in the gorgeous residence so graphically described in the *Oceanaid*, and presented her bank book and told her tale. Meigs listened, and when she had finished he handed her a check for the amount of the deposit and interest from its date to the time of payment. She departed a wealthier and a happier woman, and returned to San Francisco, where she arrived by the last steamer.

What a curious matter of chances human life is! Here we read of Hannah Roberts, late of Philadelphia, and a woman of color, who, at the age of 120 years—it is so stated—has just been accidentally burned to death. She escaped measles, and cholera, and small-pox, and careless drivers, and drowning, and hanging, and poisoning—for over a century she dodged all these fatalities to be consumed by fire in her dotage. There must be luck in it; at least it is not an easy task to discover any law. For fear of death some people physic and diet themselves at an early age into the sepulchre; while others disregard every rule of health and self-preservation, and beat three score and ten handsomely.

Gen. Crook is at Fort Whipple. Utah has found a fossilized oyster. The Colorado river is low and falling. Oregon imports her railroad material from Wales.

Fifteen cases of small pox at Walla Walla Oct. 1st. It is proposed to build a lace manufactory in Salt Lake City. Truckee is being rebuilt in a rapid and substantial manner. The population of Olympia exceeds six hundred souls. Churches in San Francisco pay pastors not less than \$4000 a year. A Californian has sent a flock of sheep to Alaska as an experiment. Salt Lake City has a stock exchange for the deposit of mining stocks. The water in the Sacramento river is one foot lower than ever before. Vincent Colyer left Camp Apache, and will soon arrive at Prescott. Albany, Oregon, had Susan B. Anthony and the State Fair the last of Sept. The Treasurer's bond case at Carson has resulted in favor of the defendants. Conrad Wiel, an old resident of Sacramento, died recently near New York. A contract has been recorded for the sale of the Mariposa estate, for \$15,000,000. Jasper county, Texas, is said to have rock that makes mill stones equal to French burr. The laying of track on the Northern Pacific Railroad commenced at Kalama on Sept. 29th. Thirty five miles of the new road from Battle Mountain to Silver City, Idaho, is now open. In Colorado a bald person finds himself alluded to as "a man with his head above timber line."

A Colusa, Cal., wool grower has realized an average of six pounds to the fleece for the Fall clip. The Indians are pulling up the stakes and effacing and destroying the landmarks used by the surveyors in Idaho. Miss Josie Mitchell, a telegraph operator at St. Charles, Missouri, has just fallen heir to a legacy of \$300,000, left her by an uncle.

From the South Pass *News* we learn that some 3000 bushels of excellent wheat has been raised in the Wind River Valley this season. San Francisco had a Masquerade Ball at the Mechanics Pavilion the other evening, with 1000 masqueraders, the floor and 5000 spectators. P. H. Clayton has this season raised 100 bushels of corn upon one acre of sagebrush land, on his ranch in Carson Valley. So says the *State Register*.

The Democrats are in a blaze of excitement, having suddenly discovered that their candidate for Sheriff in Lassen county, Cal., is elected by two majorities.

The North Pacific Railroad Terminus Land Association has been organized in Portland, Or., proposing to furnish a lot to shareholders of any known terminus.

The Platte River has produced the latest monster. It is in shape like a man, hairy and spotted, with moss in place of hair on the head, and it dives when approached.

In Bradshaw District, Arizona, the Tiger Jer shaft is down 100 feet. More native silver has been found in the lower levels. The upper shaft is down 80 or 90 feet, and will sink to 100 feet.

A. P. Minear is now Superintendent of the Ida Elmore, Minnesota, and Mahogany mines, Idaho. Guthrie Conway is foreman of the Elmore; Jno. C. Schmidt, of the Minnesota; Mr. Patrick, of the Mahogany.

The Raymond and Ely mine in the Pioche district, Nevada, is reported to be about the richest yet discovered on the Pacific Coast. During September the yield is estimated at \$6,500 per day, of which \$5000 is net profit. The mines are not yet exhausted.

On yesterday the Tacoma mine, in Lucin District west of this city, was sold for \$125,000 in gold coin, and the transfer of both money and property were genuine transactions. This rich district is near the Central Pacific Railroad, west of this point.

A movement is on foot to construct a road from Winnemucca, to Canyon City, Oregon, a distance of 340 miles. About 100 miles have already been completed so loaded teams can pass over it, and the remainder will be finished by the first of January.

A dispatch dated Carson, September 28, says: This morning three or four ranch men captured, near Walker Lake, four of the escaped convicts—J. K. Chapman, Geo. Roth, and E. B. Parsons, of Washoe county, and Frank Clifford, of White Pine county. The prisoners were escorted into town by a large number of ranchmen, and are now safely lodged in the State Prison.

The next election in California will take place on Wednesday, October 13. Two Judges of the Supreme Court, a State Superintendent of Schools, county judges and justices of the peace are to be chosen. The Republicans, it is hoped, will not suffer the next election to go by default, or place too much confidence in victory on account of the recent signal triumph of the party.

The people of Walla Walla county voted down a proposition to guarantee, by the county, the payment of the interest on \$200,000 of railroad bonds of the Walla Walla & Columbia River Road. In a total vote of 600, the election resulted in the defeat of the measure by a majority of 39 against it. The people of Walla Walla seem to be imbued with anti-subsidy views. But the Unionists think they will not long be without a road, so it will yet be built on its own merits.

THE WEST.

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A Civilizing Institution in Japan.

[From the *Clarendon Commercial*.]
It is nearly a year since one of the high Japanese functionaries, who have been sent here, saw an American execution. The novelty and horror of the scene impressed him profoundly; and, as one of his main duties was to send reports of American customs and inventions to the Japanese government, he wrote an elaborate and detailed report of the affair, made careful drawings of all the incidents that took place, procured a small model of the gallows, from the cross beam of which was suspended a string, at the end of which a wooden mannikin was hung by the neck; and then he sent his report, model and drawings to the Japanese government. The high authorities admired the American style of execution, and determined to make experiments in it as soon as possible. They accordingly ordered the erection of a fair-sized working gallows, under the supervision of an intelligent American resident in Yokohama, who was formerly dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, but is now its correspondent in Japan. Being a humanitarian, he gladly undertook the work. During his residence in Japan he had seen men commit *hara-kari*, had witnessed executions according to the Japanese custom, by crucifixion, by burning alive, and by drowning, and, after all, he had been led by his patriotism to believe that the American way was better than any of these. He has now seen it introduced to Japan, and probably feels triumphant at this evidence of the progress of civilization and American ideas.

NEVADA SALT.—Nevada is capable of supplying the world with salt. It abounds in salt springs, salt marshes, salt mountains and great plains where the evaporation of ages has left deposits of salt of almost limitless extent. For mining purposes, the salt of these deposits requires only to be shoveled into sacks and transported to the place of use. For table and dairy purposes, however, it is not quite equal to Eastern salt. It contains a slight percentage of impurity, which would have to be removed by evaporation or some other refining process to render it marketable for domestic use. This may not be the case with all the deposits of this character within the State, but we believe it applies to such of them as have been worked. Within fifty miles of Reno, and not more than one mile from the railroad, are some of the finest salt springs in the world. One gallon of the water will evaporate three pounds of the best quality salt. The springs are the property of W. N. Leste, and a large number of evaporating vats are being excavated, and next year a pulverizing mill will be erected there for the preparation of salt for domestic use. About four thousand tons of salt are consumed annually in California and Nevada, and Mr. Leste says he will be able in another year to supply the whole coast. The salt is delivered at Reno for forty dollars per ton.—*Enterprise*.

Our Masonic readers will be interested to know that the Grand Master, "du Grand Orient de France," apparently a mighty dignitary of the order—has addressed a circular letter to the membership which looks up to him for guidance, concerning the effects of the late war on their relations to one another. It appears that Masonry performed an honorable part in the national defense, and remained a stranger to the insurrection; that there is no connection between its teachings and the doctrines of the Commune, and that if a few men tried to transform the pacific banner of Masonry into a flag of civil war, the Grand Orient repudiates them as having proved faithless to their duties. The future relations of the Masons of France with the Masons of Germany present, it seems, a question for earnest study and inquiry. Should it be shown that German Masonry was in any way responsible for "the crimes of Prussian policy," the Grand Orient of France must cease to have anything to do with the brethren beyond the Rhine, while an intimate union must be maintained with those of Alsace and Lorraine. In conclusion, the Grand Master declares that the role of Masonry grows in dignity and importance with the march of events, and that its mission will not be fulfilled so long as a good work remains to be done.

The Masonic fraternity have under consideration a proposition, looking to the completion of the Washington monument in Washington city. The monument is now 174 feet high of the 517 contemplated in the design. This has cost \$250,000. The estimated cost of the obelisk with the pedestal is \$1,225,000; leaving about \$1,000,000 to be raised in order to make an end to what has been agitated for nearly ninety years. The Monument Society are urging on Congress a grant of \$300,000 promised long ago and almost given in 1855. It has some \$12,000 on hand and claim for an unpaid promise by California. Should the Masons decide to do what they themselves suggest, the Centennial will find the great monument perfect and complete in its place, and a record of the patriotic maintenance of the great Order, as well as of the patriotic conduct of the great man whose memory it honors.

It is stated that the column of the Place Vendome, in Paris, suffered but little injury in its overthrow by the Commune, and that it can be restored exactly as it stood at a cost of not more than 200,000 francs. It seems that but only of two hundred and seventy four bronze pieces that made up the exterior of the column have been injured, and these require but slight repairs. A few bars of the intricate and some pieces of the capital have disappeared, but can be readily replaced. M. Garnier warmly advises that the statue of Napoleon should be re-erected on the top of the column, otherwise the whole monument is an historical and architectural absurdity.

NOR' WEST'ERS.

—Switch tenders—hair pins!
—Mrs. Stanton has become an orphan.
—The great American desert—fruit.
—Sleight of hand—refusing an "offer."
—Half a Sovereign—the Prince of Wales.
—London has a newspaper 130 years old.
—Chicago's "Black Maria" is painted red.
—An American stage is on a route in Spain.

—A thirteen-year old Iowa girl weighs 230 pounds.
—Gray hair was \$35 an ounce at last quotations.
—Berlin increased in population 50,000 in six months.
—Half a million is the price of the Mammoth Cave.
—The war damaged the French railways \$10,000,000.
—In Fon du Lac it is stated "This house is fore sale."
—Saratoga had 12,000 visitors in 1870, and 14,000 in 1871.
—Joe Pentland, the famous clown, has become insane.

—The navy of Brazil is said to have never yet lost a vessel.
—The armies of Europe on a war footing aggregate 5,164,300 men.
—A farmer gathers what he sows, while a seamstress sews what she gathers.
—Thirty thousand horses were eaten at Metz during the siege of that town.
—Illinois claims the champion sun-flower, measuring five feet in circumference.
—Two more lawyers are wanted to complete Chicago's number of five hundred.
—The new postal rates begin in England October 6. A letter weighing one ounce goes for one penny.
—Professor Noah Porter, of New Haven, is to be inaugurated as President of Yale College on October 11th.
—There are two hundred and eighty-seven incorporated Colleges in