THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

VOLUME 3, NO. 29. DEER LODGE, MONTANA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1872. WHOLE NUMBER 133

The New North-West,

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POETRY.

MEMORY'S PICTURES.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslips,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that olden forest
He hath in peace, asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful Summers,
The Summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the Autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

The Bonny Hands that Make Good Bread.

BY JOHN S. AITCHESON.

I own the charms of rounded arms,
Of eyes that love's soft lustre shed;
Of raven hair, and tresses fair,
Of cheeks that coy with white and red;
Of pouting lips where cupid dips
The arrows that to hearts are sped;
Yet none of these my fancy please
Like the bonny hands that make good bread.

Some hands have art to move the heart,
By waking music's sweet appeal;
Some borrow dyes from perfect skies,
And, through the canvass, make us feel;
Some make the dress fair forms caress
To win the heart and turn the head;
For me, more rare beyond compare
Are the bonny hands that make good bread.

Gay Maiden, vain the rustling train,
Those jeweled hands so idly crossed,
That idler mind can pleasure find
In every hour ignobly lost!
Your jewels shine, your looks are fine,
But I'll not seek, whene'er I wed,
For jeweled bands, or gold and lands,
But for bonny hands that make brown bread.

Dying the Easiest Thing a Man does.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Mr. Beecher was in an unusually talkative mood last night, and discoursed familiarly in his lecture room about the various ideas of death. He did not think it an evidence of especial Christian grace to be willing to die. He did not think it natural for the young or for those full of the activities of life to desire to die. It is better to be willing to live and perform the duties of life. When Paul said it was better to depart he was an old man in prison. If an October pippin says it is ready to drop, is that any reason that a little green apple in June should be ready? It is the business of little green apples to get ripe. All the representations of the Testament about death are full of cheer and hope. For Paul to die was to go to Christ. Dying is not growing short of breath and feeble of pulse; it is flying up to the All-loving Soul of the universe. It is going to sweet companionship.

We struggle on through the world finding little companionship, but we go to the spirits of just men made perfect. We go where all the conditions lift us up to the realm of nobility. There all is concord. There is no selfishness, no hardness and crudeness and radeness and revenge; all are working up with one sweet impulse, with great genial creative force of divine love. These thoughts ring in my soul like the bells of a far-off city drawing me thitherward. Dying is the easiest thing men od. The suffering is in life; but as a rule men die as easily as a door turns on its hinges. Dying is going home, not to supineness, not to Oriental luxury, but to supreme activity, where every part is developed and cultured in the realm of love.

Bless God for the privilege of dying! My brother Charles, who was always in a dying mood, once congratulated my father upon the fact that he couldn't live much longer.

"Umph," said the old man "I don't thank any of the boys for talking to me in that way I don't want to die. If I had my choice, and it was right to choose, I would fight the battle all over." "Father," continued Beecher, "was a war horse, and after he was turned out to pasture, whenever he heard the sound of the trumpet, he wanted the saddle and bridle."

PREMONITION OF EVIL.—An Augusta correspondent of the Bangor *Whig*, writes that Charles Berry, a musician residing in Augusta, played at a ball at Kendall's Mills on Monday evening, and after the ball, retired to rest as usual, but was restless and unable to sleep, and a sensation of something wrong took hold of his mind. He strove to shake it off, and courted sleep in vain. So strong did this uneasiness become that he arose and took the first train for Augusta, and immediately went to his home, where he found his wife and little son of four years of age, both nearly suffocated from coal gas. It was a long time before they could be revived. Had he been absent an hour longer, they would doubtless have both been dead.

BEAUTIFUL.—From an obituary recently published in the Charlestown *Courier*, we extract the following beautiful sentences: When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love to the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on green graves, some good is born, some gentle nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up helpful creatures that defy his power, and his dark path become a way of light to heaven.

With reference to the debate in the Senate on appointing the investigating committee, the Pittsburgh *Commercial* has the following: "Taken all in all, it is probable that if the experience of the past week is to be frequently repeated, the friends of Gen. Grant have more to fear from Morton and Conkling and their colleagues than from Trumbull, Schurz, and their associates."

Lake Tahoe.

[From Grace Greenwood's *Times* Correspondence.]

Tahoe is the most beautiful lake I have ever beheld. It is an emerald on the brow of the mountain. Marvelously clear and sparkling, it is surrounded by the most enchanting scenery, and is altogether a surprise, a wonder, a delight. Sometime, I hope to be able to describe it. I am vain enough to think I could do it, for I have only to close my eyes, and the whole exquisite picture of radiant skies and autumnal banks, and purple mountains and soft green water, glows and melts and shimmers before me. Ah! Nature was in a happy, tender, divine mood when she formed Lake Tahoe and its exquisite surroundings. And yet that sweet mood succeeded a passionate, fiery outburst, lasting nobody knows how many centuries; for it is said by "scientists" that a volcano seethed and rumbled where Tahoe now ripples and smiles. This lovely sheet of water was once named Lake Bigler, after a Democratic Governor, but triumphant Republicanism re-christened it Tahoe—an improvement, perhaps, poetically, but politically a very small piece of business. There is an admirable hotel at the lake, and a small steamer for pleasure excursions, a charming drive along its shores, and prime fishing in its cool, translucent waters. On the face of a high rock, in full view from the road and the lake, there is a singular natural curiosity. It is a profile, formed apparently by certain depressions in the stone—a colossal intaglio—and is a striking and a very noble likeness of Shakespeare. It is strange to think that Nature has chiseled his face in the eternal rock, high among the cliffs, where the eagles nested, in this savage mountain-land in a time when the New World itself seemed but a monstrous mirage, or *fata morgana*, afar down the watery slope of the world, when not even the magic seas and the spacious heaven of this imagination, took it in.

N. P. R. R.—PACIFIC DIVISION.

The Kalama (W. T.) *Beacon*, of Dec. 15, has the following items in regard to the progress of the work on the Pacific division of the N. P. R. R:

The latter part of this week has been favorable weather for railroad work, so far, and although the recent storms done considerable amount of damage to several places on the grade, the work of closing repairs, ballasting, gravelling, rip-rapping, etc., seems to be going on satisfactorily to those in charge.

Twenty-one miles of iron is now laid, and construction trains are engaged in taking down the line such material as seems to be requisite at the front.

The bark Helen Almy arrived this week from San Francisco, loaded with railroad iron, being part of the cargo of the Horatio Harris, and two more barks are reported due with railroad iron.

A first-class passenger and baggage car arrived this week, and is now ready for the soon expected 25 miles excursion.

On the 10-mile extension, Mr. Montgomery is shifting the force of Chinese that worked on his 25-mile contract.

On the 30-miles clearing and grubbing, there are about a hundred hands.

The Olympia (W. T.) *Transcript* of Dec. 9th, says the terminus question appears to rest easy now, every place having put in its bids.

Archbishop Manning.

He is a tall, thin personage, some sixty-two years of age. His face is bloodless—pale as a ghost, one might say. He is so thin as to look almost cadaverous. The outlines of the face are handsome and dignified. There is much of courtly grace and refinement about the bearing and gestures of this pale, weak, and wasted man. He wears a long robe of violet silk, with some kind of dark cape or collar, and has a massive gold chain round his neck, holding attached to it a great gold cross. There is a certain nervous quivering about his eyes and lips, but otherwise he is perfectly collected and master of the occasion. His voice is thin, but wonderfully clear and penetrating. It is heard all through this great hall—a moment ago so noisy, now so silent. The words fall with a slow, quiet force, like drops of water. Whatever your opinion may be, you cannot choose but listen; and, indeed, you want only to listen and see. For this is the foremost man in the Catholic Church of England. This is the Cardinal Grand-son of Disraeli's "Lothair"—Dr. Henry Edward Manning, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, successor in that office of the late Cardinal Wiseman.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* says that a few days since a Chinaman, head of some company or firm in that city, got into a position where he thought it necessary to enter into litigation. He had his case before a lawyer, who told him if he commenced suit he would surely be defeated. The Mongolian insisted on paying a fee and commencing suit, and to cure the defect of the testimony, employed five other lawyers. He wanted one more attorney if he could find him, and that was the man whom he called "other same partner" of the Judge in whose Court the case was to be tried. He could not interrupt him, the Judge's "partner" was, and on his adversary, ran away, he found no necessity to discharge his six lawyers.

"Some of the Washington Republicans," has dropped a pretty fair criticism upon the California poet, Joaquin Miller, who, in his "Ye Cazars" made a misnomer of the name of Caesar, thus [illegible] "Caesar." The criticism is not fair at all, and the "some one" who wrote it is certainly wrong. The other beauty of the book, which the poet sent to the Inauguration of the reader the fact that Caesar dropped at the first [illegible] to [illegible] the Republican [illegible] to discuss civil

The City of London—How it is Governed—The Population—The Metropolitan District.

That vast agglomeration of 3,000,000 inhabitants, which makes up London and its suburbs, or, in the language of the English law, the Metropolitan District, is situated within the four counties of Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex; it is composed of the city of London, the parliamentary borough of Southwark and an excessive number of parishes. Each of the parishes depends, for justice and for certain branches of administration, on the county in which it is included; there is the vestry, or general assembly of rate-payers, which, according to English tradition, is the direct and all-absorbing administrator of the particular interest within the parochial limits; but, in virtue of the act of 1858, these parishes, without surrendering their peculiar province, are grouped for public works of common utility in districts, which are thirty-eight in number, and are administered according to usage, by local elective commissions. These divers districts, in their turn, are bound together by a central commission the Metropolitan board, which is invested with large powers, for all that concerns the public works, the public health, etc., in the range of London as a whole. Thus there are three elements superimposed in the administrative system of the English capital: At first a multitude of parishes; then above, and at the first degree of concentration, thirty-eight districts; finally, and as the third degree of concentration, the Metropolitan Board. What machinery! What complication! Yes, but the complication does not necessarily result in confusion.

The city of London, properly speaking, represents less than 200,000 souls. In 1835, when municipal reform was accomplished in England, the city did not count more than 100,000 inhabitants, nevertheless the interests which were concentrated there were so considerable, and the respect inspired by its traditional constitution was so powerful, that its modification was not ventured on. This corporation was the only one in the kingdom which preserved its ancient privileges, consecrated by a great number of charters, of which the first mounts back to the time of Edward the Confessor.

The Size fo the Union.

It has been said that there is only one man who has a correct idea of the size of the United States, and he is the man who drove a yoke of oxen, in 1850-51, from Maine to California. However this may be, the newspaper remark that "few people realize the immensity of our territorial area," is too true. There are in the great West eleven territories, two or three of which are twice or three times as large as all New England, and it is a small territory that is not at least ten times as large as Massachusetts, while Dakota and Arizona are half as large again as Colorado. The eleven territories, as accurately as can at present be ascertained, contain over one billion and a quarter of acres, (1,030,385,919,) exceeding by nearly two hundred thousand square miles, the aggregate territory of all the present admitted States of the Union. The territory of Alaska, containing 369,529,600 acres, is included in the number of acres stated.

TERRIBLE AFFAIR IN NEBRASKA—SEVENTEEN EMIGRANTS FROZEN TO DEATH.—St. Louis, December 12th.—A gentleman who reached Kansas City on Saturday last informed the Kansas City *Times* that on the Sunday previous, a terrible affair occurred in Saline county, Nebraska. A party of immigrants, with their families, were passing through the county westward, when the cold constantly increasing, they concluded to camp and light a fire. They were on a piece of high prairie and several miles from any house, but some three miles from them was a piece of timber. After unhitching their teams the men started for this timber to procure fuel. Not returning for several hours, the women left their children and started to hunt them. This is all that is known, save that the next day the bodies of seventeen persons who had perished from cold were found. The children who were left in the wagons, were the only survivors of the party.

In pasting wall-paper, posters, etc., especially where successive layers are put on, there arises a most disagreeable effluvia, which is particularly noticeable in damp weather. The cause of this is the decomposition of the paste. In close rooms it is very unwholesome and often the cause of disease. In large manufactories, where large quantities of paste is used, it often becomes sour and offensive. Glue, too, has often a very disagreeable odor. If, when making paste or glue, a small quantity of carbolic acid is added, it will keep sweet and free from offensive smells. A few drops added to mucilage or ink prevents mold. In whitewashing the cellar and damp, if an ounce of carbolic acid is added to each gallon of wash, it will prevent mold and prevent the disagreeable smell often perceived in meats and milk from damp apartments.—*Herald of Health.*

TENNYSON CORRECTED.—The following lines are to be found in Tennyson's last poem:

"Down in a summer sea,
A low sun-sunset glorying round her hair,
And glory-throated swans, left the Queen,
And [illegible] the isle of Tintagil, and
The [illegible] that sailed about her [illegible]
[illegible] and lies at the doors, the Queen
Belted his body with her white embrace."

A correspondent who has been permitted to see the manuscript, informs us that the stanza should have been transposed with while in manuscript the publication of the lines, as originally written, were as follows:

"Down in a summer sea,
At low sun-sunset glorying round her hair,
A glory-throated Swan: the fellow Queen,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]