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Poetry.

LONDON BRIDGE.

Proud and lowly, beggar and lord,
Over the bridge they go,
Rags and velvet, fetter and sword,
Poverty, pomp and woe,
Who will stop but to laugh and sing?
Self is calling, and self is king?
Who weeps at the beggar's grave?
Create they pray for, but love they crave.

Beggar and lord,
Fetter and sword,
Prison and palace, shadow and sun,
Velvet and rags,
So the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run
Sp. r. l. e., river, merrily roll!

Laugh with the gay and bright;
Who will stare for the weary soul
Under the arch tonight?
Who will pity her, who will save?
Never a tear the cold world gave?
Down there in the rolling Thames—
God will pity what man condemns.

Velvet and rags,
So the world wags,
Prison and palace, shadow and sun,
Fetter and rags,
So shall it be,
Until the river no more shall run.
—Temple Bar.

NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

In this Journal for October, 1878, under the heading "Nearly Buried Alive," are narrated two or three instances of narrow escapes from interment before the proper time, and which occurred on the Continent. Such occurrences, says a correspondent, to whom we are indebted for the following experiences, are by no means unusual in this country, even though burial seldom follows closely upon death, for in my limited circle in a comparatively obscure country town I have met with several such, and I doubt not that other cases could be adduced which should at least teach that special case should be taken to prove that the supposed corpse is really dead.

The following account was given me by the son of a lady who was within a few hours of being consigned to the grave upon the supposition that she was dead. This lady, the wife of a captain in the royal navy, and in the middle of life, had for a considerable time been a source of great anxiety to her husband and family from failing health, and the household had removed from the neighborhood of London into a notably salubrious part of Devonshire, hoping that a milder climate would have a beneficial effect upon the invalid. Their hopes were however, disappointed, as no improvement in the health of the patient took place; and both husband and family felt that in a very short time their house would be invaded by death, and they would have to mourn the loss of the beloved one. The decline of the patient was gradual in the extreme: one stage of weakness after another was reached, till at last the appointed transition came, and Mrs. —, to all appearance, died. It was midwinter when this happened, the weather very cold; and as the house occupied by the family was remote from some of the friends and relatives who were invited to attend the funeral, which was to take place about a week after the supposed death, these were requested, or found it necessary, to reach Captain —'s residence the evening before the day appointed for the interment of the lady.

Having reached the house of mourning, they adjourned to the chamber of death, and gazed upon the lifeless form of her whom they had so long revered and loved. Dinner was served, and a sad, doleful meal it was. As usual they went to the drawing-room after dinner, the bereaved father and husband accompanying them, and there they occupied themselves in recalling the various traits and excellencies of the departed. Whilst engaged in this manner, the room door was violently opened, and the footman, apparently as horror-stricken as a man could be, entered, exclaiming: "If you please, sir, Missus' ghost is walking!"

Captain — immediately left the room again, taking the footman, very much against his will, with him. Shutting the door, and enjoining the occupants not to follow him, as he would be back quickly, he at once crossed the hall and ascended the stairs, with the intention of going to the room where his deceased wife, as he supposed, was lying in her coffin; but on turning into the corridor or passage at the top of the stairs, his courage was severely tested, for in his way there stood a figure clad in the habiliments of the grave, yet, although much startled, he was equal to the occasion, and addressing the figure, said: "God bless me, Mary," (his wife's name) "what are you doing here?"

His wife—for it was his wife, and no ghost—answered very faintly: "Oh, take me to the fire, I am nearly frozen."

He immediately got a blanket, wrapped it around her, and to the consternation of the servants, took her into the kitchen, where there was a large fire burning; and soon with warmth, assisted by a very sparing administration of warm liquid, vital heat was restored.

When Captain — returned to the drawing room, it must be supposed he found the company in a great state of excitement, which was not at all diminished by his statement of what had occurred; and nothing but an interview with the supposed deceased lady would convince them that they had not a very few hours before seen her actually a corpse. And she, strange to say, despite the shock of finding herself where she was and all arrayed for the grave, (for she was conscious of having clambered

out of the coffin), and the full narration of particulars by her husband, and the consequent knowledge of the very narrow escape from premature burial she had experienced—she soon recovered much of her lost health and strength, and lived several years before she really died.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the mourning friends were soon changed to the joyous ones, and that the attendance of the undertaker, with his funeral appliances, was dispensed with.

I was not told what was the opinion of the medical attendant upon this extraordinary occurrence, but as the son of the lady who, as I stated before, told me of the circumstance, is now in England, and I hope to see him, I intend to take the opportunity of making full inquiries on this head. I may add that the mention of the matter was most repugnant to the lady in question, and any allusion to it was carefully checked by every member of the family.

The preceding account was narrated to me as I have described, after I had been telling my friend of the case which I now proceed to relate, and as corroborative of the opinion that I then expressed to him that many persons were really buried alive. This occurrence, the subject of which approached a step nearer the grave than the one just recited, happened to a man whom I knew well, and who was in business for several years in the town in which I reside; after which he left my neighborhood and started in business in a town in the west of England, and for some months I heard nothing of him; in fact he had passed from my mind. But I chanced to be spending my annual holiday on the South Devon coast, and one day had arranged to proceed to Dartmouth, in order to go up the Dart to Totness and view, as I have done several times before, the beautiful scenery which opens up to the traveler as he journeys the whole of the way between the two before-named places.

Having accomplished so much of the programme marked out, I determined to return to my seaside lodgings by the railway instead of going over the same road I had traveled in the morning; and to do this I went to the Totness station of the South Devon Line, and whilst waiting there for a train to take me to my destination, the down train from London arrived; and upon looking across the line I recognized as one of the passengers, as the train drew up, a lady from my own town, and who, when at home, lived exactly opposite me, and I knew she was an intimate friend of the person to whom I have alluded. I went to the back of the train, crossed the line on to the other platform and introduced myself to the lady, of course, remarking how strange it was that two neighbors, without any arrangement for the purpose, should meet two hundred miles away from their respective homes. She told me the occasion of her taking this long journey was a painful one, and that she was going to the home of Mrs. —, the wife of our late fellow townsman. He was serious ill, and his wife had written her that she was nearly exhausted by anxiety and the fatigues of nursing; and that she, my neighbor, was proceeding to assist as well as she could, by her presence and help in the sick household. This was the explanation of our meeting so long a distance from home.

The train moved on; and I heard nothing more of any of the persons alluded to until I reached my own home at the expiration of my holiday, when upon inquiry I found that Mr. — was still very ill, and there was no hope of his recovery and that in all probability a few days must bring about a conclusion of the matter by the death of the sufferer. I lost sight of the circumstances then for a week or two, having business calls away from town to attend to; but on my second return I saw the father of the lady whom I had met on the train at Totness, and who had so generously gone to help her friend in her trouble; and upon asking him what news of Mr. —, he told me that his daughter was still there, and that Mr. —, although still alive and fast recovering his usual health, had to all appearance died; that a coffin was made, and the supposed corpse placed in it; and that upon the arrival of the day appointed for the funeral, and at the time for making the latest preparation for removing the bier, the undertaker's man proceeded to screw the lid upon the coffin, when, to the consternation of the workman, he saw the body move and attempt to turn over. After his first fright, the man saw that he was in the presence of life and not death, and rendered what assistance was necessary to enable the prisoner to escape from his perilous position. The supposed dead man gradually recovered consciousness, but his surprise and horror were great, as he was fully sensible, before the habiliments of death could be removed from his person.

The crisis being past, comparative health and strength soon came; and much to the joy of wife and friends, he

was able to again enter into active life and concerns. Since the event just described, Mr. — has thoroughly recovered, but has no remembrance whatever of the intervening days between his supposed death and resuscitation.

[The practical application of the foregoing cases is that every one should learn to know how to distinguish actual from supposed death; and that where in certain cases there lingers doubt as to the final release from life, the apparently dead should have the benefit of the doubt.]

The following are the chief signs of actual death:

The arrest of the pulse and the stoppage of breathing. No movement of the chest—no moist breath to dim a looking-glass placed before the mouth. These stoppages of pulse and breath may, however, under certain conditions be reduced to so low an ebb that it is by no means easy to decide whether or not they are completely annihilated. Cases too have been known in which the patient had the power of voluntarily suspending these functions for a considerable time. The loss of irritability in the muscles (a fact which may be readily ascertained by a galvanic current) is a sign of still greater importance than even the apparent stoppage of the heart or the breath.

The contractile power of the skin is also lost after death. When a cut is made through the skin of a dead body, the edges of the wound close; while a similar cut made during the life presents an open or gaping appearance.

An important change termed the rigor mortis takes place after death, at varying periods. The pliability of the body ceases, and a general stiffness ensues. This change may appear within half an hour, or it may be delayed for twenty or thirty hours, according to the nature of the disease. It must, however, be borne in mind that rigor mortis is not a continuous condition; it lasts from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and then passes away. It commences at the head and trunk, and then in the lower extremities, and disappears in the same order.

One of the most important of the various changes that indicate death is the altered color of the surface of the body; livid spots of various sizes occur from local congestions during life; but the appearance of a green tint on the skin of the abdomen, accompanied by a separation of the cuticle or skin, is a certain sign that life is extinct. To these symptoms may be added the half-closed eyelids and dilated pupils; and the half-closed fingers. These facts, which we have gleaned from the best authorities, may perhaps be at some time or other of practical use to our readers.—[51.

—Chamber's Journal.

He Walked.

Appropos of the recent walking tournaments in the Coliseum building, the following incident may be related:

At an early hour a man who had an eye brimful of confidence in himself entered an up town restaurant, kept by a man who takes an interest in manly sports, and thus began:

"My name is Shaw. I have just arrived. In case I can raise sufficient interest in this city I propose to walk 1,000 miles in —"

"Call again—very busy—see you later—got to go right over the river!" said the restaurant man as he got away out of sight.

The man Shaw didn't seem greatly surprised at this reception, and his chin was still high as he walked into a bill poster's establishment and asked:

"Can you do some posting for me?"

"Oh, yes. There's scarcely a month in the whole year that we don't post up at least one dodger for some one or other," was the reply.

"I may want to put out 10,000 three-sheet bills next week," observed Mr. Shaw; "I propose to begin here to attempt to walk 1,000 miles in —"

"All our brands are secured for two months ahead," interrupted the porter with terrible earnestness, and he at once began to sweep the floor with a dry broom.

Mr. Shaw coughed and went out. The store of confidence in his eye had been reduced about one half, but he had a good card left. Making his way to a tobacconist's store, whose shop is the headquarters for lovers of horses, dogs, dumbbells, and athletic sports, he purchased a cheap cigar, and casually observed to the crowd:

"Gentleman, my name is Shaw. I was thinking if a hall could be secured on favorable terms I would make the attempt to walk —"

"Wait!" shouted every man in the room in chorus, and in less than fifty seconds all had fled out and gone their ways. Then the tobacconist reached down for his shot-gun, crying out that Mr. Shaw had driven away four of his best customers, but before he could use it

Mr. Shaw made the attempt to walk past the corner of Robinson street in just one minute, and he achieved a grand success.—Mail.

SIFTINGS.

It is better to stick to your work than to trust to luck. New Yorkers actually eat cold asparagus for breakfast.

Georgia will have splendid grain and cotton crops this year.

Pleasure sanctions the excesses forbidden by Prudence.

A Worth court dress costs at least \$300 exclusive of lace.

Blackberries are as thick as thieves in Avoyelles parish La.

St. Joseph, Mich., pays its night policeman 42 cents per night.

A Mississippi farmer plowed up a Spanish coin dated 1,300.

Butter is selling in some North Carolina towns at 10c a pound.

Corpus Christi, Texas, has a paper called the Bull Dog. It is popular among the fancy.

Atlanta, Ga., has thirty-nine miles of wire in the telephone service.

Numerous canker worms are tearing the orchard tops in New England.

Potato bugs are stalking with an insupportable air through Ogemaw, Mich.

"Amsterdam" was Garrison's favorite hymn and was sung at his funeral.

A diary of his misdeeds was found on a tough chicken thief at Kalamazoo.

Two Hillsdale, Mich., children have died of morphine given for quinine.

The Kansas tornado's path is as visible as the track of a reaper among wheat.

A Lexington, O., man fell down the steps of a hotel and "broke his brains."

Mayor Cooper, of New York, has been fined for using water without a permit.

A thoughtful invalid took a coffin along when he went from Boston to Florida, and his body returned in it.

Nineteen out of every twenty of the baptized male children of the South, born of white parents, are named Jeff Davis.

A calf in Saratoga county, N. Y., saved its veal by being born without eyes or ears; and is now assured a soft living in a museum all its days.

Georgia has made her first shipment of peaches North. They were in crates and brought in New York \$4.50 a crate, which we think was a crate deal.

Farmers in Whitfield county, Ga., raise rye eight feet high, at which they exultingly exclaim: "How's this for rye?"

A man named sheep died out in Nebraska, and not one of the papers in that State had sense enough to say anything about "the late lamb-ent."

It is illegal to sell ice in Philadelphia on Sundays, according to a State law made in 1794, prohibiting the sale of worldly goods on the Lord's day.

Naomi was 590 years old when she married. There will never be another case on record that will approach it, because no woman will ever own up to anything like that age.

The correct style of things now before entering upon the married state is to have one's blood examined by a microscopist. If either party carries an inferior style of gore the marriage should be stopped.

On Decoration Day in New York, while the graves of General Dix and others were being decorated, the bells of Trinity church chimed twenty-five different hymns.

Symptoms of paralysis have become so apparent in Col. Tom Scott, now traveling in Europe, that it is said he can never again fulfil the important duties of president of the Pennsylvania road.

A beautiful carrier pigeon fell exhausted into a Broad street yard the other day. The bird evidently belonged to some of the flocks that were let fly at Chambersburg, Altoona or Newport quite recently for New York and Philadelphia, and losing its way flew until exhausted and fell to the ground.—Ex.

A Yorkville husband, whose excuse, "at the lodge," had become ineffectual in accounting for 2 a. m. returns nightly, tried a new plan the other evening. Going in quietly and undressing, he commenced rocking the cradle by the bedside, as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for a few moments, when his wife, who had silently observed the whole proceeding, said: "Come to bed, you fool; the baby isn't there."

It is not often that an entire city is offered for sale, but just now there is a fine chance for some ambitious speculator at Marsala, Sicily, which is now on the market. It is famous for its wines, and its 35,000 inhabitants have posted on its walls the announcement that they wish to dispose of it because unable any longer to bear the burden of taxation that is laid upon them. The name means "Port of God," and here is an opportunity for somebody with vast estates but no title to exchange some of the one for considerable of the other.

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