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#### TERMS FOR THE WEEKLY HERALD.

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### KIRWAN'S DUEL.

Few affairs of honor have been surpassed in real Irish fun by one which took place in Dublin, in which the celebrated fire-eater and champion of the Dublin Corporation, D'Esterre, afterward shot by O'Connell, came out in "a new way to pay old debts," and had his overstrained notions of chivalry turned into successful ridicule by an honest, plain-dealing man's mother wit and common sense. D'Esterre used to put his name to paper without thought of payment. One day Billy Kirwan, a well-known bill-broker, was offered a bundle of bills for discount. It was Mr. Kirwan's boast that he instinctively knew bad "paper" by the feel of it.

"There's bad 'paper' in your lot, I can perceive, sir, without taking the trouble to look over it," said Billy Kirwan, "I remarked Billy, who had been originally intended by his pious Galway parents for the Church, and had, in his boyhood, a decent converse with the preliminaries of the classics. 'Foram habet in cornu,' he continued, 'as a body might say to a spavined horse. You had better remove it, if you please, sir, before I have anything to say to you; for I wouldn't touch it with a pair of kitchen tongs, much less dirty my hands with it.'

"I am astonished to hear you say so, sir," said the merchant; "and would you be pleased to mention what it is in my hand that encounters your objection?"

"Why, a certain acceptance signed II. D'Esterre, and, if you must know my opinion, I would not advance the value of a brass button on all that a jackass could draw on the same security."

"Good heavens! and why not?"

"For a reason I have; and nobody knows it better than Mr. D'Esterre himself," answered Kirwan.

As Mr. Kirwan was sitting alone after dinner the same evening, enjoying his pipe and his glass of punch over one of McGhee's late leaders in the *Evening Post*, or, just as probable, one of Dan O'Connell's earlier speeches in favor of Catholic emancipation, the servant came in with a card from Col. Henry.

"Who's Col. Henry?" demanded Kirwan.

"Faith, and it's meself doesn't know him from the man in the moon."

"Rowl in the Colonel, and lay another tumbler," said the master of the house.

Col. Henry, a tall and gentlemanly looking man of middle age was ushered in.

"Mighty glad I am to see you, Colonel, whatever you've come about," said our host; "but before you begin I would advise you to mix a tumbler of that excellent *Johnny Power* that's forewent you. If you take it off at once, it will pull you through the opening part of your business pleasantly and comfortably; and then you can mix a second at once to prepare you for contingencies."

Colonel Henry having taken Kirwan's advice so far as mixing, but not suddenly absorbing, the liquor, opened his business with all the grandeur of a perfect Sir Lucius, as in days long gone by Jack Johnson used to enact the part, not Tyrone Power.

The Colonel very much regretted that it fell to his lot to have to deliver a hostile message to a gentleman of such respectability as Mr. Kirwan from one equally respectable and estimable as Mr. D'Esterre. He repeated the injurious and insulting expressions which the gentleman whom he had the honor of addressing had made use of in speaking of his friend during the day to a certain merchant in the Commercial Buildings, and which had traveled the rounds of the city before night-fall. He pointed out, moreover, the utter impossibility of Mr. D'Esterre's allowing such an outrage on his name and character to be uttered and sent forth to the world without demanding the satisfaction of a gentleman.

"Then, Colonel, honey, come to the point, and just tell me what it is that ye want," demanded Kirwan.

"An apology or the alternative."

"Which means that I must eat my words or fight?"

"Most decidedly."

"It can't be done for the money."

"For the money?"

"Yes, for the money. I'd be glad to accommodate you, my dear Colonel, in any way in my power; but the money stands in my way most completely and entirely."

Colonel Henry looked bewildered. Kirwan's argumentum ad crumenam was evidently beyond him. "What money? whose money?" he exclaimed.

"Why, my money, to be sure; the money that your respectable friend, Mr. D'Esterre, owes me this last couple of years—nothing more nor less than a cool hundred, independent of interest and expenses. I lent it to him at first not as a matter of business, but on his pledged word of honor that he'd return it to me at the time he promised; and, upon my honor and soul, he hasn't done so from that day to this."

The Colonel doubted what he had to do with the money question.

"Everything," said Kirwan, "in the regard of your not having the ghost of an argument on your side when you ask me to apologize or fight."

The Colonel still could not see it; but his opponent very soon made him, in this wise: He'd be a liar and a coward to apologize or in any way retract what he had said and still felt of D'Esterre so long as D'Esterre chose to act dishonorably toward him, and to go out and fight him would be to act like the biggest fool in existence. "Blood-an'-ouns, Colonel," said Billy, "do you want me to fire against my own money? On the other hand, if D'Esterre hits me he'll send me to the devil after it; and you know the Scripture says that 'out of hell there's no redemption.'"

"Very true, indeed, and by no means an unreasonable way of putting it," observed Colonel Henry; "but," he added, "will you, if I satisfy you on the money question—"

"If you pay me—that's the chat!" roared Billy.

"Pay you—certainly; that's what I mean, but will you then fight?"

"Like a Trojan, Colonel," cried Kirwan. "Anything to oblige you—anything for peace and quietness."

"I shall see you to-morrow morning again, Mr. Kirwan," said the Colonel, rising and formally bowing to his host, who vainly endeavored to make him take another jorum, "just to show that there was no animosity between them."

"You'll have your friend ready in the morning when I call?" asked Henry, as he turned for the last time.

"That's my intention," responded Kirwan, "and all my worldly affairs settled."

Colonel Henry did not see the face of imitable drollery that Mr. Kirwan assumed as he uttered the last observation, for his back was turned, and he was half way down the hall-door steps, hailing a passing carman.

Next morning the gallant bearer of the cartel was at the house of the challenged party, who received him most graciously.

"But your friend, Mr. Kirwan? I don't see the gentleman to whom I expected to be presented," exclaimed the Colonel, looking not a little surprised.

"Lave that to me," Kirwan remarked, very coolly. "Business before pleasure, if you please. Have you brought my money? Let's settle that before we proceed to the sentimental part of the matter."

"Certainly," replied Henry. "Here's a hundred-pound Bank-of-Ireland note at your service, which discharges my friend's obligation."

"And here's a receipt for that same, with an apology for your friend, which he and you would be the most unreasonable men alive not to accept and be thankful."

"What! then you don't intend to fight, after all?" exclaimed the Colonel, on hearing what appeared to him an extraordinary declaration, and perceiving the perfectly ridiculous result which his grave embassy had at length been brought to. "You won't fight?" he repeated.

"The devil a bit, Colonel, honey; and that's as sure as my name is Billy Kirwan. I unsay all I have said of your friend, and apologize to him and you in the handsomest manner."

"I can't just at this moment see," ruminated the baffled envoy, "how my principal is to come out of this affair creditably in this fashion."

"He comes out of it with flying colors; for his fellow-citizens will think more of him when they hear he has paid his debts than if he had shot Billy Kirwan."

The celebrated bill-broker of the Dublin Commercial Buildings thus brought this, at first-sight, formidable-looking affair to a successful conclusion, according to his notions of common sense and common honor. Even in a dueling age, and by a fire-eating generation, people said when a quarrel took place, and a money grievance was at the bottom of it, "Settle the latter first, and the former afterward;" and before running a debtor to the wall, "Take Billy Kirwan's advice, and don't fire against your own money."

### The Bargello in Florence.

Florence (Italy) Letter.

This palace, the oldest in Florence, has in some degree the historical interest which surrounds the Tower of London, since it is a memorial of dark days of strife, of civil war and foreign tyranny, of the Inquisition, of secret tribunals, of tortures and executions. It was originally the palace of the Podesta or Governor, and came to be known by its present name when Duke Cosimo gave to the "Barzillo," or "chief of police," the right to reside there. In the court of the palace the executions took place; in the tower were the dungeons, and in low, dark passages through which the prisoners passed to their cells were trap doors which opened under unsuspecting feet, and left the reigning power secure in the conviction that "dead men tell no tales." The quantity of human bones taken out within a few years from a well underneath one of these trap-doors tells how terrible tales of the Florentine Republic and the men who made and executed its laws. The bell in the tower has hung there for 650 years. It was at first always tolled when an execution took place, and was also the evening signal for every citizen to return to his home. Duke Cosimo decreed that any one found in the street after this bell had ceased to sound should have his right hand amputated. After this barbarous law was annulled, the custom of striking the bell every night at 11 was continued till 1848. In 1865 the bargello became the National Museum, and contains collections of arms, sculptures, models for and copies of celebrated works, exquisite ivory carvings, bronzes and specimens of terra cotta and majolica ware. Many of the objects are private property temporarily placed here.

The power of applying the attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of a superior genius.

### What a Child Saw.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Yesterday morning some people living on Macomb street entered a house to find father and mother beastly drunk on the floor; and their child, a boy four years old, dead in his cradle. The parents looked like beasts—the child wore the sweetest, tenderest smile on its white face that any of them ever saw. It had been ailing for days, and its brief life had been full of bitter woe, but yet the women cried as they bent over the old cradle and kissed its cold cheeks and felt of its icy hands.

Father and mother lay down at dark the evening before, and people passing by heard the child crying and wailing. It was too weak to crawl out of the cradle, and its voice was not strong enough to break the chains of drunken stupor. When the sun went down and the evening shadows danced across the floor, and seemed to grasp at him, the boy grew afraid and cried out. The shadows came faster, and as they raced around the room and scowled darkly at the lone child, he nestled down and drew the ragged blanket over his head to keep the revengeful shadows from seizing him. He must have thought his parents dead, and how still the house seemed to him.

"It's dark, mother—it's dark!" the neighbors heard him wail; but no one went in to comfort him and to drive the shadows away. The night grew older—the feet of pedestrians ceased to echo, and the heavy breathing of the drunkards made the child tremble and draw the cover still closer. His little bare feet were curled up, and he shut his eyes tightly to keep from seeing the black darkness.

By and by the ragged blanket was gently pulled away, and the child opened his eyes and saw a great light in the room.

"Is it morning?" he whispered, but the drunkards on the floor slept on.

Sweet, tender music came to the child's ears, and the light had driven every shadow away. He was no longer afraid. The aches and pains he had suffered for days past went away all at once.

"Mother! Mother! hear the music?" he cried, and from out of the soft, white light came an angel.

"I am thy mother!" she softly said.

He was not afraid. He had never seen her before, but she looked so good and beautiful that he held up his wasted hands and said:

"I will go with you."

The music grew yet softer, and the melody was so sad and tender, and yet so full of love and rejoicing, that the drunkards on the floor moved a little and muttered broken words.

Other angels came, and the light fell upon the boy's face in a blazing shower, turning his curls to threads of gold. He held up his arms and laughed for joy.

"Heaven wants you!" the angel whispered. "Earth has no more sorrow—no further misery. Come!"

And he floated away with them, leaving the sleepers lying as if dead. The golden light faded out, the music died away, and the old house was again filled with the grim, threatening shadows, which sat around the sleepers and touched their bloated faces with their gaunt skeleton fingers, and laughed horribly when the drunkards groaned in uneasy slumber.

When people came in the shadows went out. The sleepers still slept their sodden sleep and no one minded them. Men and women bent low over the dead child, smoothed back his curls and whispered:

"Poor, dead boy!"

"They knew not that he had seen the angels, and that they had borne him to heaven's gate."

WHAT LACE COSTS.—The orders for wedding lace received at Alencon, France, sometimes amounts to \$30,000 at a time, and large sums are also expended for lace at Houlton, England. The following particulars in regard to the lace trade are interesting. "For Valenciennes, made at Ypres, \$50 per metre (about 1.11 yard) is paid, but the lace-maker, working 12 hours a day, can only produce one-third of an inch per week. Every piece of Alencon passes through the hands of twelve workmen. The best Brussels thread is spun in cells underground, because the dry air above would cause the thread to snap. Upon the 'worker,' as she sits in the dark, is directed one ray of light, but the thread is so fine that her delicate fingers are better guides than her eyes. Very many lose their sight, and the high pay the lace-worker earns is proportionate to the acknowledged unhealthiness of the occupation. The hand spun thread made at Brussels of flax of Brabant costs, before it is yet made up into lace, \$1,200 per pound, and the process of manufacture more than doubles the value. Old lace is more variable in price, and some of it can be counterfeited by imitations. Of some varieties, however, the secret is lost, as at Point d'Argenteau, which continued to be made on the banks of the Orne till the French revolution stopped the demand for a time, and gave the peasants other means of earning their bread."

### Emblems of Purity.

We have always noticed that wherever you find flowers, no matter whether in a garden or in a palace, it is a pretty sure sign that there is an inner refinement of which the world is not cognizant. We have seen flowers cultivated and cherished by some of the lowest and most degraded of our people; even in the dens of vice you will sometimes find them. Where these emblems of purity are found, you may rest assured that they represent a hope and speak of a goodness of heart not to be found where they are absent.

The Peruvian Congress has authorized the President to dispose of \$200,000 tons of guano for consumption in the United States—*Exchange*. That's a new remedy for consumption. Can cod liver oil stand the competition?—*Boston Advertiser*.

### How Bob Whipple's Circus Was closed by the Civil Rights Law.

From the New Orleans Republican.

"So you have broken up your circus; how did that happen?"

"Well, sir, all of us boys had got leave to have our circus in the yard. We had a door-keeper at the alley gate, and charged two pence a ticket, but we didn't allow no dead-heads, only if a nurse brought a baby we didn't charge for the baby. All of us was blacked; some sung and some played bones, some were horses and I was clown."

"You must have made a nice clown."

"I did that; all the boys said I was bunty. Then we had a dog that could stand on his hind feet and march like a soldier, and he jumped through the hoop, too. The house—that is, the yard—was crowded, and we struck two papers of pins every time. We got better and better, plenty of grown-up people came, and we was making a first rate season, you bet."

"Why did you quit? Did you quarrel among yourselves?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. You knew Aunt Margaret? No, of course you don't. Well, she's a big fat colored woman, with five or six ragged and dirty little children. She lives in a gallery room, and could look down if she wanted to; but she wasn't satisfied with a gallery seat, leastwise her children wasn't. They came around and tried to get into the circus with the white people, through the old bagging you know, we had on the side. Well, the door-keeper asked them ten pence; but that was only an excuse, you know, and they didn't have any ten pence, and so they had to go away. But Aunt Margaret she heard all from the gallery, and she came down in the greatest rage. She says, 'What you mean, you white trash, by fusing to let my chillum into your 'show? I'm good as you, and they is as good as you; and the law is made for dem as well as for you; an' you ain't so pitched white yourselves, for you has gone and blackened your face to ekalize yourself with a nigger.'"

"We said we wasn't going to let no colored persons in without they paid up ten pence at the door. Then Aunt Margaret came down from the gallery and put her hands on her hips, just so. She said, 'Look a here, white boys, is you gwine to let my chillum in? I'm livin here, I pays my rent, and you is on my promises, and I'm inted to see all dat comes into dis yard. I'm on the free list, I am, an' dese chillum is to. Now, I just want to know if dey can come in on de free list or no. I ask you once.' We got mad and said we wouldn't allow no niggers, without they went up to the gallery. Then she says, 'I ask you twice.' One of the riders cursed her, and one of the horses threw an oyster shell at her head. She says, 'I ask you three times,' but she didn't wait for an answer. She just run at the bagging that was propped up. She knocked over the box and scattered the pins. She stuck her old wolly head through the papered hoop that was just ready for the dog, and in less than three minutes she had broke up everything, and ruined our dressing room and all our things. We pitched into her, of course, and her little darkeys. The horses and riders and the clown, and the dog barked and ran around, and some of the people helped us; but she made a bully fight, though we tore off a heap of her cloths, and she fell back fighting and abusing us, and screaming for the police and the soldiers, and her children screamed too. We didn't mean to hurt them much, you know, but we were real mad, I tell you that. So she got back in the gallery, and the children got there too, and when we saw her coming out into the alley, and there was a sound like a thundergust. We never went back to fix our tent."

### King Ludwig's Latest Whim.

One of the royal freaks of Louis of Bavaria is to be carried out in August, if Providence and human skill are equal to the unprecedented task. The project is among the wildest of his romantic ideas, namely, to commemorate their famous Passion Play by the villagers of Ober-Ammergau, by the erection of a colossal marble group, 40 feet in height, upon the summit of the Zugspitze, 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, at a spot overlooking the village and the place where the passion play is performed. The statuary itself is nearly finished. The sculptor Halbig has spent upon it two years of patient labor. The crucified Christ occupies the center of the group, the Virgin Mary on the right, on the left St. John, each resting on a sole filly inscribed, and all three upon a common pedestal, on which are carved the arms of Bavaria. But now it is that the difficulty begins. These marble forms cannot be transported in sections like bronzes, but they have to be packed in immense boxes, whose frame-work is of beams, and enormous carriages have been built especially to convey them. There lie fifty miles of rude mountain roads between Munich and Ober-Ammergau, and part of the journey is across the Kloster-Ettal, whose pass is the dread of waggoners; while the road to the summit of the Zugspitze, just finished, it is feared may not attain the needed solidity. All the bridges on the way were too narrow or too weak, and had to be rebuilt or strengthened, and when all else is ready what shall move the statues? The artist declares it shall be steam, and has pitched upon a street locomotive that brought the rough marble from the railroad station to his door in Munich. These street engines are unknown in our country of progress, though we have steam plows, and New York has a self-moving steam fire-engine; they do excellent draft work on ordinary roads, but there has never been trial of one on such extraordinary roads as those the statues must pass, and the experiment is looked for with much interest. It must be tried soon, for the king's birthday, which occurs in August, is fixed for the ceremony of presentation to the people of Ober-Ammergau. 'Tis a costly whim of the romantic young King; but his people have a sort of pride in the character of Louis' whims.

### All Sorts.

THERE are 73,849 farms in Virginia, of which 45,028 are under 100 acres.

NEARLY every college in the Northern States now admits colored students.

IN New York city there are licensed 1,600 double trucks, 2,800 single ditto, and 2,600 carts.

BISHOP HAVEN estimates the wealth of the Methodist Episcopal denomination as at least \$1,000,000,000.

IT is estimated that there are over 800 tons of old rubber shoes manufactured into car springs in Boston annually.

SENATOR SHARON, of Nevada, is the largest real estate owner in San Francisco, his property being worth at least \$7,000,000.

THERE have just been seventy-five new national banks authorized since the last report of the Comptroller, dated October 30, 1874.

COLONEL MOSBY, of guerrilla notoriety, got knocked down for insulting a man on a train from Washington to Alexandria, the other day.

THE will of the late Thomas H. Selby, of San Francisco, has been filed. His estate, which is valued at \$750,000, he leaves to his wife and children.

IT is a little singular that Col. Wheeler, who opened the mint in Charlotte, N. C., in 1835, (forty years ago,) should be there now, in 1875, to close it up.

A NEW YORK paper says that a trip to Europe has become so cheap as to be plebeian; and people of superior clay are beginning to hesitate about the propriety of going there.

IT is estimated that about one hundred and thirty millions of dollars worth of dutiable goods are annually smuggled into the country by American tourists returning from foreign parts.

THE city of New York has a civil service of about 13,000 persons, or one man drawing pay to every three paying taxes. It takes \$13,000,000 to run the city government annually.

When a boy falls and peels his nose, the first thing he does is to get up and yell. When a girl tumbles and hurts herself badly, the first thing she does is to get up and look at her dress.

THE members of the Fifth Maryland Regiment are about equally divided—Federal and Confederate. Several of the privates were field officers in one or other of the armies during the late war.

SENATOR JONES, while in Chicago the other day, bought for cash two whole blocks (144 lots in all) of unimproved residence property within easy approach from the busiest and most valuable part of the city.

To cure a felon take a tablespoonful of fine salt, a tablespoonful of black pepper, a tablespoonful of vinegar and the yolk of an egg, simmer together and bind on. Renew twice a day. A never failing remedy.

NO MAN has reached so high a position on the New York Tribune staff as Thos. Weeks, who scaled its two hundred and fifty-seven feet to adjust the vane. Vain men always aspire to places they cannot keep.

BISHOP SIMPSON, of Philadelphia, has been detailed by the board of bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church to preside over the mission conference of Germany and Switzerland, which meets at Hilbronn, on July 15th.

THE assessment of personal property in San Francisco foots up a total of \$148,637,785, which is an increase over last year's assessment of \$43,047,195. The value of the real estate in the same city is estimated at \$162,000,000.

CAPTAIN BRACKETT, of New York, has now in charge a dress of lace enposed to have been the property of the ex-Empress Eugenie. It is valued at \$6,000 and weighs but eight ounces. It took seven women twenty years to make it.

EX-GOVERNOR CARNEY, of Kansas, is engaged in the shoe trade in St. Louis. He is a whole-souled sort of man, and it is pleasant to know that he has prospered so that if he should peg out any moment, his heirs would be well heeled.

THE largest wine producer in Alameda county, California, is J. C. Palmer, of Mission San Jose. His vineyard is one of the finest—as regards quality—in the State. It is estimated that it will yield sixty thousand gallons this year.

THE San Francisco News Letter referred to an M. D. of that city as a quack. A libel suit followed, and the doctor was not only beaten, but will probably go the State Prison for perjury in attempting to swear himself into respectability.

GOVERNOR TILDEN's reform warfare does not come quite up to its sounding manifesto. The Albany Journal says that nearly three months have passed by since the canal message and nobody has been prosecuted and not an officer has been touched.

"We read in de good book," says a colored Baptist brother down South, "of John de Baptist—nebber of John de Methodist." And that, says a Charleston correspondent of the New York Observer, is the reason most of the colored Southern people are Baptists.

THERE is a family at work in the cotton mill in Brunswick, Me., which consists of father and mother and twenty-four children, all the children large enough being at work. The woman is the fourth wife. A brother of the husband, living with his fifth wife in Montreal, has twenty-five children.

"GREENWICH LUCK" is a legend in the mines. An incident illustrative of its meaning occurred in Nevada county, California, recently. A young man from the East, in poor health, thought he would exercise his muscles by digging a little. They sent him to Deadman's Flat, as the nearest place where a pick and pan could be used. He went there and began to dig. He took out \$80 that day, and has done well since.