

The Western Mountaineer.

GEORGE WEST,

(OFFICE, WASHINGTON AVENUE.)

PUBLISHER.

VOL. 2.

GOLDEN CITY, J. T., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1860.

NO. 20.

The Western Mountaineer, PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

A. D. Richardson, George West, Thos. W. Knox,
EDITORS.

TERMS, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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Real Estate Agent.
Will attend to buying and selling of Real Estate. Business entrusted to his care will be promptly executed. Houses and Lots for sale on reasonable terms. Office under Metropolitan Hall.
WASHINGTON AVENUE, GOLDEN CITY.
Sept. 5, 1860. 11.3m

H. H. BEALS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE ON
Larimer Street, opposite City Drug Store,
14.tf DENVER.

J. F. KIRBY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE, WASHINGTON AVENUE,
Opposite the Jefferson House, GOLDEN CITY.
June 28, 1860. 1tf

G. P. HALL. SAM. M. ROBBINS.
HALL & ROBBINS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BRECKINRIDGE, BLUE RIVER.
Will practice before the Justice Court of the Blue River Judicial District and before the different Miners' Courts.
OFFICE IN POST OFFICE BUILDING. 4.6m

JAMES E. DALLIBA,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office, with Tappan & Co.,
F STREET, - - DENVER CITY. 9.tf

GILBERT & FRARY,
Ranching, Storage and Commission.
ALL KINDS OF STOCK BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Platte Street, Golden City.
June 28, 1860. 1.tf

Blacksmithing and Wagon Repairing
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,
Executed in the best manner, and on reasonable terms.
G. N. BELCHER,
1.tf Ford st., Golden City.

WASHINGTON MEAT MARKET,
FORD ST., NEAR 2ND STREET,
GOLDEN CITY.
Fresh Meat at all times on hand.
1.tf MICHAEL POTT.

THE HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR
Groceries, Provisions, Produce,
MINING TOOLS, &c., &c., by
1-1v **W. A. H. LOVELAND & CO.**

Poetry.

Little Laurette.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

Little Laurette was sitting beside
Her dressing-room fire, in a dream, alone:
A mignonne mixture of love and pride
She seemed, as she loosed her zone.

She combed her tresses of wondrous hair,
Her small white feet to the fire peeped out,
Strangely fluttered her bosom fair,
And her lips had a wilful pout.

Whoever had seen that little Laurette
Looking so innocent, tender, sweet,
Would have longed to make her his own pet,
To lie at her fair young feet.

Is it fear that dwells in those weird blue eyes?
For it is not love and it is not sorrow,
Ah, little Laurette, from your dream arise,
You must be married to-morrow.

Married to one who loves you well,
Whose wealth to your life will a glory be,
Yet I guess you are thinking—who can tell?
Of Frank, who i sover the sea.

How happy they were, that girl and boy,
On the terrace by moonlight met,
When to look in his eyes was the perfect joy
Of that darling little Laurette.

How wretched they were, that boy and girl,
When for the last time they met,
And he carried away a soft bright curl,
And the heart of little Laurette.

Pooh, pooh! her heart? Why, she hasn't a
heart,
She waltzed that night, with Sir Evelyn
Vere:

Into the greenhouse they strolled apart,
He's got twenty thousand a year;
A house in Park-lane—a chateau in France—
A charming villa on Windermore.

She made up her mind in that very first dance
She'd like to be Lady Vere.
The news will go out by the Overland Mail;
In a month or two poor Frank will hear,
That London has nothing else to do, but hail
The beauty of Lady Vere.

She'll be Queen of Fashion, that artless elf,
Till a younger comes, and the world grows
cool,
And as to Frank—will he shoot himself?
Well, I hope he's not such a fool.

Correspondence.

(Correspondence of the Mountaineer.)

Letter from Russell's Gulch.

RUSSELL'S GULCH, Oct. 30th, 1860.

Editors of the Mountaineer:

Winter has now set in upon us in good earnest. Snow storm succeeds snow storm, although the sun is sufficiently warm through the day to melt it upon the sunny side of the hills. The water in the Consolidated Ditch has not made its appearance for several days, to the great detriment of quartz mills and hydraulics. Business is very dull at present, and it is very likely to continue so while the extreme cold lasts.

The convention in Central City passed off to the great satisfaction of the people, and as the new policy is being discussed by the miners in their cabins, it seems to meet their approval more and more. They know and acknowledge that the old policy of a Provisional Government has been inaugurated by a set of politicians who had nothing better to do, and which never has been acknowledged by the people in the mountains. They know, too, when they feel of their pockets, that expensive system of government cannot be sustained, although it may be shouted in their ears that officers shall not receive any pay from them. They are well aware that that system was too fast, and they are willing to begin anew, and a right, that they will walk ere they will attempt to run. The system which will be submitted to them on the 20th day of November, is a creature of the necessities and circumstances which surround them, and designed to meet that necessity rather than a step ladder for political imbeciles and aspirants. Now, while the people plainly perceive some important defects in that proposed judiciary plan, yet it is so imperatively demanded in order to give security to person and property, that they are willing to adopt it, leaving to time the correction of errors. It was charged upon the floor of the convention and repeated by some newspaper, that the judges under the new policy received double the fees that the judges of the old system were entitled to. Well, admitting that to be correct, I ask, is that any valid argument? I believe that those fees even will not command the best legal talent, which only should be placed in that position, and if the fees allowed will be sufficient only to command legal talent in proportion to that which occupies similar positions under the old policy, the people litigant will be very willing to pay the extra price.

As far as the nominations for officers are concerned, the people will duly consider them and act in accordance with what they think best under the circumstances.

MORE ANON.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

MOUNTAIN CITY, Nov. 3d, 1860.

Editors of the Mountaineer:—

I have been very much engaged for several weeks past, and, therefore, unable to fulfil my promise to you for a semi-month-

ly infliction upon your readers. This is the only excuse, and good, bad or indifferent you must accept it.

Since I wrote you last I have been much among the mill-owners, and am able to say that I think they are nearly all well satisfied with their prospects for the future.—Most of the companies came into the mountains "strapped," (as the westerner in his expressive language has it) and many of them in debt for their machinery. For this reason they have been very much crippled in their operations. Since getting their mills to going, they have gained a great deal of experience in the process of saving the gold, and a consequent improvement in the product of the quartz. I believe that all who have had any experience in these mines have the fullest confidence in their richness.

The price for crushing quartz has been materially reduced within the last few weeks, as many laborers have left for the States, or the valleys for the winter.—Some of the mills are now offering to crush it for \$20 and \$25 per cord. They can better afford to do this now, as they have learned to distinguish between wall-rock and quartz.

The weather in the mountains has become decidedly winterish, and causing our people to look about them for warm quarters. Most of the mills are covered in by substantial houses, and houses and cabins are going up on all hands.

At this time the Big Ditch is frozen up, much to the regret of the company and as much to the satisfaction of the parties who have been incommoded by the aqueous fluid from it, interfering with their operations on their claims.

I could give you the figures for several good runs by the mills, but as some of them have done comparatively nothing, perhaps it is as well not to particularize. I will say, however, that nearly all are satisfied that if they are able to "rub and go" through the winter, they will all make money in the spring. It cannot be denied, though, that times are still hard, owing to the drawbacks I have mentioned above.

If your compositors can decipher my scribbling, and your readers derive any satisfaction from reading this desultory scrawl, it will be a matter of self-gratulation to your so-called "euphonious"

BULLWHACKER.

(Correspondence of the Mountaineer.)

Removing Deceased Friends to the States.

NEW JEFFERSON, IOWA, Oct. 5th, 1860.

Editors of the Mountaineer:

Perhaps it may be interesting to some of your readers who have lost their friends by death in the mountains, and who are desirous to remove their remains to the States yet are doubtful as to the propriety of the undertaking, for me to give you my experience in the matter. I had a son die in Pleasant Valley, the fifth day of June, and also a little daughter on the sixth of July, (whose obituary notices appeared in a July number of your paper) whose bodies I removed to the State of

Iowa in perfect safety, making the entire trip with cattle, during the month of September. I lifted the coffins and had them placed in air-tight boxes. I then packed saw-dust tightly around the coffins, and placing the lid on fastened it down with screws two inches in length. My boxes were made of lumber one and a quarter inches in thickness. A. H. GIBSON.

The Mountaineer.

A. D. Richardson, George West, Thos. W. Knox,
EDITORS.

Thursday, Nov. 8, 1860.

Governments.

'A country misruled is worse than a country unruled,' is a saying on the Continent of Europe, among the advocates of all forms of government, whether monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic. Pike's Peak may almost as well be without any government as to be in the condition in which she now is. First, the strong, protecting arm of the United States was supposed to be stretched over her, but was soon found to be a base delusion, in the matter of affording any benefit to those within the limits of the Territory. Next the 'Provisional Government' arose, ostensibly to protect the lives, honor and property of the citizens, but really to give office and position to a set of broken-down politicians and distinction-seekers from the States. A few among those elected under the 'order from chaos' arrangement of last year are worthy men, but the great majority are political charlatans and decayed loafers, or else in the chaste vernacular of this country, 'don't amount to a row of pins.' In addition to this we have had the laws of Kansas brought to bear upon us; but these, while they have come in collision with the Provisional Government, have proved inoperative and void. Following close upon these conglomerations of legality, miners courts and claim clubs have been formed in various parts of the Gold Region, which have been found to work to the satisfaction of most parties concerned. The 'people of Denver' have lately adopted a municipal government of their own and elected officers from among their best men, without regard to political feelings or party stripes. The city has been greatly improved by it during its brief existence, and it promises much good for the future if well sustained. There are many, however, who hold office under, or are partial to the Provisional that refuse to recognize the city government of Denver. The only way to make it effectual, is for all law-abiding citizens to unite in its support, and resolutely carry out all its enactments. When a man high in office, and who should be among the first to support the law, comes out in open defiance of it, and sets himself up as determined to bully and browbeat the whole community, it is time to take a decided stand against him. We are not in favor of mob law, but we are in favor of the enforcement of wise and wholesome enactments of a government chosen by eleven-twelfths of the people. Bullies and desperadoes should be taught that theirs is not to be the rule of the city.

It is now (Wednesday, 11 A. M.) snowing rapidly. Winter is coming on.

New Express to the River.

We were at Denver on Saturday last, when the people of that moral and religious city marched to the Post Office to arrest Mr. McLure, who had refused to recognize the city government, and defied its officers. Nearly a thousand men, all of them armed, were gathered in front of the office prepared to fight to the last.—Some wag shouted "fire" and in less time than it takes to tell it, the ground was almost entirely cleared. We would propose a new system to beat the Pony Express, that would take dispatches through from Denver to St. Joseph in ten hours, or even less. Our plan is as follows: To station men similar in nerve to those who went to the attack, at intervals of one mile, and behind each put a man with a cocked revolver. When the dispatch is given to the first courier, let his friend present the revolver, when the runner will immediately break for the second man where the same operation can be gone through with. Instead of "Lightning Line," we shall call it the "Frightening Line." A patent will soon be issued.

Left Us.

Our Senior Editor, Mr. A. D. Richardson, departed on Tuesday morning last, for New York and Boston. He and the Junior for a long time disputed the question as to which of them had the best right to go east during the winter. It was left to the Intermediate to decide and that worthy, after much meditation gave his opinion, that as the Senior had a wife and a few little seniors, and the Junior had nothing of the kind, the former gentleman's claim was the best, and accordingly he was "let out." He is to lecture on "Pike's Peak," and has already made several engagements to that effect. Any of our readers in the States who wish to get him to 'come out' before lyceums and similar associations, should address him at 15 Cornhill, Boston.

U. S. Mail.

When shall we have a direct mail from the river, three times a week? It now comes tri-weekly to Julesburg by the Overland Express, lies there from five minutes to seven days, and then is brought to Denver once a week by the Western Stage Company. None of our exchanges comes to us, to give us late news as that we get from St. Louis and St. Joseph papers by P. P. Express, except, occasionally, a few from Omaha. We do not pretend to send a letter or paper by mail, but forward every thing from our office, whether written or printed, by express to St. Joseph, and presume that many others do the same. Will "the powers that be" inform us when we shall have that consumation so devoutly wished.

A NEW STOPPING PLACE.—Our old friend, Judge Boyd, is erecting a commodious hotel on the Denver and Golden City road, at the crossing of Clear Creek, three miles below Arapahoe, five miles from Denver, and six from Golden City, and will soon be ready to accommodate the traveling public. This is the shortest road from Denver and when the bridge across the creek at this point is completed, will be the favorite route. The Judge and his excellent lady can keep a hotel and we bespeak for them a liberal patronage at their new house.

Brevity.

The following story has been told more than once, and is good for several times yet: A young man had joined a party going to California over the plains. A species of wildcat, called the Coyote, destroyed the unfortunate young man, literally severing his head from his body. One of his comrades was commissioned to transmit the said tidings to his father. The comrade was never a clerk in a Circumlocution office, "as shortly we shall see." After puzzling a good while over the matter, he produced the following, and dispatched it by a returning train:

"DEAR SIR:—The coyotes has eat your son's head off. Yours,

Possibly this was a little too direct. It was not necessary for him thus to pounce upon the facts as the wild-eats upon the victim.

We recollect an anecdote of two young men sent to New Orleans with a load of corn. One of them died on reaching that city, and the other, finding his freight would not bring a high price, concluded to send back the information of the death of his brother, and the state of the market in a simple letter. Accordingly he wrote as follows:

"NEW ORLEANS, May 1.
DEER DAD:—Corn is lo and Bill's ded.
Your affectionat Son, SAM."

Wasn't this brief?

AWFUL.—The Junior has appeared in a pair of new boots, which hurt his feet "some." As he was limping across the bridge yesterday, and groaning at every step, the Intermediate, who is an admirer of the beautiful theory of John Calvin, sadly asked,

"Why is our Junior like a Universalist?"

After a moment of silence, the unhappy G. W. replied,

"Because, he gets his punishment as he goes along."

At latest accounts he was alive, and as well as could be expected.

NEEDS FIXING.—We beg to call the attention of those interested, to a place in the road to Denver, via Arapahoe, which requires their immediate consideration. We refer to a slough near the foot of Wall's Garden. A very little labor expended now will render the road passable, but if allowed to go unrepaired will soon 'head off' many who now prefer

Eastern Correspondents.

"Public meetings are held almost nightly, vigilance committees organized, and scoundrels hung to the limbs of cottonwoods all along the Platte."

We find the above in the Correspondence of the Omaha *Nebraskian*. The author must have depended upon his imagination for his facts. We recommend him as a *truthful and reliable* correspondent. From the same letter we clip the following:—

"Denver contains many intelligent, moral, enterprising, hospitable and respectable people as are to be found anywhere, yet it is overrun with courtesans, dogs and mice. The former class are considered generally a necessary evil, and by many (we are sorry for the sake of morals to say) a necessary luxury."

We did not know before that 'intelligent, moral, enterprising, hospitable and respectable people' were a 'necessary evil.'

RETURNED.—Edward Bliss, Esq., the Junior Editor of the *Daily News*, returned to this region in the C. O. C. & P. P. coach of Friday morning. We welcome him back to the land of his adoption, and hope he has become fully convinced that there is no country in the world equal to the Peak. It is reported that he received many courtesies and attentions in consequence of having worn our sculpin badge. Will he elucidate?

ARRESTED.—Auctioneers in Denver, that violate the ordinance respecting the sale of cattle in the streets, have to suffer the consequences. Two of them have lately been taken up and fined—the fines and costs amounting to about twenty dollars each. One of them remarked that he thought the government was all a joke, but he was glad to find it in earnest.—Henceforth he will be a law-abiding citizen.

GOODS FOR THE MOUNTAINS.—Geo. W. Howe's train of 23 wagons arrived in the Gold Region on Monday last. The loads averaged 6044 pounds each. The goods are consigned to Messrs. Starr & Johnson, an enterprising firm in Spring Gulch, and one we would heartily commend to our friends in the mountains.

SWIFT.—We received by last mail a copy of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, of date May 23. This is pretty quick from the Queen City of the West, only five months and ten days on the way. When we had our reading matter brought through by Express, it came in time, but by mail,—O Lord!

PERISHED.—As we went to breakfast this morning we saw somebody's horse lying dead by the way-side. It proved to be the property of an unfortunate traveler.

"His fond delight was munching oats,
He loved fine clover hay,
And like Napoleon, the great,
He had a martial neigh."

LAW.—As long as people live in a state of civilization so long will they go to law and give support to the gentry of the green bag. High courts, Law courts, Justices' courts and some *in-justices'* courts, are held in this city almost daily.

"Oh Lord, when shall we be delivered,
From this vain world of sin?"

IRON ORE.—J. J. Barber has left at our office, some fine specimens of iron ore found about five miles from the city. They appear to be very rich. Can't we have some smelting works erected?

THE ELECTION.—The present week is a lively one in the provinces. We wouldn't ask to be any richer than to have ten thousand dollars for every vote cast, and five for every glass of whiskey drank, in America last Tuesday. But we shan't get it, and so we'll drop the subject. Who bets on the winning horse?

Jenkins will arrive in the city this afternoon. Jenkins travels with the Prince for one of the New York papers. Jenkins knows all about the Prince and suite; what they do, eat, think, say, dream; how they put on and take off their coats; the ounces they eat at lunches and the pounds at dinner; the details of their wardrobe; the style of tying their cravats; the raising of their forks to their mouths, &c., &c. These and a hundred else like and unlike, Jenkins looks after sedulously and profoundly. Jenkins is coming.—*Exchange.*

Can't we have a 'Jenkins' to describe, minutely, the appearance of our great men,—Judges, Congressional Delegates, etc.

A Phrenologist has been examining Queen Victoria's head, and says that he finds the bump of adhesiveness quite sadly deficient, if it existed there at all. In justice, however, to this gentleman, we must state that the Queen's head, under examination, was a postage-stamp.—*Exchange.*

We recommend the heads of some political editors we could name as not fit to be put on postage stamps; for they don't appear to stick at any thing.

An exchange thinks that the Canadians who were harnessed to a carriage, and so drew the Prince of Wales, 'made asses of themselves.' Some men in this country have made far greater asses of themselves than that.

NEARLY READY.—Gilbert & Frary's saw-mill on Clear Creek, about one mile above the city, is almost ready for operation. The machinery is on the ground, and another week will see it at work.

QUICK.—A letter was recently received in Denver, only nine days from New York. It came to St. Joseph by rail, and the rest of the way by Pike's Peak Express.—Pretty good traveling that.

Recipe for Pike's Peak Whisky:

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

Diving in a Hot Spring.

We find the following in a letter from Salt Lake City to the St. Jo. Journal, descriptive of a spring near that city:—

"This spring rushes out at the base of a great mountain that overlooks the town, and affords water enough to turn a mill. There has been a kind of basin or trough made where the water issues from the mountain, by throwing up the dirt several feet high, thus forming a basin of water some twenty yards long, ten feet wide and several feet deep. Smoke is continually ascending as the water pours from its source. In fact, it is so hot that it will cook an egg in five minutes. But to my story. Some several years since a jolly company of downcasters were passing this spring, and feeling as brave as good fellows usually do, who have a good quantity of 'knock-down' on board, one of them, who felt a little better than his brother braves, swore he could dive across this burning lake without singing a hair. His companions offered him a wager if he would make the trial. He readily accepted the terms proposed, and after stripping to the buff, and backing himself [like Collins ram] some twenty yards, he spit on his hands and put at full speed, and just as he made his 'Gilpin leap' from the bank, he cried out, 'Hurrah for Yankeeedom,' and in he went headforemost; but on coming to the surface he cried out, 'Hot as h—ll!' and made for the shore, which point being gained, his companions discovered, much to their amusement, a portion of the hide coming off. All who pass that way since, inquire 'if that is the place where the fellow lost his hide.'"

Local Intelligence.

Thanks to friend P. B. Cheney for a huge codfish, a reminder of our inevitable Fridays' dinners down-east, especially in case our landlady employed Celtic "help." Cheney has a fine article of dried potatoes, which are excellent for the manufacture of fish balls.

Carpenter, of the Elkhorn Saloon, is an inveterate lover of printers, and evinces his fondness by a periodical visit to our office with "suthin' warmin'." After he feft this morning we heard snatches of a familiar hymn echoing from the composing room, chanted in chorus by the Junior, Bill and Chet. It ran as follows:—

"His spiri-et was tremen-ju-ous,
And fierce to behold;
A young man bred a Carpentier,
Only nineteen years old."

Our readers will notice the card of Dr. J. W. Smith. He has been practicing in the mountains during the past season with much success, and we are glad to welcome him among us.

We are indebted to Mr. Mason Seavey, who has the charge of Hine's Golden City & Denver Express, for repeated favors. He is faithful and reliable in his business, and any commissions entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Col. J. R. Gilbert is the agent at this end of the route.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the card of Dr. Braden; he comes among us well recommended, and we bespeak for him the confidence of our citizens.

J. C. Davis & Co., advertise for sale their entire stock of groceries, provisions, clothing, etc., at cost. This is a rare chance. Judge Bridges will suit you, sure, if you will give him a call.

Our friend Howard, of Larimer street, Denver, has a new advertisement this week. He has in his show case, a rare collection of curiosities, which he takes pleasure in showing to all who may give him a call.

The bakery and lunch-room opposite, is growing in favor very fast. Mr. F. G. Niles has purchased the interest of Mr. DeWolf, and will fully sustain his reputation as a caterer. We board there, and our rotund appearance is an evidence *cela va sans dire*, when the fact is known.

We wish to direct the special attention of our readers to our new advertisement in this issue. Our outfit for executing job-work of all descriptions is unrivaled in this country, and we can perform all our engagements as quick and as low as the lowest. As to their mechanical execution, we only wish to say, that what Bill Sumner can't perform in that department, isn't worth performing.

A dear lady friend of ours (God bless her) has just got a new dress, of which she is justly proud. She does not hesitate to recommend all her friends who are returning to the States to go to Ticknor, Robbins & Co., Fourth street and Washington av., St. Louis, and procure a suit of their elegant clothing. They can be measured, and in ten hours have a whole custom made suit, at an extremely low price.

Married.

At the 4 mile House, Oct. 28th, by Reuben Horton, Esq., Mr. JOHN A. DORY, to Mrs. JULIA A. HULL.

Died.

In Nevada, Oct. 27th, from a wound received a short time since from a blast; L. B. MYERS, of Liverpool, N. Y.
At Harris' Point, Oct. 31st, Mr. AUGUSTUS FRAZEE, Sheriff of Enterprise District, and formerly from Vinton Co., Ohio, aged 28 years.
In Denver, Nov. 2d, WILLIS EDGAR, son of J. and Theodore Feld, aged 10 months and 2 days.
In Denver, Nov. 3d, EMMA F., daughter of Addison and Margaret J. Knight, aged 3 years and 8 months.

New Advertisements.

J. W. SMITH, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office, at present, two doors above the Jefferson House,
GOLDEN CITY.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having business with the City Government of Golden City, are notified that the Council will meet on FRIDAY next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the office of J. F. Kirby, Esq. D. McCLEERY, Mayor.

Printing! Printing!!

THE WESTERN MOUNTAINEER
BOOK AND JOB
PRINTING
ESTABLISHMENT,
WASHINGTON AVENUE, GOLDEN CITY.

Having recently refitted and enlarged our office with
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
Type, Cuts, Borders, Rules,
Inks, Bronzes, Papers, Cards,
&c., &c., &c., &c.;

We are now prepared to execute all kinds of
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

JJJJJ	0000	BBBBBB
JJJ	000000	BBB BBB
JJJ	000 000	BBB BBB
JJJ	000 000	BBB BBB
JJJ	000 000	BBB BBB
JJJ	000 000	BBB BBB
JJJ	000 000	BBB BBB
JJJJJJJ	000000	BBB BBB
JJJJJ	0000	BBBBBB

WWW	W	WWW	OO	RRRRR	KKK	KKK	
WW	WW	WW	OOOO	RR	RR	KK	KK
WW	WW	WW	OO	RR	RR	KK	KK
WW	WWW	WW	OO	RR	RRR	KK	KK
WWW	WWW	WW	OO	RR	RR	KK	KK
WWW	WWW	WW	OO	RR	RR	KK	KK
WWW	WWW	WW	OO	RR	RR	KK	KK
WW	WW	WW	OO	RR	RR	KK	KK
W	W	W	OO	RRRR	RRR	KKK	KKK

SUCH AS
LAW BLANKS,
JUSTICES' BLANKS,
LEASES, MORTGAGES,
BILLS OF SALE,
CHECKS, DEEDS,
RECEIPTS, DRAFTS,
CERTIFICATES,
BONDS,
Ball Cards, Admit Cards,
Business Cards,
BILL HEADS,
PAMPHLETS,
PROGRAMMES,
Ranch Bills,
Auction Bills,
Theatre Bills,
STORE BILLS, SHOP BILLS, LABELS,
Ball Billets, Business Circulars,
&c., &c.

We have the LARGEST
WOOD TYPE
in the country, especially adapted for
POSTERS!

Bankers, Merchants, Tradesmen, and all classes of business men, will find it to their advantage to give us a call, as we are prepared to execute printing, in every branch, in a superior style to any establishment in the country, at
REASONABLE PRICES.
Give us a call and see our specimens, then judge for yourselves.
GEORGE WEST,
Golden City, Nov. 7, 1860, PROPRIETOR.

New Advertisements.

J. L. BRADEN, M. D.,
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Golden City and vicinity.
OFFICE AT THE MINERS' HOTEL,
GOLDEN CITY.

WESTON & NILES,
Bakery and Restaurant.
GOOD HOME-MADE BREAD,
BOARDING BY THE DAY OR WEEK.
Washington Avenue, 1st door North of the Bridge,
D. H. WESTON, }
F. G. NILES. } 20.tf GOLDEN CITY.

DISSOLUTION.
THE copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and firm of Muir & Gest, Attorneys at Law, Nevada, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
WM. T. MUIR,
JOSHUA H. GEST.

A BIG THING!
IT PAYS FROM THE SURFACE!
J. C. DAVIS & CO.,
WASHINGTON AVENUE,
Opposite the Post Office, GOLDEN CITY,
Are selling off their entire stock of

GROCERIES! PROVISIONS!!
CLOTHING!
Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, &c.,
AT COST!
Now is your time to lay in your
WINTER STOCK OF GOODS.
Give us a call and we will warrant your satisfaction.
20.tf

HOWARD'S
Watch and Jewelry
ESTABLISHMENT,
Larimer street, corner of F, DENVER.
WATCHES AND JEWELRY of every description carefully repaired and guaranteed. Jewelry made to order. Watch Glasses of the best quality on hand. A fine collection of Rocky Mountain Minerals, &c., on exhibition, free of charge.
20.3m

NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given, that the Copartnership heretofore existing between Geo. West, Mark L. Blunt, James Macdonald, Lawrence Panton, James McIntyre and Joseph H. Bird, of Golden City, J. T., and known as West, Blunt & Co., expired on the 1st day of November, 1860. James Macdonald is authorized to settle all debts due to or by the company.
GEORGE WEST, LAWRENCE PANTON,
MARK L. BLUNT, JAMES MCINTYRE,
JAMES MACDONALD, JOS. H. BIRD,
Golden City, Nov. 5, 1860. 20.3w

NOTICE.
ALL persons are hereby warned against purchasing several Promissory Notes signed by the subscriber, and payable to Eli Carter, or order, as the conditions for which said notes were given have not been fulfilled, and they will not be paid by me.
WILLIAM H. GANSON.
Golden City, Nov. 1, 1860. 19.3w

STOCK WANTED.
THE Subscriber wishes to dispose of his large Frame Store on Washington Avenue, Golden City, in exchange for Horses, Mules, Oxen or Wagons; this is in an excellent business locality. Also a good Dwelling House, and several Lots, all of which property will be sold very cheap, and the payment taken nearly all in stock, wagons, &c. Apply to
J. M. WHITMORE,
Or at the Mountaineer Office.
Golden City, Nov. 1, 1860. 19.tf

LOST.
ON the 9th of Oct., on the road between Kearney City and "17 Mile Point," a Pocket Diary or Memorandum Book, with my name written on the fly leaf. The finder will confer a great favor, and be liberally compensated by leaving it at Graham's City Drug Store, Denver, or addressing the subscriber at Napoleon, Ohio.
A. E. PIERCE.
19.2w

MASONIC.
GOLDEN CITY LODGE, U. D., hold their Regular Meetings on the 2d and 4th Saturdays of every month, at their Hall, in Golden City. Visiting Brothers, in good standing, are invited.
1.tf I. E. HARDY, W. M.

The Mountaineer.

Thursday, Nov. 8, 1860.

About Ourselves.

"Plodding never built the Pyramids, or blew down the wall of Jericho."—TOPLADY.

We are here in Golden City, a community of citizens of this glorious republic. We flatter ourselves that gifted by nature with a more than ordinary share of that sagacity which, to a greater or less degree, is the prerogative of all American citizens, we have "cast our lines in pleasant places," and by residing here display it to the best advantage. Granting all this, and as much more as can be conveniently added in the way of picturesque scenery, excellent water, a temperate, equal climate, good soil, and tempting proximity to the Gold Regions for business purposes, yet how really little is thought of the almost astonishingly felicitous position of our embryo city. We have, indeed, all the advantages of a small world at our doors, but the most of us, resolutely closing our eyes to it, are perpetually seeking other avenues to wealth, instead of employing here the same industry and labor. Fellow-citizens, this should not be. We should strive to unlock the treasures, the resources that bounteous Nature has given us here.

First, then, we have a water-power at our command, that at small cost can be made almost unlimited. By damming up the waters of Clear Creek in its narrow, rock-walled canon, we can command for the distance of two miles, a water-power of from 30 to 125 feet in vertical height. We then have a mountain lake formed by the dam that will for a mile form a good, capacious basin to receive the timber floated down the stream, or sent from the mountain sides by shutes, and the water that is not needed for manufacturing purposes, can be used from that elevation to spread over our valleys, and irrigate countless acres of rich soil that needs nothing but water to produce astonishing crops.

Secondly, our water-power gives us all the facilities needed for machine shops—for the various purposes of tanning leather, distilling, milling—both flour and saw-mills—for the manufacture of cloths, carpets, and furniture, for we soon will have sheep, and our neighbor, New Mexico, is a great wool raising country, and having in our midst limestone, coal and iron ore, we will have furnaces to make our iron from the raw material, the necessary foundries and machine shops, that the vast amount of machinery in the Gold Region require for their convenience to be located here, to consume the metal, and before many (say six) years, at the rate the wood in the mountains, is disappearing, the mills, the quartz crushers on Clear Creek, on Gregory's and other gulches, will require coal for their firing, and perforce a railroad will have to be built up Clear Creek to supply the mines more expeditiously and at cheaper rates—not only with fuel, but with food, machinery and supplies of every description. Indeed, at the rate discoveries of auriferous quartz continue to be made, it is difficult to say where the limit of the production of gold by crushing and amalgamating the quartz will ever be, or can be reached. There is yet an extent of country, fifteen by six miles,

that is full of auriferous veins, which sooner or later will be dotted with its hundreds of mills; how, then, can ever our neighbors compete with us when we have almost the only easy avenue to the heart of these mountain fastnesses. We have lately heard many sneers, and seen many shrugs of unbelieving contempt, when the idea of a railroad up Clear Creek was mentioned, but what argument can be advanced against it? None, except Golden City is too poor, too insignificant a spot, to hope ever to attain such felicity—such good fortune.—My unbelieving friends, remember commerce, trade and manufacturing cannot be forced, nor can it be diverted from its best channels by local interests, by speculative towns, by flaming puffs, or by misrepresentation. The shortest, cheapest and quickest route will take all the travel; it is easier to haul goods twenty miles than forty; it is cheaper to manufacture where all the raw material exists, than to have to transport all to the manufactory. "A word to the wise is better than a kick to a blind horse."

The Golden City Diggings.

Our readers will recollect that in our issue of Oct. 4, we mentioned the fact that several parties were mining upon Clear Creek, about a mile above Golden City, and making good wages. Since that time we have preferred to let the matter rest, so as to be perfectly sure it was a "good thing." We are now perfectly satisfied that these diggings are as good as any upon this stream. The pay streak is about four feet deep, and rests upon the solid bed rock, and is about 150 feet from the present bed of the stream, upon the side of the canon, and prospects from ten to twenty cents to the pan. John F. Kirby, Esq., informs us that from a pan of dirt taken from about the centre of the streak, he washed a fraction over seventeen cents, and from one pan upon the bed rock, he obtained twenty-three cents. The gold is all fine float, or scale gold, and sells readily for \$18 per ounce.

Mr. W. L. Rothrock, of our city has men at work constructing a double-track railway from his claim to the creek, and intends working several hands. Other parties are getting their sluices in place, and it bids fair to be a busy place in the gulch. A dam is being thrown across the creek to get a head of water for the sluices. A district has been organized, and officers chosen.

Mr. Rothrock informs us that the creek is to be turned at a point above his claim, and as the stream runs between almost perpendicular rocks, there is undoubtedly a large deposit of gold in its bed.

From what we have seen, we have no doubt of the success of the mines in this new district, and will keep our readers fully posted in the matter.

DEPARTED.—Mr. and Mrs. Ganson, the esteemed host and hostess of the Idaho House in this place, have gone to Missouri City to preside over the Temperance House, where they will be happy to see their old acquaintances. During their stay among us they made many friends, and we bespeak for them abundant patronage in their new home. We have eaten at their hospitable board and are ready to testify that they "can keep a hotel."

RETURNED.—Our friend, Judge Muir of Nevada, known to our readers as 'Veritas' has returned from his trip to 'America,' in fine health and spirits. We hope that Veritas will resume his facile pen, and favor us with a weekly epitome of life and times at Nevada. We are happy to announce that he has received the appointment of Notary Public for the Mountain region. Success attend him.

Red River of the North.

We find the following in the *Norwester*, from way up toward the regions of snow and ice. In speaking of a party of gentlemen who visited that country in 1859, the editor says:

"Two who have gone back wintered out on the Saskatchewan. Three left the shades of old Harvard in the cause of science, and traveled many thousand miles, night and day, to view the solar eclipse. At least one of our visitors, Mr. Malcolm, had been half around the world. His absence from England had extended over two or three years, during which period he managed to "do" the continent, hunt in Australia, visit his estates in Cuba, and traverse this western hemisphere from Mexico to the base of the Rocky Mountains. Another—Mr. Chapin—an American gentleman, came here before the snow was fairly off the ground with tempting accounts of the luscious strawberries he had eaten two months before in New Orleans. The missionary cause had also its representatives of different orders and creeds: the bishop with his devoted little band of priests and Sisters of Charity are away to the far-off regions of Great Slave Lake and Isle-la-Crosse. One man of God who worships not at the same altar, has gone to publish "the glad tidings of the gospel of peace," at a station remote and lonely in comparison with the scene of his former labors. Of the remainder of our visitors some are in quest of health, and others of buffalo. Some had been the *habitués* of Newport and Saratoga—were thoroughly used up by 'that sort of thing,' and sought a sensation in the pleasures of border life. And others, again, were of a class whose presence we much more relish—farmers who came to see this land of promise to the emigrant."

The following is a description of the outfit for the summer hunt:—

"The White Horse plain brigade started on the 10th of June, intending to go to the Grand Coteau, but turned off at the "Dog's House," and found buffalo enough near Turtle mountain and Big Head river to save them the trouble of a longer journey. The party numbered 154 families, including 210 men able to carry arms (of whom 160 were buffalo "runners"); and 700 "non-combatants," women and children. They took with them 642 horses, 50 oxen, 6 cows, 522 dogs, 533 carts, 1 wagon, 232 guns, 10 revolvers, 21,000 bullets, and 270 quarts of gunpowder. They made twelve "runs," in which they killed 3,270 buffaloes—1,151 bulls, 1,893 cows, and 226 calves. The carcasses produced 1,964 bags of pemmican, 2,429 bales of dried meat, 15,120 pounds of marrow fat, and 9,600 pounds of tallow."

We clip the following from the *Omaha Nebraskan*, of a late date. How that city must have changed within a few weeks!

The morals of Omaha appear just now to be unexceptional. There are no fights, no larcenies, no fires, no police trials, no anything of which we could make a local. As a citizen we admire the puritanical habits of Omaha, but as an editor we deplore and condemn that excessive morality which precludes the possibility of getting an item in these "weak piping times of peace." Won't some one whip somebody, or better still steal somebody's horse, that we may have the pleasure of moralizing on the immorality of the age.

Jake Willard and the Blind Horse.

The *Mobile Register* is responsible for the following mirth-provoking incident:

For twenty-three years, old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil of Baldwin county and drawn therefrom a support for self and wife. He is childless. Not long ago, Jake left the house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old, worn-out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the center of which was a well twenty-five or thirty feet deep, that at some time, probably, had furnished the inhabitants of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot an ill wind lifted Jake's "tile" from his head and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now Jake had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering the lost hat. He ran to the well and finding it dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the truant cow, and after several ineffectual attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going into the well himself. To accomplish this he made fast one end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was quickly on his way down the well.

It is a fact of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader hereof, that Ned Wells was in the dilapidated building aforesaid, and that an old, blind horse, with a bell on his neck who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well.

The devil himself, or some other wicked spirit, put it into Ned's head to have a little fun, so he quietly slipped up to the horse and unbuckled the bell-strap, and approached with slow, measured "ting-a-ling" the edge of the well.

"G—d dang that old, blind horse," said Jake, "he's comin' this way sure, and he ain't got no more sense than to fall in here. Whoa, Ball."

But the continued approach of the "ting-a-ling" said just as plainly as words that Ball wouldn't whoa. Besides Jake was at the bottom resting before trying to "shin" it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalem," said he, "the old cuss will be on top of me before I can say Jack Robinson. Whoa! G—d dang you, whoa."

Just then Ned drew up to the edge of the well and with his foot kicked a little dirt into it.

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed Jake, falling on his knees at the bottom. "I'm gone now, whoa. Now I lay me down to sleep—w-h-o-a, Ball—I pray the Lord my soul to—w-h-o-a, now. Oh! Lord, have mercy on me."

Ned could hold in no longer, and fearful Jake might suffer from his fright, he revealed himself.

Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels from that well. Maybe Jake wasn't up to the top of it in short order, and you might think he didn't try every night for two weeks to get a shot at Ned with his rifle. Maybe not. I don't know. But I do know that if Jake finds out who sent you this, it will be the last squib you'll get.

Artemus Ward on "Wimmin's Rites."

The ensuing seems in my checkered career is respectfully submitted:

WIMMIN'S RITES.

I pitched my 10t in a snawl town in Injanna, 1 day larst seesun, & while I waz standin at the dore takin money, a depytashun of ladsy cum up & sed thay waz members of the Bumbumvil Femail Morrel Reform & Winmen's Rites Assocynshun, & they axed me if they cood go in and not pay.

'Not adzackly,' said I, 'but yoo kin pay without goin in.'

'Do yu no who we air?' sed I of the wimmin—a tawl & feroshus lookin critter; with a blew cottin umbreller under hur arm—'Do yu no who we air, sir?'

'My impreshun is,' sed I, 'from a kuresery vue, that yu air femails.'

'We air, sur,' sed the feroshus woman; 'we belong tu a serciety witch beleevs shé

is indowd wish as mutch interlect as man
witch beleaves in razin hur tu hur proper speer

Durin'her discours the exsentric femail grabdme by the koat koller & waz swingin her umbrellaer wildy ovir my had.

'I hope marm,' sez I, startin bac, 'yure in 10shuns is onerable! lme a lone man in a strange plase, besides that lve a wife at hum.'

'Yes,' cride the femail, '& she's a slave! Doth she not dream of fredum—doth she never think of throing off the y oak of tyr-rany, and thinkin, & speekin, & votin fur hirsself?

'Not bein a natrol born fool,' sez I, by this time a littel rileed, 'l kin safely say she doth knot.'

'O, whot! whot!' skreemed the femail, awingin hur umbrellaer in the air, 'O, whot is the price that a weman pays fur her experience?'

'I don't no,' sez I; 'the price to my sho is 16 cents per indiwidoul.'

'& kan't our society go in free?'

'Not if l knose it,' sed l.

'Crooil, crooil man,' she sed, & bust into tears. 'Won't yu let my darter in?' sed another of these exsentric wimmen, takin me affecshunshly by the hand.

'Let her gush,' roared I, as mad as I cood stic at thar tarnal nonsents; 'let her gush!' Whereupon they awl sprund bac with the simultaneous obsurvashun that I waz a heest.

'My femail frens,' sed I, 'be4 yoo leve lve a few remarks 2 remark; wa them wel. The femail woman is 1 of the gratest institushuns of witch the country kin boste.

Sam Juan Mines.

Our fellow townsman, Capt. Sopris, has received a letter from his son dated Fort Garland, New Mexico, October 24th, in which he announces the safe arrival at that point of his party, numbering sixteen men; also that of Dr. Arnold, all in excellent health and spirits.

They intended to leave the Fort on the 25th for the mines—Mr. Sopris and party via the Alberquerque route, in a south-westerly direction from the Fort. Dr. Arnold and company had concluded to take the north-west route via the Cochetopa Pass.

Mr. T. L. Whitney, formerly of Lawrence, Eastern Kansas, with four others, are making preparations to leave this city for the San Juan Mountains on Monday next, and we understand there are several others who are turning their attention in that direction, and will depart at an early day for the mines there.

Some gentlemen in Buffalo, N. Y., have been experimenting with a view to the introduction of wind-mills as a motive power.

Prices Current.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MOUNTAINEER, BY W. A. H. LOVELAND & CO., Washington Avenue, Golden City.

Table listing various commodities like Flour, Bacon, Beef, Butter, Lard, Potatoes, Onions, etc., with their respective prices and units.

Advertisements.

LETTERS FOR GOLDEN CITY! DIRECTED TO CARE HINCKLEY & CO'S EXPRESS! ST. JOSEPH, MO.

CHANGE OF TIME! THE WESTERN STAGE COMPANY.

HARRISON, SOLEY & CO'S COLORADO CITY DENVER EXPRESS!

HARRISON, SOLEY & CO'S COLORADO CITY DENVER EXPRESS!

FOUND! FOUND in the South Park, about the 12th of September, some valuable papers...

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THE MINERS' BANK. FORREST BROTHERS & CO., BANKERS, DEALERS IN EXCHANGE.

CLARK, GRUBER & CO., BANKERS. Exchange, Currency, GOLD DUST.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN BREWERY. ALE...LAGER BEER...ALE.

J. B. DOYLE & CO., GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, LIQUORS, MINERS' TOOLS, HARDWARE, TINWARE.

HARRISON, SOLEY & CO'S COLORADO CITY DENVER EXPRESS!

THE LATEST New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago and St. Louis PAPERS.

Merchandise.

W. A. H. LOVELAND & CO'S CHEAP CASH STORE, WASHINGTON AVENUE, GOLDEN CITY.

C. A. COOK & CO., AUCTION AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, General Storage.

DAVIDSON, BREATH & CO. Washington Avenue, Golden City, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN READY MADE CLOTHING.

KINNA & NYE, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN HARDWARE.

JONES & CARTWRIGHT. We have Removed to our new FIRE PROOF BRICK WAREHOUSE.

Correspondence.

(Correspondence of the Mountaineer.)

OUT PROSPECTING:

OR

"BOBBIN' ROUND" AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY SNIKTAU.

I.

General West:

Early in the month that has just followed its predecessors into the tomb of the past, your correspondent conceived the idea, that in the absence of more lucrative employment, [owing to certain natural causes not necessary to enumerate] it would be well for him to arm himself with pick and shovel, cumber his shoulders with a pack heavier than the one that poor Christian 'toted' to the 'flowing river' beyond whose floods were the celestial fields, and strike out into some new districts and over [if possible] some 'undiscovered country' where the profane foot of the 'prospector' had never penetrated.

In pursuance of this laudable design, I left the metropolitan scenes of Gold Hill and descended the mountain into the rural district known in geographical circles as Boulder City. Early the next morning, climbing the long hill south-west of the 'city' which has no rival along the valley range for steepness and extent save the first road to Gregory, I was 'leaning out' with a will for Nevada City. There is little along the road, which passes by Deadwood Diggings—now 'dead' indeed—to deserve notice, except the fine, open glades or parks, where grass of the best quality flourishes in luxuriance; the mountain lakes; the springs of glorious water; and the occasional groves of fine timber. The intervening space between the termini of my day's journey had lessened gradually, and dusk found me at friend Corson's toll-gate, thirty miles from morning's camp.

I had not visited Gregory since July, and confess that I was not prepared for the change that so short a time had made 'in and about' these diggings, which the next morning's sun and a brisk trot 'here and there' served to reveal to me. But of these another time; I will only stop to notice a new feature in the history of man's imitation of the Creator's work—and no man can walk from the toll-gate to the Black Hawk Mill without being struck forcibly that Spring Gulch and the quartz mills had been conspiring to get up a miniature Platte River and had succeeded most admirably; the same waste of sand-bars, streaked with rapid and ever-shifting channels—the same treacherous quick-sands—the same willow patches half buried in sand that you see along the Great Nebraska, or 'Big Shallow,' as the Indians call it.

With a gentleman who had tramped over the mountains with me last year—when we penetrated to the sources of the Cache la Poo [for short] and Larimie, and among the fastnesses of Upper Thompson and St. Vrain—I left Gregory for the head waters of main Clear Creek. Merely promising that we arrived in Union District before night—a distance of sixteen miles—let me, by way of digression, give you a brief synopsis of the districts lying to westward of Gregory, and their location.

Away up under the perpetual frown of the Range, to the north-west, lies the Wisconsin District, where a number of leads have been recently discovered. Coming

southward, you find yourself in Upper Fall River, a locality more famed for its reported silver leads than golden ones; here thousands of claims have been recorded—the fever has run high and the recorder has made a pile. Following down main Fall River, and four miles south-west of Gregory you enter Lincoln District, a locality containing numerous rich leads and an abundance of water for quartz mills—a locality that is already 'elected' to become the seat of heavy capital and extensive mining operations next season. SNIKTAU does not say this because he has some good claims there, but because he is desirous that 'facts' should be 'submitted to a candid world.' West of Lincoln is Cumberland. Down Fall River from Lincoln is lower Fall River, where there are some leads open and a steam quartz mill in operation. Then comes Iowa, extending to the confluence of Fall and Clear Creeks and up the latter stream two miles, in which are a number of very fair leads, many of which open quite richly. Above Iowa is Morris, where I found even better looking leads than in Iowa; in this district, at Oquawka Bar, Messrs. Reynolds & Hopkins are about erecting a large saw and quartz mill; five or six tunnel claims have been taken and will be vigorously prosecuted next spring; several leads already opened prospect 'per aratra,' from \$1,00 to \$1,25 per bushel of quartz. This will be the seat of heavy mining next season. Next comes Downieville, and above that Union. Mill Creek lies between Union and Cumberland. Empire between Morris and Lincoln. There may be one or two other small districts along the south bank of Clear Creek—if so I have forgotten their names.

En passant I may remark that the valley of Clear Creek, from the mouth of Fall River to the 'forks,' ten miles, is a continual succession of 'bars,' or small benches of gravelly soil, affording fine pasturage, facilities for mill sites and large settlements, and an easy, natural grade for roads, which, combined with the rich quartz leads that intersect the contiguous mountain slopes, give it a prominence possessed by no other stream in the mountains. Let Golden Cit-izens recollect this fact, and see that capital be directed in a proper channel, over good water grade roads next spring.

Now, then, of Union District, as this was to be the first field of exploration.—The 'Covode Mountain' proved to be the richest portion of the district. This high hill, from the summit of which a road can be constructed at slight expense to the creek, appears to be one great store house of metallic wealth; it is traversed by numerous silver and gold leads, among which are the Oquawka, Arizonia, Capt. White's and Mammoth. We next turned our attention to the hills lying between this hill and the 'Range,' consisting of a heavily wooded slope. Here we entered the 'huckleberry' region, which extends from six to ten miles in width along the foot of the Range, from Clear Creek to St. Vrain's and as far up the slope of the rugged hills that wrap white turbans about their brows in summer, as any vegetation dare venture. The bushes are all of the dwarf variety, never more than four inches high, but in their season bear a bountiful crop, covering the ground with a purple mat. You were remembered, West, and

I should have forwarded you a gallon of berries by Hinckley, but, alas! at the time of my visit the bushes that had known them knew them no more!

Finding throughout this extent of country between the Covode and the Range, no silver or gold quartz blossom, we commenced the ascent of the highest peak of the Range, north of Clear Creek; this we did to ascertain the character of the rocks macadamizing its slopes, and if perchance, the silver belt extended so far west. A long climb enabled us to reach the first patch of snow—now solid ice, however—where we took dinner, the stream formed by the melting glazier furnishing us with ice water. The rocks we found to consist of micaceous granite, with occasional masses of white quartz, and a conglomerate not often seen—white quartz and sheets of mica.

This Union District is great for political names. They have a Covode, a Lincoln, and a Douglas mountain; and some of the leads bear the names of Hamlin, and Lane, and Bell, if I mistake not. Therefore, the Captain and I took a bucket of ice water [we hadn't anything else] to represent the purity of our principles, and proceeded to the summit of the peak, where, on the cloud-splitting height, in full view of the Middle Park, the plains and a surrounding 'chaos of mountain peaks,' we proceeded to christen 'Breckinridge Peak'—and then, the wind being too cool for comfort, we 'left it alone in its glory,' proudly pre-eminent among its rivals.

Descending the northern slope we came upon a stand-point which gave us a full view of the sources of Mill Creek—the wildest and yet the grandest landscape I have beheld in the mountains. A crescent of old snow arches along the summit of a depression in the Range; below this, streaked, and stained, and corrugated, are the beetling cliffs, which terminate in a basin, covered all over with tiny lakes—the stream meandering from lake to lake, and from cliff to cliff, and occasionally falling over a ledge of rough rocks in beautiful cascades, until at last it emerges from its 'pent up Utica' to go dashing away through groves of aspen and pine down the mountain gorges.

Turning eastward we came upon a plateau of level land, at the base of the peak, where a novel spectacle met our view. Here the contest between the storms and the forest had culminated, and the elements had conquered. The plateau was covered with dead and weather-beaten pines of considerable size, all with 'tops to the rising and roots to the setting sun.' A few scattering trees retained a feeble vitality, upon the verge of the green timber, but every step westward dwarfed their statue, until, of the growing pines, a trunk eighteen inches across at the surface of the ground only aspired to send its branches three feet high; then the limbs were like vines along the ground; then vegetation ceased and colored pebbles became the only 'flowers that blossomed in the waste.' As the old line Abolitionists were the only party slighted in Union, we magnanimously termed this plateau 'Amalgamation Flats.'

Returning to the place of beginning by a circuitous route, we satisfied ourselves that we were outside the 'belt,' and that no very astonishing discoveries would be made in that portion of the district. Ten

miles farther west, however, silver leads have been discovered, in the Range, which promise well from surface indications, but no better than those in Union.

The remainder of the week was 'put in' prospecting in the districts further down the creek, and the result of our observations led us to 'take stock' extensively in Morris, Iowa and Lincoln Districts, and to entertain full confidence in the value of the investment. The leads in this region appear to be a continuation of the Gregory belt, and prospect very well. In point of natural conveniences for water and mill facilities, either district is far ahead of Nevada. I predict lively times along Clear Creek next season. In each of these districts lead claims, when recorded, become real estate.

From the summit of Gold Hill, a very tempting portion of country, consisting of low mountains interspersed with lakes and gulches, can be seen lying along the head waters of the Boulders, and many a time has the sight invited me to a closer inspection of charms to which distance and the hazy atmosphere of summer had lent enchantment. Then, again, I had heard of rich leads traversing that region of long, flat gulches, of great hills of burnt quartz. Now, whilst 'i' the vein'—whilst Italian skies were ours—whilst clear days and cloudless nights invited us to eschew tents and the habitations of man for the free air of a glorious Rocky Mountain October—how was it possible for SNIKTAU to resist the temptation to explore that 'undiscovered country'—that rumored Atalanta. It was a matter not to be thought of—to resist such a temptation would not have been a virtue, for such a course would have left an 'aching void' of unsatisfied curiosity in my 'bosom,' and deprived me of an opportunity to earn a lot upon which to erect a suburban residence in the city with an auriferous title.

Therefore, leaving Capt. White to look around Lincoln, and associating myself with Jim Reynolds, I was soon en route for the Dorado I had been led to believe existed between the Boulders. The first day's travel brought me to the Gold Dirt, the best lead, perhaps, that has yet been discovered in the mountains. This is located on the mountain between Lump and Gambel's Gulches, pointing down to the latter, upon which are now erected three steam quartz mills, all in successful operation. Some of the shafts have reached the depth of 70 feet, as yet without the aid of powder, and without trouble from water; the quartz is nearly all decomposed, and of more colors than Joseph's coat. Several other leads have been partially opened, but only one, the Surprise, running parallel and but a short distance away—has proved to be rich. A couple of miles down the gulch—passing on the way 'patch diggings' on several hill points making down to the ravine—brought us to South Boulder Creek. A mile above is the mouth of Moon Gulch and the Recorder's office, of South Boulder District. In this District, then Jefferson, your correspondent dammed the river last year, worked hard for several weeks, and then 'retired' feeling very much in the humor for damming it again, but his religious training caused him to refrain from such profanity, and content himself with the modest expression—'cuss the confounded creek!'

General Intelligence.

Resistance to the City Government.

On Friday afternoon last, Wm. P. McLure, Judge under the Provisional Government, and Post Master of Denver, was arrested on a charge of having threatened the life of O. J. Goldrick. He was taken before Judge Downing of the City Court, and ordered to go under bonds of two thousand dollars to keep the peace for one year. He refused to give the required bonds, and denied the jurisdiction of the court, at the same time offering to give them to Goldrick, or to any other man personally. This was not granted, and Mr. McLure was put in charge of the marshal, to be kept in custody till he should choose to sign the documents. During that night he was rescued by his friends, and on Saturday forenoon an attempt was made to re-arrest him, but without success. In the afternoon a crowd marched to the Post Office, and after quite a delay, a bond was given for Mr. McLure to appear before a Peoples' Court on Monday at 10 A. M. At that time a large crowd assembled in front of Apollo Hall, and after speeches had been made by several persons on both sides of the matter at issue, it was decided to support the City Government, and bring McLure to terms. Mr. Shaffer, the Deputy Marshal, then called upon the crowd to act as a posse to aid him in the capture of the cause of the trouble. They moved to the Post Office, and were met at the door by Capt. Gannett, who stated that Mr. McLure was not in the building and denied them admission. To satisfy the people that all was right, although Capt. Gannett's statement was unquestioned, Mr. Shaffer entered the building, and soon re-appeared, confirming the word of the Deputy Post Master. Search was then instituted in other parts of the city, and it was soon announced that some of McLure's friends would pledge themselves to have the bond in question signed as speedily as possible. It was soon done, and Judge Downing appeared and read the bond to the anxious crowd. Three cheers were then given for the City Government, and the people separated in high glee.

Thus has been closed a matter that has caused considerable excitement in our sister city. One man put at defiance a whole populace, and stood over them for two days. The third, however, witnessed his overthrow, and the triumph of the regularly-organized government. Had McLure been victorious it would have fallen, but the result has strengthened it ten fold. We look now for peace and harmony, since this 'Bold Thunder' has been silenced.

Execution of Law in Denver.

We copy the following sensible remarks from the Denver Mountaineer of the 4th inst. It was published before the carrying out of the law on Monday, and had particular reference to the disgraceful transactions of Saturday.

"During the entire day on yesterday, the most tumultuous excitement prevailed throughout the city. W. P. McLure, a prisoner in the custody of the city officials, was rescued by some of his friends and threatened resistance to the bitter end, if any attempt was made to retake him. The Marshal of the city for some cause refused to execute the warrant, and it was finally placed in the hands of one of the deputies. The forenoon of the day was occupied in attempting to get up a posse and it was finally announced that just at 2 o'clock, P. M., the arrest would be made. McLure, thus notified, en-

trenched himself in the Post Office, and with a few friends prepared for a stout resistance. After long and frequent delays, quietly and meekly submitted to by the posse, they at last left Blake st., and with all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," proceeded to Larimer st., towards the Post Office. Another halt was called for as the party reached the front of Apollo Hall. A fifteen minutes truce was granted by the blood thirsty posse without a murmur. If a month's truce at that critical moment had been requested for consideration, we believe it would have been readily granted.

An attempt was made by a committee to settle the matter without bloodshed, which finally succeeded, but such a settlement! O shame! where is thy blush! All who witnessed the close of yesterday's proceedings, saw the humiliating spectacle of a city government's majesty trampled in dust, at the feet of a citizen whose position should make him a strong pillar in support of the laws, but who, in defiance of all law, and reckless of the peace and good fame of the city, has placed himself in antagonism with a majority of his fellow citizens. And he won. Think of it fellow citizens. Fame gone, law trampled under foot, and the moral sense of an entire community outraged, by a desperado, because there was not courage in the citizenship to sustain the officers of the law in the discharge of their duties. At present we have no comments to make, we merely present the spectacle, and leave the people to reflect over the lesson it teaches, only suggesting that in the depth of their humiliation, they will reflect like men, and for their future determine to act as such.

In Search of a Fight Under Difficulties.

For several weeks our Fighting Editor has been literally 'spilin' for a fight, but has been basely cheated out of it at every turn. He remained in town all through the Convention, and couldn't get a strike. Last week the citizens of Golden City arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced a man to be whipped for stealing; this was a fine opening, and bid fair to give him an opportunity; he followed the crowd in the hope that some one would object to the punishment, and thus give him an opportunity to air his mawleys; he thought it very foolish that some one among the hundreds present couldn't object to the will of the people.

Finding the people of our own city too orderly and law-abiding to give him an opportunity to 'strike from the shoulder,' last Saturday he started for Denver, hoping there to find a customer. He at once commenced calling around among his friends, and before he had been in the consolidated city half an hour, his hopes began to rise. He learned that Park McLure had been making up faces at a little fellow named Goldrick, and that the City Government had taken it up. He knew that that government was sustained by almost every body, and of course wouldn't back down. Here was a glorious chance for a muss. Some of his friends asked him to shoulder a musket and join in with the party that was going to subdue the refractory judge.

'The government is bound to take him,' said they, 'but there's bound to be bloodshed.'

'No sir-ee,' responded the F. E.; 'I came down here for a fight, but I shall pitch in with these 'ere, and nothing else;' and he shook aloft his ponderous fists in exstastic delight at the prospect.

He then went out upon the street to find the big fight. Wending his way to Blake street, he found a crowd of two or three hundred men; here and there among the crowd could be seen ominous-looking guns upon the shoulders of ominous-looking men. 'The prospect thickens, soliloquized the Pugilistic. Shortly he heard the order from the sheriff to "Fall in six deep!" Seeing every thing here working like a charm, he proceeded to Larimer street, which was expected to be the scene of the bloody encounter, rolling up his sleeves as he went. Arriving at the Post Office he found another crowd. Present-

ly the six-deep fellows made their appearance upon the street, and were halted at about fifty yards distant from the Post Office. A palaver was had between the forces, and while it was going on the F. E. noticed that the ranks of the six-deep fellows began to grow 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' One and another would disappear down a side street, but he supposed this was a stratagem, and that the Post Office was to be surrounded. Now was the time to begin; the F. E. made a rush toward a chap in front of Uncle Sam's office, and demanded whose side he was on. 'Neither,' said he, and stampeded down the hill. This was a serious disappointment, as he had noticed that this fellow had been peculiarly vociferous.

Just then he spied Park McLure upon the steps talking to the crowd. 'Now's the time for the six-deepers,' thought he, and looked to see the charge commence; but instead of the march of serried ranks which he expected, he saw the last of the muskets disappearing behind the Apollo Saloon. Finding that there was not the slightest shadow of a chance for a fight, although he had heard so many men declare that 'the judge should be arrested if they died in the attempt,' our Fighting Editor rolled down his sleeves, stuck his itching mawleys in his pockets, and 'more in sorrow than in anger,' returned to Golden City, and in the bitterest disappointment is 'waiting for something to turn up.'

Growth of Denver.

We clip the following from the Denver City correspondence of the Leavenworth Herald:

"Denver City is the wonder of the age! No city on the American Continent has grown with such a rapidity. Even San Francisco, her nearest rival, did not have a population of five thousand before she was two years old. On the 29th day of October, 1858, Gen. William Larimer, of Leavenworth City, accompanied by his son and a few others, built the first house upon the present site of Denver. It was a rough log house six feet high, covered with dirt. It still stands, but is surrounded by large brick and handsome frame buildings, which would be an ornament to any city."

LIGHT AND CLEANLINESS. — We learn that Messrs. Colby & Everst the enterprising soap and candle manufacturers in Denver, have increased their business to a considerable extent. We commend them to the notice of all in search of "light."

"Ye fearful saints fresh courage take."

We would recommend the above for the contemplation of some of our Denver friends, who lately feared their City Government would 'squelch.'

OFF FOR THE STATES.—Our shoe-dealing friend, and recorder of the well known Montana District, T. C. Willard, leaves to-day for St. Louis. We trust he may have a gay time. He returns in the spring with a large stock of boots and shoes.

Agents for the Mountaineer.

Denver,.....A. E. PIERCE & Co.
 Denver,.....WOOLWORTH & MOFFATT.
 Mt. Vernon,.....GEO. MORRISON.
 Mountain City,.....J. C. DUNLAP.
 Golden Gate,.....D. McCLEERY.
 Nevada Gulch,.....MUIR & GEST.
 Clear Creek,.....WM. CLARK.
 Central City,.....DR. JAMES McFATHIGH.
 Sacramento City,.....M. A. BALDWIN.
 Spanish Bar,.....J. W. ANDERSON.
 Spanish Bar,.....GEO. P. BOYCE.
 Spring Gulch,.....A. BARBER.
 Rock Island, Ill.,.....A. K. PHILBO.
 Fair Play Diggings,.....MR. JOHNSON.
 Traveling Agent in the Mountains,.....S. J. FIELD.
 Agent for the Plains and East,.....J. F. FRENCH.
 HINKLEY & Co's AGENTS, in the different Mines, are authorized to act for us.

Central City and its vicinity,

Quicker than any other Line!

FORWARDING

Express Matter and Letters

PLACED IN THEIR CHARGE,

TO ALL PARTS of the UNION

WITH SAFETY, PROMPTNESS AND DESPATCH.

Running in connection with their

Tri-Weekly Express

FROM DENVER TO LEAVENWORTH AND ST. JOSEPH,

They present to the mountain community a

Quicker, More Frequent, Certain and Reliable

COMMUNICATION WITH THE STATES,

than can be otherwise obtained.

THROUGH TO

ST. JOSEPH OR LEAVENWORTH

FROM THE MOUNTAINS

IN SEVEN DAYS,

FROM DENVER

In Six Days!

AT ALL TIMES

AHEAD OF ANY OTHER EXPRESS OR STAGE LINE.

This is

THE ONLY TRI-WEEKLY LINE

TO THE STATES, AND HAS

ON CONNECTION WHATEVER,

With any other.

TREASURE, EXPRESS FREIGHT AND LETTERS FORWARDED

by every Coach, in charge of an Efficient and Trustworthy Messenger, solely in the employ of the company.

Letters taken through from any point in the mountains to St. Joseph and Leavenworth for ten (10) cents each, Newspapers five (5) cents. Government Stamped Envelopes, bearing our Express Stamp, for sale at our offices in Denver and the Mountains. Address Letters

Care of C. O. C. & P. P. Express Co.,

St. Joseph or Leavenworth.

Principal Mountain Agency at Central City.

JAS. B. JONES, Agent.

Denver, Oct. 31, 1860.

19.6

Hotels, Saloons, &c.

JEFFERSON HOUSE!

Washington Avenue, Golden City.
O. B. HARVEY, - - PROPRIETOR.

THE Proprietor respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is still to be found at his Old Stand, ready to cater for their welfare and hopes to receive a share of public patronage. He flatters himself that those sojourning with him, can find his house a pleasant and comfortable retreat, and thinks that he can and will endeavor to please, so as to render entire satisfaction. Also, in connection with the house, a large and commodious Stable.

N. B.—There is a Daily Line of Coaches, running to and from the house, to all parts of the country. 14.3m

ELKHORN HOUSE!

FORD STREET, - - - - GOLDEN CITY,
G. N. BELCHER, PROPRIETOR.

HAVING remodeled and refitted the above house, I am now prepared to entertain the traveling public. My tables are at all times furnished with all the vegetables of the season. In connection with the house is a Saloon, where may be found the choicest Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc.

GOOD STABLING AND CORRALS FOR STOCK.
June 28, 1860. 1.tf

MINERS' HOTEL!

GOLDEN CITY, J. T.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform his old friends and the public generally, that his Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. A large two story building has just been completed in addition to the one formerly occupied, and travelers can now be accommodated with comfortable rooms, and will always find an abundant larder and good attendance.

STAGE OFFICE OF THE C. O. C. & P. P. EXPRESS.
1-tf JOHN M. FERRELL.

GREGORY HOUSE!

AT GREGORY POINT.

BY SAYERS & CO.
BOARDING BY THE DAY AND WEEK.
August 8, 1860. 8.tf

INTERNATIONAL BOWLING SALOON!

By CROW & BRUNDY,

Cor. Washington Av. and Second st., Golden City.

The above saloon is fitted up in a superior style, and the Bar furnished with the choicest WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS, and the proprietors solicit the patronage of the public. 1.tf

CHENEY'S CHICAGO SALOON!

Cor. Washington Av. and First st., Golden City.
CHOICE BRAND OF IMPORTED LIQUORS AND CIGARS, constantly on hand. Also, Oysters, Sardines and Pickles, wholesale and retail.

1.tf P. B. CHENEY, Proprietor.

WINTER RANCH.

E. W. McILHANY, PINKERTON & CO.,

HAVING made preparations for Wintering Stock, take this method of informing the public, that they have a range of one thousand acres of grass FRESH AND UNGRAZED, on Thompson's Creek, forty miles North of Denver and Golden City; we also have

125 TONS OF WELL CURED HAY!

Stacked on the ground, to be fed to stock if needed. Having ranched stock for two successive seasons, and having given general satisfaction, we refer our friends to the manner in which we have conducted business heretofore.

Stock will be received at our ranch on the North side of Clear Creek, one mile and a half below Arapahoe, and also at the McIlhany Ranch between Golden City and Golden Gate.

We are personally responsible for all Stock entrusted to our care. E. W. McILHANY, R. T. BOND, JAS. H. PINKERTON, ISAAC PINKERTON. 17tf

Claim Agency.

MISSOURI CITY, Mountain Co., May 1, 1860.
WE the undersigned have opened an office in Missouri City, for the sale of Mining Claims; Claims left with us will be sold or traded according to directions; a competent person will always be in readiness to show parties wishing to purchase. We have on our books some of the most valuable mining claims in the mountains, which we will dispose of on reasonable terms. Maps showing the location of the different gulches, lodes, water power, &c., can be seen at our office. Quartz examined, titles traced, deeds and transfers made and all business relating to miners and mining interest carefully attended to. Water power for sale. REFER TO Wyatt, Whitsett & Co., Denver, Anthony & Palmer, Denver; J. W. Stanton, Golden City; Curran & Sweet, Missouri City. 1-6m DOANE & BLISS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

GREENLEAF & BREWER,

(NEW BRICK BUILDING,) Larimer, between E and F streets, DENVER CITY.

DEALERS IN Groceries, Mining and Farming Utensils, Provisions, Choice Wines and Liquors, Hardware, Cigars, &c., &c. In addition to our stock of Staples, we offer a large assortment of

FANCY GROCERIES!

CONSISTING OF Canned Fruits, Canned Oysters, Spiced Oysters, Malaga Raisins, Eleme Figs, Dates, Nuts, &c., Prunes.

WITH our increased facilities for the transaction of business, we are determined to sell GOODS AT LIVING PRICES, and hope to merit a continuance of public patronage.

STORAGE AND COMMISSION! Goods Stored at reasonable rates and sold on commission if desired. GREENLEAF & BREWER, 17.tf Larimer, between E and F sts., Denver.

DOLD & CO., COR. FERRY AND FIFTH STS., DENVER CITY.

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERY HOUSE!

THE public are respectfully informed that we have always on hand the following articles, which we are determined to sell at the lowest possible rates, being enabled to do so from our having unusual facilities in getting goods, and being connected with first class houses in the East.

Staple and Fancy Groceries, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES AND LIQUORS, Mining Tools of every description, Hardware, Tinware, Cutlery, Saddlery, Carpenters' Tools, &c., A full assortment of

Boots and Shoes. An extensive variety of **CLOTHING,** And Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. A general assortment of

Hats and Caps, And a great many other articles too numerous to mention. Call and examine for yourselves. 8.tf DOLD & CO.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Gloves, Under Clothing, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Threads, Collars, Needles, Combs, Trimmings, Tooth Hoop Skirts, Brushes, Etc., Etc.

A LARGE assortment just received and for sale by the package. TAPPAN & CO., Corner F and McGaa streets, Denver, And Corner West Fifth street and Colorado Avenue, Colorado City. 3.tf

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF Hardware,

Tinware, Sheetiron and Mortars, Just received by J. B. DOYLE & CO., 16.tf Cor. Ferry and Fifth sts., Denver.

HYDRAULIC HOSE AND FORCE PUMPS, for sale by TAPPAN & CO., Corner of F and McGaa streets, Denver, And Corner West Fifth st. and Colorado Avenue, Colorado City. 3.tf

17,000 EXTRA QUALITY MANILLA CIGARS, for sale by TAPPAN & CO., Corner F and McGaa streets, Denver, And Corner West Fifth street and Colorado Avenue, Colorado City. 3.tf

Merchandise.

LEWIS N. TAPPAN. GEO. H. TAPPAN.

THE FOLLOWING NEW GOODS

Have just arrived, and are for sale by,

TAPPAN & CO.

Corner F and McGaa Streets, DENVER CITY, And Corner of West Fifth st. & Colorado Avenue,

COLORADO CITY,

General Commission Merchants, And Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

RUBBER HOSE,

Assorted sizes for HYDRAULIC MINING.

HYDRAULIC RAMS,

AND FORCE PUMPS;

HERRING'S BURGLAR AND FIRE PROOF SAFES,

BUILDERS' HARDWARE

Of every description. Glass, Putty and Lead.

DUCK AND CANVASS

—FOR—

Hose and Tenting.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

WITH COPPER TIP AND SHIELD.

MATRESSES;

PATENT GAS GENERATING LAMPS;

BURNING FLUID!

HATS AND CAPS,

Miners' Outfits, &c., &c.

TAPPAN & CO.,

Corner F and McGaa streets, Denver, And Corner West Fifth street, and Colorado Avenue, Colorado City. 3.tf

GERRISH & CO.

Wholesale Dealers in

PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES.

Boots and Shoes, **HARDWARE,** &c., &c., &c.

Corner of F and McGaa sts., DENVER. 2.tf

HASS & BROTHER,

(BRANCH STORE FROM LEAVENWORTH CITY, K. T.)

DEALERS IN

TOBACCO,

CIGARS,

MEERSCHAUM PIPES,

AND

PLAYING CARDS,

COR. F AND LARIMER STREETS,

15.tf DENVER.

500 SACKS OF CORN,

FOR sale by J. B. DOYLE & CO., 16.tf Cor. Ferry and Fifth sts., Denver.

The Way History is Written.
A Paris wit, describing the French historians, says:

"Mons. Thiers writes history travelling in a post chaise over the battle grounds of Europe, with a map on one side of him and a cook on the other. Mons. de Lamartine writes history by clipping other folks' labors. Mons. de Barants writes history by clipping others' works. Mons. Vallemain writes history by clipping off, in wee bits, other people's labors, but doing so in admirable style. Mons. Mignet writes history by drinking emollient infusions in a chimney corner, and measuring his sentences with a compass, to take care that none be longer than the other. Mons. Achille de Vaulabelle writes history by shaking his fist in the face of Europe, and screaming at the end of every paragraph, "I say here, look ye, France ain't 'fraid of nobody, nohow!" Mons. Louis Blanc writes history by being to Tacitus what Tom Thumb is to Jack the Giant-Killer. Mons. Michelet writes history by drawing pen-and-ink portraits which are alternately English vignettes of an ideal beauty, or caricatures which make bar-rooms roar with laughter. Mons. Victor Cousin writes history in drawing the women of the Fronde in bust likenesses, but he is entirely too fond of dwelling on the bust. Count de Montelambert writes history in exercising. Mons. J. J. Ampere writes history a-travelling. Mons. Troplong writes history in annotating. Mons. Copefigue writes history in gasconading."

AN INNOCENT MAN HUNG BY A MOB.—The Madison (Ind.) Argus says that recent developments lead to the conviction that Mayberry, who was hung by a mob at Janesville in 1855, was innocent of the crime of which he was convicted, and for which he had been murdered. All the evidence, so far as it can be gathered, points to "Lant" McComb as the real murderer of Alger. McComb was the witness on whose testimony Mayberry was convicted. Fifteen hundred dollars reward is now offered for his arrest on the charge of having murdered Laura J. Harvey and her paramour, at Ottumwa, Iowa. There is scarcely a doubt but that he it was who murdered Alger, and that the Janesville mob will soon have the satisfaction of knowing that they put to death, in a cruel and shameful manner, a man who was guilty of no crime.

We recollect a poem in our old reading book, with one line like the following:

"Lo, from the regions of the North,
Wander if this Ma. Lo was a relative of
"Lo, the poor Indian."—News