

SOMETHINGS IN NEVADA.

Ross Browne, one of the most popular and accomplished American writers and untiring tourists, has recently returned to California from a tour—away somewhere among the icicles of northern Europe.

Previous to his departure from the Pacific coast, he made a visit to Nevada, and gave a picture of things as they were, which was racy enough—for he cannot write anything else; but not so very satisfactory to the Nevadians. On his return home again, he enters on a lecturing expedition and finds "A Second Peep at Washoe," interesting and forwards his photographs to the San Francisco *Bulletin*, from which we make a few extracts of affairs in Virginia City, now claimed to be the greatest little city in the world:—

THE VIRGINIANS ADMIRE THEMSELVES.

The citizens of Virginia, like the citizens of Timbuctoo in Africa, and Reykjavik in Iceland, are enthusiastic admirers of their own place of residence. Not satisfied with the praise usually bestowed upon the city by every stranger who enters it and who desires to maintain friendly relations with the inhabitants, they are exacting to a degree bordering on the magnificent. A visitor is required to go into extacies over the climate, should there chance to occur, during his sojourn, a passably fine day. He is called upon at every turn to do homage to the wonderful progress of improvement, which they consider far ahead of anything ever achieved by human beings constructed in the usual form. He is expected to pay the tribute of admiration to the magnificence of the buildings and the sumptuous accommodation of the hotels. If he does not boldly, firmly, and without reservation, express the opinion that the mines are richer by a thousand to one than those of Mexico or South America, he is at once set down as a man whose opinion is worth nothing. Should a stray bullet whiz by his head and kill some equally innocent party within a distance of three paces, he is gravely assured, and required to believe, that there is as much respect paid to life and limb in Virginia as there is in any city in the Union. At any hour of the night, when the noises around his lodgings would shame Bedlam, his attention is exultingly directed to the elysian repose of this delectable metropolis. Passing those dens of infamy that abound on every street—within ear-shot of those

"Scenes of debauch,

Where revelry and dance, and festive song,
Disturb the sleep of honest men."

he is invited, with an assurance almost incredible, to render homage to the exalted condition of public morals. In full view of the most barren, blasted and horribly desolate country that perhaps the light of heaven ever shone upon, he is appealed to, as a lover of nature, to admire the fertility of the soil, the luxuriance of the vegetation, and the exquisite beauty of the scenery. Surrounded by an enthusiastic dozen of citizens, most of whom are afflicted with sore throat, malignant fever, erysipelas, bleeding nose, shortness of breath, heart disease, diarrhoea and loss of appetite, he is urged to observe the remarkable salubrity of the climate, and to disabuse his mind of those prejudices against it arising from the misrepresentations of interested parties. Withal, it is due to justice to say that the Virginians are a free, generous and hospitable set of fellows; bold and energetic; overflowing with soul, and brimful of the manly qualities that adorn the best specimens of the human race. And why should they not be?—for most of them are Californians, though they have the peculiar affection of referring to California as some foreign State. They talk of visiting "California" as we would of visiting Europe. Although this is quite proper, it sounds a little odd to a citizen of San Francisco, who sees nothing but Californians around him, and it reminds one of the Charleston newspapers, after the first bombardment of Fort Sumter. The latest intelligence from New York was headed "Foreign News," as a convincing proof that they were independent of the mother country.

HOTELS.

I really don't consider myself fastidious on the subject of hotels. Having traveled in many different countries, I have enjoyed an extensive experience in the way of accommodation—from my mother earth to the foretop of a whaleship; from an Indian wigwam to a Parisian hotel; from an African palm tree to an Arctic snowbank. I have slept in the same bed with two donkeys, a camel, half-a-dozen Arabs and a horse. I have slept on beds alive with snakes, lizards, scorpions, bugs and fleas—beds in which men stricken with the plague had died horrible deaths—beds that reasonably might be suspected of small-pox, measles and Asiatic cholera. I have slept on beds of rivers, and beds of sand, and on the bare bed-rock. Standing, sitting, lying down, doubled up and hanging over; twisted, punched, jammed and elbowed by drunken men; snored at in the ears; sat upon and smothered by the night-mare; burnt by fires, rained upon, and bitten by frost—in all these positions and subject to all these discomforts, I have slept with comparative comfort. There are pleasanter ways of sleeping to be sure, but there are times when any way is a blessing. In respect to the matter of eating, I am even less particular. Frogs,

horse-leeches, snails and grasshoppers are luxuries to what I have eaten. It has pleased Providence to favor me with appetites and tastes appropriate to a greater variety of circumstances and many conditions of life. These facts serve to show that I am not fastidious on the subject of personal accommodations.

When I was about to start on my trip to Washoe, friends from Virginia assured me I would find hotels there almost if not quite equal to the best in San Francisco. There was but little difference, they said, except in the matter of extent. The Virginia hotels were just as good, though not quite so large. Of course I believed all they told me. Perhaps my experience was unfortunate. I tried to find accommodations in one—recommended as the most comfortable—and was shown a room over the kitchen stove, in which the thermometer ranged at about 120 to 150 degrees of Fahrenheit. To be lodged and baked at the rate of \$2 per night was more than I could stand—so I asked for another room. There was but one more, and that was preempted by a lodger who might or might not come back and claim possession in the middle of the night. It had no window except one that opened into the passage, and the bed was so arranged that every other lodger in the house could take a passing observation of the sleeper and enjoy his style of sleeping. It was bad enough to be smothered for want of light and air; but I had no idea of paying \$2 a night for the poor privilege of showing people how I looked with my eyes shut—and possibly my mouth open. A man may have an attack of nightmare; his countenance may be distorted by horrible dreams; he may laugh immoderately at a very bad pun made in his sleep—in all which conditions of body and mind he doubtless presents an interesting spectacle to the critical eyes of a stranger, but he doesn't like to wake up suddenly and be caught in the act.

The next hotel to which I was recommended was eligibly located on a street composed principally of greg shops and gambling-houses. I was favored with a front room about eight feet square. The walls were constructed of boards, fancifully decorated with paper, and afforded this facility to a lodger—that he could hear all that was going on in the surrounding rooms. The partitions might deceive the eye, but the ear received the full benefit of the various oaths, ejaculations, conversations and perambulations in which his neighbors indulged. As for the bed, I don't know how long it had been in use, or what race of people had hitherto slept in it, but the sheets and blankets seemed to be sadly discolored by age—or lack of soap and water. It would be safe to say washing was not considered a paying investment by the managers of this establishment. Having been over 24 hours without sleep or rest, I made an attempt to procure a small supply, but miserably failed in consequence of an interesting conversation carried on in the passage between chamber-maids, waiters and other ladies and gentlemen respecting the last fight. From what I could gather, this was considered the best neighborhood in the city for free fights. Within the past two weeks some three or four men had been shot, stabbed or maimed close by the door. "O, it's a lively place, you bet," said one of the ladies; "I look out of the window every morning to see how many dead men are layin' around. The bullets flies around here sometimes like hailstones!"

Now, taking into view the picturesque spectacle that a few dead men dabbled in blood must present to the eye on a fine morning, and the chances of a miscellaneous ball carrying away one's cranium, or penetrating the thin board wall and ranging upward through his body as he lies in bed, I considered it best to seek a more secluded neighborhood, where the scenery was of a less stimulating character, and the hailstorms not quite so heavy. By the kind aid of a friend I at length secured comparatively agreeable quarters in a private lodging-house, kept by a lady. The rooms were good and the beds clean, and the price not extravagant for this locality—only \$12 per week.

So much for the famous hotels of Virginia. If there are any better than I have described, neither myself, nor some fellow-travelers who told me their experience, succeeded in finding them. The concurrent testimony was, that they are dirty, ill-kept, badly attended by rough, ill-mannered waiters—noisy to such a degree that a sober man can get but little rest night or day, and extravagantly high in proportion to the small comfort they afford. The food is enough to make any but a very hungry person gag with disgust. One of the newspapers published a statement which the author probably intended for a joke, but which is doubtless founded upon a fact—namely, that a certain hotel advertised for 300 chickens, to serve the same number of guests. Only one chicken could be had for love or money; this was made into soup, and afterwards served up in form of a fricassee for 300 guests. The flavor was considered extremely delicate—what there was of it, and there was plenty of it, such as it was.

FOREIGN NEWS.

DEATH OF LORD LYNCHURST.

Late papers from Europe bring intelligence of the death of John Singleton Copley, Lord Lynchurst, the distinguished jurist and statesman. A son of the famous self-educated artist Copley, he was born in Boston, Mass., in 1772, and in his third year removed to England. He was educated at Trinity College, Cam-

bridge, and received the highest honors of the University. Soon after he revisited America, returning to England in 1798 to prepare for the practice of the law, which he commenced in 1801, and slowly but surely toiled his way up to eminence in his profession, leaving his name upon the records of several of the most important state trials. His success was from this time continuous, and he successively filled some of the highest offices of the state, being solicitor-general, attorney-general, master of the rolls, and finally, in 1827, chancellor, under the title of Baron Lynchurst. Originally a liberal, he entered Parliament in 1818 a Tory, but afterwards accepted the great seal under the liberal cabinet of Canning, and retained it through three administrations, in the last, favoring the Catholic emancipation scheme, which he had opposed two years before. Under the administration of Earl Grey he was appointed lord chief baron of the exchequer, and on the nomination of the Peel cabinet of 1834 was restored to the chancellorship, but resigned soon after, and became an active leader of the opposition.

By his first wife, the widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Thomas, he had three children, and three years after her death he married at the age of sixty-five a young Jewish beauty, Miss Goldsmith, and by her had a daughter. His power as a speaker was very great, and his opinion carried the greatest weight. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, who saw him in Parliament in 1855, says: "It was singular and somewhat touching to mark the deference paid by the peers to him, as he spoke upon that occasion."

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

For half a century the Rev. Richard Whately, D.D., LL.D. has labored with an energy which few men have equaled. Graduating in 1810 at Oriel College, Oxford, with distinguished honor, he obtained a fellowship which he retained until his marriage in 1821, being appointed to the rectory of Halesworth in the following year. In 1830 he was chosen to fill the chair of political economy in Oxford University, but vacated it on obtaining the archbishopric of Dublin a year later. One of his earliest works, and at the same time one of the most widely-known, was his "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte," which was prompted by Hume's "Essay on Miracles." From this time forward every year of his life was marked by the publication of works on theological or educational subjects, which will stand among the literary monuments of the century. Among his works best known are the "Elements of Logic," and "Elements of Rhetoric," both of which have been for years text-books in the leading colleges of England and the United States. For some time past he has been suffering intensely, his mind, however, remaining to the last vigorous and clear, he having during the last year of his life delivered a charge, in which he takes a long and exhaustive review of the great church questions of the day, advocating caution and reverence for the Holy Scriptures, as against the authors of "Essays and Reviews." He died at Dublin on the 8th inst., in the seventy-seven h year of his age.

[From the London Press, Oct. 6.]

INFANTICIDE IN ENGLAND.

That the crime of infanticide is frightfully on the increase is a fact too well attested by a great variety of evidence from sources to admit of any doubt. The tables of mortality exhibit a percentage upon the number of births of forty-five infant deaths under the age of two years throughout England and Wales. That fact alone speaks volumes, seeing it is not agreeable to the ascertained laws of nature that so large a proportion of human beings born into the world with an organization capable of and destined for life, should perish before they attain childhood. It is calculated that of the children dying under two years of age, six out of every seven do not live to see the return of their birthday. The suspicion which this enormous proportion of infant mortality is calculated to excite is painfully confirmed by the results of coroners' inquests, reduced to a tabular form.

In one year alone—the year 1861—inquests were held in the metropolis upon upwards of eleven hundred children under two years of age. This return, of course, gives only the number of cases of such strong suspicion as to call for the interference of the coroner, for inquests are not held on children who have died, or are supposed to have died, of fits, convulsions, diarrhoea, and other infantile ailments. It is only when the case presents some peculiarity, and when there is some one at hand to bring that peculiarity under the notice of the authorities, that a coroner's inquest upon an infant under two years old is ever thought of. We may, therefore, safely assume that the above figure does not represent anything like the number of cases on which an inquest ought to be held. Now, out of the 1100 cases in question there are only 147 in which the death is ascertained to have resulted from "accident." Assuming that none of those accidents were "wilful," or such as might with common care have been avoided, we have to find out how the rest came by their death.

In upwards of 600 cases the verdict is "died through neglect," which is but another expression for "let to perish," and in how many of these cases the neglect was the result either of an absence of desire that the infant should live, or of a positive wish that it might not live, who shall tell? Then we come to another class of cases equally suspicious. Some 130 infants died of "suffocation"

—overlaid in bed. Who, again, shall say in how many of these instances the suffocation was the result of a most culpable absence of common care, and in how many the effect of a cause still more culpable, which the jury had no means of tracing?

Next comes an array of 140 children "found dead," of the cause of whose death and of whose belongings no account can be given. The whole of these may fairly be set down to the account of undiscovered, unproved infanticide. And one-half that number have been pronounced to have died through violence; in five cases only out of the seventy under circumstances with justified the jury in reducing the offence to "manslaughter," the remainder being cases in which the crime of "wilful murder" has been established by conclusive legal proof. The estimate of a metropolitan coroner, who has paid considerable attention to this subject, and who calculates that there are about one thousand infanticides committed every year in the metropolis alone, would, according to these data, appear an exceedingly moderate one. But after all we have not reached the full extent of this hideous social iniquity.

There is an immense number of infant corpses—we are almost afraid to say how many, for the estimate number, 60,000 per annum, throughout England and Wales, seems enormous—at any rate a very large number, disposed of as still-born, which provoke no inquiry from the coroner, and do not figure in the registrar's reports. Who is there to answer that they are all bona fide still-born? To that effect, indeed, we have not a particle of evidence. But we have evidence, and that of a very alarming nature, to the contrary. At a recent inquest in one of the metropolitan districts, in consequence of rumors which had reached the ears of the police, inquiry was made about one of these still-borns, already in the undertaker's hands, on its way to private, unregistered burial. There was a certificate to the effect that it was a still-born, from a midwife who had assisted at the birth. But there was evidence, also, that the child had been born alive, that it had lived over twenty four hours, and had during its short existence had no more sustenance than a little tea. On opening the shell which enclosed it, its head was found crushed in; but this was accounted for by the shell being too short. The midwife confessed that she had given a false certificate, but could see "no harm" in what she had done. It was her practice to do this sort of thing.

At another inquest held about the same period on a number of infant corpses, discovered in various stages of decomposition in the roof of Whitechapel church, it was clearly established that the undertakers are in the constant practice of taking charge of still-borns; that the process is to send to them for an empty shell, and to bring it back with a little corpse in it, with or without a certificate; that they consider a certificate unnecessary, and that any certificate to which a female signature is affixed is taken by them to be the signature of a midwife, and perfectly correct, without any inquiry whatever. With this evidence before us, our astonishment at the number of "still-borns" is certainly diminished.

[From the London Post, Oct. 7.]

BALLOONING FOR MILITARY PURPOSES.

The members of the Ordnance Select Committee, with General Sir David Wood, R. A. Major General Sandham, Governor of the Royal Military Academy; Brigade Major Milward, and other officers assembled at the royal Arsenal, Woolwich, yesterday afternoon to witness ascents with Mr. Coxwell's large balloon, the War Department having sanctioned a series of experiments in order to ascertain the value of balloons when used to reconnoitre the movements of an army in the field, or to obtain information as to the position of an enemy's forces. The whole of the available troops in garrison had previously marched in the divisions—the Royal Marines and infantry, commanded by Colonel Mitchell, to Chislehurst, and the Royal Artillery, commanded by Colonel Travers, to Bexley Heath. The monster balloon having been inflated with 35,000 cubic feet of gas at the Arsenal works, was removed by a detachment of royal engineers to the gun park; and a rope attached to the balloon having been lashed to one of the guns, Mr. Coxwell with Captain Beaumont and Lieutenant Grover, of the Royal Engineers, took their seats in the car and the balloon was allowed to ascend about three-quarters of a mile. At the expiration of one hour a descent was made, and Mr. Coxwell presented the following report:—Time, 2.12; thermometer, 49; barometer, 29.1. View to the coast clear for thirty miles; very hazy inland; the river beautiful; Gravesend and Purfleet clearly overlooked. Time, 2.22; thermometer, 49; barometer, 29.3. Slight oscillation. Time, 2.25; thermometer, 51; barometer, 29.60. Clouds or mist to southwest; splendid view for ariel photography.

Three subsequent ascents were made with Captain Heyman, Secretary of the Ordnance Select Committee and other officers, and the troops were seen whilst returning home, headed by the bands of the two divisions. Ultimately, about five o'clock the balloon was set free from the ropes and conveyed Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glashier across the river to the Essex shore, where it descended. The experiments are considered highly satisfactory.