

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

A LATE number of the United States Railroad and Mining Register, contains an interesting article on the welding of iron and steel, the difficulties which have attended the process, and a new method, recently invented by Mr. E. Wheeler, of Philadelphia. The article says that great progress has been made within the past few years in cheapening the production of steel, which has greatly augmented its consumption. Steel alone, however, when used for some purposes to which iron is devoted, is so inferior to iron that it will not stand at all; but the two together are superior to iron alone. The difficulty of combining the two metals, requiring the use of expensive fluxes, the most skillful manipulation, etc., involving a cost treble that of steel alone, has prevented the use of iron and steel combined, except for special purposes.

Numerous attempts have been made to make steel headed iron rails, but the expense of the operation, besides the difficulty of securing such a union of the two as would stand the tests of weight and speed, have rendered the achievement impracticable. The danger of burning steel when heated to the welding point has been a serious drawback to success in the combination of it with iron; and this risk, it is said, is tremendously increased when the mass is augmented for a rail pile and subjected to the heat of a furnace. It is also said that if fluxes and steam hammers be employed to perfect a union of "high" steel and iron, the cost is too great to be remunerative; while, if "low" steel,—steel which will stand heat, be used, the result is little if any better than iron alone.

The invention of Mr. Wheeler does away with all these difficulties and renders the task easy and sure. The process, which is the result of long continued experiments, consists in completely encasing the steel with iron during the process of heating and reduction, thus preventing all risk of burning by the direct action of the flame, or of oxygen, as when melted in a crucible.

Steel thus encased can be heated, it is said, to perfect welding state in the usual iron furnaces without flux of any kind, and can then be rolled down and manipulated as readily as iron.

A car axle, rolled at one heat by this method, consisted of a core of iron surrounded by a tube of steel, both enveloped in a shell of iron, the whole being as solid as a homogeneous mass of the latter metal.

The writer of the article in the Register says:

"Simple as this method is (and its simplicity is its great value), it accomplishes the most important results. We have seen the highest grade of cast tool steel, thus enclosed, and filled with iron, subjected to the intense heat of a heating furnace, and then rolled down into bars at the rate of five hundred feet per minute, and the steel, though perfectly welded to the iron, presented the same bright, clean fracture when broken as in the original state, and would harden as readily in a water bath."

MR. FECHTER, the German actor, has made his debut in Philadelphia, in the character of "Hamlet." From the Press of that city we learn that, despite the enthusiasm manifested, a large majority of the audience were in all probability satisfied that, grand as was the acting of the distinguished foreigner, they liked better to hear Booth. Fechter was most cordially received, and was greeted with a storm of applause, and was enthusiastically called before the curtain at the end of each of the three first acts. The Press says his manner is in the strongest contrast with that of Booth: his great power lies in the complete identification of himself with the character, and the impassioned earnestness and fidelity of his personation. In him they seem to see before them the real Prince, though a prince with strongly marked foreign accent and many faults of accentuation and enunciation. He seems to have a bolder conception and a greater grasp of the character, as a whole, than other players, and excels also in the wonderful expressions of his facial play and gestures. Booth captivates his audience with the grandness of his reading, the accuracy and exquisite finish of his elocution and the gracefulness of his manner. In him is seen the finished actor, who is playing a grand part in faultless style, with such a degree of passion as might be considered appropriate to it.

Miss Lucille Western is thrilling St. Louis audiences with her "superb acting" in such parts as "Margaret Rookley," in the Child Stealer, and "Nancy Sikes" in Oliver Twist. The Missouri Republican says: "Anything more perfect than Miss Western's delineation cannot be conceived. The bloated cheeks, overspread with the sickly palor of protracted debauch; the protruding lips, which refuse to utter anything save mumbling, disjointed words; the eyes which, by some strange art, are made to lose both their color and their light, and seem to have no power of vision, 'no speculation' in their glance; the tottering figure, swaying hither and thither; the nervously twisting fingers, clutching at the air—these and more, which are indescribable, form a something not altogether pleasant to look upon, but so wonderfully real that we cannot withhold our admiration."

We should think there were enough

sights of this kind to be seen in the streets of St. Louis, and they would be disgusting enough to satisfy everybody, without the public being under the necessity of paying their money to see such repetitions on the stage. We can fully believe from what we saw of Miss Western, while in our city, that her delineation would be true to life, in the Republican's words, "horribly perfect."

In the trial of the Mordaunt divorce case, the Prince of Wales was called into the witness box; and before proceeding to give his testimony, was warned by the Judge that, under the act of Parliament, it is provided that no witness in any proceeding, whether a party to the suit or not, shall be liable to be bound to answer any question tending to show that he or she has been guilty of adultery. The judge said he thought it right to point this out to his Royal Highness, and to tell him that he was not bound or required, by law, to submit to any interrogations on this subject. The inquiries made of him would seem, from a perusal, to have been expressly framed to give him a chance to have his character whitewashed, and at least a show of innocence established. He positively denied any improper familiarity or criminality between himself and Lady Mordaunt, which statement elicited applause. We should scarcely think, however, appearances might be against him, that the Prince of Wales would testify to a falsehood in the witness box. Still, there are people who would conclude that if a Prince could be so base as to seduce another man's wife, he would not scruple to deny it.

In writing about the resignation of Mr. Deweese, and the probability of the negro, Harris, being elected in his stead, "Mack," the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, says:

"Every cloud has its silver lining, and every evil has its good if we but knew how to extract it. Did it ever occur to the reader that behind the frowning providence of Cuffy in Congress there may possibly be the smiling face of short sessions? Let there be twenty or thirty colored brethren of pronounced African type scattered at convenient intervals on the radical side of the chamber, and, my word for it, the days of mid-summer Congresses are at an end. That sensitive organ of the human frame, the nose, will then dictate with unerring certainty the time for adjournment. The press of public business may at times intervene and plead continuance, but it will need the reinforcement of a large appropriation for cologne to give it effect. As a general thing the pungent odor of Africa reacting on the close air of the Representative Hall will promote a break-up about the first of June; and, while there may be a few patriots willing to hold their noses and hang on through the dog days, I venture the opinion that the number will always be a select minority. The day of adjournment is now a matter of guess; it will then be a thing of smell. You can scent it a week off. In this view of the case, which I stoutly assert is founded on a knowledge of human nature, inhaled through the nostrils, who can assert that African representation is an unmixed evil?"

LET THEM LAUGH WHO WIN.—The Philadelphia Press, in writing of the "Mormons" and the best way to overcome them, inclines to the opinion that ridicule would be more becoming and effective than cannon balls. It says:

"Better a huge social snicker from forty million nostrils than one cannon shot. Better a sarcastic contortion of the national face than a bayonet charge. Better a scornful, withering look, or a disdainful, crushing smile, an exterminating jeer, or a piece of annihilating ridicule, than whole battalions of armed men and trained horses."

We think so too. We should prefer ridicule to force; we have seen both tried, and both have been outlived by the "Mormons." The former is much easier to bear: it hurts nobody. We do not care who ridicules; we believe in the old saying, "Let him laugh who wins," and we are perfectly satisfied as to which side the laugh will be in the end.

REMEMBER OLD ROBERT.—Mr. Robert Carter, the veteran News carrier of this City, is seventy-two years old to-day, and is still as nimble, hale, and hearty as many who are much younger. Robert has asked us to give him a recommendation to public favor and support. We do so willingly, because we believe he is worthy of it. So far as we know he is a strictly honest man; he keeps a small news store on Second South Street, near, or next to the Revere House. He is far advanced into the sere and yellow leaf period, and although still, seemingly, as frisky as ever, he, of course, is too weak to perform the hard labor of former years. We therefore speak a kind word for Old Robert, and ask the public to remember his store and to extend to him a liberal share of their patronage and support.

The yolk of an egg, thoroughly mixed with a spoonful of spirits of turpentine, is recommended as a plaster for sore backs of horses. Cover with a soft oiled cloth, and in fly time anoint with oil.

A BIRTHDAY ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LADY.

Time! Time! there's another brief portion has fled,
And passed "railroad pace" o'er your now youthful head.
Time! Time! there's another brief portion begun,
Which down his "incline" you'll as rapidly run!

Oh Time! dear old Time! I well know 'twill be vain,
To ask you one moment with me to remain;
That is to stand still, while I whisper a word
In thine ear, which so many strange whisperers has heard.

So I'll e'en take your pace, for you must hear my lay,
For I wish you to smile on this highly prized day;
And remember, I've ever thy staunchest friend been,
Through each chance, and each change, of this world-shifting scene.

I gratefully own thou hast ever been kind,
And thy hand gently laid on my heart and my mind;
Thou hast done for me much that I ne'er can forget,
And thy lessons I'll hoard till my planet shall set.

People often exclaim with a yawn and a whine,
We must do "so and so" merely, just to kill time!

Now, of murders, but few can be greater than this,
To "catch time by the forelock" makes much of my bliss.

To give me one smile, while my cause I prefer,
'Tis to ask you to graciously smile upon her—
Whose birthday inspires this humble address,
Which—knowing your power, I ask you to bless.

Lay gently thy hand on her heart and her head,
Soothe the grief she may feel, dry the tear she may shed;
Let her future years peacefully glide down thy stream,
To Eternity's ocean, till past, is Life's dream.

From her cheek steal not rashly the roses' bright dye,
Nor dim the sweet lustre that brightens her eye;
Let her breast be the ark that shall shelter the dove,
Sweet emblem of peace, of bright joy and pure love.

Oh! Time! thou dost wonders, 'tis certainly true,
And we mortals are greatly indebted to you;
But smile as you will, you will very soon pass,
With your magical scythe, and your swift-running glass.

Then kindly and softly just whisper a word,
But still loud enough, that your warning is heard;
Let the maiden be told she must not always dream,
But reflect that Time glides down a swift rolling stream.

Or—as "railroads" and "lines" are her favorite theme,
We'll metaphorize that he travels "by steam;"
In a carriage—first class—coupled engines—full speed,
He rolls o'er a "line" which no art can impede.

And that seconds, and minutes, and hours and days,
Soon swell into years, and a long account raise,
And though rapid his motion, and transient his day;
He may raise an account we can never repay!

Teach her then to prepare for a forthcoming day,
When thou, Great Magician! must vanish away;
And thy Talisman shiver'd and broken display,
That thy spells and enchantments have gone to decay.

May she, then looking back, bid a cheerful adieu
To earth—as its baubles recede from her view;
And smiling on Time, as her eyelids shall close,
With a hope fix'd on Christ, for Eternal repose.

HANNAH T. KING.

Salt Lake City.

"Please, sir," said a little boy to a milk vender, "mamma says she don't like to buy milk of you."

"Why not; don't I give her good measure?"

"Yes, sir; but mamma says you feed your cows on such watery turnips!"

Z. C. M. I.

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S. L. City, Mar. 10, 1870.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!

HAVING been appointed by the Probate Court of Tooele County, administrators of the estate of Joseph Sidwell, deceased, late of Tooele City, we hereby give notice to all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to settle the same forthwith.

All persons having claims against said estate will present the same for settlement.

GEORGE W. BRYAN,

HUGH S. GOWANS,

Administrators,

Tooele City, March 10, 1870.

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