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Betsey Destroys the Paper.

SEQUEL TO "BETSEY AND I ARE OUT."

I've brought back the paper, lawyer, and fetched the parson here,
To see that things are regular, settled up fair and clear;
For I've been talking with Caleb, and Caleb has talked with me,
And the 'mount of it is we're minded to try once more to agree.

So I came here on the business—only a word to say,
(Caleb is staking pea-vines, and couldn't come to-day,)
Just to tell you and parson how that we've changed our mind;
So I'll tear up the paper, lawyer; you see it isn't signed.

And now if parson is ready, I'll walk with him toward home,
I want to thank him for some things; 'twas kind of him to come.
He's showed the Christian spirit, stood by us firm and true;
We mightn't have changed our mind, squire, if he'd been a lawyer too.

There!—How good the sun feels, and the grass and blowin' trees;
Something about them lawyers makes me feel fit to freeze,
I wasn't bound to state particulars to that man,
But it's right *you* should know, parson, about our change of plan.

We'd been some days a waverin' a little, Caleb and me,
And wished the hateful paper at the bottom of the sea;
But I guess 'twas the prayer last evening, and the few words you said,
That thawed the ice between us, and brought things to a head.

You see, when we came to division, there was things that wouldn't divide;
There was our twelve-year-old baby, she couldn't be satisfied
To go with one or the other, but just kept whimperin' low,
"I'll stay with papa and mamma, and where they go *I'll* go."

Then there was grandsire's Bible—he died on our wedding-day;
We couldn't halve the old Bible, and should it go or stay?
The sheets that was Caleb's mother's, her sampler on the wall,
With the sweet old names worked in—Tryphena and Eunice, and Paul.

began to be hard then, parson, but it grew harder still,
Talkin' of Caleb established down at McHenrysville;
Three dollars a week 'twould cost him; no mendin' nor sort of care,
And board at the Widow Meacham's, a woman that wears false hair.

Still we went on a talkin'; I agreed to knit some socks,
And make a dozen striped shirts, and a pair of wa'mus frocks;
And he was to cut a doorway from the kitchen to the shed;
"Save you climbing steps much, in frosty weather," he said.

He brought me the pen at last; I felt a sinkin', and he
Looked as he did with the agur, in the Spring of sixty-three.
'Twas then you dropped in, parson; 'twasn't much that was said,
"Little children, love one another," but the thing was killed stone dead.

I should like to make confession; not that I'm going to say
The fault was *all* on my side, that never was my way,
But it may be true that women—tho' how 'tis I can't see—
Are a trifle more aggravatin' than men know how to be.

Then, parson, the neighbors' meddlin'—it wasn't pourin' oil;
And the church a-laborin' with us, 'twas worse than wasted toil;
And I've thought, and so has Caleb, though maybe we are wrong,
If they'd kept to their own business, we should have got along.

There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a good man as we know,
But hadn't a gift of laborin' except with the scythe and hoe;
Then a load came over in peach time from the Wilbur neighborhood,
"Season of prayer," they called it; didn't do an atom of good.

I'll tell you about the heifer—one of the kindest and best—
That brother Ephriam gave me, the fall he moved out West;
I'm free to own it riled me that Caleb should think and say,
Silk died of convulsions—a cow that milked four gallons a day.

But I needn't have spoke of turnips, needn't have been so cross,
And said hard things, and hinted as if 'twas all *my* loss;
And I'll take it all back, parson; that fire shan't ever break out,
Though the cow was choked with a turnip, I never had a doubt.

Then there are p'ints of doctrine, and views of a future state,
I'm willing to stop discussin'; we can both afford to wait;
'Twont bring the millennium sooner, disputin' about when it's due,
Although I feel an assurance that mine's the Scriptural view.

But the blessedest truths of the Bible, I've learned to think, don't lie
In the texts we hunt with a candle to prove our doctrines by,
But them that come to us in sorrow, and when we're on our knees;
So if Caleb won't argue on free will, I'll leave alone the decrees.

One notion of Caleb's, parson, seems rather misty and dim;
I wish if it comes convenient, you'd change a word with him.
It don't quite stand to reason, and for gospel it isn't clear,
That folks love better in heaven for having quarreled here.

I've no such an expectation; why, parson, if that is so,
You needn't have worked so faithful to reconcile folks below.
I hold another opinion, and hold it straight and square,
If we can't be peaceable here, we won't be peaceable there.

But there's the request he made, you know it, parson, about
Bein' laid under the maples that his own hand set out,
And me to be laid beside him when my time come to go.
As if—as if—don't mind me; but 'twas that onstrung me so.

And now that some scales, as we think, have fallen from our eyes,
And things brought so to a crisis have made us both more wise,
Why, Caleb says, and so I say, till the Lord parts him and me,
We'll love each other better, and try our best to agree.

THE INSANE CAPTAIN.

Forty years ago, the bark Mary Burton, having shipped her cargo in New York, set sail with a favorable breeze for Liverpool. The dangers of the channel being past, the pilot left; and the captain, who had hitherto only paced the deck to see that the pilot's orders were promptly obeyed, resumed the command.

Captain Powell was a bachelor, in his best years of slender, but sinewy frame, with brown curly hair and blue eyes; a Scotchman by birth, and a smart sailor. He had sailed about all his life on the different seas of the globe, till at last he had settled down on the packet line between New York and Liverpool.

Crowded as the packet ships were on the voyage to America, they brought back but few to the old country, and on this occasion the Mary Burton carried only six passengers. Among these were Mrs. Ellis and Miss Ellis—a mother and daughter.

They were not unknown to Captain Powell. He had made their acquaintance in New York; being intimate with part of their family. He and Miss Ellis had frequently met at her uncle's house, where he became passionately attached to her, and proposed marriage. She, who had never encouraged him—in fact, had not known the nature of his liking for her—at once rejected him, candidly telling him that she was already engaged to another gentleman. So Captain Powell retired within himself, and said no more.

Mrs. Ellis, perhaps naturally, chose to go to England by the Mary Burton, as she knew (and liked) Captain Powell, rather than take ship with a stranger. He was well pleased that it should be so; and when they came on board received them warmly, insisting upon giving up his own stateroom exclusively for them. The young lady would have declined, but Mrs. Ellis, who loved comfort, accepted it at once. There was no other cabin in the ship so commodious as that.

The first two days the ladies never appeared at all, not even at meals—as is usual with those unaccustomed to the sea. The weather was very rough. On the third day the sea was calmer, and though there was still a stiff breeze, they succeeded in getting on deck.

"Well done, Mrs. Ellis," said the captain, hastening to meet them. "You are right to come up and get some fresh air. It is splendid weather, and if this breeze holds, I hope to see you, safe and sound, ashore in Liverpool in fourteen days. And are you comfortably settled in your cabin, Miss Kate?"

"Much more so than we could expect," replied the young girl. "I only regret that our comfort should be at the expense of yours."

"Do not mention it," said Captain Powell, and a slight color spread over his usually pale face. "Heaven knows how thankful I should be to think you feel yourself at home on my vessel."

"You are very kind, dear captain," said the mother; "very." For her daughter, instead of answering, turned abruptly away, and became absorbed in watching the gulls.

After this, though the weather was still pleasant, she did not make her appearance for two days. Mrs. Ellis had a headache, it was said, and needed rest. The third day the young lady came up again; and the deck happened to be clear of all save the master and steersman. Captain Powell went to her, and held out his hand, reproach pervading every tone of his voice.

"How could you hide yourself from us so long, Kate? You have no idea how long the time has seemed to me."

"I have not felt well," said Miss Ellis. "I am only come now for a little fresh air."

"Are you going to make the voyage across in your stateroom?" asked the captain, in a low tone. "I was thinking how many happy hours we should spend together on deck here."

"There is still a long voyage before us," replied she, evidently ill at ease.

"But how soon will the days pass! and who can tell how long we shall have this pleasant weather? Storm and rain will frighten you down, while I shall have to do my duty up here. Don't be cruel, Miss Ellis. You do not know——" He broke out suddenly, and Kate looked at him in terror, with so strangely violent and hoarse a voice were the last words spoken. His appearance, also, was altered; his face was deathly pale; his eyes had turned red, as if they were bloodshot. As though he himself were aware of this, he turned from her abruptly and walked to the other side of the deck.

The young girl no longer felt safe with this strange man; his behavior struck her with a chill, hardly to be accounted for. Trembling from head to foot, she went below to her mother.

"What is the matter, child?" cried Mrs. Ellis in fright. "How pale you are! Can't you hear the rolling of the ship yet?"

"Oh, mother!" sighed Kate, "it is not that. I wish you had granted my request, and waited for another vessel. I was so afraid of this."

"Foolish child! another would have rolled just as much as this."

"It is not that, I say, mother. You know that in New York—you know what passed. That Captain Powell proposed to me."

"And very good taste of him, too," returned Mrs. Ellis, complacently looking at her pretty daughter. "What of that? You told him that you were engaged; and there the matter ended."

"Yes, that ought to have ended it. I thought it did. But his behavior seems so strange to-day that I am afraid of him. Never leave me alone on deck, mother; mind that. The voyage will be over some time."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Ellis. "Captain Powell is a gentleman; and if he is pleased with your pretty face, that is nothing uncommon. He has shown his good feeling towards us."

"And placed us under an obligation to him."

"Stuff!" returned Mrs. Ellis. "It makes him happy to know we are comfortable, and that is all the thanks he wants. Besides, we are not the only passengers."

Kate Ellis answered nothing, but as she looked dreamily out of the port-hole, the image of the pale, excited man, with his glowing eyes, was still before her, and she could not banish it. From this time she kept close by her mother.

Changes came in the weather. A day or two of calm was succeeded by a gale. Fiercer and fiercer grew the storm, until the bark was compelled to lie-to. During this period the two ladies remained in their roomy cabin, and the captain kept his post on deck, defended from the rain by his macintosh and sou'-wester. The first mate busied himself watching the steady fall of the barometer, and the sailors, now altogether free from work, collected to smoke on the spars under lee of the longboat.

They were talking in an undertone about the captain. His conduct had excited their attention, and was puzzling them.

"Well, I can't think what it is he has got in the wind," observed the sailmaker. "He is quite a different man since the last voyage."

"He has no rest," said another. "Day and night he's on deck, always pacing up and down, as if he were paid by the mile. And he eats no more than a bird—only keeps to his grog."

"Well, we may take some comfort in that," cried another. "That's always a good sign."

"I think," said the sailmaker, "he is vexed that he gave up his room to the women. He feels now like a lubberly passenger."

"Taint that; I've knowed him to do it afore," cried the boatswain, who had been a good while in the ship. "The skipper were always polite to'ard the ladies."

"Well, any way, he has got summat queer on him," returned the sailmaker. And this was the conclusion arrived at by all the men.

The calm gave place again to storm, necessitating constant attention to the ship. After a three days' severe gale the weather cleared, and the captain went below for rest. When he appeared again he was very stern and silent, speaking to none. The wind went round to the southwest, so as to be dead ahead, and the vessel had to take a northerly course.

But even the passengers could not help noticing that the captain was more changed from day to day. His face had assumed an unnatural whiteness, his eyes shone with peculiar fire, and yet a rough word never crossed his lips. Kate Ellis herself had lost her fear of him, and felt grieved that she had done him injustice. She now often came on deck alone, either to read or to watch the changeful play of the waves. He seldom spoke to her, and then only on indifferent subjects; but even on these occasions he usually broke off suddenly and went below, as though he were doing violence to himself in speaking at all.

It should have been mentioned that at this time the chief mate was sick. A violent fever seized him immediately after the close of the three days' gale, and he had been confined to his berth since. The captain and second mate shared the watches between them.

The Mary Burton, detained by the bad weather, had already been twenty-one days at sea; the passengers were beginning to get impatient, and wanted much to know of their whereabouts. But to inquiries on this point, the second mate, a young inexperienced seaman, could not give them an answer, and the captain apparently would not. There was only one expedient. Captain Powell had always shown himself so amiable towards the young lady—the only young lady on board—that it was thought if she were to ask him directly, he would not refuse her the information. Miss Ellis was strongly urged to make the attempt, and consented—she herself being anxious to know how soon they would reach their destination. When she came next morning on deck, and found the captain as usual pacing the starboard side of the quarter-deck, she went up to him with a pleasant smile.

"How is it, Captain Powell?" she asked. "Shall we soon see land? Or is there yet no hope of it?"

"Are you already tired of us?" returned the captain, a melancholy expression on his drawn-in-lips. "Are you in need of anything?"

"Certainly not," replied Kate. "You have cared for us so well, that we can scarcely miss our usual land comforts so much as you do yours. But yet——"

"But, notwithstanding, you want to leave the poor ship as soon as possible?"

"You won't blame a passenger for that," said Kate, smiling. "Salt water is not our element; I am afraid even of those little waves when I think how soon they may grow into fearful giants."

But the question remained unsatisfied, for the captain did not answer it. Miss Ellis ventured to ask again.

"Whereabouts are we now, captain? I hope it is no secret. Please tell us—for we land-folks understand nothing ourselves. One wave looks like another; and to me the stars seem to stand in just the same places as they did in New York."

"You know I would do all in my power to please you, but I cannot alter the wind, and it is dead ahead," said the captain then. "You must resign yourself to put up with our ship's fare a little longer. I cannot help it, Miss Kate."

"But in what direction are we sailing now?"

"Up to the north."

"Then we shall come into the Polar Sea. When I was a child I always had a longing to visit those regions where in summer the sun never sets. It must seem very wonderful. Have you been there, Captain Powell?"

"Yes," answered Powell, casting his eyes dreamily around. "Wonderful indeed that endless day, where there are no nights—no dreadful nights. I wish I was there—*and you with me*," he added, in a scarcely audible whisper.

Kate Ellis was startled. The last words had not escaped her quick ears.

"Kate," said he, suddenly seizing the girl's hand," answer me one question. You wished just now to know where we are; let me first hear from you where *I* am, and whether there is the smallest hope left for me that a fair breeze will again fill my sails and blow me into port?"

"I do not understand you, Captain Powell," said Kate, trying to take her hand away. But he would not let her; he continued to hold it while he spoke, his voice hoarse with agitation.

"Do not evade me longer—not now, at least—and be assured from this moment I will not disturb you with a single word. Tell me only this one thing—is it really true that you are now hastening to the arms of a *bridegroom?* Your mother says it is. Is it true that he is waiting impatiently for you in England?—that this ship is bearing you to him?"

For a moment Kate Ellis's face was as white as his. And then she rallied her courage to avow the simple truth, deeming that it might put an end to the trouble for once and all.

"It is quite true, Captain Powell. I am soon to be married to Mr. Otterson; I think you know him. You were told this in New York."

"But I could not *believe* it," he answered with strange emotion. "I—I could not think that I stood at the gates of Heaven only to see them closed against me."

"Captain Powell."

He flung away her hand, and looked at her. She looked back at him. Trembling though she was with dismay, she did not shrink from what she had said.

"It is well, Miss Ellis," said he, calmly drawing his pea-coat closer about him, as though he felt cold. "I thank you, at least, that you have been straightforward with me. I shall keep my promise. I will not trouble you with any further questions."

"And will you now answer me?" she yet gained courage to say. When shall we reach our destination?"

"Soon, Miss Ellis—soon. You will see I shall not delay. I can't control the winds you know; but—I am in a hurry myself—leave it to me."

With his eyes fixed on her, he raised his oilskin hat and went below. There was something very strange about him; Kate could but see it. In half an hour, during which time he had brooded over his chart, he was on deck again and gave orders to set the top-gallant sails.

This was soon done. But the Mary Burton could not keep the same course with her upper sails set. She now stood exactly north-north-east.

Some of the passengers noticed the change, and supposed that it indicated that the captain, having been driven too much to the south, was about to take the channel round the north instead of the channel south of Ireland. This hypothesis caused great joy among the passengers, and several bottles of wine were brought from private stores to celebrate the occasion. But the commander was gloomier than before, and would take no part in the conviviality.

The second mate shook his head over this new course; it was not at all clear to him. But he was an ignorant fellow, as was already said, and careless as well. The chief mate remained very ill.

As the days went on, the wind became more and more favorable. They might now have sailed due east, but the yards were squared, and the bark still held her northerly course. One of the passengers, an American land agent, had some experience in navigation, having once taken charge of a coasting schooner from Boston to New Orleans. After a while he became exceedingly dissatisfied with this continued progress towards the north, which brought them no nearer their destination. One night he noticed the polar star higher in the heavens than he had ever seen it before. The nights also began to be extremely cold. They must have already gone far north. The matter began to look suspicious. He did not understand the captain; but it was time that something should be done.

The next day when it was the captain's watch on deck, he went stealthily to the mate's berth. The chief officer had now recovered consciousness, and the fever was gone; but he was very weak.

"A word in confidence, Mr. Mate," began the American. "Do you know in what latitude we are?"

"No; I've lost my reckoning," was the feeble answer. "How's her head?"

"North-north-east, yards almost squared, and studding sails to leeward."

"Then we must be sailing along the Irish coast, and through the North Channel."

"But this is the eleventh day we have kept this course."

"The eleventh day!" cried the astonished sailor, excitement enabling him to leap out of his berth.

"There is something wrong with the captain; I'm sure of it," whispered the passenger, anxiously. "Take no notice. Be on deck at noon, and see that you get an observation."

The mate was very weak, but he crept out to the second mate to get his log-book; and learned that the captain had kept it since the illness of the first officer. This was not quite regular. He went to the captain's room, but the door was locked and the key gone.

At noon the sun was perfectly clear; and the mate, taking his sextant, got on deck, and posted himself in the forecastle. The captain did not notice him but took his own observations from the quarter-deck, and then, giving the order to strike eight bells, went below. The mate went below also; and while he was making out his reckoning the cook came to him.

"I am glad to see you on your legs again, sir," he said in a low tone. "I don't know where we are going; but this is certain—we shall soon see some grizzly bears. And we shall need them for provisions, for ours are nearly gone."

"What are the crew saying about it?" questioned the officer.

"They say I must make tight the old bread casks; they will be wanted for blubber, since Captain Powell is certainly going a whaling," was the cook's answer; and he quietly stole away again. The mate finished his reckoning, and then consulted his chart.

A short while, and the captain was pacing the deck again. The mate came on. He looked at the compass, at the studding-sails, and then approached the captain, speaking in a whisper.

"For heaven's sake, Captain Powell, where are we sailing to?"

"Don't give yourself any trouble," was the cool reply; "the bark is in good hands. We went too far to the south."

"But to-day at noon we were in sixty-four degrees north latitude, and this evening we must pass the line of the North Cape in Iceland. Where is it you are going sir?"

"Mr. Metsam," said the captain, coldly, "I have the management of this vessel. I beg you will not trouble yourself with things that do not concern you."

"But, Captain Powell, I must trouble myself; our supplies are running short. Remember, we carry passengers, sir, and must keep our time in Liverpool."

"Let me advise you to go back to your berth," was the command. "*I* take responsibility of the navigation. Do you understand."

"What is our longitude, Capt. Powell?"

"Leave the reckoning to me, till you are perfectly well, said Mr. Metsam. You are not yourself yet."

The mate noticed the altered appearance of his superior, and saw that *he* was not himself. What to do he did not know; he was bitterly perplexed. Too much prostrated by sickness to act energetically—perhaps to *think* so, he lets things be, believing there was no immediate cause for action. It is a serious thing to interfere with the commander of a vessel.

The wind went round more to the south, but the bark held the same course, now with studding-sails on both sides. The crew were getting dissatisfied. They had no objections to a long voyage; it increased their pay; but they had no desire for a trip to the Arctic regions without suitable clothing, or apparatus for taking seals. Once more the mate entreated the captain to put the ship about; but the latter threatened to order him into irons.

The passengers became seriously alarmed. A suspicion came upon them for the first time, that Captain Powell was insane. A deputation went to the first officer, and delivered over to him the charge of the vessel.

Mr. Metsam went on deck, and assured himself that the time for action had come. He ordered the crew aft, and inquired if they were willing to obey him.

"Sir," said the carpenter, speaking for the rest, "it is high time you took the command. There are icebergs ahead."

"Well, then, my men, in with the studding-sails."

The crew went to work with a will very rapidly the ship was put about so that she headed S., S. E. by East. But the tacking caused loud stir and noise, and Captain Powell rushed on deck.

"Who ordered the ship about?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

Mr. Metsam answered at once, in a calm tone, hoping to soothe him. He felt convinced of his madness.

"I did sir—without troubling you.—There were icebergs ahead and we have nothing to do in sixty-nine degrees north latitude."

This brought the climax. "Rebellion! Mutiny!" hissed the poor madman; and drawing a pistol from his pocket, fired it off. The mate felt a sharp pain in his side, and Captain Powell was overpowered.

Fortunately the wound was not a serious one, and Mr. Metsam was able to take full charge of the ship. Their position was near the coast of Greenland. Captain Powell had steered direct for the Polar Seas.

The next day a strong northwest wind set in, which drove the icebergs to the south. But the good ship ran before the wind; and nine days later they sighted the Faroe Islands. From this point they had a long voyage, and were detained by a violent storm on the Scotch coast.

Finally, after a run of sixty-two days in all, provisions and water all gone, they reached Liverpool in safety, where the ship had been given up for lost. Miss Ellis found her lover, shortly to be her husband, waiting for her; and all on board were thankful to have come off no worse.

Captain Powell never recovered his sanity. His passionate love for the young lady, combined with his rejection, acting on a not well-balanced mind, had indeed driven him mad. He died in an asylum not long afterwards. And when the good ship sailed out of port again, Mr. Metsam was in command.

Texas as Horace Greeley Sees it.

As to the soil of Texas, says Horace Greeley: I have seen a few acres that would not yield good crops to good cultivation; but this is expected of a prairie country. Some of the pine-covered lands, especially near the Gulf, seem but moderately fertile; a part of the upland "Oak-openings" only a little better. On the other hand, the river bottoms, especially those of the Brassos, are very fertile, as annually overflowed intervales are apt to be. Here, however, the inundations are frequent and of enormous extent, so that I judge the intervales of the Trinity, Brassos, Colorado, &c., deeper and richer than those of the Connecticut, Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna or Potomac ever were or could be. I never saw better soil than the Brassos bottoms.

I was more surprised, however, by the remarkable fertility of the rolling prairies, especially those of Washington County, on either side of Burnham, its capital. These have been twenty to thirty years planted to corn or cotton, never manured, and cultivated so shallowly that every wave sweeps off thousands of tons of their soil to be borne into the Gulf by the Brassos or squandered upon its intervales. Yet these prairies still sustain and mature bounteous harvests; and no wonder, since their black mould ranges from two to five feet in depth. Mellow, dry, breezy, healthful, I do not see how these lands could be made more inviting.

The level prairies are of good quality, though not equal in the average to those just spoken of. They may average a foot of dark mould, generally over-lying clay. They are mainly left in a state of nature and devoted to the rearing of cattle, which are sold at three or four years old for $10 to $20 per head to drovers or packers. Tens of thousands in good condition have been slaughtered for their hides and tallow—the flesh after yielding all its tallow, being fed to swine. This, I trust, is ended; it certainly will be when the first railroad shall have connected the valley of the lower Colorado with that of the Missouri or the Ohio. As yet, the State is full of cattle, and will be for a few years longer; but they must ultimately give place to tillage. Whenever lands devoid of stump or stone, equal to those of the Connecticut valley, and within four days by rail of New York shall be worth $5 per acre, these prairies will be gradually inclosed, broken up by the steam plow, surface drained by gigantic machines, and cultivated for corn, cotton, wheat or some choice grass, and then cattle will gradually disappear, or be reared in some more civilized fashion. At present, they simply hold the ground till cultivation shall be ready to claim it.

The Vendome Column.—The *Patrie* gives interesting facts in regard to the recently demolished Vendome column. It was made with the bronze of 1,200 cannon captured from the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians. It was begun on the 29th of August, 1806, and finished in 1810, under the direction of the architects Denon, Lepere, and Ganduin. Its total weight was about 600,000 lbs. The expenses for its construction were: Melting the bronze, 154,837 francs; weighing the same, 450 francs; chiselling, 257,210 francs; the statue by Chandet, 13,000 francs; sculptured cornices, 39,115 francs; general designs, 11,400 francs; masons, locksmiths, carpenters, and plumbers, 601,970 francs; architect, 50,000 francs; 251,367 kilogrammes of bronze, 1,005,468 francs; total, 2,352,468 francs. Ure's Dictionary of Arts, under the article on bronze, says the founder of the column was so unskilful in melting the bronze that he had gone on progressively refining his alloy till he had exhausted the copper, and he then worked up the refuse scoriæ in the upper part of the column."

The Tehuantepec Canal.—Captain Schufeldt is now about to prepare his report on the Tehuantepec Canal. He will report on a route 100 miles long, with a summit level of 800 feet, and requiring seventy locks on either side. The Canal would be 20 feet deep, and from 170 to 200 feet broad. He estimates the cost at $100,000,000. The Darien Canal is now regarded as impracticable and attention turns again to this route. Before it can be made effective, however, important treaty-stipulations must be made with Mexico, so as to secure American rights on the Canal. After Captain Schufeldt makes his report, it is understood that he will proceed to make a survey of the Nicaragua route.

Louis Aytes, an operative in the Amoskeag Corporation, at Manchester, N. H., shot his wife three times killing her. He afterward shot himself, but may recover. Jealousy was the cause.

Narrow Gauge Railroads.

Considerable interest is now being manifested in the United States on a system of narrow gauge railroads. The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, which is meant to run along the plateau of the Rocky Mountains from Denver to El Paso, a distance of 850 miles, is to have a guage of two feet nine inches, and it is probable that other traversed roads, cutting the great Pacific lines that run east and west, will also be constructed in a corresponding scale.

It is not generally known that roads of extremely narrow gauge have been in use during the past years, and have thus supplied the practical data for judging the utility of their general introduction. Among the Welsh mountains there is a line of railway, the gauge of which is but one foot, eleven and a half inches. It runs from the slate quarries in the Festiniog Vailey to Port Madoc, on Cardigan Bay. The rails used weigh but ten pounds to the running foot, and the engines weigh seven tons. The passenger-cars are ten feet long, five feet wide, and carry twelve passengers. The freight-cars carry three tons each. Trains over one thousand feet long are run on this little road at a speed of twenty miles an hour, although there are curves of radii under 135 feet, and grades of 70 feet to the mile. It is declared that the experiment has proved a success in every sense.

In the Broilthal, joining the Cologne and Giessen road, there is another narrow-gauge line, the prosperity of which is teaching a similar lesson. Its gauge is two feet seven inches, it has curves of 124 feet radius, and also 70 feet of rise to the mile. The weight of the rails average eight pounds to the foot. The engines weigh twelve and a half tons, and haul thirty-six cars, each loaded with five tons. About $4,500 covers the cost of the locomotives, and $500 that of the cars. The cost of the line, per mile, including rolling stock, is set down at $8,000. There are lines of road in construction or in use in the mining districts of Pennsylvania of slightly narrower gauge than this—that is to say, of two feet six inches—on which engines of less than eight tons are used, and which safely run twenty miles an hour, on grades and curves that ten years ago would have been pronounced impracticable.

A Strange Case.

A New York paper says that a few weeks ago, Major-General Charles Mundee, left his home in Tallahassee, Florida, to attend the reunion of the Army of the Potomac, at Boston. After the reunion he returned to New York and called on Gens. Wright, Newtown, and Hamilton, who had been his former companions in arms. He was at that time very finely dressed, but was unusually pale and nervous. Upon leaving his friends he went to the low drinking den, No. 110 West st., and bought a partnership interest for $250. He went there regularly each day, taking no part in the business of the shop, but sitting quietly behind the bar. The whole transaction occurred without the knowledge of his friends, who supposed he had returned home. On Friday three men entered the saloon and were waited on by the partner of Gen. Mundee. After quiting one of them declared that he had been robbed, went out for an officer, and had the barkeeper arrested. The following morning Mundee was also arrested on a charge of grand larceny and conducted to the Tombs. About 8 o'clock that night he was seized with convulsions, and died within two hours.

The deceased was a man of great wealth and high standing, and had been an officer in the Regular Army of the United States for 20 years. His friends can account for his conduct only on the ground that he was insane. Gen. Hamilton declares that while with him in the army he was never an intemperate man, and was always highly esteemed by his fellow officers. He was 44 years of age, and leaves a wife and six children. When his friends saw the body at the Tombs it was clothed in very coarse garments, and a ring had been stolen from the hand. The remains were taken in charge by Gens. Newton, Wright, Shaler and Hamilton, and forwarded to Tallahassee.

Scientific Explorations.

Among the United States government explorations to be prosecuted during the present year, we should not omit to mention that of the Lake Survey under the Engineer Bureau. This work has been in progress for a number of years, and in the reliability of the observations and the beauty of the maps published occupies the very first rank. The work at present is under the charge of General C. B. Comstock, and will be carried on in several localities simultaneously. The survey of Lake St. Clair, which was nearly finished last year, will be completed the present season; and the party, on finishing it, will then proceed to the St. Lawrence River, in the neighborhood of Ogdensburg, and there carry on their labors. Both shores of Lake Michigan will be surveyed during the season, commencing at Sheboygan on the eastern shore, and at a point north of Grand Haven on the western. It is expected the whole will be completed as far south as Kenosha before the operations are interrupted for the winter. Triangulations will be conducted along Lake Michigan between Green Bay and Milwaukee. In addition to the hydrographical and surveying work prosecuted by these parties great attention is paid to securing reliable data in regard to the meteorology of the country, with the special view of determining the average conditions of the rain-fall and other phenomena. The data already collected have been of great value, and have done much toward supplying accurate information.

In dressing for photographs, dark brown, dark green, maroon, and plain black goods, without gloss, will take a rich drab color. Silks of the same color will take considerable lighter. Snuff brown, dark leather, dark drab, scarlet, cherry, dark orange, crimson, and slate will also take a rich drab color. Violet, blue, purple, pink, and magenta, will take very light, and should be avoided. The hair should not be very wet or glossy.

An honest employment is the best inheritance that can fall to any one.

Asleep.

Sound sleep—no sigh can reach
Him who dreams the heavenly dream;
Not to-morrow's silver speech
Wake him with an earthly theme.
Summer rains relentlessly
Patter where his head doth lie;
There the wild fern and the brake
All their summer leisure take;
Violets, blinded with the dew,
Perfume lend to the sad rue—
Till the day breaks fair and clear,
And no shadow doth appear.
—*Mary N. Prescott.*

Facts and Fancies.

The best receipt for a clear complexion—A clear conscience.

A Terre Haute lady of 29 is living with her fourth husband.

Begin life with but little show; you may increase it afterwards.

The waiter is an irresistible person; he carries everything before him.

A new German cantatrice has come out in Berlin who weighs 315 lbs.

The books in the library of the British museum occupy twelve miles of shelving.

The next Methodist General Conference meets in May, 1872, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Iowa has planted a corn crop to raise 100,000,000 bushels. All that remains is to raise and harvest it.

Black, gray, and brown straw hats and bonnets are preferred to the white dunstable or the chip hats.

How to make a thin baby fat—Throw it from a thrid-story window, and it's sure to come down plump.

The most fashionable dresses are made without belt or sash, the upper skirt and waist being cut in one piece.

All the Summer dresses are trimmed with bows of silk or satin on the flounces and to loop up the overskirt.

A new style of sleeve-buttons are made to open, thus forming a locket large enough to contain a likeness.

A Pottsville justice has sent a man to jail for eight months for soiling a lady's dress by spitting tobacco juice on it.

A young doctor being recently asked to dance the "Lancers," said he was much more able to lance the dancers.

Black cashmere sacks, trimmed with gold and silver braid, or silver and blue or red, are very much used for riding.

Leisure is a very pleasant garment to look at, but it is a very bad one to wear. The ruin of millions may be traced to it.

Dr. Livingstone has not gone to Lijijijijiji, as was reported. The latest news from him states that he was at Txyxyxy.

A great Methodist Camp meeting is to be held at Salt Lake City, where tents will be pitched to cover ten thousand people.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common suffering is a far stronger link than common joy.

A dress was recently made by a fashionable modiste in New York which was ornamented with three hundred and forty-two bows.

Long dresses for evening wear are made with the court train, but for house, dresses are flounced half-way up the skirt, with no overdress.

The *True Kentuckian* says there is an apple-tree in Bourbun county which measures thirteen feet in circumference five feet from the ground.

The Mayor of Washington discharged a servant girl the other day, and the spirited young woman set his house on fire the very next night.

The snail stands a chance for the toothache. Somebody says he has 110 rows of teeth, with 111 on each row, or 12,210.

A woman has just recovered five thousand dollars from a Boston Horse Railroad Company for injuries sustained while a passenger on its cars.

Silk skirts are now trimmed with ruffles of the same material of the overdress, which is prettier than if it were all of the color of the overdress.

"Why did he not die?" is the title of a new novel. We have not read the conundrum, but believe the answer to be—Because he refused to take his medicine.

A Chinese photographer in San Francisco being upbraided by a lady customer because the pictures didn't suit her, briefly replied: "No half handsome; how can?"

The agricultural society of Bresslau, Germany, offers a prize of $700 in gold for the steam plow apparatus which will work best at trials to be made on farms that city this summer.

A woman in jail at Hudson came near committing suicide by cutting a vein in her arm with her thumb nail. Only for the accidental discovery of her condition, she would have bled to death.

A recent writer says that the fences of the United States have cost more than all the craft that float in our waters, salt or fresh; more, indeed, than any other class of property except railroads.

A beautiful and accomplished lady has opened a shoe store in Philadelphia. All her beautiful and accomplished clerks wear fancy little leather aprons, which are irresistible sweet and touching.

Young ladies had all better stop wearing French heels. "They make our feet look pretty"—do they? and the surgical operations they often necessitate will make them feel pretty, too.

A young German at Omaha recently attempted suicide curiously by washing his face and then twisting himself up so tightly in the roller towel that his purpose would have been soon effected but for prompt discovery.

Mrs. Livermore publicly stated in Boston, that she was sometimes astonished at herself for being able, after what she knew, to meet men and treat them politely; to go up to the State House, watch the meanderings of the Legislature, and not hiss like a goose.

Mr. G, was a most inveterate punster. Lying very ill of cholera, his nurse proposed to prepare a young tender chicken. "Hadn't you better take an old hen," said G. in a low wisper,—he was to ill to speak louder—"for she would be more apt to lay on my stomach."

A young fellow, who had been married for a twelvemonth, said it was all sunshine. The next twelvemonth was all moonshine, and the latter period of his matrimonial career was without shine at all except when his better half took it into her head to "kick up a shine!"

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