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EATON WEEKLY DEMOCRAT.

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"What the Engines Said on the Completion of the Pacific Railroad."

What was it the engines said,
Pilots touching—head to head,
Facing on Sierra track,
Half a world behind each back?
This is what the engines said,
Unreported and unread!

With a prefatory screech,
In a fluid Western speech,
Said the engine from the West:
"I am from Sierra's crest;
And if all this side's as fast,
Why, I reckon it's confessed
That I've done my level best."

Said the engine from the East:
"They who work best talk the least.
S'pose you whistle down your brakes;
What you've done is no great shakes—
Pretty fair—but let our meeting
Be a different kind of greeting.
Let those folks with champagne stuffing,
Not the engines, do the puffing.

"Listen! Where Atlantic beats
Shores of snow and summer heats;
Where the Indian autumn skies
Paint the woods with wampum dyes,
I have chased the flying sun,
Seeing all he looked upon,
Blessing all that he has blest,
Nursing in my iron breast
All his vivifying heat,
All his climate—all his meat!
And before my flying feet
Were the valleys made to meet."

Said the Western engine, "Pluck
And a long, low whistle blew—
"Odzooks! really, that's the oddest
Talk for one so modest!
You don't suppose we don't know
Where I drag the freight to go?
All the way the sun goes down
Plain through the darkest way
And the sun you follow daily
Rises in my boilerplate.
Leaves it on the Pacific
Length, my friend, ain't long enough."

Said the Union—"Don't retort, gents
All run on one track, I reckon."
Said the Central: "The Pacific
But, when all is said and reckoned,
Yet to-day we will not quarrel
Just to show these folks the moral
How two engines, in their vision,
Once have met without collision."

That is what the engines said,
Unreported and unread,
Human slightly through the noise,
With a whistle at the close.

Bret Harte.

A FREAK OF FORTUNE.

Samuel Duhobret was a disciple of the famous engraver, Albert Durer, admitted into the art school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs and the coarse tapestry then used in Germany. As he was about forty years of age, small, ugly, and hump-backed, he was the butt of ill jokes among his fellow pupils, and selected as a special object of dislike by Madame Durer, who tormented the scholars and domestics, as well as the master, by her Xantippical temper. Poor Duhobret had not a spice of malice in his heart, and not only bore all his trials with patience, but eating without complaint the scanty crusts given him for dinner, while his companions fared better, always showed himself ready to assist and serve those who scoff at him. His industry was indefatigable. He came to his studies each morning at daybreak, and worked till sunset. During three years, he plodded thus, and said nothing of the paintings he produced in his lonely chamber by the light of his lamp. His teacher encouraged under necessary toil. No one cared enough for him to notice the feverish color in his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing meagreness of his mis-shapen frame. No one observed that the poor pittance set aside for his midday meal remained untouched for several days. The poor artist made his appearance as usual, and as meekly bore the gibes of the students or the taunts of the lady working with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands trembled and his eyes were often suffused with tears.

One morning he was missing from the scene of his labors, and, though jokes were passed about his disappearance, no one thought of going to his lodgings to see if he were ill or dead. He was indeed prostrated by the low fever that had been lurking in his veins and slowly sapping his strength. He was half delirious and muttered wild and incoherent words, fancying his bed surrounded by mocking demons, taunting him with his inability to call a priest to administer the words of comfort that might soothe his passage to another world.

From exhausted slumbers he awoke faint and with parched lips; it was the fifth day he had lain in his cell neglected. Feebly he stretched out his hands toward the earthern pitcher, and found that it contained not a drop of water. Slowly and with difficulty he arose; for he knew that he must procure sustenance or die of want. He had not a kreutzer. He went to the other end of the room, took up the picture he had painted last, and resolved to carry it to a dealer, who might give him for it enough to furnish him necessaries for a week longer.

On his way he passed a house before which there was a great crowd. There was to be a sale, he learned, of many specimens of art collected during thirty years by an amateur. The wearied Duhobret thought he might here find a market for his picture. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and found the auctioneer, a busy man, holding a handful of papers and inclined to be rough with the lean, sallow hunchback who so eagerly implored his attention.

"What do you call this picture?" he asked.

"It is a view of the Abbey of New Lourg, with the village and landscape," replied the trembling artist.

The auctioneer looked at him, hummed contemptuously, and asked the price.

"Whatever you please—whatever it will bring," was the anxious reply.

"Hem!"—with an unfavorable criticism—"I can promise you no more than three thalers."

Poor Duhobret had spent the nights of many months on that piece. But he was starving, and the pittance offered would buy him bread. He nodded to the auctioneer and retired to a corner.

After many paintings and engravings had been sold, Duhobret's was exhibited. "Who bids? Three thalers? Who bids?" was the cry. The poor artist held his breath; no response was heard. Suppose it should not find a purchaser? He dared not look up; he thought everybody was laughing at the folly of offering so worthless a piece at public sale. "It is certainly my best work!" he murmured piteously to himself. He ventured to glance at the picture as the auctioneer held it in a favorable light. There was certainly a beautiful freshness in the rich foliage, a transparency in the water, a freedom and life in the animals. The steeple, the trees, the whole landscape, showing the genius of an artist. Alas! He felt the last throb of an artist's vanity. The dead silence continued, and, turning away, he buried his face in his hands.

"Four hundred thalers!" a faint voice called out. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy, and looked to see who had uttered those blessed words. It was the picture dealer to whom he was first to go.

"Fifty thalers!" cried the sonorous voice of a tall man in black.

There was a moment's silence. "One hundred thalers!" at length cried the picture dealer, evidently piqued and anxious.

"Two hundred!"

"Three hundred!"

"Four hundred!"

"One thousand thalers!"

Another profound silence; and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite to each other with flushed and angry faces.

The tall stranger bid fifteen hundred thalers.

"Two thousand thalers!" thundered the picture-dealer, glancing around him triumphantly.

"Ten thousand," vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clinched convulsively.

The dealer grew pale, his frame shook with agitation. His voice was suffocated; but after two or three efforts he cried out:

"Twenty thousand!"

His tall opponent bid forty thousand. The dealer hesitated. His adversary laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and the crowd gave a murmur of admiration. The picture dealer felt his reputation at stake, and called out in sheer desperation—

"Fifty thousand!"

The tall man hesitated; the crowd was breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted:

"One hundred thousand!" adding an impatient execration against his adversary. The crestfallen picture dealer withdrew. The tall visitor bore away the prize. He passed through the wondering people, went out, and was going along the street, when a decrepit, lame, humpbacked wretch, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. The stranger threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as if dispensing with thanks.

"May it please your honor," persisted the supposed beggar, "I am the painter of that picture." He rubbed his eyes, for he had hardly yet been able to persuade himself that he had not been dreaming.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsbach, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped and questioned the bystanders. Being convinced of the truth of the statement, he took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines.

"Take it, friend," he said. "It's the check for your money. Good morning."

Duhobret invested his money, and resolved to live luxuriantly for the rest of his life, cultivating painting as a pastime. But though he had borne privation and toil, prosperity was too much for him. Indigestion carried him off. His picture had an honored place in the cabinet of Duke Dunkelsbach, and the curious incident of its purchase was often related. It afterward passed into the possession of the King of Bavaria.—*Catholic World.*

GERMAN EXPLORATIONS IN GREENLAND.—Our readers will remember that the German exploring expedition which went out in 1860 for the purpose of Arctic discovery has lately returned home, the sailing vessel of the expedition having been wrecked on the coast of Greenland, her entire crew, however, being saved. The steamer returned in good condition. Enough of the results of the expedition have been published to furnish the means of judging, to some extent, of the advantages secured, which are thought to be of great interest; not the least being the acquisition of a foothold of property in the north, possession having been taken of a previously unoccupied portion of the coast of Greenland extending for about thirty German miles, on from latitude 75° to latitude 77°. An apology is made for the absence of any considerable amount of actual discovery, on account of the excessive rigor of the winds, this being very much greater than that experienced in the neighboring regions during the previous explorations on the part of English vessels. The portion of Greenland explored by this expedition is characterized by a very deep fiord, the head of which was not reached in a distance of over eighty miles; and it is thought to be not impossible that it extended all the way across to the water on the opposite side.

The most interesting feature of the land, however, was the occurrence of extensive meadows, starred with flowers, with butterflies and bees playing about them, and having large herds grazing near by of reindeer and musk-oxen. The lowest temperature experienced was about 58° Fahr., this occurring on the 21st of February, 1870. The wind was found to be of extraordinary severity, Robinson's anemometer indicating a rate of velocity of sixty-seven miles in the hour, which, it was believed, would render sledging parties entirely impracticable. The auroral light, to the surprise of the beholders, who expected to see it in the west or southwest, was actually in the southeast.

Among the geological discoveries were beds of brown coal, and numerous fossil remains. Deep-sea soundings were made, and collections taken from a depth of 1,500 fathoms. One important conclusion arrived at by the expedition was that small vessels were suited for polar exploration, and that it would be madness to attempt, as is proposed by the French, the use of a thousand-ton ship. Steamers, too, were believed to be the only form of vessels suited for research on the eastern coast of Greenland, any thing like reaching the coast in a sailing vessel being entirely out of the question.—*Editor's Scientific Record in Harper's Magazine for February.*

HOME MIRTH.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their heathstones, it will be sought at other and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children. Half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.—*Canada Farmer.*

Sponges from the Florida Reef.

Sponges were very numerous, though we were told that a large portion were not worth gathering. The sponger could readily distinguish the best as he pushed his boat over them. Some of the coarser kinds, not marketable, are four feet in diameter. They are all more or less concave at the apex. A black membraneous tunic covers them, and soft jelly-like portions project into the pores and cavities, constituting the slight claim they have to a place in the animal kingdom. Animal mucus and fat oil have been found in their analysis; so the vexed question is settled by chemistry, and they are unquestionably admitted to the ranks of animated nature, though far from active members. A slight current is observable over the openings, and nourishment is probably absorbed as it circulates through them. The frame-work is made up of silica, a wonderful proportion, in the form of speculæ or splinters. Unlike most other marine objects, sponge is less attractive in its living state; only after the soft parts are removed is it pleasing to the eye. The pretty urn and other shaped sponges found on the beaches are merely the skeletons.

A large trade is now carried on at Key West in this article. Small schooners, from ten to twenty tons burden, are employed. They are much the shape of half an egg, and as flat as is consistent with due regard to sailing qualities; approaching, probably, as near as is possible the mythic craft that is said to "float in a heavy dew." These vessels lie at anchor in the channels, while the spongers push their small boats over the flats to gather the sponge. In some places they dive for it, and in shoal water grapple them. The specimens are very heavy, being loaded with water and the jelly like animal matter. They are buried in the sand of the beaches until the matter is decomposed, when they are washed and carried to Key West, collected upon strings of convenient length, and bleached in the sun. That portion of Key West called Conchtown is the principal depository, where the yards and fences are loaded with them. For many years nearly all the sponge collected on the Florida reef was sold at Key West to an Israelite of New York, one Isaacs; latterly others have entered the trade, and a very respectable income is derived from it.—*Harper's Magazine for February.*

RHETORICAL VITUPERATION.—Here are two gentlemen sitting quietly at table, and discussing the route of a railroad to the North Pole. Shall the ocean be tunneled, or shall the track be laid on ice? It is a fair question. There are good arguments, drawn from great natural laws, and from the actual situation. What is abstractly better, and what is actually expedient, are points that may be carefully and intelligently discussed. And so they are. And the two gentlemen take different sides, and urge the proper arguments. The advocate of the tunnel shows why that is the better plan, and the friend of the surface route offers what seem to him conclusive reasons. The tunneler does not declare that his opponent is a bloated mass of corruption; nor does his adversary insist contemptuously that the tunneler has been bribed to support an immeasurable swindle. If they did so, each would probably put the other out of the house, and certainly they would not be likely to be very cordial friends thereafter.

What, then, is the reason that the tunneler, parting from his friend, proceeds to a public meeting called to consider the subject of a railroad to the North Pole, and, ascending the platform, vehemently declares that the project of laying a track over the ice is not only repugnant to reason and common sense—not only are babies of eighteen months competent to detect its shrieking folly—but it is a rast swindle, and and its advocates are knavish rascals! Meanwhile the friend of the ice track goes to his meeting, and sneers at the inexpressible absurdity of tunneling the ocean. They'd better tunnel their wits who advocate it, exclaims he. They are a horde of grasping gormandizers of other people's money. They are a herd of antediluvian asses, who try to pass off thistles as clover. And so he perorates as passionately as his friend, each calling the other swindler and fool. And what effect is produced upon the public mind? First, disgust and indifference, and then a consciousness that the advocates have each so covered the cause with vituperation that it will be a weary work to dig down to the pith of the matter. Everybody would like to understand the reasons upon both sides if they could; but calling people fools and knaves is not argument, and the whole subject is demoralized.—*Harper's Magazine for February.*

THE JEWS IN ROME.—Among the consequences of the annexation of the Papal territory to the kingdom of Italy is the elevation of the Jews to the rank of citizens. By a decree of Victor Emanuel, all the inhabitants of this territory are now placed on an equality with his other subjects, and this has liberated the Jews from the oppressions to which they have always been subjected in the Papal capital. They were brought there in great numbers after the destruction of Jerusalem, in the days of the ancient Roman empire, and when the ascendency of the church begun, they were subjected to the most stringent regulations and the severest privations. They have still, however, remained in the city, and in many instances have become rich and prosperous, though they have generally presented the outward appearance only of poverty and wretchedness. They were compelled to live in a quarter of the city specially designated for them, and were locked up by the police in their inclosure every night. They were long deprived of nearly every civil right, and were for the most part left to be visited with every sort of cruelty which Christians might choose to practice upon them. Their only security for centuries consisted in avoiding the notice alike of the authorities and of the people of the city.

DEATH OF AN IRISH NOBLEMAN.—The Marquis of Headfort, who died lately in Ireland, was step-father of Lady Lisgar, wife of the Governor General of Canada. He twice married widows; his second wife being widow of Sir William Macnaughten, who was murdered in India some twenty-five years ago. Lord Headfort's eldest son, the Earl of Bective, married the only child of Alderman Thompson, of London. This lady had a fortune of $4,500,000 in money, besides large real estate. At her death all went to her son, who, reversing the usual order of things, made his father an allowance.

How the Women Voted in Utah.

From the Salt Lake Herald.

Gen. Maxwell is anxious to be delegate to Congress for Utah. No, we take it back; for a few citizens, a number of transients, some immigrants to the West passing through on election day, a car load or two of Chinamen and such like. As they voted for him they would be his constituents and he their delegate. "Dash ish all reight!" If he likes the position we have no disposition to quarrel with him. Tastes differ; that's all. He is going to contest the election, and one of the strong grounds has been imparted to us by a friend of the General's—in strict confidence, you know; and we wouldn't make it public for the world. He avers—but keep the matter strictly secret for the present—that only 15,000 ladies voted for W. H. Hooper, and therefore the Captain is not duly elected. We'll strengthen the General's position by informing him that we are certain there weren't 1,500 who voted for Capt. Hooper, and presume it was because he isn't a polygamist; and the reason why so few voted for the General must have been because he is not married, and isn't a marrying man at that. Somebody has been fooling with the General on figures, and it's a shame to fool with a brave man even if he have lob-sided crotchets about election matters. In fact we have serious doubts whether Capt. Hooper got five hundred lady votes; and if he is entitled to lose his seat because it is said only fifteen thousand ladies voted for him, what should be done with him if less than five hundred handed in their ballots to his credit? We are decidedly of the opinion that the gallant General has permitted himself to be humbugged in this matter of the ladies voting—most egregiously humbugged.

Rochefort.—His Renewal of the "Lanterne."

M. Henri Rochefort, in a preface to his new edition of the *Lanterne*, says that on re-perusing the lines written in a foreign land before publishing them in his own country, he has to beg pardon of the public for the moderation with which he spoke of the Imperial regime. "I have just reread the proofs of my pamphlet; I compare it with the horrors through which the empire has compelled us to pass, with the end to which it has led us, and I know not how to excuse myself for being so mild." Further on he says: "I trust no one will suppose that I am seeking by their re-issue an easy opportunity of proving myself to be right in spite of the years of prison and the thousands of francs in fines which so often proved me to be wrong. I make no merit of my second-sight. There are but three ways in which fallen empires can sink: a military revolution, an insurrection of the people, a foreign invasion. To prophesy all three was enough to secure the certainty of not being far wrong. Napoleon, with his usual foresight, chose the third. The worst for us, but decidedly the best for him."

DEATH FROM LOVE.—The city of Hamilton Ohio, was recently thrown into quite a commotion over the suicide of a young man named A. Hagerman, a brother-in-law of John R. Cornell, Cashier of the First National Bank of that city. Being engaged in no active business, he has spent much of his time in the bank. At about 10 o'clock he went into the bank-room in apparently the best of spirits, and, walking behind the counter, picked up a revolver that lay in one of the drawers and seated himself in a chair immediately behind the bookkeeper, who was at his desk. Unbottoning his vest, he placed the muzzle of the revolver to his bosom, fired, and fell a corpse into the arms of Peter Murphy, who rushed to his assistance. We have been unable to learn the cause, although it is said that a lady is concerned in the case, and that it is another case of death from love. Hagerman was engaged to be married to a young lady of Hamilton in a couple of weeks. She fainted away almost as lifeless as her dead lover on hearing of his tragic end. Financial matters, and his inability to keep up with the styles of the day at so important a period of his life, are said to have so preyed upon his mind as to bring on the insane disease which caused him to put an end to his existence.

CLERICAL INAPTITUDE.—Unworthy men occasionally find their way into the ministry of every denomination. As a rule, however, their misdeeds are generally discovered. The following instance of impertinent clerical officiousness, promptly rebuked, comes to us from a Kansas correspondent:

Old Dr. ——is a Kentuckian, fond of a cigar and a little game of cards. In his employ was a young man who, though professedly a Methodist, had so far backslidden as to play a little sometimes. The two were sitting in the house one rainy day having a game of euchre. The Rev. Mr. ——, the resident Methodist minister dropped in, and after glancing at the doctor's hand passed around the young man, took a seat, and quietly watched the game. The young man was about to play a certain card, when the minister whispered to him:

"Don't play that; if you do you'll be euchred sure."

Whereupon the doctor, waxing irate, said:

"See here, Mr. ——, I ain't playing this game against the whole Methodist Conference. If the Conference wants to put up a V, I'll play them a rub."

This reverend brother was soon discovered to be a "mistake," and was deposed from the ministry.—*Harper's Magazine.*

BYRON'S GRAVE.—In Germany the fact is being commented upon that Byron's grave, at Hacknall Forkard—a small, mean town some sixty miles from Nottingham, England—is now more than half forgotten by the world, though the works of the poet seem to increase in popularity as time goes on.

It will be remembered that all that remains to mark the place where the author of "Childe Harold" was laid in a simple white marble slab, erected by Augusta Leigh. Some months since a writer in the London *Times* proposed that Byron's remains should be removed to the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abby. Surely, if genius only is considered, not one of the poets of England had, or has, a better right to lie in that precious little nook than Byron—Shakespeare excepted.

A LITTLE GIRL about three years old, after being corrected for something she had done, said, "Ma, I wish whipping cost something." "Why?" replied the mother. "Because," said little pert, "you never give me anything that costs something."

The Bank of St. George, Genoa.

The Bank of St. George was a political anomaly—a monetary phenomenon—that for four hundred years was the marvel of European finance. A body corporate, distinct from and independent of the civil authorities, having its own separate laws, officers, and administration, it affords the rare spectacle of a sovereignty within a sovereignty—a strange and ingenious politico-financial contrivance, which excited at once the wonder and admiration of European capitalists and political economists.

Founded upon an abstraction, with a national debt for its capital, and a bankrupt treasury as a sinking fund, with no other security than the faith of the republic and the integrity of its directors, its shares, nevertheless, command a premium, and its bills were preferred to coin. Gradually absorbing first the revenues, and then the colonial possessions of the state, it had the custom-house for an auxiliary; extensive colonies as colatterals, with the wealth of the Levant and the Indies as a reserve fund. Foreign capitalists became its depositors, soverign princes its creditors, moribund millionaires remembered it munificently in their legacies, while fire, plague, and pestilence, by diminishing its liabilities, augmented its resources.

It was not, then, simply a banking-house, exercising the ordinary functions of a bank of deposit, exchange, and circulation. It coined money, constructed dock-yards, improved harbors, built bonded warehouses, monasteries, churches, public bake-shops, and ducal places. It erected fortifications and manned them, it constructed galleys and equipped them, it acquired provinces and governed them. It was a savings-bank, a sinking fund, a revenue office, and, as the prototype of the East India Company, a politico-commercial oligarchy, that "made war like merchants, and engaged in commerce like sultans."

At a time when the magnificent financial schemes of John Law and the bursting of the great "Mississippi Bubble" were involving Paris in beggary, and threatening the financial world in bankruptcy, St. George could boast the most solid and substancial credit in Europe, and became the model upon which were subsequently organized the celebrated banks of England, and Amsterdam. With an unlimited credit, at a moment's notice it could draw all the gold of Genoa into its vaults, and that, too when the "rival sea-queens" controlled the rich commerce of the Indies; when Genoa alone could dictate terms to the Emperor of Constantinople, it maintained a navy comparable to that of England or the United States, and fought naval battles to which few modern sea-fights, except those of Nelson or Farragut, afford a parallel.—*Harper's Magazine for February.*

GLASS-BLOWING.—The juvenile mineralogist, constructing his first cabinet, brings home, as a rare curiosity, a crystaline stone, which shines like glass. It *is* glass—the glass of nature, the foundation of much of modern civilization and science, without which neither astronomy, chemistry, nor physiology could ever have emerged from their crude condition, since without it neither the telescope, the microscope, nor the chemist's vessels would have been possible. Subjected to an intense heat, and mixed with other substances, such as soda, lime, oxide of iron, oxide of lead, oxide of tin, according to the fabric to be wrought, it becomes ductile, is drawn out into the most tenuous threads, is rolled, beaten, moulded, cut at will, yields to even the slightest breath of the workman, and, patterned by him, takes any form he chooses to impart to it. Cooling, it loses its curiously ductile character, and becomes again the hardest and most brittle of substances. This quartz rock the boy fancies to be a precious stone. He is laughed at for his wild conjecture. It is a chance if he be not nearer right than those who ridicule him. Colored in nature's marvelous dye-house, it becomes precious only because it is more rare. Violet, it is an amethyst; incrystalized and waxy in its structure, it is a chalcedony; red, it is a carnelian; of variegated colors, it is an agate; opaque, and yet colored, red, yellow, brown, it is a jasper. In a word, the same substance which is the chief component of glass is also the base of most precious stones, yet in its commonest form most precious of all; for we might relinquish jasper, agate, chalcedony, and amethyst for glass, if we could obtain the latter only by such an exchange.—*Harper's Magazine.*

AN INCIDENT OF LOUIS NAPOLEON'S BOYHOOD.—Max Ring, the German author, has published a new book, entitled "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte," in which he gives the following anecdote of the early years of the ex-Emperor: When a very little fellow, he used to pass, on his way to school, a blacksmith shop, around which he sometimes loitered. One day he made the discovery that the blacksmith was in the habit of lighting his pipe with a long rod of iron, and, watching for a favorable opportunity, he drew the rod out of the fire and replaced it with the hot end left sticking out, so that when the smith returned in a few seconds after a temporary absence, and, unconscious of the change, took hold of the rod to draw it out of the fire, to light his pipe as usual, he burned his hand badly. His exclamation of pain and surprise was responded to by a burst of uncontrollable laughter from the irrepressible Louis, who had hidden himself away somewhere to enjoy the success of his nice little practical joke, and who thus, despite of himself, had revealed his secret and his hiding-place. The consequence was that he received the best beating that he probably ever got in his life (Sedan excepted) from the old smith, whose name was Mayer, and who is still living and well to do near Elbing.

SUPPOSED NATURAL ORIGIN OF SOME FOREST FIRES.—The great frequency of fires during summer in the pine forests of Germany and France, under circumstances where there was no suspicion of accidental or willful incendiarism, has suggested to Mr. Schrader the idea that these may possibly be in a measure spontaneous. In most of these forests the resin is collected in large quantity from punctures made in the bark, and an exudation of the same substance may take place whenever the bark is accidentally cracked. Mr. Schrader suggests that the tear-shaped drops of resin, in running from the tree, may form lenses, through which the rays of the sun may be concentrated, and act upon the inflammable surroundings, and thereby set fire to them. In many cases, possibly, a vapor of escaping turpentine may also, by its combustibility, cause the fire to spread with greater rapidity. *Harper's Magazine.*

A Newly Married Woman Kills Herself by Opening the Large Veins of Her Arm.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

Coroner Underhill this morning held an inquest on the body of a woman named Catherine H. Voight, residing at No. 88 Twelfth street, who committed suicide by opening the large veins of her arms with a pair of scissors.

The evidence goes to show that her husband, a machinist in this city, had paid his addresses to the young girl in New York. She was of good family, and he representing himself in easy circumstances, with a comfortable home to take her to, induced her to marry him. They came to this city some three months since, and took up their residence on Twelfth street. It was not until the girl arrived here that she discovered the true character of her husband. The man was a machinist, but it was difficult to get work, and he had absolutely nothing to support her with. Not being used to want, this circumstance gave her great trouble, and she soon became melancholy, and finally so sick as to require the attention of a physician. On Thursday last, in an unusual fit of melancholy, she seized a pair of scissors lying upon a table near her, and succeeded in cutting her arms so severely as to open the largest veins. She bled profusely, and when found by her husband was so exhausted as to be scarcely able to speak. The services of a physician were called in, but all attempts to restore her were futile, and after lingering in great pain she expired at a few minutes past 11 o'clock last night.

Flood in Rome.

Rome Correspondence London Echo.

No such inundation of the Tiber has taken place in this century as that which we are witnessing this morning. The incessant torrents of rain were gradually swelling the river the last few days, and yesterday the water had risen as high as the Rotunda, which, however, has been almost a yearly occurrence, and people began to apprehend, from the threatening appearance of the sky, that it would advance still further toward the higher portion of the city. At 10 o'clock this morning the Piazza del Popolo was completely flooded, and the water pouring into the Corso down the side streets, from the Ripetta. At noon the Via Condetti was flooded half way up, and the people who stood in crowds watching the progress of the water, were obliged to retreat back every minute. Since that hour the flood seems stationary, and, if the cessation of rain (which a bright morning promised us) is only lasting, we may hope not to see the Piazza di Spagna assume the appearance of a lake, as is already the case with Piazza Colonna and Piazza del Popolo. Boats are rowed in the streets, carrying provisions and assistance to the inhabitants thus forcibly shut up in their houses. Great destruction of the wine and oil stored up in cellars has taken place, and the poor shop-keepers have enough to do to remove their wares from the ground floor to the higher rooms. In the country around, great are the losses. Bodies of oxen, sheep, pigs, dogs, etc., are coming down the river, along with boards and planks, and other portions of the huts folds of the Compagna, where the herdsmen and shepherds have taken refuge in the trees. Boats are going backwards and forwards, bearing food to the inhabitants of the farms on the low ground, and bringing those into Rome who have no refuge. The soldiers and police are busy affording all possible assistance to the sufferers from this deluge. It is reported that a large boat, with twelve men, which started up the river this morning, with bread for the Osteria at Ponte Molle, has been upset in the violent current, and all on board drowned.

Formation of the Florida Reef.

Two prominent features seem superimposed on the Atlantic face of our coast: the peninsulas of Cape Cod and Florida. The latter is still growing, and it is well ascertained that nearly all the peninsula has been built up from the sea bottom by species of corals and other marine animals now living and operating there. Centuries have passed while this vast tract has been built up. But erroneous notions have been formed regarding their rate of growth.

A brick, having a specimen of meandrina upon it one inch in diameter, was placed under water in the year 1860 by the writer, at Tortugas, with the view of determining the rate of growth of corals. When taken up in 1861, just one year after, it had increased to two inches in diameter, and was over half an inch in thickness. The large aquarium, which was built at the water-side for observation of marine objects, contained many other specimens, and it was observed that the branch corals grew even more rapidly, some attaining five to six inches in one year.

The various forms of branch corals, brain and star coral, and the sea feathers and fans are familiar to most. Our museums are well stocked with fine specimens. The Free Academy at New York has a fine collection of every species known to the waters of our shores. A large fragment of the Reef, as it appears, with many of its various inhabitants, and two fine head of brain coral, each two feet in diameter, are among them.

One species of astræa, unlike most of the corals that have a circumscribed growth, spreads out ledge-like, and knows no boundary, no definite form. This particular species seems to be the principal element in reef-building; its individual polyp is small, but the congregation is vast, and tier after tier rises until the surface is reached, when acres, miles of this one variety lie dead and decaying, and furnishing a strong foothold for another element of land-making, not less sure and irresistible.

The mangrove now performs its part. A long cigar-shaped fruit is formed, the seed of which germinates within the small inconspicuous flower before it drops, and presents the strange spectacle of a young tree, already rooted and ready to put forth its leaves as soon as it drops and finds foothold. These young trees are like the young magnolia; designed to live and thrive in the salt soil, they float over the shallow water, and take root wherever they touch the bottom. The rootlets then make fast to the reef mud, throw out side shoots, like so many flying buttresses, and put forth from the top or smaller end a tuft of rich glossy green leaves. The trunk does not reach below the water. Here is a net-work of rootlets wherein the debris of the ocean is entangled, and within which dead leaves and fragments of shells collect to form the meagre soil. Miles of reef become planted in this way.—*Harper's Magazine for February.*

THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

Cessation of Hostilities for Three Weeks—Text of the Terms and Stipulations.

We give below the dispatches in regard to the capitulation of Paris and the terms of the armistice, which were received Sunday night:

VERSAILLES, Jan. 29.—The German troops occupied all the forts around Paris at 10 o'clock this morning. The entire garrison of Paris, except the National Guard, surrender their arms. The armistice expires on the 18th of February.

VERSAILLES, Jan. 25.—On the morning of Monday, Jan. 23, a flag of truce left the French lines, and was met by the Germans. The bearer delivered a letter from Jules Favre addressed to Count Bismarck. At noon the missive reached Versailles, and was placed in the hands of Bismarck. It requested permission for Favre to come to Versailles. The reply was that he might. At 10 o'clock the same night the Prussian Premier applied to the Emperor of Germany for permission to hold an interview with him. Favre spent the night at the quarters of the Lieutenant of Police. The next day, before noon, a council of war was held to consider Favre's mission. Gen. von Roon, Count Bismarck, Gen. von Moltke, and the Crown Prince of Prussia were present, in addition to the Emperor William, who presided. The council lasted two hours, and the result of the deliberations were communicated to Favre, who returned to Paris at 4:30 o'clock.

LONDON, Jan. 29.—The *Observer* supposes that the Conference will be adjourned on account of the capitulation of Paris.

LONDON, Jan. 29, 4:30 p. m.—Emperor William has sent the following dispatch to the Empress Augusta:

"VERSAILLES, Jan. 29, 2 p. m.—Last night an armistice for three weeks was signed. The regulars and Mobiles are to be detained in Paris as prisoners of war. The National Guard will undertake the maintenance of order. We occupy all the forts of Paris. The city remains invested, but will be allowed to revictual as soon as the arms are surrendered. The National Assembly is to be assembled to meet at Bordeaux in a fortnight. All the armies in the field will retain their respective positions, the ground between the opposing lines to be neutral. This is the reward of patriotism, heroism, and great sacrifices. Thank God for this fresh mercy. May peace soon follow.

(Signed,) "WILHELM."

The Emperor will not enter Paris, but will return to Berlin on Tuesday, leaving the Crown Prince in command of the Prussians.

Provisions are being forwarded by way of Dieppe.

The capitulation and armistice settle nothing politically, nor do they insure an end of the war. All depends upon the Assembly.

BERLIN, Jan. 29.—The city is in a perfect frenzy of excitement, now that the certainty of the capitulation of Paris is known. A telegram to the Federal Chancellor gives official confirmation of the news, which was received at a late hour last night. To-day the church bells were rung since daybreak, and there were several services in the churches, attended by crowds of worshippers. Sermons on peace were delivered, and prayers and thanksgiving for it offered. Before and after the morning service in the churches an immense crowd gathered in front of the palace, and the ladies of the house had appeared at the windows and waved their acknowledgments to the people. The scenes in the street are beyond description. Every person on his way to church as he met his neighbor stopped and embraced, and the women congratulated each other with tears in their eyes. The news of the capitulation to a certainty creates in the public mind here a charitable feeling, and there is a strong desire to act generously toward the fallen foe.

LONDON, Jan. 29.—To-night there is intense excitement among the French in London.

VERSAILLES, Jan. 29.—Mont Valerien was entered last night by the Prussian engineers, to draw the mines. The heavy guns will be immediately moved into forts. As the *enceinte* is strongly armed, and no confidence can be placed in the fierce population until after a general disarming, strong forces of infantry and artillery have been moved forward to cover the working parties. The object is to spare further bloodshed, and to give an opportunity to the French people, through the assembly of representatives at Bordeaux, to decide for war or peace. Elections will be permitted in all the departments, together with the free circulation of Deputies through the country. The army of Paris, regiments of the line, marines and Mobiles, are to be prisoners of war, with the exception of 12,000 men, who are required to maintain order. All corps and Francs-tireurs are to be dissolved, but the National Guard will remain armed. The French troops will deliver arms, flags and field artillery within fourteen days. French troops may retire into Paris armed. The banners of the forts are to be delivered, but the *enceinte* guns are to be dismantled, the carriages to be delivered to the Prussians, but the guns themselves to be left. The line of demarcation is drawn between the *enceinte* and the forts. The French portion extends to the *enceinte* only, and the Prussian portion to within five hundred paces of the *enceinte*, with certain topographical modifications. Fort Vincennes will remain in the hands of the French. Paris remains completely invested from a military point of view, but thirty-three miles of railroad will be repaired and permitted to convey sufficient supplies for the daily nourishment of the population. Bourbaki's army and the fortress of Belfort are not comprised in the armistice. The Prussian line of demarcation for southern armies is to be the line of the Loire.

VERSAILLES, Jan. 29.—The terms of lasting peace offered by Bismarck are as follows:

1. The cession of the province of Alsace and that part of the province of Lorraine known as the German Lorraine.

2. A monied indemnity of $1,000,000,000 francs.

3. Forty war ships from the French fleet.

4. One of the colonies now held by France which cannot learn that money indemnity must be guaranteed by municipalities. If this guarantee be refused, the property of each individual will be held until acquiescence is obtained.

LONDON, Jan. 29.—Bismarck, alluding to the reported negotiations between Napoleon and the Prussian Government, says the Emperor refers everything to the Regency. Bismarck denies that he has ever negotiated for the restoration of the Bonapartes, or that he intends to interfere in the domestic concerns of France.

"By the Sea."

Last night I watched the old year die—
A wind swept once across the sky
That seemed to me his parting sigh—

The tolling ceased. Then weirdly gay
The bells rang forth across the bay—
Stealing a sea-charm on their way.

An echo from the hollow caves—
A thrill of music from the waves,
Where some that hear shall find their graves.

These changeful bells I whispered, run
Most like some cunning overture,
Give foretaste what we must endure!

O young babe year, that yet shall grow
To work us either weal or woe—
'Tis strange that men should hail thee so!

O dread, mysterious volume sealed—
What fateful words lie there concealed,
Not till the end to be revealed—

O ship that sails the unknown sea!
We guess not what thy freight may be—
What storms—what shipwreck—may *forecast!*

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Humor.

WELL, if a haitch hand a ho hand a har hand a hess hand a heo, don't spell 'orse, then my name hain't 'Enry 'Ill."

PEOPLE who are always fishing for compliments do not need very long lines. They will get their best bites in shallow water.

THE tenor Lefranc has a voice of remarkable compass—a sort of mariner's compass, which guides his course over the high C's.

IT WAS a wise negro who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said, "Dat 'ar 'pends altogedder on how dey 'joy deysolves."

"HAVE you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse jockey. "No, not exactly, but I have broken three or four wagons."

ONE of the papers contains an advertisement: "Lost, a large black silk umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved ivory head."

AT A recent railway festival, the following striking sentiment was given: "Our Mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

THE extravagant tendency of the present generation suggests to a clergyman the inquiry whether it would not be better to devote half of one's