

French engineer, stimulated the enterprise of other French scientists. They took up the matter where American speculators had laid it down, and, finally, a feasible route for the canal was found. Lieutenant Wyse, of the French navy, made an exploration of the Isthmus of Darien a little over a year ago, and reported in favor of a route from Gandi, on the Atlantic, to the River Tuyra. It passes through the valleys of the Tupisa and Tiata, joining the Tuyra near where it empties into the Gulf of San Miguel.

Negotiations have been entered into with the Colombian Government by which the right of way has been secured, and a grant of 600 feet on each side of the canal, with the choice of a million acres of land in any part of the route. The canal is to be open to the commerce of the world, and to be completed before the year 1895.

The advantages of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama will be very great, as may easily be perceived on consulting the map of this continent. It would turn the current of commerce, and make a short maritime cut to China and Japan, avoiding the long and tedious passage around the Cape. The Pacific Railroad would lose considerable by the change, but the world would be the gainer for it. We hope the work will be soon commenced and successfully accomplished. Though the distance is short, the natural obstacles in the way are great, and when the Atlantic tide kisses the waters of the Pacific, the marriage of the oceans will not only be an event in the history of the globe, but also a triumph of human enterprise, skill, energy and perseverance.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *Woman's Exponent* for the 15th is out. It is good for the ladies to take, and there is nothing in it that will hurt the gentlemen.

The newspapers are publishing the challenge of a pedestrian who wants to wager that he will walk five hundred miles under water in twenty-five days. Perhaps he has water on the brain.

Nebraska now produces 25,000,000 bushels of wheat per annum. What a change since the days of "Winter Quarters!" The "Mormon" trail is the pathway of progress and fruitfulness across the continent.

They have a short way with distressed workmen in China. A short time ago six hundred government laborers struck for higher wages. After the heads of forty-seven had been struck off, the remainder cheerfully returned to work at the same old wages.

Several persons were drowned and a considerable amount of property was destroyed by a water spout at Rapid City, forty miles from Deadwood, on the 9th inst. The river rose fifteen feet in an hour, sweeping everything before it in its terrible march.

The Salt Lake lawyers are assailing our Chief Justice with the most powerful of weapons, indisputable truth, and they seem to intend to wield it until he is officially demolished. So united and consistent an opposition to a judicial officer was rarely if ever waged since the United States became a nation.

Hot alum water is a sure destroyer of the vermin which infest closets, bedsteads, pantries, etc., and a pound of alum to two quarts of boiling water is the proportion. Pour into and apply with a brush while hot to crevices. The *Journal of Chemistry* pronounces it a most powerful insecticide.

"Tobacco reform" progresses backwards. According to revenue statistics, last year twenty-seven million pounds of tobacco and nearly two billions of cigars were smoked, snuffed and chewed in this country, an increase of about eight million pounds of tobacco and fifty million cigars as compared with the year previous.

Close study of the treaty of Berlin, the full text of which appeared in last evening's NEWS, shows that Russia made little by the greedy attack on Turkey, and that England, which was jeered and taunted with feebleness and folly, has come out at the big end of the Golden Horn, with flying colors and the world's recognition of her power and shrewdness.

Schuyler Colfax, being sounded on running for the Senatorship of Indiana, replied that, "Holding office is not half the fun to be found in lecturing over the country, and does not pay half so well either." Colfax ought to know, as he has put both to the test. Fun and money seem to be all that the ex-Christian statesman has aimed at, either as a law-maker or a lecturer. He belongs to a low order of mind, anyhow.

Paragraphists need speculate no more over the age of Susan B. Anthony. It is not true that she dates from a period shortly after the flood or first saw the light in ancient Egypt. That talented, courageous and active champion of the rights of her sex, is an American, and *Woman's Words* says she was born Feb. 15, 1820. At fifty-eight she is full of bodily and mental vigor, and means to continue her work till political freedom is won for women.

Mr. J. Bailey Brown, who was in this city a short time since, representing the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* has written up Salt Lake, Provo and Ogden cities in a spirit of fairness and candor. The few errors his correspondence contains are of minor importance, and the whole tenor of his articles is favorable to Utah and its citizens. The *Journal*, in an editorial, draws the attention of capitalists to the splendid opportunities this Territory offers for profitable investments.

Jefferson Davis, in a speech at Mississippi City, on the 10th inst., on the occasion of the presentation to him of a gold badge and a certificate of membership of the Army of Tennessee, advocated the doctrine of State sovereignty, and said that "Every evil which has befallen our institutions is directly traceable to the perversion of the compact of union and the usurpation by the Federal Government of undelegated powers." We think it will be found that the great question of Federal vs. States rights was not finally settled by the civil war.

What a contrast between the trembling Disraeli, laughed down in the House of Commons for the failure of his maiden speech, and the triumphant Beaconsfield, Prime Minister of England, the successful diplomat returning from a victory greater than that of the most illustrious warrior, honored by royalty, greeted by nobility and welcomed with flowers and plaudits from unnumbered thousands of the people! Here is one of the most striking examples of the force of determination and undaunted perseverance.

The London *Times* has the following advertisement: "To clergymen.—A University graduate will be glad to furnish sermons on reasonable terms. Theological views as may be desired. Warranted original, and never previously supplied. Evangelical, Ritualistic, or Latitudinarian. Always on hand, a choice selection of effective quotations, suitable either for the pulpit or the platform. Terms exceedingly moderate. Strictest confidence observed. For further particulars apply." etc. Some of these sermon manufacturers are the most dissolute and shameless of characters. If there any wonder that the ordinary pulpit discourse does not reach the hearts of the people, and that unbelief and contempt for orthodox religion increase throughout the wide domain of Christendom?

The leaves of the mullein plant, which grows wild and plentifully in Utah, has been used with great success in cases of dropsy by Mr. Ben. Judson, the News engineer, who is a herbalist of considerable experience. The *Southern Plan* has the following in relation to the same plant: "I have discovered a remedy for pulmonary consumption. It has cured a number of cases after bleeding at the lungs had commenced and the hectic flush was on the cheek. I have tried this remedy to my own satisfaction, and have thought that philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is the common mullein leaves, steeped strong and sweetened with sugar, and drank freely. The leaves should be gathered before the end of July, if convenient. The leaves of young or old plants are good, dried in the shade and kept in clean paper bags. The medicine must be continued from three to six months, according to the stage of the disease. It is very good for

the blood vessels, strengthens and builds up the system, makes good blood, and removes inflammation from the lungs."

Correspondence.

Something about French Newspapers.—In what respects they are inferior.—The Yell of the Newsboy Silent in Paris.—A very small Number of Children.—Decreasing Population, Cause and Effect.

PARIS, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:
A few days since I bought an illustrated French journal, and before I had half done reading it my hands were black from the imperfect, filthy ink with which it was printed. In quality of paper and typography the French papers are far inferior to ours. Certainly not in Paris, and it may be presumed, not in France, is there a newspaper that, in material and mechanism, will compare with hundreds that are printed in the cities and towns of the United States. The same inferiority may be seen in the French circulars and business cards, which look like those uncanny, dirty little scraps that some tradesmen, with a false theory of economy, print for themselves with rubber stamps.

The number of newspapers published in Paris is very large, but few of them are of much use or interest to the stranger. All the numerous parties, shades of parties, and cliques, have, as with us, their special organ. The Legitimists have the *Union*, the Orleanists the *Soleil*, the Catholics the *Univers*. The Bonapartists daily burn incense to the Empire in three journals. *L'Ordre*, which is the organ of the ex-prime minister, M. Rouher; the *Pays*, edited by the duelist M. Paul de Cassagnac; and the *Gaulois*, a paper largely devoted to dramatic and Parisian news. Republican and radical organs are too numerous to mention. Perhaps the best paper in France, both in style, matter and management, is *Le Temps*, which has on its staff some of the most distinguished scholars and literateurs of modern times. M. Satey is its dramatic critic, and his articles, which are published each Monday, are the *deus ex machina* of the day. The political writers of the *Le Temps* contend with those of the *Journal des Debats* in their influence upon European affairs. During the recent war the articles of the latter were telegraphed and discussed in every European capital, and if any decision shall be arrived at by the present congress at Berlin, it will no doubt be influenced and shaped by those writers, who wield a weapon more powerful than the sword, for the columns of the *Debats*. The organ of M. Gambetta is the *Republique Francaise*, but there are many other journals of pretty much the same shade. The radical organs are the *Bin Public*, the *Scapelle*, the *Marselaise*, and a number of other journals that soon succumb to the censorship of the government, through the fines imposed for seditious language. The paper that is read most by the stranger who comes to Paris to see life, to enjoy himself, and who wants to know what is going on in society, whether high or low toned, who is interested in literary novelties, and in the sayings and doings of the world that lives in the cafes, is undoubtedly the *Figaro*.

I have mentioned above only a few of the leading papers that are to be found at the kiosks. Papers here are usually sold in little news stands that look like gentry boxes. The yell of the newsboy is seldom heard except about the gates of the Exposition, when the jaded visitor comes out in the afternoon; and then the newsboy here is a man or woman, not a boy as on our side the Atlantic. Boys appear to be very scarce in France. The *gamin* so graphically described by Victor Hugo no longer swarms in the fountains. Statistics tell us that the population of France is decreasing, and the scarcity of young children in this country is so marked that Americans seldom omit to speak of it with surprise. Few families have more than two children, which is perhaps double the usual number, and many families have no children. I have met but one family in France who had as many as five. As the father mentioned the number of children expected me to be overwhelmed with surprise,

and as it seemed to me that he had done comparatively well I did not wound his vanity by telling him that twice that number was not uncommon for the teeming shores of the new world. The effect of this condition of things on the future military strength of France, it is not difficult to foretell. The populations of other European powers are slowly but steadily increasing; and although France loses less than any from the drain of emigration, she is certainly falling off in population. Silent, unavertable causes are at work to this end. A European military necessity, which the traditional warlike attitude of France has chiefly produced, is inimical to those second energies that are prolific only in an atmosphere of peace. The re-action has with a stern retribution been first felt by this nation, the chief offender.

Frenchmen are patriotic in their vain way. They are ambitious to maintain and transmit their heritage of military glory unimpaired to the future. They would be proud to add new trophies to their columns of Vendome, and arches of triumph. They are courageous in war and not afraid of blood-letting; but in antagonism with their narrow patriotism, and public courage, is their personal selfishness and prudence. The way they avert the orphan and widow dilemma, involved in war, is by avoidance of marriage. In the conceit of the individual Frenchman this is shrewd and provident; but from a national point of view it is fatally short-sighted. It is that false economy that we illustrate in America, by the nauseous metaphor of the spigot and bung.

French statesmen prate about eras of peace, and next week a grand fete of international amenity is to be given; but the grim warlike wrinkles of centuries cannot be effaced by festivals and rhetoric. "This people worship me with their lips but their heart is far from me." In spite of epigrams like "The Republic is peace." In spite of the Exposition and fetes like the one proposed, France has no policy but to maintain her place in the armed camp, that insatiable thirst for *gloire* has made of Europe.

C. A. S.

The Gallery of Antique Art in the Palace of the Trocadero—Armor, Arms and Regalia of Men Famous in History.—The Sword and Mail of Charles the Fifth.—The Armor Presented by Queen Isabella to Christopher Columbus.—The First Piano—Scenes from Scandinavian Folk Life.

PARIS, July 5th, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:
The retrospective art gallery of the Palace of the Trocadero is at last open to the visitor. It is a collection of about 300,000 exhibits such as have never been seen in so great profusion, on our side the water, and will not be seen for a thousand years, or until the telephones, steam engine, sewing machine and gatling gun, shall have taken their places among the curious relics of a remote civilization. A visitor from America, unless he has some special object in view, had better waste no time waiting until his turn comes to enter the crowded left wing of the palace, but turn to the right, traverse the portico of the rotunda, and proceed to the right wing. On his way he will, from the arcade, admire the splendid panorama spread out before him, and stop for a moment in the central balcony to look down upon the artificial cascades. However hot the weather, the air is freshened here by the dense spray thrown high in air by the fountains. On the first floor of the left wing, a Spanish retrospective exhibition was inaugurated last week by Don Francisco de Bourbon, the husband of Donna Isabella. The staircase leading to it is hung with antique carpets manufactured in the low countries, and what is now French Flanders, for Philip the Handsome of Austria, brother-in-law of Catherine of Aragon, for Charles the V, and Philip the Second. In the lobby to the right there is an ethnographic collection showing the styles and customs of every province of Spain. Facing them are the fresco pictures of Goya transferred from the walls of a house in Madrid, and brought to the Trocadero to be exhibited and perhaps sold. Goya was a contemporary of Watteau. But what a difference of style! He was one of

the most audacious colorists that ever lived and was imbued with the spirit of the coming revolution. When Victor Hugo was a boy at Madrid, Goya died there at the age of 93. The Spanish painter was the precursor of the Romantic school which, however, knew nothing about him, until Theophile Gautier made an artistic exploration across the Pyrenees. Two dummies, clad in the armor of the Sixteenth century, guard the door of this Spanish museum. They are the commencement of a series of armors exquisitely wrought in steel and precious metals. Charles the V, in the coat of mail which he wore on the day of his victorious entrance into Tunis, is in the centre. The great emperor is astride a Flemish horse with a cross of Arab blood, and covered, like his rider, with steel plates in repousse workmanship. His charger is elevated on a square pedestal, and is modeled from ancient medals and pictures. At the corner of the pedestal are the effigies of four mailed warriors. One is the Duke of Alva. His armor, which can be seen at the Trocadero, was sold to a French Jew for 200,000 francs by the brother-in-law of the Empress Eugenie, to pay a gambling debt of his wife. The second coat of mail is of damascened metal, and was presented to Christopher Columbus by Isabella of Castille. Boabdils silver casque, the sword of Charles V, the arms of John of Austria and Fernando Cortes, are also in this collection. We again come to a series of tapestries; they are Flemish, and were made in the 17th century when Vanduyke and Rubens painted for the weavers of Burges and Brussels. Those interested in pottery should look well at the Spanish-Arab ceramics, one of which is a vase of great size, enamelled in the style of the one taken from the Alhambra. An antique Portuguese bed, the property of the Duc de Santos, is perhaps the most valuable of any of the wonderful things exhibited in this wing, for Raphael designed the pictorial medallions and ornaments decorating it. Among the musical instruments there is one made by B. Christophori, the inventor of the instrument, for a Spanish Queen. She had employed (the legend says) Christophori to quiet the melancholy spirit that troubled her royal husband. To reproduce the musical effects of the Italian choruses, he taxed his ingenuity and mechanical genius. The pianoforte rewarded the queen's patronage and the inventor's labor. We have now reached the end of the gallery, from which we descend by a flight of steps to the ethnographic exhibition of the Scandinavian peoples. We find here skulls, skeletons, runic inscriptions, and interior of huts, houses, and tents; with costumed figures, as large as life, representing the inhabitants by a series of striking tableaux, such as were exhibited in the Swedish and Norwegian departments at Philadelphia. "A Fair Day at Mora" embraces a great variety of men, women, girls and children of a remote province, where simple ways prevail, and patriarchal customs are kept up. "The Child's Last Bed" is composed from a picture of Lundgrim. The scene is in Delacarta. A mother is placing a baby she has just lost in a coffin. Another child is sitting near in its cot, wondering what it is all about, while godfather and godmother, with neighbors and relations of the little departed, are standing near. A girl of seven or eight years who probably minded it often; runs forward to place a rattle and some other toys in the coffin. "An Offer of Marriage" is also taken from a painting of Lundgrim.

C. A. S.

The Osborne Self-binding Harvester. BISHOP BRINGHURST'S FARM, SPRINGVILLE, July 8, 1878.

A. J. Johnson:

Dear Sir.—We have to-day witnessed the working of the Osborne Self-binding Harvester. Although the grain was not heavy enough to show the capacity of the machine, and the wind unfavorable, it did good work from the start. The binding was perfect, not a wire being broken during the trial.

Orwell Simons, S. J. Whitney, C. W. Crandall, C. Whittey, Samuel Buckley, S. Perry, Wm. Harwell, T. G. Whimmar, L. Whiting, J. Crandall, & W.