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EMERSON PEACOCK, Editor.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

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THREE CENTS.

(For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

RASH STEPS.

XIX.

The day is short and a drab vapor rolls up from the Bay of Biscay.

The standard of the white umbrella is planted by the river, and a landscape man is making a study of the river path, where it balances upon the saddle of a little hill and dips invitingly over into a mystery among the interlaced beech trees. Just upon this climax in the career of the river-path is placed Grégoire Canivet, a young model. The tender tracery of the beeches arches over him, and a late salmon leaps sometimes in the dimpled river at his feet. A figure-man is studying him, and the schools of landscape and of genre, usually so hard to reconcile, are blended under the peaceful white umbrella.

"Now, Grégoire, assume a sad expression. You are a conscript, you know. The order with your number on it is folded and thrust beside the feather in your hat, and you grasp your club and start away. But you you have paused a moment and uncovered, while you throw a last salute to Pon-Am'n, your native town. So wear an air of emotion."

Grégoire, instead, breaks into one of his unusual smiles. The corner of his mouth curls, his long, pale cheek trembles, and the color flutters in it like a flame. His teeth show like a row of dice. Presently he recurs to business.

"As this," he says, and on examination he is found to have pointed his eyebrows like a tragic mask, and rolled his large wet eyes well around to the spire of the town church. It is not a bad bit of provincial acting.

Grégoire was captured at a Pardon. Kneeling among the pious devotees, with his naturally refined face solemnized by the occasion, and the long chestnut lashes lying on his cheek, he looked like some very precious Saint Sebastian, by Valenciennes. His suit was violet, heavily embroidered, and his hair was sliced off short above the brows, while it blew away in a brown cloud behind. In that aspect he was a distinguished Vandyke. The Muse saw, marked him for her own, and swooped off with him Gany-mede-like.

It is not easy to find a single leaf in the fall that will look so red as the red woods. It was long before we met a peasant who seemed to represent the peasant. I knew them for some rare qualities. I knew that they were imaginative, proud, reserved, self-respecting, but the individual who had all these qualities equally marked, only turned up when Grégoire turned up those deep eyes of his at the elevation of the host.

Grégoire is the son of an honest farmer. He is a linguist, and speaks a very fair French, besides his Breton. His handwriting is like copperplate, and he is exact to pedantry with his accents and cadences. He has a bit of the self-love proper to seventeen, and does not pose with avidity. When we had dragged him, much reluctant, to the work-room, there was another task before us in settling him into his father's baggy knee-breeches. These were dear to us from their pictorial qualities, but the leg of Grégoire loathed them, and was as difficult to bag as a wide-awake cat.

"They are no more pretty, those. They are not for me, they are my father's. Men do not wear them more like that."

When the young exquisite can slip into his Sunday inexpressibles, made apparently out of carpet, in the complicated system of attachment known to our grandfathers, he regards himself in the fountain with much complacency, as gilded by the meridian ray of fashion.

We find a charm in bringing the nineteenth century to bear upon a character of native intelligence, but all unmodernized. We carried him to meet a vagrant photographer, who submitted him to his mysterious chemistry, and showed him his counterpart at the end of a few seconds. The boy, who had sat faultlessly—"like an angel," in the words of the operator,—was amazed and shocked. He made a searching examination of the portable dark-chamber, in which he believed the miraculous artifice to reside, but could make nothing of it, and hastened to free himself in safety, going off with his head down.

The other day while he was posing in the atelier, some one happened to be reading aloud. It was the "Great Cossack Epile" of Thackeray. What do you suppose was the effect, upon a fine but quite unaccustomed ear, of the long march and fluency and cadence of English verse? The effect was not absolutely flattering to that sweet and musical style. A subdued giggle was presently heard from a heretofore silent commentator. This was nipped in the bud, but was soon replaced by a prolonged and imperious delirium of laughter, the long-tempered expression of an immense derision. Thackeray was singing his best, and Gregory was laughing his loudest.

The regular and strongly-marked metre, so dear to us, seemed to him eminently absurd. In a kind of revenge we asked him to declaim something in his turn. The incalculable youth responded in the Roman dialect. He is not of the Emperor's pet Latin! The Celt, whom Cæsar could never fairly conquer, has conquered Cæsar's tongue.

The first exhibition of his excellence as a penman took the form of a rebuke. We had inconsiderately forgotten ever to ask his name, so, the first moment when he found himself released for a term of rest, he took a piece of chalk that lay by, and engraved his title in large and beautiful characters across the top of the table. In that way he left his card upon us—"Grégoire Canivet." The introduction effected, he was free to converse.

We gathered round, looking at the hand

some script as Cimabue looked at Giotto's sketch. It would have puzzled any of us to match it, yet it was the work of a hand rough from the fall. Finding our attention attracted, he proceeded to oblige us with extracts in Breton, French and church-Latin. In the last named speech he recited a prayer, which he ingeniously contrived to make all one word—an attainment regarded as one of the fine arts in Catholic countries.

Such is the boy-Cimabue, who stands with his "air of emotion" looking lingeringly back to Pon-Am'n. His abundant hair lifts from time to time in the instant wind. He seems quite comfortable in the searching damp, though his copyists are only at ease in a multitude of winter wrappings.

Sitting quietly at work hour by hour, the little habits of peasant life come out one by one, like wild things in the woods that only appear after one has been still a long time. The place is just below the town, where the river, after passing the "fourteen houses and fourteen mills," which properly center on Pon-Am'n, gets its first taste of the sea and slides eagerly forward to meet the fuller, flavor and the larger life. It curls voluptuously southward like a smooth gray serpent, licking many castles with cone-like roofs and pigeon-houses of the size and solidity of chapels, set in the fringing woods. Nearly opposite is the principal mill, a crumbling structure of the middle ages, with gargoyles at the corners that watch the artists working with the real mediæval sarcasm in their faces. Thence, upon its entrance into liberty is beset with obstructions in the shape of enormous granite boulders. One of these, precisely in front of the white umbrella, has the form of a well-modeled foot, or rather shoe, twenty feet from heel to toe. The poetical dreamers are unable to improve upon this play of nature. From the foot, Hercules, they hang over it in the air, a shadowy image, with monstrous head nodding high above the town. It is the hero of romances, Gargantua. The stone is his shoe.

Enormous sand-barges float up the river with the entering tide, and deposit their sea-treasures at our feet. Sometimes a fish leaps, sometimes a white sea-bird rises screaming over. The rude farmers from the inner country, with their wild dress and lumbering round-bottom carts, approach for loads of sand. It is used for lightening the soil, while the proportion of shell-fish serves as a manure. One would think the very best-blossoms of such a land would smell of the sea. The tall, narrow women, in their lofty white caps, pass and repass, knitting or spinning. Their silence is a sombre reflection from their sad, inarticulate lives.

Even the children are not very sportive. One has found a wooden shoe, and having rigged it with a square sail in imitation of those raised by the sardine-schooners, has effected a rather brilliant launch; but the current is eager and treacherous, and bears it ironically against the Shoe of Gargantua. The giant quietly trips the poor sabot with his granite toe, and youth sits weeping while his venture washes helplessly about in the confused eddies of the tide.

Two more children, hovering around the painters in a style of bashful persistency, presently succeed in arresting attention. They are of the same height and dressed to match, in overpowering extinguisher aprons, and round caps smothering their young heads. Each bears a pretty little nosegay of dahlias and margarets. The stately one makes the timid one do the talking, stooping behind and flashing her handsome eyes over her sister's shoulder. They are model candidates. Some poor mother, confident in the beauty of her little daughters, and having a mastering necessity for a franc, has set them adrift to see what fortune they will meet with the strange gentleman. She has pulled out the stray brown curls attractively from under their little visors, giving their little skirts the last pat and the last twitch, folded their small fingers around the posy, and launched them.

They play their own part not inaptly, sporting stily about and flashing a sense of being in their best clothes, and looking so quaint in their old-fashioned that it will be hard indeed if they do not fit into some part of the autumn landscape.

Some of the children eternally carry other children. One little boy, with an exceptionally large hat, has never been seen without a powerful blonde baby in his arms, drying up his spring of life and giving him permanent curvature of the spine. Where art, he is. It is impossible to see him arrive, but he is always developed by a backward turn of the head—his dirty foot upon his native soil, his frame sinking under the baby, and an expectancy of centuries in his silent eyes.

At the cottage doors the mothers tend upon other children, with accomplished patience and good temper, earning what woman ever earns in savage communities—the neglect and contempt of the man by their devotion to the child.

Suddenly a thought strikes somebody, and we say to our model,

"Grégoire, why don't you go and be a *klourek*?"

The *kloureks* are the sizers of the priest's colleges. The poor peasant recruits are hardy used at first, but they have an ultimate chance of distinction, and at any rate of education. They are the last vestige of the poor clerk of the middle ages, who used to people the fetid streets of the University of old Paris, gay and reckless Bohemians defending themselves with their clubs from the rapers of the nobler collectors, and doffing slavishly when a robed professor would pass on his mule.

"Grégoire, why are you not a *klourek*?"

The young man starts and hesitates.

"My father wants me for the rye and back wheat. I am not good enough to make a priest, and then—"

—His eyes are thrown in a speaking man-

ner upon a radiant girl who passes. We understand why he will not go and be a *klourek*.

The girls have begun to come for water to the fountain. It is nearly supper time. One after another has disturbed us in the path, and this time it is Mona. Mona may be seen all day long when it is sunny, embroidering lace at the door, upon the quay. Mona's cheek is rich and round, her eyebrows is a lovely brown arch, and as she passes us towards the spring, she for one moment raises her full dark eyes—moments' dewy caress. She, after all my pretty peasants, is by all odds, the loveliest girl in Pon-Am'n. She has a head and bearing fit for Raphael. Her water-jar sits upon her brow like some pet water-Corinthian capital.

Why is not Grégoire a *klourek*?

ENFANT PERDU.

XX.

We were all mid-nodding, all mid-nodding, three little fashions together, with crazy politeness, while disputing each other's entrance to a stony cove in the Bay of Biscay. A sharp gale had frightened in the fishermen before their nets were a quarter full, and Marteau and I, who had come down the river to take our last look at the open sea-coast before yielding to Paris, were a little tired of our adventure and glad to land. The coast was in a fret. It ground the white froth among its iron teeth, and blew up puffs of steaming spray over the tops of its foreheads and headlands.

The place was so solitary and wild that the natives had taken on a similar complexion, and, although very good-natured, had the appearance of wild men. Messrs. Robinson Crusoe, Peter Wilkins and Enoch Arden helped assure an exceedingly damp and smelly figure, which was the writer, and assisted with his anchor another well-basted personage, who was my friend Marteau.

Frenchmen have special fortes. Marteau is especially strong as a traveling companion. Hailing from the environs of Brest, and cast early on his own resources, he is an inhabitant of all France, and at home everywhere. In the winter he lives in a closet in Paris, a new Diogenes in a packing-box, and pours out a cheerful fund of bad pictures at a very cheap rate. "I have always supported myself," says he, in the summer he ties a calash round his neck, tightens his Breton gilet, straps on his paint-box wrapped in his extra blouse and trowsers, and pervades France. He has read a good deal here and there, and talks freely about anything. Like all of his class he scorns the reigning dynasty, and listens with enchanted ears to the story of freedom in America.

"I have hunger meanwhile," says Marteau, lighting expressly his scarlet cigarette, "all I can do is to nibble at the black rocks, slippery with seaweed. The wind scorns us and whips us up the craggy stairs with lashes of tar spray. Marteau's nose is blue. There is a drop of sea-water on the end of that chiseled feature, and some choice algae mixed in his beard. I suppose myself bestially jeweled. The wild man accompany us, their nimble bare feet very much at home among the stones. It is only at first view their appearance is forbidding; afterwards, from Marteau's calash-like infatuated Gallians all the wild chattering of their uncouth language. One few words of Celtic are found to go a great way, and we keep up an animated discourse despite the roar, the boom of the delirious wave, and the thundering rattle of the rocks it sucked out to sea in its retreat.

From the promontory we can see a range of other promontories, each set with its small white signal-house. In nooks among the rocks are gathered great square stacks of seaweed, greedily demanded hereabouts for manure. Towards the river-mouth the shores become more low and soft, and there, from the left bank, the merciful beacon of its shining shaft, like the white round arm of Hero, as she held the torch.

An accidental-looking cut covers among the crags, as if it had been shipwrecked there. Its shaggy thatch is stirred, now by a breath of thyme from the downs, now by a cutting whistle from the sea. Marteau repeats that he has hunger. Small as it is, mean as it is, lonely and indistinguishable as it is, the house is yet a house of call, and we buy there the simple hospitality which satisfies the sailor, the wrecker, the farmer and the fisher.

But I dare not call it an inn. It is a grotto, a low cave where these sea-bears hibernate. Their season of work is nearly over, and we shall meet a crowd of them, with their sluggish winter-habits thick upon them, blowing and snoring around the drift-wood fire. The low, dark facade, the frowning eaves, bring to mind smugglers, Svaltor, Ross, Captain Kidd. Even Marteau takes to singing the sardonic refrain of the Latin Quarter.

Fallait pas qu'y aille,
Fallait pas qu'y aille,
Fallait pas qu'y aille au cabaret!

As the door closes behind us we seem at first to be in almost total darkness. One low, square window gives upon the sea, where the women may look anxiously out, as the storm blows up, for the little oblong sail; but the old close sash is dim, and I can only see the edges, touched with silver-gray, of a few of the nearest men. From the window the long Breton table or dough-trough stretches well into the room. It is a corresponding length, and partly upon these, partly upon the polished board itself, sits the crowd of sea-faring characters, clashing the chopines of older fraternally together among itself. The house is a room, and the room is a cave. It is low but spacious, and the floor, being the natural earth, represents quite an expanse of rolling and variegated country. The cave is a cave of adventure, of discovery, of darkness and mystery. Unsuspected drunkards are constantly rolling up from a condition of in-

visibility and rolling towards us with lurching and pitching cider mugs, the intent being to treat us. I am constantly liable, in groping forward, to tread upon some woman's shoe, or see, a long way in front of me, a few twigs burning uneasily in a great black velvet fireplace, and two figures like Egyptian Memnon facing each other in the chimney seats. They are women young and tall, and brown with the toll of raking seaweed where the sun beats upon the rocks. They wear the hoodlike cap of Nevez, like the chain hoods of Knights Templars. They have an iron, inflexible look, as they sit with their right angle knees towards the fire, and I am not sure that that they will use us mercifully. But before attaining their locality, I stumble upon a new discovery—a baby.

In a dark and richly-worked antique cradle at the side of the tall wardrobe-bed, lies a lately born baby, its bead-like eyes unconsciously fixed upon the great lump of lard that hangs by straps from the smoked rafters above. As for the infant personally, it is the merest trifle, having given its whole attention to cephalic development. It is wrapped from its feet to its neck in a spiral of bands, as tight as ever it would wrap. The head is the resplendent exaggeration, swelling out in a windy manner at the point where the tourniquet ceases. I would describe this youthful sailor as a curls and a bubble, and the bubble has a bonnet on.

I wish to prefer my requests to the mother of this infant, if I can discriminate her. Solomon has taught me how. A little attention to the prolegs educs one of the two women, she comes feebly forward, with a grave and weary smile, and I now see that her oval brown face has on it something of the holy light of maternity which looks to her companion. Soon she was languidly bestirring herself about the breakfast of Marteau.

I was not hungry, and did not partake. But I fed my eyes and my thoughts at this sea-meal. It was the simplest I had ever seen. The mer-woman bent over her salt store, and produced a bowl, a wooden bowl of fresh sardines.

"Would he have them raw or cooked?" she asked innocently.

Marteau selected three or four of the largest specimens, and laid them himself scientifically among the embers. Then opening his large pocket-knife he got a great chip of the rye loaf—more like a mill-stone than a loaf. This was the breakfast. It was the breakfast prepared eighteen hundred years ago by the risen Lord for his sad disciples, when they came wondering to land, and saw a fire of coals on the shore, and fish laid thereon, and bread.

Also the barbarous person showed us no little kindness. They surrounded us about the fire. Their lean, shaven faces, their wild wet hair and strange garb, seemed like a picture of fancy. Hundreds of years were displaced, and I thought that just such a group might have surrounded the earliest missionaries who came to bruise the Druid altars and plant the cross along the road-way.

I am sorry to confess that the gospel we set in circulation was older. It fell among eager and thirsty souls. The missionaries rose to an unequalled height of popularity, if not to canonization. The maudlin ones beset us with fishy embraces. Those who retained their voices began endless ballads, made when the Breton race was gallant, aggressive and hopeful. One man was a man, an improvisator—a race well known to Finistère, and welcome to every table and hearth. He answered the simplest questions in ready poetry, the metre being so plain that I could follow it perfectly. The task was evidently a bandying of wit. They winced at the caustic personalities that flew hither and thither, and answered smartly back. The silent women by the fire, excluded from the society, heard it all in silence, taking it stonily into their Egyptian heads, as if they meant to use the material some day in an ebullition of enigmas.

"What's aly one is your apple? He rolls about the orchard in his bulbous way, assuming an air of country frankness. I am a plain apple, he says; I am not romantic and poetical like your cherry and your tropical, almond-eyed peach; I am a burly, bounding apple, and you must take me as I am. But we may not take him as he says he is. Years and years ago, when he was yet green and far from sweet, I took him as he was—and oh, how seriously he affected me! Then I found him out. I have since seen more of his tricks. He has taken my Bretons, to a man, and brought them to his peacock cup, and he keeps them down and sits on them. They have no literature, no arts, no progress—it is the shade of the apple-bough. Their voice is not heard in the world—it is the cider-cup forever at their lips.

Marteau asked for the "addition."

"It will be three sous for the cider and the bread. The fishes are not charged."

When we went out the tender autumn light lay basking over a scene of breaking waters and rocky lines such as Haseltine loves to paint. The wind swept sighing over the broad heaths, and with a sadness it had borrowed from the sea. At our feet our boat was dancing for us. Our abundant wrappings had been dried and warmed in the old inn: Marteau said we must soon return, for the tide was rising.

As for me, I thought of the two silent women by the fire. You see, I am come from a land of chivalry. The low, mean destiny of the female peasantry never ceases to affect me powerfully. That mother was little more than a strong, handsome, dumb animal, allowed in the intervals of toll to lavish her fondness on her babe's little while, and then doomed to see him grow up and treat her as an inferior. There no ready words with which to make others feel the oppression that comes over men seeking a race of fair and stately women yoked to

farm implements like oxen, and goaded all summer from the early sun to the tardy shadow. A famous French picture represents "The Clove of the Day," and a group of Titan-women relieved against the flaming sky, as they rest their enormous arms among the sheaves; the sadness of which I speak burns angrily, like a reproachful light, through the picture.

I saw, upon this very coast, a group of three great creatures asleep among the crags, while the last rays of a delicious summer sun played upon the dreaming ocean behind them. They were fish-women, and their day's toll and their week's toll ended together on that heavenly Saturday afternoon. The light made pictures for them, the wild-flowers bloomed for them, all nature wooed them to rise, and smile, and enjoy. Around them swam the Breton seas, the seas of old romance, the seas that had created their heroes, and guard still the Cradle of Merlin and the Grave of Arthur. But there, upon their stony beds, as if already in the sepulchre, their faces turned from the fainting splendors of the day, they rested the rest that is a death. Dead they were, "dead to life, and use, and name, and fame," until the cruel day-god, in his circuit, should drag them up again to another agony of toil and stupor. Their rest was cruel, like their work. ENFANT PERDU.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

No. II.

GOVERNMENT SUBSIDIES.

The enormous stretch of country to be traversed by a road that will link the banks of the Missouri river with the shores of the Pacific, the sparseness of a railway-sustaining population, except at the extremities of such a road, and the consequent expense-iveness of the line, without immediate lucrativeness, have been insuperable obstacles in the way of the building of a road that would complete the spanning of the continent with iron. To overcome these difficulties, and to accomplish at once what would otherwise have been a work of many years, the Government came to the aid of the enterprise, and under this stimulus the work is going rapidly forward. The subsidy granted to the company is the grant of alternate sections of land, twenty miles in breadth upon each side of the road, and sixteen thousand dollars per mile as the road progresses. The soil is generally the richest farming land in the world, and the portion of it which falls to the lot of the Union Pacific Railroad, Eastern division, amounts to the handsome aggregate of twelve thousand eight hundred acres per lineal mile. The allowance in money is not a gift to the company, but rather a loan of the Government credit. As each section of twenty miles of the road is finished, it is inspected by three Government Commissioners, and upon their certificate that the work has been properly performed, bonds to the amount of \$30,000 are issued to the company. These bonds bear six per cent. currency interest, but as they have thirty years to run they are very desirable for investment, and they rate slightly above par in the market. By way of securing these bonds the Government takes a second mortgage of \$10,000 per mile to go ahead of it. The Government requires that the first mortgage bonds shall be of the same tenor and general character as the Government bonds; but the interest upon them is payable in gold.

HOW THE ROAD IS PAYING.

The road although only completed to Fort Riley, and having literally "nowhere" for its western terminus, is doing a business of about \$35,000 per month. Including the Leavenworth branch, this revenue is taken a second mortgage of \$10,000 per mile earned upon one hundred and sixty-five miles of road. This business is almost entirely local and it will be largely increased in the spring, by the rich through travel across the Plains to Denver, Santa Fe and other places in the far West, which has heretofore started in wagons from the Missouri river. There is already a saving of two weeks over wagon transportation between Leavenworth and Fort Riley consequent upon the completion of the road. By means of the overland mail and the rail, so far as completed, letters are even now being carried from Denver to New York in five days. The celerity of movement of which this is a sample has caused the transfer to this route of the great British letter mail for China via San Francisco.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

It is expected that by the first of May the road will be completed to Fort Ellsworth, five hundred miles west of St. Louis, and in the heart of the buffalo country. The Indians being unwilling to give up their rich hunting grounds along the Smoky Hill river, have given indications of a disposition to be troublesome; but troops are stationed along the line of the road and the military authorities have promised that the work shall not be impeded by any interference upon the part of the savages. At the recent conference at Zarah, on the Arkansas river, below Fort Ellsworth, where three thousand Indians of the Cheyenne, Arapahoe, and Comanche tribes were present, a large number of ponies and other presents were distributed among the dusky skins, and they promised to keep the peace, a promise that they will keep so long as their convenience, and so long as they are afraid to break it. But the march of progress and civilization cannot be arrested because a miserable set of vagabond savages (for the Indians of that Territory are no better) will neither join in it nor stand aside.

In addition to the grant of land, under the Pacific Railroad act, the company receives through a treaty made with the Government with the Indians, the valuable lands known as the Delaware and Pottawattamie Reserves of over half a million acres. These lands lie in Eastern Kansas and they are being sold by the Company to actual settlers for one-third cash, and the remainder

in three annual payments. The land is beautiful patches of timber, and especially adapted to stock or crop farming.

ADVANTAGES OF THIS ROUTE.

The most prominent among the advantages claimed for this route, as compared with the more northern, or Omaha route, are as follows:

1. Its centrality and the comparative nearness of the Rocky Mountains. It is, in fact, an extension of the Central Railroad system, lying through St. Louis.

2. Wood, water and coal, all essentials of railroads, are found along this route in greater abundance than upon the Platte. In fact, there have as yet been no discoveries of coal upon the Platte; while it crops out frequently on the line of the Union Pacific road, east of Fort Riley. It is also found again in the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains.

3. Greater fertility of soil and more equable climate as evinced by the peach berry, oak, hickory, etc., etc., while the timber used in Omaha, west, is chiefly cottonwood and other soft woods.

In the construction of the central road the rail used is all of 56 pounds per lineal yard, six pounds per yard heavier than the requirements of the Government. The iron used by the Omaha road is fifty pounds per yard.

THE CONNECTIONS OF THIS ROAD.

At Kansas City the Union Pacific Railroad connects with the Missouri Pacific railroad from St. Louis. The gauge of the latter is 5 feet 6 inches; but it is probable that it will soon be changed to correspond with that of the Union Pacific road, to wit, 4 feet, 8½ inches. The road has also a valuable outlet and feeder in the Missouri river from Kansas city and Leavenworth. At the place last named it has the Hannibal (by the way of Weston) with the Eastern, and St. Josephs Railroad. This affords a connection with Fort Wayne and Chicago and the entire East, the gauge of all the roads named being the same and all corresponding with that of the Pennsylvania Central.

A "cut-off" of fifty-five miles in length is now in process of construction from Kansas city so as to connect the Hannibal and St. Josephs Railroad at Cameron. This will probably be finished within a year. It has been decided to bridge the Missouri river at Kansas city for this purpose.

Another road is being rapidly constructed from Kansas City along the north bank of the Missouri river through the tobacco and hemp counties of the State, to connect with the North Missouri Road at Allen. The Union Pacific Railroad has thus four valuable feeders and outlets.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The route of this road, as definitely fixed, it will depend upon surveys which will be made next spring; it will probably be through Denver, but in that event there will be a branch to Santa Fé, leaving the main line at Pond Creek, on the Smoky Hill fork, about seven hundred miles west of St. Louis. From Pond Creek to Santa Fé is four hundred and sixty-one miles. Denver is eight hundred and eighty-four miles west of St. Louis and at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

There are other facts in connection with this great enterprise that will be given in another article upon the subject.

ARTIFICIAL BEAUTY.—The Baroness de St. Germain is said to have exchanged half her knowledge for personal charms, and consider it cheaply-bought-at that price. All women know that it is beauty, rather than beauty, which all generations of men have worshipped in the sex. Can it be that, then, that so much of woman's time and attention should be directed to the means of developing and preserving that beauty? Women know, too, that when men speak of the intellect of women, they speak critically, tamely, coolly; but when they come to speak of the charms of a beautiful woman, both their language and their eyes kindle with an enthusiasm, which shows them to be profoundly, if not indeed, ridiculously earnest. It is part of the natural agency of women to perceive all this, and therefore employ every allowable art to become the goddesses of that adoration. Preach to the contrary as we may; against the arts employed by women for enhancing their beauty, there still stands the eternal fact, that the world does not prefer the society of an ugly woman of genius to that of a beauty of less intellectual attainments. Beauty is the world has yet allowed no higher mission to woman than to be beautiful, and it would seem that the ladies of the present age are carrying this idea of the world to greater extremes than ever, for all women now, to whom nature has denied the talismanic power of beauty, supply the deficiency by the use of an enameling process called "Email de Paris," or in plain English, "Parisian Enamel," which has lately been introduced into this country by a French chemist, a delicate beautifier which smoothes out all indentations, pock-marks, furrows, scars, and imparts alabaster skins, blooming cheeks and furrowless faces. With the assistance of this new French trick of a lady's toilet, the world is destined to play a larger part in the admiration of man, and the ambition of women, than all the arts employed since her creation.

GEORGE W. CARLETON will publish this week Miss Evans's new novel, "St. Elmo." The demand for this work is immense; a single order for five thousand has been received by the publisher, and the first edition will number several thousand more than any former novel by the author. Carleton is also printing the seventh edition of Swinburne's "Lana Venetia."

GEN. GRANT and son arrived in St. Louis yesterday.