

## TOLD IN A BACKWOODS TAVERN.

Stories of Wild Life Heard Sixty Years Ago by an old New Yorker.

"I lived twenty years in the wilds of Sullivan county, and left them over forty years ago," said the venerable William R. Sands, now a resident of this city, "and have a lively recollection of the old hunters referred to by Fin Teepie, the Pennsylvania Nimrod, in his narrative of old times in the woods of that region, as given in last Sunday's Sun. I was much surprised to hear that Peter Stewart was still living. He must certainly be between 90 and 100 years old. The last time I was in Sullivan County was in 1872, when I attended the funeral of Stephen Curry, one of the pioneers of the county, who died at the age of 101. I remember Nelse Crocker, the panther hunter, whom Teepie mentions as having killed himself because he broke the temperance pledge. He, as well as many others of the old hunters, used to lounge at a tavern kept by an uncle of mine when they were in that vicinity. In those days rum was the favorite beverage, and those free and easy woodsmen punished quantities of it. I can remember, when I was a boy, sixty years ago, sitting on a bench in the bar room of that old tavern and listened in open-mouthed wonder to their recitals of adventures with panthers, wolves and bears.

"At that time some of them were old men and had roamed the woods before the Indians had given up their claim to them as hunting grounds, and they enlivened the meetings on such occasions with tales of Indian atrocity and personal encounters with the savage, which were then still fresh in their memory. These men lived in different parts of the county, but they seemed to look upon the whole region as a common stamping ground, and it was no unusual thing to see half a dozen hunters in that little bar-room, which was in the town of Neversink, whose homes were thirty miles away in different directions.

"Nelse Crocker was a general favorite because of his great fund of rugged wit and humor and his great sociability. His stories were told in a vein that kept his hearers in a perpetual roar of laughter, his illustrations being broad and original and his powers of mimicry wonderful. He seldom made his own adventures the subject of narration, but always had some good thing to tell, either in favor of or at the expense of some one else. His great bane was rum. Under the influence of that he was but

LITTLE BETTER THAN A DRIVELLING IMBECILE,

and his spree lasted for weeks. One of Nelse Crocker's adventures with panthers, or rather the story of it, I recollect as well as if I had heard it only yesterday, although it occurred sixty years ago. Crocker lived near White Lake, in Bethel turnpike, where his grandfather had been a pioneer settler, and kept a tavern. In the fall of 1820 Nelse had his cabin in the woods near what was called Big Pond, and one day he and his dog struck the trail of panthers along the edge of Painter Swamp. The practised eye of the hunter discovered that there were tracks of no less than seven of the ferocious animals. He followed the trail with his dog a long distance in the swamp without discovering any game, and then sat down on a log to eat his lunch and rest himself. Suddenly his dog began to bristle up and growl, and the next instant a large panther sprang from a tree near by, almost touching Crocker's shoulder as it shot past him. It struck the ground a few feet beyond and bounded off into the swamp.

"Crocker caught up his gun, and lost no time in starting in pursuit of the panther. The dog had followed it immediately, and was yelping along ahead on the track of the animal. Crocker's dog was an exception to most hunting dogs, for, as I have many times heard the old hunters say, there were very few dogs that would follow a panther's track. Nelse's dog overtook the panther, or probably the panther waited for him. At any rate he pitched into the panther without delay, and was whipped in three seconds. Crocker met his dog coming back badly used up. The hunter went on, and found the panther in a tree. As he was aiming at it, a noise off in the swamp attracted his attention, and looking in that direction, he saw another panther rushing toward him, bounding over the tops of the laurels like a rubber ball. Crocker's interest in the animal in the tree vanished at once, and he turned his gun on the new arrival, and by a lucky shot killed it. The report of the gun was followed immediately by yells of panthers from all parts of the swamp, and, as Crocker had no dog to aid him, he thought that the best thing he could do would be to beat a retreat from the swamp. Two panthers brought up his rear, but did not approach to within shooting distance of Nelse. They followed him, however, to the edge of the swamp.

"When he reached his cabin he found his dog there ahead of him, looking sheepish and ashamed of himself. The more Nelse thought of the way he had left the field alone to the panthers the madder he got, and when he discovered that he had left his hunting-cap, which was made out of a wolf's skin, behind him in the swamp, he swore that he would go back and recover it, skin the panther he had killed, and tackle the rest of the drove, if he got chawed up himself. The dog wasn't hurt so badly as he thought, but he did not suppose that it would ever go around where there was a panther again. Yet, when Nelse started back for the swamp next morning to redeem his reputation as a panther hunter, what was his surprise to see the dog gather himself up and march resolutely along as if aware that he ought to retrieve his reputation, and was determined to do it.

"On reaching the scene of his encounter with the panthers the day before, Crocker found his hat and the body of the slain panther. Nelse began taking off his skin, when in glancing up in a tree near by, he saw another crouching down on a limb. Crocker shot it, and it tumbled to the ground, but jumped to its feet and climbed to the top of a small chestnut tree, which bent over with the weight until it was only a few feet from the ground. The panther dropped to the ground, and

CROCKER'S DOG AT ONCE SEIZED IT, but with one blow of its paw it knocked the dog twenty feet away. Crocker had been trying to reload his gun, but the ramrod stuck in the socket, and delayed him so that the panther, after its bout with the dog, rushed upon him while his gun was still empty. The second experience of the dog was again too much for his valor and he ran away. Crocker, taken at a disadvantage, was also compelled to seek safety in flight. The panther followed him, and was gaining

at every jump, when Crocker threw down his rifle. The panther ran to where he had thrown the gun and paused a short time to inspect it, enabling Nelse to make good his escape from the swamp, beyond which the animal did not pursue him.

"When Crocker cooled off he cursed his cowardice, and going to his cabin, he took his hunting axe, which, for some reason, that he was never able to explain, he had failed to carry on either of his other visits to the swamp. Armed with this, he went back to meet the panther he had wounded. He had not long to wait, for he had gone but a short distance in the thicket when the infuriated beast sprang out of the bushes, alighted directly in front of Nelse. It jumped for his throat before he could deliver a blow with his axe. He drew his knife, and by a lucky thrust buried it in the panther's heart. It was more than lucky, for the panther's forepaws were on his breast, and its wide open jaws at his throat. In falling back it set its claws in the hunter's clothing, and tore them from him from the shoulders down. Leaving the panther in its death throes, Crocker hastened to the spot where he had thrown his rifle, and found it. He lost no time in loading it, for he knew that it was more than likely that the dying cries of the panther would summon others to the spot, and he had barely got his rifle ready before he heard one springing from a tree toward him. It soon came in sight, and, discovering Crocker, crouched for a spring in the crotch of a tree, a few feet away. Nelse waited for the leap, and as the panther left the tree he fired. The ball entered its heart, and the animal fell dead at Crocker's feet.

"Nelse's dog, probably unable to face his master after deserting him twice in a strait, had disappeared, and Crocker never saw him again. Finding himself thus left to combat panthers alone, Nelse concluded it would be best to let the ones still remaining have the swamp to themselves, so he took the skins of the three panthers he had killed and broke camp. Crocker signed the temperance pledge in Monticello in 1843, and did not drink anything until the fall of 1844. He joined a party on a hunt that fall, and they had plenty of rum in the camp. Nelse got drunk and remained so for a week. When he became sober he was so ashamed that he shot himself in camp.

"Another hunting story that made a deep impression on my mind in that old backwoods tavern was about a man named Dodge who was a great panther hunter. He was driving a deer once near one of the ponds of Sullivan county, and was walking along the edge of the pond, when he discovered a panther glaring at him from a tree and making ready to spring. Quick as a flash he had his rifle to his shoulder and before the panther had time to spring he sent a bullet in its brain. The panther fell dead and rolled into the pond. The echoes of the shot had hardly died away when the woods seemed literally alive with companions of the dead beast. Dodge said he saw them leaping about in the trees on all sides. He knew that he had no possible chance for his life in a contest with such numbers unless he could obtain some advantage which they could not overcome. It suddenly occurred to him that no member of the cat family would enter water under any circumstances, so he waded out into the pond until he was waist deep. He counted seven panthers leaping about in the trees, uttering blood-curdling yells, and glaring at the hunter. From his position in the pond Dodge would shoot at a panther whenever one would rush down to the edge of the woods. He killed four, when the other three retreated into the woods and disappeared. Fearing that they had gone after reinforcements, Dodge made all haste to get to his cabin. The next day, in company with another hunter, he followed the remaining three and succeeded in killing two of them.

"But panther stories were not the only ones those hunters of the olden time used to tell. Wolves, bears, and wounded bucks furnished subjects for endless tales of backwoods prowess. If that old tavern were standing now, and its walls would speak, the life of Davy Crockett would be as tame as a dictionary alongside of the tales they could unfold."

## The Martyrdom of St. Peter.

The notion of the Apostles crucifixion head downwards is derived from a passing allusion in *Origen*, and seems to contradict an expression of Tertullian. It was possibly suggested by an erroneous translation of some Latin expression for capital punishment. At any rate, it stands condemned as a sentimental anachronism, bearing on its front the traces of later and more morbid forms of piety rather than the simple humility of the Apostles, who rejoined in all things to imitate their Lord. Those who accept these legends must do so on the authority of an heretical novel, written with an evil tendency, not earlier than the beginning of the third century; or else on that of the apocryphal "Acta Petri et Pauli," which appeared at a still later date. All that we can really learn about the closing years of St. Peter from the earliest Fathers may be summed up in a few words, that in all probability he was martyred at Rome. That he died by martyrdom may be regarded as certain, because, apart from tradition, it seems to be implied in the words of the risen Christ to his penitent Apostle. That this martyrdom took place at Rome, though first asserted by Tertullian and Gaius at the beginning of the third century, may (in the absence of any rival tradition) be accepted as a fact in spite of the ecclesiastical tendencies which might have led to its invention; but the only Scriptural authority which can be quoted for any visit of St. Peter to Rome is the one word, "The Church in Babylon saluteth you."

## Chinese Composition.

The Chinese compositor has a merry time while working. One would imagine he was on a six-day-go-as-you-please walking match instead of setting type. He cannot sit at the case as our printers do, but must constantly travel from one case to another, as the characters needed are so numerous and cover so much space that it is impossible to keep them in anything like the room required for the ordinary cases. In setting up a piece of copy the Chinese printer will walk up and down the room for a few moments, and then go down-stairs for a line of lower-case. Then he takes the elevator and goes up into the third story after some caps, and then out into the wood shed after some astorishers. Intelligence in his case is not so much a requisite as being a good pedestrian.

## THE SHAKERS.

How the Disciples of Mother Ann Lee Live and Thrive—Their Parent Semetiot—Property held by the Community for the Benefit of All.

What are known as the Shaker settlements are situated seven miles northwest of Albany, in the town of Watervliet, N. Y. There are four villages clustered together, distant from each other about half a mile. The principal settlement is called the "Church" village. The church in which all the members worship in common is located here. The other three villages are known as the "North," "South," and "West." The names indicate their direction from the Church settlement. Each community holds its own property and controls its own temporal affairs. In religious matters the four settlements are controlled by the pastor of the church, though each has one "presiding elder." The land held by the four communities forms a total of 3,000 acres. Some of it is woodland and a small portion of it is marshy. There are no hills of prominence, and generally the land is level, fertile, and cultivated with extreme care. The land owned by the Church village comprises 769 acres.

The term village is rather a misnomer here. Ordinarily it conveys the idea of a greater number of dwellings, streets, a tavern, and some signs of public business. The buildings which compose the Church settlement number twenty or thirty about. They form a sort of square or court. There is nothing which at all represents a travelled highway. Nor do these buildings appear like dwellings, as they serve various other and different purposes. The first, which stands near the public road, is a neat and substantial structure. This contains the office, the "store," and a reception-room. Here Samantha Bowie, Barbara Hooper, and Ella Benedict preside as hosts, and receive the public gracefully and graciously. In the store various articles of home manufacture are exposed for sale. Basketwork, needlework, mats, canes, etc., represent the patience and deft hand labor of these interesting people. The female costume, like that at the Oneida community, is peculiar to themselves. It consists of a dress with long skirt of black alpaca and a cape of the same material. This, with a white apron and a bonnet-frame for the head, covered with white goods, makes up a neat and effective indoor costume. The general appearance of the women here, with the white apron omitted, is not unlike that of the Sisters of Charity. When the women folks go to Troy and Albany on business they wear the straw bonnet and cape which is known to the female creation everywhere as a "shaker." The men wear no peculiar or distinctive costume. Theirs is that of society at large.

The members of the Church family number about fifty. The total of the four villages is not more than 150. Two-thirds of the whole number are females. All, or the major portion, of the Church family sleep and eat in one large building. The sleeping rooms are divided, the males from the female, by a long hall. The meals are taken at a long table in silence, and with strict decorum. A bell on top of this building gets the members out of bed at 4:30 a. m. in the summer and at 5 a. m. in the winter. It summons them to breakfast at 6, to dinner at 12, to supper at 6. The male members do very little manual labor. They superintend the outdoor work, which is mostly performed by hired help. About twenty hired men are employed, at a salary of \$200 a year, with board. Although some Jersey and Holsteins are raised, no effort is made to rear thoroughbred cattle. The women are engaged in tailoring, mending, making shirts and other garments for family wear. Brooms are also made here, and small pails. The buildings, aside from the church, the office, the house, and the seed store, are devoted to factory or workshop purposes on a small scale.

Those familiar with the Oneida community can not avoid making comparisons. Though the latter and the Shakers bear a general resemblance one to the other, yet they are unlike in some particulars, and in one point are as dissimilar as the antipodes. Before Oneida community resolved itself into a stock company and conformed to the state marriage laws its members were "free lovers." Their peculiar and abhorrent practices were a part of their creed. The Shakers' faith is based upon the plan of property in common, but also upon "the practice of living a strictly virgin, celibate life." The Oneida community contains more members and has immense trap-shops, silk-works, blooded stock, barns, and a cannery factory. The Shaker settlement have none of these. They may lack the collective vigor and talent for business and manufacture which formerly characterized the Oneida community under the leadership of J. H. Noyes, the founder. There is no pretense here to landscape gardening; no handsome lawns, or flower-beds, or museums. The buildings are not unlike in general character those of the ordinary farm sort. There is more evidence of simplicity and contentedness than of an ambitious desire to pose before the world.

This is the parent Shaker settlement. Mother Ann Lee went from England to New England in 1774. She claimed to have received a revelation and a commission from Christ to form a kingdom of Christ on earth. In this kingdom the sexes were to dwell together in virgin purity. She had been the mother of four children, all of whom died in infancy. Old as her theory was, she brought with her from England seven converts. In witchcraft New England she met with no favor. Then, with a society numbering ten members, she wandered into the wilderness here in Albany county about the year 1780. The first church was built in New Lebanon, Columbia county, in 1785. In 1795 the society appeared under the name of "The United Society of Believers of Christ's Second Appearing." Now there are seventeen societies in the United States. There are none in any other part of the globe. The common name "Shakers" was applied to these people in derision, and, like many another, the epithet stuck until it has ceased to be opprobrious as was at first intended. In their religious services the worshippers, when moved by the Spirit, shake or dance. They hold public services in the church on Sunday, beginning at 10 a. m. The public services held last Sunday were the first held this season. These occasions attract large numbers of sightseers from this city, from Troy, Cohoes, Waterford, Lansingburg, and West Troy. Some of the public who attend these services are scoffers and disturbers

of the peace. They march about the aisles of the church and in circles with a step that is a sort of shuffle, accompanied by a rocking and a shaking of the body. The members, like the Quakers, speak when the spirit moves them to do so. Ann Lee is buried in the Shaker cemetery here, in which rest the dead belonging to all the villages.

Gardening is the principal employment of the Shakers, though all sorts of farming are carried on. The recent severe frost utterly ruined nine thousand of the finest early tomato plants. These can not be replaced. Tomatoes, apples, and other fruits are canned here by the Shakers for the Oneida community. More than half a century ago the Shakers first originated the drying of sweet corn for food, and they first raised, papered, and trenched garden seeds in the present styles. From their first methods of preparing medicinal roots and herbs for market sprung the immense patent medicine trade. They began the broom-corn business. The first buzz-saw was made by the Shakers at New Lebanon. This is now in the Albany Geological hall. The Shakers here at Watervliet invented the metallic pens, first made of brass and silver. All distilled liquors were abandoned as a beverage by the Shakers sixty years ago, and during the past forty years no fermented liquor of any sort has been used except as a medicine. Pork and tobacco are also numbered among the "forbidden articles." Though the Shakers are not strict vegetarians, the amount of meat and grease used as food is reduced to the minimum.

Males and females are "not allowed to touch each other unnecessarily nor to hold secret correspondence." The Shakers claim to be anti-Mormon and anti Oneidan. Before a new member is admitted he or she must confess all sin in the presence of an elder or an *elderess* and *confessor*. Married and single persons are admitted on conforming to the requirements. What property they bring goes voluntarily into the common fund. Sometimes a member "backslides." As Philip Smith, one of the managers, said: "They come and go." When a member "backslides" he or she may return, if no serious objection be made. Children with their parents are received with reluctance. They are educated in the common school, branches and are given trades. In the officeholding members receives visits from relatives and acquaintances belong to the outside world. These friends are permitted to remain for days or weeks, though indiscriminate intercourse with "worldlings" is discouraged.

Shakers point with pride to their mortality record, which testifies to their longevity. The average age at death in the seventeen societies, embracing nearly five thousand persons, is 57½ years. "Aunt Dolly," who recently died at Mount Lebanon, was 108 years old. She had been a Shaker nearly all her life. The only peculiarity noticeable in a Shaker's speech is the omission of the final letter in "yes." It is odd at first to hear "ye" instead of the usual affirmative. It is a corruption of the Quaker "yea," perhaps. As one of the Shakers observed to the writer, "It takes all sorts of people to make a world."

## An Island of Coconuts and Bananas.

Bonacca is an island and in its way is one of the liveliest places in Spanish Honduras. Its liveliness, however, is peculiar to itself, and there are few places like it. The island has two uses. It grows excellent bananas and coconuts and affords a refuge for all the flies of the surrounding islands.

There are many bananas raised at Bonacca, but they do not run so large as on the mainland; the coconuts do splendidly. Indeed, it is to encourage the coconut growers that the fruit men take their bananas. At present there is a sort of boom in the coconut business, and many are starting coconut plantations, or "coconut walks," as they are called here. It is a safe investment of money, but the return is slow. The trees are planted along the sea-shore in a sandy soil mixed with loam. From the time a tree is planted it takes seven years before it is sufficiently large to bear nuts. But just as soon as the coconuts form on the trees then a steady income sets in. The average number of coconuts to a tree is 120 per year. In the best places trees will bear 150 per year. They are sold according to the season of the year, from \$16 to \$30 per thousand. Our captain was paying \$20 per thousand for good nuts. The coconut walk needs hardly any care. When ripe the nuts fall off themselves, and all that is necessary is to pick them up. The husking of coconuts is the most tiresome work on a plantation, but the native inhabitants are very skillful at it, and they charge very little for their services. After being husked the coconuts are piled up, and when the first steamer arrives are loaded into dories and paddled to the ship. As they are passed up the sides they are counted, and a check given immediately to the planter, who on going to the captain or purser receives his money in Mexican dollars or Honduran money. The whole business is conducted on a cash basis. There are plenty of small islands which can be bought cheap for cash on which there are now sufficient trees to pay for the money invested in a short time, as well as to support the planter while waiting for his new trees to grow.

The coconut industry is increasing every year, while the demand for the nuts in New York and New Orleans is always equal to the supply. The usual method of a planter who comes into this country to start a new plantation is to begin with the banana. Nine months after the banana sucker is planted a yield is obtained. The young shoots are planted eighteen or twenty feet apart, and between them a coconut tree is placed. The heavy growth of the banana shades the young plant until it is well rooted, when it soon shoots up ahead. The soil is so rich that banana and coconut will soon interfere. Then the banana suckers are cut down and the trees kept clean. Thus, while the planter lives upon and makes a profit from his bananas, the future fortune in coconuts is rapidly nearing its consummation. There is little trouble in making plantations in this country. Land costs nothing, and large concessions may be obtained from the Honduran government.

Take away man's hope of Heaven and the devil could dispense with his recruiting stations.

The heart's oil of the pure furnish light for God's candle, the heart of the impure, darkness for the devil's scandal.

The solitary oyster in a church festival kettle, is accorded more honor, than a whale in a school of leviathans.

## LEPROSY.

Alleged Increase of the Disease on the Pacific Coast—A Situation of Affairs Which is appalling to San Francisco.

The increase of leprosy in this city is beginning to attract more than usual attention, says a San Francisco letter. There is a loud cry for some systematic method on the part of the authorities whereby the disease may be kept off but up to this time the board of health, although devising the proper methods for preventing the landing of lepers, have not paid sufficient attention to the cases already here. A careful investigation shows that the cases already in this city may be numbered by the hundreds.

At one hospital there are now twenty two Asiatic lepers and one from Hawaii. Forty eight cases have been shipped to China. Of the large number of cases already here, the majority are engaged in just such work as will aid in spreading the disease, such as the manufacture of cigars, the manufacture of shirts, and as cooks for Caucasians. These afflicted people are aware of the danger that may follow the spread of their disease, and are using all kinds of devices to conceal their condition from the authorities. Sometimes they succeed for a while in eluding detection by the lynx-eyed inspectors but finally they are tracked. If they conceal the filthy and painful sores and scabs which always accompany the disease from view they are safe. The whites, strange to say, give themselves but little concern, but those of their own race are in most dread of the disease. The afflicted Chinaman is shunned to a degree that partakes almost of the character of inhumanity, so far as his countrymen are concerned. When reduced to a condition of almost utter helplessness, the idea of removing the victim by means of poison is then entertained by his fellow countrymen who have escaped the evil. Some of the cases of leprosy to be seen in this city are of such a disgusting character as to cause a shudder even to those who have passed over a battlefield or are familiar with hospital work. How these poor beings are shunned by those of their own blood, how they are put out of sight and allowed to rot to death as it were, are facts not to be denied. Reduced to this condition, the leper thus forsaken by all the world, is not infrequently carried to some out-of-the-way place where he occasionally is gladdened and revived by a draught of water from the hand of some compassionate member of his family, but in the majority of instances even this boon is denied him and he is allowed to die by inches, his life being terminated by poison.

In this city the probabilities of a spread of leprosy are undoubtedly greater than in any other city in the world. Among the later arrivals from Hawaii is a young lady who is now confined at the Twenty-sixth street hospital. Her case is a peculiar one, and her recovery is considered doubtful. Molokai, one of the Sandwich islands, is a regular settlement for lepers, and it was proposed to send this young woman there for treatment. She escaped however, eluded pursuit, and determined to make her way to this city. No one suspected her true condition. Her fellow-passengers on the steamer to San Francisco did not detect the slightest traces of her disease. She mingled freely with those on board and was considered the belle of the ship. When the ship neared San Francisco someone recognized the girl and notified the authorities, who made an effort to prevent her landing which was accomplished after quite a struggle. She is now in the hospital and will probably not survive many days.

At Honolulu the idea has gained ground that San Francisco is a most desirable place for lepers. The rigid and somewhat cruel treatment to which patients are subjected in the Molokai settlement has driven the lepers to seek other fields, and the ease with which they are permitted to land on our shores has been heralded at home. Hence has followed somewhat of a stampede by the army of lepers to come hitherward by each steamer. A gentleman who recently witnessed the departure of a vessel from Honolulu for Molokai informed me that the scene was the most terrible one he had ever witnessed. There were about sixty cases bound for Molokai. Some of them were simply masses of rotteness and filth. The steamer was a small one and the patients were crowded into a narrow space. The farewells of the relatives who had come to bid a last adieu to their stricken kinsmen was a pitiful sight for it was known to a certainty that not one of the lepers would ever leave Molokai alive.

The medical fraternity of Honolulu have so far made but little progress in their attempts to ward off the disease. Some of them assert that the disease is simply a stage of syphilis. Others do not share in this belief. It is conceded that there is quite a resemblance in leprosy and tertiary syphilis. The leprosy of Hawaii and that of Asia are pronounced to be totally unlike.

On Feb 13 there were thirteen cases of leprosy in the hospital here, and at the present time there are twenty-three. Its further spread depends upon the vigilance of the authorities, and they doubtless will take such action as may be required in dealing with this terrible scourge.

## The Great Canal.

It is now proposed to join the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean Sea by means of a great ship canal, which will save the voyage around the Spanish peninsula. This would be a work second in importance only to the Suez Canal itself, for all the vessels from England and Northern Europe would be forced to use this new means of communication. It would be a gigantic work, but it would certainly pay in time. In the meantime the Panama canal is being vigorously prosecuted by M. de Lesseps. This is a mighty work, for it aims to join the Atlantic oceans by a great ship canal cut through Central America. A vast amount of work has been done, and the most gigantic efforts are being made to finish this extraordinary channel by the close of 1886. But it seems that only 1 60 of the dredging, 1 50 of rock cutting, and 1 15 (2,967,000 metres) of the earth of excavation had been completed on the first of March last. The important supplementary work, the Chagres Dam, is not yet begun. There is reason to fear the canal will not be finished before 1900. Of the 600,000,000 francs subscribed for, 300,000,000 have been spent in preliminaries and plant, and 100,000,000 in purchasing and improving the railway. It is supposed that 500,000,000 more of francs will be required to complete the work.

The place man occupies in this world takes the hue of his character.