

MELANCHOLY LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY.

Most distressing accidents are of frequent occurrence in mining districts. We were never before called upon to record so unfortunate and melancholy an occurrence, either with respect to loss of property or human life, as the one which took place in the coal mines of Mr. Curwen, at Workington, on Friday night last. The principal workings in Mr. Curwen's collieries extend a long way under the sea. In Lady Pit, the Camperdown runs rapidly towards the surface in the direction of the shore, and it was here the miners had a long time been employed. As they proceeded onwards with their labour, the thickness of the covering between the sea and the workings was daily reduced by their operation, until at the time the accident occurred, it is supposed not to have exceeded fifteen fathoms, only four fathoms of which were freestone, the rest loose gravel and sand. The coal having been thus cut away to within so short a distance, and the excavated seam being so great—11 or 12 feet, added to the removal of some pillars, the superincumbent strata gave way, the water rushed in from the sea, and three valuable mines—Lady Pit, Isabella Pit, and Union Pit, were almost instantaneously filled and rendered for ever useless. At the time the sea broke in there were fifty seven men and boys in the mine, thirty of whom escaped by the bear-mouth, but twenty-five men and two boys were overtaken by the water and perished.

In addition to this, twenty-eight valuable horses also perished. It was fortunate the accident took place at the hour of changing the shift, when comparatively few men were in the pits, otherwise the loss of life might have been much more extensive. Several of the survivors were within three hundred yards of the place where the water broke in, which had the effect of not only instantly changing the current of air in the mine, but of rendering it comparatively cold. This at once convinced them that all was not right, and they made the best of their way to what is called the bear-mouth, and escaped. The current of air, as the men ascended the inclined plane, was so great from the pressure of the water, that the men experienced the greatest difficulty in keeping their footing, and had the trap doors not been uncommonly good, it is thought very few would have escaped with life. A man named Bland, who had gone down to render assistance, was returning, the outer door was closed by the violence of the current, and opening inwards he tried in vain to move it. At length, however, he succeeded in breaking one of the boards of which the door was formed, and such was the crush of air through the aperture, that he was carried with tremendous force through the opening, and thus escaped.

The place where the water broke into the pit is nearly a mile and a half from the mouth of the shaft, between Salterbeck and Harrington, and about 40 or 50 yards below low water mark. The 3 pits were filled with water by $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten, an hour and a half from the time the roof gave away. A vessel sailed over the opening on Saturday the captain of which supposes the aperture to be little short of an acre in extent: but as his conjecture was formed from the extent of the discoloured water, the probability is that his surmise much exceeds the actual extent.

Owing to a considerable body of water having for nearly twelve months past, made its way into the pit at the place where the accident happened, the experienced workmen frequently cautioned the viewer of the danger; but their counsel was disregarded. The men were daily working at the place, removed the coal to the full extent of the band, and occasionally took away part of the pillars, and had therefore amply opportunity of judging for themselves. The pits were amply furnished with every necessary articles; the outlays for improvement were liberal, and upon an extensive scale, and the number of men employed was greater than for several years past. The loss to Workington will be almost irreparable, as the pits are rendered for ever useless. Upwards of 300 men and boys are for the present thrown out of employ, but Mr. Curwen has expressed a wish to give as many of them employment as possible in his collieries at Harrington.

This melancholy affair has cast a gloom over the town which will not speedily be removed, and must

necessarily check that onward course of improvement which the inhabitants seemed to have in view. The Rev. P. Von, Essen, read the burial service at the mouth of the Union Pit yesterday, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, amongst whom were many sorrowing relations and friends of the unfortunate sufferers. — *London Paper.*

Scenes on the Mississippi.—The following is from a correspondent of the Lancaster (Ohio) Express:

"We embarked at Quincy (on the Mississippi) for St. Louis. Our boat run against a snag, striking one of her guards just forward of the wheel, close to her hull, which passed through the first and second guard, and some six feet above the roof, then broke off in the water, and the boat carried it along with it. It made a great disturbance among the pine boards, but did no very essential damage. It was about a foot thick. The hands were forced to chop it out with their axes. In consequence of some difficulty which occurred between one of the cabin passengers and the pilot, we had a real 'Mississippi row,' and a fine display of dirks, pistols, Bowie knives, etc. At length a great Kentuckian, who lived at New Orleans, threw the mate out of the cabin, and threatened to flog the captain, after which we had a very pleasant passage to St. Louis.

"* * * We took passage here on board the 'Robert Emmet' for Cincinnati. The 'Tempest,' a U. S. Mail packet, left about two hours in advance of us; they were two rival boats, and we soon learned that we might expect a race; the second night about mid, we overtook her; she being ahead had the shore, consequently the advantage. After a severe struggle of an hour and a half, during a part of which time they run so close together that a person could step from one to the other, and at the expense of a keg or two of rosin, the 'Emmet' passed her. The ladies were frightened out of their wits, running all over the gentlemen's cabin, half dressed, crying for protection; and the gentlemen were not much better; however we gained a glorious victory, and arrived safe at Louisville.

"* * * Some distance below Cincinnati our boat burst her cylinder and broke her shaft; it exploded with a report like a cannon, but hurt no one—the engine fortunately happened to be at the other end of the machinery—but it scared many considerably. She floated at the mercy of the waves until the yawl was sent out with a cord and towed her to shore. We were soon relieved, however, from our situation by the 'Hunter,' which came along in a few hours, and took our passengers, which with her own amounted nearly to five hundred. — *Epis. Rec.*

Temperance Hotels.—We recommend to the friends of Temperance, who have occasion to visit Worcester and Boston, the American Temperance house at Worcester Rail-road,—and the Marlboro' Hotel, kept by Mr. N. Rodgers, No. 229 Washington street, Boston. Those who wish for every comfort which a traveller can reasonably expect, without annoyance from the fumes of alcohol and tobacco, will need no urging to patronize these establishments.

The Editor of the New York Star, in a late article, says, 'In the great Marlboro' house, most sumptuously furnished, we learn nothing is to be had at the bar, (literally a bar to all innocent recreation in the way of pleasant indulgence) but spruce beer or molasses switchel.' We lately had the pleasure of a sojourn there, for two or three days, and it was not our fortune to find either the 'beer,' or the 'switchel';—but at the bar were ice-water and a soda fountain, with supplies copious and palatable enough to satisfy the thirst of any moderate man. The Editor of the Star must have got his information from the same person who informed an acquaintance of ours, a few days since in Boston, that tea and coffee were excluded from the table, at the Marlboro' Hotel, and that meat was not furnished the guests, who were compelled to submit to a vegetable diet. All this, we need not say, is entirely false. Tea and coffee are not excluded, and the table is furnished with a variety of vegetables, meats and fruits which might content an epicure,—and we should not be surprised if opposers should, ere long, change their mode of attack, and complain that an establishment which hoists the flag of Temperance, should be 'tempe-

rate in all things'—and that as regards eating, the Marlboro' Hotel affords too many means of 'pleasant indulgence' to its visitors. So hard it is to please people who won't be pleased. It seems to be a subject of complaint, too, with the Star, that 'the boarders are regularly assembled at prayers every morning, in the great breakfast saloon.' He might have added, as an aggravation of the offence, if offence it is, that prayers are held also at nine o'clock in the evening;—but in neither case is there any compulsion. To those who have once joined in the services no compulsion is necessary. The Marlboro' Hotel does credit to the cause whose name it assumes—and while thus conducted cannot fail to receive, as it deserves, a liberal patronage. — *Conn. Observer.*

Strange Circumstance.—A few days since a stranger accosted a negro man in the woods about seven miles above this town and inquired the distance from St. Augustine. The negro replied that he knew no place of that name, but that Baton Rouge was at a short distance. He was then asked the distance to the nearest physician and farm. The negro pointed out the road to Mr. Neilson's, where the stranger subsequently arrived. His denuded appearance and gentlemanly manners, attracted the notice of Mr. Neilson, who with kindness and humanity bestowed upon him every attention that his situation required. From his conversation it was ascertained that he is an officer in the U. S. Army,—Lieutenant C. R. Chalmers, of the 1st Regiment Artillery, lately stationed at St. Augustine, Florida. He states that the last recollection he has is of taking a ride (which he was in the habit of doing every morning) in the neighbourhood of St. Augustine. It is surmised that he was thrown from his horse which caused a concussion of the brain producing insanity, and that in this state he crossed the peninsula of Florida and wandered thus far.

He states that when he found himself in the woods and met the negro, it appeared to him that he was waking from a disagreeable dream. He has some faint recollection of being on a rail road, (this is supposed to be the Ponchartrain rail road) but cannot account for his finding himself there. It is really wonderful that he should have escaped the tribes of hostile Indians in Florida, and sustained the privation of every kind which he must have encountered during his erratic wanderings until he reached this place. It will be gratifying to his friends and relatives to know that the officers at this post, the moment they learned the circumstances, had him removed to the garrison, where medical attendance and every possible care has been extended to him. — *Baton Rouge Gazette.*

Cholera.—Accounts from the Mediterranean represent this disease as raging to a frightful extent in Sicily, Malta, Naples, and other parts of Italy. The mortality was not confined to the lower classes, many of the nobility and rich merchants having perished. The disease was also prevailing extensively in various parts of the East—in the ports of the Red Sea, in Syria, and other places. — *Southern Churchman.*

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

The slightest acquaintance with ourselves will tell us, that there is a void in the human bosom, which nothing earthly can fill; a thirst for something beyond what is yet obtained, which acquirement after acquirement has ever failed to allay. We know, too, that, as the mind rises on the intellectual scale, this want is the more deeply felt; and the groan of human nature, for this mysterious boon, is heard uninterrupted and unvaried from every age and nation. For this inward indigence, in a world so rich in external appointments, St. Augustine's solution alone accounts: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it resteth in Thee." — *Alexander Knox.*

T E M P T A T I O N .

The temptations of God strictly involve in them no more than a trial of principle—the temptations of Satan involve in them the infusion of moral evil into the mind. — *Howell's Sermons on the Lord's Prayer.*