

Mr. Cook

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TOO LATE.
Too late, too late, too late,
Of morning, sun, or bud, or flower,
The light is true to hill and glade,
The roselod open to the hour.
The lack is not the lack of light,
But man awakes too late to wait.

Too late, too late, too late,
The sun goes down before the flame
To guide words of kindness turns,
And we are comforted with inward shame
To think our breads have lured our shame
And pride bows down—too late, too late!

Too late, too late, too late,
Our checks are not with inward shame
We enter as the chant is done:
And pausing at the temple gate,
We stand and say too late, too late!

Too late, too late! who has not said,
The post is out—the train has gone—
The time has passed—the work is done—
The aid not sought—the work not done—
Neglect makes up life's weary fight,
And then we cry "Too late, too late!"

DADDY DODD'S MONEY.
HOW IT WENT, AND HOW IT CAME.
John Beadle was an honest man, with a large family and a small shop. It was not a hopeful circumstance in John's position that, while his family kept on enlarging, the shop obstinately maintained its contracted dimensions; that while there seemed to be no bounds to the race of Beadle, the business which maintained them was strictly limited. John's shop was situated in one of the busy streets, with no main thoroughfare among them, which constitute Somers Town, and it was devoted to the sale of coals and vegetables. As a householder, John, though in a small way of business, was a person of some importance, inasmuch as he was the sole lessee of an entire tenement. It was something to boast of in that neighborhood, but not much; for the roof, which John called his own, was a broken-backed roof, and covered only one floor besides the basement, which formed the emporium. The tenement seemed to be fast sinking into the earth. The impression of the beholder was that one story had already sunk, and that the others were rapidly following it; so that it seemed probable that in a few years there would be nothing visible but the broken-backed roof lying flat on the spot, a monument of departed commerce in coals. Meantime, by the agency of two upright beams and one transverse one, the broken-backed roof was kept over the heads of John and his family.

John's family consisted of his wife Martha, seven children, and Martha's old father. All these, including the old man, who was past work and utterly without any means of his own, were dependent upon the exertions of John, who, when urgent family affairs would permit, by his wife. John's exertions were divided between chopping firewood, taking up hundreds (more frequently half-hundred) of coals on a truck, and a good deal of beer. John had been a peevish old fellow, but he was only a man, and could do little more than find them a bit of supper with the single quarter which was generally all his reward in available currency.

The door and the window of the shop being always open, the nature and extent of John's stock in trade were patent to the world. It consisted of about a ton of coals—which generally ran small—hooped up in a corner, a little pile of firewood, a few chairs, a couple of tables, a few bundles of greens, a basket or two of potatoes, a box of red herrings, a bottle of pepper-stick alluringly displayed with some marrows, nuts and wickered apples on a board outside the window, and a bed-wrench. This last instrument was a wonderful auxiliary to John's other resources. While the two upright beams and the single transverse beam were the support of the emporium architecturally, the bed-wrench was the prop of the emporium commercially. It was a thing not to be bought, but borrowed; and a few charges for the loan of that bed-wrench was four cents. Chardron street was given to borrowing, and it seemed to be a street which did not lie easy in its bed, for it was always taking its bed down and putting its bed up again, the result being that John's bed-wrench was in constant and urgent demand. Such has been the experience to secure the instrument, that two rival applicants have been known actually to wrench each other in the effort to possess it.

One half of John's shop was occupied by the stock, the other half formed the ordinary sitting-room. This latter room had a fireplace, surmounted by a mantel-shelf, on which stood several works of art in china; and its furniture consisted of two or three cane seat chairs and a small round table. Little active domesticity was ever witnessed in this department except at the close of the day, when the family, coming from the coals and the potatoes and the firewood, made a rush at the little round table, and scrambled for herrings and thick bread and butter and tea. As usual, John's old father, Martha's superannuated father, was to be seen sitting in an arm-chair by the side of the fire, his bald head encircled by a glory of onions, and the coils rising on his right like a distant mountain range, put in as a background to the picture. The family, however, were sharp and short. All the conveniences of luxury, such as knives and forks, soap-dishes, and the like, were dispensed with. Each one as he finished his cup of tea turned round and threw the drops upon the heap of coals, and when he had finished playing his herring, turned the other way and flung the bones into the fire. After the meal, Mr. Beadle was accustomed to sit down opposite old Daddy, while Martha drew up between them, and devoted herself to the mending of the family linen; but as the number of children was limited, the number of chairs was limited, and the number of the family generally reclined in the classic fashion, among the coals, from content with which they derived the swiftness of complexion which caused them to be known in the neighborhood as the "black Beadles." John and Martha were their only offspring

dearly, and would not have had anything happen to one of them for the world; but they began to find that they were increasing both in numbers and in appetite in a ratio altogether disproportionate to the development of the trade in coal and vegetables. The rolling stock had been increased by a new truck and a second bed-wrench. John's ambition had often taken a run at a horse and cart; but it had never been able to vault so high, and always tumbled back upon the truck and hurt itself in the region of its dignity. A truck is not a glorious kind of vehicle, especially a coal truck. It is a vehicle that takes the pavement rather than the middle of the road, for choice, and although the thunder which it makes as it traverses the coal traps on the pavement is considerable, it is not a source of pride to its owner. Besides, it does not warrant the assumption of that sceptre of authority, a whip; and it is usually propelled by one of the human species.

Well, it would never do if we all had the same ambition. While some persons aspire to ride their father's horse, there are others who prefer to exercise authority over the brutes in driving a horse and cart. This was John's case. A horse and cart, with a corresponding increase of business, and a drive down the road to the ale-house on Sunday afternoon, with the missus in all her best by his side, and the kids with their faces washed behind, like a pen of clean little pigs—this had been the dream of John's life; but it was a dream that had not yet been true. Indeed, so far from this, John's prospects were becoming darker than brighter every day.

"What was to be done?"

This question, which had long suggested itself both to John and Martha, found audible expression one night, after the black Beadles had scamped away to their holes for the night. Old Daddy Dodd was sitting dozing in his chair by the side of the fire, and John and Martha were sitting opposite.

"It was John who propounded the question. 'What is to be done?'"

Martha made an audible reply; but, after a pause, raised her eyes to John's face, and then looked across significantly at Daddy.

John shook his head, and covered his face with his hand.

"What is to be done?"

Martha made an audible reply; but, after a pause, raised her eyes to John's face, and then looked across significantly at Daddy.

"But it was my duty and my pleasure to do it, Martha," John replied. "He's your father, and I couldn't see the poor old man starve." "But he needn't starve, you know," John said; and her lips trembled as she said the words.

"As I know what you mean," John returned; "but I can't bear the thoughts of it. It's not what ought to be, when he's had a house of his own and drove his own chaise, and paid rates and taxes, and every comfort."

"Well, it is hard, when you think of it," Martha replied, sadly; "and the drawing-room that we had, too, and the silver cups, and the red china cups and saucers, and the best of everything. 'Yes, it is hard,' John returned; 'and that's why I have stood between him and it as long as I could.'"

"But you can't stand between him and it any longer, John, and I mustn't let it be any longer," John said; and he turned to be burdened with him any longer.

Poor old Daddy was sitting dozing in his chair, blissfully unconscious of these deliberations, of which he was the subject. In his time Daddy had been in a good way of business, in the carpentering line, and had a little undertaking which he undertook in his overtime, to oblige friends, and he had brought up a large family decently; but his sons, who might have been a help to him in his declining years, emigrated, and died in foreign parts; and when the infirmities of age began to creep upon the old man, and he was no longer able to work with his own hands, he disposed of his business at an alarming sacrifice, and retired to live on his means. His means were small, but his spirit was good, and he proceeded on his philosophical calculation, Daddy lived upon the principal instead of the interest (which he could not have lived upon at all), and lived longer than he calculated. Although Daddy disposed of his business, and let the carpenter's shop, he still managed to occupy the dwelling-house of which it formed a part, and this led many to believe that the old carpenter was pretty well off. His daughter Martha shared in this impression, and was rather disposed to boast of the independent gentleness, her father, and cherish expectations of an inheritance.

One day, about two years after Martha had been married to John Beadle, and shortly after she had prodigally presented John with the second pledge of her affection, old Daddy arrived at the emporium sitting with his usual air of contentment, and he was going to present his old father with the silver spoon. When the old man had retired himself in a chair, and recovered his breath, he said, with a pleasant chuckle, "I've got something to tell you, Martha."

"What is it, father?"

"Well, Martha, I've been thinking of the top-drawer, and—"

"Yes, father, yes," said Martha, eagerly, making quite sure now that the old man was not going to present his old father with the silver spoon.

"The old man repeated, 'and—and—'"

"The spoon," Martha suggested, as dutifully helping her poor old father in a difficulty.

"No, not the spoon, Martha," he said; "it's the money, father."

"It's all gone, Martha!"

"All gone? The money you've got to live upon, father," cried Martha, hysterically, "all gone?"

"Every cent," said the old man.

Martha could not believe it. She gave a baby to a neighbor to mind, and insisted upon the old man going back with her to his lodging, immediately. He gave her the key, and she took upon the top-drawer in a frantic way. She seized the coals bag in which the old man kept his money (for he had had miserably little of it), and plunged her hand

into it. She could feel nothing like coin. She turned the bag inside out and shook it, nothing fell out of it. She rummaged among the useless odds and ends in the drawer, and not a cent could she find. Suddenly she paused and said, "No, you've been robbed, father. Somebody's been at the drawer."

"No, no, my dear, you mustn't say that; nobody's been at the drawer but me. I've spent it all. There wasn't much of it, only four hundred dollars altogether, and it wouldn't last for ever. It's me that's lived too long, Martha; and the old man sat down in a chair and began to whinny and weep.

Martha could only sit down and weep too. She was overwhelmed by the thought of her father's destitution and the prospect which lay before him in his weak old age. His money was all gone, and his few sticks of furniture, with the silver spoons, which were the only property of his plate which remained, would scarcely realize enough to bury him.

This was said and news to tell John when he came in (from a morning job) to his dinner. Martha, by way of breaking it gently to him, hysterically shrieked out the tidings at the top of her voice as John was coming in at the door.

"Oh, John, father's money's all gone," she cried.

Seeing that Martha was in a dreadful state of excitement about the matter, John, with a proper appreciation of the just contrast, took the unwelcome announcement coolly.

"Well," he said, "in that case we must keep him. He has nobody else to look to."

So one day John went over to Daddy's house, sent for a broker and disposed of all the things except the old man's bed, which he despatched by the truck to the emporium. That done, he locked the door, sent the key to the landlord, and taking the old man by the hand, led him to the shelter of the broken-backed roof. Putting him into the old arm chair by the fire, and patting him kindly on his bald head, he said:

"There, Daddy, consider yourself at home—provided for, for the rest of your life."

So it happened that John and Martha were burdened with old Daddy Dodd, in addition to their own numerous offspring. And Daddy was a burden, though neither John nor Martha ever said so, even to each other. He was an expensive old man, for though he did not eat much, and was well content to share a bedroom with the boys, he had, considering his circumstances, an unreasonable passion for snuff; and a glass of "six ale," punctually every morning at eleven o'clock, was absolutely necessary to his existence. The glass of six ale he would have, and he would have it nowhere but in the public house, standing at the pewter bar, according to a custom which he had most religiously observed for more than forty years. One of the annoyances of this requirement was that the old man had to be provided every morning with five cents in current coin of the country; and another, which followed in the course of time, when the old man became decrepit and feeble, was that some one had to take him to the particular public house on which he had bestowed his patronage (half a mile distant), and bring him back again.

Still no word of complaint escaped either John or Martha, until their family increased to that extent when every half penny became, as Martha said, a "big pet." The crisis arrived that night, when John, in good but significant terms, asked his good wife what was to be done.

"It is not fair to you, John," Martha said; "and you shan't be burdened with him any longer." "And I shan't," John said, "and you shan't be burdened with him any longer." "And I shan't," John said, "and you shan't be burdened with him any longer." "And I shan't," John said, "and you shan't be burdened with him any longer."

There are in Canada deposits of iron in extent practically inexhaustible, and in quality equal if not superior to the best Swedish. Yet Sweden makes iron, while we do not, though it is not the difference, for Swedish iron is smelted with spruce and pine charcoal, made chiefly from such timber as is good for nothing else. We have the iron ore, and the wood too, in quantities beyond computation, and it is an important product in every year more and more wanted, at high prices, for special purposes.

Again, if it "pays" to carry Canadian iron to the States, why should it not pay to carry coal to the iron? The plan has been suggested of having two sets of furnaces, one near the coal, and another near the iron ore, keeping a flow of propellers carrying between the two. When will we have such a "national policy" which will keep both raw material and finished iron in Canada, instead of exporting both to the States, as we are now doing?

Do not be above your business, no matter what that calling may be, but strive to be the best in that line. He who turns up his nose at his work quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who quarrels with his own sparks; there is no shame about his honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands; there is plenty of soap to be had, and the sparks are good for nothing. Above all things avoid laziness. There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed upon it, and we must so work that the world will be richer because of our having lived in it.

Some Michigan boys, feeling the need of wholesome recreation, started a suit of clothes with steam and buried it; killed a couple of chickens, and stuffed the blood round the grave, and trampled the ground so that it gave evidence of a fearful struggle. The horrified citizens soon discovered the grave, summoned the coroner, had a jury empaneled, dug up the body and—discovered in a hurry

man lay, they turned away their heads. From the moment French girls are born to this moment, they are married to their mothers. In the English language, however, the children are kept away from their parents, in order to leave the latter some opportunity for thought, are absolutely motherless. The direct action of the mother becomes all the stronger from the almost universal custom of keeping her children with her day and night. Many a girl in France has never slept outside her mother's chamber until she leaves it to be married, and at the worst, with an open door between. Such an action which may be not only intellectual and moral, but possibly physical and magnetic too. The mother passes into the daughter, the daughter absorbs the mother, the mother ceases to exist, and the child is born. This is the exact reproduction of the mother under whose constant eye they have grown to womanhood.

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FRENCH CHILDREN.
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FORENSIC ELOQUENCE IN MANITOBA.
At the trial of the French half-breed Letendre, who, as we have already reported, has received capital sentence for complicity with the Fenians, Attorney-General Clarke, in his closing address to the jury, gave vent to some astonishing outbursts of forensic eloquence, specimens of which we give in the following extracts. On reading them the conviction is formed that the imagination and skill which is able to depict Fenianism, its leaders and victims, in such striking colors would find a most congenial field in the prosecution of other traitors who now go about unmolested, their hands red with innocent blood; and we should expect to see Riel's character as faithfully delineated as those of O'Neill and his brother generals. Recounting the history of Fenianism Mr. Clarke said (we copy from the *Manitoba*):

"Some years ago a society of outlawed, calling themselves Fenians, established themselves far away across the ocean. The society spread in a short time till it stretched and extended over a large portion of the United States. The ostensible object of its founders and members was the liberation of Ireland. And, for the purpose of liberating Ireland these brave heroes—these gallant men of war—made their memorable attack on Canada in 1866. This is the same out-throat and assassin band who appeared on your borders but one short month ago. At their first coming in 1866 they crossed the border, a rushing horde, in the dead of night, and while the people of Canada slept, occupied the heights of the Pigeon Hill, and on the first attack these brave assassins fired the leading marks of their intentions the bleeding corpses of a number of our fellow countrymen. At Pigeon Hill they were defeated, as at Limeridge. And when these pirates were arrested and placed on trial before the Courts—what do we find? In bonds—men who come red-handed, with the blood of their fellow countrymen staining their hands! They pray for mercy—men who showed none—men whose mad career has created only pain, desolation and misery in our midst! In the case of the raid on Manitoba, you do not, gentlemen, find these men coming to your frontier without all the paraphernalia of an invading army. They had with them no more than what is perceptible, it is true. They had no bands or colors flying. But still they had both music and colors. Had they not, as a never ceasing accompaniment—the dying shrieks given out by their victims, who were hurled from the heights of Pigeon Hill? Did not the death cries of the victims slaughtered in Canada, in 1866, follow them? Had they not with them the gurgling sounds that issued from poor D'Arcy McEwen's throat, when he was struck down by the dastardly hand of one of the Fenian assassins? Yes, gentlemen, this was the music accompanying the marauders of Manitoba. And, oh God! what music for men who came pretending to give us liberty! Yes, their music was the shrieks of the dying; the lamentations, mourning and woe of a free people whose homes have been desolated and their loved ones slain by a band of murderers and assassins. And who were the leaders of those assassins? General O'Neill, as despicable and arrant a knave and coward as ever breathed. With General O'Neill as his second, a man, in order to secure whose life in Manchester many poor policemen lost their lives. Some of those who attempted the rescue on that occasion were sentenced to imprisonment for life; but the clemency of the Crown being exercised in favor of their sentences were commuted. How have they repaid that kindness? Immediately on their liberation they came to America to hatch other foul treasons against the same Government that had in its great mercy saved their lives and given them liberty, for the purpose of liberating Ireland; they came here and find the 'North-West' passage, and to attack the power of England, and liberate Ireland by taking Fort Garry."

IRON IN CANADA.
The New York Iron Age has a letter from a correspondent giving an account of the Hull iron mines, near Ottawa. These mines were purchased some time back by American capitalists, the head of the company being Mr. A. H. Baldwin, who has for eight years been extensively engaged in lumbering on the Ottawa River. The present owners commenced operations last spring, and before navigation closed a fair season's work had been done. Some of the company's best work is magnetic iron ore was discovered at Cleveland, and mixed with Lake Superior ore, made good yield of iron. The iron so produced is of the best quality, such as is required for railway car wheels, and some of it has been used with very satisfactory results by the Canadian Wheel Company. In connection with all this, the inquiry seems a pertinent one, whether the valuable iron deposits of Canada are never to be of any use but for transportation to the States? The Marston iron ore goes across the lake to Charlotte, the Hull ore to Cleveland, and the various plants in Quebec goes to Albany and Troy. Most of the Canadian iron ores are remarkably pure and free of both sulphur and phosphorus, and that account specially adapted for purposes for which a high degree of tensile strength is required. The plan has been suggested of having two sets of furnaces, one near the coal, and another near the iron ore, keeping a flow of propellers carrying between the two. When will we have such a "national policy" which will keep both raw material and finished iron in Canada, instead of exporting both to the States, as we are now doing?

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A curious system of the anomalies presented by the State System of the United States is published by the peculiarities of the practice in the State of Rhode Island. It has been the boast of Americans that there was the broadest and most representative system, holding out to foreigners the greatest facilities and privileges of citizenship; but in Rhode Island there yet remains disabilities under which foreigners do not labor in Canada. There no naturalized citizen is permitted to exercise the elective franchise unless he owns real estate. An American newspaper taking up and exposing this disability says forcibly that the poor foreign born weaver and laborer, even an crushed and down-trodden as the slave of the South ever were. It would also appear that the Republican franchise has been conferred the franchise on the Southern States, at the point of the bayonet, has been mostly conferred upon the self-styled citizens in Rhode Island because of course of the democratic tendencies of those foreigners.

Another anomaly in the existence of slavery in the territory of Alaska. The natives of the far north islands are described as held in a worse state of servitude by the company which holds a monopoly of the fur trade in that territory. The *San*, despairing of Congressional interference so long as the company is enabled to find lucrative outlets for the same and relatives of Congressmen, look forward to a protest and interference of the part of Russia. It says:—"The cries of the suffering and oppressed natives may, however, yet reach the ears of a potentate who has shown that he takes an interest in the welfare of all his people. It is not to be expected that the Czar of Russia will quietly behold his former subjects in servitude far more wretched than that of the serfs whom he has liberated. Slavery in Alaska is an anomaly which should be abolished before it attracts the attention of European powers." It is not strange that such an appeal should have to be made to enlist the attention of Americans in abolishing a crime like this?

Some statistics valuable to the friends of temperance, have been recently gathered from the death records of the Montreal. The military commissioner of that province, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has been at pains to classify the mortality of the temperate and intemperate. The deaths among the temperate in 1869 were 24.8 per thousand, among the intemperate 30.5. Among the temperate, it may be observed were included those more discreet drinkers who escaped punishment; those only are classed here as the intemperate whose drunkenness brought penalties on them. The excess of mortality is due chiefly to their greater liability to diseases of the nervous system—sunstroke and apoplexy. The hot season is the most fatal to them, for the hurriedly brewed and consumed beer and the alcohol in less completely and rapidly brewed off in the lungs. The increased skin-interference helps them, but anything which interferes with the free action of the skin at such seasons, places, it is stated, the drunkard's life in jeopardy. The same diseases of the tissues of the body are observed there in tipplers as in England, and of course here also, but Dr. Cornish considers that they take place more rapidly, where there is interference of the temperature with the oxidation of the blood. Such, at least, is the experience of the physician who arrived in this city last night, after a thirteen day's journey by rail from New York. On the 20th of November they left Gotham behind them, to arrive at Buffalo, the terminus of the Erie and Ontario Railroads, some four hours behind the schedule time. Thence by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern route, the journey to Chicago occupied some twenty hours—another loss of several hours. In Chicago, in consequence of bad connection, or, more properly, more so, of any connection whatever, the absent passengers suffered another interruption in their journey, being compelled to lay over until noon of the following day. From here to Council Bluffs, Iowa, the Burlington and Missouri Company conveyed the passengers without detour. Arrived at Omaha, the Union Pacific trains were found in waiting, and at midnight commenced the more serious part of the transcontinental trip.

The train rattled steadily along, with good speed and hindrance, for the 200 miles, and the passengers were making merry when about 3 o'clock in the evening, the whistle gave the signal, "down break!" Motion was suddenly stopped, and with a clatter and a shock that sent many passengers sprawling in the floor, the train came to a dead halt. Instantly all was confusion on board, and everybody jumped out to find out the cause of the trouble. A long line of freight cars was discovered on the track, firmly planted in a bed of snow. And here is a record of the obstruction, which caused the delay. The conductor of the passenger train, a burly, good natured fellow, with as much knowledge of the proper thing to do in an emergency as a man of his position, got hurried and unsettled, and instead of sitting about the removal of the obstacle, telegraphed to the Superintendent at Omaha which was doubtless an exaggerated report of the situation, thus folding his hands simply until his instructions should come. The result was a vast deal of complaining to and fro, and finally an order to detain the train until assistance could be forwarded. It was plain, nevertheless to everybody but the conductor, that a little digging and shovelling about the wheels of the freight train would have got it over the snow so that it might have advanced and then side-tracked, and the passenger car be enabled to proceed. In this situation matters remained until next day, when a force of men arrived and the freight train was cleared and gotten out of the way. The other train got a fresh start and, after about six hours there was no more interruption. Then there came another sharp signal of danger; another painful jar of snow

A letter from Dr. Foster, a geologist, to the New York Tribune, gives some interesting details regarding the newly discovered coal of Indiana. The variety known as "black coal" after being submitted to both microscopic and practical tests, has been found to have most of the properties of pure charcoal in the manufacture of iron and steel, and is one of the very few coals that can be introduced into the Bessemer furnace without preliminary softening. The value of this coal is estimated at \$100,000,000, and the interest of Indiana needs no demonstration other than is afforded by the rapid increase in number of the iron foundries, rolling-mills, and manufacturers of this State.

A young lady in Wheeling, Va., has been afflicted with small-pox through the agency of a letter received from a small-pox patient in Pittsburgh.

In Great Britain the Turkish bath has in many instances been introduced in insane asylums and workhouses with highly satisfactory results. It is spoken of as particularly efficacious as a remedial agent in the cure of insanity, while in very many physical diseases its use has proved salutary. Dr. Fitzgerald, of the Limerick Lunatic Asylum, after a trial extending through seven years, says that it has been of great benefit as a curative agent in acute mania, and that he has seen it exercise a most soothing effect in many very excited cases. In no case has its use proved of the slightest injury, and the patients always seem to enjoy the idea of going into it.

"Throw away your cigar, sir," said a porter the other day to a man who was just entering one of the public houses at Washington, with a freshly lighted cigar in his mouth. "But I have always smoked here," was the reply. "No smoking allowed; you will have to throw away your cigar." The demand was grumblingly complied with, and five minutes later the man came out smoking the porter complacently finishing the discarded Havana.

SHOWED IN.
Those who left New York in the closing days of last month, in serene confidence of reaching this city some time in the opening ones of this month, have learned to their cost, that a trip across the continent in mid-winter is not only in itself a tedious but painful undertaking, but is sometimes fraught with actual peril, and is invariably liable to such delays as must nullify the nicest calculations. Such, at least, is the experience of the physician who arrived in this city last night, after a thirteen day's journey by rail from New York. On the 20th of November they left Gotham behind them, to arrive at Buffalo, the terminus of the Erie and Ontario Railroads, some four hours behind the schedule time. Thence by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern route, the journey to Chicago occupied some twenty hours—another loss of several hours. In Chicago, in consequence of bad connection, or, more properly, more so, of any connection whatever, the absent passengers suffered another interruption in their journey, being compelled to lay over until noon of the following day. From here to Council Bluffs, Iowa, the Burlington and Missouri Company conveyed the passengers without detour. Arrived at Omaha, the Union Pacific trains were found in waiting, and at midnight commenced the more serious part of the transcontinental trip.

The train rattled steadily along, with good speed and hindrance, for the 200 miles, and the passengers were making merry when about 3 o'clock in the evening, the whistle gave the signal, "down break!" Motion was suddenly stopped, and with a clatter and a shock that sent many passengers sprawling in the floor, the train came to a dead halt. Instantly all was confusion on board, and everybody jumped out to find out the cause of the trouble. A long line of freight cars was discovered on the track, firmly planted in a bed of snow. And here is a record of the obstruction, which caused the delay. The conductor of the passenger train, a burly, good natured fellow, with as much knowledge of the proper thing to do in an emergency as a man of his position, got hurried and unsettled, and instead of sitting about the removal of the obstacle, telegraphed to the Superintendent at Omaha which was doubtless an exaggerated report of the situation, thus folding his hands simply until his instructions should come. The result was a vast deal of complaining to and fro, and finally an order to detain the train until assistance could be forwarded. It was plain, nevertheless to everybody but the conductor, that a little digging and shovelling about the wheels of the freight train would have got it over the snow so that it might have advanced and then side-tracked, and the passenger car be enabled to proceed. In this situation matters remained until next day, when a force of men arrived and the freight train was cleared and gotten out of the way. The other train got a fresh start and, after about six hours there was no more interruption. Then there came another sharp signal of danger; another painful jar of snow