Carleton Place Herald.

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DON'T CROWD.

Don't crowd the world is broad enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide—
The realms of thought are free.
In all earth's places you are right
To chase the best you can—
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart,
By fostering all that's bad,
But give to every virtue room—
The best that's to be had;
Be each day's record such a one
That you may well be proud,
Give each his right—give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY TO GO.

Come boys I have something to tell you;
Come here, I would whisper it low:
Your's thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vice and sins,
When once in the vortex of fashion,
You soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia;
They are wealthy in treasure, no doubt,
But, ah! there's gold in the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low:
Better risk the old farm a while longer—
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the business mart;
And wealth is not made in a day, boys:
Don't be in a hurry to start.
The banker and broker are wealthy,
And take in their thousands or so;
Ah! think of their frauds and deceptions—
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest:
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You are free as the air of the mountain,
And monarch of all you survey.
But stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profits come in rather slow,
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys:
Don't be in a hurry to go.

A HUMOROUS ELOPEMENT.

"I'll tell you what it is, wife," said Peter Smith, and he emphasized the remark by a wise shake of the head, "things have got into a very bad way. The farm is mortgaged to the last cent it is worth, and I owe a heap of money besides—more by a long shot than I know how to pay. What is to be done?"

"I am sure I don't know, Peter," replied the bothered wife, "but it seems too awful bad to be turned out of house and home at our time of life. Now if our son John would only marry George Armstrong's daughter Allie, it would help us out amazingly. The Armstrongs, you see, are well off, and the connection would be a perfect gold mine to us. Of course they'd give Allie the hundred acres of land, and things they'd alway's said they would."

"That's a good idea, wife," and Peter brightened up amazingly. "You always were a cute woman, and the notion does you credit. But do you think the young folks would take to it?"

"I don't know, but it seems to me they've taken a great notion to each other ever since they were children—been more like brother and sister than anything else."

"But suppose the Armstrongs would object, as most likely they would. You know we ain't on good terms, thick as the young folks have been."

"I'll tell you, Peter, the best thing for us to do is to put up John to elope with Allie, what do you say?"

"Agreed. I'll leave everything to you to manage."

Thus the matter was settled, and the scheming couple went to bed to dream of a speedy release from their financial embarrassments.

Coincidences are sometimes of the most curious character—almost surpassing belief in some instances. About the time of the above conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Smith, their neighbors, Geo. Armstrong and his wife held an important conference.

"Do you know that note for six thousand dollars I gave for stock last year?" asked George.

"Yes," replied the wife.

"Well, it's coming due in about a month, and how under the sun we're going to pay it I don't know."

"Mortgage the farm."

"We've done that till we can't mortgage it another cent. I'm clean discouraged, and there is Allie wanting a piano. Where the money is going to come from is more than I can tell. We're on the verge of turning bankrupt."

"I wish Allie would marry John Smith—gracious knows they're together enough to take a notion that way."

"Yes, but I don't see how that would help us any."

"You don't? Well I do. Ain't his folks rich? and wouldn't they set him up handsomely? Then we could stand some chance of getting help through Allie."

"That's a good plan," was George's conclusion, after profound meditation; "but the difficulty is, that the Smith's are not on good terms with us, and would be likely to oppose the match."

"Then the best plan is to set the young folks up to an elopement."

So it chanced that the Armstrongs and the Smiths planned to dispose of their children to their own pecuniary advantage. The next step in each case was to mould the young folks to a proper shape.

John Smith was a handsome, brawny, country fellow, with plenty of good sense and an ocean of love for Allie Armstrong. When his parents proposed his marrying her, he informed them he would gladly do so, but he feared her parents would object. His father then slyly suggested an elopement, and offered to aid in such an exploit. John said he would think about it.

Allie was a rustic maiden with much redness of cheeks, and rejoicing in the possession of the lasting comeliness which is derived from a bright smile, a sweet temper, and a pair of clear, earnest eyes, made none the less expressive by the near neighborhood of a saucy little retrousse nose. Her wavy brown hair had not a ripple out of place, and her plump little figure was encased in a well-fitting dress, which was neatness itself. When her parents spoke to her about John, she blushed becomingly, and admitted that she would be 'tickled to death' to marry him. She further stated that they were running over with love for each other; that they had long ago settled the question of ultimate union, but they had feared parental objection.

"Now I'll tell you what, Allie," said Mrs. Armstrong, "you know that pa and I dote on you, and would do anything to make you happy."

"Yes, we would do anything to make you happy," echoed the old man.

"And if you were to hint to John the idea of an elopement, we wouldn't lift our finger to prevent it."

In thus instructing their children, the Smiths and Armstrongs displayed very little knowledge of human nature. They should have known that John and Allie would upon the first occasion possible unbosom themselves for how could true lovers keep a secret, and such a secret? At the next meeting each told the other all he or she had been told by parental lips, but neither could conceive the object of the old folks. However, they were only too glad that the consummation so devoutly wished for seemed so near at hand to question how it had been brought about. Conscious that their progenitors were up to some trickery, they resolved to avail themselves at once of the opportunity to elope before any change in the aspect of affairs should occur. Having thus concluded, they proceeded to lead their parents astray.

"I've been talking to John," said Allie, demurely, to the old folks, "and we have concluded to elope—it is all settled, and we're ready just as soon as it can be arranged."

"I saw Allie last night," said John to his parents, "and she agreed to elope with me; so that I think the thing had better be hurried."

One week from this time all the preliminaries had been arranged. Allie had been supplied with a bran new dress and all the other fixings, and John had been given enough money to buy a suit of wedding toggery. The respective parents were laughing in their respective sleeves at their own cunning.

The eventful night came, and John hitched up one of his father's horses and drove over towards his Allie's domicile. When within a dozen rods of the house he gave a signal whistle and Allie came out. Under the peculiar circumstances they feared no interference, and did not deem it necessary to exercise any great amount of caution. John gave Allie a resounding kiss, helped her into the waggon, and away the went.

Shortly after they departed, two scenes transpired which must be here recorded.

George Armstrong returned from the store, and entered his house in a state of great mental bodily excitement. The latter by fast walking and the former by—but the conversation that ensued will best explain.

"They're gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, exultingly "and they'll be hitched in an hour or less."

"The deuce they have. I hoped to get here in time to stop them."

"To stop them?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"What for?"

"Just this; old Smith ain't worth a cent—can't pay what he owes—will be sold out in less than a month—it's the talk of the whole village."

"Goodness gracious!" gasped the old lady, "what shall we do?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do. Allie shan't marry the beggar; I'll follow them to Squire Jones', and get there before the ceremony."

With this he hurriedly hitched up a horse, and spun away towards Jones' house, about five miles distant.

The other important scene mentioned was at the Smith's residence, and was opened by the entrance of Mrs. Smith, with the breathless exclamation: "Has he gone?"

"Who?"

"John."

"Yes," and Smith rubbed his hands with glee. "He went all of half an hour ago."

"Don't stand there, but harness up the mare just as quick as you can, and follow 'em. The Armstrong's ain't worth a dollar in the world: Kate Doan just told me so—and a mortgage on their farm going to be foreclosed. So Allie won't get a solitary cent."

Smith put the old mare into the harness, and rattled away towards Squire Jones' residence.

John and Allie had proceeded leisurely along for about four miles, the former driving with one hand, and holding Allie on the seat with the other, when they heard the sound of wheels in the rear. They had just passed a long bend in the road, and looking across they saw the pursuing Armstrong.

"Why, that's pa," exclaimed Allie.

"Yes, and he means business, I'll bet," said John.

"What shall we do," squealed Allie.

"I'll show you," said John.

Jumping from the waggon, he removed a long rail from the fence, and placed it across the roadway. Then he drove on again at a rate that made the horses steam like a boiler.

Armstrong came on at a fearful rate, only to be checked by the rail. The horse jumped the rail but the front wheels collapsed under the collision. Armstrong was tumbled out, and the horse ran away with the wreck of the vehicle.

Just as Armstrong was picking himself out of the ditch, he saw the accident repeated; this time Smith being the leading actor, and his mare galloping away with the four wheels.

Armstrong and Smith were inveterate enemies, and neither would speak, but both started on a rapid run for the Squire's, about a mile off, where they arrived out of breath. They burst into the house like a whirlwind, just in time to hear the words:

"I now pronounce you man and wife."

"Hold on!" yelled Armstrong. "I object?"

"So do I," screamed Smith.

"You are a little too late," remarked the Squire. "Nothing but a divorce can fix it now."

The parents fumed and glared at each other.

"I am sure, pa," pleaded the daughter, "that you and ma both said,—

'Daughter,' hurriedly interposed Armstrong, turning very red, but striving to appear dignified. 'I am disposed to be tyrannical; now that you are married I shall not refuse my blessing.'

'And you, father,' said John, 'we would never have eloped, if you and mother hadn't said,—

'Never mind, my son,' interrupted Smith, 'I will not be hard with you—I forgive you both.'

Armstrong and Smith thereupon became reconciled, and all rode home in the elopers' waggon.

MADE TO "SEE IT."

(From the New York Ledger)

"I can't see it," said Buffer. "Nobody reads all these little advertisements. It's preposterous to think it."

"But," said the editor, "you read what interests you?"

"Yes."

"And if there's anything that you particularly want then look for it?"

"Certainly."

"Well, among the thousands upon thousands who help to make up this busy world of ours everything that is printed is read. Sneer as you please. I do assure you that printer's ink is the true *open sesame* to all the business success."

And still Buffer couldn't see it. He didn't believe that one-half of these little crowded advertisements were ever read.

"Suppose you try the experiment," said the editor. "Just slip in an advertisement of the want of one of the most common things in the world. For the sake of the test I will give it two insertions free. Two will be enough; and you may have it jammed into any out of the way nook of my paper you shall select. Two insertions, of only two lines. Will you try it?"

Buffer said of course he would try it. And he selected the place where he would have it published—crowded in under the head of "Wants." And he waited and saw a proof of his advertisement, which appeared as follows:

Wanted.—A good house dog. Apply to J. Buffer, 575 Towser st., between the hours of 6 and 9 P. M.

Buffer went away smiling and nodding. On the following morning he opened his paper, and after a deal of hunting he found his advertisement. At first it did not seem at all conspicious. Certainly so insignificant a paragraph, buried in such a wilderness of paragraphs, could not attract notice. After a time, however, it began to look more noticeable to him. The more he looked at it the plainer it grew. Finally it glared at him from the closely printed page. But that was because he was the person particularly interested. Of course it would appear conspicuous to him. But it could not be so to others.

That evening Mr. Buffer was just sitting down to tea (Buffer was a plain, old fashioned man, and took his tea at six) when his door bell was rung. The servant announced that a man was at the door with a dog to sell.

"Tell him I don't want one."

Six times Buffer was interrupted while taking tea by men with dogs to sell. Buffer was a man who would not lie. He had put his foot in, and he must take it out manfully. The twenty-third applicant was a small boy with a girl in company, who had a ragged, dirty poodle for sale. Buffer brought the poodle of the boy, and immediately presented it to the girl, and then sent them off.

To the next applicant he was able truthfully to answer—"Don't want any more. I've bought one."

The stream of callers continued until near ten o'clock, at which hour Buffer locked up and turned off the gas.

On the following evening, as Buffer approached his house, he found a crowd assembled. He counted thirty-nine men and boys, each one of whom had a dog in tow. There were dogs of every grade, size and color, and growl, and howl. Buffer addressed the motley multitude, and informed them that he had purchased a dog.

"Then what d'yer advertise for?"

And Buffer got his hat knocked over his eyes before he reached the sanctuary of his home.

Never mind about the trials and tribulations of that night. Buffer had had no idea that there were so many dogs in existance. With the aid of three policemen he got through alive. On the next morning he visited his friend the editor and acknowledged the corn. The advertisement of "wanted" was taken out, and in the most conspicious place, and in glaring type, he advertised that he didn't want any more dogs. And for this advertisement he paid. Then he went home and posted upon his door—"Gone into the country." Then he hired a special policeman to guard his property, and then he locked up and went away with his family.

From that day Josephus Buffer has never been heard to express doubts concerning the efficacy of printers ink; neither has he asked: "Who 'reads advertisements?"

PROTECTION FROM MICE.—Pile up a little mound of earth around the tree, as large as a bushel basket, just before the ground freezes, and pack it and smooth it over with the spade. The mice will make roads around it, but will not climb up to gnaw the bark. As soon as the frost leaves the ground in Spring remove the soil and level it down. My orchard has been successfully treated in this way for the past seven years. —(Jonathan Shearer, Wayne Co., Mich.——I fear your inquirer does not clip and classify, as I do, the host of good agricultural suggestions printed in *The Tribune*, else he would have on hand, for ready reference, the numerous recommendations which have been printed in its columns from time to time for repulsing mice and rabbits from fruit trees in Winter. A wrap of woven wire of fine mesh, and say half a yard wide, is durable and sure; thick tarred paper has also been advised, and possesses the advantage of cheapness; a wash of blood, or daub with butcher's offal, repeated often as necessary, it is said to be effective as is also trampling down the snow solid after each fresh fall. My own practice is to distract the attention of the gnawers from the trees by kindly supplying them with something better. I leave a few sheaves of corn stalks, pretty liberally sprinkled with nubbins, set up here and there in the orchard; in these they find food and shelter, and by occasionally pulling them over, and having the boy's cats and dogs on hand, the enemy can be slaughtered in large numbers.

DRESSING POULTRY FOR MARKET.

We should have the lasting gratitude of commission on merchants if we could persuade all readers to follow some such sensible rules as the following in this matter. It would make the bruised, half skinned, bloody, slow selling poultry that is to be seen too often in the market more slow of sale than ever:

First let the birds fast twelve hours. Foolish people often let them eat their fill of corn before killing them, with the idea that they will weigh more. A fasted bird will keep a week fresh and plump if well handled, while one that has been fed within a few hours will be sure to spoil or become more or less tainted. One tainted bird in a case will cut the price on the whole down several cents per pound. So will one that is scrawny and blue and skinny, and so if it had been sick. Second, kill without dislocating the neck or making a hole in the skin. The operation is simple. When the fowls are caught, with a lad to hold, tie the legs of all, and lay them down. When ready, hang them by the legs, a few at a time, on long pins or nails; then with a sharp knife passed into the throat, cut once or twice across, letting the knife bear on each side against the the backbone. This will sever the great veins of the neck, and the bird will bleed without wetting its feathers at all. Third, pick without scalding, and while the fowls are still warm.—Take great care not to tear or to bruise the flesh in spots by too hard fingering to get all the pin feathers out. These may be removed with a pair of pinchers, if great care is taken. Draw out the tail and wing feathers first, and those of the back last. Fourth hang all in a cool, airy place over night, and pack in clean, strong cases of a size easily handled by one man, putting one hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds in one case. Take the cords from the legs and lay the birds in uniform rows heads towards the sides of the box and breasts up. A very little clean wheat straw may separate the layers, but it is best to use nothing. Fill the boxes so full that it will require a little pressure to force the covers down. Address to a trusty agent or commission dealer. It would pay any one who markets much poultry to have a modest stencil plate made to mark his boxes, and to read thus: "Poultry A. B., well fattened, fasted twelve hours, and not scalded."

TELEGRAPHING MAPS AND PLANS.—A very ingenious invention has recently been exhibited by M. Cupuy de Lome, at the French Academy of Sciences. It consists in a mode of sending a plan of typographical sketch by telegraph without necessitating a special drawing for the purpose. Over the map already made is laid a semicircular plate of glass, circumference of which is graduated. At the center is an alidade, also which carries, on a slide, a piece of mica marked with a blade point. The latter, by its own movements along the alidade, also by that of the alidade itself, can be brought over every point in the glass semicircle. Just before the plate is a fixed eye piece. Looking through this, the black dot is carried successively over all the points of the plan to be reproduced and the polar coordinates of each noted. The numbers thus obtained are transmitted by telegraph. The receiving device is analogous to that just described, but a simple point is substituted for the mica dot, and it the designated positions on the glass are successively marked.

THE MOST POWERFUL GUN IN THE WORLD.—The new reinforced seige guns lately added to the German artillery of 21, 28, and 30½ centimeters rifled bore, are said to be the most powerful guns in the world. Their performances are truly remarkable. The last mentioned gun, with 120 to 130 lbs. of prismatic powder of from 1.74 to 1.76 specific gravity, fires a chilled cast iron shell of 600 to 610 lbs. weight with an initial velocity of 1,607 feet per second, which is said to have never been attained before by any rifled gun. At a distance of 1,200 paces, or 988 yards it will send the shell clean through a 14 inch armor plate and backing. The gun is very handy and easily manœuvred. It requires one man to handle the breech piece, two to lift up and insert the shell by means of a davit lift, two men to give it its greatest elevation of 17 deg. in 16½ seconds, or its greatest depression of 6½ deg. in 11 seconds, and two men to give it its general direction by means of a chain running over jack palleys.

Two Irishmen, on a sultry night, immediately after their arrival in India, took refuge under the bedclothes from a skirmishing party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and by chance espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said, "Fergus, Fergus, it's no use: Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the crayters searching for us with a lantern."

We suppose, notwithstanding all warnings, that kindhearted old gentlemen will continue to divide their property among their children while living instead of making a will and dying, which is the regular and prudent thing to do. James Brown, of Salem, Mass., accumulated a little money & 10 children. He became ill. The doctor rashly told him that he could not recover. So he gave all his property to his two sons and then he unfortunately recovered. We needn't say that the two sons kept the estate and turned the old gentleman into the street, where he was looking for a lodging when last we heard of him.

MADE CLEAR BY ILLUSTRATION.—We overheard the following between two bell boys at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, recently: Pat asks Mike, "What's this suspension of the banks?" "Hist ye!" Mike replies, "I'll tell ye. Suppose ye have five cents." "Yis," "Leave it wid me." "Yis." "Next day ye want it and ax me for it." "Yis." "I tell ye, 'No, sir, I've used it meself.'"

There is nothing so effective in bringing a man up to the scratch as a healthy and high-spirited flea.

PLAIN TALK ON A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

A Virginia paper, the Roanoke *Times*, lays down its platform in the following paragraphs, which contain a heap of good sense, and afford food for reflection to a large class of people, which they ought to read understandly:—

We want it distinctly understood that we are printing the *Times* for the sole object of supporting two orphen children —C. M. Webber & Bro. Therefore we intend to charge for everything we do. We are not after glory, and it don't make us at all proud to call us editor. We believe we understand why we are invited to balls, why some people send us a bunch of cigars, why some send us nice vegetables, while other give us a nice hat or necktie, or something else. We say we believe we know all this. It is not necessary that you, dear reader, should know it.

Now here is how we are going to run this machine. Those who like our course can support us; those who don't can let it alone. Here it is:

We charge five cents for a single copy of the *Times*.

We charge for all "puffs"—that is for all notices that go into our columns—10 cents a line for every insertion.

We charge for obituary notices making over four lines. The writer, too, must pay for it.

We charge for all communications calling on or declining to run as a candidate for office, and all other communications of a personal character, or calculated to advance any particular interest.

We do not intend to write, print and labour for anybody unless we are paid for it. They have no more right to expect it than to expect a lawyer to make a law speech in the court house for them, for nothing, because he believes their case is a just and righteous one. Now stick a nail just here. We are called to task last year because we did not fill our paper with articles praising a certain candidate and abusing his opponent. We have to pay our compositors for setting the type, besides we have to pay for pencils and paper to write on. Moreover, we can't write worth a cent unless we can see bread and meat on the point of our pencil.

We don't belong to any man, woman, corporation or anybody else. Anybody can soon find out how we stand on any question and if our friends want us to write and print, or they write and we print, stamps will do it.

The *Gazette de Paris* tells a story of the old-fashioned military servant which almost transcends the achievements of Handy Andy in the fulfilment of orders. This pattern of fidelity and strict discipline was the valet of a captain of the Melun garrison. His Master, who had been invited to dine at a neighboring castle, sent his valet with a note of "regrets," adding as the boy started, "Be sure and bring me my dinner, Auguste, when you have left the letter." The soldier took the letter to the castle, and was told, of course, "It's all right." "Yes, but I want the dinner," said the lad; "the captain ordered me to bring it back, and I always obey orders." The baroness, being informed of the good fellow's blunder, carried out the joke by despatching a splendid repast. The officer, too amused to make any explanation to his servant, merely sent him back at once to buy a bouquet to carry with his compliments to the baroness. Successfully accomplishing this feat, the brilliant Auguste was handed a five-franc piece from the lady. "That won't do," says the honest fellow; "I paid thirty francs for the flowers." The difference was made up to him, and he returned to the fort, quite proud at having so ably discharged his duty.

Among the nautical inventions which, at the present time, are considered very desirable, and for which most of the scientific societies of Europe offer their highest rewards, are a marine mercurial barometer, which will obviate oscillation of the mercury, and fulfil all the conditions necessary to make it a good and reliable instrument; anemometer for measuring the force and direction of the wind on board ship correctly, distinguishing the amount due to the wind and due to the ships velocity, varying with the angle; and also, an instrument that will accurately and readily detect the local attraction of a ship at sea, with reference to the compass, by direct observation of the heavenly bodies, without the process of turning the ship; such instruments to be of superior adaption for the purpose named to any of the devices yet proposed, and to be afforded at a moderate cost.

THE DEVIL FISH.—T. L. P. writes to say that the Italian fishermen of San Francisco, who travel about the Farallon Islands and down the coast, not infrequently take devil fish from eight to ten feet across, and he has heard of one being taken of which the extended arms measured twelve feet. "Some months ago, I saw one (hanging at a door) which measured at least nine feet from tip to tip of the tentalces. I believe that the Italians here eat parts of these repulsive looking creatures, and call them quite good.

If many should speak out the things they really, think instead of the smooth prayers which they do pray, they would say, "O Lord, I met a poor wretch of yours to day—a miserable, unwashed brat—and I gave him sixpence, and I have been sorry for it ever since."—*Beecher.*

We'd credit the following good thing if we knew to whom the credit is due: "The drummers came down like wolves on the fold, their toes were all frosted, their noses all cold. Their weather-peeled bugles shown through the town, they gobbled the money and salted it down, then took a few orders and lit out of here, with their heads full of business and skins full of beer."

The Danbury *News* reports that a deaf and dumb woman who has been visiting that town to solicit aid, was annoyed by some bad boys, and gave them a talking to they will remember to their dying day. She said: "Hecter the affected, will yo? If I had you across my knee, for two minutes, I'd make you acquainted with astronomy."

CANADIAN ENTERPRISE.

A number of leading merchants in Montreal are preparing to enter withvigor on the Transatlantic steamship business. They are making preparations for building one steamer as a pioneer vessel. This will be strictly Canadian enterprise, its vessels registered in this country and reckoned part of the Canadian machine. While the Allan Line is chiefly owned on this side of the Atlantic, its vessels are registered in Glasgow, and do not add to the registered ostensible tonnage of Canada. We are glad that the enterprise of which we speak gives every promise of success. If energetically conducted, there can be no fear. The volume of Canadian trade is every year increasing at such a rate that it is almost impossible to overdo the steamboat business. Those already engaged in the work have done exceedingly well by it, and there is no reason at all why others following in the same line should not meet with a like reward. The trade of the St. Lawrence is as yet in its infancy, and rapid as has been its advance during the few years last past, promises to be still more brilliant and satisfactory. The line of sailing vessels which these Montreal gentlemen have started has been successful. We hope their present venture will be equally so. —*Globe.*

THE HOOSAC BORE.—The Hoosac Mountain has been perforated. Light has been let through the heart of this mountain of rock. The completion of the tunnell is a thing of days. Massachusetts has the konor of building the Mont Cenis of America. Her enterprise and sagacity and preseverance deserve recognition and praise. She has done a work of which the nation may well be proud.

The Hoosac Mountains divide the valleys of the Hudson and Connecticut from each other. They rise to a height of three thousand feet in some places, and form a solid barrier between Massachusetts and the West. They turned the great currents of Western traffic from their eastern course and built up New York at the expense of Boston. The Boston and Albany Railroad climbed over the range by picking its way through depressed and favoring localities, but the great bulk of Western freightage refused to make ascent.—That line of rugged, romantic hills stood directly between Boston and the great harvest fields and internal markets of the nation, and dwarfed the city that has always had a giant's ambition. The hope of Boston and Eastern Massachusetts lay in removing that massive obstruction. This was seen so long ago as 1825. The feasibility of tunnelling this mountain was discussed year after year, the converts to the scheme steadily increasing meanwhile. Finally, in 1848, the Troy and Greenfield Railroad undertook the job, but without counting the cost. In 1859 the Legislature of the State loaned two millions to the Company towards completing the work. But the enterprise met with various unlooked for obstructions. It was found to be a heavier load than any corporation could carry. Then the State, which had become committed to the undertaking, took it up in earnest and for a dozen years she has struck blows and fired trains, until at last she has let a streak of daylight through the mountain's heart. The aperture is four miles and three quarters long through solid rock, which is two thirds the length of the Mont Cenis tunnell. The roadway will be twenty-four feet wide and twenty-six feet high, and the completed work will cost about twelve million dollars.

Mr. Bright having received a letter from a friend, inquiring the signification which he attached to the term "free land," replies as follows;—"It means the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the limitation of the system of entails and settlements, so that life interests may be for the most part got rid of, and a real ownership substituted for them. It means also that it shall be as easy to buy or sell land as to buy or sell a ship, or, at least, as easy as it is in Australia and in many or in all the States of the American Union. It means that no legal encouragement shall be given to great estates and great farms, and that the natural forces of accumulation and dispersion shall have free play, as they have with regard to ships, and shares, and machinery, and stock-in-trade and money. It means, too, that while the lawyer shall be well paid for his work, unnecessary work shall not be made for him, involving an enormous tax on all transactions in connection with the purchase and sale of lands and houses. A thorough reform in this matter would complete, with regard to land, the great work accomplished by the Anti-Corn Law League in 1846. It would give an endless renown to the Minister who made it, and would bless to an incalculable extent all classes connected with and dependent on honest industry."

It is estimated that over 200,000 persons have been thrown out of employment in New England, New York State, since the beginning of the panic.

An underground railway has been constructed in the city of Constantinople, Turkey, and the contractors are now finishing up the termini. It will soon be open for traffic.

THE VILLE DE HAVRE HORROR.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

THE COLLISION—PANIC AMONG THE PASSENGERS—GALLANT CONDUCT OF THE LOCH EARN'S CREW—PASSENGER LIST.

London, Dec. 1.—Later despatches from Cardiff being the following additional particulars of the loss of the Ville de Havre. She was struck amidships by the Loch Earn, and sunk in 12 minutes after the collision occurred. The Loch Earn immediately lowered three boats, which rendered all the service it was possible to do. Fifty-three of the crew were saved, including the captain.

AMONG THE PASSENGERS

rescued are ten women. Among the passengers per Ville de Havre were Judge Pickham and wife, of Albany, N. Y., Mrs. Ed. Carter and maid, Mr. R. A. Witthans, junior, Capt. E. Hunter and wife, Mrs. Caroline Hunter, Mr. Crainer, of Waterford, Senatoga Co., Thomas Hammond, wife and three children. Mrs. Mary Buckley, of Rye, Westchester County, was accompanied by her daughter and Miss Wagstaff, of Long Island. Mrs. Buckley is among the saved, but the young ladies are understood to have been lost, as Mrs. Buckley telegraphs that she alone was saved. There were also among the passengers the following members of the late Evangelical Alliance, returning to their homes:—Rev. Antonio Carrasco, of Spain; Prof. E. Prouier, of Geneva, Switzerland; Rev. N. Weiss, of Paris; Emile Condo, and Mr. Lorriere, Alfred Barbanson, of the Belgian Legation, Washington, was also a passenger. Charles B. Waite and Julia Waite, children of the proprietor of the Brevort House, were passengers. The son was saved and the daughter lost. James Bishop, of Bishop & Co., 32 Broadway, was saved. Mr. Breven, a first cabin passenger, who was with him. Francisco Clado, of Brooklyn, first cabin passenger, and Mr. R. A. Witthans, Jr., were saved.

London, Dec. 1.—The following additional particulars of the loss of the Ville de Havre have been gathered from the officers and passengers at Cardiff: The Ville de Havre experienced a thick fog until the 20th. At the time of the collision the weather was clear; little wind was blowing, but there was a heavy sea. The captain had just retired, and the second officer was in charge. The lights on the steamer were all right. The collision was wholly unexpected. The Loch Earn struck the steamer amidships, and made a chasm 12 feet deep and from 25 to 30 feet wide. The exact position of the Ville de Havre at the time was latitude 47. 21, longtitude 35. 31.

A PANIC TOOK POSSESSION

of the passengers. Five minutes after the collision the main and mizzen masts fell across two large boats which were filled with people and ready for launching. The boats were crushed to pieces, and many of the occupants were killed. In the brief interval between the collision and the sinking of the steamer the crew were able to launch only a whale boat and the captain's gig. The Loch Earn went a mile without stopping. She then got out four boats to pick up the people struggling in the water. Meanwhile a whale boat, under the command of the Second Lieutenant of the Ville de Havre, picked up one load of those who were clinging to planks, spars, &c., and took them to the Loch Earn. She returned to the scene and rescued another load. Captain Surmont, who remained on deck to the last, was rescued by this boat three-quarters of an hour after the collision. One of his officers swam a mile to the Loch Earn, and was hauled on board with a rope. The boats continued to search the waters in the vicinity of the disaster until there was no hope of saving more lives. The cold was intense. Many of the survivers were immersed two hours, and were almost lifeless when rescued. The ship Trimountain sighted the Loch Earn at 8 a. m., six hours after the sinking of the steamer, and received the survivors, as before reported.

A vessel which arrived at Bristol reports speaking the Loch Earn, with ten survivors of the Ville de Havre on board.

LIST OF PASSENGERS.

The following is a list of the passengers by the Ville de Havre, which sailed from N. Y., for Havre, on 15th ult:—Capt C Hunter, Miss C Hunter, Miss M Hunter, Miss A Hunter, Miss Hunter's maid, Mrs. Lopez, Mrs M A Simons, Mrs Bimunger and daughter, Mrs Stuckle, Mr, Mrs and Miss Montagut, Rev N Weiss, E Cook, A L C Portman, H W Kidd, Mrs L Kidd, A B McCready, Rev A Carrasco, Prof C Propier, Mr and Mrs W R Swift and child, Mr Loriaux, Mr Cramer, Mrs E Curtis and maid, C B Waite. Mr Lamothe, F Salado, Mrs E Ferdinand, Mrs C A Platt, A Murray, M Murray A Barbanson, M L Squadrille, G H Taylor, James Bishrop, Mr and Mrs Charles Mixter, and two daughters, Master Willie Culver, Mrs Marie Buckley, Miss Marie Buckley, Miss Wagstaff Miss H Edgar, Mrs E Edgar, Miss Edgar, Miss Caroline Trucas, Mrs H G Stafford, Miss A Stafford, Miss Bessie Stafford, Miss Stafford and infant, Miss Nicolet, Mr Henry Belknap, Mrs D Goodwin and two children, Mrs A G Kennet, two children and nurse, R McBaw, Leon Trefenasse, Mr and Mrs H Sigourney, Master A G and W C R Sigourney, Miss A L Sigourney and nurse, Mr and Mrs Thomas Hammond, Miss Alice Hammond, Clarence Hammond, Frank Hammond, Mr and Mrs Theo Josanique, R A Witthans, Judge Peckham, Mrs Peckham, Mr and Mrs Collodion, P Larrasabal, E Hessie, Miss Marie Bom, Miss M E Church, Miss L W Putnam, Mr and Mrs Charles Creste, Mr Antoine Lafargue, Mme Antoinette Laures, Louis Lejeune, Mr and Mrs Freak Marconnett, Desire Choquet, Mme Adele Lack, Mr Freak Marconnett, jr, Mdlle Elise Marconnett, Mr Baptiste Borgero, Pierre Beller, Robeler Bonaventure, Rev C Simon, Hypolite Baite, Mr and Mrs Beangrand, Emile Deuge, Henry Vallat, Sebastian Vallat, Mr and Mrs Xavier Brusy Xavier Pequignot, Chas Burneneney Alex Cleaveriel, Mme Cleaveriel, Mlle Aimee Cleaveriel.

London, Dec. 1.—The ship Loch Earn was so badly damaged by the collision with the Ville de Havre that the persons rescued by her from the wreck requested to be put on board the Trimountain. All were safely transferred, with the exception of three persons who were too badly injured to be removed. After the collision the Loch Earn put about for Queenstown, at which port she was due about the 29th ult., notwithstanding her disabled condition. Nothing has yet been heard of her.

DON'T WHIP THEM.

Mothers don,t whip them! Treat God's lambs tenderly. Compel obedience but not with the rod. The other evening, while taking my customary stroll, meditating on my next text for the following Sunday, the face maternal appeared at the door of a pleasant little home I had often noticed, and loudly ordered a little lad, three or so, to "come in, and see if she did not do as she said she would." The mother, in her wrath at being disobeyed re-entered the house, not hearing the little one's sobbing explanation that he had stepped outside to fetch the baby in. Directly the blows and piteous cries fell upon my ears.

Undoubtedly the little one had gone beyond the prescribed bounds; but it was to bring the toddling thing inside, who as yet heeded not the commands, however given, and his full heart and meagre use of words withheld the power of explanation. Poor little man, how my heart ached for him! Kissless and sad he went to his bed.

Mothers, do not whip them! Do not yourselves make shadows in the sunlight with which God always surrounds children. Do not let them be lulled to sleep by the falling of their own tears, or by their own sobs and sighs. Far pleasanter it is when you tuck them in at night to find pink feet on the pillow, dimpled knee in air toys yet in embrace and smiles on their sweet mouths.—Yourselves bear in mind their last words, "If I should die before I wake." Treat them tenderly.

I took my little man a shot gun to night, and handing it over the gate, I said "Now will you mind your mamma, and stay inside when she calls you?" I am sure the "me will" was very sincere; but if they forget, bear with them. If childhood's days cannot be free from sorrow surely none ever may.

DITCHING BY STEAM POWER.—In North Germany the reclamation of the extensive low lands, that heretofore remained uncultivated for lack of drainage is now proceeding with vigor under the auspices of a company employing a large capital and effective steam ditching machines. Each machine cuts a canal 20 ft. wide and 6 ft. deep, and from 100 to 120 feet in length, every 10 hours. The peat is delivered on the surface of the ground alongside the canal, where it is dried, cut into bricks, sent to market. It is an excellent fuel. In Holland and Friesland there are 1,000 square miles of this bog land now worthless, which will be rendered habitable and profitable as fast as the canals are cut, to say nothing of the immense quantities of fuel that will be obtained by the ditching operation.

During last autumn, says the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, there were no less than seventeen companies extracting gold from the auriferous sand of Finland. One of the companies returned a dividend of 70 per cent. The largest nugget weighed 28 pennyweights.

Scoresby and other arctic voyagers and whale hunters have observed that whales have some means of communicating with one another at great distances. It is probable that the animals bellow in a tone too grave for the human ear, but quite within the range of the cetacean ear.

Dr. Zollner arrives at a somewhat diffetent conclusion from most of the astronomers concerning the sun's temperatures. Assuming that the prominences which present the appearance of eruptions are really produced by the action of explosive forces projecting vast quantities of glowing hydrogen into the chromosphere, he applies the principles of thermo-dynamics to determine the heat and pressure in different portions of the sun's mass and atmosphere. He obtains, as a probable minimum value for the temperature of the chromosphere, 49,850 degrees Fahrenheit; and for the temperature of the interior region, whence the hydrogen is erupted, 123,150 degrees, Fahrenheit. Now assuming the atmospheric pressure, at the base of the chromosphere to be about equal to seven inches of the mercurial barometer, he finds the pressure at the level of the nuclei of the spots to be somewhere about 184,000 atmospheres, and the pressure in the inner region before named no less than 4,070,000 atmospheres.

An interesting article in *The Builder* on the strength of building materials, gives some examples of the actual pressure sustained by stone and brick of different kinds, the greatest of which appears to be in the pillars of the church of All Saints, at Angers, of Fourneaux stone, viz., 38,4 tons per square foot. The pillars of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, carry a weight equal to 14.9 tons per squre foot, and of calcareous tufa. The pillars of the dome of St. Paul's London, of oolitic limestone, 17.6 tons per square foot. A pillar in the chapter house of Elgin, of red sandstone, carries 17.9 tons per square foot. Red Birmingham bricks, in a viaduct in that town, sets in lias lime mortar, carry seven tons per square foot. London paviors, set in mortar of one in cement to two and one half of sand, of the Charing Cross railway bridge, carry twelve tons per square foot.