

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

FASHION NOTES.

Mrs. J. J. Skiffington Editor.

Coral is always fashionable for young girls. Millions are getting ready their spring goods. Jewellery is very much worn just now. Nacre is the newest shade of red. Street dresses are made short. Cream color is shown in all shades. We are told that Cameas are fashionable once more.

Satin ribbon is used more than gros-grain for bonnet trimmings and strings. It is something uncommon to see two young ladies now-a-days put up their hair alike.

Silk mullin rivals Maia mullin as an overdress for ball toilets.

Overdress of satin are worn with underdress of plush, and vice versa.

Dolman visits fit-closely to the figure, and are made with an elbow sleeve.

There is some talk of pinniers being worn this spring out of a still smaller pattern than formerly.

Black Satin dresses are very fashionable for evening receptions.

Satin vests are worn with any trimmings, under the open waist. They are generally accompanied by a collar and jabot.

The spring plates are to hand but as yet it is hard to say what will be the most fashionable in hats. The English and American walking hat is still prominent.

CARE OF THE COMPLEXION.—There is no artificial method of preserving the complexion. The way to insure having a proper quantity of healthy blood in the skin is to rise early, to be much in the open air especially during the hours of sunlight, to avoid over-heated, artificially-lighted, unventilated rooms, and to retire early to rest. To keep the complexion clear and natural, use a mild soap, which the alkali of most soaps irritates, with water alone. Whoever will attend to these directions will do all that can be done to preserve, as all ought to try and preserve, their skin in the most healthy, and, therefore, beautiful condition.

An elegant evening dress may be made of black faille, combined with blue crepe de chine, with blue and pink Pompadour embroideries. The long trim skirt is trimmed with a ruffled flounce, with a heading. Nearly the whole back of the skirt is covered with a tunique, forming the paniers. It is full on hips, and the draperies form a cascade of puddings lightly fastened to the skirt. The apron is composed of two crepe de chine scarfs, worked with Pompadour embroideries. The border of the apron is trimmed with handsome fringe, composed of blue and pink tassels. The pointed waist is cut in a square neck, and trimmed with a vest plastron of emerald brocade goods. Trimming the plastron and square brocade goods. Trimming the plastron and square brocade goods. On the inside of the neck is a plaiting of fine Valenciennes lace. The lower part of the sleeves has a faille pointed cuff trimmed with embroidered ruffles, and a faille bow placed in the center. On the inside of the sleeve is a Valenciennes lace plaiting.

HOUSEWIVES CORNER.

ROAST BROOK Trout.—If small, fry them with salt pork; if large, boil, and serve with drawn butter.

FISH CHOWDER.—Take a fresh haddock, of three or four pounds, clean it well, and cut in pieces of three inches square. Place in the bottom of your dinner-pot five or six slices of salt pork, fry brown, then add three onions sliced thin, and fry those brown. Remove the kettle from the fire, and sprinkle over the onions and pork a layer of fish, sprinkle over a little pepper and salt, then a layer of parril and salt potatoes, a layer of fish, and potatoes, let the fish be used up. Cover with water, and let it boil for half an hour. Add six biscuits or crackers fine as meal, and pour into the pot; and lastly, add a quart of milk; let it scald, and serve.

ROASTED OYSTERS.—Take oysters in the shell, wash the shell clean, and lay them on hot coals; when they are open they will begin to open. Remove the upper shell, and serve the oysters in the lower shell, with a little melted butter poured over each.

SCALD OR PICKLED OYSTERS.—Put into a porcelain kettle one hundred and fifty large oysters with the liquor; add salt, and simmer till the edges roll or curl; then add one pint of vinegar, three dozen wine vinegar, and three dozen peppercorns; let it come to a boil, and pour over the oysters. Prepared in this way, they will keep several weeks in cold weather.

BAKED BLACK FISH.—Rub a handful of salt over the surface, to remove the slime peculiar to the fish. For the stuffing, two ounces of beef drippings, two tablespoonful of chopped capers, half a spoonful of salt pepper, one-half teaspoonful of salt, five ounces of bread, and one gill of broth; then stir until scalding hot; place inside the fish; cut a quarter of a pound of pork in thin slices and lay on either side of the fish, holding on place by twine wound around it—a generous sprinkling of salt and pepper, completing it for the baking pan. Bake in a hot oven one-half hour, and serve on slices of fried bread with sauce made of stock seasoned with one tablespoonful of chopped capers, and one tablespoonful of parsley.

CHICKEN POT-PIE.—Cut and joint a large chicken. Cover with water, and let it boil gently until tender. Season with salt and pepper, and thicken the gravy with two tablespoonful of flour mixed smooth in a piece of butter the size of an egg. Have ready nice light bread dough; cut with a biscuit-cutter about an inch thick; drop this into the boiling gravy, having previously removed the chicken to a hot platter, cover, and let it boil from one-half to three-quarters of an hour. To ascertain whether they are done or not, stick into one of them a fork, and if it comes out clean, they are done. Lay on the platter with the chicken, pour over the gravy, and serve.

BROILED CHICKENS.—Only young, tender chickens are nice broiled. After cleaning and washing them, split down the back, wipe dry, season with salt and pepper, and lay them inside down on a hot gridiron over a bed of bright coals. Broil until nicely browned and well cooked through, watching and turning to prevent burning. Broil with them a little salt pork, cut in thin slices. After taking them from the gridiron, work into them plenty of butter, and serve garnished with the pork, slices of lemon and parsley.

The expected Jubilee was proclaimed by the Holy Father, according to the cable dispatches, on the 15th inst. It will extend from the 2nd of March to the Feast of Pentecost, which occurs on the 1st of June.

It is reported that Bernadette Soubirous, famous on account of the apparitions of our Blessed Lady to her at Lourdes, is dangerously ill, and that no hopes are entertained of her recovery. She is a member of a religious Order in France.

FRANCE AND IRELAND.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR OF 1870.

By A. M. SULLIVAN.

From the Catholic Fireside.

PART III.

(Concluded from our last.)

Count Flaviigny and his friends expressed a wish to visit Cork and Killarney, and the late Mr. John Martin, M. P., and myself were deputed to accompany them to the South of Ireland. Cork city, which had acted very much by itself, and with characteristic generosity throughout the war, now determined to send if not surpass Dublin in its reception. On the morning of Monday, the 21st of August, our party started on what turned out to be not so much a private pleasure tour as a "royal progress" through the land. At Kildare, the first station on the way, which the train stopped, we found the platform thronged with banners waving and bands playing. The Town Commissioners with bared heads came forward to the carriage-door, and presented to Count Flaviigny an address of welcome. At the next station, and the next, it was the same. The train for some while could not enter the station, for, not merely the platform, but the line or "track" itself was occupied by the people. They crowded on the roofs of the adjacent buildings; they clung in scores to the beams and girders of the iron roof that crossed the station. They surged into every vacant spot; they occupied every coil of vantage. Finally, when at length the train crept slowly and carefully up to the platform, they seized every window in frantic endeavors to "shake hands" with some one inside, on the chance that he might be a Frenchman. The doors and windows being thus blocked, Tipperary ingenuity found yet another chance. Some of our captors pulled out the stoppers from the lamp-openings in the carriage roofs, and down through each of these half a dozen arms were thrust, and were kept waving to and fro like a flag of truce, or rather a flag of defiance. It was one of the most comical sights imaginable, as all we could see was the cluster or bunch of arms and hands hanging down through the hole in the roof, and swaying in the air. The entry into the Southern capital was infinitely less grand and like a like hospitality met us another Bantry. It impressed the Frenchmen more than anything they had yet seen. The city was en fête. An excursion by steamer down the river or estuary to Queenstown and East Ferry—a panorama of marvellous beauty—and a banquet on board, filled up the memorable day.

Next morning we set off for Glengarriff, by way of Macroom and Gangan Barra. At the latter wild and lovely spot, in the depths of the mountain solitude, we found that, as it seemed, some one with the ring of the lamp of Aladdin had been at work. Snow was piled up in a wild and lonely mountain, and beneath them a sumptuous dejeuner awaited us; the host of this romantic entertainment proving to be a young gentleman of the neighborhood, Mr. William Murphy of Bantry. At world-famed Glengarriff, where we stayed for the night, Mr. J. Cullinane, constituting the whole party his guests at the Hotel while in the Glen. I do not now might have traveled the island through and found the same spirit prevailing.

For forty miles the road from Macroom to Glengarriff passes through a wild and lonely mountain district of exceeding grandeur. The population is even still almost exclusively speak the Irish tongue; and retain to a large degree the peculiarities of dress, manners and customs, which have obtained among them for generations. The land here is the "French" layer of fish, sprinkled with potatoes, which they seemed to have been gathering vast heaps of furze or heath on every crag, top, cliff, and mountain crest. As the carriages containing our party approached, these piles were fired, a wild halloo rang from rock to rock, and aloft we could see the effect of all these fires—this line of fires—at night time, would I am sure have been something most striking. As it was, even in broad daylight it was quite impressive. For twenty miles around us there smoked and blazed hundreds of these welcome signals.

From Glengarriff we proceeded to Killarney by way of Kenmare; the people of which latter town, always high-spirited and proud, would not, of course, be outdone by neighboring counties. They, too, had their address and reception.

The shadows of evening were falling as our cavalcade descended the hillside where Killarney is approachable from the south, each turn in the road unfolding a scene of landscape beauty unsurpassed in the world. Seven miles from the town we heard bugles in the woods close by and, looking up, amidst oak and arbutus shade, we could see and there, perched on the branch of a tree, or point of rock, some one of a line of videttes who signalled our approach. At Muckross, four miles from Killarney, we came upon the assembled townsmen, with their bands and banners, public officials, and address of welcome, headed by the Catholic Bishop, and by the present Mr. O'Donoghue, M. P., the ancient domains and ruined castles of whose family were all around us. Night had fallen as we turned into the avenue which led to the Castledough Lake Hotel. From the trees overhead hung Chinese lanterns, in red, white, and blue, and during our stay of three days amidst the enchanting beauties of the Lakes, every guide and boatman wore on his breast, and every peace carried at her stem, the colors of vanquished France.

A day or two subsequently, surrounded by a demonstration which surpassed even that which had hailed their arrival, the French Delegation had added to *Hibernia non ingratia*.

I know of no chapter in latter-day Irish history that illustrates so positively, and so forcibly as this, that tenacity of the Irish memory which is the explanation of much that perplexes the English politician. The quality which is called "patriotism" in Englishmen, fixes their attention on the present or the future; while Irishmen, it is complained, are always looking back. "We cannot ask Paddy why he does not put a window in his hut, but he begins to tell us of the battle of the Boyne. No good will come to Ireland till she learns to forget."

Nothing can excuse the man or the race who, in place of grappling manfully with the duties of the present, fold their arms and maunther about the past. But there is not an evil, nor a failing, nor an anomaly, social or political, in Ireland, that can be explained or remedied without a reference to the past; and as to this tenacity of memory, why should it not be turned to good account? Little, very little, of material services had France ever conferred on Ireland. The *Times* newspaper, writing of the scenes I have just described, tauntingly desired that the balance of obligation at the close of the day should be the other way; that France had repaid thus a poor return for the lives of two hundred thousand Irishmen who had fallen in her service from 1701 to 1789. Probably so, on a mere ledger account. But the obligations of the Irish nation, touched Irish sensibilities, had gratified Irish national pride. The Irish people are much more readily

approached through their sympathies and affections than through their interests and fears. They think less of how much is done for them, than of how, and in what spirit, it is done. It never once occurred to them to tot up the column of debtor and creditor account with France in usual, or most of the world. That would very likely be the practical way of doing things. But the world is not the better, it may be greatly the worse, of banding sensibility, and of reducing everything to a pounds, shillings and pence level. These demonstrations of sympathy for beaten and helpless France, these displays of self-sacrificing and political designs, though they unquestionably sprang from political or historical recollection. They were evidences of qualities in the Irish heart that England has never touched—has but to touch, to discover what a wealth of sympathy, what a force of enthusiasm, what elements of strength, have lain so long within her reach, doubted, discredited, or unknown.

NOTES OF IRISH HISTORY.

CAMDEN, describing a visit by Shane McNeill to Queen Elizabeth, says that he appeared at court with his guard of gallow-glasses, lancehead, armed with battleaxes, their hair flowing in long ringlets on their shoulders, on which were yellow surplices, with long sleeves, short coats, and small jackets. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* says: "If we but picture to our minds the appearance which a handsome young Irish chief of former times must have presented to the eye when dressed out fully in the costume of his country—the tight and variegated breeches displaying a low tunic appearing brightly from beneath the heavy folds of the long, dark *falling* (or long woad cloak), his head either surmounted by the towering *barrod* or covered only by his hair which fell in long ringlets on his shoulders, his feet enclosed in the light and pointed *braces*, his neck, adorned with a gold chain bearing ornaments of gold, and his gold-handled scabbard or brightly polished battleaxe gleaming in his girdle—if we but present him thus arrayed to our minds, it would be no exaggeration to say that there could be no more comely man than the Irishman."

IN THE BRIGHT VALLEY OF THE BOYNE is situated the Royal Cemetery of *Brachon-Bonors*, the most astonishing Pagan monument in Ireland. For fully three miles this necropolis extends. Twenty-one immense tumuli, or hillocks of stone and earth, can be counted in the neighborhood, each of them presumably built over the ashes of an Irish monarch. The three greatest are those at New Grange, Rathfarnham, and New Grange. The tumulus covers more than two acres, and might be taken for a large natural hill, if there were not indisputable evidences that it has been heaped loosely together by the toil of man. It is surrounded by a circle of cyclopean grave-stones, which, the antiquaries tell us, can never be traced to the neighborhood, and which have been transported thither from the Mourne mountains, in the county Down. A passage has been found into the heart of this mighty pass. The first dozen yards have to be traversed on all fours; in one spot the upright flagstones of which the gallery is formed, rest so closely together that they can never be separated, and the passage is so narrow that one must crawl on hands and knees; but once this trouble is surmounted, the passage rises to a height of six feet, and then suddenly opens into a large cruciform chamber, with one great central domed apartment, and four smaller ones at the corners. The chamber is some nineteen feet high at the top of the dome, which is formed by small stones gradually overlapping one another until they culminate in a great flat slab, which serves the purpose of a modern keystone. The walls are of cyclopean masonry, and bear an extraordinary resemblance to the Egyptian style. The architecture at Mytilene, as Dr. Schlickeemann describes them. The stones are in many places carved with the distinct sorts of archaic sculpture—spirals, lozenge-shaped, and zig-zag lines. It is supposed that these tumuli must have been the work of the tall, yellow-haired, and blue-eyed race of the *Phidians*, who ruled over Erin, as Dr. Schlickeemann says.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE, fought on the 1st of July, 1690, as an affair of actual blows, was a bagatelle. Never did the sovereignty of an empire change hands for a more contemptible cause. A modern war correspondent would dismiss the affair in an obscure paragraph. May be, but when we read in certain parts of the history of the battle, we are reminded of the words of the poet: "The victors lost not quite four hundred men." King William, with his 40,000 veterans, the best disciplined in Europe, lay behind a long range of hills, a few hundred yards from the river, on its northern bank, where he was perfectly secure. His heights completely dominated the Jacobite positions around Oldbridge, at the opposite side of the river. The night before the battle he detached a full third of his army to the bridge of Slane, five miles up the river. By some misadventure James had left the bridge all but undefended. It was easily carried, and before a blow was struck at Oldbridge the Irish army found that a powerful enemy was establishing himself in their rear to seize the pass of Duleek, and cut off their retreat to Dublin. In the alarm James detached the few regiments of troops—the French auxiliaries and the Irish cavalry to protect the bridge. With them they carried the only eight pieces of artillery in his army. The centre and right position were left to the defence of regiments of disciplined and ill-armed peasants, opposed to double the number of the choicest troops in Europe. The fall of the battle was already sealed when a William dashed into the river. When he already knew that the Irish left was outflanked, King William, at the head of his regiments, suddenly emerged through a glen which protected his advance to within a hundred yards of the river, and spurred boldly across the shallow. His regiments of Hungarians and Danes crossed lower down. Boots it to tell the miserable tale of what followed! An obelisk marks the spot where the king crossed. Lower down Schomberg was shot in the water; still lower down Bishop Walker, the defender of Derry. They point out also the spot where King William was wounded in the arm by a shot from the Irish lines on the evening before the battle.

HENRY GRATTAN was born in Dublin, in 1750. After passing through Trinity College he went to London to study law, and his admiration for the eloquence of Chatham determined him to become an orator. In 1772 he was admitted to the Irish bar, and in 1775 he entered Parliament as the representative of Charlemont. He allied himself with Flood and his fellow-patriots in the endeavor to get free trade for Ireland, and on the 19th of April, 1776 he introduced the declaration of Irish rights denying the power of the English Parliament to make laws for Ireland, and he supported it in a surprising and eloquent speech. From that time he was a member of the people. His spirit and example called into existence eighty thousand armed volunteers, who were ready at any time to do battle in the cause of their country. With this strong force at his back, Grattan forced the Irish Parliament to pass resolutions which the declaration of rights was embodied in. He voted £100,000, but he would only agree to accept the half of it. He withdrew from Parliament while the United Irishmen were preparing for revolution, but was returned as member for Wicklow for the express purpose of opposing the Union. He afterwards sat in the London Parliament. In opposition to the Corporation of his native city, he advocated Catholic Emancipation, and his death resulted from over-exertion occasion-

ed by a journey to London for the purpose of presenting a Catholic petition to the House. His death took place in 1820.

RICHARD LALOR SHELL died in 1851. He was born at Drumdowney, near Waterford, on the 17th of August, 1791. He received his education at Stonyhurst, and subsequently graduated from Trinity College. He was called to the Bar in 1814. As a play-writer he was very successful, and in eight years he produced six dramas, which, with one exception, received the unqualified approval of the public. In 1830 Shell entered Parliament, having previously made a reputation as an uncommonly clever orator. While in the House of Commons he was his most brilliant and impulsive speaker. Shell rendered considerable service to the movement for Catholic Emancipation. He was returned to Parliament from Tipperary and voted for the repeal of the Union, but he afterwards accepted a sinecure under the Marlborough Ministry, and was made Privy Councillor in 1839. He was appointed Master of the Mint by Lord Russell, and in 1850 accepted the mission to Florence. He was accorded the position of first orator of the day by English critics.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INGENUOUS METHOD OF KILLING WOLVES.—A harness-maker of Croy-les-Marcelles (Oise), has hit on an ingenious method of destroying wolves without any danger. He procured an old dog, which he poisoned with a large dose of strychnine, and then carried the body to a considerable distance. The next day when he visited the spot he found six dead wolves. Having procured a cart he took the animals to the prefecture, where he received the bounty—26 francs for two females and 66 francs for four males.

Excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, and intemperance, are deadly enemies to human life; but there are none of them so bad as violent and uncontrolled passions. Men and women have survived all these, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and uncontrolled passions, who has arrived at a very advanced age. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous of preserving a "sound mind in a sound body," so that the brittle vessels of life may glide down the stream of time untroubled and secure, instead of being continually tossed about by a special care, amid vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.

The Buffalo Commercial publishes the subjoined "notice given in the newspapers of the 22nd June, 1841, by the Committee of Salubrity, in Paris."

1st. Any person bitten by a mad dog, or any other animal, should immediately press with the hand all around the wound, so as to make the blood run freely and extricate the saliva.

2nd. Wash the wound with a mixture of alkali and water, lemon juice, ley, soap, salt water, urine or even pure water.

During this time of pressing and washing the wound, wear a piece of iron in the fire, and apply it gently to said wound. Mind that said piece of iron is not heated so as to be able to cauterize—that it must only be red hot. The precautions being well observed, are sufficient to preserve from the horrid effects of hydrophobia, and every one should keep them in their mind.

The case of young Mortara, which some twenty-five years ago attracted so large a degree of public attention, may not have been forgotten. Mortara, who belonged to an Israelitic family, had been secretly baptized by a maid-servant, and grave difficulties afterwards having arisen between him and his father, the Pope (Pius IX.) took him under his immediate protection. He is now an Augustinian canon, and he has been residing for some years past in France, in the diocese of Saint-Die. He is one of the four regular prebendaries who officiate at the sanctuary of Mattinocque, a well-known place of pilgrimage.

A doctor named D'Unger has invented a decoction which, it is reported, "not only cures intemperance, but leaves the drunkard with an unconquerable aversion to spirituous liquors." The medicine is red Peruvian bark, a pound of which is reduced to powder and soaked in a pint of alcohol, then strained and evaporated down to half a pint. In serious cases the dose is a teaspoonful every three hours. This is gradually decreased down to ten and five drops. The medical and temperance men of Chicago, of which city the inventor of the new medicine is a resident, are "very much excited over it." Such a medicine would soon restore the world to its original state of Paradiseal happiness, for drink is the source of well nigh all human evil.

A good mother should be firm, gentle, kind; she should never let attend to her child. She should never laugh at him at what he does that is cunning, but and clean in all his habits. She should teach him to obey a look, to respect those older than himself, and above all, to love, honor and reverence God. She should never make a command without seeing that it is performed in the right manner. Never speak of a child's faults or failings, or repeat his remarks before him. It is a sure way to spoil a child. Never reprove a child when excited, nor let your tone of voice be raised when correcting him. Strive to inspire love, not dread—respect, not fear. Remember you are educating and training a soul, or souls for eternal happiness or eternal misery.

*Horn Journal* says that transfusion of milk into the blood of a patient dying from exhaustion was performed at the Provident Infirmary 11 Beresford place, Dublin, on Wednesday week, by Dr. Meidon and MacDonnell. Although apparently having only a few moments to live when the operation was undertaken the patient has since recovered. About a pint of milk was taken from a cow, lent for the occasion by Mr. Moore, of South Anne-street, and was injected into the vein.

THE NEW ELECTRIC PEN.—The city papers tell of a new invention of a practical character which has just been made by E. A. Cooper, a well-known English mechanical engineer. It is a real telegraphic writing machine. The writer in London moves his pen, and simultaneously at Brighton another pen is moved, as though by a phantom hand, in precisely similar curves and writing. The writer writes in London, and the ink mark in Brighton. Those who have seen the instrument work say it is guided by a spirit hand. The apparatus is shortly to be made public before the Society of Telegraphic Engineers. *Five similes* of writing produced by this telegraphic writing machine show that the words are formed without any lifting of the pen, and perfectly legible.

There is lots of people in this world who say they haint got enny faith in a heaven or hell, and yet they hav got faith enuff to invest their his dollar in a lottery ticket, or a bottle ov quak medicin.

A judge said to the comissioner: "No man of the least sense would agree with your opinion." "I should like to know," retorted the lawyer, "how your honor can judge what any man of the least sense would do?"

RAILROAD MEN'S PERILS.

A PLEA FOR THE BRAKEMEN AND SWITCHMEN.

There are men employed by the railroads whose interests and welfare are but little considered. They are the brakemen and their mates, the Switchmen. Their occupation is classed by the insurance companies as "extra hazardous," and it would take nearly all their wages to pay for insurance. A man's chances in war are better than in breaking and switching, as the following will show: A road terminating in the State of New York had six killed and ten injured out of a force of 21 brakemen, on seven trains, in six months. That proportion in a six months' campaign of an army of 21,000 men would be 6,000 killed and 10,000 wounded. The men must be paid better men— young men, active, quick, and cool. Danger is always with them. A man running on the top of a freight train going at the rate of from 20 to 45 miles an hour is in much greater danger than men meet in ordinary occupations, and a Switchman making up a freight train is in more danger than Gen. Grant, Sherman, or Sheridan would choose to meet. There is no glory connected with being crushed or crippled by a freight car. Often persons say, seeing a man go between the cars to "couple," "I would not do that for the whole railroad."

Railroad managers boast that millions of passengers have been carried without loss of life or injury, as an inducement to the public to travel on their respective lines, and anything that will add to the safety and comfort of travelers they put to use. Passenger coaches have all conveniences and are richly painted; locomotives are marvels of mechanism, and in the repair shops and in the offices no expense is spared for convenience and comfort; but in the connecting of freight cars and disconnecting of them no improvement has been put to use. The same link and pin were in use 50 years ago as coupling cars are in use now. Hundreds of men are injured every year in coupling cars. In New York, which has 5,484 miles of railroad, in 1874, 23 railway employes were killed and 203 injured in coupling cars; in 1875, 12 were killed and 152 injured, and in 1877, 17 killed and 124 injured, making an aggregate of 32 persons killed and 495 injured.

Apparently, no effort is being made to avoid the frightful amount of suffering and sorrow. Societies are formed for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and the occupant of the Chief Magistrate's chair in Washington has enough consideration for the dumb beasts in transportation to the sea board to mention in his message to Congress; but it never once has occurred to his mind that, there is a large number of human beings in peril on the trains, taking the cattle to market. By a few levers and a little simple machinery that men of less inventive genius than an Edison, a Howe, or a Morse could produce, if the railway managers would ask for it or as may be hoped, public sentiment may soon call for, cars could be connected and disconnected without it being necessary for men to go between them.

Railroad men should also be relieved from another frightful source of danger—that of falling between the cars while in motion—by the reduction of the distance from car to car to 16 inches. Now, the distance is from three to five feet, and the men must jump over these spaces to get from car to car. The tops of the cars are often made slippery by the snow they lay, but the yawning gaps must be jumped over, and woe to the poor fellow whose feet slip; for should he fall beneath those rolling, grinding wheels, he would be crushed out of all semblance to a human being.

One of the saddest duties of railroad men is that of gathering up the remains of a companion and carrying them to the heart broken loved ones at home. It comes too often in the experience of railway employes. Why not give a part of the sympathy that is bestowed upon dumb beasts, and induce railroad managers to take measures to reduce the dangers of railroad service to the minimum? Why not employ a little of the boasted American inventive faculty to improve the connection of cars?

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

My dear fellow, you kaint git anything out ov this world unless you ask for it, and you aint going to git much ennyhow, unless you insist upon it. Yours truly,

A gentlemanly the party who is always honest, and always polite, and keeps his boots shined up, and his finger nails clean.

There is no doubt plenty ov people in the world who are about as phlegm, but I never knew enny one (not even myself) whom it woldnt safe to watch.

There is a mighty sight ov odds between knowing everybody and having everybody know you; but there iz lots ov folks who never discover the difference.

When you settle with yerself insist upon 100 cents on the dollar; when you settle with the world, take off half if you kaint git enny more.

Yung man, if you make a mistake the best thing you can do iz to own it, and not make another; there never was a mistake made yet, I don't care how well it was buried, that didn't dig out sumtime.

I have seen people spend a large share ov their time and talents gitting religion, and a very small share practicing it.

Adversity iz tru and honest; it iz the test that never deceives us; prosperity is always treacherous.

Mi dear boy, don't lit enny man git the drop on you; this iz a vulgar saying, but if you hav got branes enuff you will use it for a moral purpose.

The man who won't believe anything he kaint understand aint going to believe natch, nor understand natch either.

There seems to be two kinds of superstition—an ignorant and a learned kind; and I don't know which iz the worst.

I have seen plenty ov smart men who could phrevoxy to a dead certainty what wold happen for the next six months, who couldnt set down with the slate and pencil and phrevoxy within 25 per cent, what it wold kost to reshingle a pig pen.

Yung man, if you expect to succeed in this world, you hav got to trundle yers own hoop; the jealousy of friends and the malignity ov enny mens make road to success a hard one to travel.

One ov the greatest viktoxy ov good breeding iz: it very often makes a plodder endurable.

Az phlooshy as most ceremonies seem to be, I don't see how mankind could be managed without them; the great submit to them from policy, and in the lowly they excite a spirit ov emulation that often works out good results.

There iz nothing so simple az gratitude, and yet it iz the highest possible price we can pay for ennything.

If we expect to git at the tru value ov things, we have got to bile them down, and skin them well, too, when they are bileing.

The necessities ov life are cheap and simple, and yet we manage to make the art ov living a kintual slavery.

There may be people who are beneath flattery, but I never met one who was not flattered.

The great art of contentment konsists not only in being satisfied with what we hav got, but with what we haint got, nor can't get.

The reputation that a man gets for an eccentricity is worth just about as much to him, and no more, az the one he gits for a deformity.

Politeness will win every time. I have seen it win even on a mule, where four quartz of oats, and a klib besides, want nowhere.