Huron Signal.

"The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 49. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 22, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1505.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada, Printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

At the Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by

ALLAN & DICKSON

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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MONEY TO LEND. 1378

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Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. ly.

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BAKERS and Confectioners. Weddings and Parties supplied at short notice. Also, Vessels supplied. Flour and Feed constantly on hand. Goods delivered in any part of the town.
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For particulars apply to
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Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
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Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted without demurrer.
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FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.
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UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMSHIPS
Sail every Saturday from
NEW YORK AND GLASGOW.
Favorite route for Tourists.
Finest approach to Great Britain.
Passenger accommodations unsurpassed.
RATES OF PASSAGE
From NEW YORK to
GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, BELFAST, or LONDONDERRY.
Cabin—$65, $75 & $80—Currency.
Return tickets at reduced rates.
Steerage always as low as by any other FIRST-CLASS LINE.
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Live Stock
INSURANCE Co'y.
Head Office, Toronto.
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Insured against death from any cause.
For rates apply to
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BEVERLY ROBINSON, Manager.
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OF THE
Trust & Loan Company of Canada.
Incorporated by Royal Charter
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
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LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm and City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms.
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The subscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for
WINDOW CAPS,
KEYSTONES,
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DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK
required for buildings. This Stone is as durable as any other, and can be furnished at half the cost of cut stone. We invite the public to inspect the same at the factory, opposite Neibergall's Salt Works, or at the Town Clerk's Office, where specimens will be kept on view, and orders received. As this is a new enterprise, we trust the people of Goderich will give us proper encouragement.
Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada.
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on the corner of
EAST STREET,
next door o the
FIREMAN'S HALL,
If you want to get first class
BREAD, CAKES, PIES, BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY
go to the
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For Oranges, Lemons, and all kinds of Fruits in season. Oysters prepared in every style. Parties supplied on short notice. Wedding cakes made to order.
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A Book on Wall Street, Sent Free.
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Shirts Ready Made
OR MADE TO ORDER,
A T reduced rates. Fancy and plain machine and hand sewing to order.
MRS. LEFLER,
West street
1451-1yr A few doors west of Wellington

Poetry.

Cuddle Doon.

BY ALEX. ANDERSON.

"The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mickle faucht an' ding;
O, try an' sleep, ye weakhrife rogues,
Your father's comin' in.'
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a frown,
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
'O, bairnies, cuddle doon.'

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa',
Bangs up an' cries, 'I want a piece'—
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the seuss,'
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
'Noo, weanies, cuddle doon.'

But ere five-minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out, frae 'neath the claes,
'Mither, mak' Tam gie over at ance,
He's kittlin' wi' his taes.'
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon;
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
'O, bairnies, cuddle doon.'

At length they hear their father's fit,
An', as he stocks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
'Hae a' the weans been gude?' he asks,
As he pits off his shoon.
'The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon.'

An' just afore we bed oursels,
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his arm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his arms roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I stretch creein' frae
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
'O, bairnies, cuddle doon.'

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
Sae mun the rigid warld cock an' rare
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka one,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
'O bairnies, cuddle doon.'

SEEING BETTER DAYS.

The widow Minton had seen better days. How far back wasn't exactly certified; but she had seen them. Better days hung mouldily about her, like the defaced shreds of antiquated embroidery.

The sturdy gossips of the sea-side village, who went about with their skirts tucked up and their bare brown arms ready and able for any work, looked askance at the widow Minton, with her pitiful meagreness of aspect, her flickering black eye and her trailing old gown. They nudged each other, and said, "Better days—Lord save us!"

But the widow did not trouble the neighbors much, nor they her. A body who couldn't do a heartsome hand's stirring was best left alone to her brooding, and the widow's smoky little cabin, solitarily apart on the sea-shore, was left pretty much to herself and her boy Tom.

Tom was a sturdy, brown-faced lad, who picked up a living by doing odd jobs for the boatmen, and now and then taking a day for fishing. Tom had probably never seen better days. The widow shook her head over him—so stupidly content, poor Tom! so beaming and good-natured over begarliness and hopelessness. A tall, well-grown fellow, with bare feet, a torn straw hat, and a red shirt, Tom took the world easily, looking with reverent eyes on his mother's by-gone gentility, but by no means seeming to covet it for himself.

The widow deemed it due to her past respectability to be seen at church of a Sunday evening, and you could see the two walking at twilight along the sands together, she with her clean pocket-handkerchief folded over her old hymn-book and a certain doubtful hesitancy of gait, as if hitching her skirts high and coming down critically on her shabby black gown and rusty bonnet. As for Tom, patient Tom, he went plodding slowly after her, with his smiling face, whistling to himself as he went. Always patient, as Mrs. Minton thought, poor Tom! Patiently falling asleep during the sermon, and patiently listening open-mouthed to the closing hymn, his careless bright face, contrasting so oddly with his mother's querulous and tear-worn visage, won for him the sobriquet of the widow Minton's rainbow.

The minister of the parish, mistaken soul, deemed it incumbent to make a call on the widow; and, on charity bent, it is said he unwarily offered to employ her services in his household for a season. He deemed it his duty to rouse the old woman to activity.

He did rouse her; and it is averred that he never found time to call at the cabin again. Did he take her for a common household drudge, or a lowborn field hand? Sine thanked God she had too much spirit left yet to put herself under any body's feet. He hadn't far to go to find scores of drudges and diggers, but he might go further before he knew a lady when he saw her.

It might have been the afternoon after the good man's visit that the widow sat idly brooding at her cabin door. Her eyes had a wandering, far away look, and her face was keener and thinner than ever. Beyond the bluff which sheltered her cabin stretched a far line of sea coast, the white sand gleaming silvery in the sun. Far off a group of bathers in bright dresses frolicked between shore and water. They came from the great hotel down beyond; she could almost catch the sound of their voices as she sat slowly rocking in her doorway. It was a quiet afternoon; the air was soft and soothing, and the widow's heart, so full of bitterness, felt itself sweeten and soften in stillness. This part of the shore, sheltered by its overhanging rock, was seldom disturbed by intruders, but presently the watcher's eye caught sight of a young girl splashing and frolicking in the water just beyond the rocks. It was a pretty sight, the rounded arms, the curving shoulders, the swaying, floating figure. And perhaps the old woman recalled with a sigh the time when she was young and lithe too, and had as cheery a voice as that with which the fair swimmer hailed her companions in the distance.

Gazing absently on the smiling scene, a reverie fell upon her, and when she looked again, the young water-nymph had disappeared. She had probably swum ashore behind the rocks. The widow turned away, hugged her thin shawl over her shoulders; and thought that the sea wind was chilly. Hark! What was that? Surely she heard a cry. No merry shout or ringing laugh this; it might be the cry of a wild bird on its way to its mate.

She couldn't have got beyond her depth, that young creature, surely! But, in what evil if she had? Dying young, a body gets quit of a deal of trouble. No! No, surely, that was a scream. The widow looked sharply out. Would Tom never come? The tide was rising, and something certainly was the matter. She called, she beckoned frantically to the bathers beyond; they seemed both blind and deaf.

No one, not one soul, at hand, and that young thing in peril of life! A minute she stood still, listening—a feeble old woman with a haggard, scared face, to whom no one would have dreamed of looking for help.

"I can't stand this," she said. "Seems I might pull out that old scow myself. Tom!" she screamed with a yell that held the concentrated energy of ten years. But no Tom appeared. And it was the widow herself, with those withered old hands that disdained the minister's kitchen-work—it was the widow herself, who, straining, tugging, and with her gray hair fluttering in the wind, unloosed the old boat out from its moorings, and trembling, unskillful, armed with a rude paddle, went spinning out dizzily over the water. It leaked, the old scow; it scorned the broken paddle and the heavy oars, but finally it came drifting out blindly and dizzily to the object of her search. A plump hand with a glittering ring upon it clutched the edge of the boat, nearly oversetting it. A young, eager face, with streaming hair, looked up from the water, and gasping, shuddering, half drowned, and wholly scared, the young water-nymph was presently aboard the old craft.

"Oh, how frightened I was! she cried. "I felt sure I was losing all my strength, and would go to the bottom. Oh, you good soul! you dear old soul! how ever did you get to me in this waterlogged craft?"

"It has seen its best days, certain," said the widow, tugging at the oars.

"You don't look able for such work," said the girl.

"I have seen better days," was the quiet answer.

And then—oh, sufficient reward of all her efforts!—this real lady, this fair young girl with the soft hands and the pretty bathing dress, actually replied, "I thought so."

"Here, give me an oar," she added, still panting. "But, my dear soul, we'll never be able to row down here at that point, where I left my clothes, and I can't walk to the hotel; I'm awfully tired. Can't you put me ashore at your place, and send word for me down yonder?"

The little dark cabin on the shore brightened up with an unwonted lustre as the widow sheltered her young charge, and changed her wet garments for some of her own.

"If my Tom would only come, I'd send him for your things."

"Oh, no matter! I'll wrap your shawl about me and walk down myself after I've rested a bit. I'm not hurt, you know, only scared. Dear me, how I was scared! My old nurse used to teach me not to scream; but if I hadn't screamed, where should I have been now, I wonder?"

Mrs. Minton would gladly have parted with the last shred she possessed, and gone shivering the rest of her days, to see her worn out gown donned so handsomely by the bright lassie.

"They have seen better days, the clothes, miss, and I'll not deny that they've been in good company in their time; but they're not fit for a lady now."

Her companion laughed, a pretty, mischievious laugh. She read the weakness of her rescuer, and treated it tenderly.

"Whatever a lady has worn is fit for a lady to wear," she said, and forthwith wrapped herself, smiling, in the old gray shawl.

And at that moment Tom, with his red shirt gleaming in the setting sun, and a string of fish on his shoulder, stood in the doorway.

He stopped when he saw the guest standing upon the hearth stone, a bright fire behind her, and the kettle boiling cheerily. She nodded to him familiarly. Tom thought he must be dreaming.

"Tom and I are acquainted," said she.

"*Are* you? responded the astonished widow.

"Yes," said the girl. "I've watched Tom many a time walking along shore in his red shirt, and once he took me and father out rowing. Tom, your mother's saved my life."

"Saved your life!" echoed Tom, who never in all his life had heard of his mother's doing anything before.

Tom, stupid as staring, was hurried off in search of the missing garments, And meanwhile his mother betook herself to making a cup of tea for her protegee. It was wonderful how a little warmth of human feeling had roused this woman to life and activity again.

When Tom returned, laden with various articles of apparel, the two were quietly sipping their tea together at the old round table.

He did not return alone, however. Following him came a tall gray-headed gentleman.

"Here's father!" cried the girl, springing forward. "Oh, father!" cried the girl, this good lady has saved my life!"

Lady! The widow Minton wanted to kiss the beautiful rosy lips that pronounced the words.

"Well, my dear," said the old gentleman, good humoredly pinching the plump cheek. "she has done it very thoroughly. You certainly don't look very near death just now."

Whereat the story, with due enlargement and variation was told him with a pretty pout.

The father smiled, but also he furtively wiped away a tear.

"Well, madam," said he, courteously, "accept my cordial thanks for looking after my little madcap Belle. She's my only child, you see, and as full of pranks as any dozen."

Bells playfully put her hand over his mouth. "I won't have my character traduced where they've been so good to me," she cried. "And oh, father, isn't this a beautiful place—such a view of the water! I mean to come down here every day and do my sketching."

"I'm afraid," said the sire, shaking his head, "that this good lady will have cause to wish she had thrown you overboard."

"Oh no, father; she likes me, and I like her. And I've fallen in love with Tom, long ago, you know."

Tom blushed painfully. Something strange and new stirred in his mind. Compliments did not sweeten his thoughts as they did his mother's, for Tom had never seen better days, and felt as if he was being made a jest of.

A week passed, during which the young girl strolled almost daily to the cabin. When she was there Tom seldom entered the house. He had grown shy and sulky; he sat on the shore darkly brooding, or went off silently to his fishing.

One morning Belle and her father departed. Belle kissed the withered cheek of her friend, and that was all. For when mention had been made of helping her substantially, the widow had drawn herself sharply up, all the lady shining in her eye.

"I may have seen my best days," she said, "but I haven't come down to that yet. And if I needed any reward, I've had it now," she added, as if she felt the soft blood mantling in the cheek that Belle had kissed.

Long after the two had left, Tom went about with a cloud on his face, and in his ears were ringing those mocking words, "I'm in love with Tom." A disgust for his fishing life and for himself and for all their miserable surroundings of poverty filled the lad's heart with an unwonted bitterness.

"Mother," said he one day, as he sat darkly brooding over the hearth, "you said you were a born lady; why didn't you make a gentleman of me?"

"I hadn't any money left when you came," said the widow, briefly.

"Then it's money that makes people gentlemen and ladies?"

"I don't know," said the widow puzzled; "they somehow mostly have it."

One day Tom came and told her he was going to sea. There had been a man down looking for hands, and he had taken Tom gladly, for Tom was a handy fellow at almost any kind of sea craft, and would soon make a good seaman.

"And you must just bide here patiently till I come back, mother; for if there's better days anywhere, I shall bring 'em with me, be sure."

After Tom went sea looked bluer and colder than ever, and the solitary woman lived a sort of hermit's life. No cheery voice of gossiping neighbors lightened the dreary cabin, no children prattled about her; and only Belle, the bright, blithe-hearted lassie, seemed to remember to cheer her with a letter now and then. Belle was away now visiting some distant friends, but in her kindly heart she kept a corner, it seemed, for the poor old woman who had saved her life.

Three years—four—passed away, and daily of a summer afternoon you might have seen the widow sitting in her doorway, eager and hollow-eyed, looking for some possible ship that might be Tom's. Tom was not a good correspondent, but occasionally up at the little postoffice a wandering epistle waited her trembling hand. She was growing very old and feeble now; but Tom was getting up in the world, Tom was the first mate of his ship, Tom was a success, Tom was a gentleman, and oh, above all things, Tom was coming home to her.

Not every one watches in vain, though we may not always be looking in the right direction. It was so with the widow. As she sat one day, with straining eye gazing on far-off sun-lit sails, and seeing how some of them hovered nearer and nearer, and some, alas! took wing farther and farther away, the doorway darkened suddenly; there came rushing upon her, as if dropped from the clouds, a plump, dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked lady, who flung herself into the arms of the watcher with a cry of joy.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, half sobbing, half laughing—"oh, mother! don't you know me? Why, I'm Tom's wife, and I've brought the captain with me!"

"Mother," said Captain Tom, that night, "you've seen better days, perhaps, but I never have."

"For didn't I tell you," said Mrs. Tom, archly, "that I was in love with Tom? And father owns half his ship, you know; so if Tom's captain, I'm second mate, you see. And we're going to take you away to where we found our better days."

Celestial Acrobats

Of late, the manager of the Chinese theatre, in San Francisco, has introduced "new business," with the idea of securing patronage outside of that afforded by his countrymen. The Chinese tumblers lately introduced into the Jackson street Chinese academy of music are indeed marvels in their line, and the performances are well worth seeing. These acrobats do not appear alone, but are incidental to the piece, very much as the circus scene is introduced in the play of "Old Curiosity Shop." Just before the appearance of the acrobats, a Chinaman rushes down stairs to inform those on the street that the tumbling is to begin, and there is a rush directly from below. Amid a tremendous demonstration on the part of the orchestra the tumbling begins. A gigantic Chinaman comes out dressed in a grotesque costume in which every knowa color is blended. He goes through a number of flourishes and bows, which cause the unsophisticated portion of the audience to entertain the belief that he is a star performer. Such, however, is not the fact, as the man is only a stage head. At last a number of athletic Mongolians appear, stripped to the waist, and begin a sort of combat upon the stage. At first the fighting appears to be promiscuous, but six or eight finally ally themselves against one man and try to overcome him by springing against him and striking him full in the breast with the soles of their feet. He meets this curious mode of attack by standing like a statue, while the others fall heavily upon the floor. A number of tables are next brought out and piled one above the other until a height of about twenty feet is attained. A performer, whose weight is no less than 150 pounds, mounts them and springing in the air toward the floor and the stage, strikes both feet with a heavy thud upon the bare breast of a man standing about ten feet from the foot of the tables, throwing him violently to the floor. How a man can sustain such a blow is a mystery. Again the agile acrobat ascends to the top table and springing upward turns a somersault, while all the tables, except the lower one, are suddenly taken away. Upon the only table left he falls with a force apparently great enough to break every bone in his body; but he leaps up again immediately and turns back handsprings across the stage.—Again he climbs to the top of the tower of tables, while a second lies down upon a table a few feet from the base of the tower. Turning a somersault in mid-air he falls upon the other's body, the two breast to breast, and bounds off again with a second somersault. Other acrobats climbed to various attitudes and fell upon the stage, alighting square upon their backs with a force which was astonishing. These feats are all executed by men in a semi-nude condition, so that there is no chance for padding their clothes. While the Americans in the theatre applaud, the Chinese make no demonstration of approval, but all looking stolidly on. The manager informed the *Call* reporter that the tumblers are trained from childhood, and become habituated to the terrible concussions only by years of practice. He added that many are killed in training, or maimed for life. The reporter was allowed to examine the acrobats, and found the muscles of their backs and breasts as hard as wood to the touch.—None of their feats are graceful, but simply indicating a tremendous amount of nerve and endurance.

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A TEMPERANCE TRACT.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF THE LIVING HUMAN BODY.

VERY LEAN AND VERY FAT DRUNKARDS LIABLE TO BE BURNT UP.

Some years ago a story, supposed to be one of those convenient, made-up stories which help to fill out the bottom of a newspaper column, went the rounds of the press, and died away at last in the extreme rural districts, about the spontaneous burning up of an old Tennessee toper. It was said that he put a coal of fire upon his pipe to light it, and while in the act of blowing this coal to ignite the tobacco, his breath took fire, a kind of blue flame and smoke curled up, and, in a minute or two, the smoke cleared away, and all was left of toper, pipe, breath and all was a heap of ashes.

Nobody seriously believed the story of the Tennessee toper, and yet when one comes to look into the matter he will find that in different parts of the civilized world cases of spontaneous combustion of the living human body are on record which are as well authenticated as the battle of Bunker Hill. Medical men have been acquainted with such facts for years. Moreover, cases in which persons have thus anticipated purgatory, and at the same time disposed of their bodies by involuntary self-ceremonies, are by no means uncommon as one might suppose. Various medical books mention numbers and numbers of them, about which there can be no shadow of doubt.

The causes of such an extraordinary phenomenon as the spontaneous burning up of a live human being was at first an impenetrable mystery. Juries summoned in these cases readily arrive at the easiest and shortest way out of the difficulty, and decided that it came by a "visitation of God;" and even now, when visitations of God are not supposed to be so frequent as they used to be, the mystery of spontaneous combustion is not yet wholly solved by science. This much is certain, however, it comes in elderly persons of intemperate habits. Both very lean and very fat drunkards are liable to be burnt up. Thirdly—women particularly are apt to be be taken out of the world in this awful manner.

Death from spontaneous combustion, or, as it used to be called "preternatural combustion by visitation of God," is almost instantaneous. One moment the unfortunate individual is a live human being; the next moment he is a heap of ashes and a bad smell, with perhaps an item or two of clothing consumed, hand or foot left to tell what had been. There is but one well-established instance in which the spontaneously consumed person lived long enough to narrate how he was attacked. That individual was a Roman Catholic priest, Father Bertholi.

Father Bertholi retired to bed one evening in the house of a relative. A few moments after, "a strange noise, mingled with cries, was heard from the room." The people of the house rushed in, and behold Father Bertholi standing in the centre, surrounded by a strange, flickering, flame, which receded as they came near, like a will-o'-the wisp. A surgeon was called, who found the skin of the right arm and of the back loosened and hanging down.

The patient lingered in agony, and died in a most horrible manner, too horrible to describe. The only account he could give of the attack was that he had suddenly felt a blow upon the right arm, as if he had suddenly been struck with a club. On looking at his arm he saw a spark of fire hanging to his sleeve, which instantly was burnt off his arm. His cap was also burnt off, while his hair was not even scorched. In this case there was no fire or light in the room.

One case of "preternatural combustion" which occurred something over sixty years ago, served an excellent purpose to our good friends, the Methodists, who printed it far and wide and made a truly awful example of it. The medical man who records this case is at pains to state in the beginning that he does not depend solely for his facts upon the Methodist Magazine, or even upon the Wesleyan minister who first told the story, but that it was confirmed from other sources. The story of this truly awful example is about thus:—

Near 2 o'clock one night the keeper of an alms house in Limerick was awakened by one of the inmates in great alarm. There was something fearful going on in his room, the person said. The keeper, Mr. O'Neil, hastened to the spot, and found lying in the middle of the floor a burning human body, which was all over of the color of a red-hot coal. In the ceiling just above was a large hole, on fire around the edges, through which it appeared that the fiery red-hot body had burned its way and dropped down into the room of the inmate below. The person occupying the room above was an old woman named Mrs. Peacocke, who was not only a hardened sinner, but an inveterate drunkard besides. Mr. O'Neal rushed up-stairs and burst open this hardened old sinner's door. In this room he found to his consternation no Mrs. Peacocke, but only a hole in the floor through which Mrs. Peacocke had burned her way to the nether regions.

What only added to his horror was that in Mrs. Peacock's room there was found no sign of candle, candlestick or fire, except a few coals which had been raked together and covered with ashes, to keep it through the night, and which remained undisturbed and uncovered in the grate. It was as clear as daylight that the fire could not have been communicated from these coals. What was it then? There was but one explanation. In the morning the mayor of the city, several ministers and other honorable standing and veracious gentlemen visited the scene and decided to the complete satisfaction of all parties that, since there was no sign of her having caught fire from anything in her room, and "the extraordinary circumstances of no part of the room being burnt except the center of it through which she had fallen, added to the well authenticated circumstance of her recent diabolical imprecations and lies, obliged every observer to resolve so awful an event into the visitation of God's judgment in the punishment of a daring and persevering sinner."

When any flame is observed about these spontaneously burning human bodies, it appears like the flame of alcohol, blue, flickering, very difficult to extinguish by water, and not readily communicated to other bodies, even when they are inflammable. Often, indeed, extraordinary to relate, the person's clothing has been found wholly uninjured, while the person inside the clothing was burnt to a cinder. The body itself is usually entirely consumed, while the head and portions of the limbs are sometimes left untouched. The maid of Cornelia Bandi, an elderly Italian Countess, went into her mistress' room to wake her up, one morning. She found no mistress, but on the floor, a little distance from the bed, lay a heap of ashes, and in this dreadful heap of ashes some little parts of the head, eyes and arms of the unhappy Countess.—This lady had been constantly in the habit of bathing her body with camphorated spirit of wine.

All over the room and furniture where the Countess had been consumed, there was a greasy, sooty deposit. The moist, disagreeable deposit of soot, and an offensive odor of burnt meat, always attend and result from the spontaneous combustion of a human body. An examination of the blood of these unfortunates—that is, where there is any blood left to examine—shows that a considerable quantity is mingled with watery part of the blood.

Rev. Mr. Ferguson of Dublin relates that in the family of one of his parishioners resided an old woman who, with her daughter, was in the habit of going to bed in a state of intoxication every night. The two slept in the same bed. The old woman, for some days, had been drinking more ardent spirits than usual, when one morning the family were awakened by a horrible smelling smoke. They hastened to the apartment of the two women, and found the body of the old woman black as cinder, and smoking all over. She was quite dead when they reached her, and almost entirely consumed, while neither her daughter who was beside her, nor any of the bed clothing was injured in the slightest degree.

One poor lady was awfully overtaken in the midst of the matrimonial squabble. One night her husband came home late from a party, and the two quarreled about something, but something intoxication. The wife insisted upon sitting up, the husband upon going to bed.—The lady persisted in her determination, whereupon her husband vowed that if she would sit up, she should sit up in the dark, and so took her candle away and left her.

Next morning the maid servant, opening the windows of the back parlor, perceived "something" in her mistress' arm-chair. She thought at first it had been put there by her mistress' son, as a scarecrow to frighten her. Going nearer, however, she was suddenly horror struck to find that this awful "something" was the remains of her hapless mistress. The trunk of her body was entirely consumed, while her upper and lower extremities were not injured. The trunkless head, with the hair in curl papers, was still leaning upon the right hand and against the wall. The face was slightly scorched, but neither the hair nor the curl-papers were burnt in the least. The room was full of the offensive burnt odor before mentioned. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the medical profession were able to reach the facts of this case, since the family of the dead woman used every means in their power to hush the affair up. No wonder!

When a human being takes fire inside and burns up of himself, how does he do it? The world, especially the medical part of it, having outgrown the theory of the visitation of God on this subject, it becomes necessary to account for spontaneous combustion on rational principles. This theory and that have been held by different persons, but the most plausible one seems to be that the combustion is caused by the explosion of inflammable gases generated in a diseased and depraved organization.—The brain of a patient who died in a hospital in France was examined, and when perforations were made in various parts of it, a gas issued therefrom which took fire from the flame of a candle.

The body of a living human being sometimes becomes so diseased that its natural secretions are depraved and perverted. In this state it is supposed that certain inflamable gases are generated, which, mingling with air and oxygen, form explosive mixtures inside the human body. The generation of these gases is attended with heat, and off your drunkard goes, pop! and nothing left of him but a greasy smoke and a heap of ashes.

Chip Basket.

There was a mutiny on the 13th ult., at Mount St. Bernard Roman Catholic Reformatory near Ashby-de-la-Zouche. About 150 out of 300 inmates escaped, but most of them have been recaptured.

A proposal having been made to introduce an organ into Linlithgow parish church, a meeting of the congregation was held to hear objections to it. There are 750 members and adherents in favor of the organ, 42 opposed to the movement, and 89 neutral.

A Mexican paper says that a Mr. Gerding, who has been prospecting in that country for cabinet woods, has discovered three varieties of the walnut—white, red, and black—in great abundance. Of these the black is the most valuable, as it is curly in grain and as fine as the European or South Sea Island wood.

At Norwich, Conn., the other day a tramp was given an old vest. He soon returned with a five dollar bill he said he found in one of the pockets. The gentleman of the house was so well pleased with his honesty that he gave him a dollar, and the next day discovered that the bill was a wretchedly-executed counterfeit.

The Director of the United States Mint is preparing to coin ten, twenty-five and fifty cent silver coins, and issue them in redemption of fractional currency. It will require 120,000,000 dimes to retire the notes of that denomination, and two years will be required to coin them alone, unless the coinage of all other pieces be suspended. It will take 40,000,000 quarters to replace the twenty-five cent notes, and 30,000,000 half-dollars to replace the fifty cent notes.

The man in Boston who went bare-headed for ten years to cure baldness of the head, recommends the remedy as a successful one. He claims that the heat of the sun not only promotes the growth of