

St. Thomas Reporter.

FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1880.

A SMOKE.

Now do not at these verses laugh,
Nor at the subject joke;
For I'm in earnest when I say
I'm bound to have a "Smoke."
Times are hard and money scarce,
And business not to brag of—
Now how can I, in the face of this,
Pretend to buy "Tobacco?"

Don't be unkind unto a friend
Whom you may see in need;
But extend the hand of charity
And in that hand "Weed."

JOHN HOSIE'S PERIL.

A THRILLING UNDERGROUND ADVENTURE.

By John Erigena Barrett.

"Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground,
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found."

Those who live in the large cities, away from the mining industry, know but little of the fearful perils which attend the life of a miner. There are but few, indeed, who stop for a moment to consider how many lives are sacrificed annually in the production of that glowing anthracite coal which fills their cozy parlors with warmth and comfort during the cheerless winter evenings. Occasionally they are startled by the account of some thrilling mine disaster, which meets their eyes as they glance over the pages of the morning paper, but yet that can convey only a faint idea of the innumerable dangers that beset the miner from the moment he descends the deep dark shaft leading to his work until he returns to the light of day once more, or of the anguish that fills the breasts of those who are dear to him, whenever an accident from falling roof or fire-damp occurs in the colliery where he is employed, lest he should be killed or crippled. The number of men killed in mining anthracite during the past six years is nearly 1,500, and over 3,000 others have been crippled in various ways.

What a strange procession could be formed by the vast number of men maimed in the anthracite coal fields during the past decade, while pursuing their peaceful and poorly-paid calling. Some of the narrow underground escapes read stranger than fiction, but the strangest and most thrilling mine adventure I ever heard was that of John Hosie, of Scranton, a veteran miner, who told me his terrible story a few days ago.

I had heard of his experience in fragmentary form from time to time, and I resolved at length on hearing the narrative in detail from the lips of the hero himself.

It presents a vivid picture of a peril ever present in connection with mining operations—namely, the falling of roof, and since my informant has granted me *carte blanche* in the matter of using the names of persons and places, I leave no blanks to be filled by the reader.

I found my hero, Mr. John Hosie, at the office of the Scranton Fairlawn Coal Company, of which, by the way, he is now the senior partner, and was kindly received by him.

I was introduced to a plain, practical, prosperous Scotchman, sixty-four years of age, with gray hair, a massive frame, and an apparently iron determination—one who would shrink from no obstacle in pursuit of the honest purposes of life. In every lineament of his face there was firmness, and a determination to carry out whatever he undertook, while his honest eye told at a glance that he would undertake nothing that could not conscientiously be executed. Such was my first impression of the man of whom I had heard so much.

He seemed somewhat reticent at first, and hesitated about giving me the desired information lest the public might misconstrue his motives in so doing, but after I assured him that there were various versions of the adventure afloat, and probably none of them correct, he consented to tell me how, for nearly three days, he was entombed in one of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's mines at Carbondale, while hundreds of men were digging for his body, and his wife and children mourned him as dead.

"It was a sad experience for me," he said, musingly. "I don't like to recall it; but if you'll be seated, sir, I'll tell you in a few words."

Thanking him, I seated myself at the desk indicated and took down his strange narrative. He frequently paused during the recital, as if stirred by the strong emotions awakened by the thrilling experience which he told as follows:

"In the winter of 1846, on the 12th of January—I remember it well—I entered one of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's mines at Carbondale for the

purpose of making an examination to see if it was safe for the boys to pass through the gangway. It was rumored that the roof was "squeezing," and it was my duty as mine superintendent to ascertain its condition. I entered by the tunnel, and was about a mile and a half from its mouth, and over a hundred feet below the surface of the earth, when, without the slightest warning, a fearful fall of roof took place. It came like a terrific peal of thunder, sweeping down about forty acres in that awful crash, killing fifteen miners instantly, and tearing mules and mine cars to pieces. I was flung on my face, and, as soon as I recovered consciousness, found myself fast, lying at full length in a crevice between two massive bowlders of rock, where I was unable to move backward or forward. Fortunately for me, although lacerated a good deal, no bones were broken. I heard the thunder of the fall as it receded and died in the distance, and was expecting every minute to be ground to pieces.

"For twenty-four hours I lay in that prostrate position, unable even to rise to my knees, and suffocating of thirst and foul air. I had no expectation of ever seeing daylight again, but the mind being young and active, kept me working, working to escape when I thought there was no hope. The huge masses around me in that terrible darkness seemed alive, and were moving, sometimes hemming me in closer, and at other times giving me greater freedom. When a fall of that kind occurs the rocks block one another, leaving spaces here and there. I soon learned this, and commenced crawling in a zigzag course toward what I thought was the gangway. But this winding course soon threw me out of my record, and when I reached a wider space it was only to learn that I had gone the wrong way, and was walled in from the outer world by a mile of fallen roof.

"I was inside the fall, and now had plenty of room to stand up. I found what I thought a miner's oil-can, and being terribly oppressed with thirst, kept it with the intention of drinking the oil in case I was pressed closer. It turned out to be a dinner-can after all, but I never opened it while in the mine.

"Finding myself so completely walled in, I knew if I remained there certain death would overtake me soon, and so I thought I would make another struggle for life by crawling back through the crevices of the debris from which I had escaped. I had not been long at this before I found myself fast once more, unable to move one way or the other. I could feel the rocks settling about me, and for several hours I lay expecting to be crushed to pieces. The big bowlders were moving under and over me, as if they too were trying to crawl to the light. At last a massive rock tilted upward, and set me free to crawl back to the point from which I started. Then I sought a lower level than the one I was in, but on reaching it found that it was entirely blocked. Another idea suggested itself; it was that I might get over the debris and work my way along to the gangway outside the fall. I had to pick my way with my fingers, removing sharp pieces of rock and coal out of the narrow space through which I was dragging my body.

"At last, to my great relief, I reached the gangway, after nearly three days of toil and terror, and without having anything to eat or drink. On reaching the gangway I lay down across the mine track to drink the water out of the gutter, and while my ear was resting against the rail I heard the sound of human footsteps in the distance. Then I staggered to my feet and cried aloud for help.

"I was answered by Mr. Bryden, one of the superintendents, who was going with a fresh gang of men to dig for my body. I heard him say, 'If Hosie is alive, that's his voice.' A little later and I was overjoyed by their presence. The clothing was torn off my back and hung in shreds about me, and the bones were sticking out through the points of my fingers. I presented a fearful sight, I believe. While in the mine the fall of roof extended to a vast area. Mr. Clarkson, of Carbondale, measured it on the surface where it was defined by the large cracks in the snow, and it showed to be over forty acres.

"After I was buried about twenty-four hours, my wife went to Mr. James Archbald, the company's chief engineer, and asked if there was any hope. His answer was, 'There is no hope for your husband Mrs. Hosie; there is hope for all others, but where he is it is impossible that he can be saved. But we will get the body if the company is worth money enough to reach it.'

"When I came out," continued Mr. Hosie, "there was a large force of men digging for my body, and it was thought it would take them a week to reach my remains. The fearful force of the shock

produced by the fall was shown in the concussion caused by the dislodgment of air. Horses were torn to pieces, men killed, and stout coal cars smashed in the gangway, half a mile from where the fall occurred, by this subtle force. I had been engaged in mining about three years before this accident happened, and have been actively connected with it ever since."

While listening to the narrator of this exciting adventure, I could not help reflecting on the fact that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Mr. John Hosie is one of the most reliable and respected citizens of Scranton, where he is still actively engaged in mining operations, being, as I have already stated, the senior partner in the firm of the Fairlawn Coal Company, in which he is associated with his son James, together with Mr. Archbald, of that city. His life has been an eventful one, and among other things I find that he was prominently connected with the construction of the New York Water Works in 1837, and for several years afterward, having been intimately acquainted with the chief engineer, Mr. John B. Jervis. It was Mr. Hosie who built the section next the distributing reservoir, also that between Dobbs' Ferry and Tarrytown. He built fourteen miles of the masonry on the New Haven and Hartford road, also fourteen miles on the Morris and Essex, and had charge of the construction of the New Jersey railroad bridge across the Raritan river at New Brunswick. He it was who helped to open the first mines worked by the Pennsylvania Coal Company in the Wyoming region, and he has been connected with various important enterprises in different parts of the country for nearly half a century. I merely mention these matters to show what manner of man my hero is, and to establish the authenticity of his thrilling underground experience beyond cavil.

Carbondale, the site of the adventure, is situated at the head of the Lackawanna Valley, and at present has a population of twelve thousand. It is principally sustained by the extensive mines and foundries of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and the scene of the great "cave-in" where John Hosie was buried for nearly three days, is frequently pointed out to those who visit that romantic region.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

In a certain western town a young man kept a grocery store, and his father occasionally attended to customers. One day the young man came into the store and found his father cracking a filbert. "What are you doing there, father?" asked the careful son.

"Eating a nut," replied the old man. "Where did you get it?" inquired the son.

"I got it of course in this blessed house," the old man answered.

"How many nuts do you gobble up every day?" the young man asked.

"Well," said the father, "I don't think I've eaten more than one day for the last six months."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the son; "no wonder I noticed the pile diminishing. One nut a day for six months! See here father, you can just dig, if you keep on wasting this way. Your extravagance will smash me up before another six months!"

This story puts us in mind of another grocer who was weighing a pound of prunes. When he would put one more into the scales there would be more than a pound, and when he would take the prune out the weight was light. He tried to break the prune in two, but not being able to do so, he ran across the street for the loan of a tenon saw, to saw it apart. While coming back he thought he would bring in an arful of wood, and laid down the saw until he loaded up, while gathering up the wood a five cent piece dropped out of his pocket among the pile of wood. He then began to look for the lost money and moved three cords of wood in his search. He did not find the money, but succeeded in burying up the saw out of sight. Then he began to repile the wood to recover the saw, which he found broken into a dozen pieces. He was pretty wrathful by this time, and made a desperate dive for the store, when to his consternation he found that the stranger for whom he had been weighing the prunes had accommodated himself to several necessary articles, and had departed with the pound of prunes, together with the unlucky prune that would not break. Truly no sphere of life is exempt from difficulties and dangers.

Although I wrote it "the holy bonds of matrimony," the compositor put it up "the lonely bonds of matrimony." The only thing that saved him was the explanation that he was married.

WANTED

A FEW GOOD MEN to sell Genuine Singer Sewing Machines. Special inducements to good men. Apply to The Singer M'fg Co., 207 Talbot Street, St. Thomas. 8-1m

JOSEPH LAING, & Son,

AUCTIONEERS, Accountants, Conveyancers, &c.

OFFICE—Over the Imperial Bank, opposite the Division Court office, Talbot Street, St. Thomas. Books made up; accounts and rents collected; titles searched and conveyances drawn promptly, and on reasonable terms. Also servants' registry and general Intelligence office.

Agent for reliable Fire, Life and Accidents Insurance Companies.

\$20,000 to loan at reasonable rates for five, six, or seven years, and renewable if satisfactory. 4

Caution to Farmers!

Timely Warning!

FARMERS AND OTHERS BRINGING any article to market for sale must first come on the market and pay their fees, otherwise they will be prosecuted. Parties purchasing produce of any kind from a farmer without first going to the market, will also be liable to prosecution. Therefore, both buyer and seller, take warning, as it is my attention to carry out the law.

FRANK BOGGS,

Market Clerk.

St. Thomas, March 1st, 1880-7tf

Reiser's Brewery,

ST. THOMAS.

FIRST-CLASS

ALE AND LAGER

in wood and bottles.

WM. REISER & SONS, PROPRS.

February, 1880.

6-tf

NEAT

PRINTING.

CHEAP.

PRINTING.

CALL AT

BURKE'S OFFICE

FOR

Bill Heads,

Letter Heads,

Posters,

Cards,

Sale Bills,

&c., &c.

SHORT ENDS.

It is a noticeable fact that the average small boy yells "fire" on a false alarm as loudly as for a big conflagration.

A resident of Austin, Texas, drew up a bank check for \$200 on a shingle, and the bank honored it.

The Mississippi river is eating itself out of mouth and home, but it's a good thing for the commerce of the West.

Why is a farmer more loveable in the spring than at any other time? Because he sows wheat (so sweet) then.

The man lives in Canada who can carry four joints of stove-pipe out of doors without spilling soot on the carpet.

A new species of mosquito has appeared in Mississippi. Its specialty is picking up children and carrying them into jungles.

"I had rather smell a good cigar than bad whiskey," replied a Memphis lady to a Memphis loafer, but yet he ceased smoking.

McFlannery heard a gentleman say of another that he had a too benign countenance, and remarked: "A 2 be 9 countenance! Phwat a face, to be sure!"

Chemistry has aided a genius in Dayton, Ohio, to make sugar out of sawdust, and the day may come when we shall see saw-logs of sugar being drawn around.

Politics ain't very warm yet, and some of the daily papers scrimp along without using the words "liar," "paltrone," and "knave" more than three times per week.

A Boston man won \$50 the other day on a wager that no American could be found who would sit for an hour without trying to tilt his chair back.

Of course there is a good deal of power in argument and reasoning, but a score of big bumble-bees have been known to win a case when argument would have lost.

Persistency is certain to bring a just reward. After spending \$428 in lottery tickets a man in Des Moines drew a cash prize of eight dollars the other day, and is now encouraged to go on.

People who live in houses likely to be crushed by falling church spires don't attend services more regular than some living far away, but it is noticed that they watch the weather reports much closer.

It is quite fashionable in some of the Western cities for a girl to pawn her diamond engagement ring to buy wedding clothes, and then make her husband redeem the ring.

"The Good Side of Captain Kidd, the Pirate," is the title of a book being written by a Rhode Island man. The public will be anxious to know if the Captain was a three-sided man.

A grocer in Northern Michigan wanted to settle with his creditors for fifteen cents on the dollar, but they wouldn't do it until the debtor spit on his hands and manled them into appreciating the situation.

A Nevada doctor demanded \$30 in cash before starting out to see a patient, but he might as well have stuck to the usual practice, for the messenger robbed him of the money as soon as he was clear of the house.

There is a girl at Kansas City who plays on a jewsharp so exquisitely that it makes all the young men shed tears. She plays "Tommy Don't Go," and Tommy stays until two o'clock in the morning.

The richest man in North Carolina at the present time had no ambition, and never was worth \$50 until he fell over a precipice. A fall is as good as a kick for some men.

The Turks brag that their doors have no locks. American houses might as well not have, for burglars have a great fondness for opening a window to give a family fresh night air.

A French writer has spent five years in trying to convince the world that such beings as mermaids do exist. The world wants to shake hands with one or two before believing with the Frenchman.

A soldier left the battle-field of Gettysburg in a thunder storm, and when he went back there the other day it was still raining. His disgust for such a neighborhood knew no bounds.

Red frogs hopped around the outskirts of Camden, New Jersey, the other day, and the *saxans* were just getting ready for a wise explanation when a boy owned up to having used the paint-brush.

Bees are very obstinate and absurd acting insects. A California swarm settled on a Chinaman's hat, and they wouldn't let go even after he passed the county line on a dead run, and all went into the Pacific ocean together.

A young lady, whose application for a position as school teacher in Wyoming, was rejected on account of her orthography, explained that she had three different ways of spelling, and would use any way that the committee thought best.