

A terrible railway accident occurred on Tuesday near Bradford, Pa. The engineer of train No. 2, between Wellsville, N. Y., and Bradford, while rounding a curve, discovered oil on the track. He reversed his engine, but too late, and the brakes could not hold the train. It dashed into the oil, which was fresh and gassy. Sparks from the firebox ignited the oil, the flames instantaneously enveloping the train, which dashed down the steep grade at the rate of 45 miles an hour. There were about 40 passengers on board, who became panic-stricken and jumped from the doors and windows into the snow, which was three feet deep. Half a mile from where the flames seized the train the engine and train were de-railed. Three women were burned to death. Five men escaped with slight injuries. Three met their death being burned to a crisp, and three are likely to die.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The value of exports from Great Britain to the United States fell off \$14,000,000 during the fiscal year ending September 30, 1883, as compared with the preceding year.

The display of energy at Woolwich arsenal, and the arrival there of immense stores, such as are required by an army on the march, have given rise to the belief that the English Cabinet will soon decide to despatch reinforcements to the army in Egypt. A mountain battery, pack saddles, and harness for camels have been shipped to Egypt.

The Nationalist meeting announced to be held in County Fermanagh, on Sunday, was prohibited by the authorities.

The garrison at Enniskillen has been ordered to make preparations to accommodate one thousand additional troops, which are to be sent there in view of the Nationalist meeting announced the coming week.

At the weekly meeting of the Irish National League Edward O'Sullivan in a speech said the Orangemen who attended the recent meeting at Dromore were imported hirelings. He deplored the death of one of those Orangemen, but laid the man's death at the door of the landlords, who, he said, had brought ignorant dupes to Dromore to assail a peaceful meeting.

Earl Granville has opened negotiations with the French Government for a settlement of the dispute regarding the Newfoundland fisheries. The basis proposed for a settlement by Earl Granville is the purchase by England of the French rights in Newfoundland waters.

Reports from Spain continue to be very disturbing. The Spanish Parliament has been turned into a beer garden, and the patched up alliance between the various Liberal groups is broken. The War Minister's proposals of an increase of payment to the officers of the army is suspected as forecasting a *coup d'etat*. Nobody seems to know why, but the impression is general that Alfonso will soon have to fight for his crown.

At Marseilles an extensive strike of sailors has occurred. Fifty-six steamers have been abandoned by their crews.

An explosion of fire-damp occurred on the 11th, at the Ferfay coal mine, Arras, France. Seven men were killed. Twelve who were injured were rescued. Five others are missing, and, it is feared, have perished.

Hugo Schencke, an engineer, has been arrested at Vienna on a charge of murdering four girls after having obtained their money under promise of marriage.

It transpires that the real difficulty between the German Prince Frederick Charles and his wife was cruel and inhuman treatment. It is said the Prince has been drinking heavily and beat his wife brutally. It is rumored that the Princess is not satisfied with separation, and will demand a divorce.

The Russian Government professes to have discovered a deeply laid plot against the Czar and Czaritch.

The military tribunal at St. Petersburg has sentenced a number of public officials to terms of from eight to fifteen months' imprisonment for malversation in office.

A despatch states that troubles have broken out in the Khyber territory. Abdu-Lanur, the most powerful of Khyber chiefs, was shot in a bloody feud on Monday. Since 1879 he has been the steady friend of England.

A letter from Honolulu says there is much excitement in the kingdom because of an attempt of Claus Speckels, under a mortgage proceeding, to secure some Crown lands. The people threaten a revolution.

A gentleman at a fancy fair, lately, being solicited to buy something by a young lady who kept a stall, said he wanted to buy what was for sale, a lock of her hair. She promptly cut off the coveted curl and received the sum asked for it, namely, five guineas. The purchaser was showing his trophy to a friend. "She rather had you," said the friend. "To my certain knowledge she only paid three guineas for the whole wig."

Tales and Sketches.

DEAD!

"My son Absalom! My son, my son!"

Dead: turned at once into clay;
Dead: he that drew life from my breast;
Whom I clasped to my heart yesterday,
And close to its pulses had pressed!
Dead: and his face ashen gray!
Dead: the wild spirit at rest!
My son, my son!

Dead: but not shot through the heart
In battle 'gainst wrong for the right.
'Twere noble from life thus to part,
And fall slain in a chivalrous fight;
But to think how he died is the smart,
A darkness unbroken by light!
My son, my son!

Hadst thou died in a cause that was good,
Standing up for the right and the true.
Thy mother had said—ay, she would—
Let death make a gap 'twixt us two,
Without tears ' had bid thee adieu!
My son, my son!

Dead: stricken down by a blow
Dealt out by a passionate hand!
In the wink of an eye-lid laid low,
His blood welling out on the sand,
And crawling all red in its flow,
Till it crept to my feet where I stand!
My son, my son!

Dead: killed in a wild drunken brawl—
Ah! here is the sting and the shame;
Ah! here is the wormwood and gall;
This burns in my bosom like flame;
Would that tears had dropped on my pall
Ere this blot had blackened his name.
My son, my son!

Thus to die with a wine-maddened brain,
Besotted, befooled and beguiled!
I curse from the heart of my pain,
In words that sound frantic and wild,
The wine—but my curses are vain:
They cannot restore me my child.
My son, my son!

Yet my grief is but common, they say;
Others feel the same anguish and woe:
Sad mothers and wives face the day,
And their eyes with hot tears overflow,
As weeping, they pass on their way,
And cursing the wine as they go
My son, my son!

I tell you in God's holy name
That this is the scourge of the land,
Its burden, its sorrow, its shame,
Burnt deep on its brow like a brand;
Striking hard at its honor and fame,
And crumbling its strength into sand.
My son, my son!

We mothers and wives lift the cry,
And pray you, O men, for your grace;
Come, help for your stations on high,
As ye hope to look God in the face,
Who sees us, as weeping we lie,
And ask you for ruth from your place.
My son, my son!

O poets, your aid we implore;
Chant no longer the praises of wine
Dash the wine-cup down on the floor;
You dishonor a craft so divine.
Ah, indeed, you would praise it no more
If your son lay dead there like mine!
My son, my son!