

The Mute's Chronicle.

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AN ENGLISH COAL MINE.

An American correspondent thus describes a visit to an English coal mine:

For the past fortnight I have been trying to find the deepest pit in England, and, a day or two since, I learned that the Wearmouth Colliery, at this place, on the coast of the German Ocean, twelve miles from New Castle-on-Tyne, was the one that would give me the best or worst idea of labor in the bowels of the earth. The Wearmouth is—with perhaps one exception, the Mickenfield, near Manchester—the deepest colliery in England. It has been worked for forty years; is nearly two thousand feet below the surface, and has three walls or galleries extending from one and a half to three miles in length. One of the walls is dug under the sea, and yields as fine coal as either of the others. It employs 1,200 men, has two shafts, each with two light tub cages, each tub containing 8½ cwt. of coal. The mine is capable of drawing 2,000 tons each day, counted as twelve hours—probably the largest yield of any colliery in Europe.

The resident viewer, who accompanied me, did not take me to the smoky shaft, but to another one, where the air was quite cool and fresh. We got into a coal car, cramped up so that it could be covered, but leaving us room to breathe. Then we were wheeled up to the side, and whirled down in about two minutes to the bottom of the pit. The descent was exhilarating, and I enjoyed it. It seemed very dark at first, and for a minute the lamps were of little service. I soon grew accustomed to the darkness, and groped along until I reached a cabin to wait for the coal cars, sixty in number, which are drawn up and down the gallery on a railway by a rope fastened to a wheel moved by an engine. The cars arriving, I shut myself up like a jack knife in one, and was bumped along for a mile over the rails in six minutes. Then I got out, and walked for another mile in a tunnel blasted out of the rocks, not much over three feet high, stepping aside every few minutes to let the coal cars dragged by horses pass, and experiencing some difficulty in avoiding being run over. Accidents from the cars are nearly as numerous as they are on the Erie Railway, somebody being killed or wounded almost every week. For a man troubled with lumbago I should not recommend the Wearmouth Colliery for regular exercise. It is trying even for the lithe-limbed and supple-backed.

In a half an hour we reached the place where the coal was being dug out. The galleries are ventilated by means of a furnace which rarifies the air near the main shaft; but still the atmosphere is very hot and very close. I don't perspire very freely; but the perspiration poured down my face, and I was moist from head to foot.

There I stood and watched great muscular fellows swinging their picks, and cutting out vast pieces of coal which are shoved into the cars, and carried off every few minutes. The miners wore no clothes save shoes and a breech clout, and were so begrimed with coal dust that they resembled negroes. How they did toil—they are paid by the car load—and perspire, and toil in the black vaults! I really pitied them; but they did not seem to mind it. They work for six or seven hours and are then relieved by fresh hands. They make very fair wages for this country, and their position, so far from being considered undesirable, is deemed enviable by thousands among the laboring classes. Still I should not like to be a miner. Such severe toil, far away from the light and the breeze of heaven, is unnatural, and must be unwholesome. That men can stand it for a long time is no argument in its favor. The fact only proves the vigor of their constitution and their power of endurance.

After watching the process of getting out coal for half an hour, I went to another part of the mine, and, finally, to the end of a gallery cut under the sea.—It seemed singular that the ocean was tumbling over my head, and ship sailing, perhaps the elements raging; yet in the dark pit there was no sound but the rumbling of the cars,

the click of the picks, and the scrape of the shovels.

The veins or strata of coal in the Wearmouth are from three to six feet thick. When the coal is taken out, the walls are propped up, this being done over night that the miners may work without interruption by day. The stone above and below the coal is very hard, so that the galleries are made with exceeding difficulty. The colliers never work, I am informed, over twelve or thirteen hours at a time; those who have hard labor not more than six or seven. They return to the upper air as soon as their task is over, and appear to be strong and healthful. Boys work in the mines who are not over nine or ten years of age, and as they rarely change their life, the colliery becomes their world, and a cheerless, dreary world it is at best. The resident viewer who accompanied me, now over fifty, told me he began as a boy of ten, and he has been in a colliery ever since. He has risen as high as a man of his class can. He is healthy and vigorous; yet there is a hardness and sadness in his face and manner that are the unmistakable results of living half his life out of the fresh air and the sunshine.

A SUBTERRANEAN VOYAGE

[From the Muskegon (Michigan) Enterprise.]

When we were publishing a paper in Lewisburg, West Virginia, several years ago, a very singular accident befel a young man there, which we narrated briefly at the time. A few days ago we chanced to meet him here in Muskegon, and he narrated his adventure at our request. It occurred on the farm of General A. W. G. Davis, in Greenbrier county, in 1856. We give his story in his own words, as near as we can recollect them:

I was ploughing on General Davis's farm in 1856, said he, unconscious of being on insecure ground, when suddenly the earth seemeth to fall beneath me, I saw the horses descending, but was too frightened to let go the plow handles. The pitch of the horses with the earth gave my fall an impetus, and somehow I caught the mane of one of them in my fall, and so held on instinctively. What I thought when falling I can hardly tell. At any rate, I did some rapid thinking. When I landed I fell on the horse whose name I had hold of, and the horse was instantly killed. I was merely stunned and confused. On recovering myself I looked up, and the hole through which I had fallen looked so small I concluded I must have fallen full one hundred and fifty feet. My first thought was to call for aid, but I instantly recalled the fact that I was at least a mile from General Davis's home, and that there was not the remotest possibility that any one had seen my descent into the earth.

It was then early morning, and as I had brought out my dinner with me, no one would miss me before nightfall. While going over these facts in my mind, I heard the rush of water near at hand, and it occurred to me that I must have fallen upon the bed of Sinking creek, which, as you know, falls into the earth above Frankfort, and does not come out but once till it reaches the banks of the Greenbrier river. To say where I was, or to attempt to follow the subterranean passage, was the next question. I sometimes took the team to my own tenant stables, and therefore might not be missed for days; so I determined to follow the stream. I waded in it, and judging from its depth of from one to three feet, I concluded it must be the identical Sinking creek spoken of. Leaving my dead companion behind me, I followed the stream. For the most part I had pretty easy work of it, but sometimes I came to a deep place, where I was forced to swim for a considerable distance; again was often precipitated headlong into the deep water by the precipitous nature of the rocky bed of the stream.

Talk about the darkness of the grave. The grave itself could not have been more impalpably dark than the passage I was following. The occasional rippling of the waters was an inexpressibly dear sound to my ears. Day and night were the same to me. At last, wearied with

my efforts, I laid down on a comparatively dry rock to rest, and must have slept for hours. When I awoke again I took to the water, carefully ascertaining which way it ran, so as not to lose labor by retracing my steps. It seemed to me that the further I went the more difficult progress became. When I had gone perhaps a mile, I came to a place where the archway narrowed so much that I had to crawl on my hands and knees in the water.

Here was a dilemma I had not looked for. I tried either bank of the river, but found no passage. I could swim under water for a considerable distance, but the distance before me was unknown, and I halted long before making the dangerous venture. At last I concluded that my fate was equally doubtful in returning as in proceeding, and plunged boldly into the current, and soon found that it was so swift in its confined passage that I only needed to hold my breath to go through. In the course of twenty or thirty feet I again got my head above water and took a long breathing spell. Again the archway above seemed to enlarge and the bed of the stream became more even. I sped along comparatively rapidly, keeping my hands outstretched to prevent my running against the jagged rocks. Wearied out I again laid down and slept soundly in my wet clothes.

On awakening, I pursued my course down the subterranean stream, and at last in the long distance ahead, saw a glimmer that looked very bright in the darkness I was then shut in. Nearing this, I found that it did not increase in brightness; and when I had gone perhaps a mile, I came to another place where my path narrowed to the very tunnel filled by the water. My case was now become more desperate. I could not possibly retrace my steps, so I submitted myself to the current, and was immeasurably overjoyed to find myself rapidly swept into daylight. Exhausted and half drowned, I crept out upon the land and was not long in recognizing the objects about me. I had come out into the Greenbrier river, as I knew from the familiar look of General Davis' mill on the bank. On reaching home I found I had been over forty-eight hours in making my perilous journey of six miles under ground. The hole where this man went through is now fenced round. On listening one can plainly hear the rush of water below, and a stone thrown down will sometimes be heard to splash in the stream.

AN INDIAN STORY.

A correspondent of the *Free Press* writes as follows:

"About three miles from the village of Greenville, in the county of Montcalm, State of Michigan, is a small lake now commonly known as Wabassa's Lake. It is a handsome sheet of water, with a fine shore free from swamps of brush, affording a pleasant resort to the lovers of piscatorial sports. There is a romantic, yet truthful, history connected with it which sounds more like an Indian tradition of centuries ago than an actual occurrence of 50 years since. While on an excursion a few days ago, I gathered the following story, and its truthfulness has since been vouched for by other settlers. A tribe of Indians then encamped on the shore of the lake near the outlet of a stream of the same name, had just been paid by the government quite a large amount of gold and silver, which they took to their camp, as was their custom, undivided, held in their charge of their chief 'Wabassa.'"

On arriving at their camp and spreading their gaily-covered blankets out admiringly, together with their trinkets purchased at the station, some of the tribe, warmed more or less with 'fire water,' demanded more than their portion of the gold. Disputes arose as to the relative share of each. Some claimed more than a share, claiming to have contributed more to the protection or general good, glory or dignity to the tribe. High words were about to be followed by bloodshed, when their chief demanded silence, and proposed to them to wait till the morrow should cool their excited brains, and they could listen to reason and words of counsel from older men. A truce was finally

effected, and quiet once more reigned throughout the camp, when the chief, regarding the gold as a cause of evil instead of a blessing, stole quietly out, carrying it with him, and entering a canoe, paddled quickly and noiselessly to the center of the lake, where he consigned pot and gold to the deep waters of the lake. In the morning he did not deny what he had done, but was in the midst of a speech telling them of their folly in being like the pale-faces—slaves to gold—when, with a loud whoop, the entire band set upon him, murdering him, and mutilating his body in a fearful manner. His grave is still shown, and many have seen his son return, within the last twenty years, to mourn over it. Greedy hands have often sought for the lost gold but to no purpose, for the waters are many hundreds of feet in depth, strange as it may seem, for so small a lake—a mere pond. But the story is often told of the 'pot of gold in Wabassa's Lake.'

NOT "LOST AT SEA."

[From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

A few days since the bark John Williamson, commanded by captain John Robertson, arrived at this port after a fearfully disastrous and most distressing voyage from Liverpool. The vessel is schooner rigged, and is of 250 tons burden, British measurement. She left Liverpool for Philadelphia on the 15th of last November. Her cargo was consigned to Messrs. Penrose, Massey & Co. A severe but variable storm prevailed from the very first moment of her departure. She put into Holy-head bay for repairs on the 5th of December. These being completed, a steam tug attempted to tow her to sea, and in doing so collided with the vessel, breaking the planks on the starboard side, twisting some of the iron rods belonging to the lower rigging, and opening some of the seams. These damages being temporarily repaired, the vessel put to sea, when, on the 30th of December, during a heavy gale, a terrific sea broke over and completely engulfed her. The wind burst the main sails, and the heavy sea tore away the bulwarks, and set everything on deck which was at all movable adrift. The wire stays of the topmasts parted on the 5th of January, and on the same day, the sea again broke over the vessel both fore and aft, again injuring the bulwarks and starting several timbers. In consequence of these injuries the ship began to leak badly, and the men had to be constantly at the pump. Another sea broke over the vessel on the 8th of January, causing the vessel to labor heavily. In attempting to shorten sail while the gale was in progress, the canvas was torn to shreds.

On the 9th it was discovered, to the consternation of all on board, that the rudder had been carried away. While in this condition the vessel was struck by a squall from the north, which careened her on her side and burdened her with water. The pumps were obliged to be worked both day and night. A heavy sea broke over the vessel on the 10th, while the crew were attempting to construct a jury rudder, which laid her over on her beam ends. On the 11th she pitched so heavily that the crew could hardly save themselves from going over. It was found that the temporary rudder erected was of no avail. A new set of sails was torn to shreds on the 12th. A steamer came in sight on the 13th, was signalled, but refused to come to the assistance of the disabled vessel. On the 14th it was evident that the crew were in a position of the greatest peril; the vessel was then completely unmanageable. The sails had again been torn. When about thirty miles from the Capes help came to hand. The steamship Juniata hove in sight, was signalled, came to their assistance, and towed the vessel into port. She now lies at Race street wharf, a battered old hulk. The men have passed through a terrible ordeal, and been truly miraculously delivered. Their safety is in a great measure due to the counsel and bravery of their captain, James Robertson.

The steamer Mississippi, which left St. Louis, February 19th, heavily laden, for New Orleans, sunk at Waterproof, below Natchez. Loss, \$350,000.

LAURENT CLERC.

Laurent Clerc was born in La Balme, department of Isere, France, December 29, 1765. His father was Mayor of the Communs for 34 years. When he was about a year old, Laurent fell into the fire, and his head and face were badly burned. His parents thought that he lost his hearing and smell by this accident.

The fact that the Abbe de l'Epee and his successor, the Abbe Sicard, tried to teach deaf-mutes within the city of Paris, was hardly known to the people living outside of that city. When Laurent was twelve years old, his uncle took him to Paris and placed him in the Institution for the deaf and dumb. At that time the Abbe Sicard was suspected of being hostile to the Republic and was put in prison. But Jean Massieu, himself a deaf-mute, became the teacher of Laurent. Jean Massieu was the most eminent of the Abbe Sicard's pupils. When the Abbe Sicard was released from prison, Laurent became his favorite. Before he went to school, he was like any uneducated deaf-mute. After he was educated he once said: "I had a mind, but it did not think; I had a heart, but it did not feel. My mother had tried to show me the way heaven, and make me know God, but her attempts were vain; I could comprehend nothing. I believed that God was a tall, big and strong man, and that Jesus Christ, having come to kill us, had been killed by us, and placed on a cross as one of our triumphs." As the Abbe Sicard was an excellent teacher, Laurent improved very rapidly. He was taught eight years until he was appointed tutor in 1805. Of course, he was twenty years old. In 1806 he became a salaried teacher. He had an excellent taste for teaching, and he became a competent teacher. In a few years the famous Abbe confided to him the highest class in the institution, and he taught it with great success.

In 1815, Laurent went to visit England with the Abbe Sicard, and he became acquainted with Rev. Dr. Gallaudet there. At that time Dr. Gallaudet came there to obtain some instruction which might enable him to teach the deaf and dumb in the United States. But he failed to obtain the instruction, and he afterwards visited France. He was kindly received by the Abbe Sicard and Clerc. He received instruction in the language of signs from them. After he had spent about three months under their instruction, he persuaded Mr. Clerc to go with him to the United States to teach deaf-mutes. They sailed from Havre, June 15, 1816, and arrived at New York in August. Therefore, they were on the Ocean two months. They spent several months in visiting the principal cities of the northern states, soliciting aid so that an institution for the deaf and dumb might be established. They were successful. The Institution known as the American Asylum for the deaf and dumb was established in Hartford, Conn. On April 16, 1817, the Asylum opened with seven pupils and Messrs. Gallaudet and Clerc spent 53 years in teaching deaf-mutes, and he was the oldest teacher in the world. He had three times re-visited his native land, France, but he was willing to live and die in this country. It would be natural for him to turn his eyes and thoughts toward his native land, as he was in a strange land, but he said: "I had left many persons and objects in France endeared to me by association, and America at first seemed uninteresting and monotonous to me, and I sometimes regretted leaving my native land; but I had only to recur to the object which had induced me to seek these shores, to contemplate the good we were going to do, and sadness was subdued by an approving conscience." This noble sentiment should be appreciated and cherished with deep gratitude on the part of every educated mute.

It should be remembered that the native language which Mr. Clerc used was French, and therefore, he studied the English language so that he might teach deaf-mutes in this country. As a real benefactor, and as one who had to employ the English language as a means to teach deaf-mutes, he was made an honorary A. M. He taught in this country for more than forty years, until, in the spring of 1855, he voluntarily resigned his position as teacher. Of course, he was almost seventy-three years old. His services were fully appreciated by Dr. Gallaudet, the first principal of the American asylum; by his successors and associates in the department of instruction, and by the officers and pupils of the institution. Evidence of this is frequently shown by their records and annual reports. And, too the board of directors bestowed special favors upon him. They also bestowed a pension upon him for life when he retired from the duties of his office. They in-

creased his pension to one thousand dollars a year to make him a comfortable home a strange land.

In early life he was married to Miss Eliza C. Boardman of Whitesborough, New York, also a deaf-mute, who was a pupil of the American Asylum, and who is still living. Only two of their six children survive him: Mrs. E. C. Beers of Hartford, Conn., and Rev. Francis J. Clerc, D. D., of Philadelphia. Their youngest daughter, wife of Hon. Henry C. Deming, ex-mayor of Hartford, died four weeks before her father.

Mr. and Mrs. Clerc were married fifty years ago last summer, and therefore they celebrated their golden wedding. Many of the mutes made presents to them. Soon after the golden wedding took place, Mr. Clerc died at his residence, on Sunday, July 18th, 1869. He was in the 84th year of his age. He had lived to see the establishment of the National Deaf-mute College and its first graduates. He was a member of Christ's Church, and was an exemplary Christian. Peace to his ashes. Let all deaf-mutes erect a decent monument of gratitude and honor to his immortal memory.—*Deaf-Mute Advance.*

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN SULLIVAN COUNTY, IND.

One of the most singular and wonderful discoveries of the age was made in the Curryville coal mines a few days ago. At a depth of one hundred and eighty feet, while the miners were cutting through a slate stone, they discovered the petrified body of a sea serpent. We examined this petrification, and can say with truth, it is the finest specimen we ever saw. Unfortunately it was broken into three pieces, and a piece from near the center is missing—perhaps thrown out in a sliver of stone.

A limb had evidently fallen across the serpent about eight or ten inches from the head, and mashed the part underneath flat, and strange to say, even this thin part was formed into a solid stone and was taken out perfect. The wrinkles in the body of the serpent, in its writhing as if to extricate itself from the stick that fell across it, were perfect and natural as the day the affair took place. The head is shaped like that of an eel, and the tail, from indications, must have been supplied with a broad fin, or a flat fleshy substance as a propeller. The eyes and the mouth can be distinctly traced, while the body is covered with small sunken spots, similar to those on hog skin, though not so small or numerous. This specimen is five feet three inches long, near ten inches around the large part of the body.

In addition to this most singular curiosity, perfect impressions of leaves, limbs, brush and other samples of vegetation were taken out at this enormous depth. Among these was a beautiful impression of what is familiarly called snake weed, or fern, which grows in almost every valley throughout the western country.

The most singular specimen is yet to be described, and in attempting to communicate the fact to our readers, we feel as though the history of our earth is just as much a mystery to the present generation as to those who inhabited it before the flood—the "half having not yet been told." The sole of a shoe, or sandal, was taken out in a complete state of petrification. The heel is almost perfect, and the impression of something in the heel, resembling tacks or nails, is plain and distinct; this specimen is about eight inches long and of the usual width.

When this discovery is seriously considered in connection with the general formation of the earth for a circumference of between seventy and eighty miles around—there not being a hill of any material height—not a ravine of a depth worthy of remark—not a cavern, and the Wabash, the largest stream within this scope, and the earth almost level and thickly and heavily timbered, what mind can go down into the bowels of the earth, one hundred and eighty feet beneath the firmly rooted oaks of the forest, and solve the mysteries there unfolded? What intelligent being can stand and look upon these marks of civilization, which have been buried for ages upon ages, and feel that he is not treading upon "hallowed ground?" What pen can explain or convey a correct appreciation of this connecting link, or joining of hands, as it were, with those who must have existed years before the flood?

Indeed, we are lost in wonder, and shall leave the solution to the more experienced.

In conclusion, we cannot refrain from expressing our candid belief that the present ages know nothing of this little "ball of earth," in comparison to the

realities of what has been or what is to be.

The petrified serpent was taken to Terre Haute and presented to Mr. Chauncey Rose, who will dispose of it as he may think best. We suggest, however, that it, with the shoe or sandal sole and the other specimens, be placed in the Normal School building, as relics of the unwritten history of the past ages of the Wabash valley.—*Sullivan Union.*

THE NEWS.

Gallipolis has contracted with R. T. Coverdale, of Cincinnati, to have Gas-works built there this year.

Mrs. Araminta George, living near Circleville, ran a nail into her foot, and seven days after died of lockjaw.

The Ohio State Fair for 1870 has been fixed at Springfield, which city furnishes the Fair Grounds and half the police, force, and pays the State Board \$10,000.

There are 12,000 wind-mills in constant use in Holland at the present day, for the simple purpose of drainage. They are almost of colossal size, each lifting from ten million to fifty million gallons of water every twenty four hours.

Milton Merrifield, of Providence, caught fifty two rats in one night by exchanging a barrel of oats that had been visited by rats, for one of water, covering the surface with chaff. The vermin unreflecting pitched in and met a watery grave.

Louis Van Vorhes, aged 17, a son of of Hon N. H. Van Vorhes, of Athens, has made a complete steam engine, which runs a circular saw at the rate of 3000 revolutions a minute. He made every part himself, and put it together without instructions.

Bishop Simpson said in one of his recent lectures that while in Europe he never traveled with a German student without being told that he (the student) was saving money to go to America, nor rode with an Irishman that did not ask him if he knew his cousin!

The Great Eastern has successfully completed the work of laying a cable between Bombay and Red Sea. Southern Asia is thus brought within near distance of the United States, and communication with the "farthest Ind" will soon become as easy and speedy as with London or Paris.

THERE is no death penalty in Michigan, and the Penitentiary now holds eighty murderers, thirty of whom are women. Michigan is a good place for cut-throats of all sexes, and from the number of murderers in the Penitentiary, they must be enjoying Michigan hospitality amazingly.

An appalling occurrence took place on Wednesday evening, at Osborn, a few miles east of Dayton, resulting in the death of a little girl, aged eight years, daughter of Jacob Miller, by being literally torn limb from limb by a couple of vicious dogs. The little girl was sent by her parents to a Mr. Kirkwood's on an errand, and on entering the yard was attacked by the dogs. Her screams attracted the attention of the family, but before she could be rescued she was so fearfully lacerated and torn that she expired a short time afterward.

Dr. Jones, the late Superintendent of the Tennessee Lunatic Asylum, says that in his opinion, nineteen-twentieths of the cases of insanity were produced by the extraordinary use of tobacco, or like causes; and that all lunatics would chew, or dip snuff with great avidity. Miss Dix also says that the dipping of snuff, so fearfully prevalent in the South, by females, had a greater effect in driving women mad, on account of their nervous sensibility, than tobacco had on men, who were of a stonger nature.

A NUT FOR ARITHMETICIANS TO CRACK.

In one of the smaller New England towns, an agent was appointed to sell alcoholic liquors, at a salary of twenty-five dollars per annum; he was furnished with a stock of liquors valued at \$57 54, and with \$32 13 in cash to commence business; during the year he purchased liquors to the amount of \$59 91, and received for liquors sold \$102 97. At the end of the year he had liquors on hand value at \$31 37. Did he owe the town or did the town owe him? and how much?

The above problem was submitted at a teachers' institute to one hundred teachers, only three of which were correct.—*Journal.*

Why is a school teacher like a conductor? One trains the mind, and the other minds the train.

THE most terrible accident and horrible exhibition of inhumanity, known in the Orient, occurred about twenty miles down the coast of Yokohama. At half-past 6, P. M., January 24th, the United States steamer Oneida homeward bound, collided with the British Peninsula and Oriental iron mail steamer Bombay, Captain Arthur Welsby, the Bombay striking the Oneida's starboard quarter, carrying away the poop deck, cutting off her wheel and stern, running one of her timbers entirely through the bows of the Bombay, at the water line, three times. The Oneida hailed the Bombay with, "Ship ahoy! stand by; you have cut us down." She blew her whistle, fired her guns, all of which the officers of the Bombay say they did not hear, though the guns were distinctly heard at Yokohama, twenty miles away. The Oneida went down stern first, in about twenty fathoms of water, with twenty officers and fifty-five men. The Captain of the Bombay did not stop to rescue those on board, nor did he, upon arrival at Yokohama, report the accident or inform the authorities. The first known of it was by the arrival, on foot next morning, of Dr. Stoddart and fifteen of the crew. But two cutters were available, and the officers, almost to a man, refused to take them, while a man remained aboard. The discipline was complete to the last, the sick being put into the boats, the officers remaining at their post until the ship went down. Out of the 120 on board only 55 escaped.

The boiler of heating furnace No. 4, at the railroad iron rolling mill of the Lakawanna Iron and Coal Company, Scranton, Penn., exploded, February 28th. A portion of the roof, with all its heavy timbers, slating, etc., 75 by 90 feet, was blown into the air, and fell with a tremendous crash. The noise of the explosion shook half of the city. Twenty or thirty men were buried in the ruins, and fifteen killed.

AN IMPORTANT RAILROAD LINE.

An important step toward reviving the material prosperity of Virginia and West Virginia, whereby their great natural advantages of soil, climate, and mineral deposits will be made available for a greater and more active industry, by N. Y. capitalists in identifying themselves with the great railroad line which extends between Richmond and the Ohio river, now known as the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. The line includes the old Virginia Central, and the Covington and Ohio roads, both of which received from the State prior to the war a large amount of aid—in the aggregate more than \$5,000,000. This expenditure the State now surrenders to the new Corporation on very favorable terms. The road is in operation from Richmond to the famous White Sulphur Springs of West Virginia, 227 miles, and it is believed can be completed to the Ohio (200 miles) by the close of 1871. Among the promoters of the enterprise are Messrs. C. P. Huntington of the Central Pacific Railroad, A. A. Low, William H. Aspinwall, David Stewart, and others, of New York city; Messrs. Wickman, Anderson, Echols, and Parsons; of Virginia; with Messrs. Fisk & Hatch as the Financial Agents of the Company. These names are a sufficient guarantee of the vigor and fidelity with which the great work will be carried through.

The completion of this line to the Ohio River brings it within a short distance of the important railroad centers of Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati and Louisville, from which tributary lines are projected and building, by which the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad will establish a Through Line from the seaboard to the great West. Beside being the shortest line from tidewater to western cities, it will have the great advantage of grades much lighter than any of the more northerly lines. It passes through the great coal fields of the Kanawha, and will have cheap and abundant fuel. The celebrated iron ores are situated on the central portion of the route, the active iron furnaces of Southern Ohio at its western terminus; and between the two are those inexhaustible veins of "splint" coal, so necessary for iron manufacture.

This line will furnish the necessary outlet for the fertile tract of country between the Cumberland and the Kanawha, and will draw over it the wheat of Minnesota, the cotton of Tennessee, Mississippi, and Arkansas, together with the cattle, wheat, and tobacco of the intermediate region, as it unites 16,000 miles of inland navigation and 20,000 miles of railroad in the West, to the best harbor on the Atlantic coast, by the shortest and most economical line to be found. The coal and iron traffic of the road alone will be enormous.

THE HAMMERS.

A costly house, which rich men own,
Five stories high, of brick and stone,
Is going up across the way,
The hammers hammer all the day,
With ceaseless thud and clink and ring,
Like pulses of some living thing.
I listen, if I wake or sleep,
And count the time the hammers keep,
And fancy that I understand
The different blow of each man's hand.
The ceaseless thud and clink and ring,
Which only vexing clatter bring
To other ears, to me have freight
Of human record and of fate.
I know the old man's listless blow,
Dogged and patient, hard and slow,
These fifty years he's driven nails
For other men; his old heart fails
Hint, seeing how the weary end
Comes close and near, and does not mend
The hard beginning. Nights are cold,
And home is far; his wife is old,
And tired as he, and in short graves
Lie boys and girls for whom he saves
All tears, but finds the tearlessness
Harder to bear than loud distress.
So ceaselessly with clink and ring
The old men's hammers listless swing,
And on the rich man's fine new stone,
As on a grave-slab, write their own
Long story, with its dates and names,
Its sorrows and its griefs and shames.
The young men strike a sharp, quick stroke;
Their arms are strong as arms of oak,
Their hearts with hope are gay and glad,
Believing better days have had
Some hidden sunrise, and that they,
Before the noon has passed away,
Can rest where it is warm and light,
Filling their eyes with feast of sight,
Setting their little babies' grace
To blossom in some sweet home-place,
And in the babies' mother's hands
Laying the price of house and lands.
So ceaselessly with clink and ring
The young men's hammers merry swing,
And lay the rich man's fine new stone
Gladly as if it were their own,
Sealing each slab with prophecy,
Goodwill, and faith, and hope, to lie
All hidden in the walls and floors,
Wrought in the thresholds of the doors.
No eye the words will find or read;
The rich man will not feel or heed;
His silk and linen and fine wool
Will swing and spread, to warm or cool,
Filling his sense with all delight,
Hiding the spirit out of sight.
Yet, by his hearth, his heart must take
The same long chance of joy or ache.
The same hot griefs and shames and fears,
The same wild hopes of better years,
With which the poor men's hearts did moan
While working on his house of stone.
And thus the ceaseless clink and ring
And thud with which the hammers swing
I follow, follow, all day long,
And lose my dreaming way among
The voices and their meanings dead
With which the strokes swift measure keeps:
And lost and dreaming, all my heart
Grows weary of the art of art,
Of wroughten wood and hammered stone,
Of life by false shapes overgrown;
And yearns to know how it will be
When souls from bodies are set free,
And no man builds or toils or spins
Where God's good other world begins.

VE NICE.

Venice is one of the most remarkable cities in the world. It is situated in the "lagoons of Venice"—a kind of lake, separated from the Adriatic Sea by a long belt of low land, which is divided by six channels. It is two miles from the main land, with which it is connected by a stupendous bridge, of two hundred and twenty-two arches, forming part of the railway to Padua. For many centuries this city was the capital of a celebrated republic, and was the first maritime and commercial power, and one of the finest cities in Europe. In situation and construction it stands alone, being built entirely on piles, and occupying seventy or eighty small islands separated by canals, which are crossed by no less than three hundred and six bridges. The Grand Canal is from one hundred to one hundred and eighty feet wide. It is bordered by magnificent palaces and churches and separates the city into two nearly equal portions; which are connected by the bridge of the "Rialto." This famous bridge is built of white marble, and consists of a single arch. Near it is the island of the "Rialto," the spot on which, as a city, Venice first existed. Two other bridges, of iron, cross this canal.

The streets or lanes in Venice are so narrow and intricate as to render the city a vast labyrinth. As they are fit only for foot-passengers, the place of wheel-carriages is supplied by small barges, called "gondolas," the peculiar form and great number of which, constantly passing to and fro in the canal, presents one of the chief features of this strange place. The largest street, called the "Merceria," is only fifteen feet wide. The principal spaces for walking in are the square of St. Mark and the public gardens, which are nearly surrounded by water. Venice contains a vast number of fine churches and noble buildings, adorned with the works of great painters. The old library of St. Mark occupies a large hall; and in the same buildings is the "Zecca" or "Mint," where, in 1284, the celebrated *ducato* of Venice, one of the most ancient coins in Europe, was struck. The former palace of the Doge, or Ducal Palace, was begun in the 14th century, and is remarkable for its imposing architecture. The "Bridge of Sighs," connects this palace

with the former prisons and dungeons of the Inquisition. The great church of St. Mark is distinguished for its rich ceiling; its pavement of jasper and porphyry; its five hundred columns of black, white, and veined marble, bronze, alabaster, with other valuable material. Over its portal stand four bronze horses, cast at Corinth, and which have, in succession, adorned Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Venice and Paris, and were replaced in Venice in 1815. In front of St. Mark is the *Campanile*, or "Belltower," three hundred and twenty feet high. Here, when it strikes two o'clock, a vast number of pigeons are daily fed at the expense of the government. The public library contains nearly one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, besides ten thousand manuscripts; adjoining which is a fine cabinet of antiquities and medals, said to be one of the richest in Italy. The city does not now contain quite a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants; but it still has a considerable trade.—*Early Days.*

A CONTENTED FARMER.

Once upon a time Fredrick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride and espied an old farmer, plowing his acre by the wayside, cheerily singing his melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the king. "Does this acre belong to you, on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the king; "I am not so rich as that: I plow for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen" (about twenty cents), said the farmer.

"This is not much," replied the king; "can you get along with this?"

"Get along, and have something left." "How is that?"

The farmer smiled and said: "Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife; two I pay my old debts; two I lend away; and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I can not solve," replied the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer.

"I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help; and now that they are weak and need help I keep them. This is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I could not be compelled to keep; thus I give for the Lord's sake!"

The king, well pleased with his answer, said; "Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a riddle which I can not unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the king.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty bran new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming:

"The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you adieu."—*German Reformed Messenger.*

Ice can be turned in a lathe and lenses easily formed through which the rays of the sun in passing will cause heat sufficient to ignite a match. These ice lenses are so easily made and renewed that they have been recommended for use for astronomical purposes in countries the temperature of which is below that of freezing for two or three months of the year.

THE FORGOTTEN PROMISE.

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend.

"Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to-day," said she, putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading smile. "No, Millie, I will not, you may trust me," and she wrapped her infant in a blanket, and they descended. The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and a pleasant conversation beguiled the way.

"Now don't you forget your promise," whispered the young wife as they passed up the steps.

Poor thing! she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when red. The party passed pleasantly; the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband. A pang shot through her beating heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated; he had also broken his promise.

Silently they drove homeward, save when the drunken man broke into snatches of song or unmeaning laughter.

But the wife rode on, her babe pressed closely to her grieved heart.

"Give me the baby, Millie! I can't trust you with him," he said, as they approached a dark and swollen stream.

After some hesitation she resigned her first-born—her darling babe, so closely wrapt in a great blanket—to his arms.

Over the dark waters the noble steeds bore them, and when they reached the bank the mother asked for her child. With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms, but when she held it to her breast no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not. A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark waters, and sink forever—and that by his own intemperance. The anguish of the mother and the remorse of the father are better imagined than described.

THE MURDEROUS SEA FLOWER.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster with ever so many long petals of light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in our gardens, but wave about in the water, while the opelet generally clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks upon its rocky bed. Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large open mouth which is hidden deep down among them—so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fishlet touches one of the rosy tips he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him and he is drawn into the huge greedy mouth and is seen no more—Then the lovely arms unclose, and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

How to BEGIN LIFE.—Rev. Dr. John Hall thus wisely speaks to young people: There are two ways of setting up in life. One is to begin where your parents are ending—magnificent mansion, splendid furniture and an elegant turn-out. Is not that the pretty dream of many about their start in life? The other is to begin a little nearer the point where father and mother—of blessed memory—began. You see, my dear friend, you can go up so easily and gracefully, if events show it to be safe; but it would be trying and awkward to come down. And it costs much now to live; and business fluctuates; and health is uncertain; and temptations from the side of pride are strong; and many a young man who did not mean to be extravagant has been led along; and rather than face the position and descend manfully, has tried to keep up the embezzlement, and been called "swindler."

The flight of a hawk, when its powers are fully exerted, has been calculated at one hundred and fifty miles an hour; the elder duck, ninety miles an hour. The American passenger pigeon will fly a mile a minute, and albatross ninety mile an hour.

KEEP YOUR WORD.

When you promise to do a thing, be sure to keep your word; as well for the sake of truth as in justice to others. This very interesting story is told of a boy who was singularly faithful to his word:

He had borrowed a tool from a neighbor, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was sent away on an errand, and did not return until late. Before he went he was told that his brothers should see the tool returned. After he had come home and gone to bed, he inquired and found the tool had not been sent to its owner. He was much distressed to think his promise was not kept, but was persuaded to go to sleep and rise early and carry it home. By daylight he was up, and nowhere was the tool to be found. After a long, fruitless search he set off for his neighbor's in great distress, to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the tool on his neighbor's doorstep! And it then appeared, from the prints of little bare feet on the mud, that the lad had got up in his sleep and carried the tool home, and went to bed again and knew it not. Of course, a boy who was prompt in his sleep was prompt when awake. He lived respected, had the confidence of his neighbors and was placed in many offices of trust and profit.

STARVED TO DEATH.

The *New York Herald* says: On the evening of Saturday, February 6th, Inspectors Post and Ely, of the board of health, in searching for relapsing fever, accidentally heard of a man who was lingering in extreme destitution at No. 410 Water street. They sought these premises, and descended to the basement by a pair of dilapidated stairs. Once upon the landing of a dark, dreary and filthy hovel they rapped for admittance. There was no response. They rapped again and again, and yet all was stillness. For a quarter of an hour they kept up their endeavor to gain the interior, but the effort was without avail. Finally they used violence, and burst the door upon, and stood "deep in the darkness peering." They groped about blindly in search of the victim. They could not find him, and were about to give it up, when Dr. Ely stumbled against something which turned out to be the form of a man prostrated by starvation, and suffering at the same time with pneumonia. There was no furniture in the room—no comforts, no necessities of existence; not even light was there; hardly life, but the clear shadows of inhuman death! The apartment was small, and was worse than the foulest sewer. The ceiling was several feet below the level of the sidewalk, and the floor was covered with stagnant water, emitting foul vapors. In such a place as this the poor, unfortunate man, going toward sixty years of age, had lived for five days, slowly dying for want of nourishment. He subsisted during that time upon one pound of butter crackers, and was utterly unattended and uncared for. Inspectors Post and Ely secured his removal to Bellevue Hospital, and the end was next day—death.

The glory of a blue uniform will soon disappear if our United States soldiery continues to be prostituted to such cowardly work as that of Col. Baker's command in Montana last month. An Indian village, enfeebled and decimated by the small pox, was surprised and every individual mercilessly slaughtered. Of 173 killed only 15 were fighting men—that is, between the ages of 12 and 37. The rest were old men women and children; many of the latter infants in their mothers' arms. The cowardice of the attack is illustrated by the fact that only one soldier was killed. Either this is wanton barbarity or we need to remodel our humane notions and conclude that Indian mothers and babies are to be put on the par with panthers, to be slaughtered at sight, to prevent further breeding.

Queen Victoria has nine children: Princess Royal, born November 21, 1840; Prince of Wales born November 9, 1841; Alice, April 15, 1843; Alfred, August 6, 1844; Helena, May 25, 1846; Louisa, March 18, 1848; Arthur, May 1, 1850; Leopold, April 7, 1853; Beatrice, April 14, 1857.