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## ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

### Political Reminiscences of Long Ago.

The administration of John Adams was far from being a success. The alien and sedition laws, enacted during that term, have caused a blot to rest upon it, which time cannot efface. It punished men for being foreigners and gave the President the right to send them out of the country; because of the suspicion of not being right in their politics. The sedition law punished as a high crime the writing or printing or speaking disrespectfully of Congress, the president or other high officials, and the federal judges, sitting in judgment upon these "seditionists," so constructed the law that no one indicted could escape. For a letter written and dated before the law was passed, and printed in a distant newspaper before any one in the State of Vermont, where the letter was published, had knowledge that it had, or would be passed, Matthew Lyon, an anti-Federal Congressman from Vermont, was indicted, tried, fined and imprisoned. These laws, which in fact expired by limitation the day Mr. Adams ceased to be President, roused party spirit almost to frenzy, and from the date of their passage the doom of the Federal party was sealed.

During the latter part of Mr. Adams' administration a law was passed creating twenty-four new judges of the United States courts. The bill creating this batch of judges—intended and the law made them life officers—lingered in Congress until after the fact of Adams' defeat and Jefferson's election as President was known. Between the time this fact was known, 12th of December, 1800—and the 4th of March following, several valuable offices became vacant, one of which was that of chief justice, and with these twenty-four judges newly created had to be filled.

To the chief justiceship, Mr. Adams appointed and the Senate confirmed, John Marshall, on the 31st of January, after it was known that Jefferson was elected president, although, as previously stated, Marshall held at the time, and continued to hold until after Jefferson's inauguration, the office of Secretary of State. All the appointees were Federal, of course, and under the circumstances, Jefferson felt deeply indignant. Writing to Gen. Knox, who had written to congratulate him on his election, Mr. Jefferson, in speaking of these appointments, said that Mr. Adams knew he was not making them for himself, but for his successor, and hence Jefferson characterized them as an outrage on decency, which should not have effect, except in the life appointments, which are immovable; "but as to the others," the newly-elected president said, "I consider the nominations as nullities, and will not view the persons so appointed as even candidates for their office, much less in possessing it by any title meriting respect." And every man so appointed in office when Jefferson was inaugurated was promptly removed. The twenty-four judges confirmed, some of them, it is said, by the Senate on the night of the 3d of March, could not be removed because their office was a life tenure; but, upon the accession of Mr. Jefferson, and with him a Democratic Congress, the law was repealed, and "Mr. Adams' midnight judges," as they were called, had but a short lease of power. A tale told and never denied, and for this reason has become history, says that up to the last hour of midnight, at which time the administration of Adams ended, the Secretary of State (Marshall) was engaged in signing commissions as he got news of the Senate confirming the appointments, some of whom had been sent to the Senate as late as nine o'clock that evening. While thus engaged in commissioning officials for a new administration, Secretary Marshall and his clerk, at twelve o'clock midnight, were startled by an apparition in the person of Levi Lincoln, of Massachusetts, whom Mr. Jefferson had selected as his attorney-general. The conversation between Lincoln and Marshall—doubtless related by Lincoln himself—is given as follows: "Lincoln—I have been ordered by Mr. Jefferson to take possession of this office and its papers.

"Marshall—Why Jefferson has not yet qualified!

"Lincoln—Mr. Jefferson considers himself in the light of an executive, bound to take charge of the papers of the government until he is duly qualified.

"Marshall (taking out his watch)—But it is not yet 12 o'clock!

"Lincoln (taking a watch from his pocket and showing it)—This is the President's watch and it notes the hour."

Seeing that Jefferson was master of the situation, and casting a woeeful look on several unsigned commissions spread on the table, Marshall left his midnight visitor in possession. Relating the incident in after years, Chief Justice Marshall laughingly said Lincoln allowed him to pick up nothing but his hat.

Forgetting, or else remembering but

to forget, the conduct of Mr. Jefferson four years before, when Adams was inaugurated, and the graceful compliment paid to him in Jefferson's Vice Presidential inauguration address, the ex-President had his carriage at the White House at midnight and left the city, not willing to remain while his rival was being inaugurated.

A few days before his inauguration Mr. Jefferson, as is the custom, called upon Mr. Adams at the Presidential mansion in Washington, where the President then resided, the government having been during Adams' term, moved to Washington. The outgoing President, although they had been friends, accused Mr. Jefferson of visiting him to crow over his misfortune in being beaten for president. Of course, Mr. Jefferson denied it—his visit was intended as but a mark of respect. Mr. Adams could not be appeased, and Jefferson left. It was many years after before Mr. Adams was convinced of his error and his want of courtesy to his old time friend but then successful rival. This fact, and the belief Adams had of the cause of Jefferson's visit may account for his refusal to attend the inauguration.

A federalist more bitter than Judge Marshall was not to be found in the days of Adams and ultra federalism. He even resorted to trickery to aid his party friends. When on the bench, and during the remainder of his life, he seemed to throw aside his politics, and by common consent Chief Justice John Marshall is looked upon as among the purest and ablest judges the country has produced. An ultra Federalist before he was a judge yet many of his decisions were the reverse of federal, and no man in reading his judicial decisions, can tell what political principles he had.

### Whittier's Poem, "The King's Missive, 1661."

The following is the greater part of John Greenleaf Whittier's poem, from "The Memorial History of Boston," just published:

Under the great hill sloping bare  
To cover and mow and Common lot,  
In the council chamber and oaken chair,  
Sat the wonderful Governor Endicott  
A grave, strong man, who knew no peer  
In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear  
Of God no man, and for good or ill  
Held his trust with an iron will.

The door swung open, and Rawson, the clerk  
Entered, and whispered under breath,  
"There waits below for the hangman's work  
A fellow landed on point of death—  
Shattuck, of Salem, unhealed of the whip,  
Brought over in Master Goldsmith's ship,  
At anchor here in the harbor port,  
With freight of the devil and all his sort."

Twice and thrice on his chamber floor,  
Striding fiercely from wall to wall,  
"The Lord do so to me, and more,"  
The governor cried, "if I hang not all!  
Bring hither the quaker!" "Calm, ye squire,  
With the look of a man at ease with fate,  
Into that prison grim and dread  
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head."

"On with the knave's hat!" An angry hail,  
"Smile down the officer, but the warden said,  
With a quiet smile, "By the King's command  
I hear his message and stand in his stead."  
In the governor's hand a missive he laid  
With the royal arms on the seal displayed;  
And the proud man spoke, as he gazed thereat,  
Uncovering, "Give Mr. Shattuck his hat."

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low:  
"The King commandeth your friends' release,  
But not he shall be cloyed, although  
To his master's sorrow and sin's increase.  
What he here enjoined, John Endicott,  
His loyal servant, questioneth not.  
You are free! God grant the spirit you own  
May take you from here to parts unknown."

So the door of the jail was open cast,  
And, like Daniel out of the lion's den,  
Tender youth and girlhood passed,  
With age-lowed women and gray-locked men.

One moment they passed on their way to look  
On the martyr graves by the Common side,  
And much-scourged Wharton, of Salem, took  
His burden of prophecy up and cried:  
"Sweet souls of the valiant! Not in vain  
Have ye borne the Master's cross of pain;  
Ye have fought the fight, ye are victors crowned  
With a fourfold chain ye have Satan bound!"

The autumn haze lay soft and still  
On wood and meadow and upland farms;  
On the brow of Snow Hill the great windmill  
Slowly and lazily swung its arms;  
Broad in the sunshine stretched away,  
With its capes and islands, the turquoise bay;  
And over water and dock of pines  
Blue hills lifted their faint outlines.

The topaz leaves of the walnut glowed,  
The sumach added its crimson fleck,  
And double in air and water showed  
The dotted maples along the Neck;  
Through frost-frore fringes of pale star-mist,  
And gentian fringes of amethyst,  
And royal pinches of golden red,  
The grazing cattle on Country led.

Through lane and alley the grazing town  
Noisily followed them up and down;  
Some with scoffing and brutal jeer,  
Some with pity and words of cheer.

One brave voice rose above the din,  
And, as he went, he sang his length of days,  
Cried from the door of his Red Lion Inn:  
"Men of Boston, give God the praise:  
No more shall innocent blood call down  
The bolts of wrath on your guilty town.  
The freedom of worship, dear to you,  
Is due to all, and to all is due."

"I see the vision of days to come,  
When your beautiful City of the Bay  
Shall be Christian liberty's chosen home,  
And none shall his neighbor's rights gainsay.  
The varying notes of worship shall blend  
And as one great prayer to God ascend,  
And hands of mutual charity raise  
Walls of salvation and gates of praise."

Boston, November 13, 1880.

THE Russian Crown Prince under whatever title he may assume the active government of his imperial heritage, co-regent or other, is generally expected to come forward as a radical reformer at home, and a rigorous supporter of the Pan-Slavic programme abroad. His antipathy to all German men and things is no less notorious than his sympathies with the attractive qualities of the French nation.

A LADY says that a woman in choosing a lover, considers a good deal more how the man will be regarded by other women, than whether she loves him herself. Some women may; but the men they smile upon will be regarded by other women as jolly good to be taken in by them.

A MAN who would not die in spring-time may be killed by a fall.—N. O. Picayune.

## DAN O'CONNELL'S TRIAL.

A REMINISCENCE OF 1843-4 THAT IS NOT WITHOUT INTEREST NOW.

The London *St. James' Gazette* in a recent issue says: "The impending prosecution of the leading Irish agitators brings back to memory the great trial of the Queen vs. O'Connell and others. It is reported, too, that the proceedings both of the prosecution and of those in that case, and even if they are not, there must be enough of resemblance between the two to make that which occurred thirty-seven years ago interesting to-day."

The proceedings were taken against Daniel O'Connell, his son John O'Connell, Steele, Ray, Charles Gaven Duffy, the Rev. Thomas Tierney, the Rev. Peter James Tyrrell, and Richard Barrett. No fewer than twelve counsel appeared for the prosecution and fifteen for the defense. The proceedings commenced by O'Connell and the other defendants being held to bail on the 14th of October, 1843. This was followed by the charge to the grand jury on the 2d of November. All sorts of interlocutory contests over technical points were then fought from time to time, so that it was not until the 15th of January, 1844, that the trial actually commenced. Meantime, Mr. Tyrrell had died. His attorney could answer to the court that "The reverend defendant had been summoned before the Judge of Judges. His soul and body are alike beyond the power of this court."

The counts of the indictment were eleven in number, and are summarized in Townsend's "Modern State Trials." They consisted of six distinct charges. First—A conspiracy to raise and create discontent and disaffection among her majesty's subjects, and to excite them to hatred and contempt, and to unlawful and seditious opposition to the government and constitution as by law established. Second—A conspiracy to stir up jealousies, hatred and ill-will between different classes of her majesty's subjects, and to promote among them in Ireland feelings of hostility and ill-will towards her majesty's subjects in other parts of the United Kingdom. Third—A conspiracy to excite discontent and disaffection in the army. Fourth—A conspiracy to assemble large numbers of persons in Ireland, and by means of intimidation to be thereby caused and the exhibition and demonstration of physical force thereat, to obtain changes and alterations in the government, laws and constitution, and especially to effect a dissolution of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. Fifth—A conspiracy to bring into hatred and disrepute the courts by laws established for the administration of justice in Ireland, and to diminish the confidence in the administration of the laws so as to induce the adjudication of disputes to be drawn from them. Sixth—A conspiracy to assemble meetings of large numbers of persons in Ireland; and by means of seditious and inflammable speeches, and by the publication of seditious writings to intimidate the lords spiritual and temporal and commons of parliament, and thereby to bring about changes and alterations in the laws and constitution. On the 12th of February the trial came to an end. Speeches, good and bad, prosaic and declamatory, had been made; the attorney general had been so irritated by the comments made on his conduct of the prosecution that—indeed as it may seem now—he had sent a challenge to one of the counsel for the defense, Mr. Fitz-Gibbon. O'Connell had defended himself; Shiel, then member for Dungarvan, had made an eloquent and illogical speech for John O'Connell; and Mr. Whiteside, the future chief justice of Ireland, on behalf of Duffy, spoke both eloquently and logically, and carried away the honors of the contest. On the 12th of February the jury returned a verdict of guilty against the defendants. On the 25th of April proceedings began on behalf of O'Connell and his companions to obtain a new trial and an arrest of judgment, in which endeavor they were unsuccessful; and on the 30th of May O'Connell was condemned to pay a fine of £2,000, and to be imprisoned for twelve months, and the others received lighter sentences.

The scene was then shifted to the house of lords, where, after elaborate argument before the judges and the law lords, a majority of the house—namely, Lords Gottenham, Denham and Campbell—decided in favor of the prisoners against the opinions of Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham. Seven English judges agreed with the latter and two with the former peers. The main point upon which O'Connell succeeded was thus stated by the Lord Chancellor: "The indictment," he said, "consists of eleven counts. A general verdict has been entered. Some of these counts are stated by the unanimous opinion of the judges to be defective with respect to other counts. There is a defect on account of the findings of the jury. The questions whether, under these circumstances, a general judgment can be sustained." Of course on this result of the case O'Connell and his companions were released, having already suffered more than three months' imprisonment, with much advantage to the tranquility of Ireland. An imprisonment, under like circumstances, is now, however, impossible since the passing of the act (8 and 9 Vict., cap. 68) to stay execution of judgment for misdemean-

or upon the parties giving bail in error.

## QUENCHLESS FIRES.

COAL MINES THAT HAVE BURNED FOR MANY YEARS.

From the Worcester Gazette.

The failure of all the attempts to extinguish the fire which has been raging in the Keeley Run Colliery, near Pottsville, Pa., for several weeks, it is feared, will add another to the perpetually burning mines that now exist in the Pennsylvania anthracite regions.

The greatest of these is probably that in the Jugular vein, near Coal Castle. This has been burning since 1835. Lewis F. Dougherty opened this in 1833. The upper drift of the mine was above water level, and a huge fire was kept in a grate at the mouth of the mine in the winter to keep the water from freezing in the gutters. One night in the above year the timbers of the drift caught fire from the grate. When it was discovered that the fire had been carried down the air-hole to the lower drifts and was beyond control two miners entered the mine hoping to recover their tools. They never came out. The mine was abandoned. No effort was made to mine any of the coal near the burning vein, although it was considered the best coal in the region until 1853. Then John McGinnis put in a slope on the east side of it, below water level. He struck the vein at a place where the coal was so thick that two miners could keep a large breaker supplied. When 400 yards of gangway had been excavated the heat from the burning Dougherty Mine began to bother the miners. McGinnis attempted to open an air-hole. The heat became so great that the men were paid double wages to induce them to work. They worked entirely naked, and were relieved every ten minutes. Finally the heat became so intense that work was abandoned. The mine was flooded. After being pumped out men could again work for a few days. The mine was flooded nine times. McGinnis finally failed, and the mine was then abandoned. The fire has been raging in the vein ever since. An area of half a mile in every direction has been burned. No vegetation grows on the surface. In places the ground has caved in, forming chasms a hundred feet deep. There is but a thin shell of earth over the pit of fire. At night blue, sulphurous flames issue from the crevices in the ground. It is dangerous to walk across the spot. Several persons have mysteriously disappeared in the vicinity during the past twenty years. It is believed that in a majority of the cases they have fallen into the burning mine. Dougherty, the original proprietor of the mine, attempted to go across once. He sank to his arm-pits through the crust, and was only saved by courageous friends who ventured to his assistance. The stones on the ground are hot, and snow never rests there. Rain turns to vapor as fast as it falls on the roof of the burning mine. Millions of dollars' worth of the best quality of coal have been consumed by the fire.

The Summit Hill Mine, near Mauch Chunk, has been burning for twenty-five years. It is believed that this mine was set on fire by discontented miners. Thousands of dollars have been expended in fruitless efforts to extinguish the flames.

The Butler mine, near Pittston, has been burning three years. It was set on fire by a party of tramps, who built a fire in the mine in 1877. The fire is in the upper drifts. It is confined to an area of forty acres by an immense ditch, 40 feet wide, which was excavated between the burning drift and connecting ones. The digging of the canal cost \$20,000. But for that obstacle the fire would have communicated to some of the most extensive mines in the Lackawanna Valley and a subterranean conflagration would have swept under the whole of West Pittston. Miners have worked in the lower drift of the Butler Mine since the fire broke out, but there are but 40 feet of rock between them and the field of fire above. The water that trickles through the roof is scalding hot. The temperature is so high that the men can wear but little clothing.

DURING a conversation between two Baltimore lady teachers on the queer responses that children often make, each of them gave her experience for the day. One of them was endeavoring to teach a primary class the rudiments of arithmetic, and asked one of the scholars which she would rather have: "Ten apples or two?" The prompt response was "Two." Another answered that she "would rather have ten, because it was more than two." The first one then responded that she knew that ten was more than two, but that "ten would make her sick and two wouldn't." The other teacher had recently lost her mother, and she took occasion to address the children on the subject of a mother's love and devotion, and what a disaster to either young or old the death of a loving mother was. She then asked if any of them had ever lost a mother. Several responded that they were motherless, while one with evident eagerness, jumped up and declared that "she had lost two mothers." Serious as was the subject, both teacher and children could not restrain a laugh, and thus the moral lesson of the day came to naught.

## "WHAT MY LOVER SAID."

A CHAMING POEM ATTRIBUTED TO HORACE GREELEY.

New York Correspondence to Philadelphia Times.

The Park Theatre was just out and a number of actors and newspaper men had gathered in the Paletta Club beer rooms on Twenty-second street. There were present Barton Hill, his son Henry, of the editorial staff of the *Herald*; the veteran night editor, Dr. J. B. Wood, and W. A. Curtis, Tom Maguire, of San Francisco; Colonel Gilner, who recently came back from Arctic explorations with Lieutenant Schwatka; Chief Judge Daly, W. E. Sheridan, Cyrus Searle, Leander P. Richardson, and one or two other fellows. Townsend Percy came in and there was chaff to him about the play of the "Baffled Beauty," which woke angry answers from him, and made it necessary that the conversation should change, lest something be said to the author or by the author of that rather peculiar drama for which there would be regrets. And this is the way the conversation turned. Tom Maguire said to Barton Hill: "Why don't you repeat your evening with 'Unknown and Forgotten Poets,' Hill?" and Hill said "the affair was so much of a personal compliment to me by the people of San Francisco that I'm afraid it won't work here."

"It was so personal," said Maguire, "that the tickets were put at \$5 and the great hall was crowded. I suspect it was the most remunerative piece of work that Barton ever did."

The title of the entertainment attracted attention and the question was put as to how and from what sources the poets had been brought. Thereupon Mr. Hill drew a programme from his pocket and read the names of his selection and the authors of each when they could be had. As he ran through the list he read:—"What My Love Said," written by Horace Greeley," when Dr. Wood interrupted, remarking:—"Greeley wrote some poetry, but I don't remember that. How does it go?" And half a dozen voices called out:—"Yes; let's have it." The actor set back in his chair and repeated it. It is impossible to convey any idea of the reading, of the soft modulations of voice, the tender and delicate phrasing of the three lines at the end of each verse. When he had finished there seemed to be a finer sentiment pervading the little crowd, the next order for beer was in lower and less authoritative tones, so that the bar-man came half hesitatingly, as if fearing some outbreak, and copies and history of the piece were generally asked for. This is the poem:

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,  
In the orchard path he met me,  
In the tall wet grass, with its faint perfume,  
And I tried to pass, but he made no room.  
Oh! I tried, but he would not let me go,  
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,  
With my face bent down above it,  
While he took my hand, as he whispered said—  
How the clover lifted each pink, sweet leaf,  
To listen to all that my lover said.

Oh! the clover in bloom—I love it!  
In the high wet grass went the path to hide,  
And the low, wet leaves hung over,  
But I could not pass on either side,  
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,  
In the arms of my steadfast lover,  
And he held me there and he raised my head,  
While he closed the path before me.

And he looked down into my eyes and said—  
How the leaves bent down from their boughs overhead,  
To listen to all that my lover said,  
Oh! the leaves hanging lowly o'er me.

Had he moved aside but a little way  
I could surely then have passed him,  
And he knew I could never wish to stay,  
And would not have heard what he had to say.  
Could I only aside have cast him,  
It was almost dark and the moments sped,  
And the searching night wind found us;  
But he drew me nearer and softer said—  
How the pure, sweet wind grew still instead  
To listen to all that my lover said,  
Oh! the whispering winds around us.

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,  
That I must be all unwilling;  
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,  
As the night was come with its dew at last,  
And the sky with its stars was filling;  
But he clasped me close, when I would have fled,  
And he made me hear his story,  
And his soul came out from his lips and said—  
How the stars crept out when the white moon led,  
To listen to all that my lover said,  
Oh! the moon and stars in glory!

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,  
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,  
Will carry his secret to safely and well,  
That no being shall ever discover  
One word of the many that rapidly fell  
From the eager lips of my lover.

And the moon and the stars that looked over  
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell  
They were round about us that night in the dell,  
In the path through the dew laden clover;  
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell,  
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

Then Mr. Hill said: "I was in Seattle, California, some years ago—two or three—when Mr. C. H. Larabee, of that place, recited this poem. I was so pleased with it that I obtained a copy and committed it to memory. Mr. Larabee told me that he had cut it from the *Evening Post*, of New York, some twenty-five years before. In that publication it was ascribed to Horace Greeley. I promised to look up the history of it, but all my endeavors up to this time have proved unavailing."

"I remember the poem," spoke Curtis: "I cut it from the *Sun* some sixteen years ago. I think it was the *Sun*; anyway it was given as anonymous, and if Greeley wrote it certainly Mr. Dana would have known it, and probably have seen that it was duly credited." This statement having so many hypothetical conditions was not regarded as important, and a committee formed itself then and there to settle the question and make the history a matter of record. Although they have made search they have so far found nothing.

ROSS RAYMOND.

HENRY CLAY DEAN, one of the greatest real estate lawyers of this or any other age, says that the title of this country is now vested in "Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, the National banks, the New York Central, the Pennsylvania Central and the Baltimore and Ohio railroads."

## Law Among Indians.

ONE HUNDRED LASHES ON THE BACK FOR STEALING.

From the San Diego Chronicle.

M. S. Root, a gentleman whose veracity will not be questioned, gives us the following statement of a scene which he witnessed a short time since in the eastern portion of this country: "I was at Campo on October 1. An Indian had been found guilty of breaking into the house of Mr. Herrick and stealing some blankets. He was tried before Justice of the Peace Gaskell and turned over to the old Indian Alcalde and six chiefs for punishment. They sentenced him to receive one hundred lashes. They were just getting ready to tie him up as I started for dinner after putting out my team. The prisoner was a large young man, six feet high and well proportioned. He was tied up by the wrists with a long rope, and the rope was passed through the springs of a high seat on one side of a wagon and over the other side, the victim being drawn up so that his feet would just touch the ground. His feet were spread and each tied to the wagon spokes, and his body was tied at the hips. His shirt was removed, and then a stalwart Indian administered the punishment with a leather lariat, by whirling it around his head and bringing it down with his utmost force upon the naked body of his prisoner. The blood poured from the writhing man's back.

"After a strong man had administered fifty strokes he was so exhausted by the task that he gave way to another friend, a younger and more muscular Indian, who continued the infamous torture. Fifty lashes had already been laid on, and the young devil continued to cut into the flesh of the prisoner fifty times more. I spare a recital of the awful shrieks and cries of the poor tortured creature. When the hundred lashes had been thus administered, the Indian Alcalde told the almost dying man to leave the country or he would be hung if he ever came back." Mr. Gaskell says: "After one of these Indians has been whipped once he never will steal again; it makes a 'good' Indian of him. This prisoner, when let down, fell to the ground, and could not move without support from his sister."

## Comic Phase of Suicide.

From Lucy Hooper in Philadelphia Telegraph.

It is not after that suicide or even an attempt at self-destruction, assumes a comic phase; but surely it did so the other day, when, on a bitterly cold afternoon, the police arrested a man who was running about on the banks of the Seine in a state of absolute nudity. On being taken to the station-house and supplied with clothing, he told the following piteous tale. He had made up his mind to drown himself, rolled his clothes up into a bundle, threw them into the river, and then waded in himself. But the water was cold, and, as he lamentingly said, "it gave him a contraction of the stomach," so he waded out again. But his clothes were at the bottom of the Seine if he was not, and so he was obliged to wait, half-frozen and very much undressed, till he fell into the stern clutches of the guardians of the peace. Greatly to his surprise, he found that he had rendered himself amenable to the law by his abortive attempt at felo de se, or rather by his preparations for the event, and that a fine and a term of imprisonment would be the penalty for drowning his clothes before he drowned himself. Moral—Never begin any important piece of business at the wrong end.

## Car Building.

The Altoona car shops will turn out about 4,000 new freight cars this year, and more than 100 new passenger cars. The company keeps an average stock of 10,000,000 feet of lumber in its yards, in order that there may be no doubt about its being well seasoned. They make up into cars from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 feet annually, consisting of white and yellow pine, live oak, black walnut, white wood, French walnut, maple and various other ornamental or cabinet woods. The cost of a freight car is about \$525, and the average "life" or duration is about fourteen years. The average cost of passenger cars is about \$5,500 each, the greater cost of these over freight cars being not only in their more elaborate finish but also in their greater size and stronger principles of construction.

A passenger car is usually about 60 feet in length, and a freight car from 30 to 46 feet. The "sills" or body sustaining timbers of a passenger car being longer are made stronger and more numerous than those of a freight car, in order to resist the deflection which might result from shock, and the iron stay bolts are of better quality. Every part of the car is made in these shops from the crude material, excepting only the plush and other textile fabrics which are used in the upholsterers' rooms. The squared timber is hauled into the saw mill and cut up by saws of every conceivable description into every shape and size necessary, and is then planed, bored, drilled, turned, warped, molded, bent and carved as required.

SENATOR SHARON, of Nevada, admits that he was fairly defeated.

THE "face of nature" is often furrowed.