Bedford Inquirer and Chronicle.

A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c---Terms: Two Dollars per annum.

BY DAVID OVER. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY NOVEMBER 30, 1855. VOL. 28, NO 48.

Beautiful Exceedingly.

[The Louisville *Journal* says of the following exquisite piece of poetry:—"We defy any tasteful lover of poetry to read the following lines without exclaiming—How beautiful!"]

My soul thy sacred image keeps.
My Midnight dreams are all of thee!
For nature then in silence sleeps,
And silence broods o'er land and sea:
Oh! in that still, mysterious hour,
How oft from waking dreams I start,
To find thee but a fancy flower,
Thou cherished idol of my heart:
Thou hast each thought and dream of mine—
Have I in turn one thought of thine?

Forever thine my dreams will be,
Whate'er may be my fortunes here,
I ask not love—I crave from thee
Only one boon—a gentle tear.
May blessed visions from above,
Play brightly round thy happy heart,
And may the beames of peace and love,
Ne'er from the glowing soul depart.
Farewell my dreams are still with thee,
Hast thou one tender thought of me?

My joys like summer birds may fly,
My hopes like summer blooms depart,
But there is one flower that cannot die,
Thy holy memory in my heart;
No dews that flower's cup may fill,
No sunlight to its leaves be given,
But it will live and flourish still,
As deathless as a thing of heaven.
My soul greets thine, unmarked, unsought,
Hast thou for me one gentle thought?

Farewell! farwell! my far-off friend,
Between us broad, blue rivers flow,
And forests wave, and plains extend,
And mountains in the sunlight glow;
The wind that breathes upon thy brow,
Is not the wind that breathes on me,
The starbeam shining on thee now,
Are not the beams that on me shine;
But memory's spell is with me yet—
Can'st thou the holy past forget?

The bitter tears that thou and I
May shed whene'er by anguish bowed,
Exalted into the noon tide sky,
Must meet and mingle in the cloud;
And thus, my much beloved friend, though we
Far, far apart must live and move,
Our souls, when God shall set them free,
Can mingle in the world of love.
This were an ecstacy to me—
Say, would it be a joy to thee?

New Haven, Ct. VIRGINIA.

A BRUTE CAGED.—Benjamin Patterson was convicted, last week in the Chester County Criminal Court, of one of the most brutal outrages ever committed in this neighborhood. He attempted to ravish a young woman, named Mary Workman, while accompanying her home through a wood, and upon her resisting him, he attempted to kill her. He beat her on the head with a stone till he thought she was dead, and then went to a house and told them she was lying dead up in the woods; but he did not know who could have done it. Miss Workman, who although at the point of death, recovered slowly, was the chief witness in Court against Patterson. Her forehead is covered with scars, which she will carry with her to the grave. He was sentenced to six years at hard labor in the County Prison.—*Reading Gazette 10th.*

☞ The New British Commander in the Crimea. Gen. Sir William Codrington, is now in his 50th year. He is the eldest surviving son of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, the victor of Navarino. He entered the Coldstream Guards in the year 1821, and was connected with them for thirty-three year without seeing any war experience, yet he rose from rank to rank until he became a Major General in 1854, just at the commencement of the war with Russia. He went to the East as an Amateur, but on the return of the Quarter-Master General, Lord De Ros, on account of ill health, Brigadier General Airey succeeded him, and Gen. Codrington was appointed over Airey's Brigade. He figured at Alma, Inkermann, and the last attack on the Redan. The latter was commanded by him.

☞ The Pittsburg Post tells of a family, consisting of a husband, a wife and three children who left Pittsburg last spring for Iowa. On Monday the father returned, having in the brief time elapsed buried his wife and all his children, who had died in their Western home of typhoid fever.

☞ An Irishman and a Frenchman were to be hanged together. The latter was strongly affected by his satisfaction, while Paddy took it very easy and told his companion to keep up his pluck, for it was nothing at all to be hanged. "Ah," replied the Frenchman, "zare be une grande difference between you and me, for ze Irishman are used to it."

A young gentleman at a ball, in whisling about the room ran his head against a lady. He began a kind of dandy-like apology for his head-work:—"Not a word, sir," interrupted the lady, "it is not hard enough to hurt any body." Dandy disappeared among the crowd.

For the Inquirer and Chronicle.

An Article for the Times.

Vere scire est per causas scire.—BACON.

"Knowledge is power," is a maxim which has often been repeated by the unlearned as well as the learned: by the humble cottager whose lonely hours pass quietly away amid the works of God, as beheld in the mountains, hills and graves by which he is surrounded, as well as the proud nobleman whose dwelling is in the palace of earthly splendor, and whose hours are spent in luxury and ease amid the gaieties of city life. "Knowledge is power," says the weary student as he sits by his midnight lamp, and turns over the dusty pages of ancient lore, or with feelings of wonder, pauses as he looks into the mysteries and powerful truths brought to light by the aid of modern scientific discovery;—so too the grave professor, as he sits pondering over the mysteries of life, or the eternal laws of nature, feels that all else in this life, is but a phantom when compared to the marvelous wonders which are challenging his most profound regard in the physical, the moral and intellectual world.

Intimately connected with this maxim, there is another which is very nearly the same in meaning, though of a seemingly more practical character, and that is "Know Thyself." In ancient times this was regarded as one of the wisest maxims ever uttered by man. A Grecian philosopher, known as one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, spent a considerable length of time in fathoming its vast meaning before he gave it to the world as one of his maxims. It was afterward written over the renowned Temple of Apollo, and was regarded by all the wise men of that age as one of the most pregnant maxims ever composed.—Since that time it has lost much of its original force, from the fact that it is used without any earnest regard to its true meaning and significance. This is but natural; for it will be remembered that it is a standing maxim in the history of humanity that "familiarity breeds contempt." Strange as this may seem, it is no less true. The truth of the maxim is not the result of a long and perplexing course of logical reasoning, but of a practical character, and derived from the pages of history, as well as every day observation and experience.

Men are little disposed to concern themselves about those things which do not advance their interests in the more common walks of life; and the truth of this maxim consequently exercises little or no influence over their minds. This calls into notice another item of information which is very intimately connected with the two maxims already alluded to, viz: the mind of man is so constituted as to become wholly absorbed in the subject which more than all others engages his attention. This is proven by the most common observation. If then it were made an object to know ourselves, to become acquainted with the world in which we live, the laws by which it is governed, the relation we sustain to it, —I say, if subjects of this kind were more generally considered, there would be less room for the cunning and crafty to impose on the unthinking.

It may be said, perhaps, by some, that it is making a broad and unjustifiable assertion when it is said that ignorance and superstition is doing a sad work in our country. I say, such an assertion may be regarded as *wild* and *premature*, but it is not. It is just and true. To the busy politician, or selfish man, whose whole object in this world is, perhaps, to gather together a few paltry dollars, and even at the expense of a poor neighbor, sit counting his "precious treasures" in the lonely and cheerless closet of a wretched miser, or to the ambitious, whose whole heart is set on becoming popular, and whose contracted meanness would influence him to take advantage of the ignorant—I say, to such individuals, our assertion will surely appear at least as being uncalled for. But truth is truth, and there is no reason why it should not be proclaimed abroad, and if made to reach its desired end, let the insignificant miser crouch down in the midst of his alarm, and like a lion of meanness, feel how unjustly he has accumulated the dearest object of his heart; or the ambitious, if he should feel that his influence is about to be narrowed, let him elevate his littleness, and aim at a more honorable position among his fellow men; or the crafty and cunning politician, if he should feel that justice is about to bind him more closely to the rights of a free people, let him begin to look forward to the more beautiful and royal road to the temple of truth.

Thus much, then, by way of prelude.—from what has been said, I now deduce three propositions, which it will be my object to sustain in this paper: 1, That ignorance and superstition are far more prevalent in our country than is generally supposed. 2, That a contemptible ambition has come to be by far too much the ruling principle of political and religious action. 3, That law is too little regarded, and justice—that mighty staff of human support—too often put to shame.

Taking up, then, these three propositions in regular order, it will now devolve upon me to prove that ignorance and superstition are actually more prevalent in our country than is generally supposed.—This land of the free is generally denominated the home for the oppressed and down trodden of every nation. Here, it is said, the beautiful tree of Liberty grows and blooms in all her magnificence and grandeur, and here the genial rays of happiness and prosperity dawn out in all their pleasant and invigorating power. This, indeed, seems not only to be a common saying in our own country, but throughout the world. No country, perhaps, in all the annals of the world, has been so much lauded by those who have even never set a foot upon its shores. In consequence of this wide-ruling disposition, there is a constant longing in the minds of all the dissatisfied citizens of other nations to visit this great emporium of the world,—coming, then, with little or no knowledge of a free government, their minds are filled with great extravagances.

Indeed, it is really astonishing to look over the regular reports in which is given the immense number of foreigners, who are landing on our shores yearly, and those too who are unable to settle themselves as active citizens, but are more willing to crowd the cities with their miserable presence, or live the wretched life of a parasite. Many hundreds go to the west, it is true, and become good and useful citizens, who are above stooping to the low and dishonorable means often resorted to by those who are lurking about the streets and secret corners of the cities. If I were to enter into a strict examination of the influence exerted by this class of persons in connection with another of which I will presently speak, much would be brought to claim the attention which would seem almost incredible to those who have never given the subject much thought.

Before entering more minutely into this subject, it will be necessary to remark that in the cities there is a large class of persons, who are so depraved in morals, so completely indifferent to a sense of honor, as to seek advantage from every circumstance; and this class generally is intimately connected, or rather I should say influenced by the class alluded to.

Who are these Astrologers? Whence come these Fortune-Tellers? In a word, who are these undaunted persons by whom an ignorant and unreflective populace is so blindly gulled? Generally,—not always of course,—they are foreigners. In passing along the streets—not unfrequently some obscure and ill-appearing part of the city—is seen a "sign," on which is written "Wonderful Discovery," &c. Would any sensible man think that such contemptible beings were likely to be encouraged? But how is it? Shame, shame to the intelligence of cities. There are hundreds of individuals who immediately go to these dens of deception in order to hear their fortunes told!—Some even who are usually denominated intelligent citizens are seen among the crowd, and if asked why they go, they will say, for *fun!* Such fun; rather such ignorance and want of sound knowledge must surely be pitied.

Young men in whom the hope of the country rests, are found going in great numbers in order to be made acquainted with the events which await them in after life;—perhaps to find out means and shameful intrigues by which they may secure one of the opposite sex as a companion for life. Young girls—for I by no means can adopt the common American phrase young ladies—who are guided more by their feelings than their judgement, who have had little or no experience in life, and who are often insulted and even shamefully robbed of that character which is so very essential to the happiness of a young woman; even young girls are thus duped, and through ignorance made miserable and wretched all the remainder of their life. Indeed, instances have come within my own observation in which silly girls have been so troubled on account of the false and exaggerating stories which these contemptible fortune tellers have pretended to say would come to pass, that they were next thing to committing suicide.

Men about to enter upon a journey, or about to undertake some pecuniary project, first go to these beings to know whether or not they will be successful in accomplishing the proposed end.

Then, too, there are the Gipsies. These idle, roving, and I may say useless class of persons, show how easily our citizens in the country can be made the subjects of imposition. An instance, a short time ago, came under my observation, at which I was really astonished. A whole community was thrown into an uproar by the appearance of a set of these wandering and trifling beings. Men, old and young; women, girls and even children were all gathered around the filthy tent to hear the marvelous stories of these imposters. Men of whom better things would be expected, and others of reputed intelligence, were anxious to know at least what they could say;—poor way, indeed, of gratifying excited curiosity. All this, too, was effected without any great effort on the part of the gipsies themselves. There would not be so much room for supposing that ignorance is so prevalent, if they were to excite the passions by means of oratory, and thus prove at least in some way the validity of their pretensions; but this they do not pretend to do. They travel from place to place, and it would actually seem that their presence, as if by magic, is sufficient to arouse a whole community, and draw around them great companies in order to be made the ignorant dupes of their unmerciful deception.

Thus it is evident that not only in our cities, but also in the country, our citizens are ignorant of their own nature, and the nature of the influences by which they are surrounded.

Thus far I have confined myself more particularly to the system of humbuggery which is practised by foreigners on the citizens of this prosperous country, I might say much more with respect to the many pernicious, degrading, and shameful practices, carried on in the cities, which in most cases unite the two classes to which I previously alluded, and thus form a disgusting fountain from whence flow the waters of vice, misery and destruction. But I forbear from such a sad and cheerless task.

I now come to notice a number of superstitious notions, which are prevalent to a greater or less extent throughout the whole country. In the cities, where, as I have already remarked, intelligence ought to be more general, there is no want of proof on this point, especially among the lower classes: and indeed, sometimes met with in the higher and more fashionable circles. Many such superstitious notions as were prevalent many years ago among the inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland, are to be met with even in this country, amid the glorious light of the nineteenth century. Beginning with a class which are confined to accidental circumstances connected with the *earth*, and the *social relations*, I shall afterwards notice a few which arise from the ideal world, or, in other words, the creations of fancy.

The ignes fatui, those harmless lights which appear about marshes and low, damp ground, are regarded as evil spirits, which are sent to allure travellers or persons who are out at night, into dangerous by-paths, and often into destruction. Then again, the screeching of an owl at the window, the croaking of a raven over the house, a dog howling during the night, the falling of salt from the table, —these, along with many others, are ominous of danger and death. But without dwelling any longer on this point, I come to notice briefly the class already alluded to. This consists in spectres, hobgoblins, fairies, satyrs, witches, wizards, &c. This class comprises the exercising of those powers generally denominated "conjuring," and observation teaches every one that there is scarcely any community in which a number of these individuals are not found. Where is the man who can prove the contrary? If such, then, be the case, does not the maxim laid down in the beginning of this paper, remain in clouded obscurity? What more ignorant nations than all these could have been taught by the priests of ancient Egypt, or the magi of Persia, or the Chaldeans of proud Babylon, or the Brahmins of India, or the Druids of Gault Certainly, there are none. They believed in all these superstitious ideas, and from them have all the nations of modern times received these foolish impressions.

But I have already dwelt much longer on this proposition than intended; its truth is plain to every candid and reflecting mind. There is no room for doubt, and it only remains for the philanthropic to array themselves in opposition to such prevailing customs; and with the co-operation of the *press* this evil can be in course of time destroyed. Let Free Lovers, Astrologers, Fortune Tellers, Gipsies, Conjurers, and the whole host of Parasites, all of whom are drinking the very life-blood of society, marring the peace and happiness of the citizens, corrupting and degrading the youth; in a word, let all immoral and ungodly sources of influence be overcome by the intelligent and noble-hearted of this glorious land, where the eagle of liberty spreads her mighty wings in order to ward off the oppression of tyrants, and allure to still higher and nobler attainments in prosperity and happiness.

(*Concluded next week.*)

From Bayard Taylor's New Book of Travels

First view of the Himalaya Mountains.

It was about eight in the morning—an atmosphere of crystal, and not a cloud in the sky. Yet something white and shining glimered through the loose foliage of some trees on my right hand. My heart came into my mouth with the sudden bound it gave, when, after plunging through the trees like one mad; tumbling into a ditch on the other side, and scrambling up a great pile of dirt, I saw the Himalayas before me.—Unobscured by a single cloud or a speck of vapor, there stood revealed the whole mountain region, from the low range of the Siwalik Hills, about twenty miles distant, to the loftiest pinnacles of eternal snow, which look down on china and Thibet. The highest range though much more than a hundred miles distant, as the crow flies, rose as far in the sky as the Alps at forty miles, and with every glacier and chasm and spire of untrodden snow as clearly defined. Their magnitude, therefore, was fully apparent, because the eye refused to credit the intervening distance. But the exquisite loveliness of the shadows painted by the morning on those enormous wastes of snow, and the bold yet beautiful outlines of the topmost cones, soaring to a region of perpetual silence and death, far surpassed any distant view of the Alps or any other mountain chain I ever saw. As seen from Roorkhee, the Himalayas present the appearance of three distinct ranges. The first, the Siwalik Hills, are not more than two thousand feet in height; the second, or Sub-Himalayas, rise to eight or nine thousand, while the loftiest peaks of the snowy range, visible from this point, are 25,000 feet above the sea. Far in the northwest was the Chore, an isolated peak, which is almost precisely the height of Mount Blanc, but seemed a very pigmy in comparison with the white cones beyond it.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HIMALAYAS.

To the north, I looked into the wild heart of the Himalayas—a wilderness of barren peaks, a vast jumble of red mountains, divided by tremendous clefts and ravenes, of that dark indigo hue which you sometimes see on the edge of a thundercloud—but in the back ground, towering far, far above them, rose the mighty pinnacles of the Gungootre, the Jumnootre, the Badreenath, and the Cylay, the heaven of India, where the Great God, Mahadeo, still sits on his throne, inaccessable to mortal foot. I was fifty miles nearer these mountains than at Roorkhee, where I first beheld them, and with the additional advantange of being mounted on a foot stool equal to one third of their hight. They still stood immeasurably above me so cold and clear, and white, that, without knowedge to the contrary, I should have said that they were not than twenty miles distant. Yet as the crow flies, a line of *seventy* miles would scarce have reached their summits.

RIDE ON AN ELEPHANT.

The rajah had kept his promise, and his big she elephant had already arrived. She knelt at the keeper's command, and a small ladder was placed against her side, that I might climb upon the pad as I had been unable to borrow a howdah. I had a package of bread and cold roast beef, to serve me as a tiffin, but was careful to conceal it from the driver, otherwise himself and the elephant, with all her trapping, must have undergone purification on account of the unclean flesh. I took reluctant leave of Mr. Keene, seated myself astride on the pad, with the driver before me on the elephant's neck and we moved off. The driver was a Sikh, in a clean, white and scarlet dress, and a narrow handkerchief bound around his head. His long, well combed hair was anointed with butter, and, as his head was just under my nose, I was continually regaled with the unctuous odors. He carried a short iron spike, with which he occasionally punched the elephant's head causing her to snort and throw up her trunk, as she quickened her pace. I found the motion very like that of a very large dromedary, and by no means unpleasant or fatiguing. Though walking, she went at the rate of about five miles an hour. I noticed that the driver frequently spoke to her in a quiet, conversational tone, making remarks about the roads and advising her how to proceed—all of which she seemed to understand perfectly, and obeyed without hesitation.

JUNGLE GRASS ON FIRE.

Toward evening, I was startled by a roaring sound, resembling a high wind advancing through the forest. But soon dense volums of white smoke became visible, and occasionally streamers of flame shot above the tree tops. A turn in the hills, covered with tall jungle-grass, which the natives had set on fire. The grass was very thick, and from eight to ten feet high so that the conflagration was on a great scale. The flames, of a brilliant scarlet color, pressed along the slope with a fury of a charging battalion, and their deep roar with the incessant snapping and crackling of the grass made a noise truly awful. I was strongly reminded of my lucky attempt at burning out lions on the White Nile a year previous. The fire had just leaped over the road, and my bearers passed in safety.

WHAT THEY DO WITH INFANT CORASES IN SHANGHA.

Between the graves and the city walls stands a low building in a clump of cedar trees. This is one of the "Baby Towers," of which there are several near the city.—All infants who die under the age of one year are not honored with burial, but up in a package, with matting and cords, and thrown into the tower, or rather well, as it is, sunk some distance below the earth.—The top which rises about ten feet above the ground, is roofed, but an aperture is left easting in the bodies. Looking into it we see that the tower is filled nearly to the roof with bundles of matting, from which exhales a pestilent effluvium.

A CHINESE PRIEST AT HIS DEVOTIONS.

Hearing a continual thumping noise in the room beyond, we push open the door and surprise a Boodhist priest at his devotions. He is seated at a table with a book open before him, from which he is chanting prayers with a monotonous, drawling tone, while with one hand he thumps incessantly with a small wooden hammer upon a hollow drum of the same material. This is called by the same name as the great fish upon which the earth rests and which its sound soothes into quiet. When at any time, even for a minute, there is no drum beaten throughout the whole world, the fish at once becomes uneasy, and his convulsions occasion earthquakes. The priest wears a yellow robe, his skin is yellow, his head is yellow, his head is shaven bald, his face is puckered with wrinkles, and altogether he is one of oddest and funniest old men that was ever seen. He looks up, nods, with a queer twinkle in his eyes, looks down again, and up again, but never once pauses in his chanting or his thumping.

Broad Top Coal.

We have, on several occasions, during the last year given to our readers such information as came within our knowledge in reference to the character and quality of the coal produced from the Broad Top coal region. The results of experiments heretofore made with this coal, have invariably proved its very great adaptation for steam purposes, and its superiority over all other kinds under the ordinary Steam Boiler.

A short time since a small quantity of it was furnished to Mr. J. B. Baker, the Superintendent of the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad, with a view to have tested its adaption to use on locomotive engines.—The result of Mr. B's experiments, it seems are not less satisfactory than those heretofore made by other parties; its superiority over Anthracite as a steam-generating coal has been established, and admitted by a very large number of persons, and the result of the experiments made under the direction of Mr. Baker, prove it to excel for Locomotive use, any bituminous coal hitherto tried on the State Road. For the benefit of those of our readers who are interested in the coal productions of the State, we are permitted to copy the following letter and table* by Mr. B., which has been addressed to Mr. Lane, one of the Directors of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad Company:—[*Daily News.*

Columbia and Philadelphia Railroad,
November 2, 1855.

JAMES B. LANE, ESQ.—Dear Sir:—In the early part of October I received 13,000 pounds of semi-Bituminous coal you had forwarded from the Broad Top Coal Region, with the view of ascertaining whether the coal from that field was suitable fuel for locomotive engines. The accompanying table contains the result of the experiments made with it, and two other kinds of bituminous coal.

During the past year we have been using bituminous on many of our engines, exclusively, to great advantage when it could be obtained of suitable quality. No wood is required with Pittsburg coal, as with equal parts of Hollidaysburg mixed together—to use the former alone is rather too costly, and but part of the time only, can we get a supply of two kinds properly mixed. The two kinds mixed is preferable, and much more economical than Pittsburg.

Hollidaysburg coal cannot be used alone without using large quantities of wood, and then it is destructive to the grate bars. The kind of coal wanted by the railroad in the eastern part of this State is a bituminous, equal to Pittsburg for generating steam, and this quality, I think, the Broad Top Field contains, and if it can be furnished likewise which we resolved, there will be no economy in using Anthracite on any of the railroads east of the Allegheny mountains provided the Broad Top can be supplied at reasonable rates.

The coal was unloaded near our machine shops in Columbia, and it being discovered that it was so superior for blacksmith purposes, the smiths could not refrain from using some of it on their fires thus reducing the quantity to barely sufficient for an experiment; had there been enough for two trials, I would have had two experiments of each kind, which would have enabled me to report more satisfactorily. Different treatment; and the engineers never having used any Broad Top, I was fearful the fireman might not treat it properly, or use it to as good advantage, on the first trip, as he would have done on a second trial. The fireman was perfectly acquainted with the other kinds of coals, and they consequently had rather the advantage of the sample you sent me.

An experienced engineer, who has been useing coal for many years, Mr. Hays Smith, was placed on the engine, in addition to the regular engineer, to conduct the experiments, and it is his opinion that had they understood the nature of the coal before leaving Columbia, as they did when they permitted the fire to go down on approaching the other end of the road, several hundred pounds of coal would have been saved.

Until yesterday, I was of the opinion that Pittsburg coal could not be excelled for generating steam. The experiment proved the superiority of Broad Top, and places the former second on the list for steam purposes. Mr. Smith's statement is as follows:

"Broad Top coal made more steam and a more regular fire was obtained by it than from either of the other kinds; no poking or raking was required; no clinker was found and but a small quantity of ashes in the ash pan; the combustion of the coal was complete. Some clinker remained from the mixed coal, caused by the dirt in the Hollidaysburg coal, though none to injure the draft. No clinker from the Pittsburg.

"I prefer the Broad Top, such as we had, to Pistsburg, or to any coal I have ever used. I could not desire a better coal for a locomotive. The smoke from it is not near so dense or black as from Pittsburg. A few minutes after supplying the fire with fresh coal, very little smoke is observable and none when the valve is closed. With Pittsburg it is different; when the valve is closed a black smoke issues from the stack, as well as though the fire door. The steam guage can be kept at 130 pounds much more easily with it than with Pittsburg. The fire does not require as much watching and can be kept more regular, and lasts much longer than Pittsburg.

"The mixed coal is well adapted for locomotives; it is preferable to Pittsburg alone as a fire made with them lasts longer and more regular. Broad Top, compared with the mixed coal, is about equal for regularity of fire—though I would prefer Broad Top if in lumps or coarse coal. Broad Top acts on the fire more like wood than any coal I have ever used. When the valve was closed descending the grade to West Philadelphia, the steam guage continued at 130 pounds. On descending any of the grades the guage showed an increased pressure. Were not troubled with smoke from it at any time, it was as clear as a wood-fire."

The experiment proved the coal to be much better than I anticipated, as I was doubtful of it answering a good purpose by itself. If we could obtain a supply of this kind of coal, we would use it exclusively; wood only would be required to "fire up."

At the present cost of Hollidaysburg and Pittsburg coal, using them in equal parts, a trip costs $3,95 less than when Pittsburg alone is used.

It appears by our experiment that Pittsburg coal is equal to but 80 per cent of Broad Top, and the Broad Top is therefore 15 per cent better for generating steam than any Butuminous Coal in the State.

If it is possible to obtain six or eight tons more this month, I would give it another trial, as I desire to ascertain the comparative cost of wood with Hollidaysburg and Pittsburg mixed and Pittsburg alone, and Broad Top, if it can be obtained in time, and give the result in my Anual Report, in December.

Yours, very Respectfully,
J. B. BAKER,
Superintendent.

*The table omitted.