

A Bold Bank Robbery.

New York, Oct. 27.—Between 6 and 9 o'clock this morning, masked burglars entered the Manhattan Savings bank building, corner of Broadway and Bleeker street, and after handcuffing the janitor, made him, under threats of instant death, reveal the combination of the safe to them and deliver up the keys of the bank. They rifled the vault of presumably a large amount of money as, twenty tin boxes, known to have contained bills, were found on the floor quite empty. The building is a six story one, the bank occupying the ground floor with an entrance on both Broadway and Bleeker streets.

Wendel Kohlman keeps a barber shop in the basement under the bank and the janitor lives on the second floor. The barber opened his shop at thirty-five minutes past six o'clock. He says there was nothing unusual in the bank at that time. At twenty minutes past 9 o'clock he was startled by the appearance at the head of the basement stairs of the janitor, Louis Wetzel, white with fright and excitement, with his hands handcuffed tightly, and the key of the bank clutched between them. He was only half dressed and gasped "thieves, robbers, come and see." The barber accompanied him into the bank, and saw the door of the great vault wide open, and the floor littered with tin boxes all emptied of their contents. Burglars' tools were scattered in every direction. The barber notified the police and Superintendent Walling. Inspector Delk, Capt. Byrnes and Capt. Kieley were soon on the scene.

The doors, windows, and all means of access from without, were found intact and it was evident the thieves had entered by means of keys. Daniel Keely, night watchman, said he left his post at 6 o'clock A. M. and aroused the janitor as he was his custom, and left the building looking for the hall door after him. He left the corner at 6:10 A. M. and then everything was right and quiet.

A lithographer who does business on the upper floor says that at 6 o'clock he arrived at the building and found the entrance open and wondered at the carelessness of the watchman. He passed up stairs and met nobody and heard no noise or disturbance.

Janitor Wetzel created an unfavorable impression on cross-examination. He said that at ten minutes past 6, while he was dressing, seven masked men suddenly rushed into his room and handcuffed himself and his wife and demanded the keys of the bank. His mother-in-law, an old lady, who was present, screamed, when the burglars drew pistols and threatened instant death to any one who made a noise. They then carried him into the adjoining room and forced him to deliver the keys of the street doors. With these four of the party went down stairs, leaving three on guard in his room. Three hours passed and Wetzel heard a clock strike 9. Just then one of the men from down stairs returned, and after a whispered consultation they all went up. After he regained his courage he went down to the barber shop as described. Wetzel admitted to Supt. Walling that he had given the combination for unlocking the doors of the vault to robbers. He gave it under threats of instant death, but he failed to state how he got possession of the combination.

His wife corroborated his story of the attack, but said there were only five men in the party.

Mr. Lent, a Broadway merchant, passed the bank soon after 7 o'clock and saw a young man dusting the shelves and desks inside. It is supposed this was one of the burglars endeavoring to make things look as usual. Officers Van Norton and Tulley said they looked through the bank window between 6 and 7 o'clock and all was quiet. The vault can be seen from the street.

Inside the main doors of the safe vault, the burglars found a space with shelves, upon which were tin boxes filled with jewelry, silverware or valuable papers. These they emptied. They overlooked one box on the back shelf containing \$50,000 in valuables, the property of Edward Schell, president of the bank. The open space, six feet between the main door of the vault and the door of the inner safe, gave the burglars ample space to work in. They pried open one compartment, obtaining \$11,000 in small bills. They next forced the bottom drawer, but got nothing of value therefrom. The wedges were found in the upper compartments, which they were trying to force when they were evidently disturbed. A dozen drills, a sledge hammer, three sectional jimmies, and other tools were found scattered around.

The officers of the bank admit that the janitor possessed the combination to the vault. It was given him by the safe company, so that he could take out the books and make ready for business.

The officers of the bank are Edward Schell, president and treasurer; C. F. Alvord, secretary.

The following is the list of stolen securities: The Manhattan Savings institution was on the morning of Sunday, the 27th of October, 1878, robbed of securities to the amount of \$2,757,700, of which \$2,505,700 were registered in the name of the institution and not negotiable, and \$185,000 are made payable to it, and \$73,000 are in coupon bonds, and \$11,000 in cash. For the purpose of preventing the loss to depositors, it is deemed advisable that no payment be made without sixty days notice as provided by the laws of the institution.

EDWARD SCHELL, President.

CHARLES F. ALVORD, Secretary.

The following is a list of stolen securities: United States 5's of 1881, registered, eight of \$50,000 each, numbers 155, 166, 643, to 646, 737 and 738; ten of \$10,000, numbers 13,456 to 13,465, inclusive. Total, \$500,000. United States 6's of 1881, registered, twenty of \$10,000 each, numbers 9,276 to 9,295, inclusive. Total, \$200,000.

United States 10-40 bonds, registered, sixty of \$10,000 each, Nos. 8,744 to 8,763 and 18,903 to 18,942 inclusive. Total, \$600,000.

United States 4 per cents, registered, thirty of \$10,000 each, Nos. 1,970 to 2,000 inclusive. Total, \$300,000.

United States 5-20's of July, 1865, \$48,000, twenty-six of \$500; No. 82,006, 82,144, 82,145, 84,303, 85,046, 85,107, 86,080, 86,943, 87,475, 89,707, 89,728, 93,319, 90,419, 93,043, 93,170, 94,577, 97,928, 97,933, 99,570, 97,976, 101,110, 102,732, 102,908, 103,421, 105,039, 106,030; twenty-five of \$1,000, Nos. 152,410, 152,411, 153,986, 154,410, 157,844, 161,662, 163,159, 165,120, 165,167, 166,794, 166,821, 169,044, 169,747, 171,939, 172,543, 172,544, 173,052, 173,784, 173,785, 175,642, 178,050, 181,791, 187,141, 194,439, 194,597, 194,742, 199,678, 212,292, 202,897, 207,085, 218,069, 208,746, 208,828, 209,419, 209,686, \$35,000.

New York State sinking fund, gold 6's, registered, No. 32, \$30,000.

New York City Central park fund, stock certificate No. 724, registered, \$29,700.

New York county courthouse, stock, No. 2, 6 per cent, registered, certificates: No. 4, \$10,000; certificate No. 23, \$35,000; certificate No. 24, \$5,000; certificate No. 32, \$10,000; certificate No. 33, \$47,000; certificate No. 39, \$95,000. Total, \$202,000.

New York city accumulated 7 per cent, bonds, registered, two of \$100,000 each, Nos. 1 and 2, due 1886; one of \$50,000, No. 1, due 1887.

New York city improvement stock, 7 per cent, registered, in certificates of \$20,000 each, No. 1 to 10 inclusive. Total, \$200,000. New York city revenue bonds, registered, \$200,000.

Yonkers City 7 per cent, bonds, 118 of \$1,000 each, No. 223 to 242, 251 to 273, 281 to 310, 311 to 340, and 531 to 550, all inclusive, \$118,000.

Brooklyn City Water loan coupon bonds, 25 of \$1,000 each, No. 2,167 to 2,171, inclusive, \$25,000.

East Nesterton bonds, fifty of \$1,000, Nos. 27 to 75 inclusive, \$50,000.

All of said bonds, etc., are registered except the \$48,000 5-20 bonds of July, 1865, and the Brooklyn City Water loan coupon bonds.

VINCENNES, Ind., Oct. 27.—A strict search made of a farm house, outbuildings, etc., where the Voelkel murder was committed, in hopes to find more definite evidence, resulted in finding \$75 tied in a stocking and hid in the bottom of a barrel standing in the room where the murdered boy and Provost, the suspected murderer, slept. This is believed to be the money received by Voelkel the day before the murder. The jury brought in a verdict holding Perre Provost for the murder. Excepting this, no other developments have been made.

CREMATING HIS WIFE.
New York, Oct. 27.—James McGloin, 115 Mulberry street, was arrested this evening, charged with attempting to burn up his wife, Mary. She was in bed from injuries received at his hands, and coming in drunk, he set fire to the bedding with matches. The woman rushed into the streets enveloped in flames, which were with difficulty extinguished. Her injuries are considered fatal.

THE COMMISSARIAT.

Annual Report of Commissary General Macfeely to the War Department.

The annual report of Commissary General Macfeely has been submitted to the secretary of war. It shows that the total amount disbursed for subsistence stores during the fiscal year ended June 30 last was \$3,510,551, of which \$1,011,747 was reimbursed by sales of stores to officers and enlisted men; \$31,824 was paid by the interior department for supplies furnished to Indians; \$73,843 was collected for tobacco sold to enlisted men, and the balance was furnished to the department by the Congressional appropriation. Gen. Macfeely urgently recommends that the appropriations by Congress should be made sufficiently large to enable the department to purchase all supplies for cash, and should be rendered available from the date of the passage of the act, so as to admit of the purchase and shipment of supplies for distant posts early in the spring, and thus avoid the loss in transporting meats, etc., in the hot months of June and July. Referring to the complaints made from time to time that stores were not purchased in the neighborhood of the posts, where they were to be consumed, the commissary general says investigation has shown that in most, if not all, cases where this course has been pursued, it has been done for the reason that stores of a proper quality could not be procured as economically in the vicinity of the posts as from other points. The number of contracts made by officers of the commissary department during the year was over 26,000.

From tables accompanying the report it appears that there was a marked decline in the cost of the components of the army ration during the past year as compared with the preceding twelve months, and the estimates for appropriations were reduced accordingly. The policy of furnishing the supplies for short periods has been continued with satisfactory results, and the amount of accumulated stores condemned has been very small, amounting to less than \$23,200. The cost value of the rations issued to yellow fever sufferers since the 15th of August last (up to the 7th inst.) is stated at \$24,649. The department has furnished supplies for Indians to the amount of about \$48,000 in excess of reimbursements from the interior department. Referring to the statements made by the board of Indian peace commissioners, and reiterated in Congress, that the purchase of beef and flour by the Indian service at some points is at less than the cost of the same supplies purchased for the army, Gen. Macfeely denies that the articles purchased were of the same grades. In the course of his remarks on this subject, he says:

"I know of but one reason why the subsistence department can purchase supplies cheaper than the Indian department, and that is that its stores are, as a general rule, laid for when delivered, while the stores delivered to the Indian department are not paid for until the accounts are sent to the Indian commissioner in Washington, thus causing a considerable time to elapse between the delivery of stores and date of payment. With this condition of affairs eliminated, I know of no reason why the subsistence department should be able to purchase supplies of the same class and quality cheaper than the Indian department, but I certainly can see no reason why it cannot purchase them as cheaply, and I believe that it has in all cases done so, provided the stores which were contracted for were delivered."

The commissary general recommends that the present limitation of sixteen ounces per month as the maximum amount of tobacco that may be furnished to enlisted men, and charged against their pay rolls, be enlarged to twenty-four ounces, as it appears that a majority of them desire to purchase more than they are now allowed thus to obtain. The modifications in the army ration authorized last year, it is stated, have given general satisfaction. It has been proposed that cheese should form a portion of the authorized ration for general issue, but on account of the difficulty of procuring cheese of good quality and at a reasonable price, which will keep for such a length of time as is desirable for an article of ordinary issue, the commissary general has not yet deemed it proper to recommend compliance with the suggestion. He refers, however, to the fact that Gov. Seymour has offered a premium for a form and quality of cheese which will be best fitted for the use of the army (to be exhibited at the Utica fair this month), and says: "Should it be found that a cheese of good quality, which will keep a sufficient length of time for ordinary issue to the army, can be made and sold at a reasonable price, I am of opinion that it would be advisable to add cheese to the components of the army ration."

IN FAVOR OF A TRANSFER.

Gen. Crooks on the Proposed Transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department.

The following is the substance of Gen. Crooks' testimony before the Congressional committee on the transfer of the Indian bureau:

Senator Saunders—Do you think the transfer of the Indian bureau to the war department would insure better management than the present system?

Gen. Crooks—Unquestionably it would.

Senator Saunders—Why do you think so?

Gen. Crooks—One reason is that rewards and punishments should follow immediately in order that the Indians may understand them. It is necessary that the authority should have the power and force to back its decisions and for this reason both branches of the agency should be in the same hands. The present management is like having two captains on board ship—sure to cause trouble. In Oregon, where I first entered

the Indian service, there were as wild Indians along the Pacific as there are in any part of the country now—a-days. I bring to mind two tribes who happened to fall into good hands, and to-day scarcely a farming community in the country is more industrious and thrifty, more well behaved and law abiding than they are. One of these tribes is the Simoes, and the other the Warm Springs.

Congressman Hooker—Do you think that religious instruction should be introduced among the Indians or could properly be?

Gen. Crooks—I think so. The great mistake made is to commence administering to their spiritual wants before securing their physical wants. An Indian whose whole life is given to the problem how to live and how to protect himself from the the aggressions of others wants something more than mere assurances of the benefits arising from adopting our religion. It is hard to get an Indian to adopt our religion on an empty stomach. An Indian would have poor opinion of a God who couldn't keep his belly full.

A Senator—What do you think of the necessity of breaking up the tribal relations of the Indians?

Gen. Crooks—The Indians in this department are anxious to have farms and own them in severalty, and have them fenced off—something that they cannot be deprived of, and which they feel that they own themselves. When an Indian can have his little house and farm, and his cows, pigs, chickens, etc.,—something that will insure his future—something that he can call his own, it will do more than all other things together toward breaking up his tribal relations. When the Indian's future is secure, he will care little what the opinion of his chief is, or whether he has any chief. You might as well try to break up a flock of sheep by an order as the Indians. It is their great desire for the most part to have some provisions made for their families. The Indians complain that they may die and leave their families "on the world." They like to be provided for like the white people, and have the feeling that when they die their families will be provided for.

Senator Saunders—Should the Indians be made self-sustaining?

Gen. Crooks—Unquestionably they should. I see no reason why any portion of them cannot.

Senator Saunders—Is it practical?

Gen. Crooks—I think it is.

Gen. McCrary—Of the Indian outbreaks what proportion do you think is due to dishonest contractors and agents?

Gen. Crooks—Fully ninety-nine one hundredths could be traced to that source and to the bad faith generally with them.

A Husband's Hobby.

From the Alta California.

Mr. Waite is a model husband—that is to say, in a good many respects. He neither drinks, smokes nor chews, stays home at evenings, never gambles and gives his wife all the money that she wants. It is said that all men have some idiosyncrasy or hobby. Mr. Waite has his. It is a deep-rooted mania for auction sales and buying articles of every description, a la Toodles, without regard as to whether they will ever be of any practical or imaginary use to him. As long as he gets them at a bargain, he is satisfied. A good joke about this peculiarity of his was related to me the other evening by a friend of his. Mr. Waite went on to an auction sale of a dealer in sporting goods. He bought 200 dumb-bells at twenty cents a pair and carried them home in triumph. He stored them in the cellar, where they remained for six months or so. Mrs. Waite got tired of seeing them occupying so much space, especially as she wanted the cellar for some purpose of her own. So, imagining that her husband had forgotten all about his novel acquisition, she sold the dumb-bells for a mere song to an auctioneer. That evening Mr. Waite returned home with a hand-cart. His face was flushed, but triumphant.

"What have you got in the hand-cart my dear?" asked Mrs. Waite.

"Dumb-bells, darling."

"What?"

"Dumb-bells. Bought two hundred pairs at thirty cents a pair. Paid more for them than for the others I got, but you know it will never do to let the price of dumb-bells drop."

Mrs. Waite took one look at the articles. Her worst fears were realized. They were the same old dumb-bells that she had sold in the morning. Mr. Waite had chanced to be in attendance at the sale where they had been offered, and had bought them at one-third advance over the price he had first paid for them.

Seals and Whales.

Orkney game includes seals which have their favorite haunts, such as the Wire Skerries and the Kilns of Brinnovan in Rousay, and it requires as much skill to bag them as to stalk a red deer on the corries of the Highlands. The seal is about as amphibious as a beaver, and the rapidity with which it "slides" off rocks into the water, on the approach of danger, is highly creditable to the promptitude and agility of this very queer fish. Whale-hunting as well as seal shooting must also be numbered among Orkadian sports. In the autumn season great "draves" of bottle-nosed or ca'ing whales, often 300 or 400 strong come down among the islands in pursuit of the herring shoals; and the visitor may consider himself highly fortunate if he is enabled to take part in the exciting chase. Hundreds of the island boats, some speeding under sail, some propelled by oars, follow in the wake of the shoal, the efforts of the boatmen being directed to drive the whales, if possible, into the shallows of sandy bays, where they fall an easy prey to the destroyers, who are armed with harpoons, ware forks, three-pronged "graipe," and any other lethal weapons which come to a point. There is a regular battue when some hundred or two of bottle-noses are driven ashore by the pursuing fleet of small boats. The tourists will find this sport decidedly more entertaining, as well as novel, than wandering over the bounding moors and heathy hill-sides, gun over shoulder, in search of snipe or plover, rabbit or hare.—London Society.

Days of My Youth.

Days of my youth, ye have glided away: Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray: Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;

Cheeks of my youth, you are furrowed all o'er: Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone: Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions have flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall: Hairs of my youth I'm content ye shall fall: Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen: Cheeks of my youth, bath'd in tears you have been;

Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray: Strength of my youth, why lament your decay? Days of my age, ye will shortly be past; Pains of my age, yet awhile ye can last; Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight; Eyes of my age, be religion your light; Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;

Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God! —St. George Tucker.

THRILLING SCENES BY RAIL.

Thirty Years as a Baggage-Master on the Erie Road.

"In the fall of 1849 I commenced running baggage on the New York and Erie Railway," said Mr. John Camp, one of the oldest through baggage-men in the company's employ, in conversation with the writer at the Erie depot, foot of Chambers street, "and a rough time we had of it, too. Railroading was at that period in its infancy, the steam locomotive was a new thing, and was everywhere regarded as one of the wonders of invention. Doing away with, as it did, the old tedious stage lines, and making the distance in far less time, with none of the inconveniences of the early methods of conveyance, it was, of course, generally attractive.

"But still, when I look back and compare our old cabooses, small wood burning engines, rickety cars and cheap rails with these modern coaches and solid locomotives, comfortable cars, heavy steel rails and reliable air brakes, I am as much astonished at the improvements as people were at the first invention. You see, we had no reliable arrangement in the matter of brakes, and these terrible old machines used for that purpose were simply a chain worked at each end by a sort of wheel, which, when turned by strong exertion, pressed a block of iron made to fit the face of the wheel, tightly against it, similar to a like construction on a heavy wagon. Well, the boys detested these brakes, which were a dangerous thing to handle by an inexperienced man, with the train going at full speed. More than one poor fellow has received his death, from the breaking of the chain while operating these bungling machines. In the absence of a brake of that day, the boys used to call them the 'Armstrong Brake,' which was well applied, as it required a full amount of muscle and nerve to operate them."

"I began running from New York, by way of Piermont, before the road was open to Suffern's. We used to transfer passengers and baggage up the Hudson River to Piermont from our old depot, which was located at the foot of Duane street, on two boats owned by the company, and from that place westward by rail. The completion of the road down through New Jersey is of more recent date. After a few months the road was opened to Elmira, and thence up to Jefferson (now Watkins) at the foot of Seneca Lake, and our traffic was transferred from that place by boat to Geneva and on to Buffalo. The year after we ran to Hornellsville, and about 1851, or thereabouts, we reached Dunkirk, then the western terminus.

"I think that the section from Port Jervis to Deposit was about the worst and most dangerous of any in the country, being either cut in the rocks cliffs overlooking the river, where in case of a slight accident the whole train would be hurled down the precipice fully 100 feet to the bottom, forming water, or, laid through the low woodland marshes, clear down to the river's level. It was in these high cuts that the danger of rocks on the track was most feared. A slight rain or the moistening of the ground occasioned by the frost leaving it in the spring of the year, would start a large rock, which would fall to the track, and should a train collide with it in the night, the chances were in favor of a wholesale slaughter.

"From Lackawanna to Hancock we were pretty near down to the low water mark, and with a slight freshet our track was subject to being washed out for a long distance, thus requiring a great deal of watchfulness and repairs, and in each case of such a washout I have known trains to be blocked for a day or two. This was the most agreeable thing in the world to be thus delayed, and not a house within ten miles of the spot. Perhaps more accidents have occurred on this division than any other two divisions combined, and it is a wonder to me that we have not all been hurled into eternity. From Deposit to Susquehanna it is up and down hill, the grade running for eight miles on each side of the summit at a slope of 60 feet to the mile. Along the section was the old Cascade Bridge familiar to tourists as the highest structure of this kind in the State, and which being washed out was subsequently filled in with gravel, over a stone culvert, making a yawning ravine on either side fully 100 feet deep. Along the Susquehanna and Chemung Valleys the road is good, the scenery through this section is not surpassed for picturesqueness throughout the State, and hundreds of dwellings and farms dot the hillsides and valleys, with here and there a neat little village. The principal stations on this division are Binghamton, Owego and Elmira. In those early days Owego was the largest and most thriving of any, and was connected by a horse railroad with Ithaca; but time's changes have more favored Elmira and Binghamton, until in fact they have far advanced beyond their sister-village. The road was in fair condition the remainder of the way to Dunkirk.

"Our cars were a rather poor affair compared with the palace drawing-room and hotel coaches, but people were just as comfortable then seated in an old box car with small windows on a side as those on the improved plan. The engines were of a smaller pattern than the heavy coal-burners at present in use, and though not as strong, were capable of pulling quite a load. Sometimes, in case of delay, our wood supply would run out, and then the whole force on the train was obliged to turn out and cut enough wood to enable us to make the nearest station.

"In the matter of baggage, where now a spacious new Saratoga or an ornamental canvas-covered ruset is a necessity, an old painted wooden chest, with iron handles, was usual, while a hair-trunk and a carpet-bag seemed a luxury. There were no 'baggage smashers' then; they came with modern improvements. Our baggage-cars were simply ordinary box-cars, painted yellow, with a door on each end, and a window and door on the sides; the platforms were without railings. But very few of these cars had even a stove in them, and were decidedly uncomfortable, being too hot in summer and very cold in winter. A ride of thirty or forty miles in the dead of winter, and not even time to run into the coach to get warm! Isn't it a cheerful thought? But such was our business, and such was railroad twenty-five years ago.

"Speaking of accidents, I will give you an account of a few. Among the many such I mention to you a railroad men there was one which most impressed me, and which happened to the train on which I was running at Deposit, in the winter of 1852, I think. We were eastward bound, and while stopping for

dinner at this place, the scene occurred. I had scarcely seated myself at the table in the dining-room, before there was heard a great yelling and shouting among the crowd on the train and at the station. It was useless to ask the cause of this sudden outbreak, as in a heat of excitement nobody seemed to know anything. Upon rushing out I soon discovered a freight train coming at a frightful speed down the grade from the summit, and that she must run into us. It was but the work of a moment; she couldn't stop; we had no time to get out. On she crashed, colliding with terrible force with the rear of our train, and making a complete wreck of everything. As soon as the passengers became aware of the approaching danger there was a general panic in that train; each one struggling with the other to reach the door, and consequently the loss of life was large. A party of Mohawk Indians were in the rear car, and being ignorant of this sudden outbreak and unable to understand its meaning, ran hither and thither, some jumping out of the doom d car and others rushing into the forward cars. Among them was a young squaw the brightest-looking Indian I ever saw—who ran for the forward platform of the rear car, which she succeeded in reaching just as the train crashed into it. So sudden was the jar that she was thrown upon the track, directly across the rails, and her head was severed from her body.

We gathered up the remains, placed them in a box and gave them in charge of her friends. She was buried in Owego, where through the influence of the late Judge C. P. Avery of that place, a large and elaborate monument of white marble was erected, with this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Sa-sa-na-ot, by birth a Child of the Forest, by adoption a Child of God." Here her people come every year and pay respect to the memory of their lamented sister. In a quiet corner of Evergreen Cemetery, at that place, stands the "Indian Girl's Monument," familiar to every one in the Susquehanna Valley; its lone and seemingly sad seclusion in its shady reserve upon the mountain overlooking river and railroad, and the bit of romance connected with it, making it attractive to all visitors at Owego—once the home of N. P. Willis, the poet. On the same train was a little girl between 12 and 15 years of age, journeying from Great Bend to her home in Otisville. She had been at the head to attend the funeral of her aunt, who was buried on the preceding day. She too, was in the rear car, and in the excitement and panic which prevailed, she was thrown from the train. With a terrible crash the engine of the freight train forced its way into the rear end of the car, filling it full of scalding steam which emanated from the boiler of the locomotive. With the sudden jar the girl must have been thrown to the floor, and was there scalded to a frightful mass, so intense was the heat of the steam. As soon as possible the car was forced open and the body of the poor unfortunate, who was still alive and suffering from her scalds, was removed to more comfortable quarters. So terrible was the effect of the hot vapor that in her removal, though every possible care and attention was given, the flesh would peel off her body with the merest touch.

In this painful trial she exhibited the most wonderful patience, and was conscious of her condition to the end. After we had got her in a more agreeable position she gave a brief account of herself, with her name and place of residence. The fortitude and meekness she displayed I have never seen equaled. Without a murmur, and with a smile of gentle peace and resignation, calm as the departing day, she passed away within an hour after her recovery from the wreck. I have thought of this sad sight a thousand times, and as often have I fervently thanked God that, as yet no child of mine had ever met such a fate. It is sad to witness the decease of a strong man, or to assemble at the death-bed of departing friends, but to see a young, beautiful maiden, just verging into a happy womanhood, thus cut off is fearful.

"One night about 11 o'clock we left Port Jervis on time, bound westward. It was in the spring of the year, the weather was bad, rain had been pouring down incessantly the whole day long, and I did not like the prospect ahead. Dark! you couldn't see your hand before your face—and we were running along those rocks and cliffs at about thirty miles an hour. To tell the truth, I was uneasy in mind regarding the safety of the trip.

A horrid, dismal feeling, such as I have never experienced before or since, seemed to creep over me, notwithstanding my endeavors to shake it off with the idea that it was simply nervousness. Hurrying through with my work, and after a close inspection to see that all was right within, I lit a cigar, and repairing to the smoking-car, seated myself by the stove. Scarcely five minutes afterward, and hardly before I had time to direct my thoughts from the mental gloom from which I was suffering, there came a shrill short whistle, known to the boys as a signal of danger, followed by a series of crashes, a rattle jar, and then a long and awful silence. With the next I then a long and awful silence. With the next I rushed out to see what was the trouble. There was the engine cut loose from the train lying upon its side, nearly parallel with the track, close up to the rocks, while my car was precipitated over the cliff into the river, about thirty feet down. It appears that a large rock had fallen to the track, and as the front of the locomotive struck it she glanced to the left, and turned over on her side, while the baggage-car, following next, had glanced in the opposite direction, broke her coupling, and came clean down the bank. The fireman was killed outright while the engine was hurled out of the forward car-window to the track, and the boiler of the engine came down upon him resting upon his legs and hips. His name, I think, was Talloman—a good fellow, too—and there he lay with about twelve tons of red-hot iron crushing him to the ground.

We had no 'jack-screws or derricks to prop or raise the engine with, and were alone on the rocky cut in the middle of the night, with nothing on earth to rescue or relieve the poor fellow with. His sufferings for the few awful minutes which preceded his death were fearful to contemplate. 'Oh, save me! here, with an expression of painful horror and desperate agony. 'For God's sake, if you are men help me! I don't care if I lose my legs, only save me from this terrible death. My wife and child will starve. Oh, God! this killing me!' An 'there he moaned away his life, while, perhaps, his dearer ones at home were awaiting with eager expectancy his welcome return. Powerless as we were to save, it was a period of horror for us strong and willing men to witness this sight. Not until morning could the wreck be removed, and then a large corps of trackmen and laborers were obliged to clear the track. Those are about the worst accidents I have ever witnessed. I had five dogs with me when we left the Port, and up a going down to the car I found those canines as healthy and frisky as you could wish, barking lustily as they saw me approach, and not a hair singed or scratch upon them. Funny, wasn't it? My residence is in Owego, and I make the entire trip from New York to Buffalo twice a week, having every other Sunday off in New York. Our road is now in a condition second to none in the country—road-beds smooth, rails solid, and reputation as a trunk line unexcelled. In the Erie of to-day there remains not a vestige of the clumsy contrivances which all new railroads then possessed.

It is a lamentable fact that a piece of pastboard with a verse on it, given as a reward of merit in a Sabbath-school, has not half the charm for a boy as the same sized piece of pastboard with the simple talismanic words, 'Admit one.'