

thoroughly able, practical, and energetic set of men can not be found.

The general superintendent of the company in Carbondale, its financier, &c., is James Archibald, Esq., who is *de facto*, by common consent, mayor, council, and police of Carbondale! The vigor and sagacity of this man—the perfect confidence which all entertain of his strict justice and extraordinary ability, give him an unbounded influence, and it is an influence, if the public voice may be credited, wielded only for good. James Clarkson, Esq., superintendent of the mines, is emphatically of the same vigorous stamp—a man of great strong muscles of mind and body! The assistant superintendents are Alexander Bryden, Mr Hossie, and Mr Harris. All the officers are Scotchmen, except the last named, who is a Welshman. Hossie is the individual who was long imprisoned in the mine at the time of the great 'fall,' a few months since, and the narrative of whose perils and final escape, seems more like the creation of a disturbed dream than sober verities. Alexander Bryden it was who performed such prodigies of heroism in rescuing the men shut in at the same time. As few seem to have any very distinct impression of the nature of the accident, or of the character of this most daring achievement, I will repeat some of the principal incidents as I learned them from the mouths of Bryden himself, Mr Clarkson and Mr Hossie.

A point of the mine had begun to 'work,' in miners' phrase, that is, to crack and give indications of an approaching 'fall,' some days prior to the catastrophe. But it ultimately came sooner and extended over a much larger space, than was anticipated. Bryden was at the pump-house, and observing an unusual commotion at the mouth of the mines, proceeded to ascertain the cause of it. Men 'whispered with white lips' of some terrible disaster, but no one could give him any intelligible account of it. He entered one of the galleries, and soon met three men, who informed him that a portion of the mines had fallen in, and that they had left behind sixteen or eighteen men, who were already crushed, or shut out forever from the light of day. They besought him to retire, as there was no hope or possibility of rescuing their comrades. The gallant Scotchman hesitated not one instant. He flew along the passages, the roar and crash of the splitting and grinding rocks every moment sounding in his ears. He reached the verge of the 'fall.' The superincumbent mountain was heaving and rending, as if an earthquake were tearing its rocky strata. Vast masses of slate were detaching themselves, and falling into the passages, with reports like the loudest thunder. Into these choked passages amid the falling rocks, the noble hearted Scotchman rushed on. The passage is entirely closed—no—the huge slabs have fallen so as to leave a narrow opening in the angle formed by the floor and one of the sides of the gallery. On his hands and knees he creeps on. Now the opening has diminished so that he absolutely forces his way along with his hands and feet, lying nearly prostrate on his face!

About a mile from the mouth of the mine, he found the eighteen men, in a gallery or heading where there was solid coal all about them, and oh joy of joys! his own son was among them! The boy had already manifested something of the stern resolve of his sire. One of the three fugitives who had escaped, and whom those left in the mine supposed had perished, had proposed to attempt to take out a horse with him, which was also in the gallery where the men were congregated. 'Leave him,' said the boy—'we shall have need of him.' He was already coolly looking death by starvation in the face!

Bryden was on the point of leading out the men when he learned that another lay wounded in a chamber four to five hundred feet off, in the most dangerous part of the 'fall.' Was it his brother—was it his bosom friend—was it a wealthy or influential man, who might advance his rescuer's interests, who lay there helpless, to die a miserable death? He was a common laborer—a poor Irishman. Bryden had satisfied, nay more than satisfied, the calls of duty and humanity. If the love of praise had stimulated him, (which it had not,) he had earned enough. If the father had felt a premonition that he might be struggling for his child, that child was found. The man was badly very badly wounded, and might only be carried out to die. Was he not bound now to take heed for his own safety—to lead and guard his own recovered son back through the perilous path? Not this did that great heart commune with itself. With a word of indignant censure to the men for not bearing their wounded comrade with themselves to the gallery where he found them, he pointed out their path, bade them escape, and then turning back entered a path more perilous and difficult than his preceding one. He hears the chamber. A cry from the wounded and prostrate man, who described his advancing light, brings him to his sight. Mangled and helpless he could not stand, and shrieked with pain as he was lifted up. When placed on Bryden's back, he had not even strength to hold himself on. The former placing the flaccid arms of the wounded man around his neck, and crossing on his breast, grasped them with one hand, his miner's lamp with the other and thus commencing retracing his steps! For rods he bore him on his hands and knees, and could not be clambered over, he partially dragged him, and the man who was now somewhat revived, partially assisted himself! Thus through perils which no man can appreciate, who had not strode through those gloomy caverns, he bore him a full mile—bore him to the

light of day and to safety! What is the bravery of the warrior, excited by the hope of glory.

—the neighing steed and the shrill trumpet The spirit stirring drum, the ear piercing life, The royal banner; and all quality. Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,

to the disinterested heroism of this act! The Romans awarded a *civic crown*, the highest military reward, to him who saved the life of a citizen. 'He who bore it took his seat next to the Senators in the theatre, and these haughty warriors and sages rose up, and the assembled people of Rome rose up to honor him as he entered. Shall no testimonial perpetuate the memory of an act by which the lives of eighteen American citizens were saved from peril more imminent than that of the battle field, or any of those ordinary casualties, where man risks his life for his fellow man?

Alexander Bryden is about forty-five years of age. His form though well knit and sinewy, betokens no extraordinary physical power. A placid grey eye, a well arched nose, curling locks of light brown escaping under the Scotch cap—intonations of voice modulated to 'more than woman's mildness'—a reserved, modest, and entirely unassuming demeanor, are external traits which would strike any observer: and perhaps few would see, under this unpretending exterior, the man who could do and dare what he has done and dared. But there is a firmness in those gentle tones, a deep earnestness and truthfulness—a quiet but unwavering decision—an utter merging of self—a gushing tenderness of feeling, which pervade the whole man, which would lead the deeper analyst of character to expect the legitimate manifestations of those united traits. A high sense of duty and overflowing humanity, it was, and was alone, which prompted his heart and his hand in that dreadful hour.

Bryden, I need not say is an intelligent, reading man. A mile from the light of day, on the edge of the 'fall,' we talked of and quoted Burns, (eight miles from whose birth place, and in the same country—Ayrshire—Bryden was born;) and with the gigantic vegetation of pre-Adamite ages over our heads, he and Clarkson and I discussed the theories of Buckland, and Lyell, and the 'Vestiges of Creation.'

The escape of Hossie, who was for two days and nights shut in mines without food or light, has already been pretty fully and accurately recounted to the public. He is a plain, pleasant appearing young man—of from thirty to thirty-five years of age—filled to the full, as the facts accompanying his escape amply prove, with Scottish nerve and Scotch forecast. The most determined efforts were made to save him, but while Clarkson and Bryden and many a bold heart sought him in danger, he had escaped to a place of comparative safety in the unbroken chambers of the mines. For two hours he was buried to his middle, by a mass of rubbish which caught him in one of the passages he was digging through! Another convulsion lifted up the mass, and relieved him! I alluded to the terrifying circumstances in which he was placed. He said that he felt no fear until he emerged from the mouth of the mine in safety.—'then he did have, and has often since had, a feeling of dread to creep over him in thinking of them.' He represents the reports when the rock strata above the mine split and gave way, as absolutely deafening—louder than the loudest thunder.

Eight dead bodies were taken out, and six—five men with families, and one the only son of a widow—were left in. The Company expended large sums in attempting to rescue them, and finally to recover their bodies—made every effort that propriety or humanity could dictate—and gave not over the search until the nearest relatives of the deceased surrendered all hope of discovering them. And what reck it, that the sleep where their 'life aches' ended? Is not a mountain as good a monument as a hillock in the graveyard!

The 'fall' extended over about forty acres, and strange as it may seem, though there is only from one to two hundred feet of earth, rocks, &c., above, (I here speak from recollection, having made no minute of the fact on the spot,) there are no external traces of it, excepting at one edge. The fallen chambers being mostly exhausted of coal, will, of course never be re-excavated. In fact, all the old chambers, as the wooden props rot away, gradually fill up with the falling masses of slate.

COPPER ROCK.

A letter addressed to the *Detroit Advertiser* gives the following account of a most remarkable natural production.—'You undoubtedly have heard of the enormous copper rock at Eagle Harbour location; pronounced by Dr. Pett the great grandfather of all the rocks of this kind—estimating its weight at from 75 to 100 tons. A brief description by an eye witness may be interesting to your readers. At Eagle Harbour, commencing at the shore of the lake is an open cut 12 feet wide, 85 feet long, 7 to 8 feet deep, in which is found this enormous mass of copper. The sheet which is 90 per cent. pure copper, is in the centre, running the entire length of the cut—varying in thickness from 6 inches to 2 feet,—having branches of from one to two inches in thickness shooting from it east and west, and varying in length from one to two feet. The interstices are filled with sand and trap rock, charged with native copper—say 50 to 75 per cent; also small masses of crystallised marcasite or

spar, filled with what has the appearance of copper filings—being quite rich. This is what is called the copper rock—as unlike a rock as possible. It looks more like a large tree that had fallen and turned to metal, with this exception, that its depth is not in proportion. Large detached masses of native copper, weighing from 50 lbs. to 300 lbs. are taken from alongside of this sheet; and the vein stone up to the wall rock is richly charged with copper in its native state.

From Neil's Gazette.

CLINGING TO EARTH.

Oh! do not let me die! the earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
True, heaven is holier, all replete with light—
But I am frail, and with frail things would dwell.
I cannot die; the flowers of earthly love
Shed their rich fragrance on a kindred heart;
There may be purer, brighter ones above—
Yet with these flowers 'twould be too hard to part.

I dream of heaven, and well I love those dreams;
They scatter sunlight on my varying way;
But 'mid the clouds of earth are priceless gleams
Of brightness; and on earth, oh, let me stay!
It is not that my lot is void of gloom,
That sadness never circles round my heart;
Nor that I fear the darkness of the tomb,
That I would never from the earth depart.

'Tis that I love the world; its cares, its sorrows,
Its bounding hopes, its feelings fresh and warm,
Each cloud it wears, and every light it borrows
Loves, wishes, fears, the sunshine and the storm—
I love them all; but closer still the loving
Twine with my being's cords and make my life;
And while within this sunlight I am moving,
I well can bide the storms of worldly strife.
Then do not let me die! for earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
Heaven is a land of holiness and light—
Yet I am frail, and with the frail would dwell.

New Works.

A GOOD ANECDOTE WELL APPLIED.

An Indian and a Kentuckian once made an agreement to hunt in company, and divide equally the game which they might chance to kill. Unfortunately, a crow and a wild turkey were all they shot. 'Well,' said the Kentuckian, at the end of the day, 'as we are to divide equally, you take the crow, and I'll take the turkey; and I'll take the turkey, and you take the crow.' 'How's that?' inquired the Indian. The Kentuckian in rapid accents repeated his proposal, to which the Indian, after a blank puzzled look, consented, but with remark:—'It sounds all very fair; but, somehow or other, you always get the turkey, and I always get the crow.' This is an admirable illustration of the mode, not only in which the Americans have dealt with the Indians, but in which the aristocracy in all countries and ages deal with the people. Everywhere the cunning and the strong have leagued with the mass, under pretence of achieving the common good, but with the secret object of securing merely their own. They have put themselves at the head of nations, with the proposal to divide equally the benefits accruing from this partnership, but they have invariably contrived to keep the turkey, and put off the poor bamboozled people with the crow.—*Hampden's History of the English Aristocracy.*

DIFFUSION OF THE BIBLE.

In recent times the Bible has been gradually spread in the vernacular tongue over the civilised world, mainly through the influence of the English nation, which, borrowing light and impulse from Luther and his German associates, has enjoyed the high privilege and distinction of communicating to mankind the word of life. It is, however, within the last century, and since the foundation of the British and Foreign Bible Society (in 1780,) that the great diffusion of this sacred book has been effected. At the present day, Christians of all denominations and of all ranks are engaged with one heart in spreading the records of divine truth. 'In 1804,'—we cite the words of the present Bishop of Chester,—'the word of God was accessible to one-fifth of the great family of mankind; through the medium of about forty translations. It is now accessible to three-fifths, through the medium of one hundred and sixty translations.' Up to May, 1844, there had been received by the British and Foreign Bible Society, a sum of above three millions of pounds sterling. Three hundred years ago, in many parts of Europe, but particularly in this country, the high and keen dispute was, whether what was called the church, or the Sacred Scriptures, should be regarded as of supreme authority. At present,

all parties how different soever their aims, conquer with more or less zeal in diffusing abroad these precious writings. A volume, which a few centuries since could not be procured by nobles, and which few princes possessed, can now be purchased by a child for a few pence. At the dawn of the Reformation, the Bible had to steal into this country by single copies; now it is set forth in great numbers to all parts of the world. To say nothing of other sources, the Bible Society state in their report for 1844, that they had issued 15,965,025 volumes of the Bibles and Testaments, of which 10,500,000 were in the English tongue.—*People's Dictionary of the Bible.*

QUALITIES OF MEAT.

Every country is famous, more or less, for some produce, so is every county; for instance, for the best beef we are indebted principally to Scotland; the highland ox, which, if bred in Scotland, kept there until four months old, and fed twelve months in Norfolk, cannot be surpassed; those also that are killed in Scotland are likewise very commendable, but the connoisseur would give the preference by far to those that had undergone a change of atmosphere and pasturage. Norfolk also produces excellent beef, as likewise does Herefordshire, which three sorts are ranked as best by the best judges. The Brighton downs are noted for producing sheep of the first quality, next to which may be ranked those of the Norfolk downs; they are rather larger, more fleshy, and the meat sometimes a darker colour. Herefordshire also produces some very excellent. The Scotch mutton is also very good, and deservedly of high repute, but I rarely ever use it, as it is killed in Scotland, and hurriedly packed, which causes it not to look so well, and frequently very much bruises it; but that of Leicestershire, is, in my opinion, quite the contrary, being coarse meat and very fat; I consider it unworthy of making its appearance on the table of a man of wealth. When residing at Melton Mowbray, I tried several haunches, even after hanging a month during winter, and then roasted to perfection; I could not find in them any savour worthy of the taste of an epicure; I consider it more as a useful nourishment than a delicate meat. The best Welsh mutton is direct from its native mountains the heath upon which it feeds gives a very rich flavour to the meat, which is very dark and without much fat; many are fed in the English counties; they are very excellent and much fatter; but do not possess the same wild flavour. The best veal to be obtained in the spring time of the year comes from the West of England, being rather small and very white; but there is a ready supply of good veal from Surrey and Essex throughout the year. Although very fine veal may be obtained in this country, it is not to be compared to the quality we obtain in France; the veal of Pontoise, a little town six miles from Paris, outrivals any; I would venture to say that one pound of that veal would make a better stock than double the quantity of the veal procured here; no one can account for it, but such is the actual case; although there the quality of any other description of animal food is deficient, we have to boast of the excellent flavour, succulence, and of the excessive whiteness of our veal. House lamb may be obtained throughout the whole year, but there is no great demand or it before February. Grass lamb makes its appearance now much earlier than formerly; the quality much depends upon the winter season; if a mild winter, they may really be fed upon grass; but if the contrary, they must be fed with prepared food, which increases their size but diminishes their quality. Pork, for roasting, is best when about six months old, Berkshire and Hampshire producing the best. The size of a leg of pork should not exceed more than seven pounds, nor be much less than six. I do not know why, but of late pork has lost in a great measure its popularity, and but seldom appears on a nobleman's table; it is in season from October to about March.—*Soyer's Cookery.*

LORD ROSSE'S MONSTER TELESCOPE.

In the course of the Lecture on Lord Rosse's monster telescope, delivered at Whitby, by the Rev. Dr Scoresby of Bradford, the reverend gentleman described the appearance of the heavens. He remarked, that the nebulae already observed were between one and two hundred, which was a great deal, considering how often observations were prevented by cloudy nights; and that the telescope, although erected about eighteen months, had not been in complete operation more than three or four months, already several of the nebulae, hitherto not fully examined were discovered to be a collection of suns; and with regard to the moon, the doctor stated its appearance to be magnificent. It appeared like a globe of molten silver, and every object of the extent of one hundred yards was quite visible. Edifices, therefore, of the size of York Minister, or even the ruins of Whitby Abbey, might be easily perceived if they had existed. But there was no appearance of anything of that nature; nor was there any indication of the existence of water nor of an atmosphere. There was a vast number of extinct volcanoes, several miles in breadth; through one of them there was a line in continuance of one; about 150 miles in length, which ran in a straight direction, like a railway. The general appearance, however, was like one vast ruin of nature and many of the pieces of rock, driven out of the volcanoes, appeared to be laid at various distances. The doctor said he expected it would soon be competent to daguerrotype the image of the moon upon the speculum which could not be done