

## FROM OGDENSBURG.

Hop Poles—Iron Ore—Water Works—"Ogdensburg" or "Oswegatchie"—The Great Earthquake.

Correspondence of the Rochester Democrat.

OGDENSBURG, Jan. 21, 1868.

From Watertown we proceeded leisurely to the northward. We noticed on the way many freight cars, sometimes almost whole trains, loaded with hop poles. They were going south, to supply the innumerable hop yards of Oneida, Madison and Otsego counties. Many of them came from Canada, brought across the St. Lawrence at Ogdensburg. Many, thousands upon thousands, are also cut in the woods and swamps of this northern part of the State. The traffic in hop poles furnishes so small amount of the freight of these northern railways. Before reaching Gouverneur, we also passed a long freight train loaded with iron ore. The ore is dug not far from the place first mentioned, and was on its way to Cape Vincent by rail, there to be shipped in the spring, by the Lakes, for Cleveland. Why they should not build their furnace somewhere here in this wooded country, a little nearer the mines, instead of carrying so much refuse to Cleveland, to be smelted, we could not learn. Probably, it is there to be mixed with ore from some other quarter, the two together making a better or cheaper iron than either would alone.

At Gouverneur we found the people rejoicing over some new water works, just introduced from Lockport. As in the neighboring city, so in this little village of one thousand inhabitants, the running stream is made to force the water all through the streets, to supply the houses and to extinguish fires. The Lockport man was here who erected the works, which seem to possess great power. The machinery regulates itself. If the stream is running low, the machinery is so adjusted as to raise the gates and let in more water so as to send a more powerful current through the town. If the pressure becomes greater than is needed, the same machinery quietly shuts the gate partly down again, and the pressure on the pipes is proportionately reduced. Why is not this much better than a fire engine for any little village, where there is a stream of water sufficient to drive the necessary machinery?

After a quiet Sabbath in the little village of Gouverneur, we came next day to Ogdensburg. This town has 10,000 inhabitants, and has just voted to apply at once for a city charter, which our Legislature, in its an-

preme wisdom, will undoubtedly grant. There has been some discussion about the name of the new city. "Iroquois," "St. Lawrence," and "Oswegatchie" were all more or less considered; but it was finally concluded to retain the old name, only dropping the final *h*, *Ogdensburg*, not *burgh*.

We sincerely thank the new city for that last sensible act. We wish all other *burghs* would imitate their excellent example.—What a saving of time and steel pens, and "Arnold's best" might thus be accomplished. Who seconds our motion, that Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Trumansburg, and all the rest be hereafter and forever written without the superfluous *h* at the end? Let it be carried, *nem. con.* But if we had had a vote on that other question, we should have dropped, not the *h* only, but all the rest of that word, and called the new city by the more euphonious and beautiful name, Oswegatchie. That is already the name of the town, and of the beautiful river which here empties itself into the St. Lawrence. It is also peculiar. It would be distinctive and singular. Beside, what have the *Ogdens* done for the burg? They bought the land on which the city stands, when it was a wilderness, but they soon sold it again, made money on it, and moved away. We could not learn that they had ever done any thing for the place that the people should so honor them in the name. However, that is their matter and not ours. What right has a correspondent to call in question the wisdom or the taste of a whole city?

But this town has been considerably agitated of late in quite another manner. "Have you heard about our earthquake?" is the question which greeted us more than once.—"Ob, it was perfectly awful," has also fallen from many lips. We have heard of it in other places all through this region. It occurred about three o'clock in the morning of a glorious moonlight night. Sleepers generally were aroused before the shock was felt, by a loud, strange, not unearthly noise. It seemed to come, indeed, from the bowels of the the earth, and to be plainly approaching, more and more loud and strange. It was not like thunder. It was not the rumble of cars. It was not like any thing else. There was no mistaking it. And when the shock came language seems inadequate with every one to express the awfulness of the few moments which followed. Such thoughts of the power of God and the helplessness of man, had never before entered some minds. They could only wait and see what the end should be; some in profound silence, some whispering to those nearest at hand, "What is it?" but no one feeling much like attempting a satisfactory answer. Houses rocked; beds swayed to and fro, like a ship in a storm; some persons were affected as by sea sickness; dishes rattled; stoves and stove furniture jumped up and down, as if dancing a hornpipe; doors and windows were moved; books fell from book cases;

were moved; books fell from book cases; loose bricks fell from the tops of chimneys. People sprang from their beds, and rushed down stairs without much dressing. Some ran into the street, expecting to see their houses falling in pieces. Some watchmen declared that the Seymour House, the principal hotel, a large, high, brick building, swayed four feet out of its perpendicular. It may have *seemed* so to them; but it was still standing when we arrived. One poor woman had her kitchen stove propped up on blocks. Her cabin shook, and creaked, and down came the heavy stove, with a crash, upon the floor. She thought the end of the world had come.

Nor did they all get over the shakes at once. One man called next day at the post office. On account of the earthquake, or for some other reason, he had evidently been trying to brace his nerves, and still they were quite unsteady. Encountering the man of "letters," he began—

"I say, sir, be this the post office?"

"Yes, sir." "Be you the postmaster?"

"Yes, sir." "And would you permit me to be aither asking you a few questions?"

"Certainly, sir; I shall be happy to do anything I can for you." "Well, sir, and do you think the day of Judgment is coming to-morrow?"

"I don't know, sir." "Well, and but do you *think* it is coming to-morrow?"

"I don't know, sir; we had a pretty good shaking this morning. We can't tell what is coming next."

"Well, but do you *really* think the Judgment day is coming to-morrow?"

"Well," said the postmaster, "I think it will come pretty soon to you, if you don't let whisky alone."

"Well," said the Hibernian, dropping his head and looking very thoughtful, "I had forty dollars when I came to this town; and I just thought I would like to know if the Judgment day was coming to-morrow, before I bust the rest of it."

But, generally, there is no joking about this earthquake. It is too serious a matter for that. Some are glad they had this experience, but they would rather not have it again. And a good many are thinking that a whole island of earthquakes is rather a poor thing for Uncle Samuel to be buying just at this present time.