

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—“Live and Let Live.”

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VOL. V., No. 39.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST, 25, 1877.

Subscribers out of County, \$1.20.

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.
 Passengers for Philadelphia will leave Lehighton as follows:
 For Philadelphia, 7:30 a. m. 11:30 a. m. 2:30 p. m. 6:30 p. m.
 For Philadelphia, 8:30 a. m. 12:30 p. m. 3:30 p. m. 7:30 p. m.
 For Philadelphia, 9:30 a. m. 1:30 p. m. 4:30 p. m. 8:30 p. m.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.
 AUGUST 25, 1877.
 Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—
 For Philadelphia, at 6:00, 11:00 a. m., 2:15 and 6:45 p. m.
 SUNDAYS.
 For Philadelphia at 8:30 a. m. 12:30 p. m. 3:30 p. m. 7:30 p. m.
 Trains leave PHILADELPHIA as follows:
 For Allentown, at 7:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.
 For Reading, at 8:00 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 2:15 p. m. and 6:00 p. m.

CARDS.

Furniture Warehouse.
 V. Schwartz, Bank street, dealer in all kinds of Furniture. Orders made to order.

Foot and Shoe Makers.
 Clinton Street, in Lewis' building, Bank street. All orders promptly filled—work warranted.

F. P. LONGSTREET,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Next door to the “Carbon House.”
 BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
 December 16-6m.

W. M. RAPSHER,
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
 BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
 Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Deceased a specialty. May be consulted in English and German.
 Nov. 22.

DANIEL KALUFUS,
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
 MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
 Office, above Dolan's Jewellery Store, Broadway.
 No. D. BHELLETT, JAS. S. LORNE
 BERTOLETTI & LOOSE,
 ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.
 Office—Corner of Susquehanna and Broadway.
 MAUCH CHUNK, PENNA.
 Can be consulted in German. July 24 1877.

P. J. MECHAN,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Next Door to First National Bank,
 MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
 Can be consulted in German. Jan. 6.

H. A. BELTZ,
 JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
 Ober's Building, BANK-ST., LEHIGHTON.
 Conveyancing, Collecting and all other business connected with the office promptly attended.
 Also, Agent for the Purchase and Sale of Real Estate.
 April 15-77

THOMAS S. BECK,
 JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
 BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
 Conveyancing, Collecting and all business connected with the office promptly attended.
 Also Agent for the Purchase and Sale of Real Estate and for all kinds taken on the most liberal terms.
 Jan. 9, 1875.

W. A. DERHAMER, M.D.,
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
 Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
 Office: South East corner Third and Second sts., Lehigh, Pa.
 April 3, 1875.

DR. N. B. REBER,
 PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
 Office, BANK STREET, next door above the Postoffice, Lehigh, Pa. Office hours—Parisville each day from 10 to 12 o'clock; remainder of day at office in Lehigh.
 Nov. 23, '72

W. G. M. SEIPLE,
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
 Next to E. H. Snyder's store, BANK ST.,
 LEHIGHTON, PENN'A.
 N.D.—Special attention given to the Cure of Salt Rheum, &c.
 Jan. 1875.

THOMAS KEMERER,
 CONVEYANCER,
 AND
 GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
 The following Companies are Represented:
 LEHMAN MUTUAL FIRE, HARRINGTON MUTUAL FIRE, WYOMING FIRE, POTTSVILLE FIRE, LEHIGH FIRE and the TRAY ELEVATOR AND INSURANCE CO., Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detection and Insurance Company.
 March 29, 1873. T. KEMERER.

R. B. WIDDOS,
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 Patrons solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
 July 14, 1877.

GIDEON KOSTENBADER,
 ARTIST,
 GALLERY NEAR THE LEHIGH VALLEY HOUSE,
 Bankway, Lehigh, Pa.,
 Is prepared to make LIFE-SIZE PORTRAITS OF PERSONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS in the most artistic manner, equal in all respects to steel Engravings. He makes a specialty of ENLARGING PORTRAITS OF DECEASED PERSONS from types of all kinds. Charges very moderate and patronage solicited. May 12

DAVID EBBERT'S
 Livery & Sale Stables
 BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
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 Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBBERT, Nov. 22, 1875.

The White Rose of Scotland.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.
 "Catharine, we must part. The king this morn contemptuously refused me further aid. Indignant at his want of faith, I retired in no measured terms, and am enjoined, on penalty of paying my life a forfeit to my disobedience, to quit the kingdom, three days only being allowed me to prepare for my departure. I must return to Flanders, there to seek that support which is denied me here. Toils and dangers await me, to which I cannot consent to thy exposure. That tender form of mine, my love, is not suited to endure the buffet of my stormy fortune."
 Such were the words of the husband of the Lady Catharine Gordon, on his return from an unsuccessful interview with James IV. of Scotland.
 "And shall Huntly's daughter," replied the lady, "thus consent to desert her husband? No, my dear Richard, I have shared your short-lived splendor, let me participate in your reverses. Let us leave Scotland; let us together seek our exile, and a kindred fate be ours. Where thou goest will I go, where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!"
 "Noble-minded woman!—but it must not be!" ejaculated the youth. "Catharine—for I dare not longer wear a mask—prepare to curse thy unworthy husband. Thou deemest me the rightful heir to England's crown, but know me as a base impostor. I won thy love by a lie. Ambitiously aspiring to the heart of one fair and noble as thyself, have I entailed on a great and glorious race ruin and dishonor. Yet, oh! forgive me, and do not execrate my wild ambition."
 "Oh, Richard, was this deception generous? Yet hold, my swelling heart, and let my duty as a wife subdue my woman's pride. My husband, avert not from me thus thy fearful eyes. Who'er thou art, thou hast been to me all tenderness. It will be now my grateful task to prove to thee that Catharine Gordon's love was unwaged by interest and ambition. If she adored thee when, 'mid thy gallant train, thou stoodest unmatched, 'twas not the splendor of thy royal name that bade me wish thee mine. Yes, my husband, I loved thee, and still I love thee, for thyself alone. Let us, then, by these shores, desert from the wild pursuit of what thou hast no claim to, and let us seek a happy, a contented privacy."
 "Alas, my beloved! it is impossible. Bound by a solemn oath to pursue, while I have being, the claim I have asserted, no rest, no peace remains to me. Leave me to my woes—leave me to my dishonor. Why—why should both be wretched?"
 As the unhappy speaker concluded he folded in his arms his faithful wife, and ineffectually endeavored to subdue her determination to share his fortunes.

The reader will, ere this, have discovered in the husband of the Lady Catharine, the youth who during the reign of Henry VII., had arrogated to himself the title of Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., who, with his brother, had been murdered in the Tower by the inhuman Richard III. Possessed of every accomplishment that could engage affection, the youth, whose name was Perkin Warbeck, a Fleming, had gained the ready respect and confidence of many persons of rank in England.
 After the failure, however, of his endeavors to excite a revolt in that country, which were discovered by the vigilance of the king, and frustrated by the immediate execution of his adherents, he had repaired to Scotland, and solicited the assistance of James IV. to place him on the throne of England.

James, whose credulity was equal to his valor, was easily prevailed on to support his pretensions.
 He received him with the highest distinction, and in a short time consented to his union with a relative of his own, the Lady Catharine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly.
 Between the "White Rose of Scotland"—for such was the appellation which the extraordinary beauty of this young lady had gained her—and the adventure an ardent attachment had existed from the earliest period of his arrival in Scotland.

But, finding the English people by no means disposed to join the pretensions of the Scottish king, he gave up the cause as hopeless.
 The sun was attaining to his meridian height when the unhappy adventurer and his devoted bride embarked at Leith for Flanders.
 "Bless thee, little! bestow a hawbee in charity on pair and witless Mansie!"
 Such were the words addressed by a wretched-looking figure to the Lady Catharine, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she appeared on the beach.
 She threw her a small coin, which the beggar received, ejaculating:
 "Many thanks, heddle! Mansie's prayers shall swell the breeze that wafts thee over the wide salt wave. But," almost shrieked she, gazing intently on the astonished Catharine, "nuckle fear hae I ye need na wish a speedy voyage—better a watery grave than a broken heart—better a pillow on the fauning urine than a sleepless bed in a foreign land."
 "What meanest thou?" earnestly demanded Catharine, whose curiosity and alarm were strongly excited by the words of the beggar.

"Ah, heddle, dinna ask. Gin ye saw wi' auld Mansie's een, ye wad na leave the land o' your forbears to roam mang ruthless faces, a lanely exile. Fareweel, fareweel, leddie! dinna forget the warmin' o' auld Mansie!"
 As she spoke she turned from the disappointed Catharine, who, with her husband, repaired to the boat that was to convey them to the vessel which was about to wait her departure from her native land.
 As the boat was rowed from the shore, the beggar's discordant voice was heard chanting the following song:
 "The White Rose has bloomed Through a brief summer day, Yet the White Rose is doomed To a rapid decay."
 "Thy smile may impart A' sweeten a while, Yet the worm's in thy heart That shall banish that smile."
 "Farewell—oh, farewell! 'Mid the tempest that blows, In my ear rings the knell O' Scotland's White Rose."
 "Swift to bear thee away, Round the hoarse billows swell; And even, an' for aye, Rose o' Scotland, farewell!"
 As the last words of the song pealed on the ears of terror-stricken Catharine, she ascended the side of the vessel, and, with eyes teared with agony, perceived the shores of her native land receding fast from her view.
 By an agreement between the English and Flemish courts, all English rebels had been excluded from the Low Countries.
 Perkin, though born in England, was a Fleming by extraction, might, therefore, have claimed admission into Flanders.
 But, as he must have dismissed his English retainers, the brave companions of his dangers, and as he had to apprehend a cold reception from a people who were determined to maintain an amicable footing with the English court, he resolved not to hazard the experiment, but repaired to Ireland, where he remained for some time in insecure and comfortable exile.
 It is not to be expected that we shall follow the historian in a detail of his subsequent attempt upon England, of his landing in Cornwall, being joined by the populace, and taking upon himself the title of Richard IV., King of England.
 It was at this period that his too faithful wife, following the fortunes of her unhappy husband, fell into the hands of the enemy.
 This was a fatal blow to the adventurer.
 In all his wandering she had shared his fortunes.
 With all his faults he had still adored his lovely, his ill-fated bride, his fair and spotless "White Rose."
 We shall not depict the humiliating scene of his surrender to King Henry, of the exposure of his fictitious claims, of his ignominious treatment and close confinement, of his repeated efforts to escape, and lastly, of his arraignment and condemnation, but pass on to the scene of execution.
 The last morn that ever broke upon the eyes of the unhappy pretender to royalty dawned heavily and slowly.
 At an early hour the roads and lanes adjacent to the hill of Tyburn, the place of execution, were thronged with anxious and expecting thousands.
 A detachment of soldiers surrounded the sledge on which the culprit and his confessor were placed.
 As the procession approached the fatal spot, Perkin threw his eyes upon the gallows that frowned on the hill, and observed to his confessor, with a smile of disappointment:
 "Yonder is the throne to which my ambition has exalted me."
 The father entreated him to dismiss from his thoughts everything that might distract his thoughts from the awful duty of preparing to meet his Maker, adding, that though disappointed of an early throne, the present place was to be a stepping stone to an eternal one.
 "Were not these arms pinioned," cried the prisoner, "I would embrace the tree; and, since my tongue is not restrained, I thank thee for the bluest assurance."
 He was now urged to a public confession of his imposture.
 "Is not then your master yet content?" said he, adding, "but I consent, and thus proclaim my infamy. Urged on by restless ambition, but more by the ready tool of others' designing, I have disturbed the quiet of these realms, and sought a crown to which I had no claim. Father," he added, lowering his voice, "Heaven is my witness that I had not been bound by oath, I had long discontinued this iniquitous and futile enterprise. My unhappy Catharine! how does my heart bleed at thought of her. She long, long entreated me to resign the ambitious claim. That angel woman, father, in the flower of youth, in beauty's hour of pride, resigned her fate to my keeping; the deceiver! a line of princes, she brooked alliance with a wanderer, an outcast."
 "She loved me—she wedded me—she clung to my misfortunes—she joined in all my miseries, to prove the fervor of her truth. O! has she wiped my burning brow, streaming with drops of anguish—oh! has she cheered, with sounds of hope, my sinking heart. But now, now, father, she pines in bitter restraint, the captive of your master. Heaven's curse light on him, if he give her gentle bosom aught of pain! 'Twas well for both we were spared the misery of a last adieu. I deemed it, in thy kind, refinement of hatred to deny a final interview, but my heart now tells me he

did it more in mercy than in anger. But no more. I have done with earth—I have done with Catharine."
 He knelt, and, crossing his hands on his breast, ejaculated a silent prayer.
 At that moment a stir was perceived among the crowd, and a female broke through the soldiers that surrounded the drop, and threw herself in the arms of the criminal.
 "Not yet! not yet! Spare him a little longer! Tear him not so soon from my arms!" she ejaculated.
 "My poor mourner, 'tis too late," replied the condemned.
 "Oh, no, no, no!" replied Catharine, "it is never too late for mercy. Take him back to his dungeon—respite him but a few hours—I will again to the king, throw myself at his feet, nor cease till he forgives me!"
 Nature could do no more. She sank insensible into the arms of her husband.
 "Now is the time," cried he, printing a last kiss on her pale cheek, as he conveyed her to his confessor, directing him to remove her from the spot. "The bitterness of death is past," ejaculated he, as he threw on her one lingering look, and calmly submitted to the executioner.
 The motion attending the removal of the Lady Catharine restored animation. Involuntarily she turned her eyes towards the fatal spot.
 What she saw may be conceived from the sequel.
 "The fiends have murdered him!" she shrieked.
 They were the last words of expiring reason that burst from the lips of the White Rose of Scotland.

GIBBON'S BIG HOLE FIGHT.

ONE OF THE LIVELIEST ASSAULTS ON AN INDIAN CAMP ON RECORD.
 HOW THE BOYS SURPRISED THE INDIANS AND HOW THE INDIANS ASTONISHED THE BOYS—THRILLING INCIDENTS OF A BIG BUSHWACKING FIGHT.
 From the Chicago Times.
 SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 13.—Gibbon's command came up within six miles of the Indian camp on the 7th. On the 8th Lieut. Bradley and his party managed to get near enough to the camp to observe the Indians, and in the middle of the night his force passed within a mile or so of the Indian camp, where Gen. Gibbon and the main body joined them. A short while after one of the Lieutenants crawled down and reconnoitered the Indian position. The central camp was located across a bend on the north fork of the Big Hole river. The lodges numbered eighty-nine. The stream was thickly fringed with willows, and the lodges were pitched on the south side. Gibbon came up on the north side. His force was formed upon a high bar, one hundred yards from the Indian camp, where they remained until daylight. Just as daylight had fairly appeared a single Indian on horseback started to bring in the herd of ponies, numbering seven or eight hundred. He did not suspect the presence of the whites, but rode so close to Bradley's command that the Lieutenant saw they would be discovered, and it was no time to take chances; so they opened fire on the Indian, killing him and his horse. After firing they instantly started for the Indian camp. Arriving at the willows that lined the stream an Indian rose up and fired at Lieut. Bradley, killing him upon the spot. The Indian was immediately riddled with bullets. Before arriving at the willows Gibbon had cautioned Bradley about entering the brush, and his men had called out to him: "Hold, Lieutenant, don't go in there!" but the fearless soldier led on. The soldiers charged across the stream and into the Indian camp before the Indians had time to escape from their lodges. The attack was a complete success, but these shots had aroused the Indians, who were sleeping on their arms and waterfalls. Still, the suddenness of the attack surprised them. The Indians rushed out in the wildest confusion, the men with guns, boys with knives, and squaws with pistols, all fighting desperately. The Indians were well armed and had plenty of ammunition.
 Among the lodges desperate hand-to-hand fighting was carried on for an hour and a half. By this time the Indians had recovered from their surprise. They outnumbered the soldiers largely, and now began to fight with desperation. They fell back into the brush and to high points commanding the camp, and kept up a galling fire on the command, who then endeavored to burn the camp. The canvas lodges were burned, but the skin lodges could not be fired, and the grass and the brush was too green to take fire. Continued occupation of the camp was useless. Under direction of Gibbon the men moved toward a wooded point, about half a mile off, near the canon from which the troops had come down. The Indians, seeing the movement, endeavored to intercept the command, but the cool-headed General ordered them to fight their way. His horse was killed, and he was shot through the calf of the leg. But all the men got in, and, covering themselves as well as possible, a bushwacking fight commenced. The Indians took their usual tactics, and the sharpshooting was lively and fierce. Gibbon expected his howitzer to join him here, but the fight had begun earlier than expected, and the howitzer moved too far down the mountain side. The Indians discovered it, and a party of them charged the little squad of six men who had charge of the gun. The

PARAGRAPH.

—The cost of dying in North Carolina is summed up at a low figure: Three cantaloupes and a half bushel of peaches, twenty cents; one visit from a doctor, \$3; pine coffin, \$8; total, \$5.20.
 —The bells of a ball in Washington, Ky., was fought over by rival admirers, each of whom wanted to dance with her to the exclusion of all the others. Two were wounded with pistol shots, and three with knives.
 —A comely matron of the village Pudreth, in Hungary, recently had a very violent attack of unrequited love, and, as a remedy for this disease, she appointed herself with alcohol, and started herself off with a match. Her flames were extinguished by some neighbors, but not in time to save her from fatal burns.
 —A Philadelphia spiritualistic performer, who personated materialized spirits with the aid of masks and wigs, has been exposed. He has been doing a very profitable business. Many of his dupes believed that they recognized dead friends in the face that he showed in a dim light. A newspaper reporter easily detected the fraud.
 —The manager of the French Democratic paper, *Mot d'Ordre*, has been condemned to two months imprisonment and a fine of \$5,000 for libelling Marshall MacMahon. One of the objectionable passages was this: "M. MacMahon, who descends from a mere apothecary, arriving from the British Isles at Aulun to seek his fortune, has dexterously allowed the rumor to be circulated, without ever contradicting it, that his ancestors occupied the throne of Ireland."
 —When Field Marshal Von Moltke was a simple colonel he astonished the members of his mess by his regularly talking ten Frederick d'ors out of his pocket at the beginning of dinner, and laying them beside his plate. Always after dinner he repectoed the gold, buttoned up his coat, looked sourly around, and disappeared. It was resolved to ask him the meaning of his strange behavior. "Well," he said, "I have noticed, from the time I entered this regiment, that the conversation at table has always turned on women, or cards, or horse-racing, and I have determined to make a present of ten pieces of gold to the first man who should start a sensible subject. No one has yet earned them."

HENRY A. PETER,

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 Leuckel's Block,
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