THE LANCASTER WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1869.

been written concerning the horrors of the terrible affliction which has visited this beautiful valley, the scenes at the burial this afternoon would afford a chapter for the pen of the writer. It can only be said that the interment was marked by most thrilling incidents of grief and mourning. Some of the friends of the departed were utterly unable to control their feelings, and they burst forth into weeping and moaning of the most bitter description.

The clergymen performed their religious offices with much feeling, and counselled the bereaved ones to be as calm as they could possibly be under their deep affliction.

How the Dead Looked!—How the Women Mourned!

A special correspondent of the New York *World* writes as follows:

The appearance of the dead men is awful, as how could it fail to be. But it is merely that. It is not in the least nauseating.—These colliers' bodies, now to decent burial slowly borne, are unwounded, in by far the most cases. Sometimes clots of blood, extruded from the nose, have stiffened on the lips. One or two only have writhed at the mouth in the agony of death; and the bubbles of spume puff over their mouths when the cloth is drawn. One man was badly wounded in the cheek, and this was the only real disfigurement I saw. The expression is, for the most part, peaceful, and denotes that the consummation of the asphyxia had been almost perfect, painless. It is not likely that it was agonizing, for this is the same form of death which Paris, monopolist of luxuries, for so long enjoined, in the form of the charcoal-brazier, upon such of her children as wished to leave life. There is a wonderful ruddiness about the faces and bodies of all these men.—It pleases some of the bystanders to call it "bloat," but it is not attended by any tuffy look of the flesh, and I, at least, cannot distinguish it from the glow of health. It seems as if their destroyer had had the grace to preserve them from corruption. Killing, he died upon a kiss. I have seen only one man whose face was ghastly, and it was also the only face I have seen contorted. But he was spare and consumptive looking, and it may very well be that what seemed to me a deathly pallor by contrast was his normal hue in life. But nearly all were *forti in corpora suum*—fit to be the mighty bodies of heroes. I have certainly never seen in any like number of men in the same rank of life so many noble heads and frank faces as those which this mortcloth has uncovered here to-day. They were almost all Welshmen, for few Irish names appear upon the list of them, and only one American, Peter Johnson, is known to have been in the mine, and certainly this dead array speaks well for the sons of Cymri. When the smears of the mine are washed away, there appear close curling locks, fine clean cut features, and admirable necks and limbs. Leaving out the transfiguring effect that death has, when death comes thus suddenly, without emaciation or disease, these bodies show their owners to have been noble physical men. One man, a Welshman, especially, whose grand torso, as it lay bare upon the stretcher, might outvie many model moulds of marble. He was one of the sixty-three, and his clenched hands were poised over his shoulders, and his lusty genitals would have been a defiance of the dark power that had borne him down, or an appeal to a power higher still.

It is rather of the bereaved than of the dead that one can think rationally at such a terrible time as this. Those are beyond his sympathy, because they are beyond his apprehension. But he has in some measure suffered what these also suffer, and he can partly feel with them. The stroke so sudden and so awful as this almost disarms an attempt at consolation to those who have been smitten by it. All round him, if not here in the crowd, at other burials in the valley, on last Sunday were happy and hopeful wives and mothers and daughters who are now widows and childless and fatherless. I know not whether this community of great alleviates or aggravates its burden to the individual sufferers, but certainly it impresses one with a feeling of awe differing in kind as well as in degree from the pity he might have were such stricken by an unfamiliar calamity. Those of the proper human mass be accounted least unhappy who have taken home their dead for the few hours that remains before the hour of final parting, as it seems to us, whose intupated of thinking, are still and even in our thoughts, shall have irrevocably struck. They at least know the very worst. They have all that is left to watch with and to weep over. But those whose hearts and thoughts are as strongly with the living in the mine, to whom each new out-come from it brings only up anew the agonizing question, "Is it he?" are in a suspense far more maddening than the very worst of the reality. The hope that they have left to-morrow all this misery at least will be over.

I read with surprise that fond wails of grief are to be heard all over this smitten spot. Perhaps there are, but I have not heard them. This is the third day since the calamity is known, and the second since hope was forbidden to hope, and it is very possible that the finality has not yet come to glory. The widowed women sit on their thresholds, or just within them, in silence, and look straight before them with a stolid, stony stare, as if all things in heaven and earth were dead, that is infinitely more mournful than the wildest cries of wild lamenting could be. Their neighbors glide in, and sit in silence, and glide out again, but these heed not their going nor their coming. Always the same straight and unregarding stare, as if behind it, in the mind, one could wonder that the sun should shine, and the river flow, and men and women go and come, now when all that made life worth living was blotted out. I have only seen two exceptions to this sepulchral sadness. One was an old Irish woman, who sat upon the steps of her cabin this morning rocking herself to and fro, and crooning just articulately in time to her swaying.

"Oh Tom! Oh Tom!" it was all it were within the resources of print to convey some far-off shadow of the intonation she gave to these two monosyllables.) "Oh Tom! Oh Tom! Why did you leave me? Why did you leave me? Oh Tom, Tom, Tom! Oh Tom! Oh Tom!"

The other was a young Welsh girl writhing and groveling beside the road late this afternoon, in the entire recklessness of any other Welsh girl who was with her, and burying her face in the dirt, with wild tumultuous bursts of sobbing, and broken ejaculations that she might die.

What contrast to this was that Welsh widow who sat in her door, still as a statue, and looked out upon but not at the careless crowd, with an expression of so utter woe on her handsome face that many could not help turning from it to offer her a kind word or two. She made no answer to them; but looked at them as if they were giving her her due, for which she owed them neither thanks nor notice. She stared at the Welsh Calvinistic costume, though she could not read her own thoughts in Shakespeare's words:

"To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That my supporter but the huge, firm earth
Can hold it up. Here I and sorrow sit.
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it."

Accurate Description of the Scene of the Disaster—The Miners' Safety Lamps —In the Labyrinths of Darkness—The Fire.

The Avondale mine has been worked for two years. Three months ago the miners struck. They resumed work on Thursday last. The mine is entered by a shaft on the hillside. This is the only entrance. Wooden buildings, 100 feet long and 25 feet deep, covered the mouth of the shaft. The mine was filled with narrow passages, from four to ten feet high, which occasionally open into immense pockets or caves. A railroad track was laid on the bottom of each of these passages. The cars were filled with coal; three-quarters of a mile from the shaft, by the miners at work. The coal cars were then run through the various wooden-supported passages to the shaft. They were then run upon a platform, which was raised to the top of the shaft, the same as a common elevator or a vertical railway. When the cars reached the surface they were run out over a single railway through the wooden buildings and dumped. The coal would fall in huge screens, where, in some cases, it was properly assorted, and then dumped into the cars of the Bloomsburg and Lackawanna Railroad, by which means it was taken to market.

ENTERING THE MINE.

A person wishing to enter the mine would go into a car of coal on which was then run upon the elevator at the top of the shaft. At a given signal the empty car would drop, and at the same time a loaded car would ascend the double shaft. The descent was quick. The empty car would glide off into a dark passage, and a loaded car would take its place. In an instant a mule would be hitched to the empty car, which would be drawn at a rapid rate to the inner plane. Here a train of light cars would be formed, which were then drawn up the plane by the simultaneous descent of a train of loaded cars

THE LAMPS AND DARK TUNNELS.

The veins of coal in the Avondale mine are some nine feet thick, and have a gentle upward slope. A passage way is cut along each vein. These tunnels are fearfully dark. Their only light is that from the miners' lamps. These safety lamps are worn on the miners' hats.

THE BREASTS AND THE POCKETS.

The "breasts" in which the mining is carried on sometimes resemble huge halls and rooms. One vein in the Avondale mine is thirty feet thick, and the gallery along this vein is correspondingly large. The mine is simply a vast network of black labyrinths, expanding occasionally into immense pockets or "breasts," where larger blasts than usual are made. The coal is cracked by these blasts, and loosened by the pick and shovel, after which the cars are filled. The miners work in these dark galleries in groups of from five to a dozen men. The cars hold about two tons apiece In brisk times the mine will turn out 600 tons per day. The miners proper work by the carload, and easily make $8 per day. The mule boys generally get $5 per week. The men who handle the cars and attend to the hoisting are also paid by the week.

THE DEADLY FIRE AND CHOKE DAMP.

As there was but one main shaft to the Avondale mine, its ventilation was difficult. It had not been worked for some time and much foul air had collected in the damp places. Besides this bad air generated by the men and horses, and by the burning of lamps and gunpowder inflammable gases issue from crevices in the coal. These gases mingle with the foul air of the mine, and will explode on the approach of a lighted candle. This gas is the fire-damp so much dreaded by the miners. To breathe it thirty seconds is sure death.

The fire-damp is composed of carburetted hydrogen, and the choke damp of carbonic. When blasting for coal it will frequently issue in jets called blowers. At times, when the cavities are broken into the coal by picks or crowbars, these blowers will burst out, creating a stinging noise by the force current. The great danger is from opening pent-up reservoirs holding under great pressure immense bodies of gas disseminated through large areas of coal, or collected in abandoned workings.

AN EXPLOSION.

When such bodies are inflamed, the whole atmosphere of that portion of the mine explodes, and the coal dust floating through the passages is ignited. The mine is like the interior of a fiery furnace. The flames rush through the long corridors, causing repeated explosions. In some cases they spring up the shafts as if issuing from the crater of the volcano. The subterranean walls are frequently shaken as if by an earthquake. The miners in the workings, their lights blown out by the force of the explosion, hasten through the dark passages, stumbling over heaps of rubbish.

THE FATAL FURNACE.

It is possible that the accident at the Avondale mine was caused by one of these explosions. Persons entering the mine complain of the sulphurous fumes, choking up the corridors. The mine was ventilated by a furnace at the bottom of the shaft. By this furnace the air was made to circulate through the complicated passages of the mine. The air for feeding the furnace was of course drawn from the lower part of the mine.

DEADLY VENTILATION.

Avondale mine has but one shaft. That was divided by an air-tight partition into an upcast and a downcast. The fresh air was introduced by the downcast. Partitions across the passages below caused the air to pass to any and all desired points before it reached the passage leading to the furnace. Ingenious expedients were adopted to regulate the currents of air, and to cause only the air which had passed through the purer portions of the mine to feed the fire, lest the more impure currents should become inflamed, and the explosions follow back into the most remote workings. The partitions across the great gangways along which the coal was run to the shaft, was furnished with doors, which were opened and shut as the coal cars passed through. Thus the furnace was the sole means of ventilation.

THE PIT OF THE DEAD.

The cause of the disaster will never be known. At early morn a stream of fire shot up the shaft with frightful rapidity, and the buildings above it were soon wrapped in flames so quickly that the engineers and others barely had time to escape. The wood of the shaft either caught fire from the furnace or the rushing blaze came from the lighting of a fire damp which filled the mine. The dryness of the mine favors the former supposition, but the sulphurous gases choking the explorers, and the fleetness of the fire, would indicate an ignition of a fire damp. In either case very soon after the blaze was perceived the telegraph has failed to tell us who attended to the furnace, or whether any dead bodies were found at the bottom of the shaft.

Death of Senator Fessenden.

The telegraph announces the death of the Hon. Wm. Pitt Fessenden, United States Senator from Maine, perhaps the ablest, as he certainly was among the most elevated in character, of the Republican Senators. He died at his home in Portland, Maine, yesterday morning. He was born in Boscawen, New Hampshire, in 1806, graduated at Bowdoin College in 1823, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1827. In 1829 he removed to Portland, and in 1831 was elected to the State Legislature, in which he subsequently served several years and was on the judiciary committee. In 1836 he was elected to Congress, where he participated largely in the current debates. He earnestly opposed the repeal of the then bankrupt law. In 1843 he was nominated for re election to Congress, but declined, preferring to return to the practice of his profession. In the meantime the votes of the whig party in the Legislature were given to him for a vacant seat in the Senate. From 1845 to 1852 he was in private life, devoting himself to professional pursuits, and during that period was associated with Daniel Webster in an important case before the Supreme Court at Washington, in which he had to contend against the weight and influence of Judge Story's opinion and decision against his client in the court below, and was successful, the decision of that eminent judge being reversed. Once more he entered the Senate in 1850, Mr. Fessenden was elected to Congress, but his seat was given to his competitor through an error in the returns. In 1855 he was again elected to the State Legislature, and was chosen by the republican party to succeed Hon. John Hale as Senator; the Hon. being Democratic, did not concur. In 1854 he was again a member of the Legislature, which was Democratic in both branches. The Kansas-Nebraska question having become a very important political element, Mr. Fessenden was chosen United States Senator by both branches, on the first ballot, by the union of the whigs and free soil Democrats, which proved a prelude to the long struggle for the establishment of the Republican party in Maine. Mr. Fessenden took his seat in the Senate February 23, 1854, and on the 3d of March distinguished himself by a powerful speech against the Nebraska bill. In 1856 he was unanimously re-elected as United States Senator, and after the resignation of Mr. Chase as Secretary of the Treasury he was appointed to and accepted that important position, but did not long remain, as he was soon after elected by the Legislature of his State to the Senate. Mr. Fessenden held an exalted rank as a clear-headed and logical debater, and commanded the respect of his political opponents by his comparatively liberal ideas and bearing.

Death of Hon. John Bell.

Hon. John Bell, whose death on September 10th has been announced, was born at Nashville, Tennessee, February 15, 1797. After graduating at Nashville University, in 1814, he commenced the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1816. He was elected to the Senate of Tennessee in 1817, and managed the campaign of Gen. Jackson in that State