## THE SEMECT. AU AMES DUCK

## A family Paper--- Bevoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Science, Art, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

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AON TOGONAL PAR

## Select Poetry.

THE UNION.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseperable."-WEBSTER.

> The Union! The Union! The hope of the free! Howsoe'er we may differ, In this we agree! Our glorious banner No traitor shall mar, By effacing a stripe, Or destroying a star! Division! No, never! The Union forever! And cursed be the hand That our country would sever! The Union! The Union! 'Twas purchased with blood! Side by side to secure it Our forefathers stood-From the North to the South Through the length of the land, Rang the war-cry which summoned

That patriot band! Division! No, never! The Union forever! And cursed be the hand That our country would sever! The Union! The Union!

At Lexington first, Through the clouds of oppression Its radiance burst! But at Yorktown rolled back

The last apor crest, And a bright constellation It blazed in the west! Division! No. never! The Union forever! And cursed be the hand

That our country would sever!

The Union! The Union! Its heavenly light Cheers the hearts of the nations Who grope in the night-And, athwart the wide ocean Falls gliding the tides, A path to the country Where Freedom abides Division! No, never! The Union forever! And cursed be the hand

The Union! The Union! In God we repose! We confide in the power That vanquished our foes The God of our fathers-Oh, still may He be

That our country would sever.

The hope of the Free! Division! No. never! The Union forever! And cursed be the hand

Select Miscellany.

That our Union would sever

TERRIBLE ADVENTURE ON A VOL-CANO.

Mr. Carl Steinman visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just before its terrific eruption | down one of these chasms." in 1845, and the following is his narrative of a fearful adventure which happened to him upon that sublime and desolate eleva-

Having secured a guide, I set out at an arrival in Salsun, (at the foot of the extinct volcano,) praying for fair weather, good luck and a safe return.

The scenery, even from the first, was so different from any I had ever seen outside of Iceland, as to be worthy of a better description than I am able to give. Suffice it is to say that, as you push on, ascending summit after summit on your way to the great and awful centre of all, you find the danger, dreariness and desolation increase to the most terrific sublimity, till at last, when you do finally stand on the miserable frame, to restore you to the

the sea, on the highest peak of barren ing sound with something like a rumbling Hecla! Six mortal hours — three on shock at intervals, and gentle puffs of heathorseback and three on foot-had I been ed air. clambering upward from the world below; The place, the scene, and withal the and now among the very clouds that rolled and swept around me, I stood in the there with a sort of magnetic fascination, world of lava, mountains, ice and snow- and I soon found myself strongly tempted the lava black as midnight, the snow of to make a fatal plunge in the awful abyss. blinding whiteness-and not in all that Knowing by experience that reason is not even a solitary living thing, excepting self tions in such cases, I forced myself back and guide. Far as the eye could reach, a few feet, but still remained near the when the moving clouds permitted me to opening, deaf to the entreaties of my hills, snow-crowned peaks; glistening gist- plore me before it should be too fate. As ciers, and ice-bound streams, into whose penetrated—a world without plant or life and undaight change which deal abresse.

rush through my shivering frame, and earth.

Wrapping one of the blankets around me, to protect me from the freezing cold and cautiously using my pointed stick to try every foot of ground before me, I now the crater, which eighty years before had earth. vomited forth its terrific and desolating, reaching the summit of this ridge, I looked down into a sort of basin, open at the lower side, and having some three or four seams or chasms in its centre, into which the melting snow and ice on its sides were running in small streams. A peculiar and not very agreeable odor came up with a thin smoky vapor, and I fancied I could bling over it and upward, to save myself hear a distant sound, something between a gurgle and a rumble.

"I suppose this is the original crater," I said, turning to the guide.

The fellow was as pale as death, and every feature expressed surprise allied to

"What is the matter?" I quickly demanded, "have you never seen this spot before ?" "I have seen this place before, master,"

he replied, "but never anything like this. When I was here last there was no hollow here, but only a level plain of snow and ice."

"Indeed!" exclaimed I, feeling strangely interested; "what, then, do you infer? that there is about to be a fresh eruption?"

"I fear so master: what else can have caused this change? You see there is heat below, which has melted the thick glacier, and only a few streaks of ice now remain upon parts of the sides, while the centre is gone.'

"And the ground here has a slight feeling of warmth, too!" I rejoined, as I bent down and laid my hand upon it.

what we have seen."

to be seen, have melted slowly, and before like to venture into this basin, and look

"O no, master!" replied the guide, with cost you your life!"

early hour, on the morning following my the venture, even though I were to go to move a mountain. There I was fixed without his consent.

"I will wait," he answered, "but remember, master, you go down against my ad-

The crater, or hollow was about fifty feet in depth, with gently sloping sides-and using my pointed stick with the greatest care, I forthwith began the descent, often stopping to try the temper of the lava with my hand, and finding it gradually grow warm as I proceeded, though not sufficiently so to excite any alarm. In a short time I reached the bottom, and stood on the highest point in this unliving world of verge of one of the seams or chasms, chaos, you instinctively pray God, with which opened far, far down into the heart an icy shudder shivering through your of the mountain. It was about four feet in width, zigzag in shape, and emitted life you seem to have left forever behind strongly the peculiar odor before mentioned. A small trickling stream from a melt-O how shall I attempt to convey to any ing layer of ice above, was running into ish with you." mind the awful scene of desolation that it; but I could only see that it was lost in surrounded me when at last I stood more the deep darkness below, from which than four thousand feet above the level of came up a kind of hissing, boiling, surg-

sense of danger connected with it, held me region a tree, a bush, a shrub, a blade, or always able to govern and control the acsee, was a succession of black, rugged frightened guide, who now began to imthe dread volcano had not been in action inanimate sellinde no human foot has ever for more than thirty years before his birth. I believed that he could know no more of the very desolation of desolation filled the danger than myself, and, therefore, of to sot from the dictates of my oun bolings agther than his fines; and as Land 45 pay higgs make for history

Giving no heed, therefore, to his earnest | We reached our horses in safety, and hurquiver about my dizzy brain, and I solicitations, I now resolved to sound, if | rying down the mountain, gave the alarm shouted, to break the stillness of death, possible, the depth of the chasm before to the villagers, who joined us in our flight and heard my voice come dismally back me, and then proceed to inspect the others; across the country, till a safe distance was on the 15th inst. The correspondent of in a hundred echoes, till it seemed to be and for this purpose I pried off from a gained. lost in the bowels of the unproductive larger one a small block of lava, and advancing to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from to do. side to side, long after it was lost to the eye. The depth was so immense that I began to move about, over blocks and heard it for more than a minute, and then heaps, and hills of lava, and across nar- the sound seemed to die out from distance, row chasms, and pitfalls, and patches of than to cease because the block had snow and ice, my faithful guide keeping reached its destination. It was an awful near, and often warning me to be careful depth, and fearfully impressed me with of my steps. In this manner I at length | terror; and as I drew back with a tomb. ascended a ridge of considerable eleva- shudder, a gust of hot sulphurous air tion, stumbling my way to the top and rushed and roared upward, followed by now and then displacing fragments of lava a steam-like vapor, and a heavy hollow that rolled crushing down behind me. As sound, as if a cannon had been disyet I had seen no signs of the mouth of charged far down in the bowels of the

> for flight, and I had already turned for the purpose, when suddenly there came a sort of rumbling crash, and the ground, shaking, heaving, and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyss. I was thrown down, and, on my hands and knees, praying God for mercy, was scramfrom a most horrible fate, when two blocks, rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and without actually crushing, held them as if in a vice. Then came another crash and crumble; the lava slid away from behind me; and I was left upon the very verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some fifteen or twenty feet. down into which I looked with horror strained eyes, only to see darkness and death below, and breathe the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from that seemingly bottomless pit.

O the horrors of that awful realization what pen or tongue can portray them ?-There, a helpless but conscious prisoner, suspended over the mouth of a black and heated abyss, to be hurled downward by the next great throe of trembling nature.

"Help! help! help! for the love of God, help!" I screamed, in the very agony of a wild despair.

I looked up and around to catch a glimpse of my guide; but he was gone, and I had nothing to rely on but the mercy of heaven; and I prayed to God as I never prayed before, for a forgiveness of "Let us leave, master!" returned the my sins, that they might not follow me to fellow hurriedly, looking around with an judgment. It might be a second, it might expression of alarm. "I do not like to re- be a minute, it might be an hour, that I main here; we may be destroyed at any should have thus to undergo a living death, moment. Let us hasten down, and report but be the time long or short, I felt there was no escape from a doom that even now "Nay," said I, feeling strangely inter- makes me grow pale and shudder when I ested and fascinated by the perilous novelty think of it. Above me was a clear blue "I do not think there is any immediate sky-beneath me a black and horrible danger, for the snow and ice, it is plainly abvss-around me sickening vapors, that made my brain grow dizzy. Rumbling I go away, never to return, I should and hissing sounds warned me that another convulsion might occur at any moment, and another would be the last of me .--Home and friends I should never see nervous anxiety; "do not do it! it might again, and my tomb would be the valcanic Hecla! I strove with the madness of des-"At least I will risk it, if you will agree peration to disengage my imprisoned to wait for me," said I, fully determined on limbs, but I might as well have attempted and fastened for the terrible death I was punt, into which he put the animal, of both sexes watching with eager awaiting. O, God of mercy, what a fate! Suddenly I heard a shout; and looking and threw the dog into it with the around, I beheld, with feelings that I can- intention of drowning him. The hoisting up the broken timber and not describe, my faithful guide, hastening poor animal tried several times, till rubbish with which the shaft is trated the obstruction, got into the down the rugged sides of the crater to my relief. He had fled in terror at the first

> his life for mine. May God reward him as he deserves. "I warned you, master," he said, as he came up panting, his eyes half starting from his head, and his whole countenance expressing commingled terror and pity. "You did! you did!" cried I, "but O

alarming demonstration, but had nobly

returned to save me, if possible, by risking

forgive and save me!" "You are already forgiven, master; and I will save you if I can—save you, or per-

Instantly he set to work, with his ironpointed stick, to break the lava around my limbs, but scarcely had made any progress when again the earth trembled, and the blocks parted one of them rolling down into the yawning chasm with a dull, hollow sound. I sprang forward-I seized a hand of the guide-we both struggled hard, and the next moment we had both fallen, locked in each others arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit, and any moment we might both be hurled to de-

"Quick, master," cried the guide; "up! up! and run for your life." I staggered to my feet with a wild cry

hope and fear and half supported by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater. As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy explosion: and looking back I beheld, with home, a dark smoking pit where we had so lately sta

Here I bade adieu to my faithful guide, rewarding him as a man grateful for the preservation of his life might be supposed A few days later, when the long extinct

Hecla was again convulsing the Island, and sending forth its mighty tongues of fire and streams of melted lava, I was far away from the sublime and awful scene, thanking God I was alive to tell the story of my wonderful escape from a burning

POETICAL DUN.

The following lines, after the fashion of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," are worthy a place in our columns. Their authorship is unknown. We hope our readers will This new manifestation of the powers not be too highly wrought up by this efstreams of melted black sand: but on of nature fairly startled me into a desire fusion, although we commend it to them as worth careful perusal:

Should you ask us why this dunning, Why these sad complaints and murmurs-Murmurs loud about delinquents Who have read the paper weekly, Read what they have never paid for, Read with pleasure and with profit, Read of church affairs and prospects, Read of news both home and foreign, Read the essays and the poems, Full of wisdom and instruction: Read the table of the markets, Carefully corrected weekly-

Should you ask us why this dunning. We should answer, we should tell you From the printer, from the mailer, From the kind old paper-maker, From the landlord, from the carrier, From the man who takes the letters With a stamp from Uncle Samuel; Uncle Sam the rowdies call him; From them all there comes a message-Message kind, but firmly spoken, "Please to pay us what you owe us."

Sad it is to bear such message. When our funds are all exhusted, When the last bank note has left us, When the gold coin all has vanished, Gone to pay the paper-maker. Gone to pay the toiling printer, Gone to pay the landlord tribute, Gone to pay old Uncle Samuel; Uncle Sam the rowdies call him Gone to pay the Western paper, Three and twenty hundred dollars.

Sad it is to turn our ledger, Turn the leaves of this old Turn and see what sums are due us. Due for years of pleasant reading, Due despite our patient waiting, Due despite our constant dunning, Due in sums from two to twenty.

Would you lift a burden from us ? Would you drive a spectre from us ? Would you taste a pleasant slumber Would you have a quiet conscience? Would you read a paper PAID FOR ? Send us payment-send us payment, Send us payment-send us payment Send us payment that you owe us!

A Touching Incident.—A touchng event lately occurred in England, on the banks of the Thames, near London, which illustrates the faithfulness and sagacity of the dog. A young gentleman, possessed of a fine usual routine of a coal mine in acdog, but for some unexplained cause tive operation and nothing is to be been revealed to us in all its horrors wishing to get rid of him, took a seen around but groups of persons this evening. almost wearied, to climb up the per- choked, to the upper seam, by which pendicular sides of the boat, but was ancing himself, his master fell over- eye is turned, groups and knots of board: as soon as the faithful dog saw his master in the water, he ceased his efforts to save himself, seized him by the clothes, and in that position held him till asistance was rendered, by means of which the life of the unrelenting master was saved.

General Sigel is a man of sense as well as a good officer, as we judge from the following extract from a ed by the first intelligence of the ca- a hecatomb of dead bodies. The letter of an officer in Gen. Sigel's castrophe has greatly subsided, and bulk of the bodies are lying in the command to his wife:

"To-day I invited Gen. Sigel to call on us, (his camp is nearly two miles off.) He said he would be pleased to do so and help instruct us in drill. So, promptly at two p. m., the General came over. He put us through the fighting programme for over two hours. Last night we received the papers containing the New York meeting in favor of Gen. sigel. I and others had almost a shout over it, for Sigel is beloved by all. 'We fight mit Sigel!' In conversation, to me, he expressed great regret that any meeting, purely German, should take action; that he was an American in feeling; that they had not used him well over there,-meaning in his fatherland,but here he had found sympathy and more promotion than he had earned,

Be careful of your word, even in keeping the most triffing appointment. But do not blame another for the day, (Saturday,) been wasting.

The day, (Saturday,) been wasting.

The day the full hope of the full h

200 Persons Buried Alive.

An accident buried two hundred perpons in a coal pit, near Shields, England, the Manchester Guardian telegraphs on the 17th :- I have just returned from Hartley New Pit, where two hundred men and lads are buried. The shaft has been closed up through the huge beam of the pumping engine falling down the pit yesterday. It carried the timber and the wood work down, and thus blocked the up and down cast shafts. The falling timber killed five out of eight men, who were being drawn up in a cage at the same time. The men and lads working below at the time of the accident, have been buried forty-eight hours, notwithstanding the greatest exertions to relieve them on the part of the ablest men in the coal trade. The working seam is filling with water, and no doubt the horses, which are worth five hundred pounds are already drowned.

The men and lads, however, could escape by means of a ladder to the yard seam, which is forty-nine fathoms higher, and out of the reach of water. Men have been heard trying to clear the obstruction in the shaft from below to-night, and no doubt is entertained that they are all out of danger of water at least. Means have been employed for securing good ventilation, and I was assured by the best authoities before I left, that the strongest hopes may be entertained that the yard seam would be reached, and the men and lads rescued before morning. Great excitement prevails, and numerous pitman's wives have been at the pit mouth watchng since last night. The three men saved hung by the cage in the shaft eight hours, before they were rescued.

The Colliery Accident in England -- Dreadful Catastrophe in the Hartley Coal Mines -- Two Hundred and Fifteen Miners Buried Alive--Finding of the Bodies.

We have already announced the fact of a fearful accident at the mine known as the "Hartley New Pit," near Newcastle, England. The arrival of the mails of the Nova Scotian places us in possession of the details of the affair—one of the most appalling catastrophes that the annals of accident record, involving the loss of probably two hundred or in a fearful undertone, as though a

of January, at ten o'clock in the morning. The Newcastle Chronicle

By this catastrophe no less than rescuers who were at work, and by two hundred men were entombed in the bowels of the earth. Of course people flocked from miles and miles around and instant efforts were made to relieve the unfortunates, but the brought up it was stupid, and it labor of clearing away the debris afterward died. Yet notwithstanding was immense, and only half a dozen this danger the rescuers still kept at men could work in the choked up work.

shaft at a time. THE SCENE ON SATURDAY. place a short space of forty-eight | calamity: hours has produced. Instead of the ascent and descent of the ropes a considerable saving of time is

buildings. Numbers of women, intelligence. many of them having passed the guish may be imagined. Others are among the men, but untouched. similarly situated, though not, perhaps, to the same extent. Numbers of able and experienced miners are neighborhood, and offering their ser-

elder Sharpe, after becoming covered ceased with his life. Watson, one of the men rescued, joined with him in his prayers and received his last breath. Sharpe's wife, has, during

Among the episodes of the catas-

near the pit, with warm coffee and food, in expectation that they would be needed when her husband was brought to bank. What a shock the poor creature will receive when the afflicting fact of his death is communicated to her.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

After one hundred and twenty hours of labor the distance to the entrenched men was reduced to eighteen feet, but only two men could work on the shaft at once. For some hours on this day (Saturday) buried men and lads imprisoned in the yard seam could be heard "jowling" or working in the shaft, but later they had no sign, and though every effort has been made

to get a signal from them, it failed. The accident, as we are told, took place on Thursday, the 16th. All of Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday the work of rescue preceeded, but in vain. Our room prevents us from giving the details of this labor. The feeling on the sixth day is thus described in the London Times:

"10 o'clock p. m.—Notwithstanding that the various officials on the coal platform endeavor to put a good face on the matter, it is painfully evident that the hope now remaining is of that character which serves merely to gild despair. Those only who descend the shaft and work for the removal of the knotty obstructions they find can form a correct opinion of the task on which they are engaged. These men have been from the first, if not despondent, at least doubtful as to the accomplishment of their task, and while they have refrained from expressing aught that might lead to increase the fears of those affected by the calamity, their silence on the subject has boded no good. The viewers, on the contrary, always express themselves on hopeful terms, and invariably put the most favorable construction on the sternest facts that are communicated to them from below, while, if there is any intelligence of an encouraging nature it is by no means rendered less cheering by the version given by these gentlemen.-Meanwhile the melancholy broods gloomily over the row of cottages facing toward the colliery; and the occupants, consisting now almost entirely of women, habitually speak sick man lay in each house whose life depended on the preservation of death-like stillness."

AN EXPERIMENT.

By this time the gas from the shaft nearly killed several of the way of experiment a cat was lowered down the shaft in a basket from the upper seam twenty-four fathoms, and was kept there half an hour. When

THE SAD DENOUMENT.

The following telegram, published changed from that last recorded.— in the London papers of Thursday What a change in the aspect of the the 23d, gives the sad result of the

"North Shields, 10 p. m .- The sad tragedy at Hartley colliery has

"The cloth brattice was completed rowed to the middle of the stream, looks the monotonous and unvaried this afternoon, and cleared the shaft to some extent of gas. Three pitmen (volunteers) went down, peneyard seam by the engine drift, and found men lying dead at the furnace. as oftenpushed back, when, overbal- effected. On all sides, wherever the They pushed their way through. The air was bad. Within this door they people are seen sheltering themselves found a large body of men sleeping from the biting frosty air behind the sleep of death. They retreated every sheltering projection about the and came to bank with the appalling

"Mr. Humble, viewer of the coldreary, cold, long night, exposed to liery, and Mr. Hall immediately went the inclemency of the weather, their down, and returned in an hour and a sense of physical pain being com- half. Both had to be taken off the pletely neutralized by the anguish of sling, seriously affected by gas.mind under which they labored, are They have been all through the seen around. The excitement arous- works, and found no living man, but it has been succeeded by a feeling of gallery near the shaft. An affecting patient, hopeful expectation. The report, which has touched all hearts, wives of the jeopardized men pass has been made by them. Families from place to place, turning their | are lying in groups; children in the wan, tear-swollen faces from one arms of their fathers; brothers with friend to another, in the hope of brothers. Most of them looked placgleaning some confirmation of their id, as if asleep, but higher up, near aspirations for the safety of those the furnace, some tall, stout men dear to them. One poor woman, seem to have died hard. The corn named Oliver, has a husband and six bins were all cleared. Some few of children, besides a boy whom they the men had a little corn in their have brought up, in the pit. Her an- pockets. A pony was lying dead

"Several volunteers have since penetrated the workings and confirm this statement. Nearly all of them hurrying in from all the surrounding however, have been brought to bank seriously affected by gas.

"There was great danger of more men losing their lives. Medical men, rophe we may mention that the of whom there were numbers at the colliery, held a council at 8 celock, with the falling rubbish, was heard and by their advice no more men audibly praying, and his supplications will be allowed to go down until the ventilation is improved.

"It will be some time before the bodies can be brought to bank