The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 68. CARLISLE, PENN'A, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1868. NO. 47.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one insertion,	$1 00
For each additional insertion,	50
For Merchants Advertisements,	25 00
Legal Notices,	4 00
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Obituary Notices and Communications relating to matters not private interests alone, 10 cents per line.

JOB PRINTING.—Our Job Printing Office is the oldest and most complete establishment in the county. Four good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, Blanks, or anything in the Job Printing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. W. D. HALL, Homœopathic Physician and Medical Electrician. Dr. MARY S. HALL, treats all female diseases. Office 37, South Hanover Street, Carlisle.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.—GEO. S. SAEMIG, Office, in Inhoff's Building, with W. J. Shearer, Esq. Prompt attention paid to legal business of all descriptions. 3apl 68-1y.

J. D. ADAIR, Attorney At Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office with A. B. Sharpe, Esq., No. 17, South Hanover Street. May 17—1y.

JOSEPH RITNER, Jr., Attorney at Law and Surveyor, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Office on Rail Road Street, two doors north of the Bank. Business promptly attended to. July 1, 1864.

J. R. MILLER Attorney at Law, Office in Hannon's building immediately opposite the Court House. 29nov 67 1y

LAW CARD.—CHARLES E. MAGLAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Office in the room formerly occupied by Judge Graham. July 1, 1864—1y.

M'C HERMAN, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa., No. 9 Rheem's Hall. July 1, 1864—1y.

JOHN CORNMAN, Attorney at Law Office in building attached to Franklin House, opposite the Court House. 1mar 68-1y.

G. M. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Real Estate Agent, Shepherdstown, West Virginia. Prompt attention given to all business in Jefferson County and the Counties adjoining it. January 10, 1866.—1 y.

H. E. BELTZHOOVER, Attorney at Law Office in South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's dry good store Carlisle, Pa. September 9, 1864.

JAMES A. DUNBAR, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office in No. 7, Rheem's Hall July 1, 1864—1y.

J. M. WEAKLY. W. F. SADLER
WEAKLEY & SADLER.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office No. 15 South Hanover street Carlisle Pa. nov15 67.

C. P. HUMRICH. WM. B. PARKER.
HUMRICH & PARKER.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Main st., in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa.

U. S. PATENT AGENCY. C. H. Leeman, 21 Main street Carlisle, Pa., executes drawings, specifications &c., and procures patents for inventors. 14feb 68-1y.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, Attorney at Law No. 7 South Market Square, Carlisle Penna. April 19, 1867—1y.

WM. B. BUTLER, Attorney at Law and United States Claim Agent, Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa. Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay &c., promptly collected. Applications by mail will receive immediate attention, and the proper blanks forwarded. No fee required until the claim is settled. Feb 14th, 1867—tf.

DR. GEORGES. SEARIGHT, Dentist, from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery Office at the residence of his father, East Louther street, three doors below Bedford. July 1, 1864.

GEO. W. NEIDICH, D. D. S.—Late Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office at his residence opposite Marion Hall, West Main street, Carlisle, Pa. 18 July 1, 64.

S. M. COYLE. W. SCOTT COYLE
COYLE & CO.
JOBBERS
Hosiery, Gloves, Fancy Goods and Stationery. All orders will receive prompt attention. No. 11, South Hanover st., Carlisle. Agents for the Chambersburg Woollen Mill 6mar 68 1y.

DR. THEO. NEFF,
GRADUATE OF PENN'A. COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY DENTIST,
Respectfully informs the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity that he has taken the office No. 23, West Inlet Street, lately occupied by his Father, where he is prepared to attend to all professional business. Artificial teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Vulcanite and Platinum. Charges moderate. 17april 68-1y *.

JOHN DORNER.
MERCHANT TAILOR.
In Kramer's Building, near Rheem's Hall, Carlisle Pa. has just returned from the Eastern Cities with the largest and most
COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
consisting of
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Vestings,
Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.,
ever brought to Carlisle.
His cloths comprise
ENGLISH,
FRENCH, and
AMERICAN MANUFACTURE:
of the finest texture and of all shades.
Mr. Dorner being himself a practical cutter of 20 experience is prepared to warrant perfect fits, at prompt fitting of orders.
Place Goods by the yard, or cut to order. Don't forget the place.
15may 68-tf.

FRESH ARRIVAL
Of all the New Spring Styles of
HATS AND CAPS.
The Subscriber has just opened, at No. 15 North Hanover St., a few doors North of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, one of the largest and best stock of HATS and CAPS ever offered in Carlisle.
Silk Hats, Gentlemen's of all styles, and qualities. Stiff Hats of different colors, and every description. Soft hats now on hand. The Dunkard and old fashioned brush, kept constantly on hand and made to order at all seasons at the lowest satisfaction. A full assortment of STRAW HATS, constantly on hand. Ladies' Fancy Hats.
I have also added to my stock, Notions of different kinds, consisting of Gaiters and Gent's Stocking Knee Caps, Pencils Gloves, Tinsel Sewing Silk, Suspenders, Umbrellas, &c., Prime Segars and Tobacco always on hand.
Give me a call and examine my stock, as I feel confident of pleasing, and of saving you money.
31my67 JOHN A. KELLER, Act. No. 15 North Hanover St.

GAS FITTING & PLUMBING.
The subscribers having permanently located in Carlisle, respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Their shop is situated on the public square in the rear of the 1st Presbyterian Church, where they can always be found.
Being experienced mechanics, they are prepared to execute all orders that they may be entrusted with in a superior manner, and at very moderate prices
HYDRAULIC RAMS,
WATER WHEELS,
HYDRANTS,
LIFT & FORCE PUMPS,
BATHING TUBS, WASH BASINS and all other articles in the trade.
PLUMBING AND GAS AND STEAM FITTING promptly attended to in the most approved style.
☞ Country work promptly attended to.
☞ All work guaranteed.
Don't forget the place—immediately in the rear of the First Presbyterian Church.
CAMPBELL & HENWOOD.
July27 68-1y

THE FARMER'S BANK, OF CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA,
recently organized, has been opened, for transaction a general banking business, in the corner room of Given's new building, on the North West corner High street and the Centre Square.
The Directors hope by liberal and careful management to make this a popular institution, and a safe depository for all who may favor the bank with their counts.
Deposits received and paid back on demand, interest allowed on special deposits, Gold, Silver, Treasury Notes and Government Bonds, bought and sold. Collections made on all accessible points in the country. Discount day, Tuesday. Banking hours from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M.
J. C. HOFFER, Cashier.
DIRECTORS.
Given, President, Wm. H. Miller,
Thomas Paxton, David Heikes,
John W. Craighead, A. J. Herman,
Elmer Cornman, Abraham Wilmer.

GEO. G. DOSH has a prime cigar for five cents. Try them. 1July-68.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA
IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!
Gray-Headed People have their locks restored by it to the dark, lustrous, silken tresses of youth, and are happy!
Young People, with light, faded or red Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn and rejoice!
People whose heads are covered with Dandruff and Humors, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!
Bald-Headed Veterans have their remaining locks tightened, and the bare spots covered with a luxuriant growth of Hair, and dance for joy!
Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!
Young Ladies use it because it keeps their Hair in place!
Everybody must and will use it, because it is the cleanest and best article in the world!
For Sale by Druggists generally.
feb7 68-1y

COAL IN YOUR COAL.—
As the weather is now very propitious, and the roads are most favorable for the laying in of your
WINTER'S COAL
the subscriber would offer his stock to the public, knowing full well the disposition of the trade generally, to make many promises to effect sales. The subscriber would prefer to learn the quality of the coal he runs then shall speak for itself and he will be held to the following which are his old standards.
1st. To sell none but the
BEST COALS
to be had.
2nd. To sell as
CHEAP
as any in the trade.
3d. To deliver what his customers buy, and not mix with a
LOWER PRICED
article to make the price to suit his sale.
4th. Believes in the principles that
SCALES
cannot be in use (without repairs) for a series of years to the advantage of the customers.
5th. To give the customers the advantage of
ANY CHANGE
in price at the mines.
6th. Is
DETERMINED
to do all in his power for the benefit of those who deal with him. Send on your orders and you shall have dealt as fairly with and on as favorable terms as any yard in the place.
A. H. BLAIR.
17july 68.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!
I have this day commenced selling off my entire stock of Summer Goods at greatly reduced prices]
FOR CASH:
GRENADINES,
LAWNS,
MELANGES,
BARRED LENO,
FRENCH PARASOLS,
CHIENE POPLINS,
ALAPACCAS, &c., &c., at cost.
BLACK SILKS,
NETT SHAWLS at cost,
A full line of SATIN, BARRED and STRIPED SATEENS, and WHITE MARSEILLES under price.
SUMMER CASSIMERES, and COTTON PANTS STUFFS, great bargains.
HOOP SKIRTS & BALMORALS,
Cheaper than ever sold in Carlisle.
Muslins,
Tickings,
Ginghams,
Checks, &c., the lowest price.
Stockings,
Gloves,
Corsets,
Buttons and other notions in great variety and very cheap.
DELAINES, 12½, 18, and 20,
CALICOES, 8, 10, 12½,
CARPETS AT COST.
Now is the time to secure bargains in all kinds of DRY GOODS as many articles will be closed out less than cost.
CHAS. OGILBY,
No. 47, West Main Street, Carlisle.
Great Bargains in Parasols and White Quilts.
2July-68.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH!
James McConigal, at No. 83 South Hanover St., Carlisle, would call the attention of his friends and the public generally to his large stock of
STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE,
which he feels assured will give satisfaction in all quality and price.
In the stove line he would call especial attention to the
EMPIRE GAS BURNER & PARLOR HEATER.
It is a Perpetual Base Burning Stove. The Purifier will heat an upper and lower room perfectly, and is guaranteed to be perfectly free from explosion of gas. It is so constructed that its rays of heat are deflected to the floor, warming the feet instead of the face. It is a gas consumer, and is perfectly clear from dust. Its ventilation is complete, as it has burning and ignited coals shine out through the Mica Windows, giving the brightness and cheer of an open fire. Call and see it. He also offers all the latest and most improved patterns of
PARLOR STOVES,
and a large stock of Cook Stoves, consisting of the
Nimrod,
Niagara,
Ironsides,
Quaker City,
Farmer,
and a variety of others, all of which are warranted to be best class Stoves and to give entire satisfaction.
TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE,
made of the very best material, and all other things necessary for housekeepers in his line of business kept constantly on hand.
His expenses are trifling, compared with others, as he defies competition, and would ask those desiring anything in his line of business, to ascertain prices elsewhere, and then give him a call, satisfied themselves that he can sell better articles for less money than any other establishment in the county. He motto is, Quick Sales and Small Profits. Old metal taken in exchange.
Spouting, Roofing and Jobbing promptly attended to, made of the best material, and at moderate prices.
JAMES McCONIGAL.
16oct 68-6m.

MARBLE YARD.
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEADSTONES, Mantles Door sills, on hand and made to order South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa.
march15 67-1y. R. OWEN.

HOOFLAND'S BITTERS.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
Hoofland's German Tonic.
Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
The Great Remedies for all Diseases
OF THE
LIVER, STOMACH, OR
DIGESTIVE ORGANS.
Hoofland's German Bitters
is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medically termed, Extracts) of Roots Herbs and Barks, making a properly tinted, and entirely free from Alcoholic admixture of any kind.
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,
is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters with the purest quality of Santa Cruz Rum, Orange etc., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.
Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use
Hoofland's German Bitters.
In cases of nervous depression, when some alcoholic stimulus is necessary,
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC
should be used.
The Bitters or the Tonic are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues.
The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The result of which is, that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:
Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.
These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhœa, Disease of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.
DEBILITY,
Resulting from any Cause whatever; PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, Fevers, etc.
There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole System, the Appetite is Strengthened, food is enjoyed, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.
Persons Advanced in Life,
and feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instil new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.
NOTICE.
It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.
To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.
WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN
Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMUS, without fail.
Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed are men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.
TESTIMONIALS.
Hon. Geo. W. Woodward.
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pa., writes: Philadelphia, March 16, 1867.
"I find Hoofland's German Bitters" is a valuable medicine in cases of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD."
Hon. James Thompson.
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, April 28, 1868.
"I consider Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON."
From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have declined; but with a clear proof in various instances and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.
Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Coates St.
From Rev. E. D. Fendall,
Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.
I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.
CAUTION.
Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit.
Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia.
CHARLES M. EVANS, German Druggist, Proprietor, Formerly C. M. Jackson & Co.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.
PRICES.
Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle $1 00
" " " half dozen 5 00
Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, 1 50 per bottle, or a half dozen for 7 50
☞ Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Poetical.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis sad, yet sweet, to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood's wish
To roam like angels there!

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past,
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon;

Those bright and gentle maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this;
Whose dark, soft eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose looks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright;

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April,
They followed every tear—
They have passed—like hopes—away,
And their loveliness has fled;
Oh, many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead!
Like the brightest buds of summer,
They have fallen with the stem;
Yet oh! it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them!

And yet the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they,
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love
Grow to each loving breast
Like the tendril of the clinging vine,
Then perish where they rest!

And we can but think of these,
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us
And the flowers are blooming;
And we know that winter's coming,
With his cold and stormy sky,
And the glorious beauty round us
Is budding but to die!

Miscellaneous.

A TRAGEDY IN A COAL-PIT.

About seven years ago, when the old Lady well shaft, in South-Staffordshire, was nigh worked out, and there were galleries and galleries stretching out, the men said, for miles of old workings, which they, or even their fathers bef re them, knew nothing of, and could not find their way about, it was determined by our owners to sink a fresh shaft and commence working the other side of the hill, and to leave off working the old mine, for ominous rumors of choke-damp and falling roof warned them that it would not be safe much longer. Accordingly the new works were begun; they found a thick seam and very soon they were in full operation, and the old mine deserted. The viewers told the men to avoid the side nearest the old workings, but the seam ran that way, and the men worked and worked, till at last they broke in one or two small places, and these the viewers had closed in as soon as possible.

There was at that time in our employ, as viewer, or overseer, a man by the name of Timmins, a rigid Wesleyan, and a good workman, but of a reserved and morose temper, and with whom the men did not care much to meddle. They often said Black Jack (for such was the nickname he went by) was not right in his head, and indeed his manner was at times eccentric; but, as I before said, he was a most excellent hand in the pit, and that was all his employers wanted.

About this time the small-pox commenced its ravages dreadfully in this neighborhood, and Timmins' wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, became one of its first victims, being carried off in a very short time.

The loss seemed quite to have changed the man. From a stern religionist, he turned to drink, and no one was more reckless, more debauched and degraded.

His employers remonstrated with him, and told him they would be obliged to part; that he was only setting the men a bad example instead of keeping them out of danger; but remonstrance was thrown away, and finally, they were obliged to tell him that at the end of the week he would be discharged. He went to his work, but after a day or so he was missed, and when pay-night came he did not appear at the table; so the cashier said:

"I suppose Timmins is drunk again; he'll come some other time."

But the men shook their heads darkly, and said among themselves, they never thought any good would come of Black Jack.

Now it happened about this time there was appointed to our mine a new manager; for the former one was too old and superannuated. He came from the coal-fields in the neighborhood of Newcastle, and was a widower, with one daughter. Mr. Woodward soon showed himself a clever man, and from the kindness and geniality of his temper made himself beloved among the men, a race always greatful for kindness. His daughter Meta was seventeen, and possessed one of those charming English faces which to look at was to love. Her bright auburn curls clustered round a fair, open brow; dove-like eyes and sweet mouth expressed the gentleness of the spirit within. Meta's features might not separately have been regular, but, taken as a whole, the effect was perfect. Her books, however, were not her only recommendation—her sweet disposition, kindness of heart, and charity, endeared her to all her friends. She often visited the works with her father, and begged him to let her descend the mine, but he refused. Constant dropping, they say, will wear away a stone; and so Meta's supplication must have worn away her father's resolution, for one day it was settled that Meta should descend with her father and a pitman and explore the mine. They arrived at the new shaft about noon, and, after the cage had been arranged, Mr. Woodward, his daughter, and a miner named Baccup, descended. They were each provided with candles, and, arriving at the bottom, proceeded to visit the men in their several workings. They had been into several, and were thinking of returning, when just as they came to an intercepting gallery, a violent gush of wind extinguished all their three candles, and left them in perfect darkness. For the first few moments no one spoke, and then Mr. Woodward encouraged his daughter by telling her that, although doubtless very untoward to be left without a light, still there could be no possible danger, as all they would have to do was to keep straight forward, and they would come to the foot of the shaft, and most likely some of the men would meet or overtake them, when they could procure a light. Acting on this suggestion, they continued walking on. When they had entered the pit with their lights, and were full of confidence, the distance appeared short, but now in the pitchy Egyptian darkness it seemed as if they could never find their way out. Minutes seemed lengthened into hours, and still they walked, and seemed no nearer their destination. At length Meta's delicate frame succumbed to the unwonted exertion, and she exclaimed:

"Papa, I can go no farther; leave me, and seek a light; I will remain until you return."

"I can't my child," he replied, "I will remain with you, but Baccup can go and bring assistance."

At this moment he felt Baccup's hand gently draw his on one side and a voice whispered in his ear:

"I don't like to alarm Miss Woodward, sir, but I'm afraid we have wandered into the old workings, and if so, we are lost."

"No, no; that can't be," replied the now terrified father; "for we couldn't have got in when all the breaks were closed."

"I heard the men say at the pit's mouth this morning that there had been a great break in the night, but I did not think we should have come this side," replied the man.

"God forbid that we should be in these workings; but, if so, they will miss us, guess where we are, and search for us."

"How can each separate party know but that we have gone up with the other? It will only be when we are missed at home that they will think what can have become of us, and before then it will be too late."

Mr. Woodward felt the full force of all this, but he would not give away; so he said aloud to Baccup:

"It won't do for us to separate, I think, after all; so you and I will manage to carry my daughter between us, and reach the shaft."

The man complied, and, raising the young girl between them, they again essayed to find their doubtful way. But soon the road became rough and broken, and they could now realize that they had indeed wandered from the right track, and were lost in the old galleries. At length the strong men could go no further, and, laying the young girl down, the father seated himself by her, and said:

"Meta, darling, we have wandered from the right track. It would be useless going further in this darkness, as we don't know but we may be only wandering farther from the aid and assistance that will be shortly seeking us."

"I don't know how it is, papa, but I feel a firm conviction that I shall never reach home again. I pray that you may be spared, for it was my folly that brought us all here."

The father gently chid his child for feeling so gloomy, and comforted her as well as he could; for he felt all the time black despair settling at his heart, for now, for the first time, he realized the peril they really stood in.

Hours passed, and still no signs of the promised assistance. Their strength began to fail, for where is there anything that robs one of all strength of purpose and of body as when the bright goddess Hope takes her departure? It was just at a moment when Mr. Woodward felt his senses leaving him with anguish, that Meta exclaimed:

"Papa, is that a star I see shining in the distance?"

They looked, and beheld a faint glimmer of light. Hope immediately sprang up again in their minds.

They raised a feeble shout, but, far from expediting the assistance they stood so much in need of, it seemed to have a contrary effect, for the light immediately disappeared.

"It can only be the effect of imagination," sighed Meta.

"Hush!" said Baccup; "keep silence, and see what comes of it."

Shortly the light began to glimmer again, and presently they could perceive a figure approach them—it was that of a man almost a skeleton. His black locks hung down to his waist, while in his eyes the fire of insanity gleamed and flashed.

"Tis Black Jack," whispered Baccup.

And then they heard the madman exclaim:

"Who is it that invades my last home, when, after taking all I held near and dear, drove me from the earth, and even in hell can't let me rest?"

He approached and suddenly his eyes fell on Meta, lying on the ground insensible.

"Mary, my darling, are you returned to comfort me? You came back to—Ha! ha! I see the halo round her head. Men nor devils shan't part us!" and, rushing forward, he raised the fainting girl in his arms, and fled swiftly away.

The two men followed as well as they could, guided by the sound of the maniac's footsteps and the occasional glimmer of his lamp; but, after their exhaustion, they were no match for the frenzied speed of the madman. They gradually lost him, but still keeping on in the same direction, they saw a gleam of light, and presently arrived at the foot of an old, disused shaft. To the side of this shaft there had been fixed ladders, by which the miners in the olden time ascended, as well as descended, into the pit; but they were decayed and frail. Nevertheless, it was evident that up this ascent the maniac had fled with his burden.

The two men looked at each other in dismay, and then prepared to ascend. After a struggle, they reached the top, and the first thing that met their eyes was Meta, lying on the ground insensible, and Timmins emerging from a ruined out-house, with a vessel of water in his hand. He advanced toward the form of the unconscious girl, but the moment his eyes fell on the approaching figures of the two men, "Wretches!" he exclaimed, "I thought I had distanced you, but never mind, you shan't part us again—she is my own, my beautiful, my bride!"

And before the agonized father or the astonished miner could interfere, he had seized the poor girl in his arms, rushed to the pit's mouth, and jumped down, full three hundred feet, where the mangled bodies of the maniac and his victim were taken out that night.

KIT CARSON AND THE UTAH CHIEF.

During a residence of ten years in the Rocky Mountains, I became intimately acquainted with Kit Carson. I have hunted, trapped and fought Indians in company with him, and a more congenial and pleasant companion it has never fallen to my lot to meet. In the summer of the year 1845 I was camped with Kit Carson, Bob Fisher, Lucien Maxwell and Dick Wooden on the Rio, a creek that empties its waters into the Red river. We were building adobe houses, intending to make a permanent settlement. Judge Beaudien, of Taos, Maxwell's father-in-law, sent us out some cows, hogs, chickens, and a number of Spaniards, whom we employed in planting about one hundred acres of corn on the opposite side of the creek without any fencing. Our corn looked well, and we were anticipating a large crop, when one day a village of Utahs, consisting of about seventy-five lodges, under Big Antler, their chief, made their appearance.—They had a great many horses, and after camping, which they did about one half mile above, they deliberately drove their stock into our corn. We mounted our horses, taking our rifles with us, and drove them away; then, riding up to their camp, asked the chief "if it was his intention to destroy our corn?" He said "Yes; he came for the purpose of recruiting his horses, which were poor, and he knew of no better place than these, and he was told that the whites were going to war with the Utabs;" at the same time he gave orders to his young men to drive the horses back into the corn.

Seeing that he was in earnest, and not willing to have the crop destroyed without an effort to save it, Kit sprang from his horse, saying, "Boys, cover me with your guns—I will fix him," and, instantly springing upon the chief, clutched him by the throat. "Now," he said, "order your young men to bring back those horses, or you are a dead man. If your stock enter my corn I shall kill you." at the same time holding a seven inch butcher-knife to his breast. The chief, seeing that he was in a bad predicament, and knowing that the threat would be put in force, ordered the horses to be brought back.

Big Antler was, and had always been, the friend of the whites, and the most honorable Indian in the Utah nation—a brave man, and one who respected bravery in others. Kit knew this; and thought that by acting in the manner he did, he would be most apt to succeed. After releasing his hold of the Indian, he asked him "how he learned that the whites were going to war with the Utahs?" Big Antler said, "Black Cloud had just come from Taos and brought the news."

Black Cloud, who was standing by, said, "Yes, it is so," and that we should die, and our property be destroyed. Kit said that he was "talking crooked, and trying to get the Utahs to commence war." Big Antler said that as Black Cloud was double-tongued, and did not love the whites, he would wait and hear further news, and not be too hasty in the matter, as he did not want to go to war without cause. The warriors now began to crowd around us with threatening gestures, which, being perceived by the chief, he ordered them to desist and stand back, saying: "Warriors, would you be cowards to attack these men in your own camp? The first that lays a hand on these men I shall shoot down like a dog. I am going to camp on this creek the balance of this moon, and see that not one head of our horses trouble the whites. These men are brave, I love them, and who among my young warriors are going to join me in protecting them?" He hardly ceased speaking, when about fifty braves sprang to the side of their chief.

Black Cloud, who was a man of influence among the Utahs, a very giant in size, and of a blood-thirsty nature, who had caused Big Antler a great deal of trouble by his quarrelsome disposition, and had also killed the chief's own brother some few years before, stepped forward and tried to persuade the balance that they had better kill and destroy all belonging to us. Having the majority with him, he began to argue with the chief. "You know," he said, "that the Utahs never had much love for the whites. Now is our time! Let us kill these men! they are captains and braves. We have them in our power. Let us kill them, and then go down to the camp and kill the Spaniards and destroy their stock and corn, and then we will fight the whites whenever we meet them. Have they not driven our buffalos away, caught our beaver, and, by hunting through the country, made the game wild, so that our young men find it hard work to get meat to feed our women and children? Are we not the owners of this country? What right have they here? They trade with our enemies, the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes, and furnish them guns and ammunition to fight us with!" Then, turning to his own crowd, he said, "Have you heard me, braves? Shall we be women and let Big Antler dictate what we shall do in this matter? No, warriors! Let us kill them and every white we catch in our country from this time out. My heart is big—big for the Utahs. Big Antler's heart is big for the whites. Whom will you join? Who shall be your chief and lead you against the whites? I have done!"

As soon as he stopped speaking, an old brave said, "Utahs, pause a moment. Open your ears and hear your chief first. You all know he is strong in war and strong in council. Big Antler, speak to your people."

The chief stepped forward, and throwing his robe on the ground, stood before them a perfect model of a strong and active man. With head erect, and flashing eyes, he commenced:

"I have listened to Black Cloud. I have heard all he said. He has been a great warrior. He counts more coos than any other man in the nation. His enemies' scalps hang on every pole in his lodge. His squaws and children never want for meat, for he is a great hunter. There is no Utah in the tribe so big as he. Look at him as he stands there, head and shoulders above you all. Why was he not a chief? I will tell you. He was not born to be a chief, he is too wicked. He loves to kill. He is like the panther, he loves to prowl upon his enemies and kill for the sake of blood. A chief should have feelings of kindness to the weak, and protect them. Black Cloud has no kindness in his heart; even with his own people he is bad. Did he not kill your chief's brother, the Raven? If I had not been a chief I would have killed him for that,—but I was chief of a brave people, and would not stoop to slay him. In battle, where am I? Do I follow behind and take scalps from those that others kill to make my coos count big? No! the scalps that hang on my lodge poles were taken from the heads of warriors that fell by this hand, not from women and children, but from warriors in battle, fighting like brave men, and conquered by Big Antler, whom all the Utahs call a brave man, and not a slayer of women and children and prisoners."

At this Black Cloud sprang forward, and taking a handful of dirt, threw it on the chief, saying: "Big Antler, you are a coward. You are afraid to fight the whites. Your brother was a coward and I killed him. Say, Utahs, shall we have a coward for our chief? I have thrown dirt on him, and he turned pale in the face like a white man. Look at him! there is no blood in his eyes! He trembles like a squaw. You want a brave man for your chief, one that will lead you to battle and return loaded with the scalps of the enemy. Big Antler, your time has come. Black Cloud always kills the man that insults him, and you must die."

He was just in the act of making a spring upon Big Antler, who stood calmly waiting for him to finish speaking, when Kit Carson spurred his horse between them, and jumping down, he stood face to face with the giant Black Cloud, who, looking at him a moment with rage depicted in every feature, said, "Stand aside, squaw of the pale faces, I shall punish you afterwards."

"You will," said Kit, "we will see to that," at the same time bringing his rifle to his shoulder. "Black Cloud, I will let the sun shine through you if you move another step forward. Boys, stand close to me; let your horses go. I think this little knot of braves, backed by us, can just clean out this crowd; and, to tell the truth, I owe this fellow a settlement for stealing my horses once."

Black Cloud's party began to move up, and the Big Antler's braves stood near us and the chief, whose face was calm and pleasant to look on before, stepped forward. I never saw such a change. He looked a very demon. His eyes were blood-shot, the sweat was pouring down his face, and raising both hands above his head, in one of which he had a knife, he spoke:

"Warriors, take this man away. I shall kill him if you do not. What! Black Cloud, the murderer of his own people, talk of being chief of the Utahs! Away with him! my heart is growing cold, and I feel I am becoming thirsty for blood. Big Antler will be your chief until he is too old to lead his braves to victory; then he will step aside for one you consider worthy of filling his place. But no murderer; one that has Utah blood on his hands, can be your chief. Do I speak to you straight?"

While he had been talking, they had led Black Cloud aside, and a number of his party had come over to the chief, and declared themselves ready to obey him and him alone.

Kit was talking to the chief, and just in the act of shaking his hand, when crack! went a rifle, and a ball whistled past his head and entered the breast of a young brave who stood beside Big Antler, killing him instantly. Black Cloud, who fired the shot, had, in his rage, snatched a gun from an Indian and fired at Kit or the chief; we never knew which. Kit raised his rifle, took deliberate aim, and sent a ball crashing through his skull. Then, springing to the chief, he told them to "come on, if they wanted to avenge Black Cloud; that we were ready and anxious for a fight." He called them cowards and squaws, and all the names he knew were insulting to an Indian, but they did not come; their leader was gone, and they did not care to risk the further displeasure of their chief. Kit told them if Black Cloud's relations wanted any satisfaction from him at any time, he was going to stay on that creek, and they would always find him there. The chief sent ten young braves down to our camp to stay with us as long as the village remained on the creek. Every day he would send us fresh meat, and during the time they camped near us we were well treated and respected. Kit was considered by them a great brave, and their chief's best friend.

THE BATTLES OF THE REVOLUTION.—The Louisville *Courier* gives the following statistics in regard to the battles of the Revolution. It will be seen that the American loss was not quite one-third that of the British:

	British Loss.	American Loss.
Lexington, April 19, 1775.	273	81
Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775,	1,054	453
Fort Moultrie, August 12, 1776,	400	200
White Plains, August 26, 1776,	400	400
Trenton, December 25, 1776,	1,000	40
Princeton, January 3, 1777,	400	100
Hubbardstown, Aug. 17, 13, 1777,	803	800
Bennington, August 16, 1777,	800	100
Brandywine, September 11, 1777,	500	1,100
Stillwater, September 17, 1777,	600	350
Germantown, October 4, 1777,	600	1,200
Saratoga, October 17, 1777, (surrendered,)	5,752	
Red Bank, October 23, 1777,	500	32
Monmouth, June 28, 1778,	400	130
Rhode Island, August 27, 1778,	200	211
Briar Creek, March 30, 1779,	13	400
Stoney Point, July 15, 1779,	600	100
Camden, August 16, 1779,	375	010
King's Mountain, October 7, 1780,	950	96
Cowpens, January 17, 1781,	800	72
Guilford Courthouse, Mar 15, '81,	532	400
Hobkirk Hill, April 25, 1781.	400	400
Eutaw Springs, Sept., 1781,	1,000	550
Yorktown, October 19, 1781, (surrendered,)	7,072	
Total,	25 491	7,857

A BRIDAL party from Galveston were passing the draw in the railroad bridge on the route to Houston, when the fair bride leaned out of the window to catch a farewell glance of the Island City. Her affectionate and newly made husband, trembling with anxiety for her safety, tenderly encircled her slender waist with his coat sleeve, and softly whispered, "Pray take care of yourself—don't fall overboard, darling!" Scarcely were the words out of his mouth ere the blushing young be