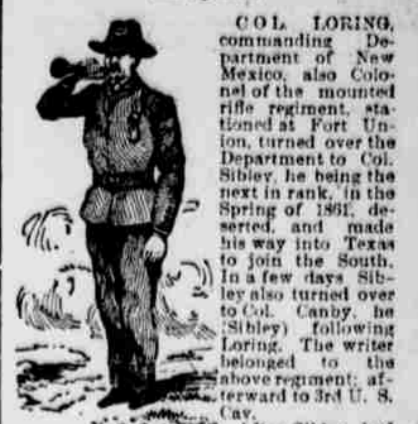


SOLDIERS' COLUMN

IN NEW MEXICO.

Sibley Invades the Territory, but is Soon Driven out of it.



COL. LORING, commanding Department of New Mexico, also Col. Sibley, he being the next in rank, in the Spring of 1861, deserted, and made his way into Texas to join the South.

After Sibley had arrived safely in Texas we heard that he was getting up a force to invade the Territory, which turned out to be the fact. He started with about 1,500 or 2,000 men to march upon the Rio Grande, which was a wild-goose chase for them. Canby fortified himself at Fort Craig, thinking that the enemy would attack him in the fort. But when they arrived, after a long journey (this was in February, 1862), they decided to pass Canby and proceed to Santa Fe. Canby was compelled to come out and attack him outside the fort, by which the Union forces were defeated with the loss of their batteries of guns and nearly all the artillerymen killed.

Col. Kit Carson had a regiment of Mexicans supporting the battery, and they ran in confusion and let the guns go to the enemy. Canby was compelled to take to his fort, leaving his head and hands to those bloodthirsty rebels who robbed them of their clothing and even cut off the fingers of Lieut. McLean in order to get his rings. The next day the enemy started on their way for Santa Fe, leaving Canby behind. My company was at Fort Union, and a few squadrons of infantry and one battery of two guns. We were ordered to Santa Fe to remove the Quartermaster's stores to Fort Union. After remaining there a few days, and finding the enemy was now advancing close on us, we were compelled to evacuate Santa Fe, and to take to the mountains. James Fitzgerald and myself were sent to Denver, Colo., with a dispatch to meet the first Colorado regiment. We were to cross the mountain direct to Denver. On the second day of our journey we encountered snow so deep that we were compelled to change our course. After traveling three days we learned that the troops were on another route from the one we were ordered to take.

On the fourth day we overtook them near Fort Union and delivered our message to Col. Slough. Then we returned to our company at Las Vegas, on the road from Fort Union to Santa Fe. This force consisted of one company of cavalry and about 10 companies of infantry, numbering about 1,500. By this time the enemy were in Santa Fe, and about to move on to Fort Union. Canby and his force were far back in the rear. Col. Slough, 1st Colo. Cav., and Co. E, of 3d U. S. Cav., were sent forward to meet the advance of the enemy. We found them at Apache Canyon, about 15 miles from Santa Fe. This was in the afternoon. The Colorado cavalry were in the advance, and they saw something like a brass cannon ahead and charged. They were fired into from the mountain-side as they passed down the road; some were wounded.

At this time my company deployed to fight on foot, and came down upon the band and took the whole hatch prisoners—about 50 in all. At this time the charging party were returning without pushing anything. The Lieutenant, when he returned and found those rebels captured, was so delighted that he took up one of the rebel guns, raised it with both hands by the barrel and brought it down with force to the ground, when it went off and killed him. He was the only man killed at this time.

By this time the sun was going down. The prisoners were then sent back to the rear. We saw two men emerge from the bushes a good distance off with a white flag. We met them and they said: "You have got the better of us this time, but we will show you something to-morrow." I was sent back to Headquarters with a dispatch to make arrangements about a truce. I remember the right line was in front of Altiplano the next day (the 27th of March, 1862). About 10 o'clock of the above date we met the whole rebel force. My company was in the advance. We were a little late in reaching the ridge just above Pigeon's Ranch, and the rebels were already there. We were compelled to fight and fall back the whole day. We were greatly outnumbered. Col. Slough having sent 400 of our men around a large mountain to get in the rear of the enemy. We longed to see them come back to our assistance. It turned out all right after all. We got a good position about 4 o'clock in afternoon, when the enemy charged us time and again and were repulsed every time. Finally they had to withdraw, leaving the ground covered with their dead. At a positive time I lost 10 to one in this battle. This ended the fighting for this day. There was a truce for 24 hours to bury the dead. They took advantage of this truce and started for Texas; they did not even wait to give their dead a decent burial, but piled them away in any shape I think the wolves got the most of them.

Canby and his force had not arrived, and it was a day or two before we learned of the retreat. When we received orders to hasten on and join Canby, which took some time. However, on the night of the 14th of April we found ourselves in camp with Canby's force at a place called Peratroche, some distance down the Rio Grande, and at day-break we found the enemy was encamped just across the river from where we were. Boots and saddles were sounded, and in a few minutes everything was in readiness to charge the enemy, who in the meantime threw a few round shot at us. At this time the wind raised and blew a regular hurricane, drifting sand in such a way that we were compelled to lie down and wait for it to pass. This was on the 14th of April.

The next morning we found the enemy had gotten the start of us again, and we were obliged to make a forced march in order to overtake him, which we did some time in the afternoon. Our forces were on one side and the enemy on the other side of the Rio Grande. They were followed in this way for several days, when they disappeared, and we never got sight of them again. This put an end to the invasion of New Mexico by the rebels.

In conclusion, I will say for my company and myself that we were surprised and delighted to see such a fine lot of officers and men as were the 1st Colo. I am also sure the rebels were surprised but not delighted. Has it not been for their timely arrival we could not have held the place.—JAMES B. BAILEY, in National Tribune.

Sticilian Earthquakes Continue. Earthquakes continue to occur almost daily in Sicily. Saturday Palermo, Trapani and the Island of Ustica, off the Sicilian coast were shaken violently. Many buildings were injured and are likely to fall should the shocks be repeated.

HEAVEN is only a step from the penitent sinner, but millions of miles from the hypocrite.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS.

THE INDICTMENTS QUASHED.

THE DELAMETERS WILL NOT SUFFER FOR WRECKING THE MEADVILLE BANK. MEADVILLE.—In the Court of Quarter Sessions here Judge Henderson filed opinions quashing all the indictments, nine in number, against the Delameters for embezzlement. The Court's action is severely criticized by the depositors of the wrecked bank.

MAN FROM IMAGINARY GYPSIES AND WAS DROWNED. HUNTINGDON.—Glen Dewey aged 6 years of Paradise Furnace, while running from imaginary gypsies, fell in Big Trough creek and was drowned.

THE DEADLY OIL CAN AGAIN. GREENSBURG.—The other night a 13-year-old daughter of John Griffith, living near Ligonier, lost her life while attempting to kindle a fire by the aid of kerosene. The can exploded, her clothes took fire and she burned to death.

Mrs. JACK RILEY and Mrs. T. McDonough, of Me. Pleasant, Westmoreland county were sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 and undergo imprisonment for three months for illegal liquor selling. J. Nugget was fined \$500 and six months to jail for the same offense.

AN epidemic similar to the distemper is afflicting the cattle in the vicinity of Esopus, Mercer county. A large number of animals have died, and about 50 are seriously sick with the mysterious disease.

At Pottstown, John Jones has been hanged out of \$2,500 by three strangers. They represented themselves as bank agents and offered to buy a horse and carriage and a pair of horses in Norristown. The victim is 70 years of age.

A Honesdale, 33-inch mill has broken the record. Friday night it ran 185 feet long was rolled, 11 feet the highest record before.

ELMER BLAIR was run down by a Pennsylvania Company car at a New Castle street crossing. Blair lived near Stoneboro. He died in a few hours.

The comptroller of the currency authorized the First National bank of Verona, Allegheny county to commence business on \$20,000 and with the following officers: R. R. Wood, President; George S. Marcum, cashier.

THOMAS RONNY, attorney for the Delameter creditors, declared he will ask for new indictments from the present grand jury. The creditors are angry at the new turn of affairs.

SIX valuable cows belonging to Manager Taylor, of the Robinson Iron Company Reading, were killed by order of the State veterinary surgeon. They were afflicted with pleuro-pneumonia.

THOMAS McINVER, aged 14, of Whitney, carelessly handling a revolver and the weapon discharged, the ball taking effect in his side, producing a probably fatal wound.

By a majority of 98, the voters of Huntingdon decided to bond the indebtedness of the town for an additional \$75,000 for street improvements. The entire town will be macadamized.

MICHAEL DILLON, a Philadelphia & Erie railroad watchman, shot and fatally wounded Patrick McSwiggan at Erie. McSwiggan attacked the watchman because he had interfered with a man who was taking company coal and was beating him when the watchman shot his assailant twice, once in the head and once in the breast.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

SEVENTY-SECOND DAY.—In the Senate to-night these bills passed finally: To establish boards of arbitration to settle questions of wages and other matters of variance between capital and labor to provide for the election of a public auditor, and the relative to appointment of special deputies, marshals or policemen by sheriffs and mayors.

In the house nearly 100 bills passed first reading, nothing further of importance done either in either house. The Legislature, and both houses adjourned earlier than usual.

SEVENTY-THIRD DAY.—In the senate to-day these bills were passed finally: To enable borough councils to establish boards of health, to authorize the election of a chief burgess for three years in the several boroughs, who shall not be eligible for the next succeeding term of office; to establish a medical council and three State boards of medical examiners and to provide for the regulation and licensing of practitioners of medicine and surgery, and to further regulate the practice of medicine and surgery. These bills passed finally: To give additional protection to women and children in mercantile industries, to regulate and license establishments to require pawnbrokers to make daily reports of the number and character of articles received by them to the proper police departments; to more clearly define the value of policies of insurance issued by life insurance companies doing business in this State.

The classes which authorize the text book bill on third reading, and it now goes to the governor. The bill provides that the books now in the hands of the pupils shall not be discarded for new books, which will prevent extravagance. The measure embodies the Philadelphia system, which has been in practice for seventy-five years, and which is commended by educators throughout the country. The measure is to be followed with an appropriation of \$500,000, which will be in addition to the \$1,000,000 to the purchase of the text books. The bill is unquestionably one of the most important that has passed this Legislature.

The senate passed the bill for the payment of mercantile licenses all dealers in merchandise whose annual sales are less than \$2,000 are exempted. These bills passed finally: To prohibit persons, by sale, gift or otherwise, from furnishing cigarettes containing tobacco or cigarette papers to minors and providing penalties. To secure to mechanics journeymen and laborers the right to file liens against real estate for the amount of wages due for work or labor done in and about the construction, alteration or repairing thereof.

For the first time in many a session, a revenue bill was defeated in the House. The Niles bill came up this morning on special order for third reading and final passage, and was laid out by a very decisive vote of 129 to 99. Two road bills passed the house finally to-day. Nesbit's measure carried an appropriation of \$1,000,000, and provided for a county supervisor. Township road taxes to be paid in cash and State appropriation to be distributed according to the number of miles of road in the county. It imposes a full tax of \$1 on every inhabitant and repeals all local laws. The bill passed, yes 108, nays 81. The Joseph road bill skinned through by a bare constitutional majority. It enables the taxpayers of townships and road districts to contract for making roads at their own expense and paying salaries of township or road district officers, thereby preventing the levy and collection of road tax therein. The Marshall bill repealing the act of 1853 to prevent consolidation of pipe line companies was defeated.

The Legislature has fixed on Thursday noon, June 1, as the day for final adjournment.

The Carnival in Rio De Janeiro.

There are two totally distinct seasons at Rio, when the town presents an altogether different appearance; the summer, which lasts from October to April, and the winter, from May to September. In the summer, which is the autumn and winter in Europe, when the sun pours down into the narrow streets, Rio is anything but an agreeable place. The heat has driven away the rich and leisured classes, the great merchants, the diplomatic corps; in fact, all of any position or fancied position hasten to the suburbs on the breezy heights overlooking the city, or to the little country towns in the neighborhood, such as Petropolis and Theresopolis, whilst others take refuge on the islands of the bay.

The town becomes a perfect cauldron; but this does not prevent a great excitement over the Carnival, which is an institution to which the Fluminense, or river folk, are particularly devoted. This relic of the old heathen Saturnalia is fast disappearing from Europe; and now that Italy is a united kingdom, it is no longer properly kept up even in its former headquarters, Rome and Venice.

At Rio, however, Carnival-time is livelier than ever, and there are societies for celebrating it in grand style. Shrove-Tuesday is kept in a most characteristic manner, and is distinguished not only by the richness of the costumes and the originality of the vehicles in the processions, but by the absurdity of the caricatures in what may justly be termed an open air review of the chief events of the preceding year.

In the time of the empire the ministers of Dom Pedro defrayed the expenses of the Carnival, and though a republic has now been established, the old customs are kept up, and the revolution are spared no more than were their predecessors; moreover, like them, they are the first to laugh at the ridiculous caricatures of themselves and their actions in these witty exhibitions, in which full scope is afforded to the imaginations of the popular poets of Rio.—[Harper's Weekly.]

A Bumble Bee Chased by a Humming Bird.

An observer writes that he is satisfied that there is just as much rivalry between humming birds and bees in their quest for honey as there is between members of the human race in their struggle for the good things of life, and describes a recent quarrel that he saw in a Portland, (Me.) garden, where a humming bird with an angry dash expressed his disapproval of the presence of a big bumble bee in the same tree. The usually pugnacious bee incontinently fled, but he did not leave the tree. He dashed back and forth among the branches and white blossoms, the humming bird in close pursuit.

Where will you find another pair that could dodge and dart equal to these? They were like flashes of light, yet the pursuer followed the track of the pursued, turning when the bee turned. In short, the bird and the bee controlled the movements of his eyes. The chase was all over in half the time that it has taken to tell it, but the excitement of a pack of hounds after a fox was no greater. The bee escaped, the bird giving up the chase and alighting on a twig. It couldn't have been chasing the bee for food, and there is no possible explanation of its unprovoked attack except that it wished to have all the honey itself.—[Chicago Times.]

May Displaces Gunpowder.

A commission of German artillery experts has been testing at the Juteborg a new explosive which is intended to replace, ultimately, gunpowder in the German army. The explosive is a brown, fatty substance of the consistency of frozen oil when exposed to ordinary temperature. It retains this consistency up to 112 degrees Fahrenheit. A shock or a spark does not set it off. When used in guns the explosion is obtained through contact with another chemical compound. The explosion is almost unaccompanied by smoke and the detonation is inconsiderable. The recoil is very slight, even when the heaviest charges have been used. The explosive does not heat the weapons sufficiently to cause difficulty in the way of rapid firing, and cartridges once used are easily refilled. For the present rifle, model of 1886, the new compound is not available, but if future tests be as satisfactory as the recent ones it will be introduced generally in the artillery branch of the service. Four models of new army rifles having many advantages over the rifle now in use, have passed successfully the trials of the small arms inspectors. The inventor of all four is Mr. Weis of the Gera dynamite factory.—[Chicago Herald.]

looking clerk, or thought I did, and he fell in love with me. That young man, it seemed to me then, was the bravest, most ambitious youth that ever lived. I see now that it was only cheek and brag. But he was my ideal of a lover, and I believed it was impossible for me to live without him.

"Father wasn't long in discovering the very tender relations that had come to exist between me and his self-assertive young clerk, and he called me to him one day and told me that he was sorry to see that I was such a silly girl, and that I must get over it at once, and then informed my brave and steadfast idol that at the end of the month he could go back home. Of course my heart was broken. Life had lost all its charm. I felt I was the victim of a stern and unsympathetic parent's cruel will and I wished that I were dead.

"Now, although this lover of mine was clerking in my father's store for \$20 a month and his board, his father was a rich lumberman, and he was the only son. When I was at the height of my misery over the paternal interference that had nullified the course of my true love, as I think I was in the habit of calling it, my idol and I met one evening, quite by chance, of course, at the house of a neighbor of ours, and what did my brave knight propose but an elopement, and what did my romantic soul do but prompt me to agree to the proposition on the spot.

"There was a railroad station eight miles distant. The last train for anywhere left that station at 7 o'clock every evening. All we had to do was to drive to the station, get the train, go to the county seat, only an hour's ride, get married, and be happy ever after. We fixed on a certain night—this was along toward the middle of December—and got everything ready for the elopement. It was a good hour-and-a-half drive to the station over the sort of road we had to travel on, and so we were obliged to take an early start. The winter had been very mild. There was no snow. It was just beginning to get dark when I stole to where my valiant lover was waiting for me with a horse and wagon. I knew that the chances were all in favor of my level-headed father discovering the whole plot before we could reach the station, and I was sure that he would be on our track with a horse a good deal faster than the one we had to depend on. But I had no fear that he would overtake us.

"Before we had gone one-quarter of the way night had set in for good, but there was a moon, and that helped us along amazingly. We had got within a mile of the station and had good reason to believe we were safe, when suddenly the horse stopped with a snort of terror, reared up, and tried to turn in the road. A cut with the whip straightened him up, but he kept on snorting and showing evidences of terror. I looked up the road and discovered the cause of all this. An immense bear stood on its haunches at one side of the road growling and snarling and showing a disposition to advance upon us. When my brave lover saw the savage beast he rose up in the wagon, gave a yell, and gasped: "Oh! Jennie, let's go back."

"I forgot all about the bear. I gazed in amazement at my gallant knight. He was as pale as a sheet. The lines hung loose in his hands. I seized them, jerked them away from him, took the whip, and, as I held the horse from turning round, ordered the cowardly youth out of the wagon. He crawled out of the back end of the wagon, and tore down the road as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Then I whipped the horse with all my might, and he sprang forward and whizzed the wagon past the growling bear so close that it almost knocked the ugly beast over. I drove on to the station, had the horse put out, and went in the little hotel there to wait for father. My love's young dream was gone as if it had never been. Ten minutes after I reached the station the train came and went. Ten minutes later father came tearing on horseback up to the door. I met him.

"Father," said I, "I've been saved by a calf."

"Then I told him all about the adventure on the road.

"Saved by a calf!" he exclaimed, "You mean saved by a bear."

"Not at all," I replied. "If Jerry hadn't been a calf and the biggest kind of a calf, that bear wouldn't have been any more than a stump in my way. I was saved by a calf, I tell you, and I want to go home!"

"My gallant lover was never seen around our neighborhood again, and somehow or other, father always seemed to think more of me after that than he ever had before."—[New York Sun.]

A Death and a Life.
Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gaily wooed;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sued.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped.
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Sailing away!
Losing the breath of the shores in May,
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea slope vast and gray!
And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind,
For a vision comes on the rising wind
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fog bank dim.

Thinking of him,
Far into night
He watches the gleam of the lessening light
Fixed on the danger sea island height.
That bars the harbor he loves from sight,
And he wishes, at dawn, he could tell the tale
Of how they weathered the southwest gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale.

With a wakened night among spectres grim—
Terrors for him.
Yo-heave-yo!
Here's the bank where the fishermen go.
Over the schooner's side they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below,
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple trees,
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,
And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour!
"Steady!" we'll send by the Cape Ann shore,
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!"
And each man worked with the will of ten;
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
Scowling on him.

Into his brain
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain.
Into thoughts that grapple and eyes that strain,
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain—
Never again shall he walk at ease
Under the blossoming apple trees
That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze,
While soft eyes float where the sea gulls skim.

Gazing with him,
How they went down
Never was known in the still old town.
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night—
Faced the mad billows with lunge and white,
Just within hail of the beacon light
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
His was the anguish a moment tells—
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells.
But the wearing woe of a lifelong woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse,
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;
Spring and Winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper:
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's admit with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no fear her wasted cheek bedews,
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty Winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views,
Twenty seasons—
Never one has brought her any news,
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea,
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

—[Lucy Larcom.]

SAVED BY A CALF.

"The whole course of my life was changed, and my love's young dream destroyed in less than a minute by a calf, and a fortunate thing it was for me," said the wife of a prominent citizen of Lycoming county, Penn., now visiting friends in this city. "My father was the leading business man in a bustling lumber village, and there were three girls of us, a sister older and one younger than I. Father was kind and indulgent, but very level headed, and had been a widower for some years. When I was 18 a good-looking young chap fr m somewhere down the Susquehanna came to clerk in father's store. I was a romantic snip, and fell in love with the good-