

MISCELLANY.

Can those bright stars be like this world
Of joy and strife?
Of happy, joyous life?
Were not all things for use decreed,
No vacancy designed,
By Him whose majesty and power
Are to no place confined?

Yon convex vast of systems bright,
Grand as the noonday sun,
Was not created to illumine
This world, lost when begun,
But made unnumbered years ago
By wisdom all sublime,
That would not fill with sin or blight
A single starry clime.

Those countless orbs must ever roll
Within yon azure dome,
But ruin came by one rash act
To this, our earthly home.
The grandeur of those starry worlds
No mortals may explore,
And fancy mid their trackless space,
But wonders to adore.

[New Orleans Sunday Times.

[From the Galaxy for August.]
CLIMMERLEY GAP.

CONCLUDED.
I telegraphed to Lindbury:
"Where is the Lime Lake Mail?"
Directly the answer came:
"Come on. All right."
The same words over again. Not a
word of that train ahead. It was strange;
but we were behind time yet.
"Go ahead!" I called. "Make up lost
time."

It was twenty-seven minutes past 9.
We had nineteen miles yet to Linden. It
was five miles to Brentford, the next station
West.

At Brentford I telegraphed again:
"Where is the Lime Lake Mail?"
I knew the Brentford operator, of
course; his name was John Murray. He
sent off the message, repeating the words
aloud:

"Where is the Lime Lake Mail?"
Waiting the reply, I asked him:
"Have you had any word of the Mail
this side of the Branch?"

"Not a word. No messages West of
here, except to you, since half-after 7."
The return message clicked off the
wires. You may be sure I watched Murray's
lips for the words. Again the very same:

"Come on. All right."
Not a word more.

I had no time to wait. We were still a
little behind. My duty was to make that
up and obey my orders.

"Give me the slip," I said.

I had the other two in my pocket. I
remembered that, and was thankful for
so much. They would clear me, what-
ever happened. But, none the less, I
was fretted by the thought of that off-
time train somehow ahead in the dark.
I signalled Morris to increase the speed.
I stood by a lamp and took out the three
slips of telegraph paper. There was no
mistake. I read each one over carefully.
The words were plain: "All right. Come
on."

You say I had no cause for such anxiety
as I describe? that I was pretty close
on time; the words of the telegrams sim-
ple, and such as would naturally occur
in such a case; that the same words
should be repeated was no more strange
than happens every day. You think I
exaggerate for effect? I say you know
nothing about it. I say it was strange
that those words were three times repeat-
ed. It was strange that they should
come at all in answer to my message;
they did not answer my question. Hal-
lowell said Clannerlane expected to be
after him in half an hour. By that we
should have met him at Brentford station.
I say I was horribly anxious; ten
times more than I've written down. One
says, I was mad to increase the speed,
fearing what I did. I tell you I did my
duty. I was bound to keep on time and
obey my orders. They have no right to
taunt me; it was bad enough, without
that. I say I did my duty. It was only
three miles and a half to Harkerby. I
was thankful to hear the whistle at the
last cross-roads. I was in the office be-
fore the train had stopped.

"Marks," I cried, "do you know
where's the down mail?"

"No."

"Telegraph Lindbury; quick! Say,
'For God's sake, where is the Lake
Mail?'"

I thought the answer would never
come. I longed and feared to hear it.
Here is the slip now, with those same
terrible words:

"All right. Come on."

As Marks read those words, I broke
out with a curse.

"What's the row?" he said. "Hold
on. There's more."

I jumped at that.

"Go on. Quick!"

"All right. Come on. Be on your
guard!"

I rushed out. Morris was watching.
I waved my arm. The train moved on.
It was scant four miles to Garrowsfield,
the last this side of Lindbury. I went
forward and looked out ahead. We were
running pretty fast; thirty-five miles to
the hour, I should say. We were up to
our time at last. We were running
through the Clitheroe Hills, the road
winding up the valley of the Garrow;
to the left the river flowed dark and silent.
Now and then you caught a gleam from
the gloomy current; here and there the
sound of its hurrying over a stony bed.
You saw the lights of a village, now and
again, twinkling among the looming
hills across the Garrow. Here we crossed
a roaring culvert; then, the river run-
ning to the right, ran out on the high
embankment at Mack's Ford, and so
across by Half Mile Trestle Bridge.

I kept my eyes ahead; a horrible fear
tormented me. That strange, four times
repeated telegram tortured me. The
words were constantly in my ears. I
heard them in the roar of the rushing
train—"Come on, come on, come on!"
And those other added words; what
could they mean? Why were we to be
on our guard? Where could that Lake
train be? Why had they not sent me
word? It was a terrible muddle alto-
gether. In nine years' running on rail-

way trains I had never known anything
like it. All the messages had come from
Linden. The Lindbury telegrapher I
had known for years. His name was
Henry Glenning, a tall, brown-headed
man, of twenty-nine or thirty. I say I
had known him long; I do not mean
that I was intimate with him, but that I
knew him as one knows the men he
meets every day. He was a superior
man, every way, as we railway men go.
We all owned to that in a tacit way, and
most of us liked and respected him
much. He was the last man on the line
that any of us would mistrust. Tempo-
rate, punctual, somewhat taciturn, he
was always at his post and never made
mistakes. Of late, he had grown more
quiet than ever; it was evident that
some secret trouble was weighing on him.
His face had got a care-worn look; we
noticed a streak of gray here and there
in his hair and beard. But, if anything,
he was more faithful than ever in his
work in the Linden office. Of course,
we never spoke to him of the change in
him; but we did among ourselves, and
were all sorry for him, in our way.

Farley said it was his wife was leading
him a sorry life of it. He had married,
a year or two before, a girl from Car-
mel Corners, they said, named Mary
Winton, I think. Only the day before,
coming down with the Garrow and Glen
Kilns Express, I had met Blissom, with
the up mail, at Harkerby Station, and
said to him:

"What's up with Glenning, now? He
looks dreadfully cut up."

Blissom was a Lindbury man; I live
in Tidewater, myself.

"That Mary Winton's a leading Glen-
ning a naggy tramp of it, I hear," says
Blissom; he knew Mary before she was
married. "They do say she's a tarrier
to go on when her back's up, and gives
it to Glenning all-fired." Blissom was a
good fellow, but rough.

But, as I said, Glenning seemed all
the more faithful since his home trou-
bles; I never thought of doubting him.
So we plunged on through the darkness.
We had a passenger car that night, as it
uncommonly happened, directly behind
the tender. I stood on the forward plat-
form, and kept an anxious lookout. The
air was full of a thick drizzle; our speed
made a strong West wind there, outside.
On we went, keeping our pace well up—
we had no right to go ahead of time—
through Sadler's drop, in the Clitheroe
Hills, out then into the level country
beyond. As the whistle blew for Gar-
rowfield Station, I passed back through
the forward car. The telegraph office in
Garrowsfield is a little East of the plat-
form. Seeing the passengers look hard
at me, I then first noticed that my
clothes were dripping wet. Near the
rear end of the car an Irish woman sat,
with her head on the window, fast asleep.
I shook her roughly; I hoped she might
get down here. She started up with a
confused flutter.

"This Harkerby, sir?"

"Last station back," I said. "You're
too far on."

"Ow, thin, an' what'll Iver I do?"
says she. "Shure, Dennis is afther ex-
pectin' of me, an' he'll think I'm kilt in-
tirel'."

"You must get off here," I said.

"Come, be quick." The train was be-
ginning to slow speed.

"Shure, thin, sir," she pleaded, "it's
meself has an own sister, is a laundry
in Lindinbarry, itself. If ye'd be so
kind to lit me down there. I haven't no
money, sir; but I'd bring it ye bright in
the mornin'."

"Can't do it," I said. We were close
upon the station. I bustled her out,
roughly enough, I suppose.

A gentleman, sitting by his wife,
had been watching us. I saw his face
fire up as I hustled the woman out. He
jumped up and faced me.

"What do you mean?" he says, all hot.

"It's a brutal shame to put the woman
off in the night, in a strange town, with
no money. Here, I'll pay her fare."

I pushed her through the door; gave
him no answer. He held me by the arm.

"Your name?" he demanded, sternly.

"Mine is Charles Holden. I report you."

I was not angry with him—he did not
know.

"My name is William Whipple."

I saw a fellow I knew on the platform.

"Caley," I calls, "show this woman a
decent lodging. Pay—I'll make it all
right."

I telegraphed to Linden:

"Shall I come on? Why don't you
send me word of the Lime Lake Mail?"

I don't think I breathed till the an-
swer came:

"Come on. Be on your guard. GET
HERE BY 10."

Good heavens! it was maddening.
What did it mean? What could it
mean?

I rushed out, waved my arm madly to
Morris.

"Go on, there—quick!" I yelled.

I ran ahead, and climbed up on the
engine. I looked at my watch. It
wanted six minutes of 10! I held the
slip before his eyes. His face blanched
white as a corpse.

"Good God, Whipple! it's seventy
miles an hour!"

"I don't know what it means. It's
some mad work. But we've got to obey
orders. Drive like h—!"

I ran through the train taking the
fares. How could they laugh and talk?
Every minute I heard the scream of the
train ahead, that I dreaded as I shall
never fear death. The speed increased
steadily. The cars rocked on the springs.
The passengers grew uneasy; the women
looked fearfully one to another. Some
men expostulated:

"Why are you running so fast? Do
you want to murder us all?"

"We are ordered to be at Lindbury
by 10," I said. It wanted just four mi-
nutes. I saw the glare of Bell's Rolling
Mills flash by—five miles and a half to
L!

I ran forward to the platform of the
first car. By the forward door sat a lady,
with a child in her lap, asleep—a little

fair-haired girl of three or four. I see it
as plainly now as I saw it then. I shal-
lowly know why, but little things that oc-
curred that night seem burnt into my me-
mory in colors of fire. I lie back now
here on this bed, where I have met, at
strangers' hands, more true kindness and
Christian courtesy than I had believed
in before; and shutting my eyes, I see
that sweet child's face smiling in its pure
dreams, the mother's beautiful face
brooding above it with a look of heav-
enly tenderness and love. I feel the
heave of the hurrying train, feel the car
sway and spring with the terrible speed.
I remember all, as I saw it hurrying
through the car. I passed out on the
platform. It wanted three minutes of
10. I knew we could not make it,
though Morris was driving on with
every pound of steam. I saw him stand-
ing at the levers, brawny and stalwart
against the glare of the head-light, flying
ahead on the track, one arm raised and
grasping the lever, looking steadfastly
forward, never turning his head to right
or left. I knew what he looked for—
only too well! I shudder and turn sick
to think of it now.

Before Heaven, it was awful. To stand
out there in that rushing whirlwind,
clinging as for your life in that swaying,
hurling flight; to stare forward into that
awful darkness; to strain your sight until
you were dizzy and blind, and your eyes
were fire; and yet not dare to close them
or turn away—dazed and stunned by
that terrible jar and roar; heart and pulse
faint with a horrible fear—the fear of
sudden death!

Was I a coward—who says it? May
be he tried alike! God forgive me—what
do I say? Pray heaven, no—that were a
fiend's prayer. I do not say I did not
care for myself. I did—who cares not
for his life that is man? I thought of a
little humble home sixty miles behind;
of a little brown-faced boy, smiling in
happy sleep; of a dear heart bending
over the crib, perhaps; sewing by the
lonely lamp; praying for me, it might
be, out of her pure, true heart. I thought
of these, and I prayed to Heaven to
spare me to life and love. But more
than of this, I say and know, I thought
of the hundreds that trusted to me for
their lives—looked to me to see to it that
they encountered no needless peril. To
strain ahead into that awful gloom—to
think and think of those poor souls in
my charge—I swear it was torment.

I lost all sense of time and place, in
the intense strain of sight and thought.
I could not say where we were; it seemed
we were running for hours. I knew
what I looked to see—that I feared
with a horrible dread; I knew only that.

Morris never slackened the pace; he
drove his engine on with every pound of
power. They tell me we made five miles
in half a minute more.

Suddenly, we leaped through a belt of
deeper gloom; a heavy roll of thunder
struck my ears with a stunning crash. I
knew it was Merrill's Gap. The road lay
level through the plain to Climmerley
Gap beyond. Half of the way was
passed; we hurried on, terrible as fate.

Suddenly, out of the blackness of
Climmerley Gap, there flashed—oh God!
a great, white light.

I went in then and shut the door.

They must have seen it in my face.
When I turned and looked forward again,
the lady with the child stood at my side.
I shall never forget the look in her face;
the child was clasped to her heart.

"What is it?" she said.

She spoke in a whisper, more awful
than any cry. The two engines screamed
like charging demons; wheels reversed,
and every brake hard down, we went
staggering, shuddering, grinding on to
our doom. But, through all that terri-
ble din, I heard that awful whisper from
those beautiful, bloodless lips.

I pointed forward to the great, white
light, glowing down the line straight
upon us.

"It's death," I said.

She answered me not a word. She
lifted the child to her face, then clutched
it to her heart. "Louise, Louise!" she
moaned, and sank back out of my sight.

I stood and looked ahead. "At the
first alarm, the fireman had jumped.
Morris stood to his post. I saw him
whistle down brakes, reverse his engine,
set his bell ringing, do all that mortal
could do. Then he stepped back, stead-
ied himself, and leaped out into the
dark. I saw it all; it was only a mo-
ment's time.

That terrible white light dashed straight
upon us—that awful, blinding glare of
death!

I heard a horrid crash, like 10,000
cannon—like the rending of the world.
I felt myself lifted and hurled through
the air—knocked, battered, pounded,
pressed, bruised, twisted, crushed, struck
on the back as with a steam-whirled
shaft. Then I was lying on the grass,
with a blinding glare in my eyes. I
heard a low, weak moan. I turned my
head—a woman lay close beside me, with
a child clasped tight to her heart. There
was blood on the beautiful lips—both
were dead.

I remember no more. Heaven spared
me the rest of that horrible night. I was
taken up for dead. They brought me
here, to St. Stephen's, to this bed, where
I have lain these six long months—long
months, and very weary, though all that
gentleness and skillful hands could do
has been done for me.

I have the papers with the account of
the disaster. There is a staking list of
killed and maimed—so long that I shud-
der when I look. Among the dead, I
read: John Blissom, driver, off duty;
Ellen M. Villers and child, Louise,
of Glenbrook; Charles K. Holden, Presi-
dent of Clitheroe Bank. He knows me
better now—where honor, and a brave,
kind heart have found their just reward.

W. T. WHIPPLE.

ST. STEPHEN'S HOSPITAL, October 19.

[From the Tidewater Herald, April 23.]

The wretched operator, Henry C.
Glenning, of Lindbury, whose drunken
folly caused the terrible disaster on the
T. and L. R. R., night before last,
hung himself yesterday morning, in a

barn near Olimmerley Gap. The evi-
dence on the coroner's inquest went to
show that deceased had partaken freely
of brandy on the evening of the collision,
after he was already in a state of evident
intoxication.

In another column of this morning's
Herald, we print the only full and reli-
able lists of the killed and injured.
Among the latter, our readers will notice
the name of Mrs. Mary W. Glenning,
wife of the Lindbury operator, who re-
ceived "severe contusions of the head
and face," and now lies at a farm house
in a critical condition. Thus it strangely
happens that the perpetrator of this ter-
rible crime has his own wife for one of
his victims. We learn that she intended
to have taken the Down Night Express;
but, being early at the station, caught,
most unhappily, the belated mail. Upon
her person was found a through ticket
from Hilary, next West of L., to this
city. She was escorted, we understand,
by a Mr. Mason, an old and esteemed
friend of the most unfortunate lady.

THE GREAT THROUGH ROUTE,
CARRYING THE
United States Mail and Adams Express.

FOR THE NORTH.

NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD in direct
line to Petersburg, Richmond, Portsmouth
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Also,
To the North-west and West, via Raleigh,
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Through Tickets sold at:
New Orleans, Charleston, Richmond, Mobile,
Montgomery, Columbia, Portsmouth, Macon,
Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Charlotte, Augusta,
Trenton, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Atlanta,
New York, Greenboro, Louisville, Raleigh,
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The North Carolina Railroad connects with
the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Raleigh
and Gaston Railroad, Richmond and Danville
Railroad, Western North Carolina Railroad,
Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad.

The comfort of passengers consulted—their
baggage checked through and duly cared for.

ELEGANT COACHES
AND PALACE SLEEPING CARS
Attached. Good water; no ferry nor trestle-
works, and the entire management of the Road
so as to secure a Safe, Agreeable and Quick
travel. ALBERT JOHNSON,
Superintendent.

Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta R. R.
PASSENGER TRAINS
will run as follows:

Leave Augusta, at..... 7:40 a. m.
" Columbia, S. C., at..... 1:25 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, N. C., at..... 8:10 p. m.
COMING SOUTH.

Leave Charlotte, N. C., at..... 5:50 a. m.
" Columbia, S. C., at..... 12:50 " "
Arrive at Augusta..... 6:15 p. m.

Through Tickets for sale for principal points
North and South. Baggage checked through.
Close connections made North and South.
June 23 CALEB BOUNKNIGHT, Sup't.

South Carolina Railroad Company,
GENERAL SUPT'S OFFICE, April 9, 1869.

THE following Sched-
ule will be observed from this date:

Leaving Columbia at..... 7:45 a. m.
Arriving at Columbia at..... 6:10 p. m.

NIGHT EXPRESS TRAIN.
Leaving Columbia at..... 5:50 p. m.
Arriving at Columbia at..... 4:45 a. m.

CAMDEN TRAIN.
Will run Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Arriving Columbia 11:00 a. m. Leaving 2:20 p. m.
April 10 H. T. PEARLE, General Supt.

Greenville and Columbia Railroad
SUTP'S OFFICE, COLUMBIA, April 10, 1869.

PASSENGER TRAINS run
daily except Sunday, con-
necting with Night Train on Charleston Road:
Lve Columbia 7:00 am Lve Greenville 6:00 am
" Newberry 10:00 " " Anderson 8:45 " "
Arr Abbeville 3:30 pm " Abbeville 8:45 " "
" Anderson 5:15 " " Newberry 1:25 pm
" Greenville 6:00 " Arr Columbia 5:00 pm
Trains on Blue Ridge Railroad run as follows:
Lve Anderson 5:20 pm Lve Wallhalla 4:00 am
" Pendleton 6:20 " " Pendleton 5:40 " "
Arr Wallhalla 8:00 " Arr Anderson 6:40 "

The train will return from Belton to Ander-
son on Monday and Friday mornings.
JAMES O. MEREDITH, General Supt.

Spartanburg and Union Railroad.
ON and after the 9th June inst.

Passenger Trains will leave Spar-
tanburg C. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sat-
urdays at 5 a. m., and arrive at Alston 11:30 a. m.
Returning same days, leave Alston at 12:30 m.;
arrive at Spartanburg Court House 7:00 p. m.,
as per following Schedule:

Down Train. Up Train.
Miles. Arrive. Leave. Arrive. Leave.

Spartanburg 0 5:00 7:00
Pacolet.....10 5:45 5:48 6:12 6:15
Jonesville.....19 6:25 6:30 5:29 5:33
Unionville.....28 7:15 7:40 4:30 4:45
Shelton.....37 8:23 8:30 3:37 3:45
Shelton.....48 9:28 9:25 2:56 2:40
Lyles Ford.....52 9:43 9:50 2:06 2:12
Strother.....56 10:14 10:18 1:42 1:45
Alston.....68 11:30 12:30

June 5 THOS. B. JETER, President.

THE CENTRAL SHORT LINE.
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE.
CHARLOTTE, COLUMBIA AND AUGUSTA R. R.,
COLUMBIA, S. C., April 10, 1869.

THE following is the
Schedule over the New
SHORT LINE.

Connections made to all points North, South, West,
Going North. Going South.

Leave 7:40 am Augusta Arrive 6:15 pm
" 1:25 pm Columbia " 12:50 pm
" 8:25 pm Charlotte " 5:50 am
" 1:30 am Greensboro " 12:15 am
" 11:15 am Washington " 2:45 pm
" 9:00 pm Baltimore " 7:00 am
" 10:45 pm Philadelphia " 5:08 am
" 2:35 am New York Leave 9:20 pm

Making close connections at Charlotte to all
points North and East, and at Augusta to all
points South and West. Baggage checked
through. Fare and baggage low as by competing lines.

To insure SPEED, SAFETY and COMFORT,
be sure and ask for Tickets via Columbia and
Graniteville. First-class Eating Houses along
the entire Route.

Tickets by this route are OPTIONAL—either
via Danville and Richmond, Weldon and Rich-
mond, or Weldon and Old Bay Line—good until
expired. For Tickets to all principal points North,
South or West, apply at Ticket Office, foot of
Blanding street, or for other information to
C. BOUNKNIGHT, Superintendent.

Or E. R. DUNSEY, General Freight and Ticket
Agent. April 11

Laurens Railroad—New Schedule.
MAIL Trains on this Road run to
up and down the same day, to connect with
up and down trains of the Greenville and Colum-
bia Railroad, at Helena, leaving Laurens at 5
A. M., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays;
and leaving Helena at 1:30 P. M. same days.

July 9 J. S. BOWERS, Superintendent.

Holland Gin.
PIPE PURE SCHIEDAM GIN, direct from
the Custom House. JOHN C. SEEGBERS.

Charleston Advertisements.
PREPARED BY WALKER, EVANS & COGSWELL, ADVERTISING AGENTS.

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A SOUTHERN PREPARATION

AND a most valuable and reliable Tonic, equal, if not superior, to any Bitters in the mar-
ket, and at much less price. Cures Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Chills and Fever, and is
without doubt the best Tonic Bitters in use. For sale by Druggists and Grocers everywhere.

SCHEDULE OF PRICES OF THE OLD CAROLINA BITTERS,
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50 doz. and upwards..... \$7.00 per doz.

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MINING AND MANUFACTURING CO.

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A. C. KAUFMAN,
Broker, Auctioneer and Com. Agent,
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REFERENCES.—Ex-Gov. B. F. Perry, Green-
ville, S. C.; Charles T. Lowndes, Leecane &
Miles, Charleston, S. C.; W. W. Taylor, Balti-
more, Md.; Maj. C. H. Suber, Newberry, S. C.;
Gen. T. M. Logan, Richmond, Va.; Hon. J. B.
Campbell, W. B. Smith & Co., Crane, Boyl-
ston & Co., Pelzer, Rodgers & Co., Pressley,
Lord & Inglesby, J. H. Wilson, Charleston,
S. C.

N. B.—Business entrusted to him will
meet with prompt attention and faithful ex-
ecution. Aug 1 ly