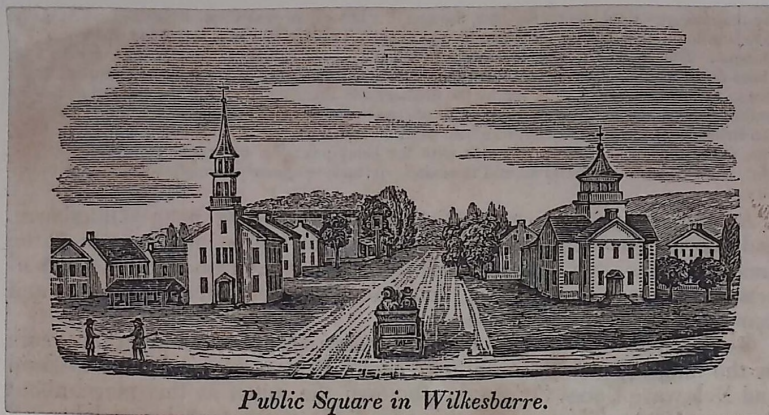




*Public Square in Wilkesbarre.*

day morning you would comb my hair, are you?" His captor was Capt. Roland M. gave him to another Indian, by whom he was adopted in place of a son, under a name. But he was averse to savage life, made a poor substitute for the one whose death his now parents continued to lament. On the return of peace he came home. Though not rich, he is yet, by the industry and frugality of a long life, declared to be a respectable circle of sons and daughters settled around him. He is also a member of the Gore family, of whom so many fell in the battle. He has a son, Nathan, who, at the time of the battle, was sick with the small-pox; but he rushed desperately into the fight, and escaped both from that and the small-pox, and—singularly enough—died afterwards of old age.

Among the younger generation of men dwelling near Wilkesbarre, and the villages opposite, one may recognise the honored names of the ancient heroes—the Butlers, Dennisons, Dorrances, Danas, Bidlacks, Bennets, Williamses, Shoemakers, Jenkinses, Myerses, Johnsons, Rosses, and many others equally honorable.

CARBONDALE, now a populous borough, has sprung up within a few years by the magic power of anthracite coal. It was started by the Hudson and Delaware Canal Company, who own the mines at this place, about 1838. The coal mine is one of the most extensive and best of