DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT—YOUNG LADY SHOT.—Last evening about six o'clock Miss Dora, daughter of D. D. Palmer, was the victim of of an unfortunate accident which will confine her to the house for a long time. A young man named John H. Martin who is in the employ of Mr. Palmer, was at the hour fooling with a cartride pistol, when it was discharged, the ball entering Miss Palmer's leg just above the knee, grazing the bone and passing out upon the opposite side. The young lady fainted, and physicians were sent for, one of whom probed the wound in search of the ball, not noticing that it had passed entirely through the thigh. The ball was afterwards found to have lodged in her clothing. Martin was considerably frightened, and hurried to Mr. Palmer's place of business to inform him of the accident, but upon arriving his tongue for a long time failed to perform its office. He is reprehensible for carrying a pistol, and carrying it, is to be blomed for "fooling" with it. He feels as badly over the accident as could be possible, and will no doubt endeavor to make up, in his attentions upon the wants of the injured lady what she is an invalid, for the mischief he has done.—*Rochester Chronicle.*

A Wild Man Loose in Woodhull!

The following is a correspondence to the Hornellsville *Tribune*:

For the very strange story I am about to relate I scarcely expect, nor do I solicit belief. Indeed, were it not that hundreds of reliable men and women in the county of Steuben, are ready and willing, to vouch for its truthfulness, I would never ask you to put it in print. The fac's are as follows:

During the four weeks last past, a Wild Man has been prowling around the woods in the towns of Woodhull and Troupsburgh, in the south part of this county, coming frequently into the highways and cleared fields, to the intense terror of women and children, and even of strong men. So great is the excitement in some parts of the towns mentioned, that schools have been broken up—parents not daring to send their little ones along the public highways to the school houses. At first, the whole thing was considered by most people as a hoax, intended merely to frighten old women and children; but as many of the most prominent citizens vouched for the actual existence of the Wild Man, and the disturbance of the schools was making it a matter of public importance, the people of Woodhull and Troupsburgh determined to do all in their power to ferret the matter out. Accordingly, on the 12th instant, about 200 men assembled at the residence of Mr. S. G. Brown; and proceeded to search the woods in that immediate locality. Under the leadership of Capt. J. J. Buchanan and the writer of this article, crowds searched the woods for hours, but with no success, further than the finding of a camp-fire and the track of a barefooted man imprinted in the soft soil of a marshy part of the forest; and the whole party, at about 3 o'clock p. m., returned to Mr. Brown's house, and getting ready their teams, started back for Woodhull village. The party had proceeded scarcely fifty rods from Mr. Brown's residence, when, on the outskirts of the woods, and within twenty rods of the band of searchers, appeared the veritable Wild Man of the woods! Myself, Capt. Buchanan and others immediately started in full pursuit. We approached within six or eight rods of this strange being without attracting his notice, when suddenly, with a wild, unearthly shriek he notified us that we were perceived. I drew my rifle, intending to halt him, or send a bullet crashing through his skull. I ordered him to halt, when he sprang, with the agility of a deer, towards the woods. I did not fire, because, on second thought, I doubted my right to take the life of any human being, however, wild, until he had at least violated some law.

So far I have related facts, which will be vouched for by at least one hundred persons. I will now give you a perfect description of this Wild Man—or animal—"or what-is-it"—as he, she, or it appeared to me. He was barefooted, bareheaded, and wore no clothing except an old pair of soldier's pants; his hair, which was black, sprinkled with gray, was from two to three feet long, frizzly and matted, hanging over his neck, face, shoulders and back, reaching half way to the ground; his beard reached to the waistband of his pants, and was a jet black; this, together with a springing, jerking hitch in his gait, gave him more the appearance of a wild animal than of a human being. And though I am not of a nervous temperament, may all the saints in heaven shield and defend me from ever meeting such a fiendish-looking being face to face again! The long, matted hair, the thick, black, and uncombed beard, the wild, glaring, blood-shot eyeballs, which seemed bursting from their sockets, the savage, haggard, unearthly countenance, the wild, beastly appearance of this thing, whether man or animal, have haunted me continually by day and night; and I do not wonder that when this strange being rapped on the school house windows children were frightened half out of their senses and refused to be pacified. For, although I have seen the chiefs of fifty different tribes of Rocky Mountain Indians, painted for the war-path, and have looked with wonder on the stuffed Gorilla; Barnum's "What-is-it," the Man Monkey, &c., I never beheld anything in human form one-half as hideous as the Wild Man of Woodhull Woods!

I will close by saying that twenty-five years ago, a man named William Little suddenly disappeared from Woodhull, and has never been heard of since; and as the farm on which the Wild Man spends most of his time was formerly owned by the absentee, it is supposed by some that the Wild Man is none other than William Little himself, returned in this disguise to the home of his youth. But I hardly think this theory the true one. I do believe, however, that a woman and baby are somehow mixed up in the matter. Yours, &c., E. T. H.

Outrages by the Miners.

The Mauch Chunk *Gazette* of last week has a long account of outrages committed by a gang of miners, from which we extract the following:

"About twelve o'clock on Friday night a mob of about one hundred and fifty desperadoes, belonging to a gang known as the "Buckshots," entered the hotel Buck Mountain, at which was stopping Charles Henderson, Esq., Superintendent of the Buck Mountain Coal Company.

Forcing their way to his bedroom they snatched from his hands a revolver, and then proceeded to stab and beat him in a shameful manner, until he was rendered insensible. They then held him upon his feet, and again enacted the same barbarous treatment. His wife flew to his rescue, and with heroic courage endeavored to ward off the blows aimed at her husband; but the brutes pushed her aside, and lifting their unconscious victim, hurled him headlong down stairs. Here some of them followed him, stamped upon him until they supposed life was extinct. In the meantime some of the men pinioned Mrs. Henderson in a chair, while others ransacked the personal effects of the superintendent. The only cause of this dastardly assault was simply that in the discharge of his duty he had occasion to discharge several members of this gang. The injuries sustained by Mr. Henderson are of such a character that it is wonderful that he was not killed outright. His scalp was literally hacked to pieces, a severe downward stab penetrated his forehead and eyelid, one of his cheeks is cut through, a terrible gash laid his shoulder open, and his whole body is bruised and mangled from the terrible blows of the clubs and gunstocks. It is said that he is actually beaten to a jelly, and that in addition to the numerous external wounds there are severe internal injuries. His condition is indeed critical, and his friends scarcely dare hope for his recovery. He is about sixty years of age, and has been connected with the mines in the Carbon and Schylkill regions for many years. After leaving Mr. H., a portion of the gang proceeded to Buckley, where they arrived at about two o'clock.

They proceeded to the residence of Mr. William Williamson, Sr., surrounded it, made an entrance, and took Mr. Williamson, and his two sons from their beds and bade them to lead the way to and through the adjoining house, which is occupied by Captain James McKinley, son-in-law of Mr. Williamson, Sr. With a heavy guard and pickets stationed around and about the house, they made an entrance here and immediately commenced their bloody work upon the person of Mr. McKinley, father of Captain McKinley, who is about fifty-five or sixty years of age, he occupying a room on the first floor of his son's house. They pounded the old gentleman on the head until he was insensible, and in preparing to go up to the Captain's room on the floor above, placed Mr. Williamson, Sr., quite an aged gentleman, in advance of them, so that if the Captain fired while they were going up staire, he would be the first to fall. The Captain, who had been aroused by the noise, was prepared to give the villains a warm reception, and as the old gentleman placed his foot on the first step of the stairs the Captain halted him with—"Make yourself known, or I'll fire." His father in law replied, "For God's sake, James, don't fire, as they are forcing me ahead of them?" The Captain, on ascertaining the position the "Buckshots" had placed his father in law in, immediately retreated to his room, which fronts on the street. This was what the blood thirsty demons desired. In the Captain's room a terrible scene ensued. He was immediately overpowered by numbers. After beating the Captain, and thinking he was dead, they ransacked the room and took several articles of value with them. One of the Captain's children, a boy about two years old, received a blow on the face with a club, injuring him somewhat. The Captain is very low from the effects of his wounds and the great loss of blood. All the parties injured are highly esteemed, and their loss would have been keenly felt. One of the "Buckshots" is said to have died within the past few days from the effects of a shot received from Captain McKinley while defending himself.

General John Cochrane has been appointed Collector of the Sixth district of this State.

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North Louisiana hogs are dying with cholera.

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