# The American Volunteer.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1869. VOL. 55.—NO. 43.



**The American Volunteer**

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## Professional Cards.

C. P. HUMRICH. WM. B. PARKER.
HUMRICH & PARKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Main Street, in Marion Hall, Carlisle, Pa. Dec. 2, 1868.

JOHN CORNMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in building attached to Franklin House opposite the Court House, Carlisle, Pa. June 4, 1868.—1y

CHAS. E. MAGLAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Building formerly occupied by Volunteer, a few doors South of Wetzel's Hotel. Dec. 1, 1865.

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office on South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's Store. By special arrangement with the Patent Office, attends to securing Patent Rights. Dec. 1, 1865.

G. HERMAN GOETZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NEWVILLE, PENN'A. Patents, Pensions and other claims attended to. May 28, 1868.

JOHN R. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Wetzel's Building, opposite the Court House, *Carlisle, Pa.* Nov. 14, 1867.

M. C. HERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Rheem's Hall Building, in the rear of the Court House, next door to the "Herald" Office, Carlisle, Penna. Dec. 1, 1865.

WM. J. SHEARER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, has removed his office to the hitherto unoccupied room in the North East corner of the Court House. Jan. 28, '69—1y

W. KENNEDY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Carlisle, Penna. Office same as that of the "American Volunteer," South side of the Public Square. Dec. 1. 1865.

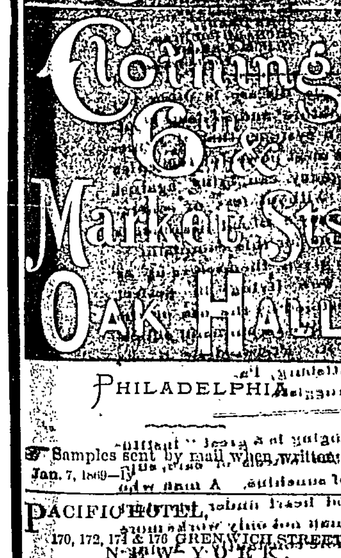
UNITED STATES CLAIM AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY! WM. B. BUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in 2d Story of Inhoff's Building, No. 3 South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Cumberland county, Penna. Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay, &c., promptly collected. Applications by mail, will receive immediate attention. Particular attention given to the selling or renting of Real Estate, in town or country. In all letters of inquiry, please enclose postage stamp. July 11, 1867—tf

DR. GEORGE S. SEARIGHT, DENTIST. *From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.* Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther Street, three doors below Bedford, Carlisle, Penna. Dec. 1, 1865.

## Hats and Caps.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF ALL THE NEW STYLES OF HATS AND CAPS. The subscriber has just opened at No. 15 North Hanover Street, a few doors North of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, one of the largest and best Stocks of HATS and CAPS ever offered in Carlisle. Silk Hats, Cassimere of all styles and qualities, Stiff Brims, different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made. The Dunkard and Old Fashioned Brush, constantly on hand and made to order, all warranted to give satisfaction. A full assortment of MEN'S, BOY'S, AND CHILDREN'S HATS. I have also added to my Stock, notions of different kinds, consisting of LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS, *Neck Ties, Collars, Suspenders, Gloves, Pencils, Thread, Sewing Silk, Umbrellas, &c.* PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO ALWAYS ON HAND. Give me a call, and examine my stock as I feel confident of pleasing all, besides saving you money. JOHN A. KELLER, Agent, No. 15 North Hanover Street. Dec. 6, 1868.

HATS AND CAPS! DO YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? IF SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON J. G. CALLIO, NO. 29, WEST MAIN STREET, Where can be seen the finest assortment of HATS AND CAPS ever brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleasure in inviting his old friends and customers, and all new ones, to his splendid stock just received from New York and Philadelphia, consisting in part of fine SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS, besides an endless variety of Hats and Caps of the latest style, all of which he will sell at the *Lowest Cash Prices.* Also, his own manufacture of Hats always on hand, and HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER. He has the best arrangement for coloring Hats and all kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at the shortest notice (as he colors every week) and on the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of choice brands of TOBACCO AND CIGARS always on hand. He desires to call the attention to persons who have COUNTRY FURS to sell, as he pays the highest cash prices for the same. Give him a call, at the above number, his old stand, as he feels confident of giving entire satisfaction. Dec. 20, 1868.



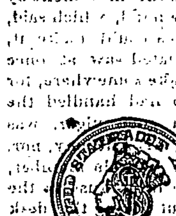

PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Samples sent by mail when written for. Jan. 7, 1869—1y

PACIFIC HOTEL, 170, 172, 174 & 176 GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK. The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to his numerous friends and patrons, that from this date, the charge of the Pacific will be $2 50 per day. Being sole Proprietor of this house, and therefore free from the too common exaction of an inordinate rent, he is fully able to meet any downward tendency of prices without any falling off of service. It will now, as heretofore, be his aim to maintain undiminished the favorable reputation of the Pacific, which it has enjoyed for many years as one of the best Travelers' Hotels. The table will be bountifully supplied with every delicacy of the season. The attendance will be found efficient and obliging. The location will be found convenient for those whose business calls them in the lower part of the city, being one door north of Cortland street and one block west of Broadway, and of ready access to all Railroads and Steamboat lines. JOHN PATTEN, Jr. NEW YORK, Oct. 20, 1868. Nov. 26, 1868—6m

REMOVAL.—C. L. LOCHMAN has removed his establishment to the NEW GROUND FLOOR GALLERY, opposite Saxton's Hardware Store, East Main street, Carlisle, Penna., where he cordially invites the public to examine the specimens of his well known skill of the proprietor, as an Artist, with improved light, and entrance only on the ground floor, are sufficient inducements for the public to patronize the establishment. All pictures warranted to be equal to the best taken in Philadelphia and far superior to any taken in this part of the country. Please call. C. L. LOCHMAN. March 4, 1869—


## Miscellaneous.




WE ARE COMING AND WILL PRESENT TO ANY PERSON Sending us a Club in our Great ONE DOLLAR SALE OF DRY AND FANCY GOODS, A Watch, 40 yards of Sheeting, Sewing Machine, &c., &c., Free of Cost. Clubs in same ratio, viz. 60 Club: 40 yards Sheeting, &c., &c. 30 Club: 20 yards Sheeting, &c., &c. Messrs. J. S. Hawes & Co. take pleasure in announcing, being the oldest and largest house in the Dollar Trade, that they have been enabled by their long experience and extensive resources to make, this present season, many important importations and contracts with manufacturers, which with these additions, to their Winter Stocks, has enabled them to greatly enlarge their rates and *Exchange List.* *Send for New Circular.* Catalogue of Goods and Samples sent to any address free. Send money by registered letter. Address all orders to J. S. HAWES & CO., 15 Federal Street, Boston, Mass. P. O. Box C. March 11, 1869—4t

$60 A WEEK can be made by live agents, selling my *new and valuable inventions.* Address J. AHEARN, 63 Second St., Baltimore, Md. March 11, 1869—4t

WANTED! WANTED! Agents of either sex, in every town and village, for the largest ONE DOLLAR SALE in the country. The smallest articles sold can be exchanged for a Silver Plated five-bottle Revolving Castor, or your choice of 200 articles upon exchange list. Commissions to Agents larger than ever. Send for Circular. S. C. THOMPSON & CO., 136 Federal Street, Boston, Mass. March 11, 1869—4t

IF YOU WISH, TRY THE COMBINATION of Allen, Atwood & Bates! GREAT MAMMOTH SALE! LICENSED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT. Having had larger experience, we are confident of success in our ONE DOLLAR SALE. NOTICE. We will present to any person sending us a club in our GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE Silk Dress Pattern, Piece of Sheeting, Sewing Machine, Carpet, a Watch, &c., FREE OF COST. Greatest inducements *ever offered.* Circular and Sample sent free to any address. ALLEN, ATWOOD & BATES, Nos. 67 Milk, & 52 & 54 Devonshire Sts. March 11, 1869—4t Boston, Mass.

I want to muse upon the dead, Who sleep upon the brink; Where spirits gone disclose the dead, With might, but do not think. I want to warn the living ones, Who blindly grope along. Ye fathers, daughters, mothers, sons, What perils round you throng! Look out, my readers, ere you be dead, Or do you wear the marks of Most all are blind and cannot see, Your going to the dark line. Catarrh, a demon in the head, Consumption in its son; Kills hosts, year countless millions dead, Perhaps you may be one. That hacking, hawking, spitting, shows, Catarrh alleging your doom; Mucus and Slime in throat or nose, Runs down your throat instead. Your lungs and liver soon will show, Consumption has its birth here; Catarrh, it's sure will feed it too, Till you consume to death. It colds affects your head or throat, ANNIHILATOR use; Remember, forget what I have wrote, Or think this subject dry. WOLCOTT'S ANNIHILATOR cures Catarrh—the demon disappears; It saves the lungs, good health insures, And Catarrh quickly dies. I want to gratify my friends, Who wish to understand About PAIN PAINT, its use, its ends, And why its great demand. I want to show you, plain as day, WHY PAIN PAINT is so plain; That you may never have to say PAIN PAINT will cool but never stain; It harmless on the breast or brain, ... When inflammation leaves the frame, Remove the cause, 'tis all the same, None dollars less a duece. The pores will open and drink PAIN PAINT; The absorbents all will absorb; Restores the weak, the sick, the faint, The greatest Steps please! Expulsion doth the place As inflammation it rests, But blood at the absorbent's base A PAIN PAINT it vaporizes. This is PAIN PAINT removes all doubt, Removes the very cause; By pumping inflammation out; On this we rest our cause. Wolcott's Pain Paint is sold at all Drug Stores, also Wolcott's Annihilator for the cure of Catarrh or Colds in the head. Sent by express on receipt of the money, at 181 Chatham Square, N. Y. R. L. Wolcott, Proprietor. March 11, 1869—4t


## Poetical.

**GONE HOME.**

A little mound of earth,
A little slab of stone,
Sheltered in a little nook,
Tell where our child is gone,
Little frock and hood,
Little sock and shoe,

Are all we have in memory
Of laughing, blue-eyed Loo.
A little while she stayed,
And gathered all our love,
Then gently spread her wings
And left for home above.

## Miscellaneous.

**THE PIOUS ROBBER.**

During my twenty-five years of actual service as a detective, I have found many who have stolen the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in.

One morning I stepped into Chief Matsell's office, having just returned from the West, when I was accosted by the Chief:

'Hullo, Harry! glad to see you; there is work ahead.'

'What's up now? another murder?' I exclaimed.

'No, its a robbery; or, as I should say, a series of robberies.'

'Where, away?'

'Bond street.'

'What, not on Bond street?' I cried, astonished; for during my absence I had heard of frequent robberies being committed on that particular street.

'Yes Harry; this is the tenth robbery there inside of two weeks,' replied Matsell.

'Can it be fathomed?'

'I know not; in fact we had no one to work it up.'

'Where's Bolt and Knight?'

'On that murder case in Newark.'

'And Charley Ross?'

'He has just finished the Chatterton forgery case, and is expected here tomorrow. Howard, you will have to work up this one.'

'I'll try it, but I cannot go to work till morning, for I must rest.'

'All right,' returned the Chief, and I left the headquarters.

The many robberies which had taken place on Bond street were very mysterious, and not the least clue could be had of the depredator; for they seemed to have been committed by one person. Detectives from Philadelphia worked at the case awhile, but went home no wiser than they came.

I had heard of many difficult cases; and was considered a first rate detective—that is by our chief—and nearly all the mysterious and intricate work, placed in my hands.

As I entered headquarters the succeeding morning I was hailed by Matsell:

'Another robbery last night, Harry.'

'Not on Bond street, I hope.'

'Yes, it is there again.'

'The devil,' I cried, perfectly astonished.

'It is either his Satanic majesty or his imps,' said the chief, with a smile upon his face.

'Who was visited last night?'

'Mrs. Durant, the Irish widow. She was here this morning and said that she had been robbed of valuables amounting to five thousand dollars.'

'Whew!' I exclaimed. 'That was a big haul.'

'Now, Howard, you had better go and examine the scene of the robbery and do as you think best.'

I left the office and ere long stood upon the marble steps of Mrs. Durant's stone front. A servant bade me enter, and I was conducted to the parlor, where I found the widow bathed in tears. She quickly looked up and drew her hands across her face.

'I am Harry Howard,' I said, by way of introduction.

'Mr. Howard, the detective?'

'The same, madam.'

'You come to investigate the matter, do you not?'

'I do, I would like to see the room where you kept your valuables.'

'Follow me,' said the widow, and she led me up stairs to a small room where the jewels had been kept.

Things were in a topsy turvy condition. Drawers lay on the floor with their contents scattered about the room. The iron safe had been broken open and the money and jewels extracted. I noticed there was a stain of blood on one of the drawers, and concluded that the burglar had injured himself in some way, while committing his depredations.

The next moment I picked up a part of an envelope which was saturated with blood. I examined it closely, and found that it had been addressed to 'Rev. Noah Newton, New York.'

I hastily thrust it into my pocket, and turning to the widow, said:

'Mrs. Durant, do you know the Rev. Noah Newton, of this city?'

'Oh, yes, he is our pastor; but you do not suspect him?'

'Oh, no; I was requested to inquire about him by a friend.'

'Then you have found no clue,' said the widow, as I rose to go.

'I have not, madam. This is the most complicated case I have been engaged on. But I have one more question to ask.'

'Proceed sir.'

'Can you describe any article that has been stolen?'

'Oh, yes—there was my betrothal ring. It was given to me by Mr. Durant many years ago, but he is dead now.'

'Please describe it,' I said impatiently.

'It was a heavy gold ring, the letters "T. D." engraved on it.'

'That will do,' said I, and the next minute I was walking rapidly towards my lodgings. For a long time I thought of the case upon which I was engaged. I could not believe that Mr. Newton was the burglar, but when the question arose how came that bloody envelope in the widow's room?

But I must see the minister and know more about him. I sauntered down Broadway and stepped into a store to purchase some article which I stood in need of. While making the purchase, a man stepped in and asked for some things which had been left there for Noah Newton.

'Are you Mr. Newton?' asked the clerk.

'I am sir.'

'Bob, run up stairs and get Mr. Newton's things,' cried the clerk to an errand boy.

Bob hurried up stairs, while I continued in studying Newton's face. I had expected to see a person of sinister countenance, but was woefully mistaken.

He was a man about twenty-eight years of age, with a cleanly shaved face, and was neatly dressed. His eyes were large and expressive, and the noble looking forehead told that he was intelligent. Though his looks spoke well of him, I thought he needed watching, and I determined to do it. When he left the store I followed him, but he went directly to his boarding house.

The next night I watched Newton's house, and saw him come forth and walk away. I followed, and he led me through street after street, until we entered a gambling hell. Was he going to gamble? [illegible] ... the Republican members always ... the saloon it was ... went in, and his entering a fashionable gambling resort followed ... at the faro table. He bet heavily, but lost, and at last laid his last dollar on the table. This time he won, and continued to do so until he was a thousand dollars ahead. He then left the house ...

Night after night I followed to and from the gambling house, but learned nothing more.

But success was to come. One night I ... jewelry store, when a woman entered and stood near me. As she turned her face toward me I saw Anna Rodman, one of the many women in New York who

"Barter their souls for the means of life."

As she laid her left hand upon the counter, I saw a plain gold ring glistening on one of her fingers. I leaned forward, looked at the ring, and saw the letters 'T. D.' engraved upon it. I knew it instantly. It was the betrothal ring of which Mrs. Durant had been robbed.

How came Annie in possession of that ring? I must ascertain; so I hastily purchased a pen, and took my station outside of the store to await her exit. She came out at last and walked rapidly away. I followed her through several streets, until, when in the vicinity of the Battery, she was joined by a man, who, as the light of the lamp shone upon his face, I recognized Noah Newton, the minister. The two entered a house near by. Presently Newton came out and walked away without being followed.

After waiting an hour longer I saw Annie come from the building. I stepped forward and laid my hand upon her shoulder.

'Who are you?'

'Harry Howard. A detective?'

'Yes, I have heard of you.'

'Anna, I am engaged in my legitimate business, and I want you to assist in catching a villain.'

'I will do so if I can, sir.'

'Then please inform me who gave you that ring?' I said, pointing to the stolen ring which was still on her finger.

'Noah Newton, a young man who lives on — street.'

'Was it the person whom you met a while ago?'

'It was, sir.'

'Then, Anna, that ring belongs to Mrs. Durant, and that man, whom you met, is thought to be a preacher, and the celebrated Bond street robber.'

'Why, you don't say so! He said he was a jeweller, and gave me many pretty things.'

'Will you keep this conversation to yourself? Will you keep a secret, Anna?'

'Yes sir; and I hope you will catch him,' she answered and walked away.

It was two o'clock now. I determined to visit the widow. She received me kindly, but her face wore a look of disappointment when I told her I had no clue to the robber. After we had talked a while, she said:

'Our pastor preaches his farewell sermon to-morrow.'

'His farewell sermon!' I cried, utterly astonished.

'Yes, he leaves for California immediately after the services are concluded. His brother has written to him to come. His congregation are sorry to part with him, and especially I, for he comforted me when I was in sorrow, and pointed me to the Lamb of God.'

'The hypocrite!' I mentally exclaimed.

I left the widow in a hurry and went to headquarters, got Charley Ross and proceeded to Newton's house to arrest him. But the bird had flown. He had gone, his house keeper said, to spend the night with a friend in the lower part of the city.

We were chagrined at our defeat and resolved to arrest him before he reached the church. We went to the church at an early hour, but our game was already there, and the choir was singing. We entered and occupied a back seat, for we were compelled to do so, for the church was filled with people who had come to hear the farewell discourse.

The preacher arose and took his text, which I think read as follows: "Be ye holy, for I am holy." The discourse was a splendid one in which his talents shone with all their brightness. He concluded, by exhorting his hearers to take him as an example, and follow him as he follows Christ.

When the services were concluded, he descended from the pulpit to receive the farewells of his congregation. The ladies gathered around him to receive the parting kiss. At last he started toward the door.

'Now's your time, Harry,' whispered Charley Ross, as Newton neared me. I stepped up to the pious robber, and grasping his arm, cried out:

'Mr. Newton, in the name of the commonwealth of New York, I arrest you.'

'What for?' he stammered out.

'For the Bond street robberies.'

He turned pale as death, and, many of the women fainted. His hands moved towards his coat pocket, but did not reach it.

'Quick, Charley, the bracelets!' I cried.

The next instant, Charley Ross sprang forward and clasped the hand-cuffs on, and amid the shrieks and groans of his congregation, Mr. Newton was marched off.

When his trial came off, he made a full confession, and he went to Sing Sing for a term of fifteen years.

All the fruits of his robberies were recovered, save the money, and Anna Rodman willingly gave up the widow's ring.

After a few weeks later, I was presented with a fine gold watch, by the people of Bond street, whose church is in charge of a minister who is not a wolf in sheep's clothing.

**A Wild Child in Kentucky.**

For some months past a gentleman residing near the portion of the county known as the "Hurricane," has heard sounds issuing from the dense timber resembling the sound of a child in distress, and sometimes preceded by a wail on child shriek. The family has been much disconcerted in regard to this extraordinary noise, and many fruitless attempts were made to ascertain from whom or whence it proceeded. At length their efforts and diligent watching were rewarded by a sight (to use the old man's expression) that "made 'im creep." Sitting on a log some distance from him was what he would take to be a nude male child; a slight noise made by him startled the object and it ran with great speed, followed as fast as his aged limbs could carry him. The heavy timber, obstructed his sight, so that he lost the trail and the object of the flight. The tracks made by the animal were about three inches long, and had every appearance of the track of a child. There was the large projecting toe, with the four small ones circling down gradually and forming a symmetrical and well formed foot-print.

A young man, thinking to capture it, hid himself near the place where it had frequently been seen, and got a good look at it. It was about two feet, or probably two feet and a half high, its appearance, walk and actions were human—walked erect, and when pursued, very fleet of foot. Its arms did not appear exceedingly long, and it had had hands like ordinary mortals, even to the finger nails, and nothing—yes, it was clothed, but a gorgeous and many-colored as the Grecian belle, not so gaudy as the little flitted chick with the shell-covering on its back, but with a fine very long, wavy, and beautiful bright hair, the hair of a gray, fall white, and about six inches long, covering the entire body, and in constant motion, waving, dividing, and changing position in accordance with the force of the wind that moves it, of a light silky hair, ... feet ... very small.

The young man pursued it until it came to the Hurricane spoken of, the denseness of which prevented him entering, but the smallness of the creature gave it advantages, and it eluded him. ... The ... used three large holes, situated ... triangle, the edges smooth, having been worn by its occupant, and one of them about three ... feet ... with a warm, comfortable bed of leaves.

## THE LAST HORROR.

*Details of the Murder by a Philadelphian of His Whole Family.*

**INSANITY, THE SUPPOSED CAUSE.**

**The Murderer's Suicide by Drowning, &c., &c., &c.**

[*From the Philadelphia Press.*]

**THE FIRST INTELLIGENCE.**

A deed of blood, sickening in its details and as horrible as that of Anton Probst, was brought to light yesterday afternoon. Mr. Funston, of the firm of Funston & Blackstone, 912 Market street, received a telegram yesterday afternoon, as follows:

MADISON, Conn., March 30.

*Funston & Blackstone, 912 Market street:*

Have a letter from James that wife and children are killed. Telegraph immediately. ZELAH LEE.

**THE HOUSE VISITED.**

Mr. Funston immediately proceeded to the residence of J. L. Blackstone, 815 Judson street, and endeavored to effect an entrance, but was unable to do so. He then went to the station-house at Twenty-Third and Brown for police aid, and policeman Eli F. Newman accompanied him to the house. In consequence of what was seen by him, word was communicated by telegraph to the Central Station. Chief of Police Mulholland and Chief Detective Eneu, with Detectives Levy and Gordon, immediately proceeded to the place.

**THE SCENE OF THE MURDER.**

Upon our arrival at the scene we found a highly excited mass of people gathered together in the street. It may be well to describe Judson street as running West from Twenty-third street, South from Parish street, the wall of the House of Refuge being at the North end of the street. No. 815 is on the East side of the way, and is one of a row of two-story brick buildings. An unusual thing in buildings of this size is the entry, as the admission is generally from the front door into the parlor. Passing through into the kitchen, we beheld a most touching and ghastly sight.

**THE BLOODY ROOM.**

This room is very small; it is not carpeted; has a window on the south side, a door on the East side. Inside of it are hot and cold water pipes, and a dresser adjoining. A boiler and stove were against the North wall, and on the West side of the room, just to the right hand as you passed from the back parlor into the kitchen, is a small cook range. On the end of the range was lying upon the floor smeared with blood, as was also a piece of wood about three feet long and four inches wide.

**MRS. BLACKSTONE.**

The body of Mrs. Blackstone was lying about two feet from the range, her head to the south and her feet to the north, the body lying straight, one leg extended up, as were her dress and skirts. She was attired in a red figured delaine, trimmed about the breast with black velvet; was fully and warmly clad, and her dress was complete in every particular, both shoes being carefully laced. Her right hand was across the left, just over the finger containing her marriage ring.

**THE BOY AND THE GIRL.**

Lying just below her left hip was the body of her fair-haired boy. He was lying on his stomache, the left side of the little face being on his mother's dress; his left arm was under him, and the right extended. The head was to the East and the feet to the West, and very near to the door leading to the back parlor. Lying upon his arm, her head also resting against and above the mother's hip, was the little girl, her face inclined to the South. The boy had on a white night-dress and the girl a figured night-wrapper. Their little feet were close together and as white as the driven snow. "Sturdy soldier ... world you, with the feet in 't of a father, to be careful of their little feet, and not tread upon them." The poor mother's head was almost severed from her body, and the wounds on the childrens' heads were frightful.

**A LAKE OF BLOOD.**

A pool, nay, a lake of blood ran from the mother's neck towards the door on the East. The perpetrator of this triple murder meant that this horrible tell-tale fluid should not escape under the door and run into the yard. A table-cloth carefully folded, was packed against the door so that not a drop escaped from that room. The floor seemed to refuse to soak it up, but to let it stand forth in such a full surface. A slight coagulation had ensued, but there was the blood from the arteries and heart of a loving wife and devoted mother. On the north side of the furnace, resting against it and the jamb of the door on the West, was an axe smeared with blood, but the handle very little stained and not sprinkled even.

**A BLOODY PILLOW.**

Deputy Coroner Fletcher having assumed charge of the bodies and given orders that they should not be touched until Dr. Shapleigh arrived, we passed to the back parlor. The mantelpiece is on the East side of the room and close to the door leading to the kitchen. The first thing that strikes the attention here are children's toys, and a plaster of Paris house capable of being illuminated. Immediately beneath the mantelpiece is a lounge against the East wall with the head towards the North, nearly touching the kitchen door. A pillow filled with blood, is upon it, the blood having run through and dripping upon the floor, where the carpet has partly soaked it up, but the pool is there.

**EXAMINATION OF THE BODIES.**

Dr. Shapleigh having arrived, he proceeded to make an examination of the three bodies, with the following result:

**THE MOTHER.**

The following wounds were found upon the mother: A contused wound on the back of the head, left side, over the left ear, made with the pole of the axe. A contused would, one and a half inches long over the right ear. A contused wound, one and a quarter inches long on the back of the head on a level with the ear, and extending downward. A gaping would four inches long, cutting through the jaw bone in the middle, and extending down the neck diagonally from the left side of the chin downward under the ear, cutting the root of the tongue, and extending into the spinal column. Beneath this, and further to the left, a wound four inches long and two ... the windpipe and gullet. There were also two or three wounds in the neck, ... through the ... I am ... therefore ...

**THE DAUGHTER.**

Dr. Shapleigh now picked up the little girl, and, for a moment, the feelings of a father overcame those of a surgeon. He remarked: "Poor little thing, its head was dashed to pieces." The nightcap was removed from its little head. A horrible hole was in the right side of the forehead. Dr. Shapleigh took the needle and attempted to draw up the hole in the head, but it could not be done, as the bones have been fractured and the body presented ...

**THE BOY.**

The child was laid upon its mother, and the body of the boy raised to the table. In removing his night-cap Dr. Shapleigh said, "What beautiful hair." The little fellow was a perfect gore of blood. In the right temple, he revealed the mark of an axe, the bone being fractured badly. A large contused wound was at the back and top of the head, two and a half inches long, the bone being fractured beneath, the axe having glanced downwards. On the left side of the head, and over the ear, there was another wound one and a half inches long. On the back of the head below this, the bones were all knocked in, and the head completely crushed. Below this, and on the right side of the neck, there was a frightful wound, the axe having penetrated through the jaw bone, breaking a piece of it off, and, on further examination, it was seen that two chops had been made in this place, each three inches long, severing the jugular vein.

**THE MURDER AND SUICIDE.**

Upon their arrival at Mr. Horne's place there lay the father and husband. His body had been fished from the Delaware in the afternoon, and brought up. Here were all of that once happy family, but in what a horrible condition! The box containing the body of the father was opened. He is six feet in height, with whiskers and moustache, and his countenance wears an expression of deep agony. It was said that his vest was covered with blood, but it was not perceptible by gas-light. In *The Press* of Tuesday we printed an account of a man having walked into the Delaware at Chestnut street wharf. A handkerchief found in his coat, which he threw overboard before jumping into the water, contained the name of Blackstone. Chief Mulholland informs us that this man was apprehended by the Sixth Ward police on Monday, because of his insane actions, and for taking from them with great violence effected his escape. Yesterday the river was dragged and the body brought up when his friends identified it as that of Mr. Blackstone.

**WHO BLACKSTONE WAS.**

Mr. N. P. Miner furnished us the following account of Blackstone: He says Mr. Blackstone formerly lived in Brandford, New Haven County, Connecticut, and was a member of the Congregational Church in that place. He married his wife in Madison. He has a brother who is engaged at farming, is well off and lives at Brandford. His father is now living at East Haven, Connecticut, and is well to do. There were two sons, James L. and John, and both of them were highly respected. The mother died a few years ago, and the father married again. Mr. Miner arrived in this city on Monday, and called at the store for the purpose of inviting Mr. Blackstone and wife to call on himself and wife at the Merchants' Hotel. Not finding him at the store, he left his card. Mr. Miner subsequently saw the account of the handkerchief being marked Blackstone, and took an interest in finding the body, which he identified.

**HE BIDS GOOD-BYE.**

Mr. Grady, the cashier of the firm of Funston & Blackstone, states that Mr. Blackstone left the store at noon on Saturday and returned in about 15 minutes, telling Mr. Grady that he (Mr. Blackstone) had taken $5 from the drawer. He then bade Mr. Grady good-bye in such a manner, as to make him think there was something strange in his conduct. Mr. Blackstone has stated frequently that he did not regret his change of business, and he always spoke in the highest terms of his partner, in conversation with Mr. Grady. He referred to his wife and family invariably in an affectionate manner.

**HEREDITARY INSANITY.**

Mr. Funston, the partner, states that in a conversation with Mrs. Blackstone on Thursday she stated that insanity was hereditary in the family of her husband. Upon a recent occasion his little son asked him why he sat as though he was looking down his nose. Mr. Blackstone has attended the Congregational Church of Rev. Dr. Edward Hawes since he has been in this city. Mr. Funston further states that he understood Mr. Blackstone had money coming to him and was a man of considerable means. Blackstone did not make his appearance at the store on Monday. Mr. Coulston, the owner of the property in Judson street, states that Mr. Blackstone informed him on Saturday that he had intended to purchase a house at Twentieth and Oxford street, but was disappointed in money. He paid his rent on Saturday.

**HOW THE MURDER WAS DONE.**

These are all the facts that we obtained in relation to this unfortunate man. In all probability he was seized with an insane fit after his wife left her bed on Monday morning, and whilst she was making the fire he felled her with the axe, the first blow doubtless being the one on the back of the head, and knocking her senseless. The fire being off the range, and the chips about it and fresh coals in it, besides her close proximity to it, all indicate this. It is probable that she lay on the lounge with her the little girl and placed her upon the lounge where she probably fell asleep. The little boy might have been attracted down stairs by the noise of the blows, when he was despatched. Then the little girl was killed as she lay upon the lounge, for, her being across her brother's arm, shows that she was the last one laid upon the floor. The table had probably been set for tea and not been cleared. The absence of eatables of any kind in the house indicated that the wife was preparing for breakfast, and would purchase supplies from some neighboring store. When the body of the husband was taken from the water, he had $15 in his pocket. On Sunday the children were heard by the neighbors playing in the yard, and at 6 o'clock Monday morning voices were heard in the house. The fact of the work-basket being near, together with the spool of cotton and thimble, tends to show that Mrs. Blackstone was at work Sunday evening. This can be explained by the fact that she adopted the old Puritan custom, her Sabbath commencing at dark Saturday and ending at dark Sunday. Her husband was in the habit of leaving the store earlier on Saturday night than any other, and always before six o'clock. After the horrid slaughter was perpetrated, the husband seems to have washed his hands, as a towel with blood upon it, was found in the sink, in the kitchen. Some of the blood is indicated that he wiped his hands whilst there was fresh blood upon them. He then left the house through a back window, drawing the shutters, which would lead the neighbors to suppose the presence of the family within. As neither he nor his family recited or have visited the neighbors, they would not notice the fact of the window-shutters of the parlor being closed. He then started off, and when policemen were made to stop him on Chestnut street he was evidently on his way to the river to consummate his suicide. The parents of the wife and husband have been telegraphed to, and are this are fully cognizant of the horrid occurrence. Of course, the amount of information sent them by Blackstone, is not known here at present, but the confirmation of it must have been a terrible blow to those aged parents. They will probably arrive in this city to-day, and bear to their homes the bodies of their children and grandchildren.

**THE CAUSE.**

The terrible deed that has startled our community, and will startle every other in Christendom. As horrible and sickening as the details may appear, there is still a consolation that all this horror was not done for the purpose of plunder. The hand of the maniac's, ... tent may have nerved him ... mysterious and unaccountable ... reason was overthrown, and a devoted husband and loving father became the demon there can be no question.

**LATEST.**

PHILADELPHIA, March 31.—Some of the relatives of James L. Blackstone have arrived here from Madison, Conn., and will to-morrow return home bearing with them the murderer and his victims. It has been fully ascertained that Blackstone was insane, and insanity ran in the family.

**Self-Made Men.**

Let the fact be generally and frequently asserted for the encouragement of those who are struggling on amidst obstacles and discouragements, that many of the brightest intellects, some of the most profoundest thinkers, some of the wisest heads, and many of the greatest master spirits of the human race were self-made men—sons of the people. Homer, the Prince of Poets, it is said was a beggar, Æsop, the immortal author of the Fables which bear his name was a Phrygian slave; Virgil, the first of Roman Poets, was a baker's son; Cervantes, the author of Don Quixotte, was a common soldier; Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, was a weaver; Shakespeare, the glory of the British Drama, was a woolstapler at Avon; Sir Francis Drake, was a shepherd's son; Ben Johnson was a bricklayer; Captain Cook was a cabin boy; the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher, and the more celebrated Oliver Cornwell was the son of a brewer; the immortal John Milton was a school-master; so (coming down to our own time,) was Martin Van Buren, a late President of the United States; Bunyan, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," was a tinker; Daniel Defoe, the author of Robinson Cruso, served his time as a hosier at Cornhill; Alexander Pope was the son of a merchant; Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, was an instrument maker at Greenock; Burns, the sweetest bard that ever breathed the soothing strain, was a ploughman; Sir Richard Arkright, the most ingenious of mechanical inventors, was a barber; Halley, the illustrious astronomer, was the son of a soapboiler; Ferguson and Hog were shepherds; Rollin, the historian of the ancient world, was a cutler's son; Sir Humphrey Davy ... was the son of an innkeeper; Sir William Herschell, the eminent astronomer, was the son of a musician; Sir Humphrey Davy, the inventor of the safety lamp, was a carpenter's son; John Hunter the greatest anatomist the world has ever seen, was a carpenter; Pollock, the author of the "Course of Time," was the son of a carpenter; Adam Clark the eminent scholar and divine was a poor Irish boy and was sent to Westminster ... the garden, is said to have found ... guinea with which he bought a Hebrew Testament; Hogarth, was an engraver of pewter pots; Gifford, the critic and Bloomfield the poet, were shoemakers; the learned Prideaux ... of Mahomet, was employed to sweep Exeter College; Curran the Demosthenes of Ireland, was the son of a County of Cork seneschal; Samuel Lee, a charity boy and a carpenter, occupied the Chair of Oriental Languages in the University of Cambridge; William Cobbet, the most correct writer of the English language, was at first a laborer, and then a common soldier; Hugh Miller, the eminent geologist and one of the most powerful writers of the present century, and whose mournful death lately caused so much sorrow throughout the world, was a stone cutter or a mason; Sir William Blackstone, the learned commentator of the law, was the son of a linen draper; Lord St. Leonards, one of the greatest common lawyers England has produced, and a Lord Chancellor was the son of a cutler; Lord Tenterdon, a late Chief Justice of England, and one of England's greatest and most enlightened judges, was the son of Charles Abbott, a Canterbury barber or hair dresser, and when a boy the great Chief Justice himself helped his father in his humble trade; the late Lord Lyndhurst, eminent as a Lord Chancellor, as an orator or statesman, lawyer and judge, was the son of a Boston painter; Lord Campbell, so well known as a great judge, lawyer and author, was the son of a Presbyterian minister and a reporter of the press; George Stephenson, the illustrious author of the locomotive railway system which now prevails throughout the civilized world, commenced life as a laboring man, and the first penny he ever earned was as a cowherd to the widow Grace Ainsle, of the farmhouse of Dewly, in Northumberland.

"Rank is but the guinea stamp,
But man's the gowd
For a' that, and a' that."

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.—Washington had accepted an invitation from Arnold to breakfast with him at West Point on the very day the plot was discovered, but was prevented from keeping his engagement by what men call chance—by the earnest request, namely, of an old officer, near whose station they passed, to spend the night there and inspect some works in the neighborhood. Next day, while Washington, with his staff, (including LaFayette) were seated at the table in the officer's quarters, a despatch was brought to the American general, which he immediately opened and read, then laid it down without comment. No alteration was visible in his countenance, but he remained perfectly silent. Conversation dropped among his suite; and, after some minutes, the general, beckoning La Fayette to follow him passed in another apartment, turned to his young friend without uttering a syllable, placed the fatal despatch in his hands, and then giving way to an ungovernable burst of feeling, fell on his neck and sobbed aloud. The effect produced on the young French Marquis, accustomed to regard his general (cold and distant in his usual manner) as devoid of the usual weaknesses of humanity, may be imagined. "I believe," said La Fayette, in relating this anecdote, "that this was the only occasion, throughout that long and sometimes hopeless struggle, that Washington ever gave way, even for a moment, under a reverse of fortune; and perhaps I was the only human being who ever witnessed in him an exhibition of feeling so foreign to his temperament. As it was, he recovered himself before I had perused the communication that had given rise to his emotion; and when we returned to his staff not a trace remained on his countenance either of grief or despondency."—*Beyond the Breakers*, in *Feb. No. of Lippincott's Magazine.*

GOD'S WIFE.—It was a beautiful thought of a little girl, in the streets of a neighboring town on New Year's day, hungry and ragged, taken by a kind hearted lady and fed into a cook-shop and fed as she had never been fed before. And when the angel-woman had given the child all she could eat, and some cakes to carry home, she took her into another store and gave her a nice warm shawl and other matters that the girl needed, and was dismissing her, when the child looked up into her face and with simplicity said: "Are you God's wife?" She had heard that God gives good things, and the gifts of the good lady seemed to her as what would come from Him, or one like Him. It was not profane—it was simple and sublime.

☞ While riding in the cars soon after his arrival in this country, President McCosh was thus addressed by an inquisitive stranger: "You will not be offended if I put the same question to you which Pharoah put to Jacob: 'How old art thou?'" Dr. McCosh's answer was: "If you divide Jacob's age by two and substract five, you will have my age." As the stranger didn't know Jacob's age he got little information.

☞ Personalities are a dangerous game to play with Prentice. Thurlow Weed adventured to say that "the Louisville *Journal* has a chin on its shoulder which it dares any body to knock off." Prentice responds: "The editor of the New York *Commercial* has a block on his shoulders which ought to be knocked off."

JUST SO.—I luv tew court in winter the most girls I do; when all around is dreary and kivered up with snow; because the old 'uns dread the cold, an' stormy wether, and hurry off to bed, leaving us together.

**Billings' Lexicon.**

Blush—The cream of modesty.
Ginger pop—Gymnastic water.
Man—Live dirt.
Friends—Books, painting and stuffed birds.
Bashfulness—Ignorance afraid.
Conversation—A bag with a hole in it.
Radicalism—A hole with a bag to it.
Aristocrat—A democrat with his pockets filled.
Politics—The apology of plunder.
Tin watch—Faith without works.
Mule—A bad pun on a horse.
Patience—Faith waiting for a nibble.
Sparking—Picking buds off from the bush.
Malice—A blind mule kicking by guess.
Eternal—Gods epitaph.
Care—Cat poison.
Faith—The soul riding at anchor.
Bliss—Happiness boiling over, and running down both sides of the pot.
Marriage—An alter on which man lays his pocket book on and women her love letters.
Quack—A doctor whose science lies in his bill.
Hash—A boarding house confidence game.
Fuss—An old hen with one chicken.
Twins—Too (two) much.
Boarding-school—A place where wry coffee and flirtation is taught.
Experiment—Energy out of a job.
Perfection—God in man.
Virtue—That ingredient which needs foil, and without which nothing else is valuable.
Solitude—A good place to visit, but a poor place to stay.
Sloth—Life in a tomb.
Health—A call loan.
Memory—The shadow that the soul casts.
Politeness—Sixty day paper.
Poverty—The only bright right that a man can't lose.
Accidents—The dismay of fools, the wise man's barometer.
Ease—Discounted time.
Wealth—Baggage at the risk of the owner.
Trials—Whetstones.
Fortune—The aggregate of possibilities; a goddess whom cowards court by stealth, but whom brave men take by storm.
Economy—A first mortgage on wealth.
Enough—Just a little more.
Dignity—Wisdom in tights.
Mischief—The malice of fun.
Cook—One who manufactures appetites.
Diseases—The whipping posts and branding irons of luxury.
Drunkenness—Shame lost and shame found.
Cowardice—Pluck on ice.
Glutton—A man with a drunken appetite.
Examples—Foot prints in the wilderness.
Nunnery—Piety in chains.
Ignorance—Raw happiness.
Sin—A natural distemper, for which virtue has been discovered to be an antidote.
Friendship—One of love's plumes.
Envy—A disease original with Cain, and which his brother Abel caught, and died suddenly of.
Wife—A female boss of the situation.
Fancy—The flirtation of truth.
Sarcasm—An undertaker in tears.
Sukes—Deaf and dumb madness.
Courtin—A hug and kiss match, generally a draw game.
Fiction—A dress with holiday clothes.
Hen—A lay member.
Law—Schackles of liberty.
Science—The literature of truth.
Deceit—A dead wasp with a live tail.
Babies—Dividends.

REVENGE IS SWEET.—Mary, meeting Emma on the church steps, who has a new dress, exclaims: "Why, Em, got a new dress, ain't you? How very common those shades are!" Em (indignantly and scornfully): "I can excuse your ignorance Mary, as you are not expected to know everything. This is the new shade imported direct from Paris." Mary (exceedingly flattered as she sees a well-known figure advancing): "Yes, I see now, it is lovely; but Em, do tell me, could you see I have a false coil?" Em, (most emphatically): "Certainly, it is all bulged out on this side, and there comes Charles Wilson. By the by, I understand he hates false hair, dear." Mary (defiantly): "Couldn't you fix it, dear, before he comes?" Em: "I will give you my new handkerchief-holder, that you like so much." Em: "There's the organ commencing, I must go in; I would advise you to go home, love. Besides, holders are so common." Em goes in, leaving Mary to seek her home, feeling that she had the worst of the battle.

BOOK BORROWING.—Everybody who has books is borked by people who want to borrow them. The majority of this class of nuisances never think of returning a volume, lent them, but immediately that it is in their possession look upon it as their own, and conveniently forget that it ever belonged to any one else, or if they do return it it is seldom in the same condition it was when placed in their hands. Its back is either broken, the corners of its leaves turned down, its pages soiled, or the margin and blank leaves covered with pencil notes.—Not unfrequently a favorite work comes back to you from a "friend," badly treated in all these respects. Is it any wonder that people dislike to lend their books.

☞ Here is a whole sentence printed with four types. Who among our readers can read it without looking at the explanation below?

B e D.

EXPLANATION.—Here is the proper version of the above. A little dark e (darkey) in bed with nought (or nothing) over him.

☞ A Pennsylvania Dutchman thus describes an accident: "Vonce a long vile ago I vent into mine apple orchard to climb a bear tree to get some beaches for mine vrow to make a blum pudding mit, and ven I gets on the topermost branch I fall from the lowermost limb mit von leg on both sides of de fence, and like to stove my outsides in."

☞ A New Hampshire Baptist pastor, Lowell by name, has strange to relate—accepted a "call" to a less salary than his present one. The case is such a rare one that it should be published extensively.

☞ A boy relating how his father had just come in from hunting, and bragged of having killed nine hundred and ninety-nine pigeons at one shot. "Why didn't he call it a thousand?" asked a by-stander. "Good gracious," said the boy, "do you think my father would tell a lie just for one pigeon."

☞ Nothing was so dreaded in our school-boy days as to be punished by sitting us between two girls. Ah, the force of education! In after years we learn to submit to such things without shedding a tear.

☞ An exchange says, Brigham Young's son Joe smokes cigars, drinks liquor, gets tipsy, plays poker, licks his wives and preaches the gospel.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