WEDDING CARDS, INVITATIONS for Parties, &c. Now styles. MABON & CO., 907 de30fmw tf3 PARTH CLOSET CO.S DRY EARTH commodes and apparatus for fixed closets at WM, RHOADS, 1221 Market street. Freedom from risk o health and from Ofence; economy of a valuable for dilizer secured by use of the dry earth system. ac2Mfs DIED.

BENSON—This (Friday) morning, Aiexander Benron, in the 76th year of his age.
Due notice will be given of the funeral.
GillESFIE.—On the 13th instant, birs. Letitia Gillespic, widow of the late Androw Gillespie.
Bue notice will be given of the foneral.
HARRIS—On the 12th inst., John W. Harris, in the
Soih year of his age.
The relatives and friends are respectfully invited to
attend the funeral, from his late residence, No. 3-95 Locust street, on Monday, the 16th inst., at 2 o'clock. Interment at Laurel Hill.
PATTERSON—In Richmond, Va., on the morning of
May 11th, Dr. William A. Patterson, in his 76th year.
THOMPSON—On the morning of May 12th, Ellen,
wife of Benjanin P. Thompson, and closs daughter of
Price I, and Margaret B. Patton.
The relatives and friends of the family are invited to
stiend the funeral, from the residence of her parents,
No. 318 North Fifth street, above Brown, on Bunday, at
2 o'clock P. M. Int rinent at Woodlands.

"WALKEE.—Suddenly, on the evening of the 12th inst.,
Mrs. Barbara A. Walker, felict of the late Matthew
Walker.
Due notice of the funeral will be given. Valker.

Due notice of the funeral will be given.

YOUNG.—On the morning of the 13th instant, Edwin enug, in the 73d year of his age.

Due notice will be given of the funeral.

Mourning Dry Goods FOR MAY SALES. BESSON & SON

HAVE LATELY RECEIVED: Hernanis, all widths and qualities, 50 cts. to \$3.75; English Grenadines, 25 cts.; Sitk Grenadines,&c. Lyons Gros Grain Black Silks, of the best makes only, from \$1 50 to \$5 00.

Black Alpacas, 3734 to 75 cts. ; Glossy Mohairs, 6234 to \$1.25; Australian Crapes, 50 to 75 cts.; Mohair Tamises or French Alpacas, 62% to 81. Black Ground and White Ground English and French

Lawns, Jaconets and Organdies, 25 to 50 cts.; Piain Black Lawns, Organdies and French Jaconets. Black Thibet, Hernani, Crape Maretz and Barege quare bhawle; Hernani Points.

Second Mourning Dress Goods and Grey Mixed Poplins, from 18% cts. to \$1 25; Yard wide Black and White Huglish Chintzes.

Black English Bombazines: Black Silk Challys: All Black English Crapes and Crape Veils; Jouvin's and Courvolsier's Kid Gloves; Silk Gloves; Bibbons; Parasols and Sun Umbrellas; Ruffed Skirts. And all other Goods requisite for Mourning attire.

MOURNING DRY GOODS HOUSE,

No. 918 CHESTNUT STREET. 1870. EYRE & LANDELL 1870. HAVE TO DAY ANOTHER 1870. LLAMA LACE JACKETS, LLAMA LACE FROU FROUS.

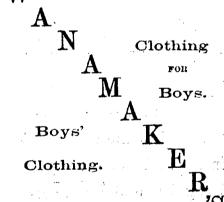
SPRING MOUNTAIN LEHIGH COAL, always on hand at CLARKSON'S Yard, 2101 mys Stamy 12 315 SPECIAL NOTICES.

PARTY COLORS.

LIGHT KID GLOVES

For Gentlemen.

A Fresh and Most Beautiful Assortment at 818 & 820 Chestnut St.



Our READY-MADE CLOTHING ls as fine as

818 & 820 Chestnut St.

CUSTOM WORK. **Elegant Spring Goods**

Unequalled Stylishness and Beauty.

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSION-ERS OF FAIRMOUNT PARK. PHILADELPHIA, May 4, 1870.

PARK CARRIAGE SERVICE.
TARIFF OF FARES:
For a single trip to George's Hill, and re-

a round trip to George's Hill, and re-

NATATORIUM AND PHYSICAL INSTITUTE.

INSTITUTE,
BHOAD street, below WALNUT
SWIMMING SUHOOL FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN
AND-CHILDREN.
OPEN FROM 5 A. M. TILL 10 P. M.
WATER CHANGING CONSTANTLY.
An oven and comfortable temperature maintained by the use of steam boilers.
Polite and competent instructors always in attendance. Porsons taught to swim in FROM SIX TO TEN LES-UNS; NOTIOE.—The Gymnastic Department is reopened, to demages by the late storm being fully repaired. For terms, private lessons, &c., &c., eend or address or a circular.

J. A. PAYNE & BRO. my7 16trp§ 🛩

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, having been injured by the r-cont storm, the Exhibition of the III of sixed Painting of the result of the III of the HOWARD HOSPITAL, NOS. 1518
and 1620 Lombard street, Disponsary Department.
—Medical treatment and medicine furnished gratuitously

SECOND EDITION

BY TELEGRAPH.

DEATH PENALTY.

EXECUTION OF JOHN DEAL AT READING.

A Full Description of the Unfortunate

CONFESSION OF THE CRIME

THE LAST DAY ON EARTH

f Special Despatch to the Phil Ma. Evening Bulletin.]

READING, May 13.—This being the day appointed for the hanging of John Deal, alias Zachariah E.Snyder, for the murder of Richard M. Harlan, a good deal of excitement has been created in this usually quiet city. The murder was committed in October last, near Leesport, Berks county. The victim was a poor, decrepid vagaboud, and the murder was the result of a drunken quarrel. Deal's guilt was fully proved. He did not deny killing Harlan, but said he did not intend it, but was defending himself from a threatened shot with a pistol, when he struck the blow with the hatchet which proved fatal. He was an old offender, having served two terms in the penitentiary for other crimes.

The Feeling in Reading. The Feeling in Reading.

The sympathy in Reading for the doomed man was confined, with few exceptions, to the clergymen, who have literally been to him as ministering angels. The gallows was yesterday placed in position. Sheriff Allbright concluded to test the experiment of diminishing the numbers of the rability sympathy is supported by the system in the prison in the prison in the prison in the system is the system in the system is the system in the system is the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system is the system in the system is the system in the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system is the system in the system is the system in the system is the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system in the system is the system in the system is the system in the system in the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system in the system in the system is the system in the system is the system in the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system is the system in the system in the system is the system i ble surrounding the prison inclosure by admitting them in line of procession, without halting, through the jail-yard. He did this in order to gratify their morbid curiosity to look upon the simplestructure upon which so many beings have yielded up the expiatory sacrifice, for murders supposed or real, of their own

About six hundred people thus passed, yesterday afternoon; by the lead-painted steps and the bare cross-beam that gloomily stretched across it. The people thus grarified were the canaille of Reading. Well-dressed women were among them. Our reporter saw some scores of them, of whom not a few of them held infants in their arms. They sought to pause in front of it as they passed the gallows tree. They were pushed forward. They were looking with lingering eyes at the Philadelphia machine, loaned to the authorities of Reading for this special occasion. Sheriff Allbright understond the authorities of the prison did not. The warden is named Daniel Francis. He wears a hat very broad Daniel Francis. He wears a hat very broad of brim, and speaks a patois that constitutes a very striking contrast to the usual vernacular of the people of Reading. He informed us that he entered upon the functions of his war-denship early in the month of April, and that he already felt himself "bowed down" by the cares and responsibilities of his position as the custodian in question. He was nevertheless willing to endure the responsibility, he ad-mitted, even if he killed himself in the en-

deavor to live. The number of Prisoners in the Reading Jail is fifty-nine. To the honor of the female sex our reporter is glad to state there is but one woman. She was convicted of a larceny, of which she still claims to have been innocent She is gentle in manner, dulcet in voice, and in demeanor superlatively sweet. The mat-ron has succeeded with the authorities of the prison in securing her manumission from the restraint of a cell to the comparative liberty of the cuisine. To the excellent matron her assistance proves an invaluable aid.

The Reading Jail is a dreary looking structure. It has a frowning castellated front. Its turrets are akin, in outward appearance, to those that tower over the walls of Moyamensing Prison. Its interioris laid out in the shape of a letter T. From capital punishment the peaceable vicinity of Reading has been so far exempt, that in an entire century but three persons have been compelled, within its limits, to fulfil the "Mosaic teaching, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

Exceedingly picturesque and pretty is

The Location of the Jail.

It is built upon the uppermost outskirts of the city. A mountain, clad in the verdure of dwarf pines and cedars, rises abruptly behind its ample enclosure. This rise of ground is a virtual jungle—a jungle made up, not of cacti and rhododendrons, but of dwarf cedars, bristling with spicule, with pine trees, and with an undergrowth of twining herbage, that renders the steep hill-side a literal thicket. The flora of this hill-side would delight the perceptions even of a professed fern-gatherer in Belgium.

in Belgium. Whoever designed the building and planned Whoever designed the building and planned the arrangement of its surroundings had an evident perception of the beautiful. The popular element that our reporter encountered last evening was of the conservative type. The infusion throughout it of the grand old Teutonic cautiousness, against making haste too rapidly, was very demonstrativaly apparent.

stratively apparent.

When in search of information our reporter was cautiously referred by one gentleman to another. Whatever information he gained was mainly due to the courteous attention of such citizens as Mr. Nicholson, of the Reading Eagle, and to the very courteous physician in charge of the sanitary affairs of the institution in which the doomed man was held a prisoner. As our reporter was, last night, sitting upon the prison-house steps the accompanying musings were not particularly pleasant, as the lizards and other reptiles were emitting their peculiar notes from the lowlands at the base of the hill that towers above the jail,

The Executioner
was retiring to enjoy a period of repose after
the labor of superintending the erection of the gallows. Upon this same platform every murderer in Philadelphia, convicted and exemurderer in Philadelphia, convicted and exe-cuted for the crime, subsequently paid its final penalty. The use of the gibbet in question was inaugurated by the execution of the brothers Skupinski. It did duty in the death of Arthur Spring. The negro Mattocks, Probst, Winnemore, Armstrong, Eaton and Williams met violent deaths by falling, with throttle around their throats, from its fatal trap. The apparatus was moved to Norristown to choke the murdered Haddock. It was taken to Doylestown to strangle the assassin Juyfor, and to Fort Mifflin to hang a soldier whose unfortunate history is already familiar to every reader of the BULLETIN. That Twitchell didn't drop from it was because of the knowdidn't drop from it was because of the know-ledge possessed by some one of his friends that hydrocyanic acid, in a teaspoonful dose, possessed sufficient potency to put out of ex-istence a regiment of suicides. In this case the executioner seems to have a natural en-mity to murderers. He brings his gallows from place to place as a rat-catcher carries his

underwent no change. To all who have seen lim in confinement he presented for consideration a moral enigma. Our reporter yesterday afternoon was introduced to him in his cell. He was certainly very comfortably cared for. His meals were sent to him from the Warden's private table. His past record is that of a vagabond. That he yesterday ate with a hearty relish is not to be wondered at. Rev. George Fryer, of the Baptist Church, was the first clergyman to visit him. An amiable divine of the Methodist denomination was the next to come. These gentlemen brought him books and pamphlets. They sought to instruct him. He had read the Scriptures from beginning to end, while doing penal service in Philadelphia prisons. That a little learning was a dangerous thing was proved in his every action and by every argument. Laymen and clergymen were alike astonished at the retentiveness of his memory and the plausibility of his legic. Upon the very verge of the grave, with no possibility of a repeal of his sentence, he argued with those who sought to bring him to penitence concerning the doctrines that he argued with those who sought to bring him to penitence concerning the doctrines that touch upon the immortality of the soul and a future state of reward and punishment. He was next visited by the Catholic clergy. Into the hands of these reverend fathers he resigned the further keeping of his soul. He seemed to be utterly indifferent as to the tuture. The pricets yesterday afternoon administered to bim the sacraments of the Church of Rome. These gentlemen were Fathers Filan, Schick and Borneman. Father Filan is a Philadelphian. The last time our reporter met him he was an assistant priest in reporter met him he was an assistant priest in Philadelphia to Very Rev. Doctor Carter at Thirteenth and Spring Garden streets. From the first he charged himself with the care of this murderer's eternal welfare. That he does not feel encouraged, at the present writing, in the expectation that he could bring the doomed murderer from darkness into light could be wondered at by no one who yesterday saw, as did our reporter, the stolid assassin in his cell. The doomed man has made no further

While in prison in Philadelphia he learned to read. During the years of his incarceration he was never without a copy of the Scriptures. He admitted to-day that all his life he was a vagabond. At five years of age he was left a waif upon the stream of time. What he now says is that from that time to the present he hasn't even enjoyed the luxuries of a domestic dog that has a kennel in which to life. At the says is that from that time to the present he hasn't even enjoyed the luxuries of a domestic dog that has a kennel in which to lie. At the same time he admits the commission of the murder for which he to-day suffers capital punishment. His conduct sorely puzzles the attendant priests. To the three gentlemen who acted as his volunteer counsel, he so lied as to render vulnerable by the assaults of the District-Attorney what they had deemed to be the impregnable points of their defence. He not only humiliated them in public; he since did so when, impelled by Christian charity, they subsequently visited him on missions of mercy in the cell of the condemned. He left with one of these gentlemen five sheets of closely-written foolscap. Their contents are merely an illiterate rhapsody. One page is covered with doggerel verse. No line of either is worth publishing. Of so little interest is it that the father confessors, who have undertaken the charge of the man's spiritual welfaredeem the decoment to be unwarether.

There is nothing useful in it but admonitiondrink. It is the old, old story—a story told a thousand times over, with a thousand changes; a tune played a thousand times over in a thousand transpositions of the moral scale. The demeanor of

The Prisoner in His Cell

was a demeanor in which resignation and in-difference were singularly blended. He yes-terday made a hearty dinner. Of the bountiful supply of eggs and steak that was last evening supplied to him, he called for an additional supply. Mr. Nicholson, of the Reading Eagle, accompanied our reporter to the cell of the condeinned. To this gentleman, as he swallowed his invitingly served supper, he remarked. "Be certain to be here to-morrow. remarked, "Be certain to be here to-morrow, and see the jig out." He wore a suit of apparel sent to him in which to set presentably to Mr. Photographer Sailer. His picture seems to have pleased him. The raiment that he wore when it was taken he expressed a desire to retain until he exchanged it for the apparel

To his death upon the scaffold the unfortunate man seemed to entertain no other senti ment than that of perfect Resignation.

When Titus was hung, at Carlisle, a year ago, the man literally embraced death as a welcome relief from harrowing self-reproach. He had killed his friend. So deeply had the tooth of remorse stricken into his heart, that but for his pinioned hands he would have his self the range that cheefed out the life he was sized the rope that choked out the life he was so glad to lose. The hapless Deal had no desire either for pardon or reprieve. The only lingering regret expressed by him was that his parentage should have been uncertain. He esterday admitted that the only name he ever knew was Zachariah E. Snyder. By this name he enlisted in the army. He, under it, served throughout the late war. As a soldier, he admitted to Father Schieb, he was refractory, at times even turbulent. He doesn't claim to have been influenced in his enlistment by motives of patriotism. He seems, in the ebul-lition of the excitement of enlistment, to have come to the surface with kindred scum. H deserted on the eve of one of the most impor-tant battles, but was restored to duty, in some way that he doesn't disclose, without the usual payment of disciplinatory penalty. What he rather strenuously maintains is that his parents abandoned him, at the early age of five years, to the cold charity of the world. In the assertion that but for this he would not to-day have paid upon the scaffold the penalty of the Mosaic law for the commission of murder, he, to the last moment of his existence, most persistently adhered. The reason for the unfortunate reason

was developed on the occasion of his trial. Two days after he backed out the brains of Harland he assumed the name of John Deal. What he now claims is that this change name was prompted by a nervous apprehension lest his family relatives might identify him as the committer of the crime. He was reared in Luzerne Co. Since the commission of this murder several persons in close conof this murder several persons in close con-sanguinity with him have declared, to him their relationship. His stubbornness, or his gnorance, here makes itself conspicuous. He still claims that of his immediate relatives he had no knowledge. He thus lied to his counsel. The opinion that he lied with equal fluency to the attendant priest is pretty generally enter-tained. This is conjectured to some extent from

from His Manuer.
Into the eye of no one did he steadily look
He had been married. He deserted his wife. She was a widow with four children, continuance with her was very short. continuance with her was very short. His sentences to the penitentiary were in the first case for larceny, in the second case for an offence upon a woman that in these columns is nameless. The man was purely animal. His eyes were of that peculiarly colorless appearance that omitted no responsive spark, from the soul within to the look that one fixed upon him.

upon him. He spent His Last Nights in company with a watchman. The latter never left him. He showed no inclination to anticipate the draw of the balter. He evinced

ferrets from barn to barn, and from granary to cranary.

The prisoner in the doomed cell was very kindly cared for. Since the sentence of death was pronounced upon him

His Appearance

underwent no change. To all who have seen I im in confinement he presented for consideration a moral enigma. Our reporter yesterday afternoon was introduced to him in his cell. He was certainly very comfortably cared interest. If he at all-made exhibition of nor-vousness it was in the eagerness with which he inquired as to the soundness of the fatal rope. This rope had been made in the factory of Edwin H. Fitler & Co., in Philadelphia. He integrity had previously been tested by the jerking weight of fifteen hundred pounds. Assured of this fact, and the mucderer questioned

The sun this morning rose bright and beau-

The sun this morning rose bright and beautiful-upon

His Last Day Upon Earth.

No rain had fallen in Reading on the day previous. Dew gems gleamed upon the lilacs, and birds were singing their matins from the leafy coverts in the vicinity of the jail, as the reverend clergy walked up the graveled avenue to the prison gate. Had the sky been murky, and the picture one of gloom, the case might have been different. As it was, the hearts of the good clergymen were additionally henvy.

When asked if he had anything to add to When asked if he had anything to add to his previous statements, the prisoner replied promptly in the negative. With the advice to bid adieu to all worldly matters, the clergy-men then resumed their task of preparing the murderer for death. The ritual of Rome, prescribed upon such occasions, was then begun, and for an hour the miserable man was engaged in the exercises enjoined by his ingaged in the exercises enjoined by his instructors.

At an early hour this morning the con demned man received the Viationm from Father Bournemann. The miserable wretch Father Bournemann. The miserable wretch was almost in a state of collapse, his hands cold, his lips twitching, and his face perfectly bloodless. At ten o'clock he was visited in his cell by his lawyers, Messra Yandt, Lancks and Maltzberger. He added nothing, however, to his previous statements, beyond admitting previous larcenies, which he has hitherto concealed from his counsel.

Deal was more dead than alive, when Father Bournemann arrived at his cell, at half-past ten o'clock, to administer the last rites of the Church. He received extreme unction, and all the privileges of the Church, except burial in consecrated ground.

in consecrated ground.

The crowd around the jail-yard consisted

The crowd around the jail-yard consisted mostly of women and was very large.

Upon your correspondent leaving the condemned cell, Deal's last remark was that he now "didn't fear death or the devil. He only feared God." He seemed scarcely condemned to the condemned scarcely condemned to the cond

scious of what he was saying.

Deal, the murderer, was hung at forty minutes past one this afternoon.

Despite his livid lips and slow beating of heart, Deal evinced a disposition to shake off his longer in bis languor, in proportion as the time for his violent death drew near. A simple stained pine coffin was carried into the jail at eleven o'clock. It passed in the corridor the priest who was carrying out the Sacred Host, of which the doomed man had just partaken.

The preliminary arrangements were excelently conducted. Sheriff Albright supervised everything in person. The condemned man bad previously consigned his body to the clergy, the supposition that his brother in I recene county would claim it proving de-

Sheriff declined complying. The jail reception room in the meantime was filled with members of the press, present from all parts of the country. At 1 o'clock Sheriff Albright entered the prisoner's cell to take him ou ie, according to the duty imposed upon him

"lam ready," was the response, and the prisoner walked out with an almost reeling tep, weak and staggering. He previously hook bands, for the last time, with the Sherif and his attendants. Going to the scaffold he lookedmore like a somnambulist than a being

A number present, awed at the spectacle, covered their faces as he passed the line of procession led by the clergy. The prisoner was supported by Father Bournemann. The jury and counsel followed. There was no graveled walk over which to move. The avement is of cobble-stones.

The prisoner ascended the scaffold with fal-tering steps. Half an hour before leaving the cell a meal was served to him from the war den's table. It gave him temporary reviviti It is due to the Catholic clergy to say that

the condemned was a convert to Catholicity while an inmate of the Reading Prison, and was baptized in the cell.

The execution was consummated at halfpast one o'clock. The condemned was supported by the

Sheriff Albright managed the execution ith remarkably good judgment.
Upon the scaffold the condemned man sim-ly said: "My friends, I am here to expiate a crime for which I am now sincerely sorry. I cel that I have obtained forgiveness, and hope to be embraced in the encircling arms of my The unfortunate man died with scarcely a

perceptible struggle.

THE COURTS.

COMMON PLEAS - Judge Paxson. - Louisa E. Koecker vs. Leonard Koecker. A libel for divorce. Before reported. This morning, on the question whether Dr. Koecker was guilty of contempt in refusing to produce his daughters for witnesses, in obedience to a writ of habeos corpus ad testificandum, the Judge decided that there was no contempt; that the writ was improvidently issued, and, under the statutes, could not apply to a case like this, as the writ was designed for cases where the citizens were in duress. In the present case there was no proof that the daughters desired to come from Boston to testify, or that they had been served with a subnorma, or were detained by the action of Dr. Koecker.

Mr. McElroy, for Mrs. Koecker, now asked leave to withdraw the issue prayed for by the Mr. Northrop and Mr. F. C. Brewster, for Dr. Koecker, opposed the motion, on the ground that a jury had been called and sworn, and the respondent was entitled to have the

Judge Paxson decided that it was too late to withdraw the issue after the jury was sworn. Mr. Cuyler, for Mrs. Koecker, now proposed to suffer a non-suit, with leave to move to take Judge Paxson granted the motion, and thus the case is withdrawn from the public for the

—Parepa-Rosa announced Oberon for Cleve-land, with Hersee in the cast. Hersee was sick, or wouldn't, and the Bohemian Girl, with Mrs. Seguin as." Arline," was substituted at the last moment. The orchestra, a Cleveland paper says, "was such as would have made Balfe turn over in his grave." But then Balfe

isn't dead. — He who runs may Read—a specimen of

British-ignorance of American literature.—Inthe London Queen, the lady's newspaper and
court chronicle; for April 28d, there appeared the following among the Literary Notes and Queries:—"Poem Wanted.—Where can I find Thackeray's verses called Sheridan's Ride?—

McFARLAND.

The Letters Sought to be Produced on the Trial.

EPISTLES OF A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

WHAT CHANGES SIX YEARS HAVE WROUGHT.

A Contrast Between Mrs. McFarland's Letter and Her "Affidavit."

[From the New York Times.] ! Yesterday Mr. McFarland paid a visit to the Tombs, which institution has been his home from November 26th, 1869, to May 10th, 1870, for the purpose of removing his small library and bidding adieu to the officials of the prison. He expressed his acknowledgments to Mr. Stacom, Mr. Mark Finlay, the keepers, and Mrs. Foster, the matron of the prison, for their

uniform kindness to him during his sojourn within their jurisdiction.

Mr. McFarland then paid a visit to his counsel and afterward returned to his present home, where he received the visits of several pareaugh friends

nome, where he received the visits of several personal friends who came to congratulate him upon his acquittal.

To a reporter of the Times, who waited upon him last evening, Mr. McFarland presented the subjoined letters for publication, considering that these of themselves were a sufficient answer to the statement made in ufficient answer to the statements made sufficient answer to the statements made in Mrs. McFarland's "affidayit", as printed in the Tribune" Extra" of May 11.

In order to show the contrast between Mrs. McFarland, as she was at the time these letters were written, and the same lady as she appears in her "affidayit" of May 9, 1870, the subjoined extract is made from her "affidayit" of periods during which she, at the dates mentioned, spoke most endearingly of her husband in letters which are in her own handwriting, and therefore cannot be dis-

handwriting, and therefore cannot be disputed: From Mrs. McFarlaud's "Adidavit." I went back to my father's in October, 1859, I went back to my lather's in October, 1859, and remained almost a year, till August, 1860. At this time, in October, 1859, when I returned home, if I had had courage to have told my mother and father of my troubled life, I should probably never have returned to this man. But I could not speak. It was so hard a thing to tell.

a thing to tell. How a "Cruelly Used Wife" Addresses

Her Husband.

MANCHESTER, May 27, 1860.—My Dear Hus-MANCHESTER, May 27, 1800.—My Dear Husband:—It is Sunday evening. I have just lighted the lamp. Am sitting by my table in my familiar rocking-chair. In my hand is my new gold pen-holder, and this paper rests on the last number of the Allantic, which serves as a writing-desk. Little Percy sleeps quietly in my bed, his head carefully disposed so that he shall not nestle it under the blankets, and his little hands folded on his breast. He goes to bed before dark now, and sleeps all the to bed before dark now, and sleeps all the evening, hardly awaking when I come to bed. He is such a little comfort to sleep with. I love him so much. You don't know how much. I have drawn quite a picture on the last I have drawn quite a picture on the last page, of Percy and myself, but I haven't ... In a control of the last myself, but I haven't ... In a control of the last myself, but I haven't ... It is so, because I am preparing to go away. To-morrow we go to Mr. Yeaton's, to stay until the grand house-cleaning and painting, with which New England people celebrate the advent of spring, is ended. I rather hate to leave home with Percy while he is so young; still, I am very glad I have so pleasant a place to stop. My cape came Saturpleasant a place to stop. My cape came Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. I was delighted with it, and the heading was a surprise. I did not think of that being in the box. I have told you so many times that I knew you were the best husband in the world that I shall not reiterate. Put me down your debtor for at least fifty kisses, for so handsome a garment. It will last me years and years. I could enage no one to make my cape, so I sat down and made it sufficiently to wear to-day, and shall finish it myself, and I think I did tas well as a dressmaker could. To-day, in the afternoon, I went to church. I were my blue flounced silk, my cape with the splendid broad lace, my new bonnet, which I trimmed with black lace and straw trimming on the outside, and inside with straw-colored flowers and strings, and kid gloves the exact color of my bonnet-strings. Was I not very hand-somely dressed? When I was all dressed and surveyed myself in the glass I had only one want ungranted, and that was a husband to want ungranted, and that was a husband to go to church with me. How proud I should have felt if I could have taken your arm and walked along. As it was I went off alone. I felt dissatisfied in spite of everything. The feeling consciousthat I was the most elegantly dressed lady out did not even elate me. I wondered as I sat in church if people didn't think I was what they call a "grass widow," and then I thought they would think, they must think, I must have a

would think, they must think, I must have a good husband or he wouldn't give me such pretty things to wear. Don't you wish you could have seen me? I have got a nice large box to pack our furs and all winter garments in. I shall put them in it to-morrow, and nail it up, with plenty of camphor around the things, so your overcoat cannot get eaten by moths, and the things will all be ready to move. I expect the Republican campaign will be a great advantage to you if you can engage in it without less of time. If you are remunerated for your services it will make you known in New York, and I hope will open to you some steady, profitable business. I have no doubt you can make one of the best political speeches that could be made. I am I have no doubt you can make one of the best political speeches that could be made. I am very contident in your ability, and am critical, you know, severely so. Only one week has elapsed since you left. It seems a much longer time. I am resolved not to complain at your absence this time, for I hope this fall will see us finally established, and I know you know as well as I do that these are our best years we are passing apart while baby is young, and that if we wish to enjoy life in a house together, it must not be long deferred. I will try and get time to write a daily journal this week and send it at the end of the week. this week and send it at the end of the this week and send it at the end of the week.
I will give you a record of the little events that
fill my life. Will that do? Did you see Mr.
Philbrick in Boston? How was your interview with him? Do write it in your next.
Write me as diverting letters as possible.
I am your very affectionate wife, ABBY.

From Mrs. McFarlaud's Affidavit.
Mr.McFarland was unspeakably cruel to me
this fall and winter of 1862 and 1863, while we
boarded at No.58 Variok street. We occupied boarded at No. 58 Variok street. We occupied
the only sleeping apartment on the parlor
floor, and he could give full scope to his furies
without fear of being overheard. * * *

He would lock himself into the room with
me and give way to such terrible furies that
only the extremest pride and self-control
prevented me from making my misery known.
He brought home what he professed was prussig agid, and threatened to take it, and force ic acid, and threatened to take it and force me to take it. He would snatch my scissors from my work basket, and, tearing open his breast, he would brandish them about, swearing he would "let out his heart's blood" before me." He told me (then a shrinking girl) that he kept, loaded pistols, with which he would at any moment shoot me.

* * * * * * * * *

From the time he got his place in the Eurollment Office, in 1863, until the Fall of 1864, Mr.

McFarland ent me home three times, and moved me to eight different boarding-houses. If, for one moment, I was peaceful in the pos-

session of a sholter, his habits or dissatisfied temper drove him to change.

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In the Spring of 1863 Mr. McFarland got appointed to a position in the office of one of the Provost-Marshals under the Enrollment act. I went to see Mr. Greeley in company with his sister, Mrs. Cleaveland, and also to see several other persons, to get influence for Mr. McFarland. what to see Mr. Greeley in company with his sister, Mrs. Cleaveland, and also to see several other persons, to get influence for Mr. McFarland. In doing so I acted under Mr. McFarland's orders, and against my own feelings, which always revolved at the idea of seeking office for him, though he never sorupled to use my efforts. As soon as he got this office I ceased my reading in public and my preparations for the stage, and in the Spring after he was appointed, went home to my father's and remained a short time. Then McFarland summoned me to New York with Percy, who was ill at the time and hardy able to travel. I objected to leaving home, when he sent peremptorily, saying he would burn my father's house over my head" if I did not come. I arrived in New York in August, and was there a few weeks when the physician said that Percy would die if he were not sent back to the country, and I again returned to

was there a few weeks when the physician said that Percy would die if he were not sent back to the country, and I again returned to my father and stayed till November. In November, 1863, I came back to New York. We took room for a few weeks on Variok street, but soon removed early in January, to No. 16 Lamartine place. West Ewenty-ninth street.

Miss McFarland to Her Fusband, July 5, 1863.—My Dear Husband: I went down to the city last night, about five o'clock, and came home this afternoon. I called first at Sarah Gould's. She was very glad to see me, and we had a nice long talk together. She is living in the city, a good ways up town, and has a pleasant little parlor and bed-room of her own. Charley is a nice little boy and very fine-looking. Sarah looks much as usual—bandsomer, if anything, than she has been. After tea at Sarah's, she and I and our Sarah, who came down with me, went over to Ruth's. We found them at Dr. Custer's, and saw the Doctor's folks, including Edward, with Ruth and her mother. They were all glad to see me. Ruth is looking very thin, and thinks she shall go to Chicago this month. She has a long vacation from her school. It commences now and lasts eight weeks. After meeting Ruth, she and Ed. and Lena Custer joined us, and we went to see a display of fireworks, which were very good. school. It commences now and lasts eight weeks. After meeting Ruth, she and Ed. and Lena Custer joined us, and we went to see a display of fireworks, which were very good.

I came back and stayed with Ruth all night, and this monning it rained so that Will could not come down for us till quite late this afternoon; the pleasure of my visit down there was a good deal impaired by the miserable state of my health. I haven't been well an instant since I left New York. That attack of indigestion was very bad until Friday, when, as I since I left New York. That attack of indiges-tion was very bad until Friday, when, as I began to get better of that, my catarrhal affec-tion came on dreadfully, and gave me an in-flammation of the throat; which is now extend-ing down to the bronchia and makes me quite sick. I got some medicine of Dr. Custer, but

I suppose it will have to take its course. In the meantime I feel very uncomfortable. Sarah Gould has invited me to go up to their farm next Wednesday morning and stay the rest of the week. We shall take the chilthe rest of the week. We shall take the children and see how they get along togothers. There is a family in the house, but Sarah has reserved her parlor and the little bed-room out of it, and a chamber upstairs, so that there is a nice place for us. We shall carry provisions, and have plenty of fruit, milk and eggs up there. It will be quite nice; will it not? Sarah, says as we shall live mostly in the woods it will be oute like comming out for a mountains with some triends on a pedestrian lour. He goes on sketching advantages. I have seen some exquisite bits of pictures by him, but neither of his great works are one exquisite. him, but neither of his great works are on exhibition. I feel anxious to hear from you, to know where you went for a boarding and if you are comfortably settled. W a detailed account of all your operations after my departure.

We have had an extra to-day, with most delightful news, that Longstreet and Hill were delightful news, that Longstreet and Hill were captured, and a great many prisoners taken. I hope it is not too good to be true. Mac, be sure and do not forget to take back Mrs. Cleaveland's "Carlyle" before she goes, as she particularly requested it. I asked Percy what I should tell papa, and he says, "Tell him I'm a good boy." He cried for you Saturday morning when he waked up, and said he wanted his papa.

wanted his papa.

I suppose you will do all you can toward giving in ther a place in New York, without any additional urging, but I hope you will do so if it is at all possible. I wish that I had never written that letter, and it really makes to the deed dreadylly to come and see here me feel dreadfully to come and see how straightened in circumstances they are here. They have no vegetables yet, and they buy no meat, so that my only hope is in writing as much as possible. Percy will live on cracked wheat. Mother got a little last week.

Manchester looks more woe-begone and forlorn than ever, and I hate the sight of it worse every time I see it. As for Ball Hill, the latter worse than the sight of the sight of the state of the sight of

it is hideous—positively repulsive in its aspect after seeing New Jersey's fertile fields. I shall expect to hear from you to-morrow. Direct always in care of William Sage, that it will go in father's box.

will go in father's box.

Be very careful what you eat, try and spend, your time in that student-like manner which you resolved upon. Your affectionate wife,

ABBY MCF.

Have you seen my scissors anywhere about the room. Please look.

How Her Brother Regarded Daniel at.

This Time.

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 5, 1863.—My Dear Brother: I sit down this evening to express a tervent wish that you will come home to spend, a part at least, of the summer vacation with me. We will then go a fishing, berrying, and have a good time generally.

and have a good time generally.
You remember the stroll we took in the meadow last summer, and how we laiden the knoll, and that you tried to explain theselence

of geology to me. I could not maderstand you very well then, but now, having studied that part of physical geography, called geology; I shall be better able to converse with you.

I am happy to say that I have most finished. Little Percy is, in my opinion, full smarter than when he left here, and loves his Uzele. Will full better. He now tells me to tell you. that he fired crackers Fourth of July.

It has been raining hard to-day, but beforethis it had not rained since the 17th of June.

I have not much more, my object in writingbeing to hope you will soon come home and

being to hope you will soon come home and enjoy the summer weather here.

As it is late in the evening, I will now end my note, and bid you good by, hoping before long that you will be at home with us.

Yours affectionately, W. F. SAGE.

Extract from a Letter of May 2. 1864.

This letter related to demestic affairs with which the public have no concern, and the extracts are made for the purpose of showing

extracts are made for the purpose of showing the affection which Mrs. McFarland at that ime entertained for her husband:

MANCHESTER, May 7, 1861.—My Deam Husband:

** * I shall write almost every day, but you must not be worried if you don't have been and I can't write account. always hear, and I can't write very much. *

* * If you have any time, write, write for next Fall's campaign. Write often.

next Fall's campaign. Write often.
Your affectionate wife, ABBY. At a late dinner of the Pelmontographic Society in London, the Schede Prandii, as it was called,—but should it not have been Schode Cana?—was a curious mixture of Latin and Greek, and the transformations that some of the common articles of food experienced were wonderful indeed. Who would for a moment suppose that "Arnocopt! Herbel," "Pulluli Litotrephagroicicenses" and "Anniquio Pisochumizenses", were the humble dishes so long known to us as lamb-cutlets, spring-chicken.

and ducks and green peas?