The Press.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1865.

MEETING OF THE UNION STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

BEDFORD, PA., Aug. 19, 1865.

The members of the Union State Central Committee, appointed by the recent Convention at Harrisburg, are requested to meet at No. 1105 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, on THURSDAY, the 31st day of August, 1865, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of organization and the transaction of such other business as may claim their attention.

A full attendance is earnestly requested.

JOHN CESSNA,
Chairman Union State Central Committee.

PENNSYLVANIA.

There is perhaps less State pride in Pennsylvania than in any other Commonwealth in the Union, and yet none of her sisters have more real cause to congratulate themselves either upon their past history or their present position. The unostentatious character of our early settlers, whether of the English Friends or the German colonists, and their studious avoidance of all forms of self-laudation, are probably the causes of the apparent unconsciousness of political greatness which is a marked trait of Pennsylvania character. Englishmen are forever lauding old England; Frenchmen delight in the glory of France; New Englandmen are full of admiration for the great region "down East;" New Yorkers boast loud and long of the superiority of the Empire State; our neighbors in New Jersey gallantly defend the reputation of their native home; Virginians imagine that Virginia is of more importance than nearly all the rest of the Union combined; the people of the several Western States never tire of singing their praises, and even the Delawarians think the diminutive proportions of their territory only proves that "the best goods come in the smallest packages;" but our citizens are habitually indisposed to boast of the glories of their noble Commonwealth, and only realize its greatness when they contrast its characteristics with those of the regions that are so highly lauded. We have no Plymouth Rock, but we have the site of the old Elm Tree, under which "the only treaty not ratified by an oath, and the only one that never was broken," was made. In the Friends, the Moravians, the Mennonists, the Dunkers, the Lutherans, and the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who formed our original settlers, were embraced many of the purest, most industrious, and most useful colonists that ever landed on the shores of America. The wave of progress has not yet washed away all their virtuous teachings and the traces of their peculiarities, but among hundreds of thousands of their descendants their example and precepts are still, in whole or part, religiously respected. It was a fortunate occurrence for the young colony planted by WILLIAM PENN that, when its civilization had fairly commenced, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN became its most prominent citizen, and directed, with his master mind, for half a century, its subsequent progress up to the time of the formation of the Federal Government. No State is richer in mementos of the Revolutionary war. We have not only the sacred Hall of Independence, but the historic battle-fields of Brandywine and Germantown, and the ever-memorable camping ground at Valley Forge. Here the Continental Congress conducted its momentous proceedings, and here the measures were devised which finally led, after a long and bloody struggle, to the destruction of the bonds of colonial vassalage. Despite the conscientious peace principles of a portion of our population, our State furnished a large number of the soldiers of the Revolutionary army, and some of its bravest and most distinguished officers. And our merchants and financiers made the most liberal contributions to the treasury of the Revolution.

At a very early day the foundations were laid in Philadelphia for the institutions of *learning*, the scientific societies, and the philosophical and philanthropic organizations, for which she has ever since been distinguished. Here was displayed the true metropolitan spirit—the love for art and science, and the tendency to advance the intellect and develop the refined tastes of mankind. If the National capital had not been removed to Washington, and if the numerous influences which have led to the rapid and steady growth of our city had been strengthened by those that naturally cluster around the seat of government of a great nation, Philadelphia would probably equal Paris to-day in population, and exceed her in all that constitutes essential greatness. As it is, she stands in the foremost rank of American cities; is capable of indefinite expansion; and will undoubtedly (as the people are driven from New York by high rents and poor houses, and mile after mile of our municipal domain is filled up with cheap new buildings) become the greatest city on this continent, and, perhaps, in the world. The great humanitarian anti-slavery movement was virtually commenced here, and has certainly always found among a small but consistent and untiring portion of our population "a still, small voice" pleading on, undismayed and undaunted, to an unsympathizing world, until finally the principles of immutable justice have been acknowledged, and the curse of slavery is eradicated from almost every Christian land.

Meanwhile, great cities, flourishing towns, and beautiful villages, have sprung up in every quarter of our State. The industry and skill of our farmers is proverbial, and we have exceeded all other States in the care and labor devoted to the development of the vast mineral wealth with which the whole Union abounds. We have struggled earnestly amid many discouragements to diversify our industry so that all the elements of a self-sustaining empire should be created within our own boundaries, and we have achieved a very fair measure of success. Our railroad system is wonderfully useful and extensive, and with our coal, iron, oil, varied manufactures, and fertile farms, we have perhaps made a nearer approach to a position of industrial and commercial independence than any other extensive portion of the new world. Our three millions of brave, industrious, educated citizens, with such antecedents and such resources, may well feel proud of their State, and grateful for its position. But, whatever may be its power, they will be the last to lose in a sense of self-importance the feeling of attachment to the whole republic for which they have always been eminently distinguished. The records of the strife just ended afford a proof of their devotion to the Union that will in future ages constitute the brightest page in their history. First to rush to the defence of the Capitol in 1861, our Pennsylvania troops shared in the glories of all the great battles of the war. They formed in themselves an army of which a mighty nation might well be proud, and attested their valor by innumerable achievements of the most daring and brilliant character. A long line of illustrious officers in the army and navy are natives of our State, and a portion of the lustre of their hard-earned glory will be reflected back upon its annals. We have a right to be prouder than we are of our grand old Commonwealth, and we should all strive earnestly to elevate the standard of its legislators and rulers and to place its political destinies only in the hands of men worthy of so exalted a trust.

THE LATE MOSES THOMAS, ESQ.

WASHINGTON IRVING died nearly six years ago. He has been followed by his old friend, MOSES THOMAS, whose death we announce to-day. Their acquaintance commenced in 1812, when both were young, enterprising, and full of hope. In 1813-14, IRVING edited the *Analectic Magazine* for his friend MOSES THOMAS, contributing to it, among other articles, biographies of LAWRENCE, PERRY, PORTER, and some more naval officers "of mark and note," and a charming memoir of THOMAS CAMPBELL, the poet. In a letter from IRVING to his brother WILLIAM, in January, 1815, from Philadelphia, he says: "I find that BRADFORD and INSKEEP have failed, and ruined poor MOSES THOMAS, the bookseller." A few years later, Mr. THOMAS was the Philadelphia publisher of "Knickerbocker," "The Sketch-Book," and other works by Mr. IRVING, and they were firm friends to the last.

Mr. MOSES THOMAS, who died yesterday in his 79th year, was born in Arch street, in this city. He learned the bookselling and publishing business in BRADFORD'S store, and opened a book establishment of his own, in Chestnut street, before he was twenty-five years old. The *Analectic Magazine*, of which he published twelve half-yearly volumes, was originated and published by him. The Book Trade Sales, a peculiar feature in American publishing, were commenced by Mr. THOMAS. At the time when, from causes over which he had no influence, he was unfortunate in business, half a century ago, the Book Sales were held by Mr. GEORGE W. LORD, who, instead of numbering them in continuation, commenced to number them anew. Thus, though the next sale, to begin on September 19th, will be numbered the sixty-fifth, it really is the seventieth or the seventy-second. Mr. THOMAS, on resuming business, also resumed these sales, and gradually permitted his engagements and popularity as an auctioneer, to occupy his whole attention. He was proud of his calling, as well as fond of it, and it was well worth visiting the Exchange on Tuesdays, to see the old gentleman—ever social, cheerful, and genial—dispose of real property, under the hammer. This he did until a few months ago, when his son and partner, Mr. J. DOVER THOMAS, officiated in his place, failing health not permitting himself to continue the exertion. For many years the auction-rooms of M. THOMAS & SONS, in South Fourth street, near THE PRESS office, have been well known, in and out of this city. The building itself is one of the finest business edifices in Philadelphia. The business will be continued, we understand, by the surviving partners—Messrs. JOHN DOVER THOMAS, N. A. JENNINGS, (son-in-law of the deceased,) and THOMAS S. ELLIS.

Mr. THOMAS was a well-read man, intelligent, and anecdotal. His recollection of men and things was quick and perfect, and his acquaintance with eminent persons was extended. General WINFIELD SCOTT, one of his oldest friends, usually was Mr. THOMAS' guest when he visited Philadelphia. We have lost a respected fellow-citizen, and all who hear of this calamity, though it was to be expected at his advanced age, will unite with us in regretting the death of MOSES THOMAS.

Horsemanship on Canvas.

Mr. J. P. Hill, whose services as a surgeon in the army during the war have been honorably recognized on occasions, has recently asserted his claims to distinction as an artist, his numerous oil paintings of portraits and animals (for the latter of which he evinces remarkable genius) having been received in this city and elsewhere with a degree of favor that is only accorded to a high order of talent. The latest product of his pencil is now on exhibition at Robinsons, Chestnut street, above Ninth) has scarcely been excelled in a picture of its class. It represents a beautiful light bay horse, mounted by a master of the equestrian art, the surrounding scenery, background, and entire accessories being admirably arranged to present, with life-like fidelity, a trained horse in graceful *action*. Among the numbers whose attention is arrested by this fine painting, a large proportion have no difficulty in recognizing in it a striking counterpart of our respected townsman riding-master, Seth Craige, Esq., as he frequently appears on our streets, accompanied by his pupils and faithful dog, (who, by the way, has not been forgotten by the artist,) the picture being a drawing from life of Mr. Craige and his favorite blooded mare, "*Clavalina.*" The entire execution of the picture is admirable, the portrait of the animal being especially faultless in every line, joint, and muscle.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

ITS RELATIONS WITH THE GOVERNMENT THROUGH THE QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT—A LETTER FROM QUARTERMASTER GENERAL MEIGS ADMITTING ITS GREAT VALUE—ITS IMPORTANT SERVICES—HOW HIS DEPARTMENT HAS WROUGHT WITH THE COMMISSION—THE DEFICIENCIES OF THE ONE SUPPLIED BY THE LABORS OF THE OTHER—UNITY OF ACTION OBTAINED, AND EVERY SOLDIER'S WANT SATISFIED.

REPLY OF GENERAL MEIGS.
QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 19, 1865.

John S. Blatchford, Esq., General Secretary Sanitary Commission, Washington, D. C.:

SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th instant, covering a resolution of the Sanitary Commission acknowledging the co-operation of the Quartermaster's Department in the efforts and operations of the Sanitary Commission during the war for the suppression of the rebellion. I shall take pleasure in communicating the resolution of the Commission to the officers under my command, and desire to express my thanks for the manner in which the Commission has acknowledged the assistance and aid which we have been able to tender them. The Quartermaster's Department is charged with the duty of transporting and delivering to the troops who are in garrison, hospital, camp, or field, nearly all the supplies essential to life and comfort. It stores and transports not only the supplies of clothing, equipment, shelter, and means of transportation, but the subsistence, hospital supplies, and ammunition which are provided by the other departments. Upon the efficient performance of its duties depend, therefore, in a great measure, the military efficiency, comfort, and health of the troops; and thence the success of military operations. The Sanitary Commission, organizing sympathy, has given unity and character to the efforts of the soldiers of a thousand cities, in a gigantic scale, and borne an important part in the war. It has supplied, without the delays which are inseparable from a complete official, pecuniary, and personal accountability, much which the regular departments of supply could not so soon, or could not at all, distribute.

Its agents have been everywhere, and have aided and assisted the officers, cheered many a weary and wounded man, and saved many a life. When the secretary of the Commission first called upon me at the outbreak of the war, I well remember the interview, and the joyful expression which, after comparing our opinions and views as to the manner in which the Commission could best fulfill its objects of usefulness, he said I had given him new hope and confidence, and that he then, for the first time, felt he had "touched bottom," and had found firm ground to stand upon.

Since then I have seen the operations of the Commission, not only in this city and the extensive hospitals which surround it, but at the bases of supply—the temporary depots through which the wounded were passing after great battles. I have gratefully recognized the value of its labors to the soldier, to the officer, and to the cause, and rejoice that I was early brought into contact with it, and that I had been able to aid it by my own efforts, and by those of officers under my direction.

This country has many proud memories to mingle with the sadness of the late war; and among the prominent will be the magnificent voluntary sympathy and charity to its representative soldiers, organized and conducted by the Sanitary Commission.

Wishing the members and officers of the Commission health and happiness, and a long life to enjoy the honor and regard with which their names are crowned by a free people, I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your *obedient servant*,

M. C. MEIGS,
Quartermaster General, Brevet Major General.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Sanitary Commission held at Washington, July 12, 1865, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Sanitary Commission, about to close the labors which it has pursued during the last four years for the relief of the national forces, desires to record the sincere expression of its deep gratitude to Major General Meigs, Quartermaster General of the United States Army, not only for his unvaried kindness shown to the Commission, but for the valuable services rendered to it by his effective co-operation during the whole period of its labors. The same spirit of intelligent and patriotic co-operation which the commission inspired by him has pervaded constantly his whole department; and we desire to tender to all its officers our grateful thanks for the services which they have rendered to us, and through us to the armies of our re-established Republic.

Resolved, That the secretary communicate to Major General Meigs a copy of the foregoing resolution.

SAILED FOR EUROPE.—Mr. J. B. Lippincott, the distinguished publisher, accompanied by his family, (wife, daughter, and three sons,) sailed for Europe on Wednesday last in the steamer *Cuba*, from New York, to be absent several months. Though nominally on a tour of observation and pleasure, those who are acquainted with Mr. Lippincott's business proclivities will expect results of more or less interest to the public from his journey. Extensive additions to the already large establishment of Messrs. J. B. *Lippincott & Co.*, on Market street, are now in progress towards completing the great plan originally projected by this firm, but, for a time, held in abeyance on account of the war; and it is understood that Mr. Lippincott's present visit to Europe will have an important bearing upon the business interests of his house. The kind wishes of a host of friends go with him.

SPIRITUALISM IN BUCKS COUNTY.

ROMANCE OF A GHOST IN BRISTOL—ITS NAME, "GHOST OF THE RUINED MANSION"—BELIEF IN ITS EXISTENCE—HOW IT MANIFESTS ITSELF BOTH BY DAY AND BY NIGHT—DESCRIPTION OF THE SPOT, NOT "OF ITS ORIGIN" PERHAPS, BUT OF ITS POWER—A REVOLUTIONARY INN—A SCRAP OF ITS HISTORY AND ITS PRESENT APPEARANCE—FACTS FROM LADIES, AND A FARMER WHO HAS SEEN AND BELIEVED—OPINIONS OF A RELIABLE CORRESPONDENT.

(Correspondence of The Press.)

BRISTOL, PA., August 25, 1865.

I have read in your journal, from time to time, of ghosts that in

"The dank and awesome midnight walk;"

and read, also, the grave remarks on the superstition of the age, developed, as it was, in the nineteenth century, with all its civilization, and, thorough knowledge of the ethereal, obtained in trials like that of Colchester. But, though the "haunted house" of New York was sneered at, and the existence of the "spirit of the daisy-clad meadow" at Chicago doubted, you should have taken at least some notice of a ghost which promenades almost at your own office-door; promenades, too, at midnight and at rosy dawn, to the horror and wonder of those among whom it carries its nightly visitations.

WHERE THE GHOST IS.

There is a ghost right here—here in Bristol—the principal town of Bucks county—a larger town than even the home of Democratic Davis, who wants to be Auditor General—and it has been here for the last twenty-five years.

You have never been in Bristol? Well, if you have not, you have been *through* it; for half a dozen trains for New York and Trenton go shrieking and roaring through the town every day, or stop, with snorts and screams, at its southern edge. There was an accident here a short time ago, and many poor soldiers lost their lives while *en route* for distant New England homes—safe, unscarred, amid the dangers of a score of battles. But the ghost was not of those who unbidden went into eternity. The ghost is an old ghost—as old as the writer at least—and has occupied one of our finest residences for a quarter of a century.

Like every country town in the State, we have one street—a main street—which monopolizes all the attempts at fine architecture that our residents have had the courage to make since Bristol sprang out of the wilderness a hundred years ago. It runs parallel with the river for half a mile or more, so that the residents on either side have, when they rise in the morning, a view of the new-born sun as it peeps over the Jersey pines and sand hills, and floods with laughing, blue ripples of the broad Delaware. It is lined with wide-branching oaks and slender poplars, so that when a stranger gazes up the long vista, he realizes the old poet's idea of *rus in urbe*. There are new mansions and old mansions—little cottages, weather-stained and romantic—flanking the substantial homes of comfort and solidity of a by-gone era, and specimens of the flash ideas of the new. About half-way up the road is a little old wooden inn, that every gossiper in the village will tell you "Washington once stopped at." It leans out, as if unconcerned whether to fall on you, or only to make you a polite bow, or as if perhaps too weak to hold up the ancient sign, with a faded daub of a very ugly St. George wrestling with a very improbable dragon, which swings from the end of a long pole inserted in the eaves. The inn's old peaked roof is battered, and time, anxious to cover up the traces of the ruins it has made, has carpeted it all over with moss, while the rain stained red front peeps out in spots here and there from behind a wealth of thick clustering ivy. There are little old windows and little old doors presented to view—for there is only a front view—the rest is lost in grape vines, the branches of an old elm, and clumps of clematis. Once upon a time, when our ancestors "staged it" from New York to your city, the driver used to hold up his four prancing horses before the door of this inn with a vociferous "whoa!" and a flourish of the whip, and the antique passengers would get out and shuffle on the sanded floor to drink the antique drinks, and discuss the antique dishes. The bar and the host were new then. Both of them are antique, too, now, and keeping firm pace with each other down the road to decay. But where is the ghost? you ask. Your correspondent will try to tell you, as the opposite side of the way, to cut from the inn, is one of those solid old manorial residences of gray stone, seamed with mortar, white yet, after fifty years, and as hard as the rock they clasp so lovingly. A broad lawn stretches down to the very roadside, but a stout picket fence forbids the wayfarer entrance. Great trees grow up on the lawn, and the bank, the sweep of beds of flowers have run wild until the green sward is almost lost in the luxuriance of these and other pets of Nature. For years no gardener's care has confined them within moderate bounds. In those tangled walks, bounded by overgrown boxwood, and shaded till the very gravel is damp and clammy, no human foot has passed for many a weary day. The old mansion rises up among the trees with a ruggedness, and darkness, and a desolation which are in themselves portentous. The windows—some of them—are closed—and the doors—all of the doors—are closed, has stained in long descending streaks the once white surface of the shutters. Other windows are half-closed; others fully open, looking like great staring eyes. Glass is wanting everywhere, and when the storms come, the rains and snows beat in upon furniture which in the good old times would have been called splendid. The winter winds whistle through the lone halls, and the summer zephyrs sigh, as if chanting some sad monody. *There* is where the ghost is!

WHAT THE GHOST DOES.

This fine mansion is deserted. On dark nights or at midnight hour it is avoided, and the luckless wight who has to pass it walks on the other side. Whether the ghost is to do on the peninsula when a soldier in the copses was unwittingly exposing himself to death. Moans have been heard to come through the gaping, broken windows—shrieks, imprecations, soliloquies—as if there was something or somebody in agony—something or somebody that wanted to die, yet was commanded to live—and lights often glare out in the darkness, or pass by the windows with such rapidity as to leave a long line of light behind. But the appearances are not by night alone, but by day also. The orgies of the ghost do not disappear, like mountain mists, before the sun. In sunlight as well as by night the ghost walks, and the spirit walks, to the affright even of those who are bold enough to enter within the haunted precincts. Its manifestations differ in the daytime, however. A few days ago I was conversing with two young ladies who were here for their summer vacation. Peeps into Paley and other studies tending to a disbelief in spiritual appearances, had made them a little more courageous, and a little more skeptical—I can hardly tell which—of any such "nonsense," as one of the young ladies said. Hearing, as I have done, in my sojourn here, that these particular "goings-on" of the spirits were at precisely six in the morning, my lady friends determined to brave ghostly displeasure by entering his domain, and plucking a wild flower or two. They went as promised, to the affright of servants, who were surprised at unwonted early rising—and now let them tell their own tale:

"The sun had got up when we got to the gate. When we opened it, it creaked on its rusty old hinges, and went back again with a slam after we had passed through. That frightened us a little; but still we kept on right through the tangled bare grass in the path, and the twisted stems of boxwood, wet with dew, went round the side of the house right to the back, where there is a large flower-bed that has been growing to weeds, and growing and growing longer than I am old."

The lady did not say how old she was, and I was too modest and too much afraid of my countenance to ask, although I might have done so, as she talked so fast that she had to stop for breath.

"And then?" I queried.

"Well, we went right up to the flower-bed, and Annie was just pulling a sprig of geranium, when there came a rapping—such a rapping—at a window just over our heads (a little shudder,) and a shower of tiny pebbles—and where they came from we didn't know. We *were* frightened, I tell you. But we weren't going to give up. So we tried to get a flower again—and then there was a rapping again, only quicker and louder than before—a shuffling of feet and a groan. We looked up at the window, but saw nothing—and then we ran away just as fast as we could, and I fell down in the tangled path to the gate."

Paley and Horne and all their homilies were forgotten that time, and my lady friends are now believers in ghosts, at least the "Ghost of the ruined mansion," as the mystery is romantically called here.

The manifestations at night have more of horror for susceptible and superstitious minds and weak nerves, for darkness invests with terror what daylight shows even to be quite usual and common-place. I will not enter into any detailed description of them, but give you the statement of an old farm-hand who, after speaking of the "haunted mansion," gave his own experiences.

"You see, sir," he said, while he stopped his horses, (he was ploughing at the time,) and gathered up the rein-ends in a lump in his brawny fist—"you see, sir, I was just the way I am now, (he wore a shirt and mighty coarse pants tucked into his boots, and a battered straw hat;) I was going down to the store for the old man, and I had a bit of a kettle in my hand and a big basket slung over my shoulder. I walked along first rate till I got down to *that* place," (nodding his head towards the mansion with a motion half muscular, half nervous.) "I felt queerish like, and hitched myself up to go by right and square. It was only about nine o'clock, or thereabouts—may-be it might be close to ten—but what should I see when I got to the far end of the fence, but a tall person in white, with a brown kind of a handkerchief on its head—and it had a candle in one of them old-fashioned candlesticks. It walked along on the tops of the flowers and box-bush like, and didn't bend them."

"Ah!" was my involuntary exclamation, while I assumed an air of great interest and entire belief.

"Yes, sir," said the ploughman, decisively, "and *it walked right towards me*, and then I got up and left, and that's all I know."

"And do you really believe in the existence of the ghost?"

"Well, I guess I do!" answered he derisively. "Has not everybody believed in it these twenty years gone?"

We did not demur, but left him, and wondered how anybody in Bucks county could believe in ghosts at this day. It was an evidence of want of knowledge, as well as of superstition. But Bristol was an old borough; it was in a Democratic county; that explained the matter—partially

WHO THE GHOST IS.

And that I cannot begin to tell you. There are many insinuations of black deeds in that old house years ago, and fifteen other centuries—just such conjectures as are usually indulged in in such cases. Those who have seen the ghost, all differ in their descriptions of him or her, so that the "oldest inhabitant" cannot fix anybody, once in the flesh, but now departed, who looked like it. The property is said to be owned by a lady in your city, who does not occupy it, because she is afraid. She knows not why the ghost is, only that he or she is. Not knowing the first, either, and not believing the last, I subscribe myself your correspondent, RELIABLE.

Public Amusements.

This evening, the Walnut-street Theatre, which has been completely refurnished and refitted, new scenery, and a new wardrobe included, will be opened, for the autumn and winter season, by Messrs. John S. Clarke and Edwin Booth, its new proprietors, who have installed Mr. W. S. Fredericks as stage manager, and Mr. T. J. Hemphill as business manager. Mr. Clarke, previous to his commencing an engagement at New York, on the 4th of September, will perform on seven evenings here. The opening pieces are "Everybody's Friend," in which Mr. Clarke will represent *Major Wellington De Boots*, and "Love in Livery," in which he will appear as *Paul Patent* and *Lord Sparkle*. That pretty, clever, and popular little actress, Miss Effie Germon, will speak an opening address, (poetical, we believe,) written by Mr. David Paul Brown. The orchestra will have Mr. Mark Hassler as its *chef*. The best wishes of the play-going public will go in favor of Clarke & Booth.

CLOSING OF THE REFRESHMENT SALOONS.—The Cooper Shop and Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloons will formally close on Monday morning, the 28th instant. Appropriate ceremonies on the occasion will take place at the Academy of Music. His Excellency, Governor Curtin; Messrs. Daniel Dougherty, A. G. Cattell, G. H. Stuart; Bishop Simpson, and other distinguished gentlemen, will be present to deliver addresses. A band of music will be in attendance. Tickets of admission are free. They may be had at the saloons. These institutions have given a high character to Philadelphia for the patriotism and humanity of its people, because it was through them they were enabled to contribute to the welfare of the Union soldiers and sailors. Philadelphia hospitality will be remembered by many a soldier in his peaceful home, in the mountains, the lakes and on the far-off prairies of the west, and the gratitude of the soldiers, thus benefiting the country by assisting the National Government, can never be estimated.

The response of the citizens to the appeals of the committees was such as to reflect great credit upon their hearts, through drafts upon their pockets. The committees, themselves, are entitled to great consideration, for they, or at least the most active of them, have given their time—no matter how unseasonable the hours—in progressing with the work for which the organizations were made. They certainly will form a bright page in the local history of the recent casualties, but now squelched rebellion.

CITY ITEMS.

Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machines

Every family should have one. Over two hundred thousand have been made and sold. Seven thousand Wheeler & Wilson's Noiseless Family Sewing Machines have been sold in Philadelphia; they are recommended as being simple, not liable to get out of order, easily worked, and economical. They are the best and cheapest.

Instruction given at the residence of purchasers, and all Machines are warranted and kept in order without charge. Call and examine. Office 704 Chestnut street, second door above Seventh.

Family Sewing of every description done with neatness, taste, and despatch, at reasonable rates, at Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine Emporium, 704 Chestnut street.

Operators, with or without Machines, furnished by the day or week.

DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS.—The pleasures and comforts of home may be greatly enhanced by a supply of fine, fresh, healthful Confections, such as can be had, in the best style, at the beds of flowers have run wild until the green sward is almost lost in the luxuriance of these and other pets of Nature. For years no gardener's care has confined them within moderate bounds. In those tangled walks, bounded by overgrown boxwood, and shaded till the very gravel is damp and clammy, no human foot has passed for many a weary day. The old mansion rises up among the trees with a ruggedness, and darkness, and a desolation which are in themselves portentous. The windows—some of them—are closed—and the doors—all of the doors—are closed, has stained in long descending streaks the once white surface of the shutters. Other windows are half-closed; others fully open, looking like great staring eyes. Glass is wanting everywhere, and when the storms come, the rains and snows beat in upon furniture which in the good old times would have been called splendid. The winter winds whistle through the lone halls, and the summer zephyrs sigh, as if chanting some sad monody. *There* is where the ghost is!

WHAT THE GHOST DOES.

This fine mansion is deserted. On dark nights or at midnight hour it is avoided, and the luckless wight who has to pass it walks on the other side. Whether the ghost is to do on the peninsula when a soldier in the copses was unwittingly exposing himself to death. Moans have been heard to come through the gaping, broken windows—shrieks, imprecations, soliloquies—as if there was something or somebody in agony—something or somebody that wanted to die, yet was commanded to live—and lights often glare out in the darkness, or pass by the windows with such rapidity as to leave a long line of light behind. But the appearances are not by night alone, but by day also. The orgies of the ghost do not disappear, like mountain mists, before the sun. In sunlight as well as by night the ghost walks, and the spirit walks, to the affright even of those who are bold enough to enter within the haunted precincts. Its manifestations differ in the daytime, however. A few days ago I was conversing with two young ladies who were here for their summer vacation. Peeps into Paley and other studies tending to a disbelief in spiritual appearances, had made them a little more courageous, and a little more skeptical—I can hardly tell which—of any such "nonsense," as one of the young ladies said. Hearing, as I have done, in my sojourn here, that these particular "goings-on" of the spirits were at precisely six in the morning, my lady friends determined to brave ghostly displeasure by entering his domain, and plucking a wild flower or two. They went as promised, to the affright of servants, who were surprised at unwonted early rising—and now let them tell their own tale:

"The sun had got up when we got to the gate. When we opened it, it creaked on its rusty old hinges, and went back again with a slam after we had passed through. That frightened us a little; but still we kept on right through the tangled bare grass in the path, and the twisted stems of boxwood, wet with dew, went round the side of the house right to the back, where there is a large flower-bed that has been growing to weeds, and growing and growing longer than I am old."

The lady did not say how old she was, and I was too modest and too much afraid of my countenance to ask, although I might have done so, as she talked so fast that she had to stop for breath.

"And then?" I queried.

"Well, we went right up to the flower-bed, and Annie was just pulling a sprig of geranium, when there came a rapping—such a rapping—at a window just over our heads (a little shudder,) and a shower of tiny pebbles—and where they came from we didn't know. We *were* frightened, I tell you. But we weren't going to give up. So we tried to get a flower again—and then there was a rapping again, only quicker and louder than before—a shuffling of feet and a groan. We looked up at the window, but saw nothing—and then we ran away just as fast as we could, and I fell down in the tangled path to the gate."

Paley and Horne and all their homilies were forgotten that time, and my lady friends are now believers in ghosts, at least the "Ghost of the ruined mansion," as the mystery is romantically called here.

The manifestations at night have more of horror for susceptible and superstitious minds and weak nerves, for darkness invests with terror what daylight shows even to be quite usual and common-place. I will not enter into any detailed description of them, but give you the statement of an old farm-hand who, after speaking of the "haunted mansion," gave his own experiences.

"You see, sir," he said, while he stopped his horses, (he was ploughing at the time,) and gathered up the rein-ends in a lump in his brawny fist—"you see, sir, I was just the way I am now, (he wore a shirt and mighty coarse pants tucked into his boots, and a battered straw hat;) I was going down to the store for the old man, and I had a bit of a kettle in my hand and a big basket slung over my shoulder. I walked along first rate till I got down to *that* place," (nodding his head towards the mansion with a motion half muscular, half nervous.) "I felt queerish like, and hitched myself up to go by right and square. It was only about nine o'clock, or thereabouts—may-be it might be close to ten—but what should I see when I got to the far end of the fence, but a tall person in white, with a brown kind of a handkerchief on its head—and it had a candle in one of them old-fashioned candlesticks. It walked along on the tops of the flowers and box-bush like, and didn't bend them."

"Ah!" was my involuntary exclamation, while I assumed an air of great interest and entire belief.

"Yes, sir," said the ploughman, decisively, "and *it walked right towards me*, and then I got up and left, and that's all I know."

"And do you really believe in the existence of the ghost?"

"Well, I guess I do!" answered he derisively. "Has not everybody believed in it these twenty years gone?"

We did not demur, but left him, and wondered how anybody in Bucks county could believe in ghosts at this day. It was an evidence of want of knowledge, as well as of superstition. But Bristol was an old borough; it was in a Democratic county; that explained the matter—partially

WHO THE GHOST IS.

And that I cannot begin to tell you. There are many insinuations of black deeds in that old house years ago, and fifteen other centuries—just such conjectures as are usually indulged in in such cases. Those who have seen the ghost, all differ in their descriptions of him or her, so that the "oldest inhabitant" cannot fix anybody, once in the flesh, but now departed, who looked like it. The property is said to be owned by a lady in your city, who does not occupy it, because she is afraid. She knows not why the ghost is, only that he or she is. Not knowing the first, either, and not believing the last, I subscribe myself your correspondent, RELIABLE.

Public Amusements.

This evening, the Walnut-street Theatre, which has been completely refurnished and refitted, new scenery, and a new wardrobe included, will be opened, for the autumn and winter season, by Messrs. John S. Clarke and Edwin Booth, its new proprietors, who have installed Mr. W. S. Fredericks as stage manager, and Mr. T. J. Hemphill as business manager. Mr. Clarke, previous to his commencing an engagement at New York, on the 4th of September, will perform on seven evenings here. The opening pieces are "Everybody's Friend," in which Mr. Clarke will represent *Major Wellington De Boots*, and "Love in Livery," in which he will appear as *Paul Patent* and *Lord Sparkle*. That pretty, clever, and popular little actress, Miss Effie Germon, will speak an opening address, (poetical, we believe,) written by Mr. David Paul Brown. The orchestra will have Mr. Mark Hassler as its *chef*. The best wishes of the play-going public will go in favor of Clarke & Booth.

CLOSING OF THE REFRESHMENT SALOONS.—The Cooper Shop and Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloons will formally close on Monday morning, the 28th instant. Appropriate ceremonies on the occasion will take place at the Academy of Music. His Excellency, Governor Curtin; Messrs. Daniel Dougherty, A. G. Cattell, G. H. Stuart; Bishop Simpson, and other distinguished gentlemen, will be present to deliver addresses. A band of music will be in attendance. Tickets of admission are free. They may be had at the saloons. These institutions have given a high character to Philadelphia for the patriotism and humanity of its people, because it was through them they were enabled to contribute to the welfare of the Union soldiers and sailors. Philadelphia hospitality will be remembered by many a soldier in his peaceful home, in the mountains, the lakes and on the far-off prairies of the west, and the gratitude of the soldiers, thus benefiting the country by assisting the National Government, can never be estimated.

The response of the citizens to the appeals of the committees was such as to reflect great credit upon their hearts, through drafts upon their pockets. The committees, themselves, are entitled to great consideration, for they, or at least the most active of them, have given their time—no matter how unseasonable the hours—in progressing with the work for which the organizations were made. They certainly will form a bright page in the local history of the recent casualties, but now squelched rebellion.

CITY ITEMS.

Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machines

Every family should have one. Over two hundred thousand have been made and sold. Seven thousand Wheeler & Wilson's Noiseless Family Sewing Machines have been sold in Philadelphia; they are recommended as being simple, not liable to get out of order, easily worked, and economical. They are the best and cheapest.

Instruction given at the residence of purchasers, and all Machines are warranted and kept in order without charge. Call and examine. Office 704 Chestnut street, second door above Seventh.

Family Sewing of every description done with neatness, taste, and despatch, at reasonable rates, at Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine Emporium, 704 Chestnut street.

Operators, with or without Machines, furnished by the day or week.

DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS.—The pleasures and comforts of home may be greatly enhanced by a supply of fine, fresh, healthful Confections, such as can be had, in the best style, at C. H. Needles' Store, Twelfth street, first door below Race street. aug26-10t

INVALIDS AND AGED PERSONS, whose systems require the aid of a gentle stimulus, can find nothing better adapted to their necessities than Mr. Speer's Samburg Wine. Knowing the manufacturer, they can rely with confidence upon its purity; and a pure wine is something rarely found in these days of adulteration and humbug.

The brandy is said, by physicians, to be superior to French brandy for medical uses.

The signature of Alfred Speer is over every bottle of his wine, and the brandy he imports. Our druggists keep it. aug26-2t

NOTICE.—Parties wishing to ship to Savannah, Georgia, per steamship "Minnetonka," will please hurry their goods alongside, and passengers will please be on board by twelve o'clock M., on Saturday, the 26th inst.

E. A. SOUDER & CO.,
No. 3 Dock-street Wharf.
aug24-3t

ARE THEY GOING?—We refer, reader, to your teeth. Be careful. Next to your eyes, your teeth are the most precious of your facial organs. Use the Fragrant Sozodont. It will at once arrest decay and prevent what are now but mere specks from being orifices. In brief, it will save and beautify your teeth. And it is the only thing that can save them. Reflect on this. aug24-1uths3t

MACKINAW SUNDOWNS, $1.
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Mackinaw Sundowns, $1.
Closing out the balance of our straw goods at less than cost. CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS,
aug24-7t Continental Hotel.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND PIANOS FOR RENT, and portion of rent applied to purchase. Also, new and elegant pianos for sale on *accommodating* terms. GOULD,
jy14-2m Seventh and Chestnut.

TRUE BLUE.—Among the eccentricities of the late English elections may be noted the fact that a Hereford paper, in its excitement at the success, at that place, of a conservative, for the first time these thirty years, prints the entire paper in blue ink. It also says it would recommend its readers to dress in blue, and if they cannot be *suited* in England, first-class suits of blue or any other color can be procured at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street, above Sixth, Philadelphia.

A FACT HERETOFORE UNADVERTISED.—The daily sales of Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" exceed by more than one hundred per cent. those of any ten other perfumes for the handkerchiefs that figure in the list of some extracts, whether original or imitations of French or of English articles. Sold everywhere.

AT THIS TIME, when barn-yard manure is high and other fertilizers are high and expensive, it would be well for our Agricultural friends to use the cheap preparations of the Agricultural Chemical Company. Office, 413½ Arch street.—*Ledger.*

TRUSSES AND BRACES, specially adapted to ladies' use, correctly fitted, by ladies, at C. H. Needles' Store, Twelfth street, first door below Race street. aug26-10t

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