



The Patriot & Union

HARRISBURG, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1860. NO 49.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Four lines or less constitute half a square. Ten lines or more than four, constitute one square.

Books, Stationery, &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS.—School Directors, Teachers, Parents, Scholars, and others in want of School Books, School Stationery, &c., will find a complete assortment at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Market Square, Harrisburg, comprising in part the following:

SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE, ADAMANTINE SLATES OF VARIOUS SIZES AND PRICES. Which, for beauty and use, cannot be excelled.

BOOK AUCTION.

BEN F. FRENCH Will supply his old friends and customers with the following Books and Auctions: Japan Expedition, 3 vols., complete, illustrated and illuminated, \$12.

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JUST RECEIVED "REAL AND SAY" by the author of "Wide World." "HISTORY OF METEORISM," by A. Stevens, LL.D. For sale at SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE, No. 18 Market St.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!!

Just received, our Spring Stock of WALL PAPER, BORDERES, FIRE SCREENS, &c. It is the largest and best selected assortment in the city, ranging in price from six (6) cents up to one dollar and a quarter (\$1.25).

Miscellaneous.

AN ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON! SILK LINEN PAPER FANS! FANS!! FANS!!!

B. J. HARRIS.

WORKER IN TIN, SHEET IRON AND GALVANIZED ROOFING, Second Street, below Chestnut, HARRISBURG, PA.

FISH!! FISH!!!

MAKEREEL (Nos. 1, 2 and 3). SALMON, (very superior). SHAD, (Mess and very fine). COD FISH, HERRING, (extra large).

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FOR a superior and cheap TABLE or BALD OIL go to KELLER'S DRUG STORE.

THE Fruit Grower's Handbook

SPERM CANDLES.—A large supply just received by WM. DOCK, JR. & CO.

COOPER'S GELATINE

COOPER'S GELATINE.—The best article in the market, just received, and for sale by WM. DOCK, JR.

Livery Stables.

CITY LIVERY STABLES, BLACKBERRY ALLEY, IN THE REAR OF HERR'S HOTEL.

The undersigned has re-commenced the LIVERY BUSINESS in his NEW AND SPACIOUS STABLES, located as above, with a large and varied stock of HORSES, CARRIAGES AND OMBUSSES.

FRANK A. MURRAY, Successor to Wm. Parkhill, LIVERY & EXCHANGE STABLE, THIRD STREET BELOW MARKET.

Having purchased the interest of J. Q. Adams in the establishment, and made large additions to the stock, the undersigned is prepared to accommodate the public with SUPERIOR HORSES for Saddle or Carriage purposes, and with every variety of VEHICLES of the latest and most approved styles, on reasonable terms.

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Miscellaneous. TAKE NOTICE! That we have recently added to our already full stock of SEGARS

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FOR THE HATR: BRAU LUST, CRYSTALLIZED POMATUM, MYRTLE AND VIOLET POMATUM.

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FOUNDERS AND MACHINISTS, Corner Pennsylvania Railroad and State Street, HARRISBURG, PA.

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A Splendid Assortment of GENTLEMEN'S WALLETS. A New and Elegant Perfume, KNIGHTS' TEMPLARS' BOUQUET,

Put up in Cut Glass Engraved Bottles. A Complete Assortment of HANDBKERCHIEF PERFUMES.

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Wholesale Grocery! The subscribers are daily receiving GOODS from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, which they are selling to Country Merchants at very small profits.

COFFEE, TOBACCO, SUGAR, HAMS, SYRUPS, BACON, TEA, great variety; FISH, STARCH, SALT, CHEESE, WHITE LEAD, SOAP, SPICES, GLASS & PITCH, FLOUR, PLASTER, CORN & OATS, CEMENT, CLOVERSEED, COAL.

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To the Public!

JOHN TILL'S COAL YARD, SOUTH SECOND STREET, BELOW PRATT'S ROLLING MILL, HARRISBURG, PA.

Where he has constantly on hand LYKENS VALLEY BROKEN, EGG, STOVE AND NUT COAL.

ALSO, WILKESBARRE STEAMBOAT, BROKEN, STOVE AND NUT COAL.

ALL OF THE BEST QUALITY. It will be delivered to consumers clean, and full weight warranted.

CONSUMERS GIVE ME A CALL FOR YOUR WINTER SUPPLY.

Orders left at my house, in Walnut street, near Fifth; or at Brubaker's, North street; J. L. Speck's, Market Square; Wm. Bostick's, corner of Second and South streets; and John Ling's, Second and Mulberry streets, will receive prompt attention.

COAL! COAL! ONLY YARD IN TOWN THAT DELIVERS COAL BY THE PATENT WEIGH CARTS!

FOR every family to get in their supply of Coal for the winter—weighed at their door by the Patent Weigh Carts. The accuracy of these Carts no one disputes, and they never get out of order, as is frequently the case of the Platform Scales; besides, the consumer has the satisfaction of proving the weight of his Coal at his own house.

I have a large supply of Coal on hand, consisting of S. M. C. O. LYKENS VALLEY COAL all sizes.

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All Coal of the best quality mined, and delivered free from all impurities, at the lowest rates, by the boat or car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel.

JAMES M. WHEELER, Harrisburg, September 24, 1860.—sep25

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SUPERIOR COAL OF ALL SIZES. FREE FROM SLATE, AND CAREFULLY SCREENED, AT AS LOW A PRICE AS CAN BE HAD.

FIGURE AS FAIR DEALING. WILL AFFORD! Although my Coal is not weighed in SELF-WEIGHING CARTS, I have weighed on SCALES ACCURATELY TESTED BY THE SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, and consumers may rest assured that they will get fairly and honestly weighed.

Also, HICKORY, OAK and PINE WOOD always on hand. sep25-dm

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Prices as low as at any regular yard in the city. Orders left at his office, corner Fourth and Market streets, or dropped in the Post-office, will be promptly attended to.

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SEWING MACHINES. THE GROVER & BAKER NOISELESS FAMILY SEWING MACHINE

is rapidly superseding all others for family use. The Double Lock-Stroke, formed by this Machine is found to be the only one which survives the wash-tub on bias seams, and, therefore, the only one permanently valuable for Family Sewing.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY: "Mrs. JEFFERSON DAVIS, presents her compliments to Grover & Baker, and takes pleasure in saying that she has used one of their Machines for two years, and finds it still in good order, makes a beautiful stitch, and does easily work of any kind."—Washington, D. C.

"It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into an excitement of good humor."—Wm. A. Caldwell, New York. "I have had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—J. U. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.

"On the recommendation of a friend, I procured, some time since, one of your Family Sewing Machines. My family has been most beneficial in its use, from the superior, without any trouble or difficulty whatever in its management. My wife says it is 'family blessing' and could not be induced to dispense with its use—in all of which I most heartily concur."—James Pollock, Esq., Governor of Pennsylvania.

The undersigned, CROVER & BAKER, of various denominations, having purchased and used in our families GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, take pleasure in recommending it as an instrument fully combining the essentials of a good machine. Its beautiful simplicity, ease of management, and the strength and elasticity of its stitch, unite to render it a machine unsurpassed by any in the market, and one which we feel confident will give satisfaction to all who may purchase and use it."

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OPPORTUNITY. 405 Broadway, New York; 18 Sumner Street, Boston; 720 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; 249 King Street, Charleston; 112 Camp Street, New Orleans; 128 North Fourth Street, St. Louis; 68 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati; 171 Superior Street, Cleveland; and all the principal cities and towns in the United States.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. sep25-d4-wly

The Patriot & Union.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 27, 1860.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The last number of Blackwood contains a history of that famous old building, the Tower of London. We propose to make as full a synopsis of this delightful article as our space will permit.

The time the Tower was erected and the name of the builder have not been preserved. Some assign it a very remote antiquity, and Julius Cæsar and Constantine the Great have both been considered the builders. Authentic notices inform us that the White Tower was built in the time of William the Conqueror.

Walls and bastions, and dungeons were added at sundry times till, in the reign of Edward the Third, it attained its present form and extent. During a period of three hundred years the Kings of England went in procession from it on their coronation days.

During the period that Richard II filled the throne, this building was gay and noisy with dance and banquet. Here, too, that monarch lay a prisoner, and was forced to resign his diadem. It was afterwards the scene of injustice and tyranny. It was here imprisoned the Princes of France whom Henry V, whose chivalry has been so loudly extolled, conquered in honorable warfare. James the First, of Scotland, whom Henry the Fourth had seized by treachery, was confined in one of the dungeons of this grim and gloomy pile.

From the window of his room the captive King saw a beautiful damsel, and smitten with her charms, sent her a letter that so pleased the lovely Miss, she gave her heart and hand to the royal lover. Hundreds have suffered cruel tortures in the Tower on account of their religious opinions. Here Lord Cobham lay loaded with chains for many weary months, because he worshipped God after the manner which the dominant sect pronounced heresy.

Because he denounced the worship of images, and was opposed to making pilgrimages, and entertained and openly professed other notions obnoxious to those who believed in those things, the titled victim was condemned to suffer the most ignominious and painful sentence. "He was drawn from the Tower to St. Giles' Field, where he was suspended by the middle from a chain; a fire was kindled under him, and he was thus burned to death."

Twice the amiable and harmless Henry VI was confined within these dark walls, and here the unfortunate monarch was found stiff and cold in death. His doors were kept open, and swinging on their hinges by the vile and bloody Richard III. For framing an answer when questioned, touching the mode in which two innocent women should be punished, with an "if" in it, Lord Hastings was dragged by a body of servile soldiers from the Council to the Green near the Chapel within the Tower, and his head severed from his body on a log of wood.

The fascinating and corrupt Jane Shore was immured in one of the gloomiest cells of the Tower for a crime that was not written against her, but for her beauty. The Recording Angel, and libeled after her persecutors had stolen her worldly substance. The wretched outcast died in want.

The doors of its dark vaults never opened and shut so often in the same period as during the reign of that taciturn, sagacious, bloody tyrant, Henry VIII. Emson and Dudley suffered the same punishment they had inflicted on so many innocent persons. Baltham and Frith were tortured by Sir Thomas Moore, who in his turn, fell under the axe of the executioner. The mood in which that nobleman met his fate was shockingly out of keeping with that solemn hour which comes to all. On his way to the scaffold he amused the bystanders with lively observations, and witless fell from his lips the moment before the axe descended. After he had committed his soul to God, and laid his head upon the block, the headsman prayed his forgiveness. "I forgive thee," said he, "but prithee, let me put my beard aside, for that hath never committed treason;" adding, "pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office, my neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not wrong for the sake of thy honesty."

The clever and captivating Anne Boleyn was the next victim of suspicion and cruelty. Her headless body lay for some time on the Green of the Tower, and was placed by rough hands in a common chest and buried in the chapel connected with the grim building. The Lady Catherine Howard was the next Queen whose blood stained the horrid axe. The scholarly and engaging Earl of Surrey, one of the fastest friends the treacherous and bloodthirsty widower ever had, was after the lapse of a few months, marked for the Hill. "The gallant nobleman and gentle poet, delighting only in classical pursuits, was not used for any other trial for treason in the presence of that illustrious soldier, his father, the Duke of Norfolk, and given to the headsman."

The shaft of a greater tyrant than himself prevented the King from tinting the grass of the Green with the blood of the Duke. There are many more names on the gloomy catalogue, and some that shine most brightly, were stained with blood by the unrighteous judgment of Mary and Elizabeth. This ancient pile has somewhat softened its harsh visage.

Its walls are covered with vines, and its towers bloom on its moat. Its connection with the glorious name of Wellington has helped greatly to make the tower its history inspires. The Duke was for some time constable of the Tower.

ROUGH BEGINNING OF THE HONEYMOON.—On last Friday morning an athletic young farmer, in the town of Waynesburg, took a fair girl, "all bathed in blushes," from her parents, and started for the first town across the Pennsylvania line to be married, where the ceremony could be performed without a license. The happy pair were accompanied by a sister of the girl—a tall, gaunt, sharp-featured female of some thirty-seven summers. The pair crossed the line, were married, and returned to Wells-ville to pass the night. People at the hotel where the wedding party stopped observed that they conducted themselves in a rather singular manner. The husband would take his sister-in-law, the tall female aforesaid, into one corner of the parlor and talk earnestly to her, gesticulating wildly the while. Then the tall female would "put her foot down" and talk to him in an angry and excited manner. Then the husband would take his fair young bride into a corner, but he would no sooner commence talking to her than the gaunt sister would rush in between them and angrily join in the conversation. The people at the hotel surmised what this meant; but about nine o'clock that evening there was an uproar in the room which had been assigned to the newly-married couple. Female shrieks and masculine "swears" startled the people at the hotel, and they rushed to the spot. The gaunt female was pressing and kicking against the door of the room, and the newly married man, mostly undressed, was barring her out with all his might. Occasionally she would kick the door far enough open

to disclose the stalwart husband in his gentleman Greek Slave apparel.

It appeared that the tall female insisted upon occupying the same room with the newly-wedded pair, that her sister was favorably disposed to the arrangement, and that the husband had agreed to it before the wedding took place, and was now indignantly repudiating the contract.

"Won't you go away, now, Susan, peacefully?" said the newly-married man, softening his voice.

"No," said she, "I won't—so there."

"Don't you budge an inch!" cried the married sister within the room.

"Now, now, Maria," said the young man to his wife in a piteous tone, "don't go to cuttin' up in this way; now don't!"

"I'll cut up's much's I want!" she sharply replied.

"Well," roared the desperate man, throwing the door wide open, and stalking out among the crowd, "well, jest you two wimmen put on your duds and go right straight home, and bring back the old man and woman, and your granddaddy, who is nigh on to a hundred; bring 'em all here, and I'll marry the whole—d'caldoodle of 'em, and we'll all sleep together."

The difficulty was finally adjusted by the tall female taking a room alone. Wellsville is enjoying itself over the sensation.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

FRIGHT IN THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

The catacombs of Paris extend beneath a considerable part of the Faubourg St. Germain, and especially the Rue St. Jacques, de la Harpe, de Tournon, de Vaugirard, the Theatre d'Odéon, the church of St. Sulpice, the Pantheon, Val-de-Grace, the Observatoire, etc., and they go beyond the fortifications to Montrouge. In them, as is known, are deposited the bones which were collected from the different burial places of Paris, on the suppression, in the time of the Revolution, of cemeteries within the walls; and these ghastly objects are piled up in such a way as to form galleries or streets, which extend for miles. It is recorded that at different times numerous persons have lost their way in these dreadful regions, and have died of hunger and terror.

From a French paper we learn that four men have recently escaped, almost by miracle, from this terrible death. M. Katerly, one of the keepers of the catacombs, having occasion to enter a lock of the door of one of the galleries, went, on the previous afternoon to the spot, accompanied by a locksmith named Chabral, that man's apprentice, of the name of Moran, and M. Ozanne, an architect's pupil. Incredibly to relate, they took only one candle, and did not even place it in a lantern, and more extraordinary still, did not carry with them any matches. No sooner had they reached the door where the air was to be done, than a sudden puff of air blew out the light. Under the guidance of Katerly, they attempted to find their way back; but notwithstanding his minute knowledge of the road, they went astray, and spent hour after hour in going up one gallery and down another. In total darkness, they could not find any clue to direct them to an outlet, and the further they walked, the more desperate their situation appeared to become. At length, after several hours spent in pacing up and down, they were completely exhausted by fatigue and terror. Then Katerly had a happy idea: "Let us shout for help," he said; "perhaps we may be heard!" They did shout, but for hours more their cries remained unheard amid the din of the noise above. Nor was the night more favorable, as few persons pass through that part of the city at night. At length, towards ten o'clock in the morning, a journeyman printer named Philippart, employed on a journal, was returning to his residence, 10 Rue Duguy Trouin, near the Luxembourg, and when near his door, it seemed to him that he heard cries of distress from under the earth. At first he fancied he was laboring under an illusion, but, on listening, he distinctly heard human voices from below. An iron slab which covers an orifice opening into the catacombs. He summoned some police officers, and they, hearing the same cries, caused the slab to be removed. "Who are you down there, and what are you doing?" asked one of the officers; and the answer was given, "We are four men lost in the catacombs! Pray give us a light!" Some matches and candles were let down, and one of them having struck a light, said: "We know our way now; we will go out by the door in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs!" and they went away. Shortly after four men, pale and haggard, presented themselves at the guard-house in the Rue des Eperons, and related these facts. Having told their tale, the poor men were of course warmly congratulated on their escape from a dreadful death, and they, on their part, expressed hearty gratitude to Philippart, and to the officers who removed the slab.—Methodist.

THE TWO SISTERS.

From Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World."

In the month of October, 1835, Mr. C., a gentleman, several members of whose family have since become well and favorably known in the literary world, was residing in a country house in Hamilton county, Ohio. He had just completed a new residence, about seventy to eighty yards from that in which he was then living, intending to remove into it in a few days. The new house was in plain sight of the old one, no tree or shrub intervening, but they were separated, about half-way, by a small, somewhat abrupt ravine. A garden stretched from the house to the edge of this ravine, and the further extremity of this garden was about forty yards from the newly erected building. Both buildings fronted west, toward a public road, the south side of the old dwelling being directly opposite to the north side of the new. Attached to the rear of the new dwelling was a spacious kitchen, of which a door opened to the north.

The family at the time consisted of father, mother, uncle, and nine children. One of the elder daughters, then between 15 and 16 years old, was named Rhoda; and another, the youngest but one, Lucy, was between 3 and 4 years of age.

One afternoon in the month of October, after a heavy rain, the weather had cleared up, and between 4 and 5 o'clock the sun shone out.—About 5 o'clock Mrs. C. stepped out into a yard on the south side of the dwelling they were occupying, whence, in the evening sun, the new house, including the kitchen already referred to, was distinctly visible. Suddenly she called a daughter, A., saying to her, "What can Rhoda possibly be doing there, with the child in her arms. She ought to know better this damp weather." A., looking in the direction in which her mother pointed, saw, plainly and unmistakably, seated in a rocking chair just within the kitchen door of the new residence, Rhoda, with Lucy in her arms. "What a strange thing!" she exclaimed: "it is but a few minutes since I left them upstairs." And, with that, going in search of them, she found both in one of the upper rooms, and brought them down. Mr. C. and other members of the family soon joined them.—Their amazement, that of Rhoda especially, may be imagined. The figures seated at the hall door, and the two children now actually in their midst, were absolutely identical in appearance, even to each minute particular of dress.

Five minutes more elapsed in breathless expectation, and there still sat the figures; that of Rhoda appearing to rock with the motion of the chair on which it seemed seated. All the family congregated, and every member of it—twelve persons in all—saw the figures, noticed the rocking motion, and became convinced, past all possible doubt, that it was the appearance of Rhoda and Lucy.

Then the father, Mr. C., resolved to cross over and endeavor to obtain some solution of their mystery, but, having lost sight of the figures in descending the ravine, when he ascended the opposite bank they were gone.

Meanwhile the daughter A.—had walked down to the lower end of the garden so as to get a close view; and the rest remained gazing from the spot whence they had first witnessed this unaccountable phenomenon.

Soon after Mr. C. had left the house, they all saw the appearance of Rhoda rise from the chair with the child in its arms, then lie down across the threshold of the kitchen door; and after it had remained for a minute or two, still embracing the threshold for a minute or two, still embracing the child, the figures were seen gradually to sink down out of sight.

When Mr. C. reached the entrance, there was not a trace nor appearance of a human being. The rocking-chair, which had been conveyed across the kitchen some time before, still stood there, just inside the door, but it was still empty. He searched the house carefully from garret to cellar, but nothing whatever was to be seen. He inspected the clay, soft then as rain, at the rear end of the kitchen, and all around the house, but not a footstep could he discern. There was not a tree or bush anywhere near behind which any one could crouch himself, the dwelling being erected on a bare hill-side.

The father returned from his fruitless search, to learn, with a shudder, what the family, meanwhile had witnessed. The circumstance, as may be supposed, made upon them a profound impression, stamping itself, in indelible characters, on the minds of all. But any mention of it was usually avoided, as something too serious to form the topic of ordinary conversation.

I received it directly from two of the witnesses, in New York, February 22d, 1860, Miss A.—and her sister, Miss P.—. They both stated to me their recollections of it were as vivid as if it had occurred only a few weeks since.

No clue, or explanation of any kind was ever obtained; unless we are to accept as such the fact that Rhoda, a very beautiful and cultivated girl, at the time in blooming health, died very unexpectedly on the 11th of the November of the year following; and that Lucy, who then, perfectly well, followed her sister, then on the 10th of December, the same year, in both deaths occurring, it will be observed, within a little more than a year of that day on which the family saw the apparition of the sisters.

WALKING A RAFT.—There was a fellow once stopped out of the door of a tavern on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the regular old-fashioned whalers—a raft a mile long.

Well, the fellow heard the landlord say himself, "a raft was a mile long, and he said to himself, 'I will go forth and see this great wonder, and let my eyes be satisfied with the sight of the hand that made the bark howling.' So he got on at the lower end, and began to amble over the wood in pretty fair time. But just as he got started, the raft started too, and as he walked up the river, it walked down, both traveling at the same rate. When he got to the end of the sticks, he found they were pretty near ashore, and in sight of a tavern; so he landed, and walked straight into the bar-room, and found a little black, but he looked the landlord steadily in the face, and settled it in his own way.

"Publican," said he, "are you gifted with a twin brother, who keeps a similar sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comportsing wood-pile, and a corresponding circus bill a mile from here?"

The tavern keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said it was just so.

"And, publican, have you among your dry goods for the entertainment of a man and horse, any whisky of the same size of that of your brother's?"

"And the tavern man said, that from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same he had."

"The twin brother of yours is a fine young man—a very fine man, indeed. But do you know, I'm afraid that he suffers a good deal with the Chicago diphtheria!"

"It's when the truth settles so firm in a man that none of it ever comes out. Common doctors, of the catnip sort, call it lying. When I left your brother's confectionery, there was a raft at his door, which he swore his life to be a mile long. Well, publican, I walked that raft from bill to tail, from his door to yours. Now, I know my time, and I'm just as good for any man you ever did see. I always walk a mile in exactly twenty minutes, on a good road, and I'll be busted with an overloaded Injun gun if I've been more'n ten minutes coming here, steppin' over the blamed logs at that."

FRIGHTFUL MURDER IN KILLBUCKY, CONN.—

Martin Cuff, of Killbuckly, Conn., was murdered in the most cold-blooded manner on Thursday night last, by his brother-in-law, James Cuff. It seems that the two men were asleep in the same bed, when James Cuff awoke and thought he would kill Martin. He accordingly arose, and after obtaining a razor from the cupboard, crept softly back to bed, where Martin was sleeping soundly. The murderer gently moved the head of his victim until it rested on the edge of the bed, and then grasping the razor he drew it with all his might across the unconscious man's throat. Dropping the weapon, he seized him with his whole strength, and held him back, as the appearance of pressing the blade, so that the blood might flow freely. There was no cry nor groan. A flow of blood spurted from the victim's mouth, and the floor, a few convulsive struggles, and the tragedy was over. The murderer then rolled the body back upon the bed, but the razor carefully into the case, and then coolly wiped the bloody stains from his hands with a sponge. The razor he subsequently threw into a well, and then went and aroused the neighbors, to whom he confessed his terrible crime. He is supposed to be insane.

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