

The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

HUNTINGDON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1855.

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THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE.
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Agricultural Fair.

NOTICE.—Persons wishing to exhibit Farm Stock, Agricultural Implements, and Mechanical Implements and Manufactures, at the Fair of the Huntingdon County Agricultural Society, are required to enter the same with the Secretary on or before the 3d of October. Competitors in Plowing are required to make themselves known as such on or before said day. All other articles for exhibition must be entered before the 10th of October, the first day of the Fair; and the same must be on the ground before noon of said 10th October.

J. S. BARR, Secretary.

Sept. 12, 1855.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

To be awarded by the Agricultural Society of Huntingdon County, at the Fair to be held at Huntingdon on the 10th, 11th and 12th of October next, 1855.

Farm Stock.

Horses.—Best stallion, \$5 00
Second best do., 3 00
Third best do., 2 00
Best 2 or 3 year old colt, 3 00
Best colt under 1 year, 1 00
Best brood mare, 3 00

Judges—Samuel Wigton Franklin; Perry Moore, Morris; Gen. A. P. Wilson, Huntingdon; Andrew Allison, Brady; Gen. S. Miles Green, Porter.

N. Stock.—Best pair of work oxen, 4 00
Second best do., 3 00
Third best do., 2 00
Best bull, 3 00
Second best do., 2 00
Best cow, 4 00
Second best do., 3 00
Best 3 year old heifer, 3 00
Best 2 year old do., 2 00
Best lot of calves, 2 00

SHEEP.—Best fine woolled buck, 3 00
Second best do., 2 00
Best Southdown do., 3 00
Best long woolled do., 3 00
Second best do., 2 00
Best fine woolled ewes, 3 00
Second best do., 2 00
Best long woolled do., 3 00
Best lot of Southdowns, 3 00

HOGS.—Best boar, 3 00
Second best do., 2 00
Third best do., 1 00
Best sow, 3 00
Second best do., 1 00
Best litter of pigs, 2 00

Judges—Hon. John Ker, Walker; Thos. Fisher, Huntingdon; Eli Wakefield, Brady; Peter Striker, Porter; Peter Livingston, Barrea.

Plowing.

Highest, 5 00
Second, 3 00
Third, 2 00
Fourth, 1 00

Judges—John Colder, Porter; James Morrow, Franklin; John Garner, Penn; John Shaver, Shirley; Geo. Jackson, Jackson.

Agricultural Implements.

Best plow, 3 00
Best harrow, 2 00
Best cultivator, 3 00
Best hill side plow, 3 00
Best windmill, 3 00
Best wheel drill, 3 00
Best corn drill, 2 00
Best horse rake, 3 00
Best reaper, 3 00
Best mower, 3 00

Discretionary Premiums of one dollar each may be given for articles not enumerated in the above list to the amount of \$12 00.

Judges—Wm. Hileman, Morris; John S. Iselt, Franklin; Wm. Hutchinson, Warriors-mark; Israel Graffius, Porter; S. H. Bell, Shirley.

Grain.

Best wheat, 4 00
Second best do., 2 00
Best Indian corn, 3 00
Second best do., 2 00
Best rye, 2 00
Best oats, 2 00
Best buckwheat, 2 00

Judges—James Saxton, Huntingdon; Hon. Thos. F. Stewart, West; George Eby, Shirley; Jos. Dysart, Franklin; A. B. Sangree, Walker.

Domestic Manufactures.

Best butter, 4 00
Second best do., 3 00
Third best, 2 00
Best cheese, 3 00
Second best do., 2 00
Third best do., 1 00
Best honey, 2 00
Best 2 loaves of bread, 3 00
Best display of preserves, 1 00
Best display of pickles, 1 00
Best specimen of hard soap, 1 00
Best specimen of tallow candles, 1 00
Best health rug, 1 00
Second best do., 50
Best carpet, 3 00
Second best do., 2 00
Best flannel, 3 00
Second best do., 2 00
Best quilt, 3 00

Second best do., 2 00
Best wool socks, 1 00
Best worsted do., 1 00
Best ornamental needle work, 1 00
Best silk embroidery, 1 00
Best worsted do., 1 00
Best specimen of shetwork, 1 00
Premiums of 50 cents each may be awarded for meritorious articles not enumerated in the above list, to the amount of \$10 00, at the discretion of the Judges.

Judges—Wm. Dorris, jr., Huntingdon; James Clark, Birmingham; John C. Wattson, Brady; James Henderson, Cass; John Porter, Porter.

Mechanical Implements and Manufactures.

Best pair of horse shoes, 50
Best made meat vessel, 50
Best cooking stove, 1 00
Best washing machine, 50
Best set of farming harness, 1 00
Best set of single harness, 1 00
Best pair boots, 1 00
Best pair shoes, 50
Best side sole leather, 1 00
Best kip and calf skin, 1 00
Best side harness and upper, 1 00
Best specimen of marble work, 1 00
Best lot of earthen and stone ware, 1 00
Best bridle and saddle, 1 00
Best 2 horse carriage, 2 00
Best buggy, 1 00
Best lot of cabinet ware, 1 00
Best greatest variety of tin ware, 1 00

Judges—Dr. Shade, Dublin; Hays Hamilton, Franklin; John Dougherty, Shirley; Kenzie L. Greene, Clay; James Entekin, Hopewell.

Horticultural.

Best and greatest variety of apples, 3 00
Second best do., 2 00
Best doz. fall apples, 1 00
Second best do., 1 00
Best doz. winter apples, 1 00
Second best do., 1 00
Best doz. of peaches, 1 00
Second best do., 1 00
Best pears, 2 00
Second best do., 1 00
Best plums, 2 00
Second best do., 1 00
Best quinces, 1 00
Best native grapes, 2 00
Second best do., 1 00
Best display of grapes, 2 00
Best cranberries (cultivated), 2 00
Second best do., 1 00

Judges—Thos. T. Cromwell, Cromwell; Dr. J. McCulloch, Huntingdon; George W. Johnson, Barree; W. B. Smith, Jackson, John Coldstock, Henderson.

Floral.

Best display of flowers in bloom, 2 00
Second best do., 1 00
Best variety of dahlias, 2 00
Second best do., 1 00
Best display of plants, 1 00

Judges—Peter Kessler, Brady; S. S. Wharton, Huntingdon; Richard Ashman, Clay; Maj. S. Caldwell, Cromwell; Henry W. Miller, Huntingdon.

Vegetables.

Best potatoes, 2 00
Second best do., 1 00
Best sweet potatoes, 2 00
Second best do., 1 00
Best half doz. peppers, 1 00
Best " " beets, 1 00
Best " " parsnips, 1 00
Best " " carrots, 1 00
Best " " turnips, 1 00
Best " " onions, 1 00
Best " stalks of celery, 1 00
Best two heads of cabbage, 1 00
Best two squashes, 1 00
Best pumpkin, 1 00
Best beans, 1 00

Judges—David Henderson, Franklin; David Hawn, Walker; George Jackson, Huntingdon; Elisha Shoemaker, Sr., Henderson; Isaac Neff, West.

Poultry.

Best pair of turkeys, 1 00
Best " geese, 1 00
Best " ducks, 1 00
Best " shanghaies, 1 00
Best display of poultry, 1 00

Judges—Alex. Port, George A. Steel, Huntingdon; Foster Haslett, Morris; Geo. Wilson, Tell; Daniel Womelsdorf, Franklin.

The articles and stock exhibited must be manufactured, raised or owned by the exhibitor to entitle him to the premium.—For the one dollar premium a copy of the "Farm Journal" or other publications for one year may be substituted. And instead of the premiums offered above in the Horticultural and Floral departments, literary premiums of equal or greater value may be awarded.

It is to be hoped the Judges above named, will attend to the duties assigned them, and be on the ground punctually, and report themselves.

JOHN McWILLIAMS, Prest.
J. S. BARR, Sec'y.

CLOTHING!

A New Assortment Just Opened!
And will be sold 30 per cent CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!

ROMAN respectfully informs his customers, and the public generally, that he has just opened at his store room in Market Square, Huntingdon, a splendid new stock of Ready-made

Clothing For Spring and Summer, consisting of Superfine black Dress and Frock Coats, black and fancy Cassimere, Cassinet and Corduroy Pantalons; a large assortment of Vests, Hats and Caps, neck and pocket Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Suspenders, Carpet Bags, Trunks, Umbrellas, &c., &c., all of which he will sell cheaper than the same quality of Goods can be purchased at retail in Philadelphia or any other establishment in the country.

Persons wishing to buy Clothing would do well to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Huntingdon, April 11, 1855.

The World Within.

Many tell us of the beauties
Of the world wherein we dwell;
Of the forest, rock, and fountain,
Of the crystal stream and dell;
Of the outward ties that chain us
With a holy binding spell;
Of the gentle word of kindness,
That invite us—that is well.

Still there's a world of beauty
Lies hidden from the view—
The sacred world within us,
With its varied shape and hue.

Who can read the happy spirit?
Who can paint the pleasing scene?
Are not thoughts that us inherit
Brighter far than gems may seem?

Have not hopes more verdant foliage
Than the palm or forest tree?
Do not thoughts more gently ripple
Than a peaceful moonlit sea?

Though the storms of adverse fortune
On the outward world may frown,
Still the inward world may glisten
With a radiance all its own.

The rock majestic towering,
The cavern bounded shore,
May be matched in mind's imagining
Till time shall be no more;

The ocean's vast expansion,
With its fathomless abyss,
And treasures deeply hidden,
Are small compared to this.

The mind's insatiate longing,
With endless motion rife,
Knows no ending, nor a limit
Through the active path of life;

Even then its powers expanding,
When this world no more is seen,
Proves the beautiful enduring
Of the world that dwells within.

THE BROKEN WINDOW.

A Story for Children.

Carrie was spending a few weeks at her grandfathers. Her mother and brothers, and sister, were there. Children always love to visit their grand parents. Carrie was having a nice time, till one morning in her play she broke a pane of glass in the bed room window.

"O dear!" she exclaimed bursting into tears, "It's grandpa's window! What will he say?"

Grandpa was away that day. He had gone to the city, early in the morning, and would not return till night. Carrie sought her grandmother, and confided her trouble to her.

"Oh, grandma!" said she, "I've broken grandpa's window. I am sorry. Don't tell him I did it!"

"How did you break it?" inquired grandma quietly.

"I was running around the room," Carrie answered, "and my foot slipped, and I caught at the rocking chair to keep myself from falling. The chair rocked, and the back went against the window. Don't tell grandpa, will you?"

"But grandpa must know it," was the reply; "there must be a new pane of glass set."

"Well, don't tell him I did it," urged Carrie.

"What shall we tell him?"

"Tell him the chair rocked against it," Carrie answered.

"But he will want to know what made the chair rock," said grandma.

"Tell him one of the children done it," said Carrie; "let him think it was Albert or Emma; don't tell him I did it."

"But don't you see, my child," interposed Carrie's mother, who had not yet spoken, "don't you see that this would not be honest? You do not want to throw the blame of breaking the window upon your brother or sister, when you broke it yourself, do you?"

"No," said Carrie; "but grandpa will scold me if he knew I broke it."

"I don't think he will," grandma replied. "I think the best way will be for you to tell the truth, yourself, as soon as he comes home."

"Oh, I can't tell him!" Carrie exclaimed. "But he will see the window is broken when he goes into the bed-room," said Carrie's mother, he will inquire how it was done, and we shall have to tell him. It would be much better for you to tell yourself, before he knows anything about it."

Carrie saw that this was reasonable, but it was a long time before she could make up her mind to what her mother and grandmother thought best. At last, after a long crying spell, and a great many earnest endeavors to find some other way of getting out of the difficulty, Carrie said:

"Well, mother, I'll tell grandpa myself, when he comes home."

"That will be the best way," said the mother, smiling.

That smile encouraged Carrie wonderfully. She wished that grandpa would come then, so that she might tell him at once, and have it over with. But he would not be home before sunset. He did not come that evening until after dark. Carrie drew her little chair closer to grandpa's when she heard the carriage drive into the yard.

"Yes, grandpa," Carrie said, "I sat up to tell you."

The child burst into tears.

"Why Carrie, what is the matter?" inquired grandpa, in surprise.

"Grandpa," sobbed the child, "I've broken your bed-room window."

And Carrie hid her face in her grandpa's lap.

"Broken my bed-room window?" said grandpa. "And how did you manage to do that?"

Carrie explained the matter as well as she could for crying. Grandpa listened attentively, and said, when she had concluded:

"I am sorry you met with such an accident, my child; I must set a new pane of glass there to-morrow."

And grandpa drew a chair to the table, and sat down to eat his supper. How poor Carrie's heart was lightened!

"Grandpa didn't blame me a bit. He only pitied me," she thought.

And ten minutes after she was sound asleep in bed.

The next morning was clear and frosty, but Carrie was so anxious to see with her own eyes the mischief she had done remedied, that grandpa bundled her up in a warm hood and shawl, and sent her up into the bed-room where grandpa was setting a pane of glass.

She came out again when the work was done, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks.

"Telling the truth was the best way after all, wasn't it, Carrie?"

"Oh, much better," answered Carrie, "I mean to tell the truth always."

A New View of Spirits.

The Brandon (Mississippi) Register reports the following curious sermon preached at the town of Waterproof, not far from Brandon:

"I may say to you my brethering, that I am not an educated man, an' I am not one of them as believes that education is necessary for a gospel minister for I believe the Lord educates his preachers just as he wants 'em to be educated, an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the state of Inniangy, whar I live, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits."

Thar may be some here to-day, my bretheren, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you my brethering, that I'm a Hardshell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hardshell Baptists, but I'd rather hear a hard shell as no shell at all—

You see me here to-day, my brethering, dressed uv in fine close; you may think I was proud, but I'm not proud, my brethering, an' although I've been a preacher uv the Gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm canting up that flat boat that lies at yure landing, I'm not proud, my brethering.

"I'm not gwine to tell you edackly whar my tex may be found; suffice it to say it's in the led's of the Bible, an' you'll find it's somewhat 'tween the first chapter uv the book of Generations, an' the last chapter uv the book of Revelations, an' if you'll go an' search the Scriptures, as I've searched the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many other texes as will do you good to read, an' my tex, when you'll find it, you shall find it to read this:

"And he played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men, made perfect."

My tex, brethering, leads me so speak uv spirit. Now thar's a great many kinds uv spirits in the world—in the first place, thar's the sperits as sum folks call ghosts, an' thar's the sperits uv turpen time, an' thar's the sperits as sum folks call liquor, an' I've got as good an artikel uv them kind uv sperits in my flat-boat as ever was fatched down the Mississippi river, but thar's a great many other kind uv sperits, for the tex sez: "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is ment in the tex, it's fire. That is the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex, my brethering. Now thar's a great many kinds uv fire in the world. In the first place thar's the common sort uv fire you lite a segar or pipe with, an' then thar's the camp-fire, fire before yure redly, an' fall back, an' many other kinds uv fire, for the tex sez: "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits uv just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is ment in the tex, it's hell-fire! an' that's the kind uv fire as is a great many of you'll come to, if you don't do better nor what you have been doin'—for "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits uv just men made perfect."

Now the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different sorts of persuasions in the world. In the first place thar's the Piscapalions; an' in the first place thar's a high-falutin' set, an' they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, an' he goes up an' up till he looks no bigger than your little finger nail, an' then the fast thing you know, he cums down, an' down, an' down, an' is a fillin' himself on the karkies uv a dead boss, by the side uv a road—an' "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits uv just men made perfect."

An' then thar's the Methodis, an' they may be likened unto a squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodist believes in gwine on from one degree uv grace to another, an' finally on to perfectshun, an' the squirrel goes up an' up an' up an' he jumps from limb to limb an' branch to branch, an' the fast thing you know he falls, an' down he cums kerflummux, an' that's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallin' from grace, ah! And—"he played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits uv just men made perfect."

An' then my brethering, thar's the Baptist, ah! an' they hev been likened unto a possum on a 'simion tree, an' the thunders may roll an' the earth may quake, but the possum clings there still, ah! An' you may shake one foot loose, an' the other's thar, an' you may shake all feet loose, an' he laps his tail around the limb, an' he clings forever, fur—"And you're up yet, my little girl," he said kindly, addressing Carrie.

The tears came into Carrie's eyes.

"Tell him now, dear," whispered grandpa.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN NEW YORK.

A Double Murder and Suicide.

BEAUTY, ART, POVERTY AND POISON.

Every lady who has visited the Crystal Palace, will remember a white silk embroidered shawl, which was exhibited by Frank Bennett & Co., then of Broadway, and which attracted considerable attention, even among the splendid embroidery exhibited there by Genin, Bell, Brodie, & Bulpin. The head which designed and the hands which executed that wonderful piece of work will never fashion another. They will be carried day-to-day to the public Cemetery at Randall's Island, and to be deposited in a suicide's grave.

Early in the year 1822 a beautiful lady of the train of the Princess Raczky found herself in such a situation that marriage was necessary to her reputation. The Prince, the head of an old Polish family, made his first coachman only too happy by giving him her hand. But the poor coachman's joy was changed to grief when, six months after marriage, his wife presented him with a daughter, whose dark hair contrasted sadly with the German blonde of both himself and his wife. Mr. Stein was almost crazy for a time, but at last he concluded to make the best of it; Mrs. Stein was beautiful, and he only changed his drink from beer to brandy. His brandy habits grew upon him, and in a few years the \$60 a month which he received from the Prince was all wasted in drink.

Children came along with time, a boy, Hugo, who has earned the reputation of being the greatest loafer in Berlin, beautiful in the eyes of sentimental maidens; in 1833 a daughter, Wanda, of whom we have to speak; four years after a son, Ludwig, a thriving prosperous boy; and five or six years later the youngster, Louisa, with sunny ringlets like her sister Wanda—all of them unmistakably the children of the fair haired Mr. and Mrs. Stein. A very loving family they were; all the children thinking that nothing was too good for their mother, and oftentimes wearing poor dresses themselves that she might attire in velvet.

Mrs. Stein did not set a great store upon virtue either for herself or her daughters, and when Wanda was fifteen or sixteen she gave her to one of the French Secretaries of Legation under the Presidency of Cavaignac.—The name of this Secretary was First Secretary, and Edouard Grenier and M. Martinet were Second Secretaries. Cecilia and Wanda lived in the fourth story of a stone house in Jerusalem-strasse, and the French Secretary paid the bills. This arrangement went into effect toward the close of the year 1848, and in September, 1849, Wanda became a mother, and her boy received his father's name, Edouard.

The fatal 2d day of December came; the French diplomatic corps fell with the Republic, and Wanda's lover fled to Switzerland. He soon wrote to her to follow him; he wished to marry her. She went with their boy, but then he objected that while she was a Protestant, he and all his Besacon ancestry were Catholics; if she would be converted he would marry her. Love triumphed over the faith which he had inherited; she was received into the bosom of the Catholic Church, and then—he put her in a convent.

In the convent of Colmar she staid with her boy for a year and then went back to Berlin. She carried with her two daguerreotypes, which she saw yesterday—one of her French lover, a fine intellectual face, with fixed, sad eyes; and the other of herself and son, a bright boy, fifteen months old, and a graceful woman, with fair hair, deep blue eyes, a mouth rather large, but finely formed, and an expression in which strength and tenderness existed in rare harmony. This last miniature she sent with a letter to her mother as she was entering it.

Wanda and Cecilia lived together as before until summer, when with the last of the French money, 200 francs, they sailed from Hamburg in the ship Howard, landing here in September. They first went to the house of a cousin, Ludwig May, remained there for six or eight weeks, and then kept house (Mr. May furnishing their rooms) for nearly a year in Mott street. Mr. May procured embroidery for them from Mr. Bennett's in Broadway, and they executed many fine pieces of work. A little more than two years ago they rented rooms of John Black, No. 335 Bowery, and lived there until the present time. They there executed the shawl which was exhibited at the Palace. Wanda designed it and worked the faces and all the finer portions, while her sister did the rest. They were occupied three or four months, and Mr. Bennett paid them \$150. These were palmy days for them. One payment was sent to Berlin to bring over their brother Ludwig, but he concluded not to come until the whole family could come out with him.

They lived there in their third story a very secluded life, admitting no man but their cousin, May, and their landlord when he came on business. Mr. May tells, as a rare thing, that Mr. Bennett went in two or three times about the prize shawl. Cecilia, we are told, did all the drudgery. Mr. May liked her better than Wanda, although she was not beautiful but had a troubled forbidding brow and spoke few words. She seemed to accept this position of slave naturally. Wanda's hair was gloriously long, two or three years ago it hung over her beautifully rounded head and her graceful shoulders to her feet. She was always dressed well, sometimes richly, but rich dresses became her. She seemed to Mr. Black almost foolishly modest, and he tells of her fright when once she chanced to see him in dishabille. She was well educated and talented, full of soul, said our German informant. And Cecilia also our German informant, of the big farms out in Posen, had a "good mind"; although he had a very "ugly black face."

They spoke German, Polish and French, and were learning the English here. Things were going on prosperously. Very reserved they were; when good Mrs. Black, with her

woman's love for talk, said as a beginning that it was a stormy day or a pleasant day, they answered yes and nothing more. These were prosperous days for them, and more than once money was sent to their mother in Berlin. But sorrow must come.

Mr. May says that Wanda told him more than a year ago that her physician had told her she could not live longer than a year. Mr. Bennett failed and then there was no more work for them; for some time Mr. May paid their rent and gave them more money besides. But he could not do all; he had a family of his own and they suffered. They always paid their rent in advance, and on Monday Wanda came down stairs and said they would have it on Tuesday, they had been disappointed in getting their pay for some work. Meanwhile they had sent a letter to Mr. May.

[TRANSLATION.]

To LUDWIG MAY.—Dear Sir:—As we intend to leave the States forever, we return to you your likeness. You would do us a favor by sending some of our effects to Europe for us, after we are left. This act may seem strange to you; nothing, however, is more natural. If you intend to do us this favor, please give my sister Wanda a sign, by opening and closing your window. She will expect you at twelve o'clock, in Franklin street, between Broadway and Church streets. If you are not there, then farewell forever.

CECILIA.

New York, September 3, 1855.

This letter did not meet Mr. May in time for him to meet the sister, and he sent a note apologizing for not doing so. The boy who carried it found their apartments locked, and left it under the door. Nothing was seen of them on Wednesday by Mr. Black's family, and about noon, Mr. Black remembering that they had told him that unless the times grew better, they should send the boy to his father, and poison themselves; and perceiving a disagreeable odor issuing from their room, procured aid and burst open their door. They were discovered in their bed-room. Wanda was lying in the middle of the bed. Froth and blood were already issuing from her mouth, and clotting in her beautiful hair, and the finely formed arm which lay beneath was black, as also was her face.

The boy lay next the wall with his face toward it, and Cecilia had fallen to the floor face downward, with a chair upon her. In rolling from the bed, she had upset the chair upon her. Two vials of prussic acid stood on the stand. The stench was overpowering, although exposed to it but for a moment, and that eight hours ago, we taste it now. A few books were in the parlor, some clothing hung in another room, and a loaf of bread half eaten was on the table with the knife that cut it. We hope never more to see such a sickening sight. Mr. May thinks that Wanda might have received from France a denial of her last hope, that of sending her son to share the fortunes of his father. At all events, no hope was left to them in this world. But never more may thoughtless mother sell her child for gold.

The Louisville Courier thus sketches the characters of those Know-Nothings who were killed during the Louisville riots:

Graham was a man of bad character, who had been guilty of previous riotous conduct, for which he had to answer in court. Some time since he was arrested for robbing a house of ill-fame on the plank-road, and the stolen property found in his possession. Believing it to have been his first offence, and in consideration of his youth and promises of good behavior for the future; Judge Joyce merely held him to bail in the sum of \$1000 for his good behaviour.

Rhodes was a man of violent temper, and of such character that his neighbors would hold no intercourse with him. He has been "indefinitely suspended" (which was tantamount to expulsion) from Boon Lodge, I. O. of O. F., for bad conduct. He treated his wife so badly that she was driven away from him, and for several months before his death they had not been living together.

He refused to pay her physician's bills incurred after their separation, disowned her as his wife, and only two or three days before his death forbade the physician who had been called to visit her. But, abused and maltreated as she had been, with the holy devotion of her sex, forgetting all his faults, Mrs. Rhodes now seeks to remove the cloud that surrounds his memory. She is represented as being a worthy lady, and her womanly devotion cannot fail to excite admiration.

Hudson, who was murdered by his own friends, and not killed by the Irish as was stated, was a man of notoriously bad character. We see it stated that he was recently released from the Indiana penitentiary, where he had been sentenced to serve a term for stealing, and at the time he was killed an indictment for felony was hanging over him:

A NEEDLE IN A WOMAN'S HAND.—We copy the following from the Boston Traveller:

"About a month since a female domestic in a family residing in Dorchester was taken quite ill, arising from a severe swelling on the inside of her hand. The swelling increased rapidly, she was finally forced to leave her situation and go to her sister's house, in South Boston,