

# The Albany Register.

VOL. IV.

ALBANY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

NO. 12.

## Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.  
By COLL. VAN CLEVE,  
IN REGISTER BUILDINGS,  
Corner Ferry and First Streets.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.  
One year, \$3.00. Three dollars.  
Six months, \$2.00. Two dollars.  
Single copies, Ten cents.

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Transient advertisements, per square of ten lines or less, five insertions, 25 cents; subsequent insertions 20 cents. Larger advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms.

JOB WORK.  
Having received new type, stock of colored inks, cards, a Gooden jobber, etc., we are prepared to execute all kinds of printing in a better manner, and fifty per cent cheaper than ever before offered in this city.

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G. P. Tompkins, Harborside.  
Peter France, Harborside.  
W. R. Kirk, Harborside.  
E. E. Wheeler, Seaside.  
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Nov. 25, 1871.

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Office on the South Side of Main Street.

**N. S. DU BOIS**  
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Wood and willow ware, tobacco, cigars, confectionery, Yankee notions, etc., etc., wholesale and retail, opposite No. 14, Hill & Son's drug store, Albany, Oregon. 14

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Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY AND PROBATE, in Albany, Oregon. Office over the old post office, Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

**JAMES A. WARNER,**  
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,  
I am prepared to do surveying and engineering. Uses improved solar compass. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Residence on Fourth Street, opposite Dr. Tuck's, Albany, Oregon. 19

**J. C. POWELL, L. FLINN,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY AND PROBATE, Albany, Oregon. Collection and conveyances promptly attended to.

**TITUS BROTHERS,**  
Dealers in  
WATCHES,  
Clocks, Jewelry, etc.  
Repairing of watches, jewelry, etc., attended to. All work warranted.  
313 1/2

**LEFFEL & MYERS'**  
**WaterWheels**  
SPHERICAL FLUMES,  
And General Mill Machinery.  
J. F. BACKENSTO, Agent,  
Albany, Oregon.

**20 DOLLARS A DAY**  
TO MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS,  
To introduce the celebrated  
**\$25.00**  
Buckeye Sewing Machine.  
STITCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, AND the only shuttle sewing machine in the United States licensed to use the celebrated Wilson feed sold for less than \$40, and acknowledged by all to be the best family sewing machine, for light or heavy sewing, in the market. Outfit free. Address  
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**GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,**  
WOULD SOLICIT THE patronage of all persons desiring artificial teeth and first-class dental operations. Situated opposite administered when desired. Charges moderate. Office in Parrish & Co.'s brick block. Residence first house south of Congregational church, fronting on court house block.  
Albany, July 2, 1870-43

**ALBANY BOOK STORE.**  
Established in 1856.

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DEALER IN EVERY VARIETY OF miscellaneous books, blank books, stationery. Books imported to order at short notice.  
Albany, Dec. 3, 1870.

**TURNING . . . TURNING.**  
TURNING CHAIRS.

I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS of turning; keep on hand and make to order wheel-wormed chairs, and spinning wheels. Shop near the Magnolia Mills.  
JOHN M. METZLER,  
Albany, Nov. 8, 1868-1

## BUSINESS CARDS.

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ALBANY, OREGON.

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Interest allowed on these deposits in coin, Exchange on Portland, San Francisco, and New York for sale at lowest rates. Collections made promptly remitted. Refer to H. W. WOODRUM, Henry Fairbank, West End.  
Banking hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.  
Albany, Feb. 1, 1871-273

## MARBLE WORKS.

**MONROE & STAGGELL,**  
Dealers in  
Monuments, Obelisks, Tombs,  
Head and Foot Stones,  
Executed in  
California, Vermont and Italian Marble.  
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J. B. CRANE,  
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INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE public to their stock of the latest styles in gentlemen's and youth's boots, shoes, gaiters, Oxford ties, etc., etc., and to the very latest thing out in the line of ladies' and misses' gaiters, balminals, Newport ties, Antoinette balminals, and many other new and fashionable styles, just received at the City Boot Store, which they will sell as cheaply as they can and purchasers who wish first-class goods at the most reasonable rates. They respectfully invite you to come and see their stock. Ladies' shoes, etc., made or repaired to order, and all work warranted.

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J. L. HARRIS. G. B. HARRIS.

**J. L. HARRIS & CO.**  
PROPRIETORS,  
WILL ENDEAVOR TO KEEP constantly on hand a full supply of  
ALL KINDS OF MEATS,  
Which will be of the very best quality. The highest market price paid for hogs, hoes and sheep.  
Third door west of Ferry, on south side of First Street. J. L. HARRIS & CO., Albany, Dec. 15, 1870-1873

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RENTS COLLECTED AND TAXES PAID for non-residents and others, making out real estate papers, etc. Office one door above telegraph office. 313 1/2

**Albany Collegiate Institute,**  
ALBANY, OREGON.  
THIS INSTITUTION WILL REOPEN on Monday, September 4, 1871, with a corps of teachers capable and earnest. Instruction will be thorough and practical, and the system of order unsurpassed. For particulars address  
S. C. WARREN, A. M., President;  
Or, Rev. E. R. GEARY, D. D., Albany.

**S. H. CRANOR, N. R. HUMPHREY,**  
CRANOR & HUMPHREY,  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
ALBANY, OREGON.  
Office in Parrish brick, up stairs. 374

**The Eyes! The Ears!**  
**DR. T. L. GOLDEN,**  
Oculist and Aurist, Albany, Oregon.

**DR. GOLDEN IS A** son of the noted old ophthalmic doctor, S. C. Golden. Dr. Golden has had experience in treating the various diseases to which the eye and ear are subject, and feels confident of giving entire satisfaction to those who may place themselves under his care.  
April 18, 68.

**NEW STYLE PICTURES.**  
**THE "REMBRANDT"**  
IS THE MOST POPULAR STYLE OF photograph now made. Call and see Jan. 14-19  
A. J. WINTER, Albany.

**ALBANY BATH HOUSE.**  
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this establishment, and by keeping clean rooms and paying strict attention to business expects to suit all those who may favor him with their patronage. Having heretofore carried on nothing but  
First-class Hair Dressing Saloons.  
He expects to give entire satisfaction to all. Children's and ladies' hair neatly cut and shampooed.  
Sept. 19-72  
JOSEPH WEBBER.

## BEWITCHED.

"I don't believe in your going around so much with Oliver Levine. It looks bad, Hay; and moreover people will gossip."  
"Pshaw!" pointed Haidee Cony as she snatched the clasp of her pearl bracelet on her round white arm.  
She was very pretty, with her oval face and strawberry-and-milk complexion, while her dark brown hair lay in bewitching little rings around her fair face.

"No plow at all," said her sister, Mrs. Halton, angrily. "You are a young girl, Haidee Cony, and Oliver Levine is a married man. Be warned in time, and if people will talk, let them speak well of you—not as a flirt, a coquette, who is striving to win a husband's affections from his wife."  
"I've known Oliver for years, Esther," she said, impatiently. "You are not to go to school to her, and if I can't go out with my school-mate once in a while, I would like to know with whom else I can?"

"But Haidee, my husband says that Oliver is a fast man, and no fit associate for an innocent girl. Don't go with him any more, sister. Promise me not to accompany Oliver Levine out again."  
"I am going to the 'Marquise reception' to-night, Esther," she said, smiling her sister's glance. "and I expect Oliver every moment. How do you like my dress?" and she turned in her shimmering dress of pearl-colored satin, its luxurious folds rustling on the soft pink carpet.

"You shall not go, Haidee!" said the elder sister, excitedly. "I am your guardian, and I will not allow you to go open-eyed into ruin."  
"Esther," was the haughty reply. "when I left school, I left subordination and obedience behind. I shall obey the dictates of my own conscience, and that is to go to the 'Marquise reception,' for it is to be the finest and grandest of all receptions."  
"I shall accompany you, then, Haidee," for you have bewitched Oliver, and in your headstrong folly, with him for a counsellor, will go to ruin, and if I am along people will have no cause to talk, and your name will be soiled so much."

"Oh, very well," replied Miss Cony, indifferently, to all outward appearance, but secretly chafed at her sister's pertinacity in not allowing her to go alone; "only hurry and dress, or we will be behind time."  
And Mrs. Halton left the room only to return in a few minutes after, very much excited.

"I can't go, Haidee," she said excitedly. "Oliver has the cramp very bad, and I couldn't think of leaving him."  
"Very well, Esther," she said, pleased that her design was frustrated; "but it is not dangerous and you can come anyhow."  
"It is dangerous," said Mrs. Halton, "and I wouldn't leave my baby for fifty receptions. You are going against my will to this ball, Haidee, and if any harm comes from it, it will be upon your own head; and Hay, I don't want you to be out late to-night, or to come home with Oliver, so I will send Harvey for you at twelve o'clock."

"I don't want Harvey to come for me," Haidee pouted.

The reception was not only the finest, but the grandest of the season, and Haidee Cony enjoyed it immensely. In the midst of her enjoyment, her sister's warning haunted her, and somehow Oliver Levine lost that charm he had hitherto had in her eyes.

Tired at last of constant dancing, she requested Mr. Levine to convey her to a seat, and while passing down the long crowded room, people involuntarily turned to take a second look at the elegant couple, he so tall, dark and stately looking, while she was so soft, fair and graceful.

"What kind of ice will you have, Hay?" Oliver Levine asked, in his soft, insinuating voice, as he bent over the white shoulder of Miss Cony, as she was seated in the embrasure of a window with the drooping lace curtains held back by golden doves.

"Vanilla, please, Oliver," she answered wearily; "but don't hurry. I am very comfortable here."  
He bowed, and kissed her white, gleaming shoulder.

"Oliver!" she cried, starting up. "Mr. Levine, how dare you?"  
"I meant nothing, Haidee," he said deprecatingly. "I forgot myself and stole a kiss, not from Miss Cony, but of Haidee, my old school-friend."  
"Never attempt that again, Oliver," she said quietly. "I forgive this Oliver, but another time I will not."  
He bowed, but the red flush that dyed his swarthy cheek, told of his discomfort, and lifting the fluttered curtains, walked away to get Miss Cony the ice.

"Esther is right," she murmured, with her head resting on her perfect hand. "Oliver is getting too familiar. This is the second time he has kissed me, and even if we were old friends, he is too presuming, and—"  
There was a rustling of silken draperies, and a twitter of soft voices, and Haidee knew the embrasure next to her was occupied, but only separated by a clinging ivy vine.

have grown up together, and I suppose Haidee sees no harm in flirting with her girlhood friend."  
Haidee drew a quick breath.

"I will never go out with him again," she inwardly resolved.  
But here another voice broke upon her ear, and some one's thin hand lay on her bare shoulder, and looking up, she saw standing before her a tall, slender woman, of about twenty-five, while a round hectic spot burned on the wasted cheek.

She was attired in some filmy dress of black, with black trimmings and jewelry, and she looked like a dead woman standing before beautiful Haidee, long deep, sunken, hollow eyes gleaming like fire.

Her thin, transparent hand lay like red hot coals on Haidee's white arm. It hurt so terribly that Miss Cony shrank back with a low cry.

"You are Miss Cony?" said the strange lady, in a soft, sleepy voice, as low and sweet as the sighing of dying winds. "You are Haidee Cony?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cony, not without a heart tremble. "I am Haidee Cony, and you, what is your name, madame?"

"Caroline Levine," she said slowly. "I am Oliver Levine's wife, and have come, Miss Cony, to beg back my husband." She raised her thin hands to her shrunken face and wailed.

"You are young and handsome, Miss Cony, while I am plain looking and delicate. I am almost dying, and yet I have not had my husband's love or care for months, and they say it is you who have won him from me. I do not think you had and evil hearted, Miss Cony—your innocent face speaks different, but oh! if you could only know my heartache I have laid in my bed for weeks, seeing and feeling that my husband's love was gradually leaving me. I cried, I grieved, and gave up entirely to despair, when I first learned that I was loveless; but it is only agreed, my sickness, and I resolved that if Oliver did not love me, it was useless to battle against fate. But to-day a friend called and told me that Oliver was making love to you, and would be here to-night. So I roused myself out of my apathy, and dressed, and came here."

"I thought no harm of coming with my old school-friend," said Haidee, with a tremulous quivering of her lips; "but my sister, Mrs. Halton, spoke with me this evening, and an hour since I saw the folly of accepting the escort of my married friend. Pardon me, Mrs. Levine, I never meant to wrong you or win your husband's affections, for Oliver is to me only as a brother."

"God bless you, Miss Cony," sobbed the unhappy wife; "I know you did not wrong me intentionally, and I hope now to win back Oliver's love. I will try and pray God to bless you, my dear friend."  
"Oh! Mrs. Levine, believe me, when I tell you I never, never meant to wrong you."  
"I do, Miss Cony," she began; "for of all—"

But a man's form entered the lace drapery, and arrested the words on her lips, and Oliver Levine stood beside them.

"I have been delayed, Haidee," he said, "and only just got away from Wells Hilton. You recollect him, don't you, Hay? He used to be the greatest dunc in the whole class."  
"Wells Hilton here? When did he arrive? He was so kind to me when I was in trouble."  
"All right. Come Haidee; you promised me this waltz. Oh! here comes Wells now. You see he is impatient, and can't wait to be introduced."

"Haidee!" sighed the soft voice of the neglected wife, who stood like a black column beside her liege lord.  
"Caroline! you here!" gasped Oliver Levine. "you do not know Miss Cony."  
"You are mistaken, Oliver," laughed Miss Cony, noticing the wife's white, trembling face, and feeling that she must take her part. "Caroline and I are acquainted—in fact we are friends."  
"And, Oliver, I want to be excused from this waltz; for I'd rather speak with Wells and hear all about the girls."  
Mrs. Levine clasped Haidee's hand gratefully, as she walked away, leaning on Wells Hilton's arm.

"Don't neglect to put your bouquet in water, to-night, Haidee," said Oliver, with quiet excitement.  
"Those camellias need water to keep any of their beauty."  
When a few hours after, Haidee, blushing and excited from the reception, tossed her handsome bouquet upon the littered dressing table, covered with *bijouterie*, Oliver's words returned to her, and she cut the string that held them together, and away down in the centre, wedged between two blood-red and white camellias, was a tiny, perfumed slip of paper, with her name on the outside.  
With scarlet cheeks, Haidee hastily red these words—  
"MY DARLING: Ever since the days that we studied together, I have loved you. Separated, as we were, for years, I lost sight of you, and in a mad moment married the woman who is now my wife. My darling, with a word of hope from you, I will sever my loveless bonds, and fly to you, and in another elude we will live and love each other till death. Say yes, Haidee, my love, and make me happy for life."  
"False, treacherous husband," sighed Miss Cony. "And to think how I have tortured that poor wife!"

Oh, Oliver! that you should prove so to your noble wife!"  
"Twice, three, four times, Oliver Levine called on Miss Cony, and entreated the favor of an interview, but Haidee always sent down word that she was engaged."  
"Finally," three weeks passed, and Haidee met him in the elegant drawing-room of her sister's house, and allowed the tips of her dainty fingers to rest in his hand, which trembled as he looked eagerly down to her sweet oval face.

"Congratulate me, Oliver," she said. "for I am engaged to Wells Hilton."  
Oliver Levine's face was very white as he raised her hand to his lips, and said:  
"May you be happy, Haidee."  
"I will," she said, softly; "and Oliver, I want you to be so, too. For the sake of your childhood days, Oliver, I want to give you advice. You have a noble wife, Oliver; and we have wronged her almost beyond reparation—though God knows that I was innocent of any intentional wrong when I accepted your escort and attention, and I never thought that you could be so witched; you, a husband and a father! Go back to your wife, Oliver; and win back her love and be happy."

"Three weeks ago, to-night," she continued, noticing his quick gasp and pale face, "I found your note in my bouquet. Oliver, I forgive those passionate words you wrote, for I truly believe you were mad, bewitched, when they entered your mind. Try to win back Caroline's affection, Oliver for you were mad to think of loving me."  
She drew the scented piece of note-paper from her pocket.

"See, Oliver," she said, "your past folly shall never be brought to light."  
She held the paper over a wax taper until it burned up, and nothing but a grey mound of ashes remained. She blew those away and said—  
"Oliver, the past is only the past. Let your future make amends for it."  
"Haidee," he said, "I not only love you tenfold more, but appreciate your delicacy. May you never discover, in after years, as I have, the curse of unrequited love."

He left her presence, and when, three months later, he, with his wife—now a loved one—attended Haidee Cony's wedding, the love-light in his delicate wife's eyes told of her happiness, and when Oliver kissed the bride, she asked him a question, and he answered—  
"God bless you, Haidee! we love."  
And Mrs. Hilton knew that joy and happiness were at last the lot of Caroline Levine, and Haidee was glad, very glad, that she had broken the spell, she was no longer "Bewitched."

**The Willamette Sound of the Olden Time.**  
Let the fall of the Columbia River from the shore of this geologically remote lake, east of the Cascade Mountains, to the mouth of the Willamette River, be stated at eighty feet. Our fossil remains on this lake shore are 250 feet above the present level of its waters, making a total of 330 feet as the depth of those waters above the present surface of the mouth of the Willamette River. How naturally one looks to the currents of such a vast body of water as the agency competent to the heaping up of that long sandy ridge, one hundred feet high, through which the river has cut its way at Swan Island, north of Portland. But let us follow it still farther inland. Over where Portland now stands, these waters were 325 feet deep; over Salem, 165 feet; over Albany, 115 feet; over Lafayette, 170 feet; a narrow strait, over the present valley of the Tualatin River, ten or twelve miles in length, opened westward upon a broad, beautiful bay extending over the present sites of Hillsboro and Forest Grove, to Gale's Hill, among the foot-hills of the Coast Range. The subsoil of the fine farms of that rich agricultural region is itself the muddy sediment of that bay. Farther south, over the central portion of the present valley, and lying obliquely across the widest part of that Willamette Sound, there arose above those waters an elevated island, it extended from a point south of Lafayette to one near Salem, and must have formed a fine central object in the scene. These or four volcanic islands extended, in an irregular semi-circle, where Linn county now is; and the islands of those waters are the Buttes of to-day—Knox's, Preston's and Ward's. One standing on the summit of either of these Buttes, with the suggestion of these pages before him, could so easily and vividly imagine those waters receded, as to almost persuade himself he heard the murmuring of their ripples at his feet—so sea-like, the extended plain around him—so shore-like, that the line of hills from Mary's Peak, on the west, to Spencer's Butte, on the south, and only lost on the east among the intricate windings of extended slopes among the foot-hills of the Cascades. How natural would seem to him this restoration of one of geology's yesterdays!—*Oregonian Monthly.*

A comet, which is rapidly approaching the sun, and which will have reached its maximum grandeur towards the end of this month, has been discovered by Herr Wincke, of Carlsruhe. It will soon be visible to the naked eye.

There were 441 cases of small pox in Philadelphia last week, a falling off of 85 cases, of which 100 were fatal.

## EASTERN NEWS.

A fight in the Hamilton, New York, Chair Factory Nov. 16th, resulted in the death of one man and the wounding of several others.

It is stated that since the election in New York, honest men are leaving Tammany and connecting themselves with the Reform organization. Apoll's Hall is to be the leading institution of the Reform in New York. Samuel G. Courtney is to be Chairman of the Committee of the new organization. Those who have been prominent in connection with Tammany are to be excluded from membership. Hundreds of commendatory letters have been received by the Reform leaders from prominent Democrats in the West.

Cholera is in the quarantine at New York in the ship *Dalacat*. Recent dispatches from Raleigh, N. C., state that six Ku Kluxes were arrested in Raleigh county, charged with murder, arson, burglary and rape. They whipped Mr. Hensley and son, and drove W. C. Brakens and wife out of their house and burned it. They went to the house of Ward Brakens—a blind man—burst open the door and beat him nearly to death. They tore an infant from Mrs. Brakens and dashed it across the room. (First of the villains outraged her; she is in a dying condition. A Yorkville dispatch states that the prisoners there will be turned over to the United States civil authorities for trial next week.)

The Republican ticket in Minnesota carried by about 13,000 majority. The Legislature stands on joint ballot 101 Republicans to 46 Democrats; Senate, 31 Republicans to 10 Democrats; House, 70 Republicans to 33 Democrats.

The Hyde Park mine at Scranton, Penn., caved in on the 13th inst. creating great excitement, the shocks causing the people to flee terror-stricken from their dwellings. The caving of the ground which occurred over the Oxford mine caused the settling in of buildings overhead of some two feet. The area of ground caved in is about thirty acres, and the damage to property is over \$30,000. Immense fissures were made in the principal avenues and streets. Many houses will have to be pulled down. The Post Office has sunk some eighteen inches, and continues settling. The whole town is in danger, as the ground is settling. The mines are deserted at Scranton and the various streets are crowded with people discussing the situation. The vein which caved is known as the Diamond vein, and is 240 feet below the surface. It was worked out ten years ago, previous to its purchase by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company.

On Friday night Nov. 10th, the brig C. E. Sweet from Philadelphia for Portland was lost off Sandy Hook. The Captain's wife and three of the crew were drowned.

The schooner J. & C. Merritt was capsized off Barnett, Atlantic coast, Nov. 11th, and the captain and four men were drowned.

Charles Francis Adams sailed on the 14th inst. for Geneva.

At Kosnaha, Wisconsin, on the 14th, E. Morris shot and killed his wife with one barrel of a shot-gun and then blew out his own brains with the other.

A terrific gale prevailed in New York and New Jersey on the 14th. The loss in the latter State were estimated at \$100,000. A storm raged at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 14th. Reported also at Providence, R. I., and Portland, Maine. More or less damage was done at each place. The effects of the storm at New York on the 14th, are reported as follows: Additional accounts show that the effect of the storm in this vicinity on Tuesday night, and by high tide yesterday, were quite severe. A large portion of the Harlem flats in Jersey were washed away, and the Morris canal were overflowed, submerging basements, carrying off lumber boats, yachts, etc., damaging over \$100,000 worth of property. The lecture room of the Methodist Church at Bergen Heights was blown down, and the church damaged. In Newark over \$20,000 worth of property was destroyed by wind and water. Several unfinished houses were demolished, and cellars and basements flooded. At Elizabeth a brick foundry and five buildings were blown down, and the damage to shipping is considerable, and it is expected further losses will be reported.

The murderers of Park and his family, which murder occurred near Henryville, Indiana, instead of Missouri, as we stated in our last number, have been discovered to be three negroes named Johnson, Taylor and Davis. Johnson was first suspected. A rope was placed around his neck by the citizens, and believing that he was discovered, made full confession, stating that the other two with himself planned the murder to secure some \$4,000 or \$5,000 of church money which they supposed Mr. Park had in his house. The whereabouts of the accomplices was discovered and they were arrested. The excitement was very great, and the officers were obliged to take the murderers through the woods on their way to Jeffersonville to avoid the mob. \$1,400 is all the murderers got.

*Handwritten signature: J. J. Foster*