



MIFFLINTOWN. Wednesday Morning, April 5, 1871.

B. F. SCHWEIER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO. 40 Park Row, New York.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO. 37 Park Row, N. Y. Are our sole agents in this city, and are authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates.

Postponement of the Next State Convention.

The time for the meeting of the next State Convention has been postponed until Wednesday, the 17th of May next.

Mahlon H. Dickinson, Esq., of Philadelphia, has been appointed chairman of the State Central Committee.

Santo Domingo. The speech of Senator Sumner on Santo Domingo is too long for our columns.

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The Pope in Want.

The people generally believe that his Holiness the Pope lives in the enjoyment of princely wealth and luxury, but Archbishop Spaulding, of Baltimore, would have the people, particularly the Catholic people, believe that the Pope is "reduced to the very verge of want and almost starvation."

The Archbishop, in a circular to the Catholics, relative to the "stated annual collection for the Pope," which is to be taken on Sunday, June 4th, appeals for aid for the poor starving pontiff. Oh! poor Pío Nono. Here is the appeal, or part of it:

"But, meantime, the pontiff is a prisoner at the mercy of his unscrupulous enemies; and he is robbed, in consequence, of all his resources for his decent maintenance and for carrying on the necessary business of the church, of which he is the chief pastor and visible head. Under these sad circumstances it behooves all his spiritual children to come promptly and generously to his relief."

How can Catholic ladies find it in their hearts to dance and amuse themselves to wear superfluous and expensive clothing, to rival one another in the extravagance and expensiveness of their adornments, while the common father of the faithful, and their own beloved father in Christ, like St. Peter, his predecessor, is in chains and robbed of the very necessities of life—of what is essential to his position as supreme pastor and pastor of Christians? How can the children engage in most expensive luxuries while the father is reduced to the very verge of want and starvation, and is wholly at the mercy of his enemies, who are also the enemies of Christ, and of all religion all truth and all virtue?"

Twaddle, twaddle,iddle,iddle, who can tell which, whether the Pope or the Archbishop for this lie, will first go to hell!

The Insurrection in Paris.

The insurrection in Paris still progresses, but all efforts to extend it to the rural districts and towns have thus far failed. The Bank of "France," in order to save itself from pillage by the insurgents, advanced them five hundred thousand francs. "No courts are open in Paris; all the judges have fled the city." Bismark has informed the Thiers government that if that portion of the money due by France, under the late treaty, to Prussia, is not paid by the 15th inst., eighty thousand German troops will enter Paris, suppress the revolt, and remain in the city until the money is all paid. On the 1st and 2nd inst. considerable fighting took place between the government troops and the Paris mobocrats. The government troops carried the day on all of the occasions. The loss of life is estimated at several hundred. The government took the prisoners that were taken—so dispatches say. The insurgent government has ordered the seizure of the property belonging to Thiers and other leading men of the regular government.

Jefferson Davis.

This rebel gentleman, who, instead of dying in the last ditch, as he oft declared he would, delivered a speech recently at Selma, Alabama, in which he declared that the Southern cause had been defeated but is not dead, but will ultimately triumph. He declared that he had never asked pardon for what he had done, and that he never would. "He was always willing to give his life for his people," whom he loved so well, but, somehow he forgot to say a word about his effort to escape in petticoats through the Yankee lines that were drawn around his quarters one night. Davis would head another slaveholders' rebellion to-day if he had the power.

Why do so many papers seem to delight in asserting that our branch of the Joint High Commission is vastly inferior to the English branch? The English gentlemen have never in any instance given any evidence of great genius or unusual ability, and though they have titles and one of them a count is at the head of English Masonry, they have yet to show that they are better than our men. In fact, taking the average Parliament and the average Congress, and you will find that it is in sound, not sense, that the English Assembly is superior. Lord Skiffingdele sounds greater than Simon Grubb but don't often have the brain.—Ez.

The Washington Pa. Reporter says: It is a noteworthy fact, over which Washington has a right to feel proud, that the two rival candidates for the Speakership of the National House of Representatives are both natives of this place. Mr. Blaine and General Morgan were born and educated here, and their respective residences in this town were within a stone's throw of each other. It is a remarkable illustration of the mutations, as well as coincidences, of life that they appear in Congress together, one representing Maine and the other Ohio, and as competitors for the honor of presiding over that body.

The literary societies of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. have selected Col. Alexander K. McClure, of Philadelphia, to deliver the usual annual address before them at the approaching commencement in June next.

George Berger, proprietor of the Harrisburg Telegraph, has been sued by Jeremiah Black, for libel.

The New York World declares that the Democratic party is the party of free trade.

CONNECTICUT has gone Democratic by a small majority.

Seven out of eight blast furnaces at Danville have blown out.

A SCENE IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

Senator Davis, of Kentucky, while making a speech in Apology of the KKKK Klan, is disturbed and terribly enraged at the presence of General Butler.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer writes of the scene as follows, under date of March 30th:

A very extraordinary scene took place in the Senate to-day between Mr. Garrett Davis and General Butler, which, while it lasted, created profound sensation, especially in the galleries. Mr. Davis had been speaking for some time upon Mr. Sherman's resolutions instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a KKKK bill, and had worked himself into considerable passion at what he considered the unjust charges of disorder made upon the South, when General Butler came into the Senate. At this point Mr. Davis was facing his Democratic colleagues, and was apparently exhorting them.

General Butler, observing whom he was speaking, marched over in that direction and took a seat directly next to the Kentucky Senator. Then, stretching his legs out, he wheeled his chair around, threw himself back and looked at Mr. Davis with an expression on his face of mingled insolence and contempt. The galleries, thinking it a mere piece of bravado, enjoyed the thing hugely. Mr. Davis, whose back was still turned, had reached that point in his speech where he was claiming that the stories of Southern outrages were grossly exaggerated.

"They are more," said he, "they are vile inventions of unprincipled adventurers and hearless scoundrels, made to confine their ill-gotten hold on political power; they are—and here, turning around in the warmth of his feeling, he beheld General Butler almost at his very elbow, looking straight at him with a face immovable as a stone. Mr. Davis immediately paused in his half-finished sentence, placed both hands on his desk, and glared at Butler almost with the ferocity of a tiger. Butler returned the Kentuckian's look unflinchingly, only growing a trifle paler.

The tableau continued for several moments without either changing his attitude a particle, while the galleries looked on in painful suspense, and the surrounding Senators held their breaths and affected an unconcern which no one felt. Finally Mr. Davis drew himself up, thrust his clenched fist almost in Mr. Butler's face, and said: "Here, is the man! This is the class of men who concoct stories of diabolical Southern outrages, and then ask for unlimited power to suppress them. Look at the scoundrel! Here he is!" and his excitement becoming too great for him, he sank back into his seat, while the Chair promptly suppressed some threatening demonstrations which were attempted in the galleries.

It being one of those things where interference was a very delicate matter, no one had attempted anything of the kind thus far, and those present breathed more freely when Mr. Davis dropped into his seat. Still, Mr. Butler never budged nor altered the expression of his face, although a thousand eyes were turned upon him. Mr. Davis was no sooner in his chair than he wheeled it around, and commenced to draw it up by short jerks in the direction of Mr. Butler, until the distance between them was almost imperceptible, when he burst out again with "Oh you scoundrel! You scoundrel!" a few strong adjectives prefacing each epithet. "Did you come here to insult me?" Mr. Butler replied, "Go away from me. What do you suppose I care about you? Go away." Mr. Davis was just about to raise his arm to strike Mr. Butler, when Senator Wilson left his own side, hurried over to the scene of the threatened conflict, and placing himself between the two men stopped the disgraceful proceedings at once. Mr. Davis, upon being appealed to in a calm, considerate way, cooled down at once and retired into one of the Senate ante-rooms. Mr. Butler however, stalked around the Senate chamber for several minutes laughing and talking to this one and that as if nothing whatever had happened.

When Mr. Davis was asked, later in the evening, why he gave way to his prejudices in such a conspicuous manner, he replied that it was very evident to him that Mr. Butler took his seat there for no other purpose than to insult him, and he would allow no man to do that. Mr. Butler, however, says that he is no more thoughtful of Mr. Davis when he sat down than he did of the man in the moon, and never had the least idea of insulting him.

An Assault on a Temperance Man.

While Colonel W. F. Carner, of Mokenok, Iowa, was standing in the post office of that town opening and reading letters, six men entered, locked the door inside, and commenced an assault on the Colonel with clubs. He was knocked down and beaten so badly that his life is despaired of.

The postmaster, who saw the attack from inside his office, cried murder. Critics rushed in, and the whole crowd of ruffians were arrested. Col. Carner has been out-poken against liquor-selling, and nearly all his assailants were saloon keepers.

On the last day of March, the boiler in a distillery, in Brown county, Ohio, exploded, and greatly damaged the building, and killed six persons, and mangled nine others, two of whom have since died. The loss on the building is \$10,000. The cause of the disaster has not been ascertained. One rumor has it that a number of the hands had been in a drunken state two days.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

Letter from Rev. D. J. Beale.

St. George, Del. March 28, 1871.

MR. EDITOR:—This month came in like a lamb, but it is going out like a lion. For fifty hours we have had almost constant high wind, attended with cold rain. On Saturday night two sloops were lost off Turkey point on the Chesapeake. I saw a captain of a schooner to-day who was in the same gale, and he assured me, that, although a waterman for twenty-seven years, it was the roughest seas he was ever in. He said "it was as much as a bargain that my schooner lived." Almost one hundred vessels have passed through the canal to-day.—Navigation is usually good this spring.

The young druggist to whom referred in a former letter as being wounded in the head by the explosion of a retort, has since died. A feeling of profound sorrow prevails throughout our entire community on account of this another terrible accident which has recently occurred. Mr. Bighurst at the time of the sad casualty which resulted in his death, was engaged in preparations for a scientific lecture on the properties and composition of water, to be delivered in a few days, before the Working Men's Association of New Castle county. Mr. B. was but thirty-four years of age. "In the midst of life we are in death."

I have received with profound emotion the intelligence of the death of my excellent friend Joseph Barnard Esq., of Tuscarora township. He was a man of more than ordinary mental force. He will leave a great void in the community. As a father, friend, and citizen he will be greatly missed. "The Fathers, where are they! and the Prophets, do they live forever?" Rev. Joseph H. Barnard, of Wau Kasha, Wisconsin, one of the most talented and eloquent young ministers in the Presbyterian church, is a son of the deceased.

One of the Wilmington papers of last week has the following: "R. W. Humphrey, of Exton, West Whiteland, Chester county, in company with Alex. McQuins, same township, have purchased 165 acres of timber land in Juniata county, Pa. forty miles west of Harrisburg. There is a large saw-mill on the property and they intend to engage in the lumber business. They go to their new home about the first of April."

Having just returned from the city on the Whilldin, I would like to tell your readers a little about that boat. She has a history; and captain Riggins has an enviable immortality. She was the first steamer pressed into the government service, when the war broke out. She did extensive service during the whole of the war and Mr. Anthony Rybold, the owner, realized a handsome income from her and six or eight transports he had in the government employ. You remember the great naval battle at Newport on March 8th, 1862. Well on that memorable occasion, when the Merrimack had sunk the Cumberland, the Whilldin advanced right in the face of the enemy's fire, and passing over the deck of the sunken Cumberland, picked up more than three-fourths of her drowning men. Captain Riggins and engineer Tom Ford, who rendered this good service, still command the Whilldin on her tri-weekly trips from Baltimore to Philadelphia. You will find the name of this boat and that of its heroic captain in almost any of the histories of the war—I saw it in Abbott's a few days ago. I understood captain R. to say that he had more than 1100 soldiers on his steamer at once. As many as seventy-five wounded men have died on board the Whilldin in a few hours. I forgot to say that just before the little Monitor came up and engaged the attention of the Merrimack at Newport News, the latter fired into the Whilldin near the boiler, completely disabling her; but fortunately killing no one. Engineer Ford told me he stood to his post, but it was "a pretty sick place to be just then."

Poor Paris seems to be in a more pitiable condition than ever. It would appear that a second reign of terror was about to take place. Strange that such history as the terrible Massacre of 1793-4 should ever repeat itself. Passing strange that those maddened Frenchmen, scorpion-like, should after attempting to destroy their neighbors, turn upon themselves.—Doubtless the verdict of christendom to-day is this: The French people are not sufficiently moral and intelligent for self-government.

Very truly yours,  
D. J. BEALE.

An Insane Man Shoots a Priest.

CHATTANOOGA, April 2—Yesterday, at Ottawa, Ill. Father Tierney, of the Catholic Church, was suddenly confronted by an insane man named James Morrisey, who, without warning, commenced firing upon the priest with a revolver who immediately turned and ran from his mad assailant.

Tierney had run but a few steps when he fell upon his face, and Morrisey coming up, placed the revolver to the priest's person and fired five shots and then ran. None of the wounds are fatal.

Raid on a Jail.

A party of burglars some days ago broke into the jail at Wheeling, West Virginia, and stole some twelve or fifteen pairs of boots, meat, and other matters, and cleared themselves with the booty. Entrance was effected by means of a ladder, which was placed against the wall, and which the bold operators left standing as a monument to their daring and success.

Gambria county's first colored juror was challenged every time.

Just as We Found Them.

An inch of rain falling upon an acre of land weighs about 100 tons.

About 300 rafts are lying along the river banks in the vicinity of Marietta.

A new railroad through Indiana, running through Cherrytree and Indiana to Freeport, is talked of.

The amount of maple sugar sent daily from Brattleboro, Vt. of late, has been upwards of five tons.

Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

A little boy, upon whom his mother was inflicting personal chastisement, said "go on old woman, you haven't made me good yet."

A London correspondent of a New York paper states that Napoleon and Empress Eugenie intend to come and live in America.

The National Virginian, published at Richmond, Va., has at the head of its columns the name of Ulysses S. Grant for President in 1872.

The "Lairwood pipes" are nearly all made from laurel roots, obtained in large quantities, at very low prices, in the lower counties of Maryland.

A thief the other day stole the heaviest carpet bag he could find in the Kensington depot, and after carrying it to West Philadelphia, opened it and found the contents to be half a hundred bibles.

Governor and Senator-elect Clayton, of Arkansas, is a native of Chester county. His parents still reside there and his old neighbors say he is a man of great energy, high-minded, and above board in all his transactions.

Pierre Ermon, one of the wealthiest merchants of Malta, is stated to have been a banker in Mobile, Ala., many years ago. Having failed there he went abroad in pursuit of a new fortune. He is by birth a Louisiana creole.

John Whiteley's officers have arrested Col. D. Etzweiler, of Millersburg, for dealing in counterfeit money. He is charged with having had bogus notes representing \$500 on his person at one time, and with having passed a number.

The barn of J. G. Weaver, near Centreville, Cumberland county, Pa., was burned by an incendiary on Tuesday evening two weeks ago. Loss \$2,400. The insurance having terminated about ten days before.

A Michigan boy who gave a companion a cigar "loaded" with gunpowder, and as a result deprived him of about one half of his mustache, and an eye-brow, and a portion of his cheek, has paid \$56 and costs for his little practical joke.

A married gentleman, living on North Tenth street, was out riding the other evening, and when he came home his wife found a false curl attached to the button on the side of his cap. He couldn't conceive how it got there, but his wife guessed it right the first time.

It may surprise some readers to know that the oleander, so popular as a house and garden plant, is extremely poisonous. An Ohio doctor writes that he recently called to attend a child who had eaten some small fragments of an oleander-bush that had been cut off. The symptoms were sudden and violent, and the result nearly fatal.

Josiah Thomas, of Roaring creek, Columbia county, recently built a new mouse house which doors so constructed then when closed they could not be opened from the inside, with a view to entrapping thieves. Last week he entered himself and built a fire, but before he got out the wind blew the door shut. Unable to get out or attract attention he suffocated before relief came. His son finally opened the door and found his father lifeless.

The Crown Prince of Saxony is mentioned as a very tall, spare, bushy, awkward man, with milk and water eyes, and long, thin, struggling yellow hair—in short, a mature Master Slender. The above, we big leave to remark, although going the grand round of the press, is in correct. The gentleman referred to is not above the medium height, has rather a handsome figure, dark hair and mustache and rather a worn look, which is not to be wondered at as he has been a great rose in his day.

A day or two since, a two-year old child of Lester Sheldon, of Stratbridge, Mass., while playing with a spool two or three inches long, holding it in her mouth, fell from the door-way, the fall forcing the spool down her throat far enough to bring the head below the tonsils and roots of the tongue, and so completely wedging it into the mouth as to render it impossible to withdraw it direct without danger of taking the tongue with it. Fortunately the hole in the spool was large enough for the child to breath through until the arrival of a doctor, who, by splitting the spool, was able to take it out in pieces, thus saving the little one's life.

CALIFORNIA.

One Hundred and Twenty Buildings Burned.

A fire at Truckee March the 30th, ult. destroyed almost the entire city, involving one hundred and twenty buildings, including all the business portion of the place and the Chinese quarter. An infant son of W. H. Hill, proprietor of the Kennecott Hotel perished in the flames; but it is not known that any other lives were lost. The town was the depot of a great number of miners of the district of the Sierra Nevada, and will be quickly rebuilt, no doubt.

The Central Pacific Railroad freight department was destroyed.

NOTICE.

"CRUMBS SWEEP UP" is the suggestive and somewhat peculiar title of a very interesting and readable book, written by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, New York, and published by Evans, Stoddard & Co., 740 Sansom Street, Philadelphia. The author is well known by the public generally as a popular lecturer and preacher. We take the following from the book:

CUT BEHIND.

Human nature, the same in aboy as in a man. All running to gain the vehicle of success. Some are spry, and gain that for which they strive. Others are slow and tumble down; they who fall crying out against those who mount "Cut behind!"

A political officer rolls past. A multitude spring to their feet, and the race is in. Only one of all the number reaches that for which he runs. No sooner does he gain the prize, and begin to wipe the sweat from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to ride in popular preference, than the disappointed candidates cry out: "Incompetency! Stupidity! Fraud! Now let the newspapers and platforms of the country 'Cut behind!'"

There is a golden chariot of wealth rolling down the street. A thousand people are trying to catch it. They run. They jostle. They tread on each other. Push, and pull, and tug! Those tall most against riches who cannot get them. Clear the track for the racers! One of the thousands reaches the golden prize, and mounts. Forthwith the air is full of cries: "Got it by fraud! Shoddy! Petroleum aristocracy! His father was a rag-picker! His mother was a washer-woman! I knew him when he blackened his own shoes! Pitch him of the back of the golden chariot! Cut behind! Cut behind!"

In many eyes success is a crime. "I do not like you," said the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why?" said the snowbird. "Because," said the snowflake "you are going up, and I am going down!"—From Crumbs Swept Up.

A boy in Detroit has killed sixty seven of his neighbors' cats to get money to buy his mother a set of false teeth. He has made a quiet neighborhood where once was a howling wilderness.

New Advertisements.

Dissolution of Partnership. NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the shoe-making business in the borough of Patterson, has been dissolved.

April 4, 1871. J. W. DEAN & BRO.

Old Fellows' Hall Stock. A meeting of the corporation named in an Act entitled "A Supplement to an Act to Incorporate the Old Fellows' Hall Association of the Borough of Mifflintown," was resolved to issue 1200 shares of stock, at Five Dollars per share, the amount subscribed to be paid in installments. In accordance with this resolution and the provisions of the above-named act, books will be open at the office of Lewis R. Atkinson, Esq., in the Court House at Mifflintown, on THURSDAY, APRIL 20th inst. from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M., for the purpose of receiving subscriptions of stock.

J. G. SNYDER, President of the Board of Corporators. April 6, 1871-td

WALL PAPER.

Rally to the Place where you can buy your Wall Paper Cheap.

THE undersigned takes this method of informing the public that he has just received at his residence on Third Street, Mifflintown, a large assortment of

WALL PAPER, of various styles, which he offers for sale CHEAPER than can be purchased elsewhere in the county. All persons in need of the above article, and wishing to save money, are invited to call and examine his stock and hear his prices before going elsewhere.

Large supply constantly on hand. SIMON BASOM, Mifflintown, April 5, 1871-4f

FRESH BEEF, VEAL, &C.

THE undersigned would respectfully announce to the public that he has commenced the Butchering Business, and that his WAGON will visit Mifflintown on TUESDAY and SATURDAY mornings of each week, when they can have an opportunity of purchasing

EXTRA BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LARD, &C. cheaper than from any other wagon. He only asks the citizens to give him a trial to satisfy them that he sells cheaper and better meat than any other butcher in the county.

CYRUS SEIBER, April 5, 1871-4f

Boot and Shoe Shop.

THE undersigned, fashionable Boot and Shoemaker, hereby respectfully informs the public that he has located in the borough of Patterson, where he is prepared to accommodate the most fastidious in

LADIES' WEAR, GENTS' FINE and Coarse Boots, Brogans, CHILDREN'S WEAR, &C. &C.

Also, mending done in the neatest manner and on the shortest notice. A liberal share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Shop located in the rear of the building, a short distance west of the wood station. J. W. DEAX, March 8, 1871-1y