# The Jeffersonian.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1855.


### The Election.

The election in this County, on Tuesday last, passed off very quietly, although there was considerable feeling manifested on the Judgeship question. The friends of Judge Bell made every exertion to accomplish the election of that gentleman, but were unsuccessful.

Judge Barrett, is elected President Judge, of this District, by a large majority. Wayne county gives him 1000 majority, Pike 50, and Monroe about 1200 majority.

Charlton Burnet, Esq. is elected Treasurer, of this County. Majority about 700.

John C. Strunk, County Commissioner, by about 300 maj.

Below we subjoin the latest news, per Telegraph, of the result in the State.—Arnold Plumer, the Democratic candidate for Canal Commissioner, has carried the State by about 15,000 majority.

"Plumer's majority in Cumberland co. 100; all the Democratic Assemblymen and County officers elected. Bucks co. gives 1000 Democratic majority. Berks about 4000 majority for the Democrats. Cambria co. 700 maj. for Democrats.—Bedford 300 Democratic maj. Delaware 200 Democratic maj. Northampton co. 1300 maj. for Democratic ticket.

The Democratic majority for Canal Commissioner, in the State, will be about 15,000.

The Democrats will have a large majority of the Legislature. The result is considered a rum victory, rather than a test of any National principle.

### Georgia Election.

BALTIMORE, Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1855.

Returns from 93 counties in Georgia show 13,756 in majorities for Johnson, dem., for governor, and 5,237 for Andrew, K. N. Crawford's election in the 2d district secures 6 democrats for Congress.

### Ohio Election.

CINCINNATI, Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1855.

The election passed off here to-day quietly and peacebly. All the coffee houses in the city were closed, the democratic county ticket is elected.

The returns thus far received are meager and unreliable.

CLEVELAND, Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1855–11 P. M.

At this hour there is no possibility of saying more than that Mr. H. Medill, Democrat, for governor, is ahead, with a fair prospect of election. The returns thus far received are very scattering.

### The Yellow Fever in Virginia.

BALTIMORE, Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1855.

We have Norfolk letters of yesterday which report a continued abatement of the yellow fever, there being but few new cases, and only an occasional death. About sixteen had died during the last three days, most of them returned refugees. On Sunday there were four deaths and three new cases, and on Monday none were reported. At Portsmouth there had been four deaths and eleven new cases during the last three days.—The Rev. M. Devlin, a Catholic Minister, was very ill.

*A "Fast" Place.*—A Louisvillian, en route from 'Old Kentuck' to Madison, Wis., writes to the editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine:

"The next town at which we stopped was Chicago, a place which is growing so rapidly that the omnibusses can't go as fast as the streets do. In Chicago you hear of nothing but real estate. People are unhappy till they buy, and remain so until they sell. Any thing that offers a speculation is called in the Chicagoese languague 'a good thing,' and they are doing 'good things' from morning till night. A man that has 'no speculation in his eye' is considered as dead as Banquo."

*Suicide in the Bridal Chamber.*—Miss Clara Haskins was found dead in her bridal dress and chamber, near Natchez, Mississippi, on the 2d inst. After being dressed by her bridesmaids, she requested them to retire for a short time, and when they returned they found her lying lifeless upon her couch, with an empty vial which had contained prussic acid, still clasped in her hand. She had adopted the desperate alternative of self-destruction rather than marry a man she could not love in obedience to parental authority.

### The Richmond Mail Robber.

Adam H. Smith, who robbed the mail at Richmond, in Northampton county, not long since, and arrested at Reading, was tried last week in Philadelphia and sentenced to a fine of $1 and two years imprisonment in the penitentiary. He plead guilty of robbing the mail of a letter mailed in this place, containing $400 in bank notes.

### How Members are 'Got Up' for the Nebraska Legislature.

A Mr. Purple, a member of the Nebraska Legislature, informed a gentleman from Chicago, a short time since, something how members are gotten up in Nebraska. He said: 'Cummings, the Secretary, said to me one morning, 'Purple, we want a member from Burt county.'—So I harnessed up and took nine fellows with me, and we started for the woods, and when we thought we had got about far enough for Burt county, we unpacked our ballot-box and held an election, canvassed the vote, and it was astonishing to observe how great was the unanimity at the first election ever held in Burt county. *Purple had every vote.* So Purple was declared duly elected, and here I am!'

### A Big Sum---War.

Money is the sinews of war, and the people bleed to sustain it both in their purposes and persons. Still they say "let the fight go on."

Great Britain proposes to raise for 1856, the enormous sum of over ninety-four millions of pounds sterling! This is the second year of war. By the time that is expended, there will have been raised, in the ways of leans by England and France, and the subscriptions completed, the sum of £29,000,000 by the former, and of £66,000,000 by the latter, making together £95,000,000 of public securities absorbed within two years.

A Guano Company has been formed in New York, with a capital of $10,000,000. They profess to own an island in the Pacific, covered with a deposit of over two hundred million tons of ammoniated guano, and to have despatched a ship with men to take possession of it. They further say, they expect to sell the first year 400,000 tons, at $30 a ton, out of which they will realize a profit of $2,400,000, These expectations, however, are yet to be realized.

### Cost of Flour.

The Boston Traveler states that some weeks since a gentleman of Boston was traveling in the West, and while at Chicago purchased half a dozen barrels fine flour for his own use at $5 87 per barrel. He sent it to Boston, and the extreme coast, delivered at his house there, was $7 75 per barrel. At that time the same brand of flour was selling at $14 a barrel, or for nearly double what the gentleman's cost him. A few days since the citizens of Provincetown held a meeting and chose a committee of five persons to proceed to the West, with full powers to contract for flour sufficient to supply the families in that town.

### Taylor Monument.

We understand that the Monument to the memory of George Taylor, which is to be erected at our cemetery, is now completed and set up at the Marble Yard of Mr. H. S. Tarr, in Philadelphia. It is said to be a choice work of art, beautiful and significant in design, and elegant in execution. It is expected that it will soon be sent to the Committee here, when measures will be taken to have it formally erected on the permanent site chosen. It will be a great ornament to our cemetery, but above all it will be a just tribute to the memory of a noble and patriotic citizen who served his country manfully in her greatest trial, and periled his life and property for the cause of human Liberty.—*Eastonian.*

### Bishop Hughes at Work.

The following from the Bloomville, Delaware Co., Mirror, tells its own story.—It is time for Americans to be awake when Archbishop Hughes and his agents take the field! Read (!):—

"The Roman Catholic Post Master General, James Campbell, has removed us from the Post Office in Bloomville, and appointed Walter Hill, *a Roman Catholic* Scotchman, in our place. We know no reason for our removal other than because at all times and on all occasions we denounce Roman Catholic Principles as dangerous to the cause of Liberty and the welfare of the American Union.

### Later from California and the Pacific.

By the arrival of the steamship George Law, at New York, on Tuesday, we have further intelligence from California and the Pacific. The George Law brings $755,000 in gold and four hundred passengers. Among the passengers are Col. Steptoe and Capt. Ingalls, of the Army.—The steamship Uncle Sam, on her upward passage to San Francisco, had lost thirty-six of her passengers by cholera.—During the passage of the George Law, a collection of $700 was made for the relief of the sufferers by the fever at Norfolk and Portsmouth. The dates from San Francisco are to the 5th ult., the same as brought by the Star of the West.

The dates received from the Isthmus, are to the 15th of August. Tremendous northern gales had occurred during the previous fortnight, doing great damage to the shipping. Sixteen vessels, including the American propeller Eudora, had been driven ashore and lost, with all their cargoes. Forty lighters were also wrecked and fourteen lives lost. The Chilian transport Indefatigable blew up in the harbor of Valparaiso on the 3d ult., killing three of the crew and maiming eight. Don Antonio Garcia Rayes had been appointed Minister from Chili to Washington.

☞ A discovery has been made of a Gum similar to the Gum Arabic, which excludes from a tree in the northern part of Texas. It is said that a large extent of country is covered with these trees. The discovery is pronounced in the Washington City *Star*, to be second only to the discovery of Gold in California.

It has been said that "to make a happy home, the husband must be somewhat deaf, and the wife somewhat blind."

### A Blood Thirsty Villain Arrested.

A letter from Mexico to the N. Y. Tribune, dated Sept. 19th, gives the following account of the capture of Santa Anna's son—who appears to be as foul a monster as his father:—

Santa Anna's son, who figured as a Colonel in his father's army, mostly in Michoacan, was taken prisoner a few days since while on his way in disguise to Vera Cruz, with the intention of embarking secretly from that port. The people of the village where he was arrested determined to lynch him on the spot for his abominable crimes, but he was preserved from their vengeance and sent to Vera Cruz, where he awaits his trial. He is only about 25 years old, but is one of the most bloodthirsty villains that ever lived. Senor Degollado, now Governor of Guadalajara, wrote a short time ago to a friend in this city as follows:

"The son of Santa Anna passed through Zacupu (Michoacan,) pillaged the houses of the revolted, assassinated the wife of one of them, and caused her infant to be taken by the feet and its brains to be dashed out against the stones. He shot, in Naranja, four Indians and hung two Muleteers on the trees, who were as much rebels as I am a Turk.

"This infamous man leaves a bloody track behind him that causes horror."

Another of his acts, though at the orders of his father, was the following, which I know to be true: At the first attack on Zapotlan, (Jalisco,) the troops of Santa Anna got the advantage, and took thirty-eight prisoners, some badly wounded, and they were ordered to be shot, but at the instance of a friend, the commander was persuaded to spare their lives, against orders, until he could hear from Santa Anna. The latter immediately sent a courier to his hopeful son, who was stationed not far distant, with orders to go himself and have these prisoners executed at once. He went, and in less than an hour after his arrival these orders were carried out to the letter.

### Strange but True.

About twelve months ago a young and blooming lady of Ludlow-st, in this City, entered the bonds of matrimony, and about eleven weeks ago she presented her husband with a fine healthy boy.

Last Friday she was suddenly taken sick, and her mother being with her sent for the doctor, believing that she had a touch of the cholera.—Not finding Dr. J. R. Wood, she called in a strange Doctor, who, upon entering the room, said to her: "Madame, is your daughter married?"—The mother answered: "Certainly, sir; do you not see her boy lying there just eleven weeks old to-day?"—"Eleven weeks old," replied he; "why, woman, she is going to present her husband with another child."

And so it turned out instead of cholera, there appeared a bouncing fat girl who is thriving and doing well.

The writer of this knows these facts to be true, although they may appear very strange.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## Foreign News.

Bp the arrival of the Steamship Pacific, at New York, on Wednesday, we have advices from Europe one week later. The news is not very important. General Pellissier's official report had not been received in Paris in Paris, but he telegraphs home that he took in Sebastopol four thousand cannon, fifty thousand cannon balls and a vast amount of powder and other munitions of war. Another despatch makes the number of cannon captured twelve hundred of the largest calibre, and four thousand of smaller size. It appears, also, that several of the large fortswere left uninjured, and have fallen into the hands of the Allies. The latter have begun to occupy the town, but the Russians were still seen in small groups among the ruins. It is said that the Allies have blown up the greater part of the fortifications of Sebastopol left standing by the Russians. The Czar is reported to have telegraphed to the King of Prussia that Russia never makes peace after a defeat.

### Misery.

A case of the most melancholy description came under our observation, a few days since, in the Police Court. A woman named Denny, filthy almost beyond description, was brought up for trial as a common drunkard. A little boy about four years old, entirely blind, and reeking with filth, stood beside her, and another about two years old, in the same condition of filth, lay on the floor at her feet. The officer said he found the woman in a cellar-hole near Fort Hill surrounded by the most disgusting and horrible impurities. In this wretched place she had lain drunk in one position for five days, merely rousing herself occasionally, long enough to swallow a fresh potation of "liquid damnation," and then relapsing into an insensible state. There was no furniture, fuel, or food in the room; but crouched in one corner, on a pile of dirty rags, were her three dirty, half-naked children, weeping for bread. Add to this state of things the fact that the woman was again about to become a mother, and the living picture of utter destitution is complete. A short time before, the husband and father of this miserable family was sent to the House of Correction for ten months, for assaulting the mother with an axe, and the officer knowing that the children had no friend, except that beastly mother, had supplied food for their immediate wants, and then brought the family into Court. As the Judge gazed upon the bloated countenance of the woman, who had begun to show unmistakable signs of delirium tremens, he was evidently moved to compassion, and ordered that for the present the whole family be sent to the House of Industry. It seems almost incredible that so much wretchedness can be discovered in the midst of this populous and prosperous city. Our numerous charitable societies may find cases of destitution worthy of their attention, without waiting for the frosts and snows of Winter.—*Boston Atlas.*

### Attempt of the Administration to get up a War.

*Special Correspondence N. Y. Daily Times.*

WASHINGTON, Monday, Oct. 1, 1855.

It is incontestable that the Administration has a covert motive in the pother which it is making over the Danish Sound Dues. All agree that the imposition of those tolls is a grievance of which the commerce of the world may justly complain; but it is a noteworthy fact that our merchants have not complained of them. For three-quarters of a century they have submited to to exaction as an item in the ordinary expences of their voyages to the North of Europe, without dreaming that it was an outrage calling for resentment or protest. The entrance fee into the Baltic is the only one they pay, and that they take care to extract that from their customers. They submit in like manner to the light-house tax levied on their ships by Great Britain, and perhaps by all other European countries, although our Government makes no such charge upon foreign commerce. In the treaty of 1826 there is an implied recognition of the right to collect these dues, and as every other nation quietly tolerates the same regulation, we have not felt it to be a degradation or a serious injury to share the burden with them during this long period of twenty-nine years.—There is no doubt that the requirement of this tribute is now wholly indefensible, although it was probably originally imposedas an equivalent for the protection construction extended by the Danes to trading vessels against piracy, that being a Scandinavian weakness remarkably prevalent in the times of Regner Lodbrog, and subsequently; but the remedy by retaliatory restrictions on Danish commerce is obvious, and would be effectual.

Is not the Danish quarrel cultivated as the germ of a convenient foreign war? That is the view which a great many sensible persons take of it. A little war, and especially a naval war, may in the end be found essential to complete the process of "crushing out Free-Soilism," which Gen. Cushing announced some two years ago. It is a common expression among the supporters of the ultra Southern policy of the Administration; that they "hope to see a hundred thousand Abolitionists shot and hanged;" that the only remedy for Free-soil is to drench with blood the soil of the States which tolerate it, and so on. I am far from imputing any such sanguinary purposes to the President and Cabinet, though they have certainly taken a course well calculated to bring on an armed collision in Kansas. But they are conscious that the renewal of the slavery agitation, which their measures have produced, has excited the passions of the people to fury, and that civil discord in its worst form must follow unless extraordinary means be adopted to break the force of the tempest. A war with Denmark would answer this purpose, and might result in the acquisition of her desirable West India possessions. In fact, this would be a certain consequence of the rupture unless the other naval powers interfered. The paltry tonnage duties, which Denmark levies upon our few ships, passing her coasts, are considered a sufficient cause of war by Gen. Pierce and Mr. Marcy, is an imputation upon their intelligence which they do not deserve.

The President will probably omit to furnish the corespondence on this subject with his annual message, but it will be called for, and the representatives of the commercial States will take care that their interests are not made the pivot for an intrigue which can only result to their detriment. The North wants no foreign war, and certainly will not provoke domestic feuds. And the South could derive no permanent advantage from either, though her policy would indicate a different opinion among her leading men.

### Don't Like Popery.

The editor of the Louisville *Journal*, in doing service for the Know Nothings, has got into a controversy respecting the merits of the Catholic Church, and deals his blows without mittens. He says:

Roman Pontiffs are known to be both kings and priest. They unite with the tiara the imperial diadem. They hold the spritiual sword of Cesar, and both the keys of St. Peter. With the two swords they have cloven down the spiritual and and temporal rights of mankind. With the two keys they have locked up heaven and opened hell.—They have disposed of crowns and kingdoms, lorded for twelve centuries over God's' heritage, and gotten drunk on the blood of the saints.—Their principles and their practices have ever been destructive to the civil and religious rights of mankind. The most ample time has been afforded for the trial of Popery. After a reign in Italy for twelve or fifteen centuries, no good fruit has ever been borne. Freedom of thought, of speech, and of religious worship, is crushed in the very seat of empire. On his own dunghill, and at his own home, the Head of the Hierarchy mocks at the sacred rights of mankind. He restricts and punishes them systematically, purposely, and avowedly upon the principles of his religious corporation. No predecessor of his has ever done otherwise through ages ugon ages. If the long series of sovereign despots were truly commissioned by Jesus as Head of His Church, then Popery is divine, the Declaration of Indpendence is a lie, and the constitutions of America are usurpations on the divine rights of Kings. If the principles of our constitutions are correct, every Papal Pontiff has been a mere usurper and a tyrant. No true American can love and revere the character of a Pontifical Tyrant; nor can the heart take a distinction between his kingly and his priestly nature. If the kingly part of him were beheaded, the priestly part would hardly be spared. It is impossible to detest and pay homage to the same person. We cannot revere in m[illegible] the priest, while we hate the tyrant. The sanctity of the Pontiff is utterly lost in the atrocity of the Despot.

### Sentence of Death passed upon Jacob Armbruster.

On Wednesday, 19th ult., at the assembling of the Court at Doylestown, Bucks County, Jacob Armbruster was brought up to receive the sentence of the law for the murder of his wife, Christiana Armbruster. After he was placed in the dock, Judge Smyser asked in the usual form, what he had to say why sentencee of death should not be pronounced against him. To this he responded in German, that he wanted a new trial, and that he could prove that on the week of the murder he was in a distant part of the country. As he had made this statement previous to his trial, and it being unsupported by any evidence, the Judge did not feel at liberty to grant his request, and proceeded to pass the sentence of death upon him in the manner following:

JACOB ARMBRUSTER:—You have been convicted by a jury of your country of the wilful murder of Christiana Armbruster, your wife: and you will soon, very soon, be called upon to expatiate that offence, by a shameful and ignominious death on the gallows. If the doom that awaits you is dreadful, your crime has been no less so. At its hideous aspect nature shrinks, and humanity shudders. Your victim was your wife, the partner of your bosom, the mother of your children! She was often and long the subject of your unkindness. Once she was obliged to appeal to this court to interpose the shield of the law for her protection from abuse; but the warning was given in vain. Oh! that you had then heeded it! Then, she would not now be the untimely tenant of the tomb, nor you the doomed victim of the law you have so grieviously offended. True, she may not have been always blameless; but she was a woman, and your wife. In that two-fold character, she should have been safe from outrage at your hands. But you seem to have been incapable of feeling the force of a sentiment like this. Intemperance, with you, as with thousands of others, seems to to have been your bane, and to have aided in your ruin; for it is in testimony, that when under its influence, the evil qualities of your nature were most developed and displayed.

With mind and heart thus prepared for the crowning and supreme act of guilt, the temper, the arch enemy of souls, found you. You looked with eyes of covetous desire on her little property which she held in her own right. You inquired, and were told that if she died iutestate, it would be yours; and so thinking, you resolved to secure it, and prevented any other disposition of it by deed or devise, by taking her life with your own homicidal hand. The fell design was darkly shadowed forth in your language to Thos. Gwinner and John Osborne. It was a slight temptation to so horrid a deed; but it sufficed. Withdrawing yourself from home under a pretended journey, you lurked in the vicinity of your dwelling, awaiting the favorable opportunity, like the tiger awaiting his prey. It came. You attacked. The knife was aimed at the throat of your miserable victim! The blow descended, and the life-blood of Christiana Armbruster was poured forth like water on her own hearth stone! Leaving your victim to welter in her gore, you fled, as you thought, unseen. Vain hope! The eye of Omniscience, that never sleeps, was on you, and summoned guileless childhood to the spot, to witness and testify to your hurried flight from the scene of blood. The bloody coat you wore on the occasion, still bearing the sanguinary stains of Murder, was produced, a mute but terrible witness against you; and your vague allegation that you were at a distant point on the afternoon and night of the murder, unsupported by any attempt at proof, when if true, proof was so easy, only strengthened the coils by which you were environed.

Rash man! Did you not know that the earth that drinks the blood of the murdered, cries out unceasingly against the murderer, until justice has done her full and perfect work? That work will soon be consummated. Avenging Justice has her hand upon you now, soon to strangle you in her grasp!

Believe me these remarks are not made to harrow up your feelings, or wantonly to probe a fresh and bleeding wound.—But it will be wholesome and salutary for you to realize in all its magnitude and overwhelming horror, the deed you committed. I would have you do so, you may be the better disposed and prepared to address yourself to the work of prayer and penitence, as a preparation for your near and approaching doom. The shadow of death is upon you even now, and you are already signed and sealed for the grave. Will you not realize, in all its dread reality, the startling fact? I tell you, death is now at your side with outstretched arms, ready and eager to fold you in his embrace! Will you not realize his presence?

Look behind you, and what there do you behold? Your wife, your murdered, butchered wife, lying on the hearth, weltering in gore? Anon she rises, and with eyes swimming in blood, with tottering, reeling gait, the death damp on her brow, she staggers onward from the fatal room, and dies. Look behind again. You see a bloody track from the room of murder to the gate of the yard, traced with the life-blood of the dying woman! Look once more. You see a child, a babe, *her grandchild—your grandchild*—dabbling its little hands and feet in that pool of blood.

Now look before you, and see the gallows, the coffin and the shroud, closing the short vista of life still in your view!

Oh! I adjure you, by all your hopes of Heaven and fears of Hell! By your own immortal soul whose eternal destiny is in the balance! that you at once address yourself in fervent and unceasing prayer to Almighty God that he may enable you to see your crime in all its horror, may soften your heart to penitence, and fit you for your awful change! That is your only hope; and you have no time to lose in availing yourself of it. Cast from you every expectation of earthly pardon or escape—for I solemnly assure you of my firm conviction that you have no just ground of hope of either. So far as this world is concerned, your account with it will soon be closed. Your doom is certain and inevitable. So regard it. And so regarding it, let your undivided attention be given to prepare yourself for death and judgment! If the crucified, dying Savior, promised salvation to the thief on the cross, you need not despair of his salvation likewise, if you will but seek it in the right way. In that same Cross, is your only hope! There is your only refuge! To what earthly hope can you cling? You have had a fair and impartial trial, before a jury almost of your own selection; and you have been defended by able and faithful counsel, by whom nothing has been left undone that could have availed you. It has been unavailing; your doom is about to be spoken. The curtain is about to fall forever between you and Time, and the veil of Eternity to be lifted. May you be prepared to encounter its dread realities! To this end, study diligenily the Scriptures of Truth, that you may profit by the examples there recorded. Bow your spirit, in deep abasement and self humiliation, beneath the mighty hand of God! Pour forth your heart in fervent and unceasing prayer for penitence and pardon. Fly to the Savior! Fly quickly, for the avenger of blood is behind you! Take refuge beneath the Cross; cling to it with a grasp that death shall not loosen! for if you let go, you are lost! Look, with believing eyes, on him who died thereon that sinners, even such as you, might live! Thus may you find from Heaven, that mercy which the inexorable justice of man denies.

But this painful scene has been sufficiently prolonged.

It now only remains for me to pronounce upon you, in the manner of the law, its last judgment.

The judgment and sentence of the Court is, that you, Jacob Armbruster, be taken from the Court House where you are, the common gaol of Bucks county whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution within the walls or yard of said gaol, at such time as the Governor of Pennsylvania shall order and appoint, and that you then there be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God have mercy on your soul!

He received the solemn and earnest warning of the Judge with an unmoved countenance, which continued unchanged and unaffected even when the terrible decree of death upon the gallows was pronounced upon him. We learn that in the prison, since his sentence, his conduct is much more mild and submissive than before—he is glad to see his old acquaintances, and talks freely of his impending fate, but has not yet confessed his guilt.

### Tremendous Iron Excitement.

Within the past few months quite a number of important discoveries have been made in the vicinity of Hollidaysburg—discoveries that, we think, will lead to very important results before long. Mr. Irvin, has discovered that there is an immense bed of iron oar in the ridge immediately back of the Presbyterian Grave Yard, and Wm. Hartsock has not only discovered that the same vein—which is a continuation of the Frankstown opening—runs through the land belonging to his father-in-law, Mr. Thorn, but for several weeks past he has been raising pure fossil ore within the borough limits, until he has upwards of 150 tons stacked up, and ready for market. This vein pitches North South, and time alone can reveal its extent. Where Hartsock is mining, the vein is eighteen inches thick, and the extent of territory it covers cannot be surmised.—He is about introducing machinery, and will go into the business of raising ore extensively.

The new Furnace will go into operation in March next—this is a fixed fact; and we are altogether speaking in bounds when we say it is highly probable that two more will be erected next summer.—This belief is founded on the fact that the pioneers who are going into the business are shrewd and sagacious men.—Their venture will inspire confidence.—Iron is now commanding an excellent price, and nothing but a commercial revolution will lessen the price for the next half a century, or so long as a mania to build railroads exists. With inexhaustible beds of ore but a few feet beneath the surface of the earth, within the borough limits, what shall prevent capital making such a profitable ihvestment as making iron?

Since writing the above, we learn that other discoveries have been made, and, at the time we go to press, a wild iron ore excitement in our midst. J. M. Bell is prospecting on his farm east of town, by sinking no less than four shafts, and out of one of them quantities of Hematite ore have been taken—enough to warrant the belief that, in addition to the Frankstown vein which must be reached by two of his shafts, a large bed of the former ore is embedded in his lands. On Monday the Frankstown vein of fossil ore was opened on the lands of Smith & Caldwell, north of our borough, and found to be 14 inches in thickness; underneath it was a small strata of slate, and underneath it again a vein of ore, the thickness of which has not been ascertained. Every land owner north of us is prospecting, and there is reason to believe that in a short time inexhaustible beds of ore will be found.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

*Lynch Law in Tennessee.*—Judge Lynch it appears has been at work in Tennessee. Last week, on the Cumberland mountain, a slave who violated a white female, was dragged from jail and hanged on the nearest post, and at Lagrange another met a similar fate, for killing Mr. James, his overseer.


**FOR SALE.**

An horse and one horse wagon. For particulars inquire at this office.

Stroudsburg, Oct. 11, 1855.