The Jeffersonian.

THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1858.

☞ We invite the careful attention of our readers, especially Democrats, to the graphic and eloquent letter of Col. John W. Forney, in another column of to-day's Jeffersonian.

We believe that it is almost universally admitted that if Mr. Buchanan owes more to one man than to another for his election to the Presidency, that man is Col. Forney. Mr. Forney loved, cherished and supported him so long as his conscience justified him in so doing. But since Mr. Buchanan has deserted the pledges of the Democratic party, and has refused to redeem his own promises, and fanatically persits in a policy as tyrannical as ever emenated from a monarchial government, Col. Forney, as a true and honest man, above the meanness of wily and unprincipled politicians, who go for party, right or wrong, stops and views carefully the ground on which this policy rests, and become convinced that the President of his choice has fallen into a fundamental error, and therefore begs leave to decline rendering his support in aid of a policy so subversive of the principles of a Republican government.

But, read his letter.

The Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will commence its session in Easton on Wednesday next, the 24th inst. It is expected that there will be about 300 clergymen in attendance—by far the largest ecclesiastical assembly that has ever met in that place.

☞ And now, March 8th, 1858, on motion of R. C. M'Murtie, Esq., LEWIS D. VAIL was admitted to practice as an Attorney and Counsellor in the District Court and Court of Common Pleas of the City and County of Philadelphia.

Farmers' Bank at Elizabeth City.

The Farmers' Bank at Elizabeth City, N. C., is making arrangements to wind up. It has been ascertained that all the liabilities at the Bank will be paid off, and the stockholders will receive seventy cents on the dollar. This estimate is made allowing a loss of $60,000 for bad debts. The bill holders are said to be in no danger of any loss.

Sale of Negroes.

The Oxford Mercury mentions two sales of slaves which recently took place in Lafayette, at which one man brought $1,450, and four women with four children, $5,800. At the second sale, one negro a carpenter, brought $1,705. These are high prices.

Sale of the Main Line.

A correspondent of the West Chester *Record* sums up the gain already effected by the sale of the Main Line of the Public Works as follows:

Receipts for 8 months	$762,163
Expenses do	679,871
Profits	$82,292

The above is from the report of the Canal Commissioners.

Interest on $7,500,000, 8 months	$250,000
Deduct profits as above	82,292
Actual gain by the tax payers, in 8 months, by the sale,	$167,708

Over *twenty-thousand dollars a month!* Why does not the Canal Board recommend a sale of the remaining Public Works? Answer—They would lose their own offices, and deprive their political favorites of further opportunities of plundering the State Treasury.

Banks.

A new banking institution, to be called "The Merchants Bank of Patterson will go into operation in Patterson, under the General Banking Law, on or about the 15th inst. The Guardian says the capital stock of the new concern will be $50,000, to be increased with the growth of business. The Morris County bank will resume business on the 15th.—*Exchange.*

Hot Bread.

The following is from Dr. John G. Bunting, who has been experimenting with Alexis St. Martin, the man with a hole in his stomach, made by a bullet, through which can be seen all the processes or stages through which the different articles of food must pass in the act of digestion. Hot bread never digests. Bear this in mind, reader, if you are accustomed to eat the light and tempting biscuit at tea, or the warm loaf which looks so apetizing upon your dinner table. Hot bread never digests at all. After a long season of fumbling and working about the stomach, it will begin to ferment, and it will eventually be passed out of the stomach as an unwelcome tenant of that delicate organ, but never digests—never becomes assimilated to or absorbed by the organs that appropriate nutrition to the body. It is a first-rate dyspepsia producer. The above is truth, as it has been repeatedly proved from actual observation through the side of Alexis St. Martin.

Col. Forney's Letter.

WASHINGTON, March 12th, 1858.

I left Philadelphia on Wednesday on a hurried visit to some friends here, and will return, God willing, by this evening's train, carrying with me this hurried letter, which must take the place of my usual word in the Press of to-morrow. What a difference between March 1857 and March 1858! I dwell upon it with surprise and grief. One year ago the country was full of content, and at peace with itself. The hearts of all our people beat responsively to a noble inaugural, and the hands of men of all parties were uplifted to support and strengthen our venerable President. The Democrats were united and joyous, and gazed hopefully into a tranquil and victorious future. The Republicans were dismayed, and new political combinations were abandoned before the prospect of a wise and patriotic policy. Mr. Seward, in the Senate; Mr. Stanton in the House; Mr. Greeley, in the Tribune, instead of preparing new weapons of attack upon the Administration; were turning their thoughts to those substantial questions upon which all men agree in this happy country. Even the Americans, few in number, could see no profit in faction, and were reconsidering their plans. The extreme South so apt to chafe into a passion, was as calm as a summer's morning. Conservatism, in its very best sense, had taken possession of the Government. An experienced President, a sure and sagacious Cabinet, a ready Senate in session, and a still more willing House preparing for its new term—these constituted the sterling superstructure of an enduring condition of national prosperity.

And what a change has one year produced! I can hardly believe my senses that I am writing from the capital of my country, and that my old friend—he, to whom I have borne almost filial relations from my boyhood—he to whom I have confided my few hopes and fears—he for whom I have dared the frowns of foes, and for whom, during four long years in the lower house of Congress the patronage in my gift was fearlersly bestowed, and he knows how gladly and how spontaneously, too; I can hardly believe my senses, that this is the city of Washington, and that James Buchanan is President.

What is the aspect now? One wild reign of Terror. A test is erected here, like some horrid instrument of torture, upon which Democrats are tried and executed for their opinions. The work of decapitation has ceased against lifetime foes, and is now waged upon old and cherished friends. Men are removed and calumniated not for being opposed to Democratic principles, but for being too much in favor of them. The humblest Clerk, with his little family, who struggles along on his thousand dollars a year must hide his sentiments or leave his place. For the bold and upright Democrat who dares to think aloud, there is short shrift. If he has an office he must be ready for the ominous *cartel* of dismissal on the instant. If he is an independent citizen, he is excluded from the Departments and from the White House like a comon leper. An army of spies are on the alert, hunting for victims. Wo to the unguarded gentleman who, in the presence of one of these eager eaves droppers, may let fall a free opinion! It is at once caught up and carried, with no lack of exaggeration, to the ear of power. If there is on this round globe a race more despised in civilized society than any other, it is the race of *informers.* The noblest invective of the noblest of Irish orators has made them immortally infamous. These mercenaries now hold high service in Washington. I could name several of them from our own State, but I forbear for the honor of Pennsylvania. They glory in their shameless trade. Broken in fortune, and reckless of their own fame, laughing at conscience in others and rejecting it for themselves, they swarm here anxious to earn their guilty wages. The most of these creatures, happily, are the men who have pursued and persecuted the President with the same venom which they now display towards those who differ from his Kansas policy.

It is their vocation to make public opinion here against the intrepid sentiment of the people; to bully in the hotels, to infest the rooms of members, to "pump" the new arrivals, to coax the doubtful, to intimidate the weak, to supply false motives for honest differences, to fill the town with rumors of defection among the friends of the Right, to flatter power, and to applaud to the echo everything that falls from the lips of greatness. "Sir," said a wise and good man to me on one occasion, several years ago, "*the President rarely hears the truth.* He is surrounded with sycophants, who say only what pleases him." How often this profound truth is illustrated! It is said that Frederick the Great—I think Lord Brougham's short sketch of him contains the statement—would sometimes demand of his ministers to talk to him boldly; and when they did he would lose his temper, and beat them for their candor. There are many good, brave men in Washington to-day, who would give their worst of thoughts the worst of words, if they had the chance. But the eye of greatness has no welcome—the ear of greatness no hearing, for such men. If they attempt to speak out, they are turned away or left standing "alone in their glory." Let me give you the last instance of the way things are done here. One of the best men ever sent from Western Pennsylvania to our State Legislature was Maxwell M'Caslin. His very name is a household word in Washington, Fayette, and Greene. Everybody liked him during his long residence in the latter county. Honest, faithful, intelligent, and brave, he was a fine specimen of that Scotch-Irish element which has infused so many sterling traits into our Pennsylvania character. Well, Maxwell is not over-rich; and so, after having served his constituents with honor, for many years he asked for and obtained an Indian agency in Kansas about two years ago from President Pierce. He had been a Buchanan standard bearer in Greene county, for, I think, some fifteen years, fighting our excellent friend John L. Dawson in many a hard contest, when the latter led the anti-Buchanan column in the West.—It was natural that such a man should feel free to speak the truth without fear, especially to save his old chief, Mr. Buchanan, from harm. Maxwell M'Caslin saw the wicked and merciless tyranny in Kansas. His honest nature revolted at it. He saw the man he had labored for about to be damaged by the authors of this bold villany. What did he do?—Did he wait to think of himself? No!—Like a man who sees his brother in peril—for Maxwell M'Caslin is about Mr. Buchanan's age—he rushed in to save him. He wrote imploring letters from the Territory, telling the powers here that they were deceived. He begged them to halt in their career. He told them that the people of Kansas never would submit to Lecompton, and that it was cruelty to ask them to submit to it. He appealed to the friends of the President to drive off the vermin from that Territory, who were here besieging power, and deluding and deceiving the Executive. These letters, written in all the ardor of old friendship, and in the credulous belief that no one would question their sincerity—alas! vain hope—cost him his head. One of them got into The Press through Mr. Kincaid, of Greene, now a member of our Legislature. It doomed the writer. On Tuesday last, he was removed from his little place, and his successor appointed. I can realize how this act of grace will be received in Greene county, and all along that rebellious frontier. My regret is deep that, by any act of mine—by the publication of that unfortunate letter—I should have been the innocent cause of his removal. How did he write, let the following extract from one of his last letters, (which cannot injure him *now,*) speak to the reader. "If the Lecompton Constitution is adopted, and the election of the 4th of January is given to the fire-eaters under Calhoun, it will not only make a dark day in Kansas, but all over the Union." "If the President had stood his ground with Gov. Walker, *amidst the millions of conservative men who would have rallied around him, both North and South,* all would have been *well.* THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS DEMOCRACY WOULD HAVE MAINTAINED ITS CONSISTENCY, AND STOOD UPON THE PILLARS OF ETERNAL TRUTH AND JUSTICE." This fatal letter is dated on the 16th of February, and as John Campbell, my Irish neighbor across the way, is not only a first-rate book-seller, (as well as book reader,) but is also fond of autographs, I will give this letter to him if he will come and get it.—*So much for Buckingham.*" You will see that I am committing a great imprudence by writing so plainly. I certainly do so with no personal purpose. My frankness may disturb some sensibilities—and may give some greedy and aspiring gentlemen a good chance to help themselves by abuse of me; and if so, I shall not be sorry. But I claim the right to speak out on this grave subject. I do it more in sorrow than in anger. I feel that we are on the verge of a frightful abyss; and in my vocation as an independent journalist, and as one who would to-morrow serve James Buchanan if I felt he was right, with all the ardor of the olden time silence would be a crime.

But there is a cheerful side to the picture. Yesterday was a bright day for the people. There was a gorgeous sunshine in the sky and on the earth; and spring seemed to be breaking from the clouds of winter. There was also a glorious gleam of hope in the house. The great principle of the will of the majority asserted its majesty, and seemed to be strong enough to wrestle with the gigantic influences that have fettered it so long. Those who differ from Mr. BUCHANAN so regretfully on this issue, and who have been traduced by his flatterers for this difference, felt measurably compensated by this new victory. I heard one of the most gifted of these gallant fellows say last night: "Would it not be a proud satisfaction if 'we few, we happy few, we band of brothers,' could save Mr. Buchanan and the party from this great calamity!"

But I must stop, or you will never get this in to-morrow. J. W. F.

Horrible Tragedy at the Alton Penitentiary.

From the St. Louis Democrat, March 10.

To *The Alton Courier* of yesterday morning we are indebted for the following particulars of one of the most singular and terrible tragedies ever known to have occurred in the whole country.—*The Courier's* account of the circumstances was closed on Monday night at 12 o'clock. The special dispatch to this office, giving further details, and the results of the tragedy was received at a late hour last night. *The Courier* says:

"One of the most singular cases which ever came under our observation, or in our reading, occurred yesterday morning at the penitentiary in this city.

"A convict named Hall, from Chicago, who is now serving out a second term, formed the idea of acquiring his liberty in the following method. He watched his opportunity shortly after breakfast, and when no other guard was in the hall surrounding the cells, except Mr. Crabb, whom he knocked down and stunned by a severe blow on the head, then dragged him into one of the lower cells, tied Crabbs hands behind his back, fastened the cell door by means of a stick of timber, previously put in the cell by some confederate, then drew a huge knife from his bosom, assisted Crabb to rise, put him against the door, and threatened him with death, unless he was allowed to go at liberty.

"This most daring attemp was soon known, and promptly brought Col. Buckmaster and his guards to the spot. The convict threatened Crabb with instant death if any attempt was made upon the door, holding his knife within a couple of inches of Crabb's breast. For upward of an hour Col. Buckmaster, and his guards watched an opportunity to shoot him, but there being but one opening in the door, and that quite small, he kept Crabb constantly between him and the opening, so that he could only be reached throgh Crabb's body.

"Thus matters continued until noon, when Crabb made some effort to open the door, but was immediatsly cut severely in the haud by the covict. During the day the convict stated his terms of submission to be a revolver, loaded by himself, a full suit of citizens dress, $100 in money, and to be driven out of town in a close carriage, accompanied by Crabb to such a place as he should designate; all of which were of course inadmissable. In the mean time, however, Col. Buckmaster procured a pardon from the Governor, to be used at his discretion; but up to 12 o'clock last night no information of it had been given to the covict. All day the guards were on the watch to shoot the scoundrel, but as he had positively declared he would kill Crabb if he was not instantly killed himself, great care had to be taken for fear he might put his threat in execution. Crabb had no arms whatever, the yard guards not being allowed to carry any, and had nothing whatever to defend himself from any attack of the desperado.

"About 11 o'clock last night one of the guards got a shot at him, but averted his fire upon a change of position, for fear of shooting Crabb.

"The entrance to the cell is very narrow, the door of plate iron, with a small grating at the top for ventilation. The door opens inward and is very strongly fastened. It is impossible to get at the scoundrel without using great force, which we learned would be applied this morning, unless he should be shot during the night. During the day great fears were entertained that he would kill the guard, and for fear of that, active operations were not pushed forward. Those best informed think there is now very little danger of his putting his threat into execution, as he must know that death would instantly be his lot.

"Hall, the convict, is represented to be a most desperate scoundrel. In view of his character and his threats, our citizens were much alarmed for the safety of Crabb, who is well known and highly appreciated, and who has a family residing in the city.

"Yesterday, everything was done which could be done consistently with Crabb's safety. No chance would the convict give for any injury to himself, as he either studiously kept the guard between him and the grating, or laid down against the door, and out of the reach of a shot. He professed to have no ill feeling to Crabb, but had deliberately planned this method of gaining his liberty, and would kill Crabb and then himself unless he was pardoned and taken out in the manner stated.

"Before our readers see this account this morning, the desperado will either have been taken or killed. In either event it is to be hoped that Mr. Crabb will not be injured."

Full and latest Particulars.

Special dispatch to the Missouri Dem.

ALTON, March 9, 8½ o'clock, p. m.

MCKEE & FISHBACK: At 9 o'clock this morning Rutherford, the State Superintendent, and Col. Buckmaster, Warden, undertook to get into the cell of the prisoner by stratagem. Breakfast was set at the cell door in vessels of larger size than ordinary, the convict refused to open the door untill the hall was cleared, which, after a brief consultation, was done. The warden, superintendent, and guards were each side of the cell, but out of sight and motionless. The convict slowly opened the door nearly enough to admit the food when a crowbar was instantly inserted.—The warden cried out to Crabb, the imprisoned guard, to fight for his life. He accordingly sprang to the opening of the door, and at length dragged himself through, *but not before he was stabbed by the convict nine times, seven times in the back, and twice on the arms.* When the poor victim was dragged out; the convict barred the door again and refused to yield. He was then given a few minutes for reflection, and the rebel was, after much dodging and effort to get out of the reach of the fire, shot by the warden.—The ball struck his skull just below the left ear, and glancing around, lodged under the skull. He fell instantly and was dragged out of the cell, and was thought to be dead, but soon recovered and talked as sensibly as any man could under the circumstances. After the convict was taken out of the cell, his knife, about 8 inches long, with a double edge, was found in the cell, and on his person was found also another knife, with a blade four inches long. Crabb, the wounded guard was immediately taken to the hospital, and his wounds were examined and dressed by Dr. Williams, the prison surgeon, and Allen. The left lung was found to be twice perforated by the knife. The other wounds were not dangerous. After his wounds were dressed he felt quite comfortable and conversed very freely.—He expressed a sense of his dangerous condition, but was calm and hopeful.—His wife visited him about eleven o'clock to-day, and he bore himself with much fortitude throughout the interview. His physicians consider his case very critical, and that the chances are much against his recovery.

The convict was laid on a mattrass in the prison hall. He said he hoped Crabb would live, and in the next breath said *he had put five men* in the same fix he was in himself.

Dr. McMasters was present, and endeavored faithfully to draw his attention to the fact of his near approach to death. He exhibited no penitence or remorse, but said he "hoped that God if there was any, would forgive him."—He sent for one of his confederates, and advised him to behave himself when he got out and not bring himself to what he saw before him.

Escape of Prisoners.

Easton, Pa., March 16, 1858.

Five prisoners broke through the skylight of the jail, and escaped, passing through the Sheriff's dwelling.

Mammoth Balloon.

The N. Y. Sun states that an aeronaut, of New-York City, who has made a great number of successful ascensions, has just completed a balloon which, when inflated, will be 230 feet high, and capable of taking up 40 passengers. He intends to ask an appropriation from the city to aid him in making a grand ascension on the 4th of July; and, as an inducement, he proposes, also, to load his air-ship with City Fathers, without however, guarranteeing their safe return.

A Curious Wedding.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier says: "An interesting wedding took place a few days since between a Mr. Henry B. Melville and Mrs. Sarah K. Seymour. The parties have both been married before, and each have a family of seven children—those of the gentleman comprising six daughters and a son, and those of the lady six sons and a daughter. The sons acted on the occasion as groomsmen to their future father, and the daughters as bridesmaids to their future mother. The whole fourteen children, dressed alike, according to their sex, entered the church arm in arm, and ranged themselves on either side of their parents who were both remarkably handsome, and looked superb. The bride is wealthy, and was richly dressed in a pearl colored moire antique, with costly laces, and diamond brooch and bacelet."

Paid for his Whistle.

A farmer living a few miles from this city a few nights ago supposing he heard some one in his hen roost, got up and made search, but being unable to discover any one about the premises, returned to his bed. In the morning, however, he discovered that fifteen pairs of fowls were missing, and upon looking round to see where any one could have been secreted while he was in search of the depredator, he found a pocket-book containing $60, and three notes of hand. Knowing the owner of the pocket book, he sent him the notes of hand, telling him at the same time that if he would return the chickens he might have the money. So far as we have heard, however, the offer has not been accepted. At this rate the chickens stand him in $4 per pair. Rather high price for poultry.—*Trenton Democrat.*

HORRIBLE!—In New York city a few days since, a poor old negro was suffered to starve to death in a cellar, and his remains were partially devoured by rats before discovered. When found the body was covered with the rats, and it was with difficulty they could be driven away.

New York Market.

Wednesday, March 17.

FLOUR—The sales are 6,200 bbls. Wheat at $4 30 a $4 35 for common to good State; $4 50 a $4 65 for extra brands do.; $4 35 a $4 45 for superfine Indiana and Michigan; $4 50 a $5 20 for extra do. Rye Flour is in fair demand and is steady; sales of 200 bbls. at $3 a $3 75. Corn Meal is in steady request, and is firm at $3 for Jersey, and $3 50 for Brandywine. Buckwheat Flour is scarce and nominal at $2 50 per 100 lb; the season is almost over.

GRAIN—The demand is fair for wheat at $1.29. Corn is rather easier, and closes quiet under the late news from Europe; the sales are 40,000 bush. at 66 a 68c. for Southern White, and 69 a 70c. for do. Yellow.

PROVISIONS—Hams are selling at 8¾ a 9⅛ cts. per lb. Dressed Hogs at 6¾ a 7¼ cts. per lb.

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The New York Weekly GOLDEN PRIZE is one of the largest and best weekly papers of the day. An Imperial Quarto containing eight pages, or forty columns, of entertaining original matter: and elegantly illustrated every week.

A Gift worth from 50 cents to $500 in Gold will be presented to each Subscriber immediately on receipt of the Subscription money.

One copy for one year - -	$2 00, and 1 gift.
One copy for two years - -	3 50, and 2 gifts.
One copy for three years -	5 00, and 3 gifts.
One copy for five years - -	8 00, and 5 gifts.

AND TO CLUBS

Three copies one year	$5 00, and 3 gifts
Five copies one year	8 00, and 5 gifts
Ten copies one year	15 00, and 10 gifts
Twenty-one copies one year	30 00, and 21 gifts

The articles to be distributed are comprised in the following list.

2 Packages of Gold containing	$500 00 each.
5 do do do	200 00 each.
10 do do do	100 00 each.
10 Patent Lever Hunting Case Watches,	100 00 each.
20 Gold Watches,	75 00 each.
50 do	60 00 each.
100 do	50 00 each.
300 Ladies Gold Watches	35 00 each.
200 Silver Hunting Cased Watches	30 00 each.
500 Silver Watches	$10 to 25 00 each.
1000 Gold Guard, Vest & Fob Chains	10 to 30 00 each.

Gold Lockets, Bracelets, Brooches, Ear Drops, Breast Pins, Cuff Pins, Sleeve Buttons Shirt Studs, Watch keys, Gold and Silver Thimbles, and a variety of other articles worth from fifty cents to $15 each.

Immediately on receipt of the subscription money, the subscriber's name will be entered upon our subscription book, opposite a number and the gift corresponding with that number will be forwarded within one week, to the subscriber, by mail or express post-paid.

☞ All communications should be addressed to BECKET & CO.
48 & 49 Moffat's Building, 335 Broadway, *New York.*

***Specimen copies sent free. Agents wanted.

March 18, 1858.-1amo. 12t.

George Hart, Esq, of the Blue Bell, Montgomery county, sold a cow, a few days ago, for one hundred and twenty dollars. She was a beautiful animal, and said to be cheap at that price.

MARRIED.

At Reseca, Monroe County, Pa., on Wednesday the 10th inst., by the Rev. J. E. Miller, Mr. Israel S. Day of Easton Pa, and Miss Marietta Miller, of the former place.

JOHN STONE & SONS,
805 Chesnut St., above Eighth,
(Late of No. 45 South Second St.,)
PHILADELPHIA,
ARE NOW RECEIVING THEIR
SPRING IMPORTATION OF
Silk & Millinery Goods,
CONSISTING IN PART OF
Fancy Bonnet and Cap Ribbons,
Satin and Taffetas Ribbons,
Gros De Naples, (Glace and Plain,)
Marcelines and Florences,
Black Modes,
English Crapes,
Maline and Illusion Laces, etc.
ALSO, A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
FRENCH & AMERICAN FLOWERS.
March 18, 1858.—2m.

NEW

Express Arrangement.

The Hope and Howard Express Companys are now prepared to forward Money, Valuables of any kind, Paskages, &c., with their own Cars, and special Messengers, with dispatch from Stroudsburg to any part of the world.

JOHN N. STOKES, Agent,
For the Hope and Howard Ex. Co's
Stroudsburg, Feb. 4, 1858.—tf.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor.

In all diseases inflammation more or less predominates——now to allay inflammation strkes at the root of disease—hence an immediate cure.

Dalleys' Magical Pain Extractor, and nothing else, will allay inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor will cure the following among a catalogue of diseases; burns, scalds, cuts, chafes, sore nipples, corns, bunions, strains, bites, poison, chilblains, biles, scrofula, ulcers, fever sores, felons, ear ache, piles, sore eyes, gout, swellings, rheumatism, scald head, salt rheum, baldness, erysipelas, ringworm, barbers itch, small pox, measles, rash, &c., &c.

To some it may seem incredulous that so many diseases should be reached by one article; such an idea will vanish when reflection points to the fact, that the salve is a combination of ingredients, each and every one applying a perfect antidote to its opposite disorder.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor In its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; and it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury. It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, workshop, or manufactury should be one moment without it.

No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has upon it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

For sale by all the Druggists and patent medicine dealers throughout the United States and Canadas.

Principal Depot,
165 Chambers St., New-York.
C. F. CHACE.

Sold in Stroudsburg, by Hollinshead and Detrick.
Feb. 25, 1858.-1y.

Something New.

The public are respectfully informed that the undersigned has opened, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, a NEW

DRUG STORE,

in the large four story building recently erected by Messrs. Fowler and Wintemute, two doors above Robert Boy's Store, where he intends keeping always on hand, a large assortment of

Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, French and Common Glass, &c.

The stock will also embrace FANCY NOTIONS in endless variety, from which all tastes can be gratified, including

Perfumery, Plain and Fancy Glass Ware,

Tooth, Hair and Toilet Brushes; Combs, &c.
ALSO—Pure

WINES AND LIQUORS

for medicinal purposes, which bear their own recommendation.

Every article will be warranted *pure* and *fresh,* and will be dispensed by an assistant whose experience in the business is such as to deserve the unlimited confidence of the public. Call and see.

JAMES N. DURLING, Proprietor.
Stroudsburg, Dec. 31, 1856.

DR. WALTON'S
AMERICAN PILLS.
JOY TO THE AFFLICTED.
Young America Victorious!

One small box of Pills cures ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. No Balsam, no Mercury, no odor on the breath, no fear of detection. Two small pills a dose; tasteless and harmless as water. Full directions are given, so that the patient can cure himself as certain as with the advice of the most experienced surgeon, and much better than with the advice of one of little experience in this class of disease.

Sent by mail to any part of the country by enclosing one dollar to *Dr. D. G. Walton,* No. 154 North Seventh st. below Race, Philadelphia. A liberal discount to the trade.—None genuine without the *written* signature of D. G. Walton, Proprietor.

Dr. W.'s treatment for Self-abuse, Weakness, &c. is entirely different from the usual course. Dr. W. has cured hundreds who have tried others without benefit. The treatment is as certain to cure as the sun is to rise. Enclose a stamp, and address Dr. W. as above, giving a full history of your case, as the sun is to rise. Enclose a stamp, and address Dr. W. as above, giving a full history of your case, and you will bless the day you made the effort to secure what is certain.—A RADICAL CURE.

January 28, 1857.—1y.