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JOB PRINTING,
OF ALL KINDS,
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

C. B. KELLER,
DEALER IN
**Boots, Shoes, Leather,
AND FINDINGS,**
STROUDSBURG, PA.
March 25, 1867.

S. HOLMES, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND GENERAL
CLAIM AGENT.
STROUDSBURG, PA.

Office with S. S. Dreher, Esq.
All claims against the Government prosecuted with dispatch at reduced rates.
An additional bounty of \$100 and of \$50 procured for Soldiers in the late War, FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE. ☞
August 2, 1866.

DR. A. REEVES JACKSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Begs leave to announce that, in order to prevent disappointment, he will hereafter devote **THURSDAY and SATURDAY** of each week exclusively to CONSULTATIONS and SURGICAL OPERATIONS at his office. Parties from a distance who desire to consult him, can do so, therefore, on those days. Stroudsburg, May 31, 1866.—tf.

Furniture! Furniture!
McCarty's New Furniture Store,
DREHER'S NEW BUILDING, two doors below the Post-office, Stroudsburg, Pa. He is selling his Furniture 10 per cent. less than Easton or Washington prices, to say nothing about freight or breakage. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

IF YOU WANT A GOOD MELODEON,
from one of the best makers in the United States, solid Rosewood Case, warranted 5 years, call at McCARTY'S, he would especially invite all who are good judges of Music to come and test them. He will sell you from any maker you wish, \$10 less than those who sell on commission. The reason is he buys for cash and sells for the same, with less than one-half the usual per centage that agents want. J. H. McCARTY.
May 17, 1866.—tf.

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Particular attention will be given to this branch of the subscriber's business. He will always study to please and consult the wants and wishes of those who employ him. From the number of years experience he has had in this branch of business he cannot and will not be excelled either in city or country. Prices one-third less than is usually charged, from 50 to 75 finished Coffins always on hand. Trimmings to suit the best taste in the country. Funerals attended at one hour's notice. J. H. McCARTY.
May 17, 1866.—tf.

Saddle and Harness Manufactory.
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Stroudsburg, and surrounding country, that he has commenced the above business in Fowler's building, on Elizabeth street, and is fully prepared to furnish any article in his line of business, at short notice. On hand at all times, a large stock of
Horness, Whips, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Horse-Blankets, Bells, Sashes, Oil Cloths, &c.
Carriage Trimming promptly attended to.
JOHN O. SAYLOR.
Stroudsburg, Dec. 14, 1865.

Gothic Hall Drug Store.
William Hollinshead,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist.
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Constantly on hand and for sale cheap for CASH, a fresh supply of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty, Varnish, Kerosene Oil, Perfumery and Fancy Goods; also
Sash, Blinds and Doors.
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purpose.
P. S.—Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Stroudsburg, July 7, 1864.

TIN SHOP!
The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has now opened a **TIN SHOP**, on Main street, near the Stroudsburg Mills, opposite Troch & Walton's, formerly R. S. Staples' Store, where he is prepared to manufacture and sell at wholesale and retail, all kinds of
Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron-Ware.
ALSO,
Stoves, Stove Pipe and Elbows.
Old and second hand Stoves bought and sold, at cash rates.
CASH paid for Old Lead, Copper and Brass.
Roofing, Spouting and Repairing promptly attended to and warranted to give satisfaction. Call and see for yourselves.
WILLIAM KEISER.
Stroudsburg, Dec. 8, 1865.

JUST received 50 sets of STAIR RODS and FIXTURES, latest styles, for sale cheap. [Dec. 6, '66.] J. H. McCARTY.
IF YOU WANT A GOOD PARLOR
Suit in Rose, Mahogany or Walnut, McCARTY has it. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

NEW STORE
—AND—
NEW GOODS
—AT—
REDUCED PRICES!

DARIUS DREHER, begs leave to announce to his friends and to the public generally, that he has just received a general assortment of
Dry Goods, Notions, Dress Trimmings,
AND
MILLINERY GOODS
consisting, in part of the following desirable articles, viz.:
Calicoes, Lawens, French Chintzes, Children's Dress Goods, Worked Edgings, Parasols, Zephers, Shetland Wools, Shetland Wool Shawls, Delaines, Muslins, White Dress Goods, Insertings, Lady's and Children's Sacks, Flannel and Cloth, Lady's, Misses and Men's Hoes, Gloves and Collars, Mourning Goods, Shroudings, &c., &c.,
Goods shown with pleasure. "Quicks sales and small profits" at the old and well known Millinery Stand of F. A. DREHER. The Millinery business will be carried on as usual by Mrs. DREHER.
Patronage respectfully solicited.
DARIUS DREHER.
April 26, 1866.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT!
Death to High Prices!
Up Town in a Blaze!
METZGAR & STORM, respectfully inform the public that the days of imposition prices have gone by in Stroudsburg, for the proof of which they invite their friends, from both town and county, to call at their new Store, on Elizabeth Street, in Stroudsburg, one door below the Indian Queen Hotel, examine their goods and learn how low they sell them.
We have DRY GOODS in almost endless variety,
Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, Calicoes, Delaines and Muslins, Trimmings and Notions,
and everything in that line.
We have GROCERIES and PROVISIONS,
SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SPICES, FISH, PORK,
and a full assortment in that line.
We have *Crockery Ware, Wooden Ware, Willow Ware, Hardware,* a general assortment.
TOBACCO of all kinds,
BOOTS AND SHOES, and in fact almost everything that can be called for in a completely stocked Store.
Call and see for yourselves. We take pleasure in showing goods without price, and can sell you calicoes from 12 1/2 cents to 25 cents per yard, and everything else proportionately low.
We feel duly thankful for the many evidences of already received appreciation of our efforts to knock down war prices, and can assure the public that there is still room for a few more evidences of the same sort. Don't forget the place and give us a call.
J. P. METZGAR,
JEROME STORM.
March 29, 1866.

Good News for the Million.
The subscriber hastens to lay the important intelligence before the public, that he has added largely to his already large stock of fashionable and seasonable
Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c.
which he will make up to order on short notice, in a manner satisfactory to all. His shelves, literally groan beneath the
Ready Made Clothing
with which they are loaded.
Coats, Overcoats, Pants and Vests made of the best material, and in the most fashionable manner, at prices to suit all.
Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, &c. &c. &c.
and indeed every thing which he has heretofore supplied the public, will be found ready for inspection and sale at prices which defy competition.
Thankful for favors heretofore received he hopes to merit a continuance of public favor at the old stand.
NICHOLAS RUSTER.
Stroudsburg, Dec. 8, 1865.

LOOK THIS WAY!
READ! READ!
Chas. Schaefer & Co.
FRENCH & GERMAN
STEAM DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.
EASTON, PENNA.
Will dye Woolen, Silk and Cotton Goods of Every Description, in any Color desired.
Orders can be left with H. S. WAGNER, STROUDSBURG, PA.
June 21, 1866.—lyr.

Money Wanted.
THE SUBSCRIBER RESPECTFULLY requests all persons indebted to him to pay up without delay. The money due him is absolutely wanted. A word to the wise, &c.
Feb. 21, '67.] NICHOLAS RUSTER.

COMMON CHAIRS of all kinds, Cane and Flag and Wood Seats; Dining, Bar-Room and Office Chairs, with or without Cushions, Rocking-Chairs of every description at McCARTY'S Ware-Rooms.
May 17, 1866.—tf.

(From the Scranton Register.)
An Impostor.—Chas. S. Custard, alias Jefferson, alias Pretaire, &c.

A young man of rather prepossessing appearance, with black, curly hair, and generally dressed in yellowish-brown clothes, and an "unexceptionally bright" "high hat," has doubtless been observed of late, by many of our citizens, passing along our streets apparently full of business, and looking too meek to be human. This individual put on a great many French airs, to suit the French name he had assumed, and it seems had walked into the affections of many unsuspecting persons in the city; and but for some one appearing in Scranton who was acquainted (to his sorrow) with the past career of the dashing young swindler, and whom he was unprepared to see, there is not the slightest doubt that he would have soon given all into whose confidence he had engrafted himself sufficient reason to regret their trusting to his oily-tongued representations. As it is, fearing exposure, he has left the city, and we are not certain after all, that he has left every one unbitten.

The impostor has a checkered history, and although he is quite young, some of his exploits would do credit to the oldest in the confidence "profession." We will go back a little over his past, and show the citizens of Scranton what a "nice young man" has been sporting in their midst, off and on, for some time back.
Although known in Scranton under the high-sounding name of C. S. Pretaire, it is not his proper one. His name is Charles S. Custard, and in different places where he has operated has assumed as many different aliases. He hails from a small place named Bushkill, Pike county, this State, where he has very respectable connections. He is a dentist and also a watchmaker by profession, and those who know, say that his workmanship cannot be excelled, and were it not for his rascally inclinations, his profession would be a source of great profit both to himself and the public. He is a natural mechanic, and no work comes awkwardly to him.
Notwithstanding the fact that the locality where he is from was the scene of many of his juvenile efforts in the way of rascality, the first stir he made in the world was some years ago, while yet a lad, by absconding from a jeweler's shop in Stroudsburg, where he had been placed by his parents, with about \$200 worth of goods. He was captured, but through the influence of his friends the matter was settled and smoothed over. His next exploit of any importance was in Port Jervis, N. Y., where soon after the above circumstance, \$60 worth of jewelry, &c., disappeared from the shop of a Mr. Dutcher, and our hero was found to have it in his possession. This matter was also quieted, by his relatives, and he set free. We have no positive information as to his doings from that time up to 1865, as he went to the west; but we have not the least doubt that he left his mark in every place he visited. But in the summer of 1865, he came back to his father's, getting into a "serape" in his own neighborhood, he fled the law and went to New York State, fetching up at Monticello, in Sullivan county. He called on Dr. Brown, a dentist, in that place, and gave his name as Jefferson, saying that he had been robbed of all his money by some sharpers on the railroad, and that he would like employment. Dr. Brown took pity on him, and set him at work in his office. Soon discovering the superior character of his work, the Doctor took Jefferson as his partner in his business. Our worthy friend remained in Monticello some time, making his usual impressions and bills, until he had "things" in such a shape that he thought it proper to "move," when he "put," one night, very mysteriously, leaving tailors, landlords, his generous partner, and many others, to regret the confidence they had placed in him. But here note the consummate and reckless impudence of this scoundrel. The Monticello papers, as a matter of course, published his doings there, and about a week after Jefferson's disappearance, an unknown man called on Mr. Quinlain, then editor of a paper there, and asked the privilege of a few moments private conversation with him, which the gentleman granted. The stranger was completely wrapped up in a large cloak, and had a heavy black beard, and hair cropped close. When alone with the editor, he said he had come in behalf of his friend "Jefferson," to demand a retraction of the statement made in the paper relating to him. Mr. Quinlain, however, recognized in the stranger's voice that of the scoundrel "Jefferson" himself, and at once had him arrested, when it was in fact found to be our hero in disguise. He was released on delivering over all the money he had about him, and making proper restitution of things belonging to others. This little circumstance will show how undaunted he is in his rascally proceedings.

From Monticello we next hear of Custard-Jefferson operating in New York city—evidently thinking that his talents were of too rare a nature to waste on the desert air of the country. The important feat of his in this city was decidedly worthy of him. Having by some means become acquainted with a house in New York where a leading firm of Milford, Pike Co., purchased a large portion of their stock, and had limitless credit; and being a little "short," he saw a chance of distinguishing himself. He went to this house and represented himself as the "Son" of Wallace & Son, and purchased, on credit, goods amounting to \$500, and had them expressed in their name. He then stated to the salesman that he desired to make a few purchases elsewhere, but had inadvertently left his wallet at the hotel where he was stopping, and if he would loan him an amount he would call in and hand it to him before leaving the city. The unsuspecting salesman let him have what he desired, of course, and our sharper left. Not returning that day nor the next, suspicion naturally began to arise in the minds of the New York firm that they had been swindled, which were confirmed by an inquiry from Wallace & Son as to what they meant by sending them the goods. They never found out the swindler, but it was afterwards ascertained by the Milford firm that it was our hero. Here again the matter stopped, owing we suppose to the influence of relatives.
Nothing is known of the doings of Custard, save by himself and whoever he may have victimized, until last fall.—Matters at home having been straightened up, he again returned from the scenes of his many triumphs, and settled down to his profession in Bushkill, in the name of his father. He was doing very well, and hopes were entertained that he would desert his old ways. In the course of his business, he visited different sections of the country; and on one of these journeys he couldn't resist the temptation of creating a sensation, and did it in this way: He had been at a small place on the Erie Railway, called Lackawaxen, attending to his professional duties, and was on his way home, when the thought occurred to him that he would not object to a good dinner, at least no other reason could be assigned for the course he took. He therefore stopped at the house of Mr. Wm. Brodhead, one of the Commissioners of Pike county, situated about a mile from the village of Milford, the county seat, and introduced himself to that gentleman and family as "Mr. Custis, from Washington, a relative of George Washington's wife;" and having letters bearing the signature of the Hon. Richard Brodhead of Easton, and telling a very straight, plausible story, as he always does, he was welcomed with all the hospitality the house could afford. The distinguished guest told his affable host that he had been hunting for some days in Pike county and had succeeded in killing two deer, which he had sent to his home by rail, while he intended to go afoot as far as the Water Gap, for the romance of the thing. Mr. Brodhead, however, politely offered to take him as far as a brother's of his near Bushkill, which, of course, "Mr. Custis, from Washington," was compelled to refuse, as that would "let the whole cat out of the bag," by placing him right in the country where everybody knew him. His gallantry towards ladies, however, was the means of placing him in a peculiarly perplexing predicament, for he consented to ride as far as the village with two of Mr. Brodhead's step-daughters, trusting to luck to carry him through safe. He was well-known in the village, and on entering it, he suggested the propriety of turning down a back street, as it looked so pleasant.—But the ladies thought differently, and drove plump up to one of the principal hotels of the place with their precious burden. "Mr. Custis" alighted, and was introduced to the proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Cornelius, whose cool manner of acknowledging the honor somewhat surprised the ladies, who bid our hero good-bye and drove away. Mr. Cornelius knew "Custis" at once, as he had once left a little balance unpaid at his hotel.—He was allowed to pass on, however, which he did forthwith. When the truth leaked out the effect on the "sold" family may be imagined.
Shortly after this, Custard left his native place, and is next heard of in our city, where he has been, under the name of Pretaire, for some time, in the employ of Dr. Fisher, to whom he has always been a mystery, as he is to every one who does not know his true character.

He is a young man of extraordinary talent, if he would only apply it aright, and is calculated to win the confidence of the most suspicious, and for this reason we have mentioned some of his past history, and give warning to other places to be on their guard against him.
PRETAIRE AGAIN.—Since our last issue, in which we gave an account of the confidence man Custard, we have heard of several of his pranks in this city, one of which we give to show that he tried to maintain his past reputation while here. If all his actions in this city were known, they would present an interesting chapter in the annals of "sharp practice."—His victims of misplaced confidence are numerous in Scranton, but they do not desire the manner in which they were "fleece" made known.
It will be remembered that some two or three weeks since, Herman Bockner, living in Commercial alley, was robbed of \$800 in bonds. Shortly after the robbery, Custard—or Pretaire, as he is better known here—called on Bockner, and represented himself to him as a detective, a member of the secret police force, and that he had been here to watch the operations of certain parties. He stated, also, that to further his plans he had engaged first with a watchmaker in the city, and later with Dr. Fisher, and that he had proof positive as to who were the robbers of the \$800 from Mr. Bockner, and that he would, for a sum of money, proceed towards having them arrested.—

The sharper had reckoned without his host, in this case, for B. immediately seized him and told him he was an impostor, and that he should send for an officer immediately and have him arrested as such. Custard begged to have Dr. Fisher sent for, saying that he would explain the whole matter. Mr. B. finally consented, and the Dr. was sent for, and at his solicitations, and Custard promising faithfully to do better in the future, he was liberated without further proceedings.

PRETAIRE AGAIN.—Since our exposure of the graceless scamp, we have received numerous accounts of his rascality. Even during his short stay in Carbondale he managed to "get into" a dentist there to the tune of \$20 or so. A correspondent from the above place says that he represented himself there as being a subject of somnambulism, and would get up while in that state, and hide his money and other articles, which he generally found again by dreaming of the place where he had hid them! It was while under the inconveniences attendant upon the result of one of his unfortunate sleep-walking freaks that he managed to catch the dentist napping, and before his eyes were open "the eminent French dentist" was enjoying a pleasant ride on the railroad. What next?

How Rain Falls.
Where does the rain come from? You answer, "From the clouds." But where do the clouds come from? You may think that the wind blows them over you from somewhere else, it also blows them from over you to other places. The fact is, the water of the clouds is just as much over you on a clear day as on a cloudy or rainy day. On a fair day when no clouds are seen the water is divided up into such small particles, that it does not obstruct the sun's light, and so you see no clouds or water. A change of temperature in the atmosphere, as when a warmer and colder current of air meet, causes the small particles of water to unite in pairs, and the pairs unite, and these quadruple drops unite, and so on until hundreds or thousands of the small invisible parts unite in one, and even then that one many hundred times smaller than a pin's head. A mass of these combined drops which are still small enough to float in the air, refracts, or bends out of their course so many of the sun's rays that they stop and often darken its light. It is thus that clouds gather in a clear sky. When enough drops unite to make one too heavy to float in the air, it begins to fall. It meets and unites with many others in falling, and often so many unite that great rain drops are formed by the time they get to the ground. Each large drop is made up of thousands, perhaps millions of the small drops that float in the air unseen in a clear sky.—*American Agriculturist.*

Sympathy With Your Work.
While advice may be properly given to laborers in any department, it is particularly appropriate to teachers. One prominent reason why so many utterly fail of success in the teacher's vocation, may be found in want of sympathy with the work. It is really sad to think how many engage in the business of instruction without any correct understanding of the work to be done, and without the last particle of true interest in it. Such may "keep school," but they cannot in any proper sense, "teach school." One may perform a certain piece of mechanical work without feeling any special interest in it, but he cannot become an eminent mechanic even without feeling a true sympathy for, and interest in his work. The physician, the clergyman, and the lawyer must each, if he would be truly successful, throw his whole mind and energies into his chosen profession. And so with the teacher.—Without a heartfelt interest in his profession, and a lively sympathy with all pertaining to it, he cannot become eminently useful. He will be a mere machine and soon become a rusty worthless affair. Teachers, again we say, if you would hope to succeed and do good, "Be in sympathy with your work, and with all that pertains to it."

A Fair Exchange.
A gentleman at Paris, amusing himself in the gallery of the Palais Royal, observed, while he was carefully looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's shop, a suspicious fellow standing rather too near him. The gentleman was dressed, according to the times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels, upon which the thief began to have a design, and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way to give him an opportunity. The thief immediately set to work, and in a trice twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags. The gentleman perceived it, and drawing out a penknife, caught the fellow by the ear and cut it off close to his head.
"Murder! murder!" cried the thief.
"Robbery! robbery!" cried the gentleman.
Upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, roared out:
"There are your tags and buttons!"
"Very well," said the gentleman, throwing it back in like manner, "there is your ear."
"Biddy, did you put an egg in the coffee to settle it?" "Yes, mum, I put in four; they were so bad I had to use more of them." Biddy was cleared out.

Titles by which Land is held in Pennsylvania.
There is scarcely one person out of five hundred, owners of land in Pennsylvania, whose broad acres are the envy of their poorer neighbors, and whose productive farms are the sure foundations of national wealth—there is scarcely one out of every five hundred who has ever taken the trouble to ascertain whether his title to his estates is valid. The prevailing idea that peaceable possession for twenty years renders every title to real estate valid and good, is, of course, sound, so far as individual claims against such property are concerned. But it must be borne in mind that the original ownership of the lands in Pennsylvania dated from the creation of the colony, and was transmitted to the Commonwealth whose claims are not controlled by limitation, and debts owing to which can never die out. The Surveyor General of Pennsylvania is now engaged in the performance of a curious duty, the result of which will be to startle many an owner of a farm, who has been dreaming that his title to his real estate is without a flaw. The records show, moreover, that there are thousands and tens of thousands of acres of land in Pennsylvania, upon which the State has claim backstanding as far as 1780, and upwards, which claim has been enlarging in amount from year to year, by the interest accruing thereon. In 1864, an act was passed authorizing the Surveyor General to make lists of all lands held by locations, or any other office right issued from the Land Department of every description, the holders of which possess no patents. It is in obedience to this act that the Surveyor General is now pushing forward with great vigor the work of making out the lists of all such lands. It, therefore, becomes very important for every owner of real estate in Pennsylvania at once to ascertain whether his land has been patented, and whether there are any backstanding dues against such in the land office. The law of 1864 requires the amount due on unpatented lands only to be made out and entered up. It is now proposed to pass another law, covering cases where money is due on patented lands, where a patent has been issued and a mortgage or lien been executed to the Governor for the use of the Commonwealth. Many acres have been taken possession of, improved, and held without even the formality of an application, warrant, or survey. It is the purpose of the Legislature at once to provide the legal means for enforcing the claims of the State against such territory.

Altogether—and we have barely hinted at this subject—the work on which the Surveyor General is engaged is of the greatest importance. Those who know Surveyor General Campbell are fully aware of his strict and stern business habits. He is resolved, without creating undue alarm or imposing unjust hardships on any class of our fellow-citizens, to push all these claims of the Commonwealth to prompt collection. In this the Surveyor General will be sustained by Attorney General Brewster. It is time that the State receives the benefit of what is due the Treasury. Our expenses of late years have been enormous. Taxation has borne heavily upon the productive labor of the Commonwealth, and to create revenue for the State it has been necessary to demand even a portion of the earnings of those who must toil and sweat for bread. When it is remembered there are millions of dollars due the State, as honest debts, from parties able to pay, it seems like unjustifiable harshness to levy heavy taxation until at least a fair effort is made to collect this indebtedness.

We repeat our admonition to the landholders of Pennsylvania, whose duty it is at once to trace back the titles to their estates and see that all is right from the original warrants therefore. We hope, too, that our cotemporaries throughout the Commonwealth will give this subject some attention by at once urging those interested to make the necessary research into the validity of their deeds. Prompt action may save off litigation, and save the expense of office fees, for notifications, &c.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

Wouldn't go to a Future State.
Old Ricketts was a man of labor, and had little or no time to devote to speculation on the future. He was, withal, rather uncouth in the use of language. One day, while engaged in stopping up hog holes about his place, he was approached by a colporteur, and presented with a tract.
"What's all this about?" demanded Mr. Ricketts.
"That Sir, is a book describing the celestial state," was the reply.
"Celestial state?" said Ricketts, "in what section is that?"
"My worthy friend, I fear you have not."
"Well, never mind," interrupted Ricketts, "I don't want to hear about any better State than Pennsylvania. I intend to live and die right here, if I can keep them darned hogs out."
Honesty.

A Newark paper informs us that a few days ago a farmer near that city was waited upon by a gentleman, who said he had come to pay for a basket of apples which he had taken from the orchard when a boy, sixteen years previously.—He insisted upon paying not only for the original value but the interest. How few orchard robbing youths are ever so conscience stricken!

There is scarcely one person out of five hundred, owners of land in Pennsylvania, whose broad acres are the envy of their poorer neighbors, and whose productive farms are the sure foundations of national wealth—there is scarcely one out of every five hundred who has ever taken the trouble to ascertain whether his title to his estates is valid. The prevailing idea that peaceable possession for twenty years renders every title to real estate valid and good, is, of course, sound, so far as individual claims against such property are concerned. But it must be borne in mind that the original ownership of the lands in Pennsylvania dated from the creation of the colony, and was transmitted to the Commonwealth whose claims are not controlled by limitation, and debts owing to which can never die out. The Surveyor General of Pennsylvania is now engaged in the performance of a curious duty, the result of which will be to startle many an owner of a farm, who has been dreaming that his title to his real estate is without a flaw. The records show, moreover, that there are thousands and tens of thousands of acres of land in Pennsylvania, upon which the State has claim backstanding as far as 1780, and upwards, which claim has been enlarging in amount from year to year, by the interest accruing thereon. In 1864, an act was passed authorizing the Surveyor General to make lists of all lands held by locations, or any other office right issued from the Land Department of every description, the holders of which possess no patents. It is in obedience to this act that the Surveyor General is now pushing forward with great vigor the work of making out the lists of all such lands. It, therefore, becomes very important for every owner of real estate in Pennsylvania at once to ascertain whether his land has been patented, and whether there are any backstanding dues against such in the land office. The law of 1864 requires the amount due on unpatented lands only to be made out and entered up. It is now proposed to pass another law, covering cases where money is due on patented lands, where a patent has been issued and a mortgage or lien been executed to the Governor for the use of the Commonwealth. Many acres have been taken possession of, improved, and held without even the formality of an application, warrant, or survey. It is the purpose of the Legislature at once to provide the legal means for enforcing the claims of the State against such territory.