



The Jeffersonian.

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1871.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL: COL. DAVID STANTON, OF BEAVER

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL: COL. ROBT. B. BEATH, OF SCHUYLKILL

A paper published in New York, in the interest of Catholicism, and called the "Irish People," last week, contained the following startling headings to one of its articles:

"Bloody Massacre—Hoffman the cause of Murder—Terrible conflict between the 'Rioters and the people—The people shot Down—50 Orangemen guarded by Six 'Regiments of Soldiers,' &c., &c."

Well what of it? Who is to blame for it? Is it not a burning shame that those fifty Orangemen, in this 'land of the Free and home of the brave,' had to be guarded by six Regiments of soldiery, while they indulged in their right to parade the streets of New York. Irish processions, composed of Irishmen, and celebrating religious and political events, have, time and time again, paraded the streets of our cities, and there was no one to molest them or make them afraid. No Regiments were needed to guard them, and no one was shot down while participating in or looking at the parade. It is only when Englishmen and Irishmen of another persuasion turn out that these things at which the "Irish People," pretends to be horror stricken occur. Why is this? All men, no matter what their politics or religion, have the same rights in this country, and no one has any right to interfere in the free enjoyment thereof. That blood was shed in New York, was because of persistent determination of Irish ruffians, Catholic, to interfere with the rights of Orangemen, Protestant, to turn out in celebration of an important event in protestantism. The fifty Orangemen were guarded by six Regiments for the same reason that people were shot down in the streets of New York. If the Irish had remained at home, in the quiet pursuit of their business, or had peacefully looked on at the procession of Orangemen, as was their right, there would have been no necessity of a guard; no blood-shed; nobody would have been killed; and all would have been well.

As to whether it was policy on the part of the Orangemen to hold a parade at all—that is not the question. They had a right to hold it; and when those who attempted to disturb the march were shot down, they got just what they deserved. The Editors of Irish Organs of the sensational order, are the last men who should say a word as to what was done, or how it was done, or by whose order it was done. The facts are patent that interference with the rights a portion of the people was attempted, and that some body got killed in making the attempt; and the general verdict of the people is—served them right.

The Democracy of Luzerne county are already discussing the merits of candidates for the State Senatorship. Friend Adams of the Scranton Democrat has named several who he thinks would do honor to the position, and represent "upper end" interests faithfully, but these are all home bodies—names unknown to the Democracy of Monroe and Pike. Do the political corruptants of Luzerne think our Democracy are merely tacked on as a sort of ornamental tassel to the bob of their kite. Our Democracy don't care much, personally about the Senatorship, but there are some twenty or thirty patriots in the two lower counties, who stand ready to sacrifice any amount of personal comfort for the honor of the thing. They think that if Monroe and Pike were necessary to hold Luzerne secure against the machinations of the 'black' Republicans, and of the corrupt ring which rules the Democratic conventions in the land of coal, and political trimmers, it is just as necessary, and a little more so, that the faithful, willing servants of Monroe and Pike should be paid for their work by a liberal share of the spoils. Our Democracy, being modest in their way, are somewhat timid about speaking out their sentiments on the subject, but we can assure our Democratic friends of Luzerne, that, in what we say in this regard, we certainly speak by authority.

Our Democracy have already appointed a committee to talk about the matter, and we presume that little Pike will soon follow suit.

The following which speaks our sentiments exactly, we clip from the N. Y. Independent. If there were no dishonest "unwary ones" in the country, there would be no lottery or counterfeit currency swindlers in the cities to prey upon them. Both classes deserve punishment, especially the "unwary."

A friend sends us a complete set of the circulars of "Sam'l Davis & Co.," 34 Liberty street, New York. He hopes we will denounce this "attempt to swindle the unwary." We do not doubt that the sounder who uses the firm name of "Sam'l Davis & Co." is a rascal, and we should be delighted to see him in striped pantaloons. But what of the "unwary" who are fooled into sending for the packages of counterfeit money which this sharper promises them? We have no sympathy for them. We could rub our hands with glee at the thought of one of these "unwary" rascals, who has invested a considerable sum of money in the hope of swindling the community with counterfeit "stamps," getting at last a nice parcel, paying the expressage, taking it into a lonely hay-loft, cutting the twine, unwrapping the paper, opening the box, and feasting his eyes on—sawdust! Nothing could be more delightful, unless it were to see him also in striped pantaloons, sleeping in the same cell with "Sam'l Davis & Co.," of 34 Liberty street.

Those of our Patriotic Democratic fellow-citizens who desire to serve their country in the capacity of Legislators, are busily engaged just now in "swinging around the circle" in search of popularity and votes. We have not been button-holed as yet, but there is no telling how soon our turn may come, black Republican though we be. Up to the present writing we have heard the names of but ten of these modest patriots of the legislative persuasion, on the Democratic side, but we have no doubt the number will increase as time rolls on. Of course we stand pledged to Amandus Orevous, first, last and all the time, if he wants the "posish."

BOROUGH AND COUNTY.

We learn that Mr. Wm. Hollinshead has purchased the elegant residence owned, and lately occupied by Dr. Jackson at the upper end of town.

Mr. Samuel Hood has the foundation completed, we see, for a new brick residence, on the lot adjoining his Tin and Stove store, on Main street, in this borough.

Providence permitting, there will be Divine service held in the Lutheran Church, on Sunday morning next, by Rev. G. W. Marriott. The public are cordially invited to attend.

Who remembers more really delightful weather than we have had for some weeks past. There has been just rain enough to keep the dust cleverly down, and the air pure and refreshingly bracing.

It is worthy of remark, that a drunken man has not been seen on our streets for a month. This certainly is creditable to our borough, and its inhabitants, and looks as though "King Tangle foot" was by no means popular here.

The dedication of the Methodist Church, is going on to-day. The assembling of people is quite large, and the services, judging from the array of clerical talent present, very interesting and instructive. We hope the contributions will be fully up to expectations.

Accident.—William Wagner, an employe of Bosenbury, Rhodes & Co., at Hunterdon Mills, Wayne county, met with a serious accident last Friday afternoon about twenty minutes before quitting time, the circular saw caught his right hand and sawed off all the fingers. Dr. Simon Miller, from Sand Cut, was summoned, who dressed the wound with great care and skill.

The Tax collectors are quite busy just now, trotting up and down our streets in search of the necessary "tin" to meet demands on the Borough, Poor and School Treasuries. The day of grace to delinquents is gradually but certainly shortening, and collectors had better be hunted up and settled with, if the saving of trouble and costs is an object.

If any town in this world can turn out a handsomer, nobler, more clever, sociable, or wholesome looking specimen of "Heavens last best gift to man," than Stroudsburg, we would like to visit that town and see. The cities can turn out a fine looking body of Angels, as we witness every day, just now, but their wings are not near so long, their bodies near so plump, their cheeks near so rosy, nor the perfume which attests their presence near so sweet, as are those which appear upon our streets when Stroudsburg Angeldom lets loose her hosts. We are not given to bragging, but we do like to state facts, occasionally.

Fire.—There is considerable talk just now of securing a Steam Fire Engine for this borough. This is certainly one of the great needs of Stroudsburg, which should be supplied at once. Another need, if possible, still more important, is a sufficiency of water to be used in case of fire. If we cannot have water for general use, we should certainly be prepared with the article, if a fire should happen to break out; and this could be secured very cheaply and readily by tapping the race, and placing small reservoirs at short intervals along Main and Sarah streets. We have been very fortunate thus far in our exemption from fire, and it may be years before we are called upon to fight the devouring element in protection of our property; but there is no telling. We are liable, at any moment, to meet just such a calamity here, as has in many a village, just as beautiful and thriving as ours, as it were in the twinkling of an eye replaced the useful and beautiful evidences of thrift, wealth and comfort, with a heap of charred ruins. The judicious expenditure of a few hundred dollars now, may save us the loss of many, very many thousands of dollars hereafter. Just think of it. Several hundred thousand dollars worth of property, dependent for safety from fire, upon a very small hand Engine, and not the shadow of a show in the shape of facilities to supply even that with water save by means of the old fashioned lift pump, or the old fashioned water line to the creeks. We feel that our whole people are originally negligent, so long as such is the fact.

P. S.—Since the above was in type we learn that the Borough Fathers have contracted with Mr. Thomas H. Peto of Philadelphia, formerly Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of that city, for a Steamer, Hose Carriage and Eight Hundred feet of Hose, at a cost of some \$4,000, to be delivered within three weeks. The Engine is to be submitted to the severest test, by any Engineer the borough authorities may select, and every thing about it is fully warranted to be the best material, and in first-class condition. In addition to a No. 1, Engine, and first class Hose, Mr. Peto will give all the instructions necessary to manage the machine to any parties Council may select. The terms granted to the borough are most liberal. We shall all sleep more easily after "der merchen" arrives, and, after a while we shall come to think, we were very foolish to have gone so long without a steamer.

We learn that Borough Bonds, bearing 7 per cent. interest will be sold, to procure means to pay for the Steamer and Fixtures. Here is a rare chance for investment.

Friend Marsh received a few days since his first instalment of the justly celebrated Philadelphia Press Brick, with which he intends to decorate the front of his new building now in course of erection. They are beautiful to look at in the pile, and will look still more beautiful in the building.

In common with a number of fellow-citizens, we were treated to a most delightful serenade, one evening last week. "Al" Harry and Robert know well how to do the beautiful in song at all time, but they really excelled themselves on the evening in question. Much obliged, and would like to be obliged the same way often.

This section of country is rapidly filling up with strangers, from the cities, in quest of pure air and good health. In consequence of this our Hotels and boarding keepers all wear agreeable smiles, and the country is rendered quite lively. This coming to the country is a good thing all around. The comers leave us their money, in exchange for which we send them home filled chuck full of "spring" chickens, "fresh eggs" and the good things of the season generally, and with system thoroughly braided and strengthened, for the labors, trials and tribulations of the coming year.

Base Ball.

H. W. Marsh, Capt. of the Blue Stocking B. B. C. of Stroudsburg, Pa. Dear Sir:—We the members of the Portland B. B. C., of Portland, Pa., do hereby issue a challenge, to play you a match game of Base Ball, to take place on your grounds, in Stroudsburg, July 29, 1871.

L. L. FOX, Sec'y.

To Mr. Fox, Sec'y of Portland Base Ball Club.

Dear Sir:—With pleasure do we accept your challenge to play a match game of Base Ball, on our grounds, on the 29th of this month.

Yours, OSCAR DREHER, Cor. Sec'y.

Quite a party of Picknickers, principally strangers, made an excursion to Marshall's Falls on Friday last. A good time generally was being had until rumbling thunder and threatening clouds admonished the participants that it was time to hie towards home. They came into town amid a drenching shower of rain, but appeared to enjoy the novelty of the thing amazingly. As the water rushed down, the flow of spirits appeared to rush up, and all was fun.

Another party to the Mountains at the Gap, were treated in like manner by the Clerk of the weather, but notwithstanding his lack of gallantry the trip and short sojourn at that point proved pleasant.

Our Sand Cut Correspondent.

SAND CUT, July 22, 1871.

FRIEND SCHOCH:—No doubt, your "town people" during these sultry days, are panting for breath and almost suffocating with heat among the brick and mortar of your thriving town. Now if you wish to forsake business and dusty streets for a few days, to breathe God's pure air and to invigorate your system, we know of no other place more healthful, charming and agreeable than this section of country. The little village of Sand Cut, situated on the D. L. & W. R. R., is not the least attractive to a stranger passing through this region. The "Simon House" a large spacious building with all the modern improvements and conveniences is conducted by the gentlemanly proprietor, S. H. Haley, Esq. Guests will always find the host and hostess ready to provide for their comfort and pleasure. If you walk into the dining room, about meal time, and see the tables which literally groan under the weight of the bounties of nature, you will come to the conclusion that the inner man is not neglected. There are two large stores; an extensive butchering establishment; and a wheelwright and a blacksmith shop. The citizens deserve a great deal of praise for the large and comfortable school house they have built, which also serves them for a church. Services in this house every Saturday evening; Sunday morning and evening. A plank road, extending from this village to Gouldsboro, a distance of eleven miles is shaded on each side with tall Hemlock trees, the top branches of which almost meet and form an arbor. On each side of the road the wild ivy and laurel grow, the latter of which is just in bloom. Along the right side, the limpid waters of the Lehigh meander along; gurgling over stones and pebbles, through which the spectral front dart; all this added to the music of the frolic songsters make it one of the most picturesque and pleasant drives, and second to none, in the State. About 1/2 of a mile north of Sand Cut on the D. L. & W. R. R., is the first Lumber Establishment we come to by starting from the source of the Lehigh, which is owned and operated by W. W. Wallace. A distance of 1/2 miles from the Sand Cut, on the north side of the "Plank Road" is the large and extensive Lumber manufactory, owned and operated by Bosenbury, Rhodes & Co. At this place long before the "break of day" you are aroused from your slumber by the jolly teamsters who are pounding on the feeding troughs or rattling the chains among the heavy lumber wagons. At 6 A. M. the sound of the whistle vibrating upon the air which says to all "git up and git." The place at this time presents a lively appearance; twenty or thirty teams and peckles, thronging to get the special front cart; squads of men going here and there with ax and spud on their shoulder to the woods, to fall and strip the majestic hemlock of its covering; the engineer pulling the steam gate and the large wheels revolving which puts a half dozen saws in motion. From this time till long after the sun has sunk below the western horizon all is life and activity. This is not only a good country to live in, but also to die in. As I was walking through the woods the other day, a short distance from Hunterdon Mills, I came upon a fresh mound of earth near a large tree. On looking up I saw pinned fast the following epitaph, which you will find below. I learned afterwards that Bosenbury, Rhodes & Co., had lost a horse a few days before, and instead of dragging him out into the woods, to be devoured by wild beasts or to be burnt, they gave him a decent burial and then some friend of humanity, wrote and stuck upon the epitaph to show the passerby where the remains of the old horse lie. If they treat dumb animals with such respect, what can we expect for man?

Time, with its never ceasing step rolls on unmindful of the changes and decay which follows it; youth marches on the heels of old age, seasons roll around; empires spring up and decay; man like the flower of the field shoots up to blossom and withers down; and alas! to-day we are called on to witness another act in the great drama of life to prove to us that all things decay and vanish with time."

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"In a place not famous or renowned Where gnats and mosquitoes abound, A great event happened to-day Which will lower the price of hay."

"Old Dock" a horse true, faithful and good Worked hard every day for his food, When Ben his old master went to town He sickened, groaned, and then fell down.

"The cause of his death is plain to all, Loads of logs which he had to haul, Combined with the blows of John and Frank Caused his death out on the hard plank."

"But his old bones were not to lie here Up the Lehigh, by a tree near, Christian Shook dug his last resting place Threw him in with an upturned face."

"Old Dock" we'll never see you any more With your old back all hammered sore, By the cruel lash which always Ben Loved to pile upon your old skin."

"Great gloom hung over Hunterdon Mills, The sun went down behind the hills, And night came on with its gentle rest For "Dock" was numbered with the blest."

July 17, 1871. Going on down the "Plank" we come to another Lumber establishment, about 3/4 miles from Sand Cut, owned by Bright, Wagonhurst & Co., operated by A. D. Dutot, Esq. In addition to this there is a hotel, the St. Nicholas, where you will always be greeted by a kindly smile and a hearty welcome from the hospitable landlord. Starting from this place and traveling down the "Plank" 3/4 miles, we come to another large lumber establishment, owned and operated by Herbine & Bann. In connection with their lumber trade they are doing a large business in the mercantile line. About 1/2 mile below this place is the famous hotel, familiarly called "Giersbacher's." This is a noted resort for those who love to capture the sunny tribe. There are several other Lumber Mills, a short distance from the "Plank," that manufacture a large quantity of lumber, each year. All the lumber along the "Plank road" is hauled to Sand Cut, which make stirring times at this place, your people, who have never been in a lumbering district cannot realize the amount of capital, labor, time and patience it takes to get the lumber from the tree on which it grows and send it to market. Those who live in fine and costly buildings, seldom reflect that the lumber used in the construction of them, at some distant day, obeyed the mighty force of the wind as it howled through the forest. This is a country which almost flows with "milk and honey" good fresh air; pure hemlock water which contains medicinal properties, and enough hard work to aid digestion. There is any amount of game here; bears, foxes, deer and pheasants. Persons, who are not able to spend a few days here, both pleasantly and profitably, either have no appreciative powers of the truly grand and beautiful or have blunted them by the cares and perils of this world.

PHILOS.

PHILOS. Serious Accident on the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad.

On Tuesday morning last a serious collision occurred, a short distance below Allentown, on the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad, through the negligence or carelessness of some of the employes of the road, by which some eight or ten persons were rather seriously hurt.

It appears that a freight train was engaged in switching off or "drilling in" cars, from the main track to a siding, on the time of the passenger train, which leaves here at 7:45 in the morning. The conductor of the freight train alleges that he sent a flagman down the road to warn the passenger train, but whether he did or not it does not seem to have been seen by the engineer of that train, for he came on at the usual speed, and as a cure prevented him from seeing the freight-train he dashed against it with such terrible force as to send the tender of his engine almost through the baggage and smoking car, thereby injuring every person in it.

The following is a list of the wounded: Mr. G. W. Wilhelm, Mr. Cannon and Mr. Wm. Chapman, of Bethlehem, were slightly injured; Mr. John Miller, of Bethlehem, had a leg broken, and ankle dislocated. Mr. H. C. Wolfe, of Easton, had three ribs broken, and was otherwise bruised about the head and limbs.

J. Hamp Ward, engineer, and Ervin Hill, fireman, on the passenger locomotive, were both severely injured. They were brought to their homes, in Snufftown, the same afternoon, in charge of Dr. Cavanaugh, who is of the opinion that their lives may be saved, notwithstanding the severity of their injuries.

Mr. Wolfe was brought to Easton on the noon train. Under the care of Dr. Fields, he is quite comfortable, although experiencing much pain.

So many terrible accidents are caused on railroads by the negligence of employes that a law provided for their punishment, more strict than any on our statute books, should be enacted.

Locomotive Explosion at Mauch Chunk—Six Persons Killed.

MAUCH CHUNK, Penn., July 20.—The locomotive Vulcan, on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, exploded this morning at Coalport. The engineer, fireman, and four railroad employes were killed. All the bodies have been found except that of the fireman, which is supposed to be in the canal. The body of the engineer was thrown about 300 yards up the mountain side, falling on a tree. One of the employes was thrown across the river. He has not been identified, but is supposed to be a man named Mussall. The bodies were all horribly mangled. All the men that were on the engine were killed.—They were taking their breakfast at the time of the explosion, the cause of which is unknown.

Two burglars endeavoring to effect an entrance upon the premises of a citizen of Cincinnati, a few nights ago, were driven away and nearly frightened out of their senses by the shrill cries of a monkey, which, perched upon a window sill, had been watching their operations with great interest until they approached him so nearly as to excite his apprehensions in regard to his personal safety. A local journal says if that monkey has a fair chance to develop, he may yet be found occupying the responsible position of Chief of Police.

The New Orleans Cotton Exchange estimates that in seven of the principal cotton growing States, that the yield will be about 25 per cent. less than that of last year.

McCANDLESS AS A PATRIOT.

There has been much said by Democratic newspapers of the "inestimable" services rendered to his country by Gen. Wm. McCandless, the present Democratic candidate for Auditor General. We have no desire to discuss or criticize the man for his services rendered while in the army, but there is a point in his military career which is public property, and the valiant General made it such himself.—We have heretofore referred to McCandless' insolent rejection of a commission as Brigadier General, tendered him in 1864. His letter declining said commission has been unearthed, and we produce it. Here it is:

No. 520 WALNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA, July 30, 1864.

To L. Thomas, Adjutant General U. S. A.:

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of communication from the Secretary of War, date the 21st instant informing me of my promotion to the position of Brigadier General of volunteers. This appointment I decline to accept. In order that my motives for so doing may be clearly understood, I will state that when those who administer this Government readopt the original intention of prosecuting this war for the restoration of the Union, I together with hundreds of officers and thousands of men—at present out of service—will be found ready and willing to return. Until such time, I consider the post of honor to be the private station.

WM. McCANDLESS.

This letter appeared very brave and defiant, at the time, and we remember how the copperheads applauded the act; but it bears an entirely different aspect now. The Democrats desire to impress upon the soldiers, the idea that McCandless was a gallant soldier and staunch patriot during the war. Now, there is one question which we consider to the point, on which we desire the soldiers to ponder and Democratic editors to answer, viz: What would have become of the country, had all the officers in the Union army been such patriots (?) as McCandless, and resigned in 1864 as he did?

Because the Government did not prosecute the war to save slavery, McCandless was willing to see the Union destroyed. He considered the "private station the post of honor." The voters of Pennsylvania are perfectly willing that he shall continue to think so. A man who deserted the Republic at the most critical moment of her life, should not be permitted to serve the State in time of peace.

Infant Depravity.

The Quitman (Ga.) Banner tells how "infants drowned a baby," in the following manner: "A horrible affair occurred on a plantation six miles west of Quitman, on last Friday, by which a colored infant, eighteen months old lost her life. The infant aforesaid was left at the cabin in charge of an older sister, some five years of age, whilst the mother went to work in a neighboring field. Soon after the departure of the mother, two colored children, aged about six and eight years, from another cabin on the same plantation, put in an appearance and desired the little nurse to accompany them in quest of blackberries. She told them she could not leave the baby, but that if they (the visitors) would take her (the baby) to the well, and drown her, she would go with them. They instantly seized the child, one taking hold of its head and the other its feet, carried it to the well and glacially cast it in. The mother soon after received intelligence of the affair, but before she could extricate the child from the water life was extinct. The children were arrested, but immediately discharged, as it was evident, from the youth, they were not legally responsible for the serious crime committed."

A pamphlet has been published by the Department of State giving some information in regard to the new medical remedy, Cundurango, a tree which is found chiefly in the south of Ecuador.—How its peculiar virtues were discovered our Minister, E. Ramsey Wing thus states: "The ignorant wife of an Indian laborer, who had for some time suffered from an internal cancer, concluded finally to administer eternal relief to him by the simple process of mixing poison in his food. The woman, it would seem, wished really to save her husband his agony, feeling that cure was impossible, and determined to administer a decoction of the leaves of the cundurango, which are said to be an active poison. Not finding the leaves at hand, she administered a decoction of the wood itself. To her surprise the man at once began to rally, and as her first attempt had failed she continued to dose him with the lotion from day to day in increasing quantities. As a result the man entirely recovered, and the matter becoming public, further tests have established the powers of the wood as a medicinal agency."

Allegheny county promises well for Republicanism next fall. The ranks were never more thoroughly united. Nothing exists to mar the harmony of that party, and an old-fashioned majority of ten thousand may be safely counted upon. If our Republican friends in other sections only do their share of the work and hold their own, we can safely count on the State being all right for at least twenty thousand majority.—Pittsburgh Gazette.

The Sentinel says: A black snake estimated at over fifty feet in length, and about ten inches in diameter, is said to have been seen recently in Souster's mill dam in Kittanning township, Armstrong county, by Albert Davis and George Souster.

A vote on "beer question" in the city of Boston, on the last inst., resulted in a majority of 5,926 in favor of permitting beer to be sold. The vote was very light.

At a recent wedding in Illinois, among the refreshments served was a bottle of wine and a loaf of cake prepared for the wedding of the bride's mother over twenty years ago.

During a thunder and hail storm at Rockford, Coosa county, Ala., a dog was killed by a flash of lightning while being fed by a child. The child was not hurt.

Counterfeit notes of the X denomination, on the National Bank of Easton, are in circulation. Look out for them.

Last year Pennsylvania farmers raised 68,000,000 bushels of oats, the largest quantity of any State in the Union.

Stroudsburg Market Report.

Corrected weekly for THE JEFFERSONIAN, by C. D. BRODHEAD, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries and Provisions.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Mess Pork, Hams, Shoulders, Mackerel, Butter, Salt per Sack, Lard, Cheese, Eggs, Beans, Dried Apples, Potatoes, Hay, Straw, Wood, etc.

GRAIN MARKET REPORT.

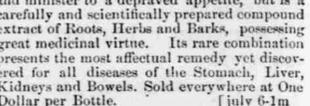
Corrected weekly by GARDNER & WALLACE, Wholesale and Retail dealers in Flour, Meal, Feed, Grain, &c.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Flour, Rye Flour, Corn Meal, Feed, Grain, White Wheat, Red Wheat, Buckwheat Flour, Oats, Barley, Buckwheat, Rye.

THE SALE OF PATENT MEDICINES.

Has in no other country reached the enormous proportions it has assumed in the United States. This is owing to the vast extent of territory and the comparative thinness of population, which creates the necessity for some reliable remedy, that can be applied at once in the absence of professional medical aid.

MISLER'S HERB BITTERS has for over ten years been regarded as The Great Household Remedy, and is relied on in every emergency by thousands of families in every section of the country. It is not a fancy drink, composed of bad whiskey, flavored with aromatics, to tickle the palate and minister to a depraved appetite, but is a carefully and scientifically prepared compound extract of Roots, Herbs and Barks, possessing great medicinal virtue. Its rare combination presents the most affectual remedy yet discovered for all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Sold everywhere at One Dollar per Bottle. [July 6-1m]



The "Pain Killer" may justly be styled the great medicine of the world, for there is no region of the globe into which it has not found its way, and been largely used and highly prized. Moreover, there is no claim to which it has not proved to be well adapted for the cure of a considerable variety of diseases; it is a speedy and safe remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, wounds and various other injuries, as well as for dysentery, diarrhoea and bowel complaints generally, it is admirably suited for every race of men on the face of the globe.

It is a very significant fact, that notwithstanding the long period of years that the "Pain Killer" has been before the world, it has never lost one whit of its popularity, but, on the contrary, the call for it has steadily increased from its first discovery, and at no previous time has the demand for it been so great, or the quantity made been so large, as it is to-day.

Another significant fact, is that nowhere has the Pain Killer ever been in higher repute, or been more generally used by families and individuals, than it has been here at home, where it was first discovered and introduced. That the Pain Killer will continue to be, what we have styled it the great medicine of the world, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt.—Providence Advertiser. June 1, 1871-1m

Caution!—Take Notice! The public are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting anyone, under any pretense whatever, from this date, on my account, as I am determined to resist, to the full extent of the law, the payment of all debts contracted by any one in my name, without regard to person, except upon my written order.

THEODORE SCHOCH, STRONDSBURG, PA., June 7, 1871.

NOTICE.

The Stokholders of the "Wickersham German-English Normal School" are hereby notified that, in accordance with a resolution passed by the Board of Trustees at their last meeting, ten per cent. if the stock subscribed is to be paid to the Treasurer, Felix Storm, Esq., Brodheadsville, Pa., on or before the first day of September, 1871. The money can be paid in person or by mail.

D. E. SCHOEDLER, Pres't. Attest: JOHN APPENZELER, Sec'y. July 27-6t

\$25 REWARD.

Stolen on the 29th of June, 1 gum belt, 36 feet long, 8 inches wide, 3 ply, nearly new. Any information concerning the thief and the belt that will lead to the conviction of the thief, the above reward will be paid. STAPLES & STITES, Ransbury's Bridge, July