

MORNING SERMON: The Sacraments and services of the Apostolic Church. EVENING SERMON: The state of the departed before and after the General Judgment. G. W. MARRIOTT, D. D., Pastor.

CHICAGO FIRE. Is nothing to be done in Stroudsburg, for the benefit of the sufferers by the Chicago fire? Men, woman and children, have, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, been thrown out of home and home, by the ruthless destroyer. Rich folks have been made poor, and poor folks, at the approach of the most inclement season of the year, have had their wants sadly strengthened—then poverty increased to a ten-fold degree.

Chicago through her overwhelming misfortune appeals to the world for aid. Her cry is most piercing and woe-begone. Her losses are rated by hundreds of millions in dollars; but oh! who can imagine her losses in the trials, the tribulations, the suffering which her citizens are compelled to endure. And the world is responding nobly to her cry. From all quarters the generous offerings of a deeply sympathizing people are flowing in upon her.

We have said the losses of Chicago are rated by millions of dollars, and, perchance, our people may judge from what they read of the doings elsewhere, that the people of Chicago are being fairly smothered with the material sent for their relief! Reader, such is, by no means, the case. The contributions already sent and now sending, in are massive in their proportions, but they are as a drop towards a bucket full of what is absolutely needed. There is yet room for more, and Stroudsburg has yet an opportunity to enroll her name on the scroll with those who so nobly sacrifice of their Store for the benefit of their suffering fellows.

Thus far, Stroudsburg has been a very desert in a realm which has resounded with words and deeds of sympathy. But there is an oasis to be found ever here. The following which we publish without comment, speak in the right language to all societies among us, and to all classes of our citizens.

At a meeting of Fort Penn Lodge, No. 134, I. O. O. F., held at their Hall, on Saturday evening last, the sum of \$25 was donated for the Chicago sufferers.

The following named brethren were appointed a committee to solicit additional donations, viz: Silas L. Drake, J. I. Allender, Geo. W. DeLong, John S. Fisher, Geo. Bittenbender, Jacob Kotz and James K. Harps. We hope the advances of the Committee will be met with liberality.

THEY AND NOW. Previous to the election, the success of the Democracy, in electing Buckley McCandless to the Auditor Generalship, Captain Cooper to the Surveyor Generalship, and a majority to both branches of the Legislature for the same party was well assured. The Harrisburg Patriot and Union predicted that it would be so, and our "sap sago" friend across the way, of the Monroe Democrat, vouched for the correctness of the prediction.

Well, the election has come and gone, and now, just think of it, notwithstanding this predicting and vouching, the Democratic party this fall is the worse whipped party that has been upon the face of the earth, since parties begun to have existence. It has been whipped not only by the people at the ballot box, but it is continuing to be whipped every day, and we should not be much surprised if, ere the year runs out it is found to be pounded dead, and buried by its own members.

It is melancholy to witness the manner in which the defeat of the Democracy is received by its own press. Instead of praising its virtues, and giving vent to expressions of regret over the action of the people, in refusing to receive so good a thing as they declared Democracy to be, before the election, they actually indulge in an inward chuckle over the result, and insist that the party was defeated because of its own innate rottenness, and the deceptiveness of its own inception. Thus the Easton Sentinel insists that it died of "the New Departure," which was meanly hung too as a means of securing votes, but which proved the bane out of which grew its defeat.

Any money, packages, or goods of any kind, intended for the Chicago sufferers, will be forwarded by Express, free of charge. JOHN N. STOKES.

THE original copy of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, together with all the books and papers of the Illinois Historical Society were burned at Chicago.

WE regret, and so do hundreds of Democrats who voted against us, on the 10th inst., that the majority of the votes in this district were cast in favor of Francis D. Collins, when so good a man was before them, for the position, as Charles Parrish. But so it goes here. Democracy is triumphant and the best man stands back.

WHEN President Grant uttered his now famous aspiration "Let us have peace!" he meant that so far as power was committed to him he would have peace. His proclamation to the Ku-Klux bands of South Carolina is a peace proclamation, and it is to be hoped that the half crazy disturbers of peace and violators of law in that reason will have sense enough to heed its requirements. President Grant has some experience in the art of conquering a peace; and it would be the height of folly for these successors of the old "Whippy Swampers" to force the President into any more extreme measures. They are being dealt with undeserved lenience; and if they have not sense enough to appreciate the fact, a sterner process must necessarily follow. There is no peace yet, in South Carolina, and we must have peace.

THE LAST FENIAN FOLLY. The country was surprised on the 13th inst., to learn that another raid upon Canada had been attempted by the crazy Fenian organization. A body of Irishmen under "Generals" O'Neil and O'Donohue crossed the border at Pembina, but were attacked and captured by United States troops. The design seems to have been to enter the Red River country with the hope that the dissatisfaction of some of the inhabitants would induce them to help the Fenians to begin a rebellion against the authorities of Canada. As the Red River insurrection was completely dead long ago, such a hope must have been born of a stupidity and folly which can hardly be understood by intelligent men. The attempt to begin a campaign under such circumstances, with a handful of men, was monstrous. It had but one merit, and that was the secrecy with which the affair was conducted. Hitherto the Fenians have always informed the country of their intended movements for months before any action was taken.

We fear that this idiotic expedition is a direct consequence of the unwise leniency with which our Government has treated these Fenians in the past. When arrests have been made the rank and file have been turned loose without trial, and the leaders have been pardoned immediately after conviction. Of course they felt that they could repeat the offense without fear of punishment. But now we hope every captured Irishman will be tried and imprisoned upon conviction, and that the President will positively refuse to interfere. It is scandalous for us to permit these buccaneering expeditions to be organized every year upon our soil against our unoffending neighbors.

BOROUGH AND COUNTY.

The \$1 store has closed. Peaches are about played out. Dead leaves rustle in our streets.

Pheasants sell at 30 cents apiece in our borough. Wants repairing—the bridges around our borough.

House cleaning has been commenced by the female community. Revival meetings are being held at Shafer's School House.

Revival services are being held in the Methodist Church, this borough. The weather is beautiful just now—almost Indian Summer-like.

Mr. B. J. VanCott, (late of the Kellersville Hotel) has moved to East Stroudsburg. The Kellersville Hotel has changed hands. Charles Manal of Brooklyn, N. Y., keeps it.

Buckwheat cakes will soon be the order of the day. Buckwheat is being readily thrashed. Commenced—the gunning season. Our hills and valleys re-echo with the voice of the hound-dog once more.

A new Democratic journal is spoken of among the knowing ones. As among the things likely to be here soon. F. D. Collins, late Senatorial, elected to represent the counties of Luzerne, Monroe and Pike, was in town on Sunday.

Democratic politicians look awful blue hereabouts. The result of the Senatorial election appears to them portentous of evil. Any money, packages, or goods of any kind, intended for the Chicago sufferers, will be forwarded by Express, free of charge.

JOHN N. STOKES. We were shown, on Saturday last, by Mr. Joseph Primrose, a hens egg which measured 7 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches, and weighed 5 1/2 ounces. It was a rouser. Quite a number of new comers are moving into our county from abroad. Wagon loads of household goods pass through town every day or two.

Concert.—Mr. Jonas Singer, long known as a most successful teacher of vocal music in this neighborhood, proposes giving a grand Concert, at the Methodist Church, in Wolf Hollow, on Saturday evening next, Oct. 21st. The doors will open at 7 o'clock, p. m., and concert commence at 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission 20 cents. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Subscribe for THE JEFFERSONIAN instead of borrowing it from your neighbor. Delaware Council, No. 68, J. O. U. A. M. of this borough, have moved to Keller's building, formerly Peck's Dental Rooms.

Removed.—J. H. Walton, Attorney-at-Law, has moved his office from the Railway Company's building, to the office formerly occupied by L. M. Burson, opposite the Stroudsburg Bank.

The hunting season has now cleverly opened. Quite a number of Deer have already been slaughtered, and hunters as well epicures, say that venison steaks are just now particularly luscious.

The meeting of return judges was held at the Court House, on Friday, 13th inst., and consequently the table of election returns published in another column is official, and may be relied on.

The season of the "Year and yellow leaf" has come, and the country never looked prettier than now. We have often wondered that pleasure seekers from the cities did not make this a season for country visiting. We observe that quite a number of our citizens are indulging the nefarious practice of throwing all kinds of rubbish and garbage in the streets. In order that the health of our town may be preserved, the Borough Fathers should see to it that the nuisance is abated.

Mr. Wm. Rinker, of this borough, presented us with quite a curiosity, a few days ago, in shape of eleven apples of gold just growing on one twig. Never did grapes hug closer in the bunch than do these apples. They were taken from the farm of the donors father, Mr. Joseph Rinker, in Jackson township, and, can be seen at our office.

We made the grand mistake of announcing, last week, that both branches of our State Legislature was Democratic, when we should have said Republican. We rather hated the mistake, but we found a compensation for the bad feeling we labored under, in the fact that our announcement contributed somewhat of good feeling to the soul-sick Democracy hereabouts.

We have been informed that the new Steam Fire Engine, now building for the borough, per contract, with the Clapp and Jones Manufacturing Co., of New York, will be completed and delivered to the Borough Fathers, at the time specified. "Der Machine," is to be a beauty, and will bear the name of "Pocono, No. 2." The boys better begin to get ready, as this time we are to have a steamer, sure.

We observe that our old friend Morris Smiley, displays a choice variety of cabinet ware, at his rooms down town, a few doors below the Woolen Factory. Morris is a first class workman, has the best of help, and as homemaker ware is a speciality with him, parties who purchase of him are sure to get their money's worth. City made furniture will be furnished when desired by customers. We will lay his advertisement before our readers next week.

Now that the excitement of the elections is over, it is to be hoped that Councils will find time to see to the paving of our walks. It is a disgrace to the borough that this necessary work should have been so long postponed as it has been, and we desire to see a commencement made the present season. If there is anything upon which Stroudsburgers are decided, it is on having the walks well paved and in good order. By this time the work should have been already finished, and not a day should now be lost in getting it under way.

Blind Tom's Concert at Hollinshead Hall, on Monday evening last, was beyond all cavil the greatest affair that has ever come off in our borough. The house was well filled on the occasion, and the performance such as to elicit the remark, from every one present, that Tom's performances, on the Piano Forte, were truly marvelous. We will not venture even a description of what we saw and heard, much less attempt at criticism thereon. If Tom had possessed the brightest of intellect, and had been subjected to the most rigid scientific musical instruction, his manner of rendering the several pieces on the programme would still have been marvelous.

The Premium! The Premium!! —Daniel Webster was once sick, his right-hand man said "he is dead." But Webster answered: "I still live." A dose of ELIAS HOWE MACHINES has made certain competing Agents very sick. Some one said they are dead, but as a premium was offered for the best display of Sewing Machines, they drew a long breath and cried, "The Premium! The Premium!!" which being interpreted is, "I hain't dead, yet!" they dread the contermined dose.

The ELIAS HOWE is hated by all other agents, and where a premium or honors are offered for best machine, it is shure to win. It received the highest honors at the Paris Exposition.

It received the highest honors at the State Fair, being placed at the head of the list with these words "Praise is superfluous." It received the highest honors at Schuylkill, County Fair.

It received the highest honors at Montour County Fair. It received the highest honors at the Combined Counties (Kingston) Fair, and although, the Company are now making six hundred a day, they cannot supply the demand. Over 100,000 have been made and sold since January 1871. Why is it that the people are deciding in favor of the HOWE MACHINE, because, twenty years has proven it to be the most durable machine in the market. You cannot find second hand ones. Wm. H. HYNES, Agent.

Scranton Correspondence. SCRANTON, Oct. 15th, 1871.

FRIEND SCHOCH:—Well, after an absence of about two months, we again find ourselves comfortably settled in this thriving young city, and, noting the contrast between this city of magnanimous pretensions, and the dull monotony of a life in the country, it is really refreshing. The unusual excitement, caused by the recent election, has in a manner, died out, and the result, as officially given—and especially the Senatorial ticket—appears to be discordant with the views of even the most prominent Democrats, and loud and deep are the curses that are heaped upon the Democracy of Monroe and Pike. Immediately following the election, comes the news of the terrible conflagration at Chicago—a fire which has laid waste a large portion of that garden city of the earth, and rendered homeless and homeless, nearly 100,000 people, who are to-day dependent upon the charity of the people of the country at large for food and clothing, to save them from an ignominious death—a fire which has destroyed property amounting in the aggregate, to upwards of \$200,000,000. And the alacrity which has been displayed, not only by the people of this country, but of foreign countries as well, in answering the call for aid from the suffering humanity of that doomed and devastated city is truly marvelous. The subscriptions to the Relief Fund in this city, it is expected, will amount to about \$20,000 in cash, besides large shipments of clothing, provisions, etc. A grand concert, for the benefit of the Chicago sufferers, by the musical talent of this city, will be given in the Opera House in a short time.

In the way of amusements, we have, of late, been particularly well favored. Grady's Circus, after performing here for several days, broke up for the season. One of the main features of this circus was the balloon ascension, which took place every afternoon, and, while floating through the air, the daring aeronaut, performed on the trapeze. Washington Hall is crowded nightly, to witness the performances of Lon Chapin's Variety Troupe. This troupe, we believe, have engaged the hall for an indefinite period. The Amy Stone dramatic constellation gave two entertainments, on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week. The Opera House was well filled each evening, with the cream of Scranton society, to witness the performances of this truly meritorious troupe, and we had no hesitation in saying that as a versatile actress, Amy Stone has but few equals and no superiors, on the American stage, while Marston, the famous fat comedian, stands unsurpassed. CRITIC.

Letter from Canadensis. CANADENSIS, Oct. 16th, 1871.

MR. EDITOR:—On Friday evening, October 13th, the Lodge of the I. O. G. T., in this place, commenced a series of public Temperance meetings which are to be held monthly. The meeting on Friday evening was in every particular a success, and if the interest which the people of Barret township took, and the meeting increases, the object for which they are held cannot fail to be attained.

A few words as to the object of the meeting: Many persons have an aversion to Secret Societies of any kind, hence, the object of these open meetings to bring such persons who would be lost to the inebriated fate to reflect and stay the course they are drifting. The Temperance cause cannot become a success, confined as it has been to the four walls of the different lodges in our county. The people must see and hear the object of the stand taken by total abstinence men; now these meetings are a step in the right direction, although commenced under the auspices of the Lodge of Good Templars, in this place, they are in no way connected with it. Again, by these meetings the home talent of the township can be better developed,—and society in general—be better benefited thereby. Total abstinence principles and doctrines can be held up to the public, thus keeping the question agitated and show the duty we owe to ourselves, our friends and our God! The question of Slavery for years was kept before the public, ere its abolition was attained, and shall the question of total abstinence be considered of less importance when it involves a question of the slavery of men's souls, lost in a beverage emptied into the stomach to destroy its vital force and rising and stealing their brains. The time has come when the people must take hold of this matter. Let political men have it adopted in their platforms of party principles, for it has become a public necessity.

The meeting was well conducted and very orderly. The opening address was delivered in a pertinent manner by E. F. Palen. The objections to a license system was ably read by the Rev. T. W. Maclary. The singing was excellent, and especially a song entitled "Little Bessie," by Mary Maclary. We listened with pleasure to an extempore speech by a lady which was received with interest and deep feeling. Several volunteer addresses were made; the pledge was circulated with cheering result; the doxology was sung, benediction pronounced,—when we retired to our respective homes, indulging in pleasant thoughts of an evening well spent.

ZEBRO. Over \$3000,000 has been contributed in New York and Brooklyn for the relief of the sufferers by the Chicago fire.

Titusville declare that Nilsson's voice is as musical as the flow of the heaviest lubricating oil.

The ratification of the Customs Treaty between France and Germany is considered certain.

Fisk, Gould and Lane resigned and were re-elected Erie Directors.

The British Government has determined to release no more Fenians.

A stage coach has been robbed by highwaymen in Colorado. A revolution is in progress among the Greek Indians.

The French elation returns are still incomplete. The political excitement is increasing in Madrid.

THE GALLOWS. EXECUTION OF JAMES WILSON FOR THE MURDER OF WARDEN WILLARD OF THE CONNECTICUT STATE PRISON—AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO COMMIT SUICIDE YESTERDAY MORNING—HE MEETS HIS DEATH WITH FIRMNESS—SKETCH OF THE MURDERER'S CAREER.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 13.—David Kentley, alias James Wilson, was hung in Hartford County Jail at 1:30 p. m., to-day, for the murder of Warden Willard of Connecticut State Prison. He attempted suicide about 3 o'clock this morning, by endeavoring to puncture his heart with a piece of wire, which he had secreted upon his person. In consequence of his weakness this morning there was an effort made to procure a stay of proceedings, but it failed. When the hour for execution arrived, however, he walked firmly upon the scaffold, and made a short speech, in which he said he had attempted to escape the ignominy of the scaffold. He justified his act in killing Warden Willard, and finally put the rope over his own neck, and met his fate without flinching. The execution was private, only the County Commissioners and other officials, a committee of 25 citizens selected as witnesses, and the reporters for the press, being present. He was pronounced dead in 14 minutes after the drop fell. A post mortem examination discovered the wire in his body, with which he attempted suicide.

Wilson was convicted in 1867 of breaking into the dry goods store of Brown, Thomson & Co., in this city, in company with one Foster, alias Retsolf, and of stealing about \$7,000 worth of silks. They also stole a horse on Asylum Hill and drove to Berlin, where they hid most of the stolen property in an out-house, and were about taking train at Meriden for New York when officers arrested them. The horse which they stole was very slow, and, as they missed the right road, they did not reach Meriden in time to hit the early morning train which would have taken them safely to New-York, probably without detection. Wilson always attributed his arrest to the horse, and when its owner, after his arrest, said, in an excited manner, "We've got you now, and will punish you as you deserve," he replied, "So you will, but any man who owns such a d—d fool of a horse ought himself to go to State Prison for ten years." There had been other burglaries in Berlin, Plainville, and Middletown a short time before, and it was soon ascertained that Wilson and his associate had committed them. After their trial for the Brown-Thomson burglary, Wilson was prosecuted for the other thefts (there was no proof against Retsolf), and was sentenced for the whole to 16 years' imprisonment. Ritsolf's term was seven years.

Wilson made several attempts to escape, and would probably have succeeded had not his feet both been amputated several years before, leaving only the heels. The artificial ball furnished by stiff soles would not give him any chance of escape if pursued. During his trial here, which he conducted himself, he exhibited his feet to the jury, and, pointing to the Prosecuting Attorney, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, while he (the attorney) was at home sipping cherry cobbler, I was on the bloody field of Gettysburg, and a Rebel shot gave me these wounds." The fact was that he had frozen his feet while escaping from the Michigan State Prison. While his feet were perfect he was one of the most expert jail-breakers in the country. He escaped from the Ohio State Prison, from Sing Sing, from the New Jersey prison, and on one occasion, when taken from the Ludlow st. Jail, New York, into Court, walked out of the Court room in the easiest possible manner, and got away without detection. He got away from the New Jersey prison, so he said, because they appeared to think there that he "was a d—d fool," and to convince them that such was not the case, he broke out. He broke into a country store the same night, stole cloth enough to make himself a suit of clothes, and taking shears, needles, and thread, went to the woods and soon put himself into new apparel.

Being about 60 years of age, and knowing his sentence of 16 years was virtually a sentence for life, he entered the prison with the purpose, undoubtedly, of doing some reckless thing. His attempts at escape were baffled and he became sullen. Six months or so before he killed the Warden Mr. Dorsey of Rhode Island, "the prisoner's friend" furnished a straw berry entertainment for the prisoners, and for the first time in the history of the prison the convicts were let out into the yard and allowed to enjoy themselves in their own way. "This looks very fine, letting these men out and feeding them on strawberries and ice cream," he said to a visitor, "but they'll put them back in their cells, and feed them on stinking meat to-morrow," and he dwelt so much upon the poor fare that it was easy to see that he was getting desperate over it.—He then said: "In every prison that I have been in, except this one, the directors either singly or together visit the prisoners, without any of the officers of the prison being present, and learn from them if anything in the management to be complained of; but here the directors never come, unless the Warden is with them to hear all that is said, and a prisoner is afraid to make complaint, for the Warden will punish him for it. Now, I have wanted to complain of the food furnished here; but how can I do it? I send for the Warden and tell him that I want to see one of the directors. He tells me, 'I'll carry any word to them that you have to send.' Suppose I say to him then, well, I want to say to them that you are feeding the prisoners here on stinking meat," do you think he will take the message?" "Not by a d—d sight," forcibly added Wilson. But he made no threats. As to the quality of food furnished there is a difference of opinion to this day. Wilson sought on his trial to introduce testimony on this point, but it was

ruled out. When this decision was announced Wilson didn't go any further with his case, and retired in anger; and, after the jury had found him guilty, and the Court asked him if he had anything to say, he replied that he had rather suffer death on the scaffold than spend a life of horror in the prison at Wethersfield.

The murder of the Warden was committed on Sunday, Wilson, being lame, was allowed the use of his cane in his cell. In some unknown way he secured possession of a shoe knife, which he ground down so as to make it pointed like a dagger, and this he inserted in the bottom of the cane, and made it fast with the ferrule. He had a slate in his cell, and on this he wrote that he wanted to see the Warden, and hang it outside. When the Warden came to his cell he stabbed him with the cane without a moment's warning, and death resulted in a few hours later. From that day Wilson has never expressed a word of regret, but on the contrary has ever insisted that he did right. Soon after this tragedy his explanation of the crime was that he had committed it, for the sake of all men who should thereafter become inmates of the prison; that he could not reach the directors to make complaint of the treatment of convicts, but by killing the Warden he would have an opportunity on his trial of presenting all the facts, and the people of the State would thus see the necessity of reform, and the Legislature would correct existing abuses. He went into Court fortified with corroborating testimony, as he had stuffed the toes of his shoes with fish and codfish that he had saved from his morning meal, and would have exhibited it; the officers, on searching him at night, found the food secreted, and in looking further into the mysteries of his shoes discovered a shoe knife carefully laid between the leather of the sole of one shoe.

While in prison he made two attempts to starve himself to death. The first time he went eight days without eating, and ceased fasting voluntarily, for the reason, as he said, that he got "a new idea"—one that "could not have been born of a full stomach." The second attempt was interrupted by force; physicians were called in and beef tea was injected through a tube passing from his mouth into his stomach. He was put in a straight jacket, and went through the operation with a good deal of nerve, and without being subdued; for he said "I shall try it again before I give in." But the second time he got enough of it, and wrote to the Warden that Paris had surrendered, and he was ready to die in the natural way.

On Sunday, the day before he was brought to the jail in this city to prepare for his execution, THE TRIBUNE correspondent had a long interview with him. He felt then that there was some hope of his getting a stay of execution, thought it was a desperate one. He was very severe upon the Judges of the Superior Court, before whom he was tried, and accused them of perjury in the sworn record they made for the Supreme Court, of Errors on the motion of his counsel for a new trial. He asserted that he never sought to justify the killing; that his testimony on the treatment of prisoners was offered to mitigate, not to justify, so that if the jury were convinced that his claim of self-defense was reasonable, they could find a verdict of manslaughter instead of murder in the first degree. In following up this subject he diverged somewhat from his original claim that he killed the Warden because of the bad food furnished, though everything dated from that, and said:

"Willard, the Warden, and Besmoot, one of the doctors, came to my cell after I had tried to escape, and said: 'We are having a cell made as strong as iron, and brick and stone can build it, and you shall be put in there as long as you stay here.' That cell was in the new prison part, and I could hear them at work upon it. No prisoners are kept there. It is a damp place. I would die there of consumption. Virtually I should be in solitary confinement. I had fourteen years more to stay here, and, rather than suffer a horrible death in that dungeon, I preferred to die on the scaffold, if need be." He said, after he had talked steadily for half an hour: "I go out of here, you know, to-morrow, and I have written some lines on the wall of my cell as last words here. Would you like them?" I told him yes, and he read as follows: I have spent sixteen months in this narrow cell, and now my friends say I'm going to h—! But God in his mercy will take care of me! I have but fulfilled high Heaven's decree: On the billows of sin I have often been tossed: But the soul that trusts God will never be lost! While my body lies mouldering beneath the cold sod, My soul will repose in the bosom of God.

On Monday morning, Sheriff Russell, accompanied by his deputies, Fann and Dibble, went to the prison, and Wilson, after being shaved and furnished with a suit of black which he had worn before his confinement, was taken in an open barouche, at his own request, that he might for the last time see the green fields, and enjoy the sunshine. There had been some notice of the time of his removal in the daily papers, and Westfield-ave. was crowded through its whole distance of three miles with carriages and people, so great was public curiosity to get a glimpse of the doomed man. Around the jail a crowd of more than 1,000 persons had collected. When in the jail, he told the Sheriff that he should want just one hour upon the scaffold to speak to the spectators—not himself but for the benefit of his fellow human beings.—New York Tribune.

The Chicago fire has been extinguished; it is estimated that 500 lives have been lost, and that the damage will reach \$300,000,000.

The North American Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., on Tuesday, made an assignment of its property.

A serious election riot occurred in Philadelphia, four men being killed and many wounded.

The town of Urbana, Illinois, has nearly been destroyed by fire.