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Still has his office on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that by eighteen years constant practice and the most earnest and careful attention to all matters pertaining to his profession, that he is fully able to perform all operations in the dental line in the most careful, tasteful and skillful manner.
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Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., from 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. [May 3 '73-1y.*

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER.
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STROUDSBURG, PA.
August 8, 1872-tf.

DR. H. J. PATTERSON,
OPERATING AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,
Having located in East Stroudsburg, Pa., announces that he is now prepared to insert artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner. Also, great attention given to filling and preserving the natural teeth. Teeth extracted without pain by use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. All other work incident to the profession done in the most skillful and approved style. All work attended to promptly and warranted. Charges reasonable. Patronage of the public solicited.
Office in A. W. Loder's new building, opposite Analomink House, East Stroudsburg, Pa.] July 11, 1873—1y.

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aug 31-tf

JAMES H. WALTON,
Attorney at Law,
Office in the building formerly occupied by L. M. Burson, and opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa.
jan 13-tf

AMERICAN HOTEL.
The subscriber would inform the public that he has leased the house formally kept by Jacob Knecht, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, Pa., and having repainted and refurnished the same, is prepared to entertain all who may patronize him. It is the aim of the proprietor, to furnish superior accommodations at moderate rates and will spare no pains to promote the comfort of the guests. A liberal share of public patronage solicited.
April 17, '72-tf.] D. L. PISLE.

KIPLE HOUSE,
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Most central location of any Hotel in town.
R. W. KIPLE & SON,
169 Main street. Proprietors.
January 9, 1873.—1y.

LACKAWANNA HOUSE.
OPPOSITE THE DEPOT,
East Stroudsburg, Pa.
B. J. VAN COTT, Proprietor.
The BAR contains the choiest Liquors and the TABLE is supplied with the best the market affords. Charges moderate. [may 3 1872-tf.

WATSON'S
Mount Vernon House,
117 and 119 North Second St.
ABOVE ARCH,
PHILADELPHIA.
May 30, 1872—1y.

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of Williamsburgh, N. Y.) Recipe for CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA carefully compounded at
HOLLINSHEAD'S DRUG STORE.
☞ *Medicines Fresh and Pure.*
Nov. 21, 1867.] W. HOLLINSHEAD.

THE LAST OF THE "VIRGINIUS."

Sunk South of Cape Fear Light.

THE CAREER OF THE VESSEL FROM THE TIME SHE LEFT THE STOCKS ON THE CLYDE UNTIL THE MELANCHOLY TERMINATION OF HER CRUISE IN COMPANY WITH THE OSSIPEE—THE VOYAGE FROM THE TORTUGAS TO FRYING PAN SHOALS, AND THE CLOSING SCENE ON FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26TH.

The Virginus question is finally settled, at least so far as the vessel herself is concerned, for she now lies in eight fathoms of water at Frying pan Shoal, ten miles south of Cape Fear light, on the southern coast. Brought up a blockade runner, her career has been an eventful one. Built on the Clyde some time about 1862 or 1863, for speed mainly, she began by running into our Southern ports during the war. When Mobile was captured in 1864 she was lying in that harbor loaded with cotton and was confiscated. She was then called the Virgin. After the close of the war she passed into the hands of the parties who used her to run into Cuba with supplies for the insurrectionists there, and her trips, up to the ever memorable event that resulted in her capture, the end of October last, were both numerous and successful. About eighteen months ago the Spanish navy about Cuba received orders to destory the Virginius wherever and whenever she could be caught. As to the fate of the crew, nothing was said, though it was pretty well understood that Spanish regret would not be very loud if they went to the bottom. Six months after that order was issued the Virginius was cornered up in the port of Aspinwall by the Spanish war steamer Pizarro, and held there three months. She might have been there yet had not General Hurlbut, who, during several years of late, has represented our Government in various South American Republics, visited Aspinwall in the way of his duty. Upon his arrival there the Colombian Governor officially communicated with him, reminding him that the United States was bound by treaty to protect the neutrality of the Colombian waters, and informing him of the state of affairs. The Pizarro had threatened to fire into the port upon the boat, and in so doing must inevitably damage the town and jeopardize the lives of parties not concerned. General Hurlbut sent for the commander of the Virginius (the since murdered Captain Fry was not in charge of her then), who answered in person, bringing with him the ship's papers. These were all right and legally clear. They represented that the ship was owned in New York, whence she had sailed with a cargo of merchandise; that she had put in at several ports by the way, where she had been regularly cleared; her register was perfect; furthermore, she had aboard nothing whatever of a contraband nature. The Untied States steamer Kansas coming into Aspinwan at this juncture, Gpeneral Hurlbut instructed her commander to escort the Virginius out to sea and to sink the Pizarro if interference was attempted. The Virginius was accordingly taken out. Little of her was heard afterwards until the Tornado ran her down and towed her into the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. With the events that immediately followed the whole world is familiar. General Ryan and three of the Cuban passengers were shot on the morning of November 4, their execution being followed, on the 7th, by the shooting of Captain Fry and thirty-six of the crew, and another batch of twelve on the 10th. This made fifty-three in all who were executed. It is unnecessary to detail the international imbroglio which ensued. The Virginius was despatched to Havana, where she arrived on the afternoon or November 18, with the Spanish colors at her masthead. The survivors of her crew and passengers, 102 in number, were delivered over to Captain Braine, of the Juniata, at Santiago, on the 18th of December, and arrived at New York on the 28th. The Virginius herself was towed out of the harbor of Havana on the 12th of December, and taken to Bahia Honda, where she was formally delivered over on the morning of the 16th to the United States steamer Despatch, Captan Whiting commanding. She was then taken to the Tortugas, from which point she started for New York on the 19th in tow of the Ossipee and with a prize crew on board. Here the melancholy termination of her career began. Fair weather was experienced until Saturday, the following day, when a gale sprang up. Rough weather continued, and the Virginius signalled that she was leaking badly. Captain Waters, commander of the Ossipee, therefore determined to shape his course for Charleston, S. C., but as they got into smoother water the Virginius behaved better, and the water was kept out of her fire room. On the morning of Christmas day, however, severe weather having continumed, the Virginius was leaking as badly as ever, and the vessel put into Frying Pan shoals, about ten miles south of Cape Fear light, where smoother water could be obtained. Here the vessel came to anchor, Captain Walters hoping that the Virginius would ride out the gale. Before daylight next morning (Friday), Commander Woodrow signalled with lights that the Virginius was leaking rapidly, with fires out and pumps stopped, and that the crew wished to be taken off. Boats were lowered from the Ossipee at daylight, and by seven o'clock A. M. all on board the Virginius were transferred to the former vessel. As a heavy sea was running, the work of removing the crew was one of much danger and difficulty, and, therefore, no lives were risked in endeavoring to save their porsonal effects or any other property on the Virginius. The hawser of the Vigrinius was cut, and a buoy attached to mark her position, in case she sunk out of sight. The Ossipee remained at anchor during the day, and at quarter past 4 o'colck P. M., the Virginius, which had been gradually settling, went to the bottom.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE OFFICER IN COMMAND OF THE VIRGINIUS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30—The following is the official report of Lieutenant D. C. Woodrow, who was in command of the Virginius at the time of her sinking:

U. S. STEAMER OSSIPEE, third rate.
At sea, lat 34. 18 N., long. 75. 45 W.,
December 27, 1873.

SIR: I have to report that I took command of the steamer Virginius on the evening of December 17 off the Dry Tortugas, relieving Lieutenant Marix. Ensign George A. Callowmen, and Second Assistant Engineer N. H. Lambiden, together with three machinists, two boilermakers, six seamen, six ordinary seamen, eight seamen, and fourteen landsmen composed her complement. Second Assistant Engineer Kirby and Midshipman Underwood J. Tyler subsequently joined the ship. I found about seventy tons of coal in the ship and over twenty tons of dirt and ashes in her fire rooms. The bilge was very dirty. She was leaking in the forward compartment, and had water in all her compartments. During the evening we received stores on board and a working party from the Ossipee, who coaled the ship all night from the schoener M. A. Hand. The crew of the Virginius were exhausted by constant work from the time of leaving Bahia Honda. The next morning I stopped coaling, and put all hands at work pumping and bailing out the ship, the water having gained two feet during the night. At 8 a. m., the water was up to her grate bars in both fire rooms. The forward compartment had a depth of four feet, and the after compartment ten feet six inches of water. During the day I received assistance from the Ossipee, in the way of working parties, to help clear the ship of water, repack the stuffing boxes, and overhaul the pipes about the engine.

One party repaired the breaks in the forecastle and caboose. Captain Whiting was on board during the day and examined the leak around her fore foot with Chief Engineer King and myself. The leak was the only one of any consequance that I could find in the ship. At 5 p. m. the water was so much reduced that I was able to start fires in the forward boilers, and at 8. 15 in the after boilers. As soon as steam was reported, I commenced backing the engine to clear the ship of water by her bilge pumps. At 1 30 a m. Captain Whiting expressed himself satisfied that she was in a fit condition to go north and left the ship. Shortly after we we went to sea in tow of the Ossipee.

During the day and evening, as the sea was comparatively smooth, we managed to keep the water down with the main engine pumps. As we proceeded north and the sea rose, the working of the ship gradually loosened the rivets of one of her plates, and the old patch on her bow became loose and she leaked so badly that I had to plug up her timber holes in the forward bulkhead to keep the fire-ooms clear. During the forenoon of the 22d I threw overboard her port bower anchor, and all the heavy weights in her forehold, consisting of old iron, rigging chain, cables, etc., and shifted the coal from the forehold aft in order to lighten her forward.

On the afternoon of the 23d we had from eight to ten feet of water in the forward compartment, and so much water in the firerooms as to endanger putting out the fires, and I signalled not to go further north, that there was a dock at Charleston, knowing that it would be dangerous to risk the carrying away of her forward bulkhead, and having no reliance on any of her pumps, which had been constantly breaking down and becoming choked ever since starting; besides this, my men were worn out, their bunks drenched, and they had no place to sleep. Her booms were then working so much that the bunks in the forecastle came adrift from the ship's side. At 3 a. m. on December 24, the crown sheet of the middle furance afterwards caved in, and hauled fire from that boiler. Shortly after, blisters were reported in the forward boiler. At daylight I signalled the condition of ther boilers and water, and you sent Chief Engineer King on board. He inspected the boilers, and I understood that, in his opinion, they were not safe, and I gave orders not to carry more than five pounds of steam, unless in extreme necessity. With this low pressure one of the furances gave out in the afternoon, having a blister on one of her crown sheets three feet long.

From this time until we made fast to you again on December 25, we had about the same amount of water in the ship, but when we stopped our engines the water gained on us, and I asked your permission to back my engines. Owing to having but three serviceable furnaces in our forward boiler, we could not carry steam to work the engines fast enough to throw much water, and as the sea increased so did the water, and I asked you toward night to haul up close, and take us off. Half an hour after I got the donkey pump working, and, as we were keeping the water at a stand I signalled that I could hold on until day-light. The water gained on us gradually during the night until it put the fires out at 5 a m. on the 26th, when the donkey pump stopped. The hand pump was broken and could not be repaired with any means at our command, so I signalled for you to take us off immediately. The forward compartment was full of water up to within a foot and a half of the spar deck. There was five feet of water in the hold over the grate bars in the fire rooms, and the after compartment was dry. The sea was very rough, and it was blowing a gale of wind from the northeast, and I did not thing it safe to remain on board a minute longer than necessary. When your boat came under the Virginius' bow I put the landmen in her first, and then only stopped the work of passing water out of the ship. It took five trips to take us all off, the officers going in the last boat. As it turned out I might have been able to save the men's bags and hammocks, but under the circumstances I deemed it inexpedient to attempt it. At 4 17 p m. the Virginius sunk, bow first, in eight fathoms of water, the cross tree above water. Very respectfully. D. C. WOODROW.
Lieut. Commanding United States Navy.
To Commander John Watters, Commanding United States steamer Ossipee.

NASBY.

The Downfall of Tweed—Mr. Nasby Indulges in Sad Reminiscenss, but does not Give Up like One without Hope.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
November 26, 1873.

The nooze uv the convickshen uv the great Tweed by a corrupt court, and his sentence to a common penitenshary, by a heartless and mercenary judge (I refer to that modern Jeffries, the infamous Davis) perdoost a perfound sensashen at the Corners. Deekin Pogram, when he heerd that Tweed hed bin convicted uv plundrin the Treasury, and hed been sentenced to prizn, drawd a long sigh and sed that our liberties wuz gone now, shoor. He didn't know who Tweed wuz, but he felt it safe, ez a Demokrat, to draw a sigh for anyboby who wuz in limbo for plundrin a public treasury. That man's instinks alluz guide him safely, and his faith hez in it suthin sublime.

But the nooze did effect me seriously. My mind leapt over the past, and lighted down upon the days when I wuz the sole proprietor uv the Harp uv Erin S'loon, in the 6th Ward, Noo York. Oh, them happy days! Oh, them hours uv delite! There wuz no long dry hours, sich ez I now spend, with parched throat and shaky system, waitin for a frendly invite to take suthin. No! There waz the bar, with the glasses onto it, the barrel underneath out uv wich I drew both Bourbon and Rye, ez the customers wanted it; there wuz my own privit keg, wich wuz not watered, for my own privit drinkin—there wuz the red hot stove, the pipes and the cracker, and the back room!

Ah! that back room! It wuz there that we held our caucusses for our deestrik. Many a time hez the great Tweed hisself sat in that room—many a time hez that great diamond uv his flashed its light across that pine table. In that room Patsey McGonigle, Dennis O'Shaugnessy, Tom McGrath, the Boss and myself, hav many a time and oft arranged our repeaters, our fighting committees and our counters.

I myself hev seen the Boss in that room make his bargains with his repeaters—this one to vote so many time, in that ward, the other to vote so many times in the other, and so on. In that room the ballot boxes and the poll books used to be brought after the polls wuz closed, and there we wood wait till we got the returns from out uv town, to see how many votes we needed to stuff into em to carry the State, and it wuz a site vouchsated to but few men to see that great man take peck of ballots and chuck em into a box, and tell Thad Hamerley (wich cood write) to put the names to corrspond on the books from a directory.

Boss Tweed wuz not only a great man, but he wuz a good man and a just. I shall never forgit that nite when I hed got four niggers drunk and took em to the polls myself, and changed the Republican tickets they intended to vote, to the Demokratic ticket, and then took wat money they hed in their pockets to pay for extra repeating.

"Nasby," sed he, "Yoo are a man who deserves encouragin. Go on ez yoo hev begun and a high place awates yoo. For the present take this."

And he handed me five clean hundred dollar notes.

"Charge $1,000," he remarked to his Secretary, "to the account uv pavin in the City Hall square."

Then I remember when Patsy McGee wuz seriously hurt in an eleeshun fite, how the Boss took material that he'd bought for the new Court House, and took carpenters and brick-layers and masons wich wuz at work for the city, and built Patsy an elegant little house on a lot he owned up town. That wuz arranged in my back room.

And in that same room, Dennis O'Shaughnessy, ez a reward fur repeatin twenty times more than he hed agreed to, wuz made Assistant Counsel to the Board for the condemnation of private property.

"Take this," sed Tweed, "and draw yer salary promptly."

"But I don't know nothin about law," sed Dennis.

"Yoo know enuff to draw yer salary, don't yoo, and yoo know enuff to repeat. That is enuff for me."

And Dennis drawd his $5,000 a year up to the very day he wuz histed.

But I can dwell on this theme no longer. It is too painful. "Joys that we've tasted" aint good to taste over agin. There is bitter in em.

A corrupt set uv Republikins and recreant Dimocrats got after the great and good Tweed, and down he went, and with him down we all went. The Harp of Erin S'loon became a wreck. There wuz no more caucusses held in the back room; them ez held offis under him hed their pay stopped, and instid uv payin cash for their likker I herd perpetooally the disgustin words "Chalk it down." Then come a crisis; I got in debt, and the Sheriff, the most successful ov all collectors, got after me.

Well do I recall back that terrible night. I knowd my stock wood be levied onto the next mornin. There wuz a gallon and a half uv farish likker left in one barl.

"He shel not hev that," I muttered thro my clenched teeth.

And so I closed the door and locked it. I closed the blinds and locked 'em, and lightin every gas burnet in the house sot me down for my last revel, all alone.

* * * * * *

They busted the door open in the morn in. The found me on the floor, the crackers gone, the red herrins gone, and the last drop uv likker gone.

"Gentlemen," said I, calmly, "you are welcome to the 14 empty boxes, the empty barrel, the glasses and the portraits uv Jackson, Booknnan and Jeff Davis on the wall."

And I walked out into the street a rooined man.

But I do not mourn ez one without hope. Tweed is in prisn, so is Ingersoll, but Tweedism aint squelched in Noo York. John Morrissey hez taken his place, and wat Tweed did he will do. Men change in Tammany, but Tammany does not. The sperit is there ez it allus was, and allus will be, so long ez the hard fisted yeomanry from Cork control the eleeshun.

While a tear starts to my eye for the fate uv Tweed, I wipe it up with the hand kercher uv faith in his successor. "The King is dead. Long live the King." I kin serve under Morrissey ez well ez under Tweed. I shell agin open the Harp uv Erin, S'loon, only Morrissey's portrate will adorn its walls, insted uv Tweed's.

So long ez Demokracy lives, there will be Tammany, and so long ez Tammany is, it will hev need uv sich men ez me. So long ez Demokracy is run by Tammany, there will be steelins, and it will go hard with me if I can't git my hand in somewhere. PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
(Which wuz Postmaster.)

FIGHT WITH A DEER.

A Shovel Saves a Man's Life.

The Litchfield (Minn.) *Ledger* says: About two weeks ago a Swede by the name of Torgilerson, who resides in Swift county, was proceeding to a neighbor's some three miles distant from his own home, carrying a shovel on his shoulder, which he was returning to his neighbor, from whom he had borrowed it. He had accomplished about half his journey and was passing through a small grove when he heard a crashing in the underbrush and, turning round, saw a stalwart deer, of the buck persuasion, making for him with every demonstration of hostile intentions.

There was but one course to pursue, and that was to fight for his life, and, being a powerful man, he anticipated an easy conquest. Mistaken man! The deer charged with antlers lowered even as an enraged bull would lower his head when dashing at his foes. Nels grasped his shovel and stood stoutly on the defensive. As the enraged buck neared him he aimed a desperate blow with his shovel full at his head.

It struck one of his antlers with such force as to break it, but the concussion was so strong that it forced Nels backward several feet, and hurled him breathless against a tree. Just how the fight went after that Nels don't remember, but he knowns that he fought with all the strength of desperation, and at last the deer and himself both fell to the ground, and Nels lost all conciousness for a time.

When he "came round to his soul again," the deer was lying stark dead near by him, and could barely crawl away. His clothes were in rags, his left cheek torn open, a gash on the right side where the deer had inserted one of the prongs of his antlers, and three fingers of his left hand jammed up. The shovel was a total wreck, and the carcass of the deer was pretty well hacked around the head and shoulders.

The blow that caused the animal's death was inflicted by a sharp corner of the shovel remaining on the handle after most of the blade had been broken off. The wounded man succeeded in crawling back to his home, which he reached in a terribly exhausted condition. It is thought that he will survive his wounds.

Moose Hunting in Summer.

The wind had risen, and there was considerable tossing of the surface, making it difficult to guide the canoe. Peter, put to his mettle, paddled like mad, without once stopping to take breath. On we went, across the lake, toward a bay a mile and a half away upon the other side. "Look right over that rock," said Peter, "*that* is the moose." And sure enough, there was a huge, ungainly, misshapen bunch of a dingy color visible close to the shore. "How near can we get to him?" I inquired. "About as near as those rocks," said Peter in reply, pointing to a spot within forty yards of us. Presently he said, "I don't think we can get very near him." We were then a quarter of a mile away, and thereupon I fixed my sights for a dead shot at a long distance. I had been striving, ever since the start, to master my emotion and show Peter I could shoot; but when he said, in an exciting whisper, "*He's got horns on him*," I very nearly gave it up, for a *bull moose*, of all the deer that roam in the woods, had been my dream for a month, and here was this lumbering, elephantine creature, slowly, turning around his unwieldy bulk as he cropped the feed that grew about him in the water, monstrous beyond all my imaginations of his kind, and showing, as he raised and lowered his head, a pair of horns that surpassed anything I had ever seen for size and beauty.

The dead sights were up, with which I had freqently hit a dollar at ten rods. The splash of the paddle had given place to the noiseless movement, without taking the blade out of the water, with which the hunter approaches game. We were going nearer, *nearer!* NEARER!! It became evident that we were to have a close shot, but I did not dare to alter my sights, for fear the beast would look round and catch the motion of my arm. A sudden thought had struck Peter. He had paddled across the bay, to the leeward of the beast, and was approaching him from the direction of the sun. He would naturally feed with his back to the sum, to avoid the glare of the reflection from the water, and if he looked round, toward the figures which were gliding down upon him like messengers from the spirit world, he would get the sun in his eyes, already sinking toward the water, it being a little past the middle of the afternoon, and what with that and what with the glare of its reflection upon the surface, he might not see us until we were very near. "Don't shoot him about the head; shoot him about the heart," was Peter's last advice; "and don't shoot till I tell you to shoot." My gun was at my shoulder, but it was with great difficulty that I could get the fine sights upon him. I must peep through a pinhole and put the head of a pin upon his shaggy hide. He was dark, and the sights did not show. "Shoot!" whispered Peter. I could not see the sights. "*Shoot!*" said Peter again. I would not pull the trigger till I was sure of my game. Meanwhile the moose was turning from right to left, feeding at his ease, occasionally looking up and stopping to feed again. At length, after what seemed to me, and no doubt to Peter, an age of hesitation, and after the command to shoot had been three times repeated with ever increasing emphasis, I got a sight upon his dingy coat just as he turned his broadside away from us, and his hind quarter came round in range. "*One*," spake the little barrel, and there came back, a second after—sweet sound to a hunter's ear—the soft thub of the ball in the yielding flesh. Slowly he turned, and looked upon us like a lamb. Then slowly turning again he commenced to walk with gentle steps toward the shore. "Shoot again," said Petert and this time I had more trouble than at first. "Shoot," said Peter; and I fired in utter desperation. A second thud. "Don't shoot now," said Peter, as I drew up my rifle for the third time; "he's down!" And, lo! in a moment the immense beast, turning his head toward us, rolled over upon his side. There he lay kicking as we cautiously approached, and in half a minute he was dead. The game was up.

A Boston paper has the following neat way of disposing of the case of a clerical criminal:—"Rev. John Hutchinson, the swindling clergymrn, by the kindness of Judge Aldrich, is now permitted to listen to the faithful monitions of Rev. Jos. H. Clinch, for eighteen months, at our house of correction."

The Newburyport *Herald* says:—"Quite a number of men are employed in this city in catching frogs for the Boston frog-eaters. One man has taken 1000 and another 600 this season. They are kept in tubs and fattened with meal, and shipped to order."

They have funeral games like the old Greeks in Palmer, Mass. At a burying there the other day, those in attendance couldn't agree upon a route from the house to the grave. A lively fight followed, and the stronger party had literally its own way.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is said to have increased 5000 in membership, and $4,000,000 in funds during the past year.

A shooting match took place at Shamokin the other day for a thousand pound hog.