Sunbury American.

H. B. MASSER, E. WILVERT. } Editors.

SUNBURY, JANUARY 14, 1876.

GOV. HARTRANFT'S annual message which was delivered to our subscribers last week in supplement form, leaves no important question untouched and deals with every matter of vital import, in a manner that at once convinces the reader of the bold vigorous individuality of the Chief Executive of the State, his fearlessness to combat wrong, and manliness to assume the championship of the right. He makes no allusion to an abuse without coupling it with recommendations for the cure of the evils complained of, thus showing that he has a mind capable of comprehending the whole situation and discriminating between right and wrong. He takes decided grounds in favor of throwing the strongest safeguards around our excellent public school system, and recommends the transfer of the Soldiers' Orphans to the public schools—the State and to be continued in their proper care and education. The Centennial Exposition is also highly recommended as worthy the greatest encouragement of the people of Pennsylvania. The Insane Department and the National Guard are also recommended to the fostering care of the law makers, while the importance of the Board of Public Charities is set forth with much feeling. The important matter of vagrancy is also made a subject for Legislative consideration which demands action at the hands of the law makers, to rid the community of a great evil which constantly is growing in magnitude.

If the Legislature acts upon the subjects to which their attention has been called, and follows the recommendations of the Governor, they will be applauded by the whole people of the Commonwealth.

THE RETIRING SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY.—Among the retiring county officers, who stepped down and out, on Monday of last week, there is none more regretted by the whole people than S. H. Rothermel, Esq., who has filled the office of High Sheriff for the last three years with such great satisfaction to the people. Of the many who have necessarily had dealings at that office, we have yet to hear of the first one who had a word of complaint to make of the manner in which the affairs of the office were conducted. Equal and exact justice was accorded to all, and no favoritism shown. He now retires from his responsible position with a host of friends and but few enemies. Being generous hearted, many who were relieved by his hands when distressed, will regret that he could not be continued. Those who placed him in office have not been disappointed in their trusts, and feel satisfied that he performed his duty faithfully.

Mr. Geo. W. Deppin who has filled the position of Deputy in the sheriff 's office, has also won golden opinions for himself as a courteous and obliging gentleman, and thorough business man, for which we hope he may hereafter be more substantially rewarded. He is probably more familiar with the duties of the office than any one that has ever occupied that position for the same time, and by his strict attention to the business has won the esteem of both political parties, so much so that he was urged to remain by the incoming sheriff of the opposite party.

THE amnesty bill in Congress, has caused an exciting debate. Mr. Randall in refusing to take a vote on Mr. Blaine's just amendment requiring a petition and oath of allegiance, was signally defeated. Mr. Blaine was willing to pardon all except Jeff Davis, and excepted him on account of cruelty to the Andersonville prisoners. The reply of Gen. Hill, of Georgia, was bitter, as well as untrue, in saying that Confederate prisoners were treated even worse by the Union armies.

Hill said the south loved the Union now more than before, and never again would they be guilty of the folly of secession and disunion.

THE Democracy, since obtaining control of the lower House of Congress, have exemplified the old Jacksonian law by ousting every Republican holding position, from highest to lowest, including a large number of maimed Union soldiers, and have replaced them in many instances with ex Confederates. President Lincoln and Grant both retained a great many Democratic, afficials in the various Departments, and many are still holding places under the administration who are opposed to it politically. But since the removals made by the Confedrate House, several old Democratic government employees have been discharged, and this has called forth great indignation from the opposition press. It is reported that the President has declared his intention to give every Union soldier, displaced by the House, a place elsewhere, so long as the number of discharged do not exceed the number of Democrats still employed in the Department. This action will meet with general approval by Republicans, if due regard is paid to fitness, which will of course be done. Treason cannot be exalted above loyalty, so soon, without at least a protest.

YANKEE DOODLE.—The Washington correspondent of the *The Boston Journal* is trying to prove that "Yankee Doodle" is our national air, and he quotes this anecdote related by John Quincy Adams to sustain him: "After the Ministers Plenipotentiary of Great Britain and the United States had nearly concluded their labors at Gent, the burghers of that quaint old Dutch city determined to give an entertainment in their honor, and desire to have the national airs of the two treaty-making powers performed as a part of the programme. So the musical director was directed to call upon the Americans Ministers and obtain the music of the national air of the United States. No one knew exactly what to give, and a consultation ensued, at which Bayard and Gallatin favored "Hail Columbia," while Clay, Russel, and Adams where decidedly in favor of "Yankee Doodle." The musical director was called in and informed of the decision. He then asked if any of the gentlemen had the music, and receiving a negative reply, suggested that perhaps one of them could sing or whistle the air. "I can't," said Mr. Clay; "I never whistled or sung a tune in my life. Perhaps Mr. Bayard can." "Neither can I," replied Mr. Bayard. "Perhaps Mr. Russell can." Mr. Russell, Mr. Gallatin, and Mr. Adams in turn confessed their lack of musical ability. "I have it," exclaimed Mr. Clay, and ringing the bell he summond his colored body servant. "John," said Mr. Clay, "whistle "Yankee Doodle" for this gentleman." John did so, the chief musician noted down the air, and at the entertainment the Ghent Burgher's Band played the national air of the United States, with varations, in grand style."

THE Bankrupt law seems to find but little favor any where among honest dealers, and is universally denounced as an engine of fraud and corruption in the hands of dishonest men who are working ruin and disaster to unfortunate creditors. A Pittsburgh correspondent of the Philadephia *Times* gives a list of 250 cases in that community, and says:—The aggregate of the liabilities of the bankrupts will reach, if it does not exceed, $12,000,000, while the assets fall short of one-half that amount. About one-third of these cases have been compounded at an average of fifty cents on the dollar, a great many of them at thirty cents, this being a favorite figure with the professional bankrupts, a class of whom in this district go through the court regularly every year and fleece their creditors out of seventy cents on the dollar. So notorious have dishonest bankruptcies become in this locality that puplic meetings have been repeatedly held since the meeting of Congress in December, with a view of effecting the repeal of the bankrupt law. Petitions have already been circulated, asking its repeal, which have received the signaturs of every reputable business man and capitalist to whom they have been presented. It is safe to say that half the above list represent bankrupticies, and in their direct and remote results have practically destroyed the usefulness of $25,000,000 capital in the Western district during the past year.

The mechanics and laborers of the State are interested in one of the reasons given why Sam Randll could not be Speaker of the present Democratic House. It was that he was a Tariff man, and opposed to the policy of his party on that great question. The free trade Democracy are in the majority, but affraid to trust him with that important and influential position, and they will take good care that their Presidential candidate shall not be tainted with this same tariff "heresy."

THOMASSEN'S PLOT.

The full Story of the Disater.

LONDON, Dec. 18.—You will already have received by cable the outline facts of the terrible explosion at Bremerhaven, by which over 200 people were either killed or dangerously injured. The fuller accounts received here make up a complete story which has a horrible interest all its own.

The North German Lloyd steamer Mosel was timed to start from Bremerhaven on her voyage to New York on Saturday morning, and at the appointed time the steam-tug Simcox—which had to tug her through the ice that intercepted her passage to the channel—lay under her bows and everything was ready for the departure except the mail bags from Lloyd's Hall. At the last moment these made their appearance on the quay, accompanied by another wagon containing passengers' luggage. The whole was taken toward the steamer by carts, and as the last of these were being unladen a tremendous explosion took place. The quay was at this moment filled with passengers and spectators taking leave of their friends who had come down to see them off. In an instant the place was strewn with dead bodies and dismembered limbs. On board the Mosel the skylight was blown off, the cabins aft, starboard and port, were either crushed in or bulged out by the pressure, or altogether smashed; the side plates were burst, the ports, with their glasses and rivets, forced inward, and the ship besmeared with blood. It was at first thought that the tug had burst her boilers, but this was quickly found not to be the case. When the last package had deen unladen a large hole, six or seven feet deep, was found.—Investigation showed that this package must have contained dynamate, and that the concussion when thrown upon the ground caused the explosion. Exighty people were killed by the explosion and nearly 150 injured and mutilated.—Among the more horrible details is the fate of the Etmer family, who were seeing off their sons to California. The father, mother, son, and son-in-law are dead, all four; the daughter-in-law has had her arm and the child its hand, blown off. Other cases are almost equally heartrending, where whole families were blown into nonexistence in a moment.

A minute or two after the explosion it was noticed that a man rushed from one of the cabins on to the desk of the vessel, and, having given one glance at the terrible scene, returned to the cabin and shot himself. The attention of the police was called to this fact afterward, and the man, who had failed to kill himself outright, was taken to the hospital in their custody. It was then known that the explosion had been caused by a case of dynamite that some one had tried to smuggle on board the Mosel, and it was rightly supposed that the wouldbe suicide might be able to throw some light upon the affair. The man's condition was so critical as to preclude all idea of his undergoing a legal examination: but finding himself at death's door, and stung to remorse by the agonies of the injured people, with some of whom he was in the same ward, he confessed that he had deliberatrly planned to blow the Mosel up in mid-ocean.

From his own statement, and subsequently ascertained facts, it seems that for eleven years he has passed under the name of William King Thomas, or Thomassen, but there are grounds for believing it to be fictitious. During the War of Secession he fought on the Confederate side, and gained some notoriety as a blockade-runner between New Orleans and St. Thomas. At the termination of the war he spent some time in England, and afterward went over to Germany. In 1872 he was living with his wife—also an American—and his family at Leipsic, where he moved in the best society, and seems to have been very friendly with the American Consul. While here ht asked a watchmaker to construct him a peculiar piece of machinery that was to run ten days without ticking, and then strike a heavy blow, but the watchmaker would not or could not undertake the job. About a year after this time, a clever clockmaker called Fuchs visited Leipsic Fair, and, hearing what Thomassen wanted, visited him at No. 2 Augststrasss, where he was living in elegantly furnished apartments. Fuchs describes his customer as a handsome, stately man, about 30 years of age, who could scarcely make himself understood in German.—Thomassen gave Fuchs an order for a clock to run noisely for eight days and then strike a 30-pound hammer, but Fuchs, not being able to understand clearly from Thomassen's broken German what was wonted, declined the order. On the 9th of March in the same year Thomassen visited Fuchr's shop in Berneburg, and this time gave him directions much more fluently and clearly. He said he wanted the apparatus for some silk mills of his in America, and the hammer must be powerful enough to break a thousand threads at one blow. Fuchs agreed to have the clock completed by the 20th of April, and on that date he delivered it to Thomassen at the Hotel Pologne at Leipsic. Thomassen, after carefully examining the mechan[illegible] seemed himself delighted with i[illegible] ker 25 thalers more than the stipulated price. He afterward ordered 20 similar clocks, but none of these were delivered. Meanwhile Thomassen had provided himself with a quantity of dynamite, which he intended so to place in a case that the clock hammer would strike it and cause it to explode at the appointed time. After purchasing the clock, Thomassen made several voyages to and from America, where it is supposed he purchased the dymite. About six months ago he settled at Strehlen, near Dresden, where he seems to have devoted himself to perfecting his infernal plans. By some means the clock got out of order, and Thomassen had it repaired at a shop in Breman. A few days before the sailing of the Deutschland he went to the clockmaker and asked him to hasten the work. The clock was ready, and the clockmaker handed it to him. The same day he returned to the shop with the remark, "My God! you have wound it up." The clockmaker nodded in affirmation, saying he had done it to try it. The next day Thomassen returned again, and asked how many times the key had been turned and how long a time it would take to run pown. The clockmaker could not give him any answer, and he remained at Bremen until it had run down. Otherwise it is supposed that he intended to place it on board the Deutschland. On the day the Mosel sailed he wound up the clock again, so that it should explode in mid-ocean and blow up the vessel, cargo and passengers, after he himself had landed at Southampton, where it is said he intended to put on board heavily insured cases and packages. At Bremen he shipped a worthless barrel, which he insured for 3,000 marks as caviar. The plot was now complete, everything was calmly waiting the departure of the ship he had destined to destruction. Had it not been for the frost which crystallized the dynamite, and caused it to explode when the case containing it was thrown upon the quay, nothing could have saved the ship—it would have exploded about three days from New York and the world would probably never have known how.

This cold-blooded monster died on Thursday night, but confessed his guilt previously. He denied having any accomplices, but his brother has been arrested at Dresden. It is said that letters have been found upon him which, even if he had not confessed, would have been convincing proof of his guilt. In a letter dated Strehlen, his wife begs him to give up his projected scheme, and to turn back from the dangerous path he was treading. In contradiction to the statement, which would prove his wife to have been cognizant of his schemes even if she were not an accomplice, the Weser *Zeitung* says his wife knew nothing of Thomassen's hellish plans, that she married him 11 years ago, but never knew anything of his family or connections, and does not even know his name to a certainty. She refuses to tell her own maiden name out of regard for her family and relations. The Bremerhauen *Zeitung* asserts, in spite of all contradictions, that Thomassen declared he had two packages on board the Mosel, that one of these has been found on board the Salier, and that another must be still on board that vessel, but all apprehensions on this score have been removed by a thorough inspection of the Salier's cargo.

Correspondence.

OUR HARRISBURG LETTER.

HARRISBURG, PA., Jan. 12, 1875.

The opening of the centennial year at Harrisburg has been marked with no more important event than the meeting of the Legislature. The manner in which the gauntlet of the House side was run last winter led some to predict that a similar fizzle would ensue—hence all interested were anxious to see the session of "Seventy Six" organized. Contrary to all expectations the organization of both branches was conducted in an amicable manner. The idea persisted in by some, that the present was but a continuation of the session of 1875, was not concurred in by the members, and all legislation began anew, with but a few changes in some of the minor offices, all of which are satisfactory, with the exception of the Engineer of the Capitol buildings, Mr. B. F. Burroughs of Snyder county, who has won fame and an admirable reputation as a first class Engineer, and who has had the position for a number of years, having been superseded be Mr. George Moore of this city. There have been but a few changes in the Committees, and no labor, aside from the reading of several bills in place, of any kind performed. Considerable interest is being manifested to have the Treasury bill, which was defeated on third reading at the last session, revived. The General Fund out of which members receive their salaries, is in the same condition now as then. Hence sadness and gloom depicts itself on the countenances of the many individuals who step to the counter in the Treasurer's office asking for money, and are compelled to seek content in the old familiar reply, no funds. I am under the impression it will require but a short time until this defect procures a remedy.

Your county's representatives Messrs. Withington and J. J. John are on the same committees as last session, and constantly at their posts, each vieing with the other to best serve the interests of their people.

The committee on Inaugural ceremonies of which Senator G. Hanley Smith is chairman, are making extensive preparations to have the coming inauguration of Gov. John F. Hartranft far excel his former one, with every indication that such will be the result. The main feature of the occasion will be a procession composed of military, firemen and civil organizations, which takes place in the forenoon. Fire works of a superior kind in the early part of the evening on Capitol Hill, and a grand Inaugural Reception ball under the auspices of the Young Men's Republican Club of this city, commencing at 9½ o'clock in the evening, which will be participated in by the heads of the several departments, members of the legislature, and the elite of this and adjoining cities. H.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YEAR'S—CALLS AND CALLERS—THE HELPLESS POOR—THE CARNIVAL OF CRIME—THE DILLON MURDER—A MILLIONAIRE IN TROUBLE—THE LAST FRAUD.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11 1876.

NEW YEAR'S.

The week before New Year was one of fogs and rains,—wretched as those the English grumble about. The last day of the year closed in a heavy rain, which cleared in the evening, in the most amiable way. Watchers that night were startled by a sudden vehement din breaking the soft air, but the next minute smiled—"it is three quarters past eleven!" Every fire bell in the city was to be struck at once at midnight, and the church chimes were to begin a quarter of an hour before. But the impatient sons of liberty had caught [illegible] first peal as a signal to begin their own private rejoicings in their own way, and "made things hum." The steamers sounded their whistles and fog-horns, and every fire, factory, and church bell swung recklessly. It was impossible to distinguish anything; the air was full of a loud humming, in which broken notes of bells, fog-horns, screams, and reports of rockets, were mixed like mad,—for the coming-in of the hundreth year. The morning was so lovely it was a mockery to call it a winter's day—for it smiled clear and soft as April.

CALLS AND CALLERS.

Calls were made and received in a more economical way than for years past. The attention of gentleman was largely paid to reducing their carriage expenses, and most took the short cut to doing this by going on foot. Men who spent twenty five dollars for carriage hire last New Year, gleefully told how they brought it down to eight dollars for this. The pleasant mildness of the day gave us the funny spectacle of supertine callers going their rounds in folidress suits. As if a lady should parade Broadway in a trained dress, with a lace cap on her bosom.

THE HELPLESS POOR.

Vigorous efforts are made by the Benevolent Societies to provide for the helpless poor, before the cold, which we are taught will strengthen as days begin to lengthen. Soup-houses are set up in different parts of the city, where a hot, nourishing meal is given for about six cents! and several decent free lodging-houses afford shelter for the homeless, deserving poor: leaving the station-houses to keep the professional tramps and beggers. Two things are wanting to make the life of the poor in New York and elsewhere anything but intolerable wretchedness. The first is decent lodgings, and provisions at a low rate. It is true that rents and expenses in general are three times as high here as they are in London: a fact which weighs heavily on the rich, and is all but extinction to the poor. High rents force the price of everything up to correspond, in order to pay them. Nor need any of your readers think this is a matter which does not concern them; for the tendency of prices, of work and produce, in other towns, tends to that of the great centres. Servants measure their wages, and merchants their gains, by the prices in New York. Their isn't a village where this is read, that people do not charge as near the regular rates of the cities, as they dare. There is not a town in the States, that is not interested, for its own sake, in the condition of things here; because it must feel their influence sooner or later. The only comfort of hard times, is, that they must bring living down for rich and poor. The extortion of rents charged in tenement houses is frightful. It is a fact that the swarming, squalid tenements on filthy streets bring in more rent than up-town dwellings. Not an attic closet, with half the glass out of the panes, grimy and decayed, but brings its four dollars a month to the owner. And their will be forty rooms in a building, the decentest ones calling for ten dollars a month; this in the poorest class of tenements.

MR. BOWEN.

The fact that it has been made to appear that Mr. Bowen's paper, *The Independent*,' was used, to some extent, to further the Pacific railroad scheme, is animadverted upon severely. It is astonishing how wise people are, after the fact. At the time *The Independent* was urging the building of the road, that paper, like every other one in the United States, believed not only in Jay Cooke, but in the road. Jay Cooke was supposed to be strong enough to carry the enterprise to a successful end, and *The Independent* is no more to be blamed for assisting him, than are the depositors who had their money in his bank for losing it. I should like to go through the safes of some of the papers that are abusing Mr. Bowen, and see if I couldn't find some of those terrible bonds therein. The most of them had some of that pork, and I believe they all came honestly by it. The fact is Mr. Bowen did what every newspaper man did, he worked for what he believed to be a good thing, and was paid for it only what he should have been. It is queer if a Statesman, like a dozen I could mention, should have his expenses paid for advocating a scheme, and a newspaper should not. The fact that it failed makes no difference. I have known quite a number of very excellent schemes that have failed. Jay Cooke has gone, but the road will yet be built, and Mr. Bowen will live to read his articles in its advocacy, with much satisfaction and right. Here let me say that those who are abusing Mr. Cooke are not doing the nicest thing in nature. When he was prosperous, and carrying on great enterprises, he was the most popular man in America. It is only since he succumbed to circumstances that would have crushed anyone, that he is counted differently. How many men would have done better than he did?

THE CARNIVAL OF CRIME.

Is crime, like cholera, epedemic? It would seem so. One murder breeds another. The pistol, knife and bludgeon have been very busy from the day before New Years till now, and the police reports show no abatement even yet. One frenzied man shoots his wife, cut the throats of his four children, and then kills himself, which last murder was the only one that the world need be thankful for. The number of grog-shop homicides New Years eve and the night following was frightful. And what is singular, it keeps up steadily. But the most

TERRIBLE MURDER

on record was that at the Westminister Hotel, Saturday night. Romaine Dillon, a wealthy and first-family bachelor of fifty shot a gentleman named Dilleber in the corridor of the hotel, after a moments altercation. The victim dying in a few hours. The singular thing about it is, that the parties had no quarrel—indeed they scarcely knew each other. Dillon was offended with Dilliber for walking in the corridor—understand, they were both boarders—and had shown his displeasure all day. Meeting Dilliber that evening, he ordered him to get out of the corridor, which Dilliber refused to do, whereupon Dillon drew his Derringer and shot him. Now the facts come out. It appears that Dillon has been insane for years—that when he was boarding at the Brevoort House he was in the habit of quarreling with the boarders on the most absurd pretexts, which created such a fear of him that the managers were compelled to get rid of him. He showed murderous propensities then, but never a word was said about it, and he went to the Westminister. Since he has killed a man the proprietor states that this lunatic has been for a year in the habit of ordering people away from the house; that if any one walked in the corridor in front of his room he would peremptorily order him away, and if he declined to obey, he would shoot at him as coolly as though he were a dog. But never a word of all this was said to any one by the proprietor. The Dillon family are profoundly grieved that poor Dilliber was killed, but they were always afrai[illegible] that something of the sort would happen. They always knew that poor Romaine was crazy, and they kept away from him, but they never said anything about it, for the subject was painful to them. Of course, Dillon will be put in an asylum, but had I the making of the laws, I should provide for the punishment of several other parties. The proprietors of the Brevoort and Westminster hotels would go up for not putting this murderous lunatic where he could harm no one. Then I would send up the entire Dillon family for not letting the world know that their brother was crazy, and always had been, and that it was dangerous to have him running lose.

THE TROUBLES OF A MILLIONAIRE.

You have all heardof "Vinegar Bitters." The proprietor, or one of them, is a man named Walker, who married a wife in California. In making and selling this horrible tasting medicine, "Dr." Walker has amassed a large fortune, for his "bitters" tasted so badly that people supposed there must be virtue in them. But "Dr." Walker's love for Mrs. Walker did not increase as rapidly as his lucre. He refused to allow her money as she desired, and, as she further avers, he Beecherized and squandered the ducats that should have been her comfort upon other women. She drags him into court, and swears that he is squandering his fortune at the rate of $100 per day, and that if he is not restrained he will run it all out. Now comes Walker's story. He avers that he is not only chaste but fastidiously so; that Mrs. Walker is a naughty woman, who makes appointments with other men, and does not in any sense live to the agreement she made when she took him for better or worse. And so the courts have got "Dr." and Mrs. Walker, the lawyers will have fat picking. Both are able to pay, and if the profits of Vinegar Bitters are not distributed among the legal fraternity, all precedent is at fault.

THE LAST FRAUD

which agitates mercantile circles is the lately discovered defalcation of Beckwith, the confidential man of Babbitt, the soap manufacturer, Beckwith was in the habit of paying out $1,300 and entering the payment as for $13,000! pocketing the difference. This little game went on till he had stolen over $500,000! Babbitt and he quarreled one day, and Babbitt discharged him—not for the theft, for he knew nothing about that—and Beckwith went into hiding. Babbitt's suspicions were not aroused for three months after Beckwith's departure, when an investigation was had, and the stealing was unearthed, and Beckwith arrested. What is curious about it is the fact that a business man like Babbitt should permit defalcations to so great an amount to go on so long without anyone's knowing anything about it. He was in the habit of going away from his business for months, leaving cheques signed in blank, which Mr. Beckwith filled up with any amount he saw fit, and appropriated the money as he pleased.

This was paralleled a few months ago by a young man in the employ of a well-known importing house. He was on a salary of $1,500 a year, but, nevertheless, he kept three horses and two women, and ran through with $150,000 of his employer's money in three years. When the defalcation was discovered the young gentleman was safely away, and the firm could not settle their business without him. So they got into correspondence with him, and forgave him on condition that he would return and so explain his stealings that they could get their books straightened up. He good-naturedly did it, for he had nothing against them! Why Beckwith did not get away with his plunder is a mystery The idiot never left the city. Mr. Babbitt is entitled to no sympathy. The merchant who runs his business so carelessly offers a premium to thieves.

BUSINESS

continues as dull as ever—indeed it is a little more so. Now that the holidays are over, a very large number of employees have been discharged from the retail stores and much suffering is anticipated. It is horrible to swell the already thronged ranks of the unemployed. There are unnumbered thousands who would be glad of anything to do that would give them daily bread. The slack trade has thrown thousands of salesman, book-keepers, and people of that class, who have always lived tolerably well, out of employment, and they suffer more severely than others, for they are not used to it. The revival is most anxiously looked for. PIETRO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 30, 1875.

Friend Wilvert:

I see by your letters that while I have been among the hills and coal beds of northern Pennsylvania, you have been here, and while I tarried at Towanda and Plymouth with your old fellow-townsman, A. M. Jeffries, of the Parish House, and at West Pittston, you were taking in the Centennial, and I suppose you found the weak spot here as well as others. Why just praise the Centenuial, and you will have the heart of Philodelphians right at your hand. 'Tis a fact though! they are the root and branch of the Centennial Plant, and long may she grow and high may it wave.

The fun begins with the year, 12 o'clock, past 1875, betwix and between 1876, with camp fires and bells, music and swells, illumination and rejuvination, Moody and Sankey will "ring the bells of Heaven," Mayor Stokely the old bell at the Court House. What if she is cracked. Everybody will burn gas or tallow, tallow the most fashionable for they, (the old folks used the dip, guess I will wait and tell you what they did do.

If have been there it has passed.—Another hundred years shall come and go and others will call up what history records of the first usher in of our first Centennial year. Philadelphia was not found sleeping, but alive, awake. Out upon the street, with more bustling, crowding, heart-throbing good cheer than had ever been crowded into one day since the first heart-throb of one hundred years ago. Flags, Banners, bunting, and decorations of evergreens, flowers, artistic display goods, calcium lights, fire works, torches, and pretty faces, not forgetting the fantastics, made a sight never to be forgotten by any who beheld it, and many ladies will never forget the squeezing they received. Precisely at 12, the old flag was hoisted, the old bell sent forth her cracked notes which was taken up by every other bell in the city, and cheer after cheer, bands of music, thousands of horns, trumpets, and every conceivable manner of noise filled the air, completely drown[illegible] the noise of the artillery. Such a shout never before went to heaven from the face of our own native land. If such as this now, what will be Philadelphia July 4th, 1876, and what in 1976, one hundred years hence.

John Wanamaker, and Wanamaker & Brown, and Hertsman & Son, displayed nearly two hundred flags each, on the out side of their large buildings, hundreds of other firms might be mentioned whose decorations were expensive and gorgeous, but space will not allow.

Happy the man who shall see with his eyes the great usher in of July 4th, 1876.

Tilton has been here and given his lecture the "problem of life." The great Academy of Music was full, seats reserved even to the third tier. What is that great problem. Hear him, and your life will be the better for it. Years ago when I listened to him; when I as hundreds likewise, looked upon him as the bright and shining star for future glory as an American citizen, raised to the most exalted position in the gift of the people. Young though he was, yet so far leading older and more exalted heads, I can with them now say: Wicked, yes miserably wicked, is the one who has cast the least blot upon that fair reputation, that manly form, he who can so beautifully portray to his fellow man the duty of man to his fellow man, he who with masterly intelect, can mould and fashion the minds of a nation, that they are the better for his being in it. While passing himself through the fiery trials of domestic trouble, can be a teacher and leave no doubt upon the mind of his hearers as to his manly course. Sorry am I, sorry should every parent be that his children did not hear that lecture. While the mind is shaping its standard of life. While it may so easily be raised to a higher standard of morality, virtue, yes and business. Oh the youth, the young girls as well as our boys should hear "The Problem of Life" portrayed as none other but Theodore Tilton can do it, and in concluding that subject, let me ask your readers as from him his question. What would be the result after another hundred years shall have rolled away, and another centennial year shall dawn upon our now great and glorious nation; if the women shall assert their claim, that man shall be brought to the same exacting line of conversation, visitation, morality, virtue and politeness as she. No word spoken that would cause her to blush. No place visited at which she could not also go, the same dark blot put upon his brow as upon hers for the sire of an unguarded impassioned moment, unforgiven, unbidden.—Ever an outcast. Ponder, meditate, and where opportunity offers, take your young people, your children that their lives may be made nobler, their happiness greater, their aspirations higher for having heard Tilton, and his problem of life.

Friend Wilvert, I am poor and nothing would please me better than to pay every debt I owe, but could I not hear it again money would not purchase it from me but thank God it is as Lary said his bible was, when the priest was burning it, treasured up where he could not burn it.

The Waplin has been airing the big diamond of Col. Wood, other journals the bridge building of Col. Tom Scott, wonder could they not get the Col. to bridge the Atlantic.

Old Sol is out again like a beautiful May morning. No more can we sing as we have for the last two weeks:

"Why has the Sun in darkness *hid*,"
"And shut his glories in."

The dark pictures are also to be seen, murder, love, suicide, and homes made sad, accidents too, a man shot by his landlord, scaffolding at the art building has again fallen, and three workmen killed, there are serious complaint against the contractor for not furnishing suitable material for scaffolding, a very serious charge and should be investigated.

Another evidence of the force of our jury system is that of the request of the jury in the Hauly homicide case for cards to wile away the time of deliberation, temporarily granted by the judge, and subsequent withdrawal of the grant. Dr. Landis of turkish bath notoriety is seeking notoriety before the foot-lights, claim to be a reval of Booth, some say fool, others lunatic, and certain it is that much fun is had at his expense, in justice we say he imitates the lunatic. Well there may be a reason for that. This week he tries hamlet, we will wait and see.

Nachtel at the Academy of Music and the Octoroon at Walnut this week, are the principle attractions.

Philadelphia and all nature look beautiful this bright, this glorious first Sabbath morning, 1876.

BUSTICUS.

American Genious. Moody & Sankey.

The great revivalists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who electrified stard old England with their eloquence and enthusiasm, are fair samples of American genious.—Springing from among the common people, their sympathies are alive to the wants of *the whole people*, and herein lies the secret of their great success. Those who seek to be popular must study and be familiar with the wants of the masses, and prove loyal thereto. To this fact we may trace the grand success in business, as well as in religious undertakings, which many Americans have achieved. Strikingly illustrative of these suggestions is that great establishment, located at Buffalo, N. Y., and known as the "World's Dispensary,"—a most appropriate name, indeed, for that vast institution, within whose walls are manufatured remedies which are in demand in every quarter of the globe, and at which a corps of distinguished physicians and surgeons, under the personal direction of Dr. Pierce, are constantly administering to the needs of thousands of sufferers everywhere, and whose success in the treatment of all forms of chronic ailments has become so well known that there is scarcely a hamlet in the land in which his name is not familiar. Its proprietor, says the *Herald and Torchlight*, of Detroit, "*is a man of the people*, writes for them, and to them tenders his eminent professional services." His advertisements are earnest exhortations.—Like the great revivalists, his entusiasm is multiplied by the unparalleled success of his enterprise, as well as by the efficacy of his remidies in curing disease. *The people believe in him* and his remedies, because, as the New York *Tribune* says, "he sympathizes with them in all their afflictions, efforts, and attinments." Hence, Dr. Pierce's Golded Medical Discovery is to day more largely employed as a blood and liver medicine, and also as a cough remedy than any other remedial agent in the world. His Favorite Prescription, he does not recommend as a "cure-all," as is so often done by compounds of worthless humbug nostrums, but for all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women it has proved itself so much of a specific that it now enjoys great popularity and universal confidence. Dr. Pierce's Plesent Purgative Pellets, "scarcely larger than mustard seed," have proved so agreeable and reliable as a cathartic that the are rapidly taking the place of the large nauseous pills heretofore so much in use; while his Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is a favorite remedy for Colic, Cramps, Summer-complaint, Diarrhœa, Dyspentery, Cholera and Cholera Morbus, and also a liniment. Of Dr. Sage's Catarrah Remedy, and Dr. Pierce's Nassal Douche, little need be said, as they are nown everywhere as the greatest specifics for Catarrah and "cold in the head," ever given to the public. And besides this large meaure of success, Dr. Pierce seems likely to achieve as great renown as an author as he has as a physician. His COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVISER, a book of about 900 pages, which he sells at the unparalleled of exhausting two editons amounting to forty thousand copies. The secret of Dr. Pierce's success, as well as that of the great revivalists, and scores of other Americans, who by the their genius have advanced step by step from obscurity to influence and distinction, consists in treating the people with consideration, sympathy, candor, and honesty. No man who hopes to attain either wealth or distinction, can *afford* to deal unfairly with the world or be indifferent to the wants and best interests of humanity.

This will [illegible]

of our intention t[illegible]

The year's closing o[illegible] week-day morning, and [illegible] STOCK IS SOLD.

THE [illegible]

We have made up too ma[illegible] transfer our Stuck into Cash n[illegible] certain sacrifices which will be [illegible] DECEMBER FIRST, when we [illegible] and cut off Profits, and even a p[illegible] prices.

To be very exact in stating this m[illegible] advertisement or custom of our house, this celebrated particular, we think it proper to say, [illegible] certain, spe[illegible] in the world fo[illegible] OF IMPRU[illegible] ck or Li[illegible] ney, [illegible] and Bl[illegible] A THOUSAND AND MO[illegible] A THOUSAND AND MO[illegible] HUNDREDS OF DRESS CO[illegible] SEVERAL THOUSAND VES[illegible] SEVERAL THOUSAND PAI[illegible]

and extends throughout our house, yet there a[illegible] they have already been marked at close prices [illegible] shall make no change.

We desire to announce that this is

OUR FINAL and ONLY MARK DOWN THIS SEASON,

So that none need wait for lower Prices. The step we take will wonderfully aid those who feel like economizing.

THE TERMS OF THE SALE ARE THE USUAL TERMS OF OUR HOUSE:

1.—No second or altered Price—One Fixed Price.
2.—Cash from All, to warrant Low Prices.
3.—The contract on our part, to return money, is a p[illegible]t of the bargain i[illegible] each case (provided goods are returned unworn.)
4.—A full Guarantee for each garment.

The Stock we offer is all new, and is not "bought" o[illegible] "wholesale" stock but our own

Carefully Made Clothing.

It will be remembered that our stock always embraces the choices styles of substantial goods, and that every size and shape is provided fo both Men and Boys. It will also be borne in mind that there is but on OAK HALL, and that is at the corner of

SIXTH---SIXTH--SIXTH--SIXTH---SIXTH

and MARKET Streets.

Hoping for a visit from each reader, and that our friends will pass thi announcements to all their friends in the country,

We are Very Truly,

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
Philadelphia

FRESH ARRIVAL

OF

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

HATS, [illegible]APS & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

—:—(o)—:—

ISAAC FURMAN

Has just returned from the eastern city with the largest stock of Clothing Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods ever brought to this place, an at the lowest hard-time prices.

Clothing of every Description

Overcoats in endless variety, from the cheapest in pres to the very bes make in styles and quality.

MENS' SUITS

Of every styles and quality to suit the times, and at [illegible]uch low prices tha every body can afford to go well clothed with [illegible]ry little money.

CLOTHING FOR MEN YOUTHS' BOYS' AND CHILDREN.

Now is the time to buy, when you can get just what you want with a very little money. Hats and Caps of every description, all of which is of the latest styles and at prices that can not be undersold.

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Under Clothing in abundance of every quality, styles and price.

SHIRTS! SHIRTS! SHIRTS!

From the finest white Shirt made to the cheapest. Woolen Shirts of all kinds and prices.

Gloves of all Descripton.

Kid, Buckskin, Driving, Sheepskin, Woolen and Mitens of all kinds and prices to suit all. Socks, Suspenders, Collars, Neckties, Bows, Jewelry, &c., &c., and anything to be found in a first-class furnishing good store. A specialty in Clothing, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods, all of which we defy competition both in quality and in price. No trouble to show goods.

ISAAC FURMAN,
94 Market St.,
SUNBURY, PA

Sunbury, Nov. 5, 1875.

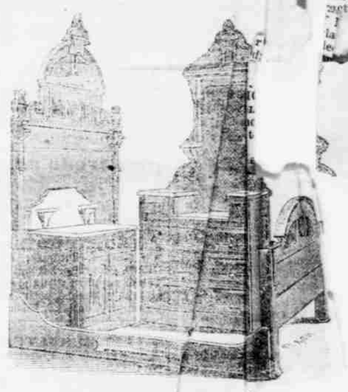
When you visit Philadelphia, call and see

SAM. HEILNF[illegible]

WITH

IVINS & BRO[illegible]ER,

Nos. 64,66 & 68 N. Second St., PHILADELPHIA



Nos. 64,66 [illegible] PH[illegible]

WHO SELLS

SOLID WALNUT MARBLE TOP CHAMB[illegible]

Parlar Suits in Hair Cloth Fancy Re[illegible]

Parlor Suits in Plush [illegible]

Walnut Dressg Case Suits, [illegible]

BEST WIRE WO[illegible] SPRIN[illegible]

ALL OTHER GOODS EQUALL[illegible]

Feathers in Pillows or b[illegible]

In Large Quantities and of the Fi[illegible]

GIVE [illegible]IM A C[illegible]

Sept. 17, 1875.—1y.