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Drouth in the West.
In nearly all the chief grain-growing States of the West, the wheat crop has been seriously impaired by drouth. A letter from a subscriber at Oxford, Oakland Co., Michigan, says:

"The wheat crop in Oakland County is almost a failure; Hay and Barley are a mere nothing. The drouth in June has used up most of the crops, except Corn, which looks middling."

Brother subscriber in Winnebago Co., Illinois, writes as follows:

"The drouth in this section of country has been very severe. The crops are a failure. There are hundreds of acres of Wheat and Barley killed by the drouth and the Chintz Bug, that will not be harvested. The Bug has also commenced on the Corn and is destroying it very fast. Farmers are sowing Bukwheat quite extensively; some are plowing up their Wheat fields, some sowing in their Corn fields where the Bug has commenced killing it. The Bug moves like an army, and destroys Wheat, Barley and Corn as it goes along. The grass crop is also a failure."

The Tribune prints three columns of notices of the crops from all parts of the West, and at the close summarizes the facts as follows:

Though the severe freeze of last Winter, late Spring frosts and the sharp drouth of this Summer have materially injured the wheat in many portions of the West, still from all we can gather the injury is much less than croakers and speculators would have us believe. There is always a gloomy time in the minds of many farmers, and the press very soon echoes their opinions. Tho' doubtless less than the average, yet the greater breadth sown, especially to Spring wheat will make a fair show for a Western crop. There is nothing discouraging as yet in the corn prospect. Several accounts speak of large plantations of Chinese and Imphee sugar-cane, and that the prospect for a large yield is flattering.

Snuff Takers beware.
Lately a gentleman travelling through England entered a first-class carriage, where he found a person already comfortably seated, who soon entered into conversation, and civilly offered his new acquaintance a pinch of snuff, which was accepted, but had no sooner entered his nostrils than it produced the effect of a powerful narcotic, of which the wary traveller soon took advantage by relieving his sleeping companion of fifteen thousand francs in bank notes, three thousand francs in other money, besides his watch, chain, and ring, with which valuables he escaped undetected.

A Mistake.
An Exchange says: "Charles to the altar led the lovely Jane, and to her father's home returned again, where to convey them on their wedding tour, already stood a brilliant coach and four. When lo! the gathering showers at once descended, clouds rolled on clouds and warring winds contended; this moves him not, but in he hands his bride, and seats himself enraptured, by her side, when thus to cheer the fair one he began: 'I hope we soon shall have a little sun.' But she, to whom the weather gave no pain; who heeded not the blast or pattering rain, but most about her future state bethought her, replied, 'my dear, I'd rather have a daughter.'"

Try this, some of You.
Fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it to your thumb and finger, and the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail, and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary.

At the late election for school officers at Iowa City, the Catholic priest in that city voted for the Union nominees, and stood at the polls and worked all day for the success of the ticket. He was asked at the polls by a prominent Copperhead how he came to vote the Republican ticket. "I did it," said he, "in order to get out of bad company!"

A little boy coming home from a certain church where he had seen a person perform on an organ, said to his mother, "Oh mama, I wish you had been at church to-day to see the fun!—a man pumping music out of an old cupboard!"

Persons wishing to see the editors will generally find them at the printing office. In their absence, however, invitations to dine and challenges to fight, should be left either with the devil or in our table drawer.

Meeting of the Members of the Bar of Northampton County.

A meeting of the members of the Bar of Northampton County was held at the office of Hon. A. E. Brown, on Wednesday, July 6, 1864, upon the occasion of the death of the Hon. A. H. Reeder. On motion of Mr. Brown, Hon. John W. Maynard was called to the Chair. On motion of Judge Maxwell, Edward J. Fox, was chosen Secretary. Judge Maynard on taking the Chair made the following address:

GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR:—A melancholy duty has summoned us to meet on the occasion.

We have lost a professional brother; one, but yesterday, of our number, has fallen by the hand of death! We survive to mourn his loss—to speak of his virtues, and tender our sympathies to a family bereaved of a husband and a father.

Our loss is grievous; theirs is irreparable. Let our sympathy mingle freely with their sorrow. Nature speaks, and obedience should be spontaneous.

Governor Reeder is dead! After a comparatively short illness, he expired yesterday morning about 5 o'clock, at his residence, surrounded by his family and relatives. He passed from this life peacefully, and without a struggle. I had not the pleasure of a long personal acquaintance with Mr. Reeder, but I have known him as a lawyer of his professional attainments and standing, for many years. His professional reputation was more than State wide; it was national. My personal acquaintance commenced with my official duties in this Judicial District.

That acquaintance from the first, of the most pleasing character, had ripened into friendship. His moral character, and professional department formed a high example for the Bar. To the Court, he was always deferential; to his brethren of the Bar, courteous and kind. His powers of mind were of a superior order and his professional attainments, in the various departments of legal science, profound—sagacious and conscientious, his advice was reliable; as an advocate, he had few superiors; he held his case, with the combined grasp of truth and justice, and with untiring energy and industry, he devoted himself to its dissection.

Of commanding personal appearance; his manner was pleasing, his voice, clear and sonorous, his style chaste, often elegant; his arguments exhaustive of the subject, the conclusion being drawn from the unyielding logic of the entire premises of his client's cause. Those who had known him long, and well, are better prepared to speak of his many virtues; and I give place, that they may be heard.

Gen. Peter Ilic then rose and said: MR. CHAIRMAN:—You have announced to us that death has again invaded our ranks, and that another member of this Bar has fallen, and it seems, therefore, both proper and becoming in me that I should add a few remarks upon the solemn event. And in the outset, I may with propriety observe, that our deceased brother, has fallen in the prime and vigor of his manhood. Comparatively, it is but a short while ago, that he was here, in this chamber, apparently in robust health, and as we all know, participated in paying our last tribute of respect to one of our number, who had just left us. And hence I may say that the present is a most solemn occasion, and warning to us all, for it most clearly indicates that soon, and it may be very soon, some of us too may be called away, to quit forever the realities of an existence here, for the scenes of a future, which mortal eyes have never yet been permitted to behold. Mr. Reeder was, if I mistake not, under sixty years of age, and judging from appearance, was until recently in the enjoyment of vigorous, robust health, and a fair prospect of many years of prosperity and happiness before him. When a young man, he entered my office as a Student of Law, and he prosecuted his studies up to the time of his admission to the Bar, which he has adorned, with commendable zeal and industry. His abilities, both natural and acquired, were of a very high order, and accordingly he soon obtained a prominent position at this Bar. He prosecuted his profession with untiring zeal and industry, and extended his practice into the surrounding Judicial Districts, and the enduring confidence of a large number of his fellow-citizens, most clearly shows, that his integrity as a man, and his devotion and talents as an advocate, were well understood and perfectly appreciated.

Indeed, I may with propriety say of him, that for vigor of thought, clearness of expression and forensic power he has but few, if any, superiors among the Lawyers of Pennsylvania. Mr. Reeder leaves an amiable and interesting family behind, to whom he ever proved, as I well know, an affectionate husband and a kind and indulgent parent. It may, I think he said, that he fell a victim to his untiring industry, invoked by the demands of a very extensive and important practice in his profession, and in which it may be justly said, he proved himself equal to every occasion which required unusual ability and professional talent. He is now gone, and we who remain are but his fellow travellers and sojourners, and the hour is fast approaching when all our hopes and aspirations too will sink in the great ocean of eternity, or as the Poet elegantly, yet truthfully expresses it:—
"The Boast of Heraldry, the pomp of power,

And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

He concluded by offering the Preamble and Resolutions, which were seconded by M. H. Jones, Esq., after which Hon. H. D. Maxwell spoke as follows:

Again my Brethren of the Bar, are we called upon to lament the departure of one of our number. Again have we met to pay the respect due to a deceased brother's memory. And now, as when we last met together for a similar purpose, we are called upon to mourn the loss of one who had distinguished himself and us. It is now near thirty years since I became a member of this Bar. I had just attained my majority. Most of its then leaders have passed away. Ex-Judge Porter, Joel Jones and Heppburn, Ex-Senator Brodhead, Messrs. Brooke, Reese, Weygant, Wolf, Yates and others have passed to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." But few of my then contemporaries remain. I see but three at this meeting. He to whose memory we come to do honor, was then just fairly commencing that laborious, persevering, indomitably earnest and energetic course of professional practice, which led him to the top round of professional eminence; and secured him wealth, honors and influence. Few Lawyers, if any, in this broad Commonwealth gave to their business closer or more unremitting and untiring toil and diligence than did Andrew H. Reeder; few, if any, have been more successful in their trial of cases. He wielded more the heavy battle axe of the Lion Richard, than the keen scimitar of Saladin, but his blows were always powerful and trenchant, hard to parry and difficult to resist. His powers to endure close application and severe business labor were extraordinary. For many years our offices were on opposite sides of this Public Square. I was then a late sitter myself, but I rarely left my office that I did not see the light still burning in his. But I did not rise to pass a panegyric—that has been already better done. I desired, however, to thus evince my appreciation of the talents and merits, of one of the great Lawyers of Pennsylvania, who has just passed from our midst. He has departed while yet in the prime of his manhood. Death knows no distinction—is a great leveller, and strikes down all sides, young and old rich and poor, learned and unlearned, distinguished and unknown. May we be ever ready for the Master's call, with lamps trimmed and turning, prepared for that great change which must happen to each and all.

M. H. Jones, Esq., then made the following address:

MR. PRESIDENT:—In seconding the resolutions just read, let me ask the attention of this meeting while I attempt to improve the occasion by a just offering to the memory of him who is gone.

Mr. Reeder was born among us, and here about the year 1826 commenced the practice of the law. By nature endowed with strong and vigorous intellect, and possessed of indomitable energy with great perseverance, he rose to eminence in the profession selected for the business of life. His clear logical mind and power for inductive reasoning early gave him an extensive practice, with rank among the first of "Fisi Prius" Lawyers and skillful advocates. As such he labored for a long time, our intimate associate and friend. But he was not a mere lawyer. During the latter portion of his life his mind turned to those great national topics which in their full development are now of such vital interest to the Union. Appointed Governor of Kansas he accepted the commission amid the clouds and storms that had begun to envelope the land, and officiated for some time as the first executive of that territory. After a laborious term of office in public life he returned to the walks of his profession, where he continued to work until the day of his death. To the noble names of those that have adorned the Bar of Northampton it is with melancholy pleasure we are compelled so soon to add that of him whose death we now record; but though we lose sight of him as he passes below the visible margin of life's horizon good omen cheer us from the bright track of his successful and honored career. Mr. Reeder was about 57 years of age. To him death did not come with an unexpected blow, for a long time previous he had sure omens of his approaching end, which he met with Christian fortitude. And as in the morning of life his sun rose slowly and steadily in its ascendant so it has not sunk suddenly from its meridian, but with gradual descending has gone calmly down to its setting. Let us cherish his memory.

E. J. Fox, Esq., then said: It would scarcely seem necessary for me, Mr. Chairman, to add anything to what has been said by my seniors of the bar, but I feel that in the death of Mr. Reeder, not only have we lost a brother, whose career has added lustre to the profession, but that I have lost a friend. Almost eleven years ago I came among you as a stranger. I received a kind and cordial welcome from our deceased friend, and during the years that have intervened our relations have always been friendly and pleasant. His fame as an advocate was well deserved, and there was much in his course that we should seek to imitate. While he was earnest and persevering in the management of his client's affairs, at the same time, he did not for-

get that fidelity which was due to the court and the cause of truth and justice. Even amidst the excitement of a trial his well balanced mind and retentive memory always led him to admit the correctness of principles, when asserted by his opponents to which his judgment assented, even though they were damaging to his client's cause. Let us imitate this excellent trait, and never forget to be faithful to the cause of truth, be the temptation ever so great to depart from it.

We have every reason to believe that Mr. Reeder expected the great change which awaited him and contemplated it with calmness. Not long ago I talked with him of his health, and spoke to him of the danger of such severe labor by one in his condition and of its possibly fatal results. He answered in effect that it mattered but little when a man was called away from this world if he was prepared and could leave those who were dear to him with a comfortable provision.

One year ago, my friends, who that looked upon his robust and vigorous frame would have selected him as the first among us that death's arrow should strike down. "Who of us shall be the next? Let us be prepared and trust, as we believe our friend did, in Him who can alone sustain our sinking souls, "when heart and flesh shall fail us."

The resolutions were then unanimously adopted and the meeting adjourned.

The resolutions are as follows: God in his mysterious Providence, has by the hand of death removed from our number the Hon. Andrew H. Reeder, a much esteemed member of the Bar of Northampton County, it is eminently fitting that his brethren of the Bar who survive to mourn his loss, should take such action as the solemn occasion requires; therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the decease of our late brother and friend so long endeared to us by many social ties and professional relations, and with heartfelt sorrow for our loss bear testimony to the high moral character and mental endowments of the deceased, which formed his worth and adorned his life as a Jurist and a Statesman and a Christian.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted family in this hour of their sore bereavement upon the loss of one endeared to them by the tenderness of earthly ties.

Resolved, That as a token of respect the members of the bar in a body attend the funeral and that a copy of these resolutions, attested by the officers of the meeting be presented to the widow and family of the deceased.

J. W. MAYNARD, Pres't.
E. J. FOX, Sec'y.

"The Pashunce of Job."
Upon this congenial topic Josh Billings thus eloquently discourses: "Every body is in the habit of bragging on Job, and Job did have considerable 'bile pashunce, that's a fact, but did he ever keep a district skul for 8 dollars a month and board around? Did he reap lodgats down hill on a hot da, and have all his galus but tons bust off at once? Did he ever have the jumpin' teethake and be made to attend the baby, while his wife was to Perkins's to a tea squall? Did he ever get up in the morning awfully dry turf it three miles before breakfast to get a drink, and find that the man kept a temperance house? Did he ever undertake to milk a kicking heifer with a bushy tale, in flit time, out in the lot? Did he ever sit down on a litter of kittens in the old rockin' cheer, with his summer partylous on without sayin' 'darnashun'? If he could 'do aw!' these things, and prize the lord at the same time, awl we have to say is 'Bully for Job!'"

An English judge, in sentencing a man to death, added, "You will now have the satisfaction of having your case transferred to the tribunal of a higher, and let me add, a better judge."

A lazy fellow once declared in public company that he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

The happiest man in the world is the one with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, and just children enough to make him industrious.

Bakers, generally speaking, are a set of loaf-ers, often kneady and not always well bread!

Although benevolent men cannot do all the good they would, their duty is to do the good they can.

Charms.—A fortune of twenty thousand pounds. Counter-Charms.—Pretty shop girls.

A young girl generally loses her freshness by mingling with fashionable society, as a bright stream does by mingling with the sea.

Death of Governor Reeder.—The Announcement at the Union League.—Resolutions Adopted.

Samuel L. Cooley Esq., President of the Union League, at the meeting last Thursday evening, formally announced the death of Governor Reeder.

He said: I deem it proper gentlemen that I should formally announce to you the death of our distinguished townsman Andrew H. Reeder. I was first informed of his death on Tuesday morning, a few moments before leaving for Philadelphia, and although I had been assured some days before that he was afflicted with disease of the heart and his condition such that death might ensue at any minute, the intelligence of his decease was to me exceedingly painful, I could hardly realize the fact that one but recently so full of physical and mental vigor, just in the prime of manhood, had been so suddenly stricken down.

We have lost one of our ablest and best men; one of our most loyal and patriotic citizens.

I know that, "in the midst of life, we are in death," but too often, perhaps, this solemn truth is not fully impressed upon us. Here was its sudden, painful realization.

Governor Reeder had just reached the prime of life. He was not yet quite fifty seven years of age. With a strong body, a vigorous, active, powerful mind, a few weeks ago, apparently with many years of promise, full of hope, with a reputation that might well satisfy the ambition of any man, surrounded by every earthly blessing, happy in all his social relations, with a family he doted upon and loved with a love as deep and abiding as life itself, they in return giving him continued evidence of their pure affection and bestowing upon him every household endowment, full of love for his country, full of honors, at the very head of his profession, he has suddenly passed away forever.

Of Governor Reeder's public or private acts I do not purpose to speak in detail. I may justly say he was a great and a good man, and a true patriot. His public career as Governor of Kansas gave him a national reputation, I shall not now recount that career. I may say that he there gave noble evidence that he loved liberty better than a powerful place. That while a President might sever his official head as Governor, that President could not sever him from his honest purpose as a man. A great party might turn against him all their bitter denunciations, and personal enemies assail, but they could not drive him back one inch from justice firm and immovable as a shaft of granite he adhered to truth and repelled all his assailants. In that career he has left to his country's history some of its noblest pages, and to his posterity a legacy of which they may ever be justly proud.

Of him as a lawyer I cannot say too much. When I was admitted to the bar in 1849 he had been a member for more than twenty years. Since that time I have met him in social and professional intercourse, and I am happy to bear testimony to his great ability as a lawyer and his great worth as a citizen.

For many years he has been an incessant worker. Business pressed upon him from different sections of the country—more than he could attend to, but whatever he undertook to do he did, and did it well. I think I do no injustice to others in saying that he was as skillful and able a lawyer as any in the country, and the ablest at our own bar. I must be permitted to express my deep feeling for his loss, for I regarded him as a warm friend.

Governor Reeder was ever ready to forgive an injury. He bore malice against no man, whatever injury he might have sustained from him. There were, perhaps men whom he could despise, but he hated no man.

Above all he was a Christian. For many years he has been a regular attendant and worshipper at the First Presbyterian Church of Easton, seldom being absent from the Sabbath-morning service when he was at home. He had long acknowledged the Christian's faith and felt the Christian's assurance of a happy immortality and in his death we are all again most impressively reminded of the solemn warning, "Be ye also ready."

But a brief period since, we met around the fresh dug grave of one young in years. Not much later many of us joined to pay our last tribute of respect to the remains of one who had passed three score years and ten. Now we mourn the loss of one who is stricken down in the prime of life's years. Death does not number the names of his catalogue in the order of our years. We know not whom he shall summon next. We may well heed this solemn warning to us all. Whether at the public sanctuary or at the little sacred altar which we rear in our own households, if we see to it that we have made our peace with the Great Arbitrer of our case, and live justly, we need not heed much the time of the end, nor care much what the world says of us or thinks of us.

For some days before his death he suffered but little. He knew that any moment might terminate his earthly existence and felt prepared to meet his fate. He did wish for one day more of sufficient strength to arrange some of his business matters more fully, but perhaps he could never have been better prepared in all his relations, for death, than at the time he expired. He passed away gently, his spirit leaving the mortal tenement in the apparent repose of sleep, his hand resting in her's who in the vigor of youth had

pledged her fidelity and love till death, and who through a long and happy union with him had ever kept her pledge and beautiful as happy and loved a household as ever blessed the lot of any man.

In his death the State has lost one of her ablest men, and one of her purest patriots; our town one of the noblest and best of her citizens, and the household as good a husband and father as ever household blessed.

"His life was gentle; and the elements So mixed in him, that nature might stand up, And say to the world—'This is a man.'"

The following resolutions were then offered and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in his inscrutable Providence to remove from among us, by death, our distinguished townsman GOVERNOR ANDREW H. REEDER, and

Resolved, That in the death of Governor Reeder the State of Pennsylvania has lost one of her ablest sons, and the nation one of its most loyal and patriotic citizens and one which they can ill afford to lose in this time of the national peril.

Resolved, That in his loss our town is deprived of one of its brightest ornaments and purest men, whose daily life was a beautiful example for emulation, and whose success was the just reward of his industry, his honesty and his truth.

Resolved, That we condole with his bereaved family with whom the tenderest ties of earth have been riven, and express to them our deep sympathy in this hour of their dire affliction.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published, and that the President of the League communicate a copy to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That out of respect to the deceased the League now adjourn without the transaction of any further business.

Other members of the League made appropriate and interesting remarks, speaking in the very highest terms of the character and ability of the deceased.

Walking Leaves of Australia.
Almost everybody has heard of the wonderful walking leaves of Australia. For a long time after the discovery of that island many people really believed that the leaves of a certain tree, which flourished there, could walk about the ground. The story arose in this way. Some English sailors landed upon the coast one day, and after roaming about until they were tired, they sat down under a tree to rest themselves. A puff of wind came along and blew off a shower of leaves, which after turning over and over in the air, as leaves generally do, finally rested upon the ground. As it was midsummer and everything appeared quite green, the circumstance puzzled the sailors considerably. But their surprise was much greater, as you may well suppose, when after a short time they saw the leaves crawling along the ground towards the trunk of the tree. They ran at once for the vessel, without stopping to examine into the matter at all, and set sail from the land where everything seemed to be bewitched. One of the men said that he "expected every moment to see the trees set to and dance a jig."

Late explorations of Australia have taught us that these walking leaves are insects.

They live upon the trees. Their bodies are very thin and flat, their wings forming large leaf like organs. When they are disturbed their legs are folded away under bodies, leaving the shape exactly like a leaf, with its stem and all complete. They are of a bright green color in the summer but they gradually change in the fall, with the leaves, in the brown of a frost bitten vegetation. When shaken from the tree, they lie for a few minutes upon the ground as though they were dead, but presently they begin to crawl along towards the tree, which they ascend again. They rarely use their wings, although they are pretty well supplied in this respect.

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a missionary of an elderly lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she looking at him most benignly over her spectacles; "leave them with the heels towards the door, if you please."

"There is no place like home," said a brainless fellow the other day to a pretty young lady. "Do you really think so?" said the young lady. "Oh yes!" was the reply. "Then," said he, "why don't you stay there?"

Check at Sight.
Saturday afternoon, a fellow, passing three soldiers on the street, said: "There goes three of Lincoln's shirefings who work for \$12 per month." Upon hearing this, one of the soldiers turned around, and, without saying another word, knocked the copperhead down then passed on.—Har-rabury Telegraph.

When you see a gentleman at midnight on the step, in front of his house combing his hair with the door-scraper, you may judge he has been out to an evening party.

"These are the sweets of matrimony," as the man said when his wife threw the sugar bowl at his head.