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Opposite Wooden Mills,
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Respectfully announces to the citizens of Stroudsburg and vicinity that he is prepared to attend to all who may favor him with their patronage, in a prompt and workmanlike manner.

CHAIRS, FURNITURE, &c., painted and repaired.
PICTURE FRAMES of all kinds constantly on hand or supplied to order.
June 11, 1868.—ly.

DRS. JACKSON & BIDLACK, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

DRS. JACKSON & BIDLACK, are prepared to attend promptly to all calls of a professional character. Office—Opposite the Stroudsburg Bank.
April 25, 1867.—ly.

DR. D. D. SMITH,

Surgeon Dentist,
Office on Main Street, opposite Judge Stokes' residence, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Teeth extracted without pain. ☞
August 1, 1867.

A Card.

The undersigned has opened an office for the purchase and sale of Real Estate, in Fowler's Building, on Main street. Parties having Farms, Mills, Hotels or other property for sale will find it to their advantage to call on me. I have no agents. Parties must see me personally.

GEO. L. WALKER, Real Estate Agent, Stroudsburg, Pa.

S. HOLMES, JR., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND GENERAL CLAIM AGENT.

STROUDSBURG, PA.
Office, one door below Flory's Tin Shop.
All claims against the Government prosecuted with dispatch at reduced rates.
☞ An additional bounty of \$100 and of \$50 procured for Soldiers in the late War, FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE. ☞
August 2, 1866.

A Card.

Dr. A. REEVES JACKSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HAVING returned from Europe, he is now prepared to resume the active duties of his profession. In order to prevent disappointment to persons living at a distance who may wish to consult him he will be found at his office every THURSDAY and SATURDAY for consultation and the performance of Surgical operations.
Dec. 12, 1867.—ly.

WM. W. PAUL, J. D. HOAR, CHARLES W. DEAN, WITH WM. W. PAUL & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS & SHOES.

WAREHOUSE,
623 Market St. & 614 Commerce St.
above Sixth, North side,
PHILADELPHIA.
March 19, 1868.—ly.

Itch! Itch! Itch! SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

HOLLENHEAD'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT.
No Family should be without this valuable medicine, for on the first appearance of the disorder on the wrists, between the fingers, &c., a slight application of the Ointment will cure it, and prevent its being taken by others.
Warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded.
Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by
W. HOLLINSHEAD,
Stroudsburg, Oct. 31, '67. Druggist.

J. LANTZ, DENTIST.

Has permanently located himself in Stroudsburg, and moved his office next door to Dr. S. Walton, where he is fully prepared to treat the natural teeth, and also to insert incorruptible artificial teeth on pivot and plate, in the latest and most improved manner. Most persons know the danger and folly of trusting their work to the ignorant as well as the traveling dentist. It matters not how much experience a person may have, he is liable to have some failures out of a number of cases, and if the dentist lives at a distance it is frequently put off until it is too late to give the tooth or teeth as it may be, other give the inconvenience and trouble of going so far. Hence the necessity of obtaining the services of a dentist near home. All work warranted.
Stroudsburg, March 27, 1862.

DON'T FORGET that when you want any thing in the Furniture or Ornamental line that McCarty, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., is the place to get it. [Sept. 26,

The Drowning of Mr. Albert L. Northrop.
The following graphic account of the drowning of Mr. Albert L. Northrop, whose death we noticed last week, has been kindly furnished us by an eye-witness:

The sad circumstances attending the death of Albert L. Northrop, was as follows: On Wednesday last, July 22d, a company of friends was formed to visit "the falls"—called "Buckhill falls." The company consisted of the following persons:—Albert L. Northrop, the deceased, his mother Mrs. Northrop, Mrs. Edward Palen his sister, Mrs. Rufus Palen, her sister Miss Allen, Howard Frank, and Ida Northrop, Rev. Mr. String, and Rev. J. Mason and two daughters. This company of which the deceased seemed to be the leader, started from Canadensis about 11 o'clock, A.M., taking with them provisions, desiring to dine at the falls, and spend the afternoon.

The party arrived at the falls about 12 o'clock, and after spending some time in admiring the romantic beauties of the place, preparations were made to dine. Dinner being over, Albert took the fishing line, which had been brought by his brother—the only fishing line in the company—and crossing the pile of drift wood, which intervened between, and wading the creek, he walked along the ledge of the rock, near to the edge of the falls, where he stood fishing for about five minutes. In elevating his line to throw it out, the hook caught in the rock immediately above the falls—I suppose about twelve feet from where he stood. He ascended to loosen the hook, taking hold on the rock, or moss on the rock, an exceedingly hazardous undertaking of the danger of which he had been warned. In descending the rock, as he reached the place where he had been standing, he missed his foothold—his face being very pale—and fell, or rather slid, with great force into the water—no person being near him but the lad, his brother Howard. He struggled with his hands violently—having hold, for an instant, of the fishing rod, the other end being held by Howard. This broke instantly. He then seized Howard's foot, of which he suddenly let go. His body, then, was drawn rapidly toward the falls, as though by some resistless power, when he suddenly turned upon his back, and threw up his arms, his face appearing very much flushed, and suddenly and rapidly sank beneath the flood—nor rising again until he was brought up by the hook in the hands of Mr. George Price, who recovered the body, from a raft constructed for the purpose, about one hour and twenty minutes after he fell into the water. Efforts were immediately made to resuscitate him, but the vital spark had fled.

Supposing he could swim, his falling into the water did not, at first, occasion so much alarm; but seeing him in danger the Rev. Mr. Mason sprang from where he was standing, opposite the falls, called the Rev. Mr. String, and seizing a piece of plank, pushed it with all his power towards Albert. This the current carried down the stream. He then seized a branch of a dry tree, and rushed into the flood, hoping to reach him with it; but before he could get near him, being nearly drowned himself in the effort, Albert sank to rise no more, until found by Mr. Pierce as before stated. Every effort was made to save him that could be made under the appalling circumstances.

The scene of excitement and consternation on the occasion, can neither be imagined nor described. As to the cause of his sudden sinking, after his falling into the water—for so sudden was it, that not more than three minutes elapsed from the time of his standing on the bank, or rock, and his being buried beneath the flood—it is difficult, certainly, to determine. It has been supposed by his friends that he was seized with "vertigo," while engaged in disentangling his line, as on the last Sabbath evening, previous to the drowning, he was compelled to leave the services in the church on this account, and on the next day complained of a similar attack. This may have been the immediate cause. It is also supposed that the strong under eddy current, formed by the falling water from the falls, the water being very deep, drew him rapidly under. It may be that both these causes combined to produce this sad result. I can only say, it was dark mysterious Providence, which none can more deeply regret than those who were compelled to witness the last sad scene.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of Albert L. Northrop, recently drowned at "Buckhill falls," took place from the residence of his father, Mr. George W. Northrop, Esq., at Canadensis, on Tuesday last, July 28th, at 2 o'clock, P.M.
The funeral services, which were of a deeply interesting character, were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Mason, P.E., McComas, and String—the funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Mason from John xi. 23, 25, and eloquent addresses were made by Rev. Mr. McComas, the former, and Rev. Mr. String, the present pastor. The funeral sermon was accompanied by a memoir of the deceased, and a detailed account of the circumstances attending his sudden and lamented death. The funeral services were concluded at the grave by the reading of the burial service of the Methodist E. Church by Rev. Mr. Mason, and the service of the

order of "Good Templars," of which order the deceased was an active member, by the chaplain, Rev. Mr. String, and the singing of the beautiful hymn,—
"We are waiting at the River,"

which was a favorite hymn of the deceased. Business throughout the entire region of country was suspended, and the people, by scores and hundreds, gathered together to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed, who was justly beloved by all who knew him. The coffin, or burial casket,—a most beautiful piece of workmanship made by Mr. E. S. Early, of Philadelphia,—was surmounted by a silver plate bearing an inscription of the name and age of the deceased.

Seldom has such a funeral service been witnessed—the services, the singing, the order and arrangement, the tearful grief, not only of the bereaved family, but of the large concourse of sympathizing friends, formed an occasion not soon to be forgotten by those who were present.
The interment took place in the burial ground at Canadensis, near the Methodist E. Church.
"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: Even, so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours." M.

A Wife Whipped Mobbed by Women.

From the Milwaukee Wisconsin, July 25.
Last evening one Mr. Downer preferred a charge of assault, with intent to kill, against a number of his neighbors.—Downer was a sorry-looking object—his looks giving the truth to the assertion that he had suffered some hard usage. His clothes were torn, and thoroughly soaked with water; his face was scratched, and he held in his hand bundles of his hair and whiskers, which he said had been pulled out.
He was sitting in his house, down on the beach, quietly, doing nothing at all to break the peace, when, who should come in, but all the women that lived about there, and, before he said a word, they assailed him with clubs, sticks, guns and bricks, and beat him to a jelly. He knew all the women, and he wanted them arrested and punished.

A well known citizen came in, and told the story in a manner which did not add much to the credit of Downer.
The gentleman had been on the beach for an evening promenade, when his attention was attracted by loud cries which came from a knot of shanties some distance away. Upon going to them he found that Downer was indulging in his usual amusement, whipping his wife, and the woman, suffering from the blows, was uttering most heart-rending cries. The gentleman, well aware of the danger of interfering between husband and wife, when quarreling, nevertheless was about to interfere, when his attention was called to the actions of a woman, who looked as though she had the strength of a young Samson in her limbs. She ran from shanty to shanty calling out the women, who suddenly responded, and it did not seem to be more than ten seconds before a dozen were assembled, each armed with a mop, a broom, a fire shovel, or a pair of tongs.

The band marched directly to the house from whence came the cries, and, without the ceremony of knocking, entered.—There was a sound of voices, as if somebody were ordering somebody else out of the house in very coarse language, sadly mixed up with oaths. Then there was a general onslaught upon the wife-whipper, Mops that had been soaked in dirty water swabbed his face; blows from brooms came thick and fast upon his head. The astonished wife-whipper dropped the subject of his blows and looked to his own safety. He struck at one of the women with his fist, and thus brought up the rear-guard of fire shovels and tongs. On his head came the blows thick and fast.

He grappled with one of the women. The rest immediately dropped their weapons and grappled with him. Strong they were, their union perfect, and their cause just. They fairly scratched Downer upon the floor, and scratched him up again. They left the imprints of their nails upon his face, and hands, and neck. They pulled out his hair. Resist he tried to, but he was a child in the hands of the strong-armed women, and he soon found it out. Cowed, beaten, demolished, he bellowed like a mad bull, and begged that they would not kill him.

A parley followed—a truce they call it in war times. The prostrate, thoroughly cowed individual was told that his abuse of his wife—a poor, sickly woman—had grown to be a nuisance which could no longer be submitted to. They had complained of him, but his wife refused to appear against him, and he had gone unpunished. If he would promise never to strike his wife again they would let him go; if not, they would punish him until there was not a breath of life left in his body.

Downer was ready for any thing; he was already the worst whipped man to be found. He promised—promised faithfully as a man could promise—but they brought a cross, and made him swear. He rebelled at this; but the upraised mops, and brooms, and shovels, and the clanking pair of tongs, brought him to his senses, and never did man take an oath more earnestly.

A spinning wheel made in the year 1768, and in good preservation, was recently sold at Lancaster, Pa., for ten cents.

Gov. Sermour Photographed.

A correspondent of the Hartford Evening post, writing from Utica, N. Y., the home of Horatio Seymour, gives his impressions of that gentleman in a long letter, from which we extract the following:—
They call Seymour up here indifferently "Orator Seymour," "Rash Seymour," and "old Jelly fish." The Seymour city residence is a lead-colored brick house, with wide, double-chimneyed gables.—Here, when he wishes to catch a new fish, or spring a coup d'etat upon anybody Seymour act the part of the intriguing host by giving a dinner. Attacking the man's belly, he forks him in the conscience after awhile, and the assassination is complete. When a blacker conspiracy is to be broached, the conspirators hide to Deerfield, or hide themselves in Bagg's Hotel, the liquor interests, the railroad ring. The causal people, are all represented. They make the slate and tap the rōsy, and the Democratic masses of the State never say "Nay." A clammy dictator of the wills and ballots of the Democratic party, he has never raised his eyes from the contemplation of his own fortunes. Lovely children, society, woman, have no joys to him. His education began and ceased when they put a "slate" into his hand. His deportment, street manners, courtesy, or what ever it may be called, is no implanted amiability, but only a part of his political restraint, connected like a lesson to take him to the head of the class. His nature is too feeble to make him eminent even in insincerity. Strong men go on and carry the flag of conservatism, and make enemies by their earnestness, but Mr. Seymour only waits. In all this time of action he is at Deerfield writing a speech full of sweetened, lukewarmness, and his bold associates have stumbled, disagreed, or served his destiny, behold! from his ambush or placid, philosophic statement comes to gather the sheaves of other men. His convictions are nil: his power of decision is nihil. His speeches are notable for their Iago-like tact to awaken discontent and promote public infidelity, while they suggest no relief, for the plain reason that Mr. Seymour has no opinion whatever. He is a timid lawyer, who gave up the profession because he had neither dumber or profound qualities to give him abiding place among his competitors, nor moral courage to give nerve for the fair conflicts of wit and education. He quitted the bar as a sick man quits a jarring chamber, not from any delicacy of organization, but from sheer want of pluck and conscious ineptitude. He is intensely selfish, very stealthy, earnest for power, reckless of fame. He worked like a beaver for his nomination, as every body in Utica knows, and he declined it before it was offered to him. As a President, he will narrow and belittle the destiny of the country, rebel to the chancery vanity of the rebel chivalry, make our Northern character contemptible again, monumentalize the rebellion, and carry us into the last ditch of dishonor. He will be bullly-ragged by his advisers, give Bill Tweed and Pete Sweeney all the Indian contracts, and make mighty recollection of the conquering armies mightier by the importance and drive of his succession.

While our soldiers were chasing the defeated Rebels from the fields of Gettysburg, on the 4th of July 1863, Horatio Seymour was making a speech in New-York, and threatening the loyal people of the North with mobs and revolutions.—This is an extract from his address:—
"Do you not create revolution when you say that your persons may be rightfully seized, your property confiscated, your homes entered? Are you not exposing yourselves, your own interests, to as great a peril as that with which you threaten us? Remember this: that the bloody, and treasonable, and revolutionary doctrine of public necessity can be adopted by a mob as well as by a government."
[Applause.]
Well, the mob heard him, and a few days afterwards his "friends" were burning orphan asylums, murdering inoffensive persons, and filling New-York with the horrors of riot, arson, and assassination.

Our progenitors did not regard low-necked dresses with so much favor as their "more refined" descendants of to-day.—In proof we may cite an old law on the statute book of the Keystone State, as follows: "That if any white female, of ten years or upwards, should appear in any public street, lane, highway, or church, court house, tavern, ball room, theatre, or any place of public resort, with naked shoulders, (i. e., low-necked dresses,) being able to purchase necessary clothing, shall forfeit and pay a fine not less than one nor more than two hundred dollars."

A good story is told of the Pendleton escort. Pat Cleary was delegated to lay in commissary supplies for the escort.—He accordingly purchased 15 barrels of whisky, 100 kegs of lager beer, and six pounds of crackers. The bills were rendered to Dick Cox, the cashier, for inspection and payment. Dick, in scanning the accounts, remarked: "Fifteen barrels whisky—all right; six pounds crackers—all right; six pounds crackers—thunder and Mars, Pat why the devil didn't you get more whisky and less crackers?"

There are three trees on the farm of Levi Prizer in Chester Co., Penn., which measure respectively 30 feet 3 inches; 28 feet, and 16 feet 9 inches in circumference, at the distance of two feet from the ground.

Wheat is \$1 a bushel at Fort Scott

The Lynching and Hanging of the Adams Express Robbers.

From The Cincinnati Gazette, July 27.
The final scene in the tragedy at Seymour has been enacted. The last of the express robbers have fallen into the hands of a Vigilance Committee. The story of the last attempted robbery is still fresh in the memories of our readers, and the terrible judgment meted out to Ellets, Roseberry, and Clifton will not have been forgotten. They were hanged on Monday last—only a week ago to-day. Two days before Ellets was writing letters to friends in Seymour from the Ninth St. Station House, in this city, telling them to be in no fear, for he was well and would soon rejoin them; asking them "to smoke their best cigars on his account," and "to believe no news which they might hear."—The three were taken on Monday from this city, and borne to Seymour, arriving there at about 10 o'clock Monday night. All was silent at the depot when the train halted. There was no hint of the tragedy soon to be enacted. After the transfer of its freight, train sped on toward Browns-town, but it had not proceeded far before it was signaled by a red light, and in obedience to the summons, the train stopped. At once it was surrounded by a body of two hundred men, a detachment went at once to the express car, where the three outlaws were sitting.—There were only two pairs of handcuffs, Roseberry being bound with one pair, and Ellets and Clifton fastened together with the other. In silence, without words or noise, the stern, self-appointed executioners seized, first Roseberry, who bound as he was, could make no resistance, threw him from the car, and gave him in charge of the members of the Committee outside. With Ellets and Clifton the work was more difficult, for each, with his feet and his unfettered hand, made fearful resistance, fighting, as one expresses it, "like tigers." In a few minutes the train was again on its way. So quickly, so noiselessly had the work been accomplished that sleeping passengers were not even aroused from their slumbers. Ellets and Roseberry and Clifton were hurried away. Only a few moments later their bodies were dangling in the black darkness of the night, from limbs in the midst of the forest.—No one was near to witness their last struggling, no one to offer even the shortest prayer. But the end was not yet.—The work of the Committee was still not accomplished. Three of the party engaged in the outrage were yet at large, and until the same wild justice had been meted out to them as to Ellets, Roseberry, and Clifton, the Committee could not cease its labors. A description of Moore, Speaks, and Jerrell had been sent out in all directions. On Friday afternoon these three men were found in Mantion, Illinois, whither they had fled immediately after the attempted robbery. All were at work on a farm, and were arrested by the Sheriff of the place. They were placed in charge of a special officer from Seymour, and on Saturday put on the train bound for Indianapolis. Again, as the train reached Seymour, all was quiet. No confusion, no noise, no armed committee, no threats of lynch law on any side. It was thought best that the prisoners should be taken to Browns-town in a wagon, and accordingly at about midnight the three prisoners and their guard started off. At about 2 o'clock yesterday morning the wagon was stopped in the midst of the great dreary forest. The three were taken from the custody of the officers and without the forms of law were bidden to prepare for death. Questions were asked about different outrages which had been committed in the vicinity, but no answers were returned. Then the woods witnessed once more the terrible retribution extended to guilty men by men, who had for years been held in a bondage of abject fear. Again the morning light revealed these ghastly corpses hanging from the limbs.

Grasshopper Plague in Kansas and Iowa.
A letter to the Chicago "Republican," from Muscatine, Iowa, says:—
"In the last three or four years, the grasshoppers have traveled from New Mexico and Utah, destroying vegetation and crops, to the Des Moines river, the skirmish line of the grand army being now established on the banks of the Mississippi. If you take down the map, and run an air line from Chicago to the point joining Utah and New Mexico, it will be on the line of march of the "grasshopper" army, from where their ravages were first noted to this place. A rule laid on the line will cover their probable area of destruction till they shall have been drowned in the lakes."
"Their ravages in Kansas two years ago were fearful. Last year they committed great destruction in Nebraska and in Southwestern Iowa, but were not as numerous as they had been in Kansas. This year they have done their chief bad work in the counties west of the Des Moines to above Fort Dodge, and extending southwardly to the Missouri river. In that parallelogram there have been more grasshoppers, this year, than ten men could count, were each man to live to be as old as Methuselah. In some places they have devoured whole fields of grain, leaving them look as though they had been burned. Vast extents of grass and weeds have been consumed by them. But from all accounts, I judge they have not anywhere in Iowa 'gobbled up everything' as they did in not a few localities in Kentucky."

Newspaper Power.

"Thirty years ago," says, *Wilkes' Spirit*, "the Senators ruled America; to day it is ruled by the editors." It adds: "There is a class of men among bankers and merchants and lawyers who effect a concession toward the journalist which is intensely amusing. The writer for the newspaper appears to their blinking eyes a kind of literary adventurer, who is to be tolerated for his genius, but not to be trusted in business. They are ignorant that he sells their goods, furnishes all their facts, and presents them gratuitously with opinions. They do not know, as Jay Cooke does, that the newspapers of America hold two thousand millions of national bonds. They do not know, as Edwin M. Stanton knows, that the newspapers of America sent five hundred thousand men to the war. They do not know that the newspapers of America will nominate the President, determine the election, dictate the legislation of Congress, and decide whether Andrew Johnson is to be impeached. Newspapers lead them by the nose wherever they go; but they do not feel the pressure, which is the reason why we give this special tweak."

Bridal Tests.

How thankful our "well-educated" young ladies of this day must feel that they do not live among such a half-civilized people as the Nestorians must be, from the following account of one of their wedding customs:—
After the marriage ceremony has been performed, the wedding party is taken in wagons from the church to the house of the bridegroom's parents. When the second wagon, in which the bride is seated alone, reaches the gate opening into the yard in which the house is situated, it is halted, and the bridegroom's mother comes to meet it, with a baby and three suits of baby clothes in her arms. She throws the child and the clothes into the arms of the bride, who is required to undress and dress the baby thrice in the presence of her mother-in-law, who watches every movement as only a mother-in-law can watch a daughter-in-law. If the newly-made bride does not perform the operation to the satisfaction of her severe judge, she is considered unfit for her new position, the wagon is turned around, and she is taken back home for further instruction, and the poor bridegroom is compelled to live in single blessedness until his wife is educated up to the proper standard.

The Borer in Peach Trees.

A writer in the *Southern Planter* says: "I once heard of a lady whose husband had planted a peach orchard with a view of making money.—She feared that he might become a drunkard and determined to kill his trees. To effect this, she secretly poured scalding water around the roots, and to her great surprise the trees did not die, but produced an extra crop of peaches. The scalding water killed the worms, but was not sufficient to kill the trees. At first I adopted this practice very cautiously, but now without fear I pursue it. Early each spring, I scrape around the trees with a large knife on the morning of washing-day. When the washing is done, I take a bucket full of boiling suds into the orchard, and dash the trees just where the trunks join the ground. In this way thousands of little worms are scalded to death. Lastly, I apply unleached ashes to the trees. After an experience of several years, I confidently recommend this practice."

Prayer is a haven to the shipwrecked mariner, an anchor to them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of diseases, and a guardian a health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities. O blessed prayer! thou art the unwearied conqueror of human woes, the firm foundation of human happiness, the source of ever-enduring joy, the mother of philosophy. The man who can pray truly, though languishing in extreme indigence, is richer than all beside, whilst the wretch who never bowed the knee, though proudly seated as monarch of nations, is of all men most destitute. —S. Chrysostom.

Form Grant and Colfax Clubs