

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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Drs. JACKSON & BIDLACK, are prepared to attend promptly to all calls of a Professional character. Office—Opposite the Stroudsburg Bank.  
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**Physician and Surgeon,**  
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Office at his residence, on Main Street, nearly opposite Marsh's Hotel.  
All calls promptly attended to. Charges reasonable.  
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**A Card.**

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THE PUBLIC ARE INVITED to call at the New Grocery Store of the subscriber, on Main street, one door below the "Jeffersonian" office, Stroudsburg, Pa., and examine of the best stock of GROCERIES.

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PICTURE FRAMES of all kinds constantly on hand or supplied to order.  
June 11, 1868.—1 yr.

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**IRON AND PURE BRANDY,**  
BY DR. HARTMAN,  
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It has been the means of RESTORING THOUSANDS to health who have been given up beyond the reach of medical assistance. It does more to relieve the Consumptive than anything ever known. Unequaled strengthener for delicate Ladies and Children. EACH BOTTLE CONTAINS THE NUTRITIOUS PORTION OF TWO POUNDS OF CHOICE BEEF.

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I have used it with perfect success in my own family. In presenting this preparation to the public I feel confident that every afflicted one who reads this (even the most skeptical) may become convinced, by a single trial that it is truly a most valuable medicine.

Circulars and medicines sent to any address. Price \$1 per bottle—six for \$5.  
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Sold by Druggists Everywhere.  
**Cheap Feed.**  
GRAIN AT 25 CENTS PER BUSHEL.  
Apply at the BREWERY,  
July 30, 1866.—tf. East Stroudsburg.

LANDS IN THE SOUTH.

OLD VIRGINIA.

A LETTER FROM GEN. IMBODEN.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: On the 28th of January, you very kindly published a hastily written letter from me in favor of emigration to the South generally, but more particularly to Virginia. For this courtesy to me personally, and the evidence you are daily giving of interest in our material recuperation, I thank you most heartily. That the subject is of absorbing interest to our people, is manifest from the fact that some of the leading journals of the South have reproduced the letter, imperfect as it was; and others have epitomized it and cordially indorsed its sentiments and statements of fact. But, even more gratifying than general sympathy of my Southern countrymen in the objects I had in view, is the overwhelming testimony I have received from all parts of the North that we are about to have an invasion that will bring life, prosperity, and wealth, in its train. Not an incursion of hungry "carpet-baggers," to stir up strife, and reopen the wounds left by the war, and which, God knows, heal slowly enough under the best treatment—but a countless host of earnest, honest, active, industrious, and enterprising men and women, who mean to settle here, buy land, build houses, establish stores, shops, and factories, and become incorporated with us as "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh."

I have been absent from home for several weeks, and find on my return hundreds of letters from your Northern readers, of almost every pursuit and walk in life, seeking information of every conceivable nature in regard to Virginia, and all expressing an earnest desire to move and settle here. I would like to answer all these letters directly and at length, but it is physically impossible for me to do so. It has taken me to-day, from morning till night, to read them. Pressing business engagements forbid the hope that I can reply to more than one in every ten or twenty. I am glad these letters have been written, and thank the writers for them. They bring hope and encouragement that we are indeed about to enter on a career of renewed and unparalleled prosperity. The wide range inquiry made by the different writers shows that we have yet much to do to inform the public mind beyond our borders of the surpassing natural advantages and resources of this State. One great Virginia mind is now engaged in this important work.—That most distinguished of all American scientific men, Commodore Matthew F. Maury, is applying his great intellect to the enlightenment of the world in regard to the soil, climate, productions, mines, forests, rivers, harbors, commercial advantages, and population of this State.—His preliminary report has just been published, and I hope will soon be spread broad-east throughout the North, and in Europe. A book, too, has been recently published by Frederick B. Goddard, No. 432 Broome st., N. Y., entitled "Where to Emigrate, and Why," that will aid us greatly. But it may be a long time before these important publications will reach the hundreds who have read my letter in The Tribune, and written for immediate information to guide them in the election of a home. To gratify these your readers, and in the only way possible to answer all their letters, I propose to group the subjects of inquiry, and reply to them, with your permission, through your columns. The information thus imparted may not be in every case as minute and specific as some of the writers expected; but I pledge my personal honor for the truth of every statement, inasmuch as I shall confine myself to facts within my own knowledge, being acquainted with almost the entire State, and in my early life a plowman and farmer in my native Shenandoah Valley, and, I think, an impartial and judicious judge of our soil, climate and productions, and in all my feelings and sentiments a Virginian, in full accord with my own people. Above all things, I wish to avoid misleading any one. With this preface, I proceed to answer the most important questions that have been asked me.

**First: Can a Radical Republican live here in comfort, and vote his principles with safety?**

Yes. Hundreds of such have settled in the State since the war, and thousands have visited it, and I have yet to hear of the instance in which there was any further restriction on freedom of speech and action than there is in Massachusetts.—The laws of gentle society are in force here, and a bully or a blackguard who transgresses them so far as to offer a personal insult by wholesale erasing remarks, will be as readily accommodated with a fight, as I would expect to be on Boston Common, were I to "Huzza for Jeff. Davis" there and "Damn the whole Yankee nation." But a gentleman and man of sense and character can speak, write, and publish, with perfect freedom, and of the political dogmas of the day; and if, in other respects, he is what he should be here, or in any community, his social standing will be exactly what he chooses to make it for himself. We have had so many hard cases to swarm down upon us, and so many instances of humbug and swindling by such people since the war, that we naturally receive total strangers now with caution and reserve, till we find them to be worthy of confidence and esteem, when they are as cordially treated as they would be anywhere. But upon this point I think nothing more need be said, as the intelligence of the North is beginning to discover the truth, and the malignant party hacks who have sought to keep up strife or falsehood are being found out.

**Second: Are the negroes troublesome or dangerous?**

In a few localities, where they have congregated in large numbers, especially discharged negro soldiers, in some of the lower tide-water counties, there have been some trifling disturbances. They are nowhere dangerous. As a race, the negro is harmless and inert. If let alone by bad White men, there never will be any trouble anywhere with them, except the trouble of inducing them to work and support themselves.

**Third: What can negro laborers be hired for?**

The best of them, ranging from 25 to 30 years of age, of known good character, hire to farmers at about \$120 a year and rations, with the use of a cabin and "patch," or garden. The negro rations here is a peck and a half of corn meal and three pounds of bacon a week, with vegetables, in season, such as the farmer uses himself. Good women hire at about half the above. On large tracts of land, the negroes in many cases work for a share of the crop. They are not active good hands unless the employer or an overseer is long to lead and direct them. Money wages are paid, about half monthly, and the balance at the end of the year.

**Fourth: Is the whole State healthy?**

Yes, almost the entire State. In the lower counties, where there are marshes, they have chills and fever, but of a mild form. Away from the miasmatic localities there is no healthier country on the globe than Virginia.

**Fifth: What is the quality of the land?**

As various as in any State in the Union. There is a great deal of very fertile land in Virginia, a large quantity of fair quality, and much that was once excellent, but has been exhausted by Tobacco and bad husbandry. But the worst worn-out land that was originally good is very easily reclaimed, especially by the use of clover.

**Sixth: What is the price of land?**

In all the country east of the Blue Ridge lands are very low, ranging from \$4 to \$30 per acre, according to quality, improvements, and location in reference to market. Between the blue Ridge and James River, I would put the average at about \$12 to \$15 per acre. Between the James and North Carolina line, in 20 or 30 counties, the average is under \$10, including all improvements. Some of the finest estates, combining river bottoms and upland, with ample buildings and good market facilities, in tracts of from 1,000 to 5,000 acres, are now on the market at from \$10 to \$15 per acre.—Tracts as small as 300 to 500 acres in the best south-side counties are offering at from \$8 to \$10. Exhausted but improvable land can be had in tracts of any size desired at from \$3 to \$6 per acre. The proportion of cleared and wood land sold is about half-and-half. This section of the State is not naturally a grazing country, but all the cultivated grapes do well. The staple crops are Wheat, Corn, Tobacco, and Oats. The variety of fruits and vegetables, embraces the whole catalogue of this mild latitude. Gardening in the open air has already commenced at this season.

In the Shenandoah Valley, lands command from \$30 to \$150 per acre. That is a limestone, blue-grass region. Along the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, grass grows remarkably well, and it is a fine stock region. Excellent farms can be bought there at from \$20 to \$40 per acre. In the Upper Valley or South Western Virginia, toward Tennessee, is the great grass region—the best for cattle, perhaps, this side of Texas. Improved farms there are worth from \$25 to \$60 per acre; but much cheaper lands can be had, perhaps equally good, but on which costly improvements have not been made. Tidewater is the great gardening and fishing region of the State. The best river land is worth \$100; but any grade can be procured from that down to \$5 or 6.

**Seventh: Where would you advise a Northern man to settle?**

It is impossible to say, unless he tells me what he wants to do. To the industrious man of small capital—say from \$500 to \$5,000—I would advise a settlement south of James River, where lands are cheapest, and where every variety of crop is produced. In almost any county there, a man can purchase from 20 acres upward. Generally, by paying one-fourth cash, he can get from three to five years credit on the residue, and thus use a large part of his capital to get himself fairly under way. The man of larger means can also be suited in this section, or he can buy a princely estate in the rich valleys of the James, Roanoke, or Dan, for one-fourth the value of the property before the war.

**Eighth: Can lands be leased, with an option purchase during the term?**

Yes, to a very large extent. The usual rent paid to the landlord is one-fourth of the crop for the land. A man, with say \$500, can lease a farm and readily support a family on it, and, by economy and industry in five or six years, own 150 or 200 acres in good heart.

**Ninth: What opening is there for poor men—mere laborers, without means?**

It is not good, and will not be till our people have further recuperated their shattered fortunes. There is too little

money here to pay good wages. I would not advise the farm-laborer to come here to hire himself out. Mechanics can do well whose handicraft is needed in the country, such as blacksmiths, carpenters, wagon-makers, coopers, &c. Small country stores do well. Formerly the planters brought their large supplies in the cities where they sold their crops, including all that was needed by their negroes.—The latter are now dependent on their own resources, and are compelled to supply their wants at the nearest country store, where they spend about half their wages. The Whites also deal largely at these stores, which are multiplying all over the State, and generally doing well. For professional men, the opening is still less inviting. We have more native lawyers and doctors than are needed, and the professions are languishing. We have no free-school system, but generally throughout State good common schools, taught by our own young men and ladies whose reduced circumstances lead them to turn to profitable account the finished education they had received at the best institutions of the country in their more prosperous days. On the large plantations, private tutors are frequently employed. Freedmen's schools are springing up and are generally taught by Northerners, many of whom are faithfully doing their work. To that class of inquirers who desire to come here to engage in teaching, clerking, and other light employments, there are no strong inducements now, nor will there be until general business has been re-established on a larger basis, and prosperity renewed in the State. The sort of population we need most, and that will undoubtedly do well, are working men of all classes who have enough capital to become freeholders, and the will and strength to engage in productive industry. No man of this class will ever regret settling here. Every settler may expect to do more or less building to gratify his taste and promote his comfort.—Our country houses don't suit Northern farmers well, nor indeed our own people now. They were built when every family kept the house full of negro servants, and lack the modern conveniences of "Yankee" farm houses, in which economy of labor is a paramount consideration. By slight changes and repairs, many of our dwellings can be made all that is desired; but, where large plantations are to be cut up, some new houses will be necessary.—The materials for these are very abundant and cheap, and beautiful sites and gushing springs of purest water are found on almost every tract.

**Tenth: How can a man ascertain where he had better settle?**

I would advise him to come directly to this city, and spend a day here conferring with those whose acquaintance with the State will enable them to direct him where to go and look for a home that will meet his wants. Any of us will gladly render this service. I suppose it is no exaggeration to say more than 1,000 Northerners, men have applied to me within 12 months for this sort of information; and many of the have purchased before they returned to the city. All the railroads terminating here issue half-fare tickets to men looking for land along their lines, and also to their families when moving to occupy them. I now extend an invitation to everyone who may read this and visit Richmond to come and see me, and I will give him all the assistance in my power to accomplish the object of his visit, freely, cheerfully, and gladly. I have said nothing of the vast mineral wealth of this State—second to no other—nor of its untold waterpower. These are attractions mainly to the capitalist, who has the time and means to investigate the subject at his leisure, before making his large investments. I will only remark that shrewd, sagacious, farseeing men of fortune and enterprise are beginning to appreciate our vast resources in these respects, and are bringing down their capital to open mines and quarries, build furnaces, and start factories.

**Our Railroad system is comprehensive and rapidly extending, and a few years will see an immense tonnage pouring out of the West through Virginia to the sea. Great cities and innumerable towns will be long grown up among us. Come and help us to build them! We join you now in "On to Richmond!" Enormous wealth was destroyed in four years' fighting and war. Can it not be reproduced in four years under an administration that we trust will be guided by the sentiment, "Let us have peace?"**

In conclusion, let me say to the hundreds whose letters are on my table, I will answer as many as I can, and as fast as I can. But let no man who intends to come here put it off too long. Lands will soon begin to rise in price. The demand, I am satisfied, will be great before midsummer, and with numerous sales prices will go up. Mere speculators might amass large fortunes by purchasing now and selling next year the large and splendid estates in the market. Gen. Butler is reported in the newspapers to have sold to a distinguished Virginian a short time since that the people of Virginia are still disloyal because he had heard they would not sell land to a Northern man or a negro. As to the latter, they do not sell because poor Sambo has no money to buy with; but, if he wishes to test our loyalty by our disposition to sell to Northerners, I would like him to induce a few thousand of his constituents to try us, and pay me 5 per cent commission on all the land I can sell them in 30 days after their wants are made known.—I would not exchange my profit for the

most lucrative business he ever engaged in, in peace or war.

But for the great length to which it would extend this letter, there are certain specialties I should like to refer to—Fruit culture, Wine-making, Hop growing, Lumbering on the large rivers, Sheep husbandry, small manufacturing, Fisheries, Gardening on a large scale for our own and Northern markets. I have in my mind's eye half a dozen healthy and beautiful localities for the establishment of towns and villages, where the most diversified pursuits would yield the means, comforts of peace, and contentment to hundreds of inhabitants. I hope to live to see this State dotted all over with these little busy centers of industry. A large Northern immigration is very desirable to us in another aspect. We had a peculiar social system before the war that made us the happiest and most contented people in the world. I admit that there was much old-fogginess in it, but that was one of its excellences. But since the change we cannot afford to hold these old-fogy ways and ideas. The world is running away from us. We think it is going a little too fast for its own good; but being rather slow ourselves, we have an idea that a good mixing up of Yankee enterprise with our slower notions, will result in good to both. We think if your people come here we can infuse into them a good deal of our conservatism, and rub off the sharp points of Yankee character which we never admired, and, on the other hand, we will receive new ideas and adopt new habits from you that will greatly improve our condition. Now that the Government of the country has been changed from a Confederation of States to a great, consolidated national Republic, it seems to me it should be the highest aim of the statesman and political philosopher to produce homogeneity in the nation. I mean by nation the White people of this country, for other races will soon perish under the crushing power of the American type of the Caucasian. The wonderful national energy of this country has sprung from the intermingling of the nationalities of Europe. America has been peopled by the most vigorous individuals of the populations of Europe; for it is only such that emigrate to a wilderness world. Here intermarriage has led to still higher developments of individual energy and power. A long peace was tending to slight stagnation in the old and settled portions of the South, where there were few immigrants. The convulsions of the last eight years have stirred up the silent life of the South—the political cauldron has boiled over—the social life of the country has been equally disturbed. Statesmen should now aim at harmonizing all these discordant elements, and thus consolidate a power such as the world has never seen. The work must be perfected in the social and industrial pursuits of the people of America. The people must be "mixed up," in business affairs. Social intercourse and moral causes will lead in time to closer ties—Northern and Southern character will be blended—intermarriages will ere long take place, and assimilation, in course of time, produce a new race, as it were, peculiarly American, possessing a national power as superior to all other peoples as this vast continent surpasses their limited territories.

The first step now is to mingle our people and our interests as fast as possible. I believe you are working in that direction. In this I am with you heart and hand; and so are thousands of others in the South. The past that we loved so well is gone forever. The present has its trials, which we have endeavored to bear without unmanly repinings. The future we look to hopefully, even though memory may go back regretfully to the lost principles of our earlier and happier years. Very respectfully, J. D. IMBODEN.  
Richmond, Va., Feb. 22, 1869.

**Betting on a Sure Thing.**

A lake steamer was being repaired and repainted, near one of the wharves of a western city. A single narrow plank served for communication with the shore. A large quantity of white lead was provided for the painters, and one night before going ashore, two of them whom we will call Smith and Jones, thought they would appropriate some of it to their own use. So they tied a strong twine around their overalls, at the ankle, and filled in the space between their trousers and overalls with forty pounds more or less, of white lead. Going ashore in the dusk of the evening, and walking clumsily in consequence of the unusual loading, Jones tumbled overboard into the lake. Of course he sank like a mill stone. The alarm was given, and immediately there were boats got out, and every preparation made for the rescue. Meantime, Smith stood on the shore loudly bewailing:

"Oh dear, dear! Jones is drowned! His poor wife and five children—what will become of them! And Jones is dead! Oh dear, dear!"

"What are you blabbering about?" said a bystander. "Don't you see they are getting ready to haul him out? He's got to rise three times, you know."

"Wh—what's that you say?" asked Smith.

"I tell you Jones aint drowned—he'll be rescued. He's got to come up three times."

"Got to come up three times!" repeated Smith, pulling out his money, and changing his whining tone to one of excited interest—"Bet you stamps he don't come up once!"

The Drover's Story.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a home within sight when we move there, my wife and I, and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever you saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all a doll for our youngest Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy Dolly's doll. I found a large one with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped in paper and tucked it under my arm while I had the parcels of calico and delaines and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her toy.

I was mounted on a steady going old horse of mine and was pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town and settled down dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way, through, I remembered it so well, and it was almost that when the storm that had been brewing broke and down pelted the rain in torrents, five miles, or may be, six, from home yet, too.

I rode on as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice! I stopped short and listened—I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing, all was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me.

I'm not superstitious—not very. But how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour. It might be more than human.

The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away, but once more I heard that cry, and said:—

"If any man's child is hereabouts Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I beheld through me of a hollow under the hill, and groping that way, sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I couldn't see it, but I thanked heaven. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake, but when I got into the door yard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dead fear at my heart, five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amidst them weeping.

"What is it, neighbors," I cried.

And one said, "nothing, now I hope—what's that in your arms?"

"A poor, lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you, I've turned faint," and I lifted up the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

My little child had wandered out to meet "daddy" and the doll, while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead, I thanked heaven on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

That's Dolly yonder with her mother in the meadow, a girl worth saving, I think (but then, I'm her father, and partial, may be.) The prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi.

**A Doubtful Story.**

A young fellow was taking a sleigh ride with a pretty girl, when he met a Methodist minister who was somewhat celebrated for tying the matrimonial knot at short notice. He stopped him, and said hurriedly:

"Can you tie a knot for me?"

"Yes," said Brother B—, "I guess so; when do you want it done?"

"Well right away," was the reply; "is it lawful though, here on the highway?"

"O, yes; this is as good a place as any—as safe as the church itself."

"Well, then, I want a knot tied in my horse's tail, to keep it out of the snow!" shouted the wicked wag, driving off very fast, fearing lest the minister in his profane wrath, should fall from grace.

A good story is told of a German shoemaker in Utica, who, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles:—"Der poots ish not quite done, but der beel'ish made out."