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JOB PRINTING,
OF ALL KINDS,
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

DR. J. LANTZ,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,

Still has his office on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that by eighteen years constant practice and the most earnest and careful attention to all matters pertaining to his profession, that he is fully able to perform all operations in the dental line in the most careful, tasteful and skillful manner.
Special attention given to saving the Natural Teeth; also, to the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Gold, Silver or Continuous Gums, and perfect fits in all cases insured.
Most persons know the great folly and danger of entrusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance. April 13, 1871.—ly

DR. N. L. PECK,
Surgeon Dentist,

Announces that having just returned from Dental Colleges, he is fully prepared to make artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner, and to fill decayed teeth according to the most improved method.
Teeth extracted without pain, when desired, by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, which is entirely harmless. Repairing of all kinds neatly done. All work warranted. Charges reasonable.
Office in J. G. Keller's new Brick building, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa. February 23, 1871.—6m.

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucher.

Office, Detrick's building, residence Kresgey's Hotel.
EAST STROUDSBURG, Pa.
June 3, 1870.—ly.

DR. C. O. HOFFMAN, M. D.
Would respectfully announce to the public that he has removed his office from Oakland to Canadensis, Monroe County, Pa.

Trusting that many years of consecutive practice of Medicine and Surgery will be a sufficient guarantee for the public confidence.
February 25, 1870.—tf.

JAMES H. WALTON,
Attorney at Law,

Office in second story of new building, nearly opposite the Washington Hotel, Main St. Stroudsburg, Pa.
January 13, 1870.—tf.

S. HOLMES, Jr.,
Attorney at Law,

STROUDSBURG, PA.
Office, on Main Street, 5 doors above the Stroudsburg House, and opposite Ruster's clothing store.
Business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity.
May 6, 1869.—tf.

DON'T you know that J. H. McCarty is the only Undertaker in Stroudsburg who understands his business? If not, attend a Funeral managed by any other Undertaker in town, and you will see the proof of the fact. [Sept. 16, '67]

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of W. L.) Recipe for CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA carefully compounded.

HOLLISHEAD'S DRUG STORE,
Medicines Fresh and Pure.
Nov. 21, 1867.] W. HOLLISHEAD.

KELLERSVILLE HOTEL,
The undersigned having purchased the above well known and popular Hotel Property, would respectfully inform the traveling public that he has refurbished and fitted up the Hotel in the best style. A handsome Bar, with choice Liquors and Segars, polite attendants and moderate charges.

B. J. VAN COTT, Proprietor.
Sep. 29, 1870.—tf.

ROCKAFELLOW,
DEALER IN

Ready-Made Clothing, Gents Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, &c.
EAST STROUDSBURG, PA.
(Near the Depot.)
The public are invited to call and examine goods. Prices moderate.
May 6, 1869.—tf.

PLASTER!
Fresh ground Nova Scotia PLASTER, at Stokes' Mills. HEMLOCK BOARDS, FENCING, SHINGLES, LATH, PA. LING, and POSTS, cheap.

FLOUR and FEED constantly on hand. Will exchange Lumber and Plaster for Grain or pay the highest market price.
BLACKSMITH SHOP just opened by C. Stone, an experienced workman. Public trade solicited.

N. S. WYCKOFF,
Stokes' Mills, Pa., April 20, 1871.

THE STROUDSBURG
Passenger R. W. Co.

7 per cent. Bonds.
Interest payable in January and April.
For sale at the Monroe County Bank.

THOS. A. BELL,
March 16, 1871. Treasurer.

MONROE COUNTY

BANK!

STROUDSBURG, PA.

ON THE FIRST OF APRIL, 1871,

THIS BANK

will commence paying Interest on DAILY DEPOSITS,

at the rate of

Four per Cent

SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT.

Accounts rendered and interest credited monthly.

SEVEN PER CENT INTEREST PAID

on permanent deposits, as heretofore.

Checks on all parts of the Country

COLLECTED

Free of Cost for Depositors.

DRAFTS

FOR SALE ON

England and Ireland.

All deposits in the Bank are secured by Bond, with security to Thos. M. McIlhenny, Trustee, in trust for Depositors, which bond is recorded in the proper office.

THOS. A. BELL, Cashier.

March 16, 1871.—ly.

P. S. WILLIAMS,

Watchmaker & Jeweler,

MAIN-ST, STROUDSBURG, PA.

Located in corner building, third door below the Jeffersonian office. Room handsomely fitted up, and heavily stocked with the finest assortment of

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Jewelers Notions, &c.,

ever offered in this section of country.

A full assortment of Spectacles, of the best quality, and suited to all ages, always on sale.

Silver-ware, and Silver Plated ware, always on hand at manufacturers prices.

Repairing neatly executed, and charges extremely moderate. Calls from the public respectfully solicited.

November 5th, 1868.—ly.

MONROE COUNTY

Marble Works,

Main St., Stroudsburg, Pa.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he is still at his old stand where he will furnish at short notice

GRAVE STONES,

MONUMENTS, &c. &c.,

of the best material and workmanship and at as reasonable rates as they can be purchased at any other establishment in the country.

J. E. ERDMAN.

March 9, '71.—4m.

THERE WERE SOLD IN THE YEAR '70

8,841

or

Blatchley's Cucumber

TRADE MARK

WOOD PUMPS,

Measuring 21 5/8 feet in length, or sufficient in the aggregate for

A WELL OVER 40 MILES DEEP,

Simple in Construction—Easy in Operation—Giving no Taste to the Water

—Durable—Reliable and Cheap.

These Pumps are their own best recommendation.

For sale by Dealers in Hardware and Agricultural Implements, Farmers, Pump Makers, &c., throughout the country. Circulars, &c., furnished upon application by mail or otherwise.

Single Pumps forwarded to parties in towns where I have no agents upon receipt of the regular retail price.

In buying, be careful that your Pump bears my trademark as above, as I guarantee no other.

CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufr,

Office and Wareroom,

624 & 626 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

March 2, 1871.—6m.

NEW FIRM.

The undersigned having formed a co-partnership, under the firm name of Burt & Herzog, for the purpose of carrying on the Brewing business, at East Stroudsburg, Pa., would respectfully inform the public that they will be able, all times, to furnish to order, a pure article of

ALE

at short notice. Their stock of material being the best the City affords, none but the purest and best malt liquors will be permitted to leave their establishment. They respectfully solicit the patronage of the public.

JOHN BURT,

JACOB F. HERZOG.

East Stroudsburg, Pa. Dec. 1, 1870.

THE OUTLOOK.

In the dust and smoke and roar of actual conflict it is impossible for the soldier in the ranks to see the position he is endeavoring to win; but when the victory is won the General himself can behold with no clearer eye the path of advance or estimate the cost in blood and life.—Necessity and judgment alike require that plans shall be laid now in the moments of comparative quiet; that wearied troops shall find at least temporary rest; that a careful watch be kept lest anything requisite for success in the next engagement.

So to day, in the lull which follows the seven weeks session of Congress, it behooves us as good Republicans to see who we are and what ourselves, or circumstances in spite of us, will make of us.—And this is no light or unimportant task. No man to-day can be a member of the Republican party without incurring great responsibilities. It is no child's play that we have to do. If we think so we are not fit to do it.

The truth is we have fallen upon new times. Ideas are demanding acceptance and offering rich harvests of future renown to those who are first to grant them acknowledgment. The day of leaders in politics is past, never to return. No man, however honest, or upright, or valuable, can block longer the wheels of national progress. Perhaps none to-day can wield a greater influence than Charles Sumner, and certainly there is no one in whose perfect integrity the nation has greater faith. His life is proof against the stings of slander, and there are none, even of those whose views differ from his, who dare hint at unworthy motives for his deeds. And yet Charles Sumner himself, were he to disconnect himself from the party of progress—the Republican party—and identify himself with its opponents, would not for an hour delay the acceptance of the Republican truths. They are independent of party. We do not support them—they make us. We are what we are because we have joined ourselves to them and they have carried us forward. So long as we hold to them our advancement is sure. If we once relax our hold some other, more fortunate than we, will take our place and be rapidly whirled whither our envious eyes cannot follow. It is useless for us to say "We have done a good work and are weary; we will rest awhile now." The good work is never done, and will not consider our convenience. Like time and tide it waits for no man, and when we pause it will leave us.

There appears, at stated intervals, in Democratic journals, a well written obituary upon the Republican party; able, except that never having understood it while living, the writers can hardly be expected to pass correct opinions upon it defunct. The constant recurrence of these flattering articles would seem to imply something amiss—either that the writers were not proper judges of the symptoms of demise, or that Republicanism, like the Phoenix of old, will not "stay dead," and takes a grim sort of pleasure in coming back in the spirit of walk the earth and learn what men say about it. The truth is it never was stronger and healthier than it is now, and the obituaries are written in the faith that what the writers hope—if they only hope it often enough and strong enough—will surely come to pass. The discussions over which they rejoice are the winds which stir with healthful motion the surface of this fathomless sea. Great waves never rise on duck-ponds, and the ocean is no less deep for its mountainous billows. It is because we are faithful to our trust and seek the truth itself that we disagree. Were we to follow human back there could arise no misunderstandings; but we do not. The President issues an idea, and we test it by all means in our power, seeking to discover if it be true metal. If it prove counterfeit we reject it, though it bear the semblance of the government stamp upon its sides. To-day Grant is right and is with us; to-morrow he errs, and Wendell Phillips bears up the banner under which we march; next day we shall find that some one from the ranks has caught the staff when Phillips stumbled and is himself at our head. If we know whether we are going we shall not stray, though we follow any man who sets himself before us.

We can point to a noble record. Nothing less than the purest patriotism could have crushed the slaveholders' rebellion, backed as it was by Northern Democracy. Nothing but the clearest foresight and the most earnest devotion to duty, pure and undefiled, could have left us at its close, even though victorious, anything but a shattered remnant of a nation. But we must not depend too much upon records. He who looks much over his shoulder is apt to stumble. There are mighty ideas knocking for admission; great planks ready hewn for our platform. We must recognize the importance of the educational interest. We must foster and encourage religious—not sectarian—enterprise; we must add vigor to every branch of industry throughout the land. Our public school system lacks sadly in the practical application of some parts of its theory. Those of comparatively small ability are placed over the district schools. Low salaries can only employ incompetent teachers, and in far too many instances the harm done is positive and the good doubtful. Churches quarrel among themselves for each other's members, and neglect the thousands in the

streets and alleys of our cities who are not members at all. Rivalry in business matters is little else than bitter hostility and antagonism. All these things must be bettered, and to Republicans alone we must look for this improvement. Not to party lines, however. There is a personal as well as a public duty laid on every voter. Every man has an influence, more perhaps than he cares to acknowledge. Let him use it for the accomplishment of these ends. We all recognize that the vote a man may cast avails little aside from his influence; but we do not recognize the fact that all that ameliorates the evils mentioned aids his vote. We have become a great nation because we have been a moral one. We can only continue in greatness by constant observance of morality. Every deed, then, done in furtherance of this purpose is an actual benefit to the nation. We call our doctrine Republicanism; it is really nationalism. To-day the words "In that elder day, to be a Roman was greater than a king," meet with practical exemplification in the United States. An American citizen is the highest title a man can claim the world over. Let us keep it so. C. H. D.

Nitro-Glycerine Horror.

At twenty-five minutes past one o'clock on yesterday afternoon, four hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine in cans, loaded on a wagon bound from Titusville to Tidouste, exploded about three quarters of a mile this side of Enterprise, on the public highway leading from Titusville. The driver, Mr. Charles C. Clark, who is one of Roberts & Co.'s most careful agents, was blown to atoms, as also was the horse and wagon. A large circular excavation, about four or five feet deep and twelve feet in diameter was made in the middle of the road; the fences and trees for a considerable distance on either side were shattered into fragments. A barn, the property of Mr. Confer, about forty rods nearer Enterprise, was blown to pieces, and the whole neighborhood converted into a complete wreck. The butt end of the driver's whip was driven a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, passed through a window in Mr. Annamiae's house, and knocked his wife senseless.—Several persons a remote distance from the scene of disaster were so stunned by the shock that they are confined in bed. The houses all along the road leading into Enterprise were all more or less injured, being twisted out of shape in such a manner as to prevent the opening or shutting of windows or doors. The shock was like that of an earthquake, extending for miles and being felt throughout the whole surrounding country and distinctly heard in this city. Several houses were shaken to their foundations. On Church run the report sounded like a boiler explosion, and, in this vicinity like the low rumbling of an earthquake. Dr. Raguell, with the exception of the unfortunate Clark, was the nearest individual to the explosion. He was on horseback, on his way to Tidouste, and had made an attempt to pass Clark's wagon, but fell back to allow his going down hill. At the instant of the explosion, Raguell was about sixty yards in the rear, and the concussion of the air almost unseated him, and forced both him and his horse backward. He was so stunned that he staggered, and the rider received so severe a shock, that he could hardly realize the situation.—Immediately after the explosion a telegram was sent from Enterprise to this city, and large numbers of people visited the scene of the disaster. Strange to say Clark's face was found almost entire, without the skull. One eye was blown and the other was open, glaring and transfixed in death. The mouth and nose and moustache were perfectly natural, and apparently he had not time even to put on an expression of alarm. All the remaining portions of the body were scattered so widely and so torn into such minute fragments that it was difficult to tell which belonged to the man and which to the horse. At the time our reporter reached the spot the supposed human remnants were lying in a basket. A telegraph pole on the roadside, bore strong evidence of instantaneous demolition, leaving the wire intact overhead. The woods on the upper side of the road were set on fire in several places, but it was subsequently extinguished. The appearance of what was once the horse and wagon, beggars all description. The fore quarter of the animal was lying in the roadway, the shoes of the fore feet gone, and the entrails and hinder parts scattered; while a broken shaft and a small piece of steel and iron were all that could be collected of the wagon. The fragments of steel were, for the most part, twisted into peculiar shapes and broken with ragged edges.—Titusville Herald, Saturday.

A new and fearful warning is held up to tea-drinkers. A sava has discovered with the microscope that when we pour milk into a cup of tea, the albumen of the milk and the tannin of the tea instantly unite, and form leather, or minute flakes of the very same compound which is produced in the texture of the tanned hides, and which makes it leather as distinguishable from the original skin. He consequently estimates that in the course of a year a tea drinker of average capacity imbibes enough leather to make a pair of shoes.

Our Dog in Church.

He was a little flustered on first entering the chapel—so many people there, and all sitting so quiet. In this there was something awesome for our dog, and when out of this unnatural quiet they rose suddenly to sing, our dog was frightened, and would have run out doors only the doors were closed. He soon recovered himself. They were only folks, after all—such as he saw every day in street and house.

He began to recognize one after another. He tried to get up a little sociability with them, but they took little or no notice of him. But his is a self-reliant, recuperative nature, so he threw himself on his own resources for amusement. He was delightfully ignorant of the proprieties of church or church service. The choir is separated from the congregation only by a slightly raised platform. On this walked our dog. Again there was singing. He smelt first of the organ; he then smelt of the organist, and wagged his tail at him. The organist looked with an amused and kindly eye, but he could not stop. Our dog then smelt of the basso-profundo; he smelt of the tenor; he smelt them on one side and then on the other. Then he went back and remelted them all over again; also the organ. That was a little curious. There might be a chorus of dogs inside, and that man at the keys tormenting them. To him, at any rate, it was not melody. He walked around it and smelt at every crack and end corner, to get at the mystery. He tried to coax a little familiarity out of that choir. They seemed to be having a good time; of course, he wanted a hand or a paw in it himself. It was of no use. He stood and looked, and wagged his white bushy tail at them as hard as he could. But, selfishly, they kept all their pleasure to themselves. So he left the choir, and came down again among the congregation. There, sure enough, were two little girls on the back seat. He knew them; he had enjoyed many a romp with them. Just the thing! Up he jumped with his paws on the back seat; yet even they were in no humor for play. They pushed him away, and looked at each other, as if to say, "Did you ever see such conduct in church?"

It was rebuff everywhere. Our dog would look closer into this matter. The congregation were all standing up. So he walked to the open end of a pew, jumped on it and behind the people's backs, and walked to get in front of the little girls, that he might have an explanation with them. Just then the hymn ceased. Everybody sat down with the subdued crash of silk and broadcloth.—Everybody on that bench came near sitting on our dog. It was a terrible scramble to get out.

Still he kept me employed. There was a line of chairs in the aisle. In one of these deliberately sat our dog. If everybody would do nothing but sit still and look at that man in the pulpit, so would he. But somehow he moved one hind leg inadvertently. It slipped over with the chair's edge. Our dog slipped over with it, and came as near tumbling as a being with four legs can. All this made noise, and attracted attention. Little boys and girls and big boys and girls snickered and snorted and strained as only people can snicker, snort and strain where they ought not to. Even some of the elders made queer faces. The sexton then tried to put our dog out. But he had no idea of going. He had come with our folks, and he was not going until they went. The strange man grabbed for him, and he dodged him time and again with all his native grace and agility. This was something like; it was indeed fun. The sexton gave up the chase; it was ruining the sermon. Our dog was sorry to see him go and sit down; he stood at a distance and looked at him, as if to say, "Well, ain't you going to try it again?"

No. No more of that. Nobody was doing anything save that man in the pulpit. Our dog would go up and see what all that was about. So he marched up the main aisle, and as he did so he waded, in a majestic and patronizing sort of way, his bushy tail, and it seemed to say, "Well, you can sit here, glum and silent, if you've a mind to. I do no such thing. I'm a dog; I need none of your preaching; I'm superior to all that. Things go easy enough with me, without coming here once a week to sit silent, and melancholy and stupid, and be scolded by a man whom you pay for it."

Then, in an innocent and touching ignorance that he was violating all the proprieties of time and place, our dog went boldly up on the pulpit stairs while our minister as preaching, and stood and surveyed the congregation. Indeed, he appropriated much of that congregation's attention to himself. He stood there and surveyed that audience with a confidence and assurance which, to a nervous and inexperienced speaker, would be better than gold or diamonds. He didn't care. He smelt of the minister—He thought he'd try and see if the latter was in a mood for any sociability. No, he was busier than any of the rest. The stupidity and silence of all this crowd of people, who sat there and looked at him, puzzled our dog.

He could see no sense in it. Some little boys and girls did smile as he stood there, seemingly, those smiles were for him. But as soon as he reciprocated the apparent attention, so soon as he made for them, the smiles would vanish, the faces would become solemn. And so at last, with a yawn, our dog flung himself

on the aisle floor, laid his head on his fore paws, and counted over the beef bones he had buried during the last week. Not a word of the sermon touched him; it went clear over his head.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Father, Where is Your Son?

We are no advocate of parental tyranny. Too much government degrades a nation. Too many rules ruin a boy or girl. The less people are governed the more orderly they are, and the better they flourish and increase. If a family is regulated and guarded by affection you may be certain it will give out to the world, at the proper time, useful men and women—men to honor its highest official stations, and women to adorn all its social and domestic circles. But, father, where is your son? You have lit the gas at home, or you have gone abroad to smoke and talk. Do you ever, at that time, think of your boy? He is in the street, not alone—who are his companions?—What a question for a man to ponder who understands the world and loves his child. All parts of a city's streets, in this age of progress, are heated with the oaths of profanity or redolent with the odors of intemperance. Boys have eyes and ears. Left unrestrained at night, to ramble through the streets of a large city, they are exposed to temptation, more hurtful than if they stayed at home and played with edge tools. A laceration of the flesh can be healed. A corruption once planted in the heart is hard to root out.—When a boy learns to swear and swagger by contact with evil companions it is no easy task to unlearn him. In an hour, while on the curb or in the gutter, a lad will have counteracted all the good teaching of a week at home. We do not advocate a constant restriction of boys.—They ought not to be vigorously disciplined, but don't let them run at large at night merely for the sake of getting rid of them. Father, gather them around you—talk to your children, inquire into their habits, familiarize them with your tastes and knowledge, and seek, by every means in your power, to get into their confidence. The man who begins early to make a companion of his son is sure to have a counsellor and supporter in his old days upon whom he can rely. But when children are allowed to become estranged from parents, when they are permitted early to go into the street for companionship, they will learn there to despise the society of home, and hold in contempt, as they grow older, its authorities. The chief attraction of every home are the children which belong to it.—Men buy books with which to make home pleasant. God gives them children as offerings to bless and strengthen the domestic bonds. No man is willing to make a circulating out of a private library. If he properly considered the matter, he would come to the conclusion speedily that it were better to let his books go out, and stay there, than to permit his children to circulate on the pave. Home is the place for boys and girls, when the candles are lit. Fathers and mothers all feel a solicitude to contribute to the bodily comfort of their children, and cloth and feed them without stint. But there is something due to the head and heart of a child; and the training of these have their efforts for perfection and immortality in heaven. Look after the boys.—Don't forget the girls.

Interesting Physiological Facts.

Some interesting facts regarding standing, walking and lying down are grouped in a lecture by Prof. Burt G. Wilder. In man, the great toe is the essential part of the foot in standing and walking. In the ape, this is a thumb, standing out from the side of the foot, and has no power supporting or propelling. The ape cannot carry himself erect. But put man on all fours, like an ape, and the enormous disadvantage appears at once. The head hangs as a great weight, with no adequate muscles to support it. The curve of the back is such that the knees touch the ground, and we have to raise the thighs in order to make the feet touch the ground. Man's foot is called a plantigrade foot—that is, has the whole sole flat upon the ground. One other animal, the bear, has a plantigrade foot, but he uses it in a different fashion; he lifts the whole foot together, and puts it down flat, while man strikes with the heel first, and rolls forward with each toe alternately.—The erect attitude is maintained only by a constant though unconscious control of the muscles of the leg by the brain. The length of the man is greater when he is lying flat than his height when he is standing. In the former case the body stretches itself; in the latter it settles down upon itself. A man is shorter when standing on one foot alone. He is shorter again when walking. For this reason ladies' skirts, which just clear the ground when they are standing, drag on the pavement as soon as they begin to walk. The different parts of the body are bent upon each other, and also swing from one side to the other. A very singular fact connected with walking is that one side of the body tends to out walk the other.—Persons with their eyes shut cannot walk in a straight line for any length of time; and persons who are lost in the woods or prairies are sure to travel in a circle.—There is a greater tendency to wander off to the right than to the left.

In the city of New York there are seventy thousand Jews, mostly Germans. They have forty synagogues.