

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 29.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 2, 1871.

NO. 28.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.
No notice discontinuing until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements of one square of (eight lines) or less, are at three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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

D. R. J. LANTZ,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,

Still has his office on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Watson's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that after eighteen years constant practice and the most careful 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 12, 1871.—15

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. Aug 31-14

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

Office, next to Smith's store, residence Kresgey's Hotel.

EAST STROUDSBURG, PA.
June 3, 1870.—14

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.—14

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.—14

PLASTER!
Fresh ground Nova Scotia PLASTER, at Stokes' Mills. HEMLOCK BOARDS, FENCING, SHINGLES, LATH, PAINTING, 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.

A. 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.—14

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF HOME MADE CHAIRS
Always on hand at
SAMUEL S. LEE'S
New Cabinet Shop,
Franklin Street Stroudsburg, Penn'a
In rear of Stroudsburg Bank.
April 6, '71.—15

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of Wilkesburg, N. Y.) Recipe for CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA carefully compounded at

HOLLINSHEAD'S DRUG STORE.
Medicines Fresh and Pure.
Nov. 21, 1867.) W. HOLLINSHEAD.

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

CAN YOU TELL WHY IT IS that when any one comes to Stroudsburg to buy Furniture, they always inquire for McCarty's Furniture Store? [Sept. 26

BLANK LEASES For Sale at this Office.

LEARNING TO PRAY.

BY MARY E. DODGE.

[From "Hearth and Home."] Kneeling, fair in the twilight gray, A beautiful child was trying to pray; His cheek on his mother's knee, His bare little feet half-hidden, His smile still coming unbidden, And his heart brimful of glee.

"I want to laugh. Is it naughty? Say, O mamma! I've had such fun to-day, I hardly can say my prayers. I don't feel just like praying; I want to be out-doors playing, And run, all undressed, down-stairs."

"I can see the flowers in the garden-bed, Shining so pretty and sweet and red: And Sammy is swinging, I guess. Oh! every thing is so fine out there, I want to put it all in the prayer. (Do you mean I can do it by 'Yes?')

"When I say, 'Now I lay me—word for word—"

It seems to me as if nobody heard. Would 'Thank you, dear God,' be right? He gave me my mammy, And papa, and Sammy— O mamma! you nodded I might."

Clasping his hands and hiding his face, Unconsciously yearning for help and grace, The little one now began. His mother's nod and sanction sweet Hed him close to the dear Lord's feet, And his words like music ran:

"Thank you for making this home so nice, The flowers, and folks, and my two white mice. (I wish I could keep right on.) I thank you, too, for every day— Only I'm most glad to pray. Dear God, I think I am done."

"Now, mamma, rock me—just a minute— And sing the hymn with 'darlin' in it. I wish I could say my prayers! When I get big, I know I can. Oh! won't it be nice to be a man, And stay all night down-stairs!

The mother, singing, clasped him tight, Kissing and cooing her fond "Good-night" And treasured his every word. For well she knew that the artless joy And love of his precious, innocent boy Were a prayer that her Lord had heard.

Mr. First Experience.

The following is the experience of a mechanic, concerning the benefits of a newspaper:

Ten years ago I lived in the town of D—, Indiana. On returning home one night, for I am a carpenter by trade, I saw a little girl leave my door with a smile, which is encouraging to a man after a hard day's labor. I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. R. had sent her little girl after her newspaper, which she had borrowed. We sat down to tea. My wife said to me, calling me by my given name:

"I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper, it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

My answer was: "I would like to do so, but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all that I can do to meet it."

She said: "If you will take the paper, I will sew for the tailor to pay for it."

I subscribed for the paper, it came in due time to the shop. While resting one noon, and looking over it, I saw an advertisement of the county commissioners to let a bridge that was to be built.

I put in a bid for the bridge, and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared \$200, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper, I would have known nothing about the contract, and could not have met the payment on my house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a county paper.

Sleep-Walkers.

A gentleman in Illinois writes the following to the *Scientific American*:

"My observation led me to believe that sleep-walking is a habit of the system. I have noticed that children who are allowed to go to sleep on the floor or lounge, in the evening, and afterward, at some regular hour, are aroused (of course only partially awakened) and sent to bed, will in time acquire the habit of sleep-walking. I have no doubt that the man mentioned in the *Scientific American* of July 22d, who would get up and go to the cellar for a drink of wine while asleep had been in the habit of first going for it in the night time while awake. I presume that the few here failed to notice how soon the mind, by dreams, will recognize a habit of waking at a particular time for any purpose.

"I think that the whole philosophy of sleep walking has its foundation in habit, acquired by disturbance at some regular hour for sleep."

At Baltimore, on Friday, ex-Deputy Collector Bowerman, convicted of embezzlement, was sentenced to a fine of \$2540.72 and costs and four years' imprisonment in the city jail. Ex-Deputy Collector Wilson, convicted of the same crime, was sentenced to a fine of \$1180 and costs and three years' imprisonment.

Perkins Has the Toothache.

BY CYRUS D. PERKINS.

When I went to bed that night, I apprehended trouble. Along one jaw, the left one, occasionally capered a grumbling sensation. It kept me awake an hour or so trying to determine whether that was all there was of it, or whether there was something to come after, that would need my wakeful presence to contend against. Thus pondering, I fell asleep, and forgot all about the trouble. I don't know how long I slept, but I fell to dreaming I had made a match for \$50 a side to fight a cross cut saw in a steam mill, and was well to work on the job, when the saw got my head between its teeth. I thought this was a favorable time to wake up, and I did so. It immediately transpired that I might better have stayed where I was, and taken the chances with the saw.

I found myself sitting straight up in bed with one hand spasmodically grasping my jaw, and the other swaying to and fro without any apparent cause.

It was an awful pain. It shot round like a dog that had been cruelly camped. It bored like lightning through the basement of my jaw, darted across the roof of my mouth, and then ran lengthwise of my teeth. If every pang had been a drunken plough chased by a demon across a stump lot, I think the observer would understand my condition. I could no more get het hold of the fearful agony than I was coveting around in me, than I could pick up a piece of wet soap when in a great hurry.

Suddenly it stopped. It went, giving me a parting kick that fairly made me howl.

I thought I was rid of the toothache, but a grumbling set in next morning. It was just like the feeling of the night before; and a still voice said to me, "Look out, Perkins."

I did. I went right away to the dentist who has pulled the teeth of our family and knew our peculiarities. There was an uneasy smell about his office. It was very suggestive of trouble, and as I snuffed it in I experienced a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I looked at him, and sickly smiled. He was never, even on a holiday, the handsomest of men, but now his appearance was very, very depressing. He looked like a corpse with a lighted candle inside of it.

I told him what the matter was with me, how that I had been up all night with a four-story pain; how my wife had been thrown out of bed by the violence of my suffering; how—

He asked me if I wouldn't sit down. I sat down on what was once a hoghead, but now cut down and newly carpeted. He held back my head, opened my mouth, and went to fishing around inside with a watch spring.

And while he angled, he conversed.— Said he: "You have caught a terrible hard cold."

"I have."

"It seems the trouble is with one of the bicuspids."

Of course I didn't know what a bicuspids was, but I thought it wouldn't look well in the head of the family being struck with so short a word as that, so I asked, with some vigor:

"Which one?"

"The tumorous," said he. "I am glad it ain't any worse," I replied, throwing a sigh of relief.

"The frontal bone is not seriously affected. The submaxillary gland is somewhat enlarged; but it does not necessarily follow that parotitis will ensue."

"I am proud to hear that," said I, which I certainly was, although if the parotitis had ensued it is not at all likely that I should have minded it much, unless it was something that would spill, as I was dressed up in my best.

He kept on talking and angling. "The esophagus isn't loose," he next remarked.

"Ah," said I, winking at him. "Oh no, the ligaments are quite firm. I might say—"

"Did it hurt you?" he asked, as cool and clam as the lid of an ice-cream freezer.

"Hurt me! Great Heavens, did you expect to split me open with a watch spring, and not have it hurt me? What was the matter—did you slip?"

"Certainly not," he said. "I was simply getting hold of the tooth. Just hold your head back an instant, and I will have it out at once."

"I guess I won't try it again," said I, with a shiver. "The toothache is bad enough, but it is heaven alongside of that watch spring. You may come up some time, and pull it out when I ain't at home. I think I could endure the operation if I was off about eight blocks. Come up when you can."

Election Bet.

The Mauch Chunk *Gazette* is responsible for the following: "A lady and gentleman, whose names we suppress, of different political opinions, got into an excited discussion upon political matters, which resulted in an agreement that should Twining be elected, then the gentleman was to marry the lady, and on the other hand, if defeated, she promised to marry him (the gentleman with whom she made the bet, not Twining.) He lost, but paid the penalty like a man.

A WOMAN ON THE BENCH.

The Great Joke of Wyoming—How the Wags Served Mrs. Judge Morris' Husband—A Wife Committing her Spouse.

My last gave in brief the history of the passage of the Woman's Suffrage act in Wyoming. I will now give some of the practical workings of woman suffrage and woman office holding. The first action taken under the provisions of this law was the appointment by the Secretary, as acting Governor, of Mrs. Ester Morris, of South Pass City, as a Justice of the Peace, for Sweet water county. Mrs. Morris qualified, "remitted the usual fee of \$5" to the Secretary, and entered upon the duties of her office. Nothing unusual occurred for some days; everybody was satisfied with the new Justice, and the new Justice with everybody. One day, however, the wife of bitterness was mixed in her cup of bliss, and notwithstanding her womanly and wifely feeling, she was compelled to drink it. Her better half, who was now left in charge of the domestic department of the firm, had previous to his retirement to the sweets of domestic life, occasionally taken a social glass with his friends. Taking advantage of this weakness, some friends waited upon Mr. Morris one day, and having made Mr. Morris drunk, led him into a breach of the peace, then hastened to the Esquire's office and lodged a complaint with her Honor against her Honor's "hege lord and master," that used to be, and demanded a warrant for his arrest. Mrs. Justice hesitated a moment on the banks of this woman's Rusicon, but like Caesar she was equal to the emergency, and promptly crossed into her lord's dominions, and her former master was dragged before her for trial.

Mr. Morris' head was not sufficiently clear to comprehend the situation. He began to assert his sovereign rights in contempt of court, until suddenly brought up by the officer in obedience to the Court's order. Seeing that things had changed somewhat, and that Othello's occupation had been at least suspended, he began to expostulate first with the officer, until informed by that functionary that he had no discretion, but was acting under orders from the Court.

"Who is the Court (hic)?" inquired Mr. Morris. On being informed that the occupant of the bench was the Judge, Mr. Morris looked at the Justice with a puzzled air, scratched his head in an effort to collect his scattered thoughts, and ejaculated, "Her—her—(hic)—she is—that's Esther—my wife Esther—you're drunk, or—oh, don't bother me (hic)," and he started to go.

"Look up the prisoner for contempt of court," said Mrs. Morris to the officer.

"What have you you to say about it, eh?" blurted out Mr. Morris, staggering menacingly toward the Judge.

"You will find I have all to say about it. Officer look him up," replied her Honor.

Although badly mixed, Mr. Morris began to get a glimmer of the truth, and began a parley:

"Now look here, Mr. Officer, don't you be in a hurry. I didn't mean anything wrong. I want to just talk with my wife a minute. Now, Esther, what's the use of foolin'; you just get down out of there and go home and behave yourself. I'll tend to this little difficulty myself. Now go right along, the baby wants nursing. I had to give it Mrs. Winslow to get it to sleep when I came down. He's hungry, for he won't use that old bottle, and I don't blame him either. The dishes ain't washed, nor the beds made, neither— And what's more, I ain't goin' to do it any more, now. You hear that. Now start along."

By the time Mr. Morris had delivered himself of this, his tone had changed as his feelings warmed from that of expostulation to that of command again, and the officer forced him into the rudely constructed lock-up in the rear of her Honor's court, and there Mr. Morris was left to reflect upon the situation, and gaze upon the dividing wall between himself and wife as the dividing line between man's and woman's rights under this new dispensation.

On the following morning Mr. Morris was arraigned before her Honor, and in the most sober and subdued manner, and with the deepest humiliation, pleaded guilty, asked the pardon of the Court for contempt, and then awaited his sentence with humility and resignation.

After giving the prisoner a Caudle lecture as amended by the laws of Wyoming, her Honor imposed the usual fine and required the prisoner to give bonds to keep the peace, upon which the Court gallantly offered to let him go, and Mr. Morris vanished.

Disasters never comes singly. From Bangor, Maine, we have the news of a sudden freshet in the Penobscot River, the stream having risen nine feet in twenty-four hours, causing immense destruction of property. It is estimated that five million logs near Oldtown have broken from their moorings, and are strewn along the shore, great numbers of which will be lost to their owners. The trains the Maine Central Railroad have been obstructed and it is feared that much damage will be caused to bridges and other property. No lives are reported lost.

DARWIN IMPROVED.

Darwinism is a mere apology for science. That's what it is. And it's no new thing under the sun. It has been presented in a great variety of forms by all authors of children's primers, from Mother Goose to Edward Lear. For instance, witness the following exposition of it:

"The monkey married the baboon's sister, Smacked his lips, and then he kissed her, Kissed so hard he raised a blister— She set up a yell."

This is a touching incident in the beautiful process of transition from worm to Wallace—from dirt to Darwin. The intermarriage between correlated families; the reciprocal attachment so interesting to the thoughtful mind; the pathetic preliminary of oseculation; the cuticular accident of vesication; his ferocity; her coy affection of displeasure—all, all point with unerring finger to the mysterious origin and solemn destiny of man. Again, observe the continuance of this resemblance, as shown in the same familiar poem:

"Bridegroom stuck on some court plaster; Stuck so fast it couldn't stick faster; O, it was a sad disaster— But it soon got well."

Here you are again. These be human passions, affections and afflictions. We see the praiseworthy solicitude of the bridegroom; the faithful constancy of the court plaster; and behind all, cunningly suggested, rather than stated, the uncomplaining patience of the young wife— Then the slow recovery. But we must not linger:

"What d'ye think the bride was drest in? White gauze veil and green glass breastpin; She did look quite interesting; She was quite a belle."

The scene is changed. The cohesive emolient has been removed from the saluted lip. The bride, though of Simian origin, betrays the divine symbol of her sex—the taste for decoration. She robes her lovely form in transparent gossamer, revealing by concealing. She ornaments her undulating bust with a sapphire gaud—just the way they do now. Is it not sufficiently obvious that the author of this understood the great principle of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, as it is now explained by Darwin, Huxley and the rest.

But, on arriving at the blunt termination of the affecting stanzas, it occurred to us that they were incomplete—that they were, as it were, rudimentary—so we handed them over to our ingenious office boy to finish according to the evolution theory. He pulled up his shirt collar, rolled up his eyes and sleeves, spasmodically seized a sheet of paper and wended his winding way along after the following fashion:

What d'you think occurred soon arter? First a son and then a darter; And shey kept a growing smarter 'Cordin to the law.

Lost their tails and found their knowledge; Put on clothes and went to college; Studied science and zoologie— Wagged a classic jaw.

One remembered his "poor relation," Then he printed a narration, All about his derivation From his granddaddum.

Thus much the boy. Then he fainted dead away, like Prof. John Tyndall, F. R. S., when he surmounted the highest peak of the Matterhorn. We dragged the youth to the sink and sprinkled him with the water the "formes" had bathed in, and he sadly opened his eyes. "How are you?" said we. To which vehemently the lad replied: "Walter Whitman ain't no poet. He never caught nothing from the Muses 'cept the St. Vitus's dance." We let him warble on seeing that his mind was wandering. But here are our subsequent meditations. "Darwin is right. We are what we are because the monkey married the baboon's sister."

A Keen Reply.

Legal bullies who ask women impertinent questions in the witness box, ought to get their deserts, as did the solicitor-general the other day in the celebrated Tichborne case in England. The witness was a governess, who had formerly been employed in the Tichborne family—Governesses in England are generally regarded as beings who are made to be snubbed and insulted. So the solicitor-general snubbed and insulted this one, while she was testifying to the identity of the claimant to the Tichborne estate with the young heir as she knew him twenty years before. At last she had a chance at him which she did not hesitate to improve. "Was the young man always polite to ladies?" asked the solicitor-general. "He was, indeed, polite toward ladies," replied the governess; and with a well understood emphasis she added, "gentlemen, I believe, always are so." The court room burst into a loud laugh, and the solicitor-general turned red in the face.

A man in Georgia recently received a letter enclosing thirty cents in fractional currency, accompanied with the words: "I stole a feed of corn from you during the war."

The sugar crop of Louisiana this year is expected to amount to 200,000 hogs-heads.

The weather has recently been excessively warm in California, and numerous cases of sun stroke are reported.

The Philadelphia *Dispatch* thus relates how a female was calumniated, and the results:

A week or two ago one of our reporters had occasion to refer to a certain woman, whom we will call Hannah Smith, as a denizen of the 11th Ward. A day or two afterward, a huge man entered the office with his brow clothed with thunder. In his hand he carried a fearful club, and at his side trotted a bulldog whom hunger evidently had made desperate. With the fearlessness of conscious innocence we sat still, merely inserting our legs in two sections of stovepipe, to guard against misapprehensions of facts on the part of the bulldog. The man with the club approached.

"Are you the editor?" he asked, spitting on his hands and grasping the club. We told him that the editor was out; that he had gone to the North Pole with Capt. Hall, and he would not return before 1876, in time for the centennial celebration.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked the man. We explained to him that we were not; that the proprietors were also out; that they had gone to South America for the purpose of investigating the curative properties of eundurango, and they expected to remain there for several years.

"Well, whoever you are," exclaimed the warrior, "my name is Smith!"

We told him we were glad; because, if there was any one thing better than the possession of the name of Smith, it was the privilege of knowing a man of that name. "But Smith," we said, "why this battle array? It is absurd for a man to put on the panoply of war and frisk into editors' sanctuaries fumbling a club and accompanied by a disheartening bulldog, simply because his name happens to be Smith."

He said he called in to burst the head of the man who had insulted his sister.

"It is impossible, Smith, that such a thing could have been done by any one in this office."

"It is? But it was, though; and her name was published, too—Miss Smith—Miss Hanner Smith."

"May we be permitted to inquire, Mr. Smith, what was the precise character of the affront offered to Hannah?"

"Well, you see," said Smith, "the blackguard said she was a denizen. And I want you to understand," exclaimed Smith, becoming excited, and brandishing his club in a wild manner over our head, while the bulldog advanced and commenced to snuff up and down our stovepipe—"I want you to understand that she is a decent young woman, with a good character and none of your denizens and such truck. The man who says she is a denizen is a blackguard and thief, and I'll smash him over the nose if I get the chance. They may say what they please about me, but the man who abuses my sister has got to suffer!" And Smith struck the table in a violent manner with his club, while the bulldog put his foreleg on the back of our chair.

We pacified Smith with a dictionary. We pointed out to that raging warrior that the Websterian definition of the word "denizen" gives such a person an unoffending character, and deprives the term of everything like reproach. Smith said he was satisfied and he shook hands and kicked the bulldog down stairs.

A Deserted Wife.
The Detroit *Free Press* tells a lamentable story of a husband's perseverance and a wife's unrequited love. Such things are not so uncommon as to warrant any particular notice, but the husband's persistence was so remarkable and so successful that it takes the case out of the ordinary. Mr. Messenger, of Illinois, lately married a girl about 15 years old, and on account of some vague rumors which tended to show that he was a bigamist, he took his pet wife from the West towards the East, tenderly asking her on the road what she would do if he should abandon her, how she would make a living, and putting other unnatural queries to her. Strange to say, her suspicious were aroused, and when the couple came to Detroit, she would not leave her husband alone for an instant. Such treatment made him despondent, and the two retired together for the night, the lady locking the door and putting the key under her pillow. In the dead waste and middle of the night, poor Mrs. Messenger was awakened by feeling her husband for her key; he was dressed and ready to depart. She sobbed and prayed, and the gentleman, apparently relenting, returned to his couch, when his wife, having first hidden the key under the mattress, tied his wrist to hers with a handkerchief. The lady watched for awhile, but the drowsy god was too much for her, and when she awoke she found that her restless husband had united himself, dressed, torn the bed quilt into strips, and using these as a rope had descended from the window, re-entered the hotel, paid his half of the bill, taken his baggage and departed, leaving her alone in the wide, world.

An extensive robbery was committed in the town of Woodbury, Conn., Thursday night. A safe was opened in which were \$17,000 belonging to the town, which were taken. Other stores were robbed. A horse and wagon were also stolen. About \$30,000 in all were taken.

The weather has recently been excessively warm in California, and numerous cases of sun stroke are reported.