

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 29. STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 30, 1871. NO. 32.

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.
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Advertisements of one square of eight lines or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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OF ALL KINDS.

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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 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 fully and danger of inserting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance.
April 15, 1871.—ly

DR. N. L. PECK,

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Announces that having just returned from Dental College, 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-tf

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 the building formerly occupied by L. M. Burton, and opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Jan 13-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

PLASTER!

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

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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

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.—ly

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of Williamsburgh, 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 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]

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]

DON'T FOOL YOUR MONEY away for worthless articles of Furniture, but go to McCarty's, and you will get well paid for it. [Sept. 26, '67]

John's Wife.

BY ROBERT ORE.

A young woman stood with her hand on her broom.

And, looking around the little room,
"Nothing but toil forever," she said,
"From early morn till the light hath fled.
If you were only a merchant, now,
We need not live by sweat of our brow."
Working away, spoke shoemaker John.
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A lady stood by her husband's chair,
And quietly passed her hand through his hair.
"You never have time for me now," she said,
And a tear-drop fell on the low-beat head;
"If we were only rich, my dear,
With nothing to do, from year to year,
But amuse each other. Oh, dear me!
What a happy woman I should be!"
Looking up from his ledger, spoke merchant John,
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A stately form, in velvet dressed;
A diamond gleaming on her breast;
"Nothing but toiling for fashion," she said,
"Till I sometimes wish that I were dead.
If I might cast this wealth aside,
And be once more the poor man's bride."
From his easy chair spoke Gentleman John,
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LECTURE DELIVERED BY HORACE GREENE, AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 18, 1871.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—No doubt I shall weary you with a portion of my lecture, yet I really hope those who will be so patient as to follow me to the end will find themselves rewarded for their trust in me, for I have heard so much said of Mr. Lincoln, which seems to me discriminating that I have put down my recollections of him, interspersed with what I have learned from other sources, with an earnest hope that I shall be able to give a judicious account of the man, and one which fair minded men of all sects, creeds and parties will recognize as at my rate imbued with a spirit of candor. This was my reason for writing of Mr. Lincoln.

I have known him for the last twenty years of his life, and I have formed opinions definite and clear with regard to him, which seem to me to not be expressed by the accounts I have heard, so I have committed to paper the thoughts that occur to me. Biography has degenerated with eulogy. It makes of its subjects; in the language of the poet, "That faultless monster none over saw." Under this idea Richard the Third becomes a humane and sagacious Prince, slightly carved in the spine, perhaps; and Henry the Eighth is no longer the arbitrary monarch we once knew him, but a model husband and exemplary family man.

There have been many biographies of Lincoln written. Perhaps forty or fifty full fledged volumes have been inflicted upon a much enduring public, yet the man, Abraham Lincoln, is not pictured as I know him. I wish to show you the man as he appeared to me, and then he will be shown to you as by no means the angel some have made him. I shall pass rapidly over what may be termed as the "rail splitting" era of his life, giving only a brief description of those early events. He grew up on the outskirts of civilization, where he listened first to the stump-speech of the orator and the sermon of an occasional minister as a source of instruction.

He did not attend school, for the good reason that there were none in his vicinity. No one would deny that he was, when he grew up manhood, a kind neighbor and excellent man. Surprise was often expressed when a man of moderate education was selected to fill a responsible position. Few who saw him in after life would have suspected that his knowledge was less than that of college graduates by whom he was surrounded.

Of course his knowledge was different from theirs, but had he lived to be 70 years of age he would have compared favorably with Henry Clay in the after years of his private life. The scenes by which he was surrounded in his early life were calculated to develop the best elements of his character. That trip down the Ohio and Mississippi in a flatboat might be looked upon as his diploma, as good as any sheepskin of the college graduate. In 1834, when 25 years of age, he was elected to the Legislature, and was re-elected in 1836 and 1838.

The speaker then traced Mr. Lincoln's political career up to the time of his election as President. His success was due to his early and long continued, self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of his party. In this respect there was a striking similarity between him and Henry Clay. President Lincoln learned the art of logic in that best of all schools—the American political stump. There were faults and vices in our political system of election-eering, but the stump brought the people face to face with their enthusiasm.

There never was yet a stirring political canvass that did not leave the people better informed on political affairs than it found them. It served the place of the French *coup d'état*. It was the conservator of our liberties. Lincoln was one of those who, in a speech on the stump, could do his cause more good and less harm than most men of his time. His speech at the Cooper Institute, in 1860,

was one of the best addresses ever delivered in this country. For the object sought to be obtained it was unsurpassed.

The speaker had first made the acquaintance of the subject of the lecture in 1848, when in Congress, where he was looked upon as a man of ability and fairness; but it each member of the House had voted to select who among them would be likely to become a President, five of the hundred would hardly have thought of voting for Mr. Lincoln. In the enunciation of the principles of the irrepressible conflict he was at least six months ahead of Mr. Seward. His position on this question was clear and definite, and not to be gainsayed. In the light of the events of the last decade, we could appreciate his sentiments.

We know now that his ideas on the question of an irrepressible conflict were most correct. It had to come as a natural result.

The Senatorial contest between Lincoln and Douglas was one of the most characteristic and one of the best in the political history of our country. Here was an honest difference of opinion, and each party selected its most trusted leader, and the questions were discussed before the people. Douglas was elected, though on the popular vote Lincoln was ahead of him. Beside, he did not expend any money in the canvass, while Douglas used nearly \$80,000.

Some regarded the result a defeat to Mr. Lincoln, but it really was a victory. It served to render him more popular not only in his own State, but in the country at large and resulted finally in his election as President; and then came the journey to Washington on the eve of secession and civil war. There was no doubt that there was a plot to assassinate him in Baltimore. These plots were to be expected by men who assumed prominence in political affairs during times of great turbulence.

But, in the language of "Julius," as rendered by Shakespeare:—
"Towards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste death but once."

The language of the first inaugural address was clear and concise, and contained language that it would have been well for the South if it had heeded, although, in the goodness of his heart, he was slow to believe that the "South meant war." Many could not comprehend how it was that the precious early hours of the conflict were squandered. The reason was that our commander-in-chief did not believe it would be necessary to fire more than blank cartridge.

When at last the war did come it was accepted as a stern necessity. Much of the strength of the Rebellion lay in the belief of the people of the South that nothing worse could happen than subjugation to the Union. To prevent the continuance of this feeling our government should have welcomed every overture for peace on the part of the South. Had it accepted directly what it did indirectly, it would have paralyzed thousands of arms raised in frenzy against it. To this end an interview should have been granted at the earliest possible moment with A. H. Stephens and others, as asked for.

On the question of the abolition of slavery the President was slow to move, and after all argument was over most people would admit that in the controversy he had the best side of the question. The allegation that he would destroy slavery when he believed it necessary to save the Union, at the same time expressing the opinion that the institution was wrong, was hailed with joy by the less radical press of the country. Why, the speaker was not able to understand. The Emancipation Proclamation was but the fulfillment of the first proposition. Mr. Lincoln never took a step backward, and when once putting his foot down, he made sure that it was on solid ground.

His State papers, particularly those communicated to Congress, were not greatly admired by some. They lacked the fire that electrified people, but scarcely a more beautiful gem could be found than his celebrated speech at the dedication of Gettysburg, Cemetery, which followed the frigidation of Edward Everett.

One of the points of his character was shown in his letter to the committee which called upon him in reference to the emancipation of the slaves in Kentucky. He was loth to offend the loyal white people of the South, and in his letter he expressed himself with great terseness, and afforded a key to his character. He was no Prophet Elisha or John the Baptist, but a plain-spoken, straight-forward, honest man. No one overapproached him and found any assumption of authority or manifestation of a spirit of disdain.

His second inaugural and after history was familiar to all the people of the country and developed no new characteristics—simply developed those already manifest. The Lincoln of 1864 was the Lincoln of 1861, only with a character made grander and larger by the troubles through which he had passed.

In conclusion the lecturer spoke at length of the lessons which the life of such a man taught the youth of our country. It showed them what patient plodding industry, aided by honor and integrity, might attain. Looking back from the mists of ten years ago we saw in him the providential leader who faithfully reflected the sentiments of the masses.— Other men contributed to the regeneration of the country, but, for the burden

laid upon him and the good wrought out by him, Abraham Lincoln was peculiarly fitted.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

"Wanted, by a boy, a situation in an eating house. He is used to the business."

How many men always become four-handed?—By doubling their fists.

A lobster never comes ashore without great risk of getting into hot water.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down.

"Beware," said the potter to the clay, and it became ware.

When a man's face turns as yellow as a guinea he is said to have a rich complexion.

There is a man in New York to proud that he won't keep his own company, for fear of degrading himself.

An old lady made the following speech at a woman's meeting the other day; "I demand equality for all the sexes."

A bachelor friend compares a shirt button to life, because it so often hangs by a thread.

Why is the figure 9 like a peacock?—Because its nothing without its tail.

What man is most looked up to? Ans. The man in the moon.

What is that which he who has it on does not wish for, but he who has it would not part with it for any money? A bald head.

What is it that goes up the hill and down the hill, and yet moves? The road.

A rich man asked a poor person if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches. "I believe they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man" was the answer.

Here is a landlord who owns about the largest cottage we ever heard of:

"A cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land."

A boy in Oswego has performed a wonderful feat. He lighted a fire with kerosene with the loss of only two pairs of trousers and the skin of his legs. Most boys in his place would have put their parents to the cost of a funeral.

Facts should be put down in black and white; is another colored ink they might appear ink-redible.

A Jew, on seeing a prodigiously fine ham, remarked; "Thou almost persuaded me to be a Christian."

"Never mix your drinks," is held to be a good rule with toppers, and is not at all bad one for milkmen to observe.

A Music Dealer in an eastern town announces in his window a sentimental song, "Thou hast loved me and left me for twenty-five cents."

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straitened by circumstances."

A butcher-boy says he has often heard of the fore-quarters of the globe, but has never heard any person say anything about the hind quarters.

A youngster, whilst perusing a chapter in Genesis, turning to his mother, inquired if the people in those days used to do sums on the ground. It was discovered that he had been reading the passage, "And the sons of men multiplied upon the face of the earth."

A Milesian born the last day of the year felicitates himself on the narrow escape from not being born at all—"B' jabers," says he, "and if it had not been till the next day, what would have become of me?"

"Susie," said a mother to her little daughter of five summers, "what would you do without your mother?" "I would put on just such a dress as I pleased, every day," was the prompt reply.

A man courting a young woman was interrogated as to his occupation. "I am a paper hanger on a large scale," he replied. He married the girl and turned out to be a bill staker.

A newly married man complains of the high price of "ducks." He says his wife recently paid for three of them—a duck of a bonnet, a duck of a dress, and a duck duck of a parasol. He says such dealings in poultry will ruin him.

The latest euphuism for red hair is Canandaigua color; being as every New York railroad traveller knows, a little beyond Auburn.

The Mayor of Delphia, Indiana, has proclaimed that no persons are to be out after nine o'clock, except on legitimate business. Evidently an attempt to increase legitimate business.

A span for the International Bridge 223 feet in length, has just been finished at the works of the Phoenix Iron Company at Phoenixville, Pa. The strain sheet for the span was calculated and arranged by Miss S. Emma Price, who is connected with the engineers' department of the company.

An individual who was puzzled to know where all the Smiths come from, has at last solved the mystery. At Waterbury, Conn., on a long brick factory, appears a sign inscribed: "Smith Manufacturing Company."

Struggle on to victory. Never give up, when you are right. A frown is only a muscular contraction, and can't last long. A laugh of derision is but the modified barking of a cur. If you can be laughed out of the good or the good out of you, you are weaker in intellect than the fool, whose argument is a buffaw, and whose logic is a neer.

Among the Shakers.

So many people are visiting the Shakers and telling what they saw there, that we know our readers will be pleased to read again Artemus Ward's visit in the same direction. Artemus tells the story of his visit as follows:

"Mr. Shaker," said I, "you see before you a Babe of the Woods, so to speak, and he axes a shelter of you."

"Yay," said the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another being sent to put my horse and wagon under cover.

A solemn female, looking somewhat like a last year's bean pole stuck into a long mealbag, cum in an axed me was I a first and did I hunger? To which I assented, "a few." She went off, and I endeavored to open a conversation with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" said I.

"Yay," he sed.

"Health's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages uv a Elder, when he understands his bizness—or do you devote your services gratotitius?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continues there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's opplessant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that peccoler kind wesket you wear includin' trimmings?"

"Yay."

I pawed a minit, and then, thinkin' I'd be fashensh with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, burst into a hearty larf, and told him that "as a yayer he hed no liven ekel."

He jumped up as if bilin' water had been squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the ceilin, and sed:

"You're a man of sin!" and he waltk out of the room.

Directly thare cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin' gals as I ever met. It is troo they was dressed in meal bags like the old one I'd met prevelsy, and their shiny, silky hair was hid from sight by long white caps, such as I spose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diamonds, their cheeks was like roses and they was charmin' enuff to make a man thro stuns at his gradmother, if they axed him to—

Their comment clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my raptur, and sez I:

"My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solemnly sed.

"Where is the old man?" sed I in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean that gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name wasn't Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Well, my pretty dear," sez I, "let's have some fun. Lets play puss in the corner. What say you?"

"Air you a Shaker," they asked.

"Well my pretty dears, I havn' arrayed my proud form in a long wesket yet, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I am a Shaker grotemporary."

They was full of fun. I sed that at first, only they was a little skeery. I tawt 'em puss in the corner, and such like 'em, and we had a nice time, keepin' quiet of course, so the old mon shoul'd't hear. When we broke up, sez I:

"My pretty dears, air I go you have no objections, have you, to a innocent kiss at partin'?"

"Yay," they sed, and I yayed.

How to Get Along.

Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted, or in business hours.

No man can get rich by lounging in stores and saloons.

Never "fool" in business matters.

Have order, system, regularity, liberality, promptness.

Do not meddle with business you do not understand.

Never buy an article you do not need simply because it is cheap and the man who sells will take it out in trade.

Trade is money.

Endeavor to avoid hard words and personalities.

Do not kick every stone in the path. More miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than stopping.

Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Aid, but never beg.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

Learn to say "no." On necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better.

Use your own brains rather than those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Be vigilant.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

What would this world be without women? A perfect blank, like a sheet of paper, not even ruled.

Condition of Chicago.

It is estimated, upon what may be regarded as good authority, that the fire covered over 2,000 acres in the heart of the city, over twenty thousand buildings were destroyed, and ninety-three thousand persons dispossessed of their homes; ninety thousand buildings are left standing, fifty thousand people have left the city, and two hundred and eighty thousand remain. Five grain elevators were burned, with one million six hundred thousand bushels of grain; eleven elevators remain unharmed, containing five million bushels of grain. One half of the entire pork product was burned with the same proportion of flour. Eighty thousand tons of coal were consumed, and about the same amount is on hand. Fifty million feet of lumber were burned, and two hundred and forty million feet remain unharmed—nearly one quarter enough to rebuild the waste places. The stock of leather was reduced one quarter, the value of that burned being about \$95,000.

The greater portion of the stocks of groceries, dry goods, boots and shoes were burned up, with more than one half the ready made clothing, but the quantities destroyed were scarcely equal to three weeks' supply, and are being rapidly replaced. About ten per cent. of the currency was burned. A careful average of these larger items with smaller ones shows, that the city has suffered a loss of not less than twenty, nor more than twenty-five per cent. on her total assets, real and personal. The terrible personal experiences, published in the Eastern papers are stated, almost without exception, to be fabrications. The banks are all in full operation.

A Funny Divorce Case.

The Rockford (Ill.) Gazette of the 12th ult., says: A strange scene was witnessed in Justice Baker's court the other morning. Johanna Freireig had complained of Joseph Freireig for disorderly conduct—in abusing her. Johanna stated her case, when Joseph next did "proceed to explain." He said he "went home to his frau."—The court stopped him, and remarked that Johanna was not his wife. "Vat?" cried the astonished man. "Johanna not my wife! Vell, den I'd like to know!" His Honor remarked that Johanna had got a divorce. "Oh, no!" replied Joseph; "she tries it, but she no do it." The court produced the official decree of divorce, dated in November last, absolutely divorcing Johanna from Joseph Freireig. "Mise Gott! Is dat so?" said Joseph. "Am I free from dat woman? And here I've been staying mit her and didn't know it. Vell, dat ish goot. Mine Gott! Harrah!" It appears that this is really a fact that Johanna had sued for a divorce, and yet continued living with Freireig. When the day came on which he was summoned to appear in court his wife told him not to go, and he did not; and thus a divorce was decreed by default. Since then they have been living together as man and wife, the same as before. Last week, however, Joseph got on a spree, as he does occasionally, and went home and mistreated Johanna, and the result was the arrangement before Squire Baker, when the above scene transpired. The divorced husband was fined two dollars and costs for disorderly conduct toward his late spouse.

What Cider Did for Bellingier.

A Chicago letter gives the following: One more building that remains, an oasis in a bleak and black Sahara, is a small, white, wooden cottage on Lincoln place. A policeman named Bellingier lived here. He hauled up the sidewalk, raked up the leaves and burnt them, hewed down the fence and carried it into the house. The fire advanced and gave battle. It flung torches into his porch, it hurled them through the windows, it began and kept up a hot bombardment of flaming shot upon the roof. He met it at every point, with hands and boots, with water and wet blankets, and finally as the last wave of fire enveloped the building in a sirocco and whirled through the crackling tree tops and gyrated madly over the adjacent walls and wavered and whirled over the smoking roof, Bellingier cast his pail into his cistern and it was dry. The blankets were on fire. Then the Bellingier genius rose triumphant. He assaulted his cider barrels, and little by little, emptied their contents on the roof. It was a *coup de guerre*. It gave him victory. His blankets were scorched, his hands blistered, his boots distorted, and his cider spilled; but his house was saved. And Bellingier has gone to taking boarders.

The Reason for a Fly's Death.

Guest—"How came this dead fly in my soup?" Waiter—"In that, sir, I have no positive idea how the poor thing came to its death. Perhaps it had not taken any food for a long time, dashed upon the soap, ate too much of it, and contracted an inflammation of the stomach that brought on death. The fly must have a very weak constitution, for when I served the soap it was dancing merrily upon the surface. Perhaps—and the idea presents itself only at this moment—it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of vegetable. This remaining fast in his throat caused a choking in the windpipe. This is the only reason I could give for the death of this insect."

Savannah, Ga., has 209 houses in process of erection.