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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 one is admitted until all arrears are paid. Advertisements of one square of eight lines or less, for 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.

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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 offers himself 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 trusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance. April 13, 1871.—ly

DR. N. L. PECK,
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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.

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Office in J. G. Keller's new brick building, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa. Aug 31-17

DR. C. G. 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.—4f.

JAMES H. WALTON,
Attorney at Law.

Office in the building formerly occupied by L. M. Burson, and opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa. Jan 13-17

S. HOLMES, JR.,
Attorney at Law.

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.—4f.

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,
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.—4f.

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

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

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.

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.]

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.]

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL?

BY A LAWYER OF LONG EXPERIENCE

Reader, if you have any property, as there is a fair presumption in a country like this that you have, it is undoubtedly a question of interest to you what shall be done with it when you are gone—

You must go at some time, and may go very suddenly. At any rate, you will probably not live nearly as long as you expect to. If you die without a will, the law will do the best it can in making a just disposition of your property among your relatives. Perhaps you are satisfied to let the law do this for you. If so, very well. But it is altogether probable that you have some preference as to the disposition of your property. You may wish to bestow some of it in charity. This the law will not do for you. You must see to it for yourself, or else let it go undone; and, in letting it go undone, you may be leaving a very clear duty go undone.

You may have some child that is feeble in body or mind, or that has had special misfortune and needs special consideration. It is for you alone to consider this child. The law knows nothing about its special wants and cannot provide for them. You may have no children, and may have quite a choice which among your nephews and nieces shall take your property. If so, you must see to it. The law will not select for you. The rich and the poor, the deserving and the undeserving, will all take alike. You may have an adopted daughter whom you have accustomed to comforts and perhaps luxuries, who will be left penniless unless you provide for her. You must remember her, and not trust to the law to do it. And you may with a sense of justice, recognise the right of your good wife to a more ample allowance for her comfort than the law would give her. If so, it is for you to think of her and provide for her. The law does not know what a remarkably good wife she is, and what a special claim she has upon you, and gives her only her fixed and too limited portion, dividing the rest, if you have no children, among collateral relatives, some of whom perhaps you never saw. Consider well, then, whether it is not a clear duty to those whom you love, or to some good objects that you might aid, for you to make a will.

And now, in the second place, if you have made by your mind that you ought to make a will, let me say to you most emphatically, Make it Now. You don't know how soon you will die. Your only sure way is to attend to the matter at once. If you put it off from day to day you will probably never make one. The fact that so many wills are made by men on their death-beds shows how often persons who intended to make a will, and would be very sorry to die without one, neglect it till they find themselves just about to die. Now, let me give you three reasons against postponing the making of your will till you are fatally sick, either of which is reason enough of itself: 1. You may never have any such sickness. You may drop down dead, or be killed in a railroad accident, or be burned up, or be blown up, or drowned. 2. If you have a leisurely death bed time of it, your mind will be enfeebled; things that you could easily have settled by a little thought when you were well, will trouble and perplex you, and you will very likely decide them unwisely and wrongly. 3. Your will thus made may be contested, and will really invite parties adversely interested to contest it, on the ground of your feeble condition, of which evidence can be easily obtained; and, as a result your will is either set aside, and all your plans defeated, or if it is sustained, half your property may be spent in litigation and a life long family quarrel engendered.

And now, in the third place, if you are so thoughtful and prudent as to have made a will another most important matter is to be considered. Do you keep your will revised and adapted to new circumstances? Has your property doubled since the will was made? Then probably you want to give more to your wife, more to A, more to B, more to the Lord. Consider this. Have you given to one of your children a piece of real estate as his fair share of that real estate so that child will get nothing unless your will is changed? Look well to this. The writer, who has had long experience as a lawyer, can recall many cases where most unfortunate results have followed from the neglect to keep a will in order. Everybody has heard of the Washburn will case. After the will was made by which Mr. W., had made ample provision for his cherished wife in certain valuable stock, the stock was so changed in form as to answer the description of the will, and a long still pending controversy has grown out of it.

And now, in the fourth place, let me say a word to you about what provision you should make for your wife. The laws of the different States vary some what, but as a general rule, give a widow a life use of one-third of the land owned by the husband, and an absolute right to one-third of the personal property left after the payment of debts. This rule, under the impression that it is a just one, has very frequently been adopted by husbands in their bequests to their wives.

"I give to my faithful and beloved wife her thirds," finds its way, or did so a few years ago, into half the wills. Now this is not enough. Unless there are good reasons to the contrary, the wife should have

substantially all the property, so long as she lives. There is generally no reason, if the property is sufficient, why the family should not be kept up by the wife after the husband's death just as it was before; and the husband should leave her, if he can, the same means to keep house and be hospitable and charitable that he enjoyed and that she was accustomed to share. If you give the property, and the whole of it, absolutely to your wife, it will in many cases be the best thing you can do. Your children are hers, and she will be just as much interested in providing for them as you can be; and if she should survive you for ten or twenty years, she will be far better able to judge what is then best than you can now. Circumstances may have greatly changed, and if you have found her wise and trustworthy through all your married life, you may trust her to act wisely with reference to such changes. There may be peculiar and exceptional cases. Your wife may be a second wife and not the mother of your children, or you may have good reason for not trusting her judgment. You must decide upon such cases for yourself, only remember that such cases make it the more important that you should not die without a will.

And while I am talking about wives I wish to remind them that if it is important that they make wills as their husbands do so. Where a wife has property it generally comes to her by inheritance, and it may be presumed that her brothers and sisters have property also. If she has no children she would naturally prefer that it should go to her husband. To accomplish this she must make a will.

And let me say that for either to make it a condition of a bequest that the other shall forever remain a widow or a widower, seems to me selfish and harsh. It may be for the best happiness of either survivor, in later years, to marry again, and it ought to be left to the free exercise of the judgment of such survivor in view of the facts as they may arise.

And now let me say to you lastly, though the matter is not last in importance, do not attempt to make or revise your own will, but go to a good lawyer. The writer gives this advice against the interest of his profession. Nothing is more fruitful of litigation and lawyers' fees than badly-drawn wills. The learning pertaining to wills is recondite and complicated, and no man who is not a lawyer can hope to understand it. A good fee paid for a well-drawn will is the best of economy.

Let me sum up the whole matter in a few words:

1. Consider whether you will make a will or die without one.
2. If you think it best to make one, attend to the matter at once.
3. If you have already made a will, see that it is kept in repair.
4. See that your wife is made sure of all she needs, if there is property enough.
5. And go to a good lawyer to have your will drawn.

An Eastern Love Story.
Kusa Jatakaya, a Buddhist legend, has been rendered for the first time into English verse, from the Sinhales, by Thomas Steele, of the Ceylon Civil Service, and published in London by Trubner & Co. It is the story of an Indian Prince, son of the greatest sovereign of Dambadiva (India), who is gifted with every intellectual and moral quality, but ill favored in his personal appearance, asks in marriage a princess of great beauty, and has her brought in pomp to the court of the king, his father. As soon as the lovely Prabavati has seen her bridegroom, Prince Kusa, in broad day light, she takes to flight and returns to her father's house. Kusa follows her, and after practising various trades in the town where her father reigns, ends by obtaining access to the palace, where, as a cook, he distinguished himself by his uncommon talent. But neither his culinary skill, nor his lamentations move the heart of Prabavati; and, being insultingly rejected, he is induced to return to his native town. Immediately after his departure, seven kings arrive, each at the head of an army, to demand the hand of Prabavati. The father of the princess is much embarrassed; if he bestows his daughter upon one of the seven, the other six will unite against him in a war which may ruin his country. In this dilemma, the king, touched with compassion, for his people, decides that his daughter shall be cut into seven pieces, and the portions carefully equalized so that the seven suitors may be satisfied, and no one made jealous.

The prospect of this sevenfold marriage causes Prabavati to reflect; she begins to consider that Prince Kusa, whom she so arrogantly rejected, is certainly not handsome, but full of intelligence, of constancy, and love; that he is the son of the most powerful king, and at the head of the most brilliant court to be found; she declares herself therefore ready to accept him as her spouse. Kusa has in the meantime, without shedding of blood, he defeats and takes prisoners the seven kingly suitors; and as his clemency equals his bravery, and Prabavati fortunately has seven sisters, he gives one in marriage to each of the conquered kings. As for himself, his ugliness is suddenly transformed into beauty, he is married to Prabavati, and they both live happy ever afterwards.

Charity's Home, and How it was Paid For.

When I came to New York, a few years ago, my wife said to me one morning: "Israel, we must have a home of our own."

Said I: "Charity, it's just impossible, we hain't the means."

Said I: "Israel, we hain't the means to pay the rent these people charge, that's clear."

She began washing up the breakfast things, and off I went to duty. In the evening Charity said to me, as we sat down to supper: "Israel, I've bought a lot."

I sprang up from my chair and said: "You've bought what?"

"A lot," said she.

"A lot," said I.

"A lot," said she.

"Well," said I, and I sat down again and went for the tea and biscuit. When I came to, I said to my wife: "Just explain yourself, Charity."

"I've bought a lot," said she. "Mr. Dodd says the fifty dollars down are satisfactory, and the rest may run at six per cent. Twenty feet front, one hundred feet deep—two thousand feet—at ten cents a foot, two hundred dollars. Fifty paid, one hundred and fifty due."

"But Charity, how about a house?"

"All right, Israel. I've made a contract with Chipps & Cullings; house, shed and fence, fifteen hundred and fifty."

"Charity, are you—"

"Deranged, eh? No, love, not a bit. One hundred dollars cash when possession is given—"

"But, Charity—"

Stop a minute. You know, Israel, we can never get our large bureau nor our large sofa, nor our high post bedstead, nor our large dining table, nor our large secretary nor our large wardrobe into this little four room house. That's clear, isn't it?"

"Well,"

"Well, then, we'll sell them all, and the proceeds will meet these two cash payments?"

"Exactly, with a little difference, may be. So you see."

"But how can we do without these things?"

"As easy as you will do without cigars; as easy you will be your own barber and bootblack; as easy as we'll both take our breakfast without half dollar luter; as I'll make all winter clothes carry me through next winter; as easy as I'll carry you through, nice and genteel, on the same principle; as easy as—"

"Charity!"

"Well!"

"As easy as I'll do without a 'nooner and a 'night cap,' and my cigars, and theatre tickets, and—"

"Exactly, old glow-worm!"

"Well—well. Suppose we should do without those things, and I should be away before it is paid; where would our own—my Charity's home—be then?"

"Oh, you can get your life insured, and make that all safe."

"Darling, here's with you!"

I never saw debts squared off so soon. Two hundred and fifteen hundred, made seventeen; and one hundred and fifty, cash off, paid by proceeds of surplus furniture, leaves fifteen hundred and fifty. Fifty dollars a month pays this off in—no, not in thirty-one months, because the interest and insurance payments put it off somewhat, and the taxes and a couple of omissions kept it running longer, say for three years; and then we had a home of our own, every foot of it worth fifty cents, making a clear gain of eight hundred dollars; and we were—

"Stop, husband, let me tell it. We have a home—a sweet delightful home—and I have a husband who never knew that his soul debasing indulgences had brought him down so far as that none but his own wife denied his fallen state, or hoped to lift him up again. We have three dear children, of whom we are proud; and—"

"Charity?"

"What, love?"

CROPS AND TARIFFS.

The wool crop of the United States for the year ending June 1st, 1871, is estimated at 101,284,676 pounds, for which the growers have probably realized about \$45,000,000. The cotton crop for the same year was about 3,000,000 bales of 450 pounds each, of 1,350,000,000 pounds, yielding to the growers upwards of \$200,000,000.

These two items, of agricultural produce look large, and the public is accustomed to regard them as of especial national significance, and they are of great intrinsic importance, but not entitled to all to the pre-eminence which they occupy in the popular estimation. The pre-eminence is doubtless owing to the fact that they enter largely into the tables of export and import, whereas many staple articles of produce consumed chiefly at home are of more aggregate value than the cotton or wool of the country. We hope to be able, from the forthcoming statistics of the late census, to show the national production of corn, potatoes, grass, wheat and other grains, and of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, &c., of which scarcely any is exported, because the home market is the best. We have no doubt it will appear, when these statistics are published, that the great value of the cotton crop is exceeded by that of corn, wheat, potatoes, or the grasses; and the farmer who will study the facts cannot fail to realize how vastly more important the home market is to him, than the foreign, and how surely the prosperity now enjoyed by the farming interests, would be brought to an end if Congress shall fail to extend a fostering protection to the great manufacturing interests of the country. The farmer, more than any other class, should, for his own best interests, insist on such a tariff on imports as will sustain and encourage our manufacturing industries, because in them lies his only security for remunerative prices for his surplus crops. If Congress should so reduce the tariff as to stop any considerable portion of our factories and throw their many thousand hands out of employment, these hands would be forced to fall back upon the soil for a subsistence, and so, instead of being the best customers of the farmer, would become his competitors and rivals, and the products of the farm, deprived of the home market and driven to depend on the tender mercies of the markets of Europe, would be reduced in value to the wretchedly low prices that prevailed before the policy of protective tariffs was inaugurated in this country, when what sold for 37 to 50 cents per bushel and other produce proportionately low. We remember when before the tariff of 1828 was enacted we were a lad in a village store and exchanged a yard of brown sheetings for a bushel of wheat, or four bushels of oats, or five pounds of butter. Whereas, now, under the policy of protection, the scale is completely reversed, the bushel of wheat will, to-day, pay for ten yards of the same quality of muslin, the bushel of oats for three yards, the pound of butter for three yards, &c. This practical illustration, which is but one of scores that might be adduced, ought to determine every farmer, and indeed every citizen who cares for the welfare of his country, to raise his voice and use his franchise to put down the free trade faction, who with English money, and in the interests of English factories and importing houses in New York, would if they could, destroy our infant and growing American manufacturers and ruin at once both our manufacturers and our farmers.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Save the Youth.

BY REV. E. B. SANFORD.

Alcohol is a demon whose clutch is seldom relaxed after it has once gained a firm hold of its victim. Those who have undertaken the work know how hard it is to reclaim the confirmed drunkard. Our hope is in saving the young and calling back those who are just crossing the threshold of this generation. If the boys and girls of this generation are educated to love the cause of temperance and hate the intoxicating cup, the future will be redeemed from the curse that is now desolating so many hearts and homes.

How large a portion of those who today are crying out in their agony, "Who shall deliver us from the body of this death?" would never have fallen if they had been educated right in early life.

The time for instruction is before opportunity has been given for the formation of evil habits. The impression of youth are stamped the deepest.

Gather the children in, not only from Christian homes, but also from the by-ways and hedges.

Paint the character of the destroyer. Arouse their enthusiasm and let them feel that they are in the ranks of the army that is battling against intemperance. One of the most successful organizations in our parish is "The Band of Hope" started by a few Christian women. It has enrolled nearly all of the youth of the community.

They hold their meetings on the first Monday evening of every month. With their temperance dialogues, and speeches, and a paper made up of the contributions of the members, they have a pleasant time, and they are proud to be spoken of as temperance boys and girls.

While we are not forgetful of the poor victims of appetite, and believe in working hard to shut up every dram shop with the law there is no place where hope shines into our hearts so brightly as in this gathering where we meet the children.

Fashionable Woman's Prayer.

Strengthen mi husband, and may his faith and his money hold on to the last.

Draw the lamp's wool of unsuspecting twilight over his eyes, that mi flirtations may look to him like victories, and that mi bills may strengthen his pride in me.

Bless, O Fortune, mi kramps, rats and frizzles, and let this glory shine on mi paint and powder.

When I walk out before the gaze of vulgar man, regulate mi wiggle, and add grace to mi gaiters.

When I bow myself in worship, grant that I may do it with ravishing elegance, and preserve unto the last the lily white of mi flesh and the taper of my fingers.

Destroy mine enemies with the gaul or jealousy, and eat thou up with the teeth or envy all those who gaze at mi style.

Save me from wrinkles, and foster mi plumpness.

Fill mi both eyes, O Fortune! with the plaintive pison of infatuation, that I may lay out mi victims, the men, as kramps as images given.

Let the lily and the rose strive together on mi cheek, and may mi neck swim like a goose on the buzzum of krystal waters.

Enable me, Oh, Fortune! to wear shoes still a little smaller, and save me from all koras and bunyons.

Bless Fanny, mi lap kog, and rain down bezoms of destruction upon those who would hurt a hair of Hector, mi kitten.

Smile, oh Fortune! most sweetly upon Dick, mi kanary, and watch over, with the fondness of a mother, mi two lily-white mice with red eyes.

Enable the poor to shirk for themselves, and save me from all missionary beggars.

Shed the light of this countenance on mi kammel's hair shawl; countenance on mi point lace and mi necklace of diamonds, and kpee the motha out of mi sabbie, I beseech thee, Oh, Fortune!

Love and Selfishness.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, in Pink and White Tyranny, this truthfully portrays the love of a very large class of people:

Many women suppose they love their husbands, when unfortunately, they have not the beginning of an idea what love is. Let me explain it to you, my dear lady. Loving to be admired by a man, loving to be petted by him, loving to be caressed by him, and loving to be praised by him, is not loving a man. All these may be when a woman has no power of loving at all—they may all be simple when she loves herself, and loves to be flattered, praised, caressed and coaxed; as a cat likes to be coaxed, and stroked, and fed with cream and have a warm corner.

But all this is not all love. It may exist to be sure, when there is love, it generally does. But it may also exist where there is no love. Love, my dear ladies, is self-sacrifice; it is a life out self and in another. Its very essence is the preferring of the comfort, the ease, he wishes of another to one's own, for the love we bear them. Love is giving, and not receiving. Love is not a sheet of blotting paper or a sponge, sucking in everything to itself; it is an out-springing fountain giving from itself. Love's motto has been dropped in this world as a chance gem of price by the loveliest, the fairest, the strongest of lovers that ever trod this mortal earth, of whom it is recorded that He said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now in love, there are ten persons in this world who like to be loved, and love, where there is one knows how to love.

What Great Men Have been Fond Of.

Who would have imagined that the grave, philosophic Socrates, during his hours of leisure, took pleasure in dancing? Yet it was so. Many other wise men besides have taken great delight in music. Epaminondas used to take pleasure in singing at village festivals. The cruel Nero fiddled while Rome was burning; at least, he played the harp, for there were not, as yet, fiddles in those days. Luther delighted in playing the flute, and the used to soothe his excited feelings. Frederick II. of Prussia stilled the most violent agonies of mind with the same instrument. An hour's playing generally sufficed to reduce him to perfect tranquility. Milton delighted in playing the organ, and composed several fine psalm tunes, which are to this day sung in our churches. Balthus was passionately fond of music, and played the organ; there was scarcely a room in his house without a piano. Gainsborough, the painter, was a capital performer on the violin. Byron's great delight was in flowers; and while in Italy he purchased a fresh bouquet every day. Byron was also fond of animals; in his youth he made a friend of a boar. Goethe rarely passed a day without bringing out from the chimney corner a live snake, which he kept there, and caressed it like a bosom friend. Tiberius, a Roman Emperor, also made an intimate companion of a serpent. Augustus was exceedingly fond of a parrot, but still more so of a quail, the loss of which made him as sad as if he had lost a battle.

An exchange says that rusty straw is one of the most dangerous blood poisons; it induces distemper, it vitiates the blood, reduces the condition of the animal, takes away the appetite and opens the door to colic, skin diseases, swellings and fevers; it is only fit for litter.