

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 30.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 29, 1872.

NO. 17.

### 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 paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements of one square of (eight lines) or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 30 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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

### Valuable Property FOR SALE.

The subscribers offer for sale, their residence in Stroudsburg, Pa. The lot has a front of 145 feet, and a depth of 250 feet. The buildings consist of a convenient dwelling-house, store house, barn and other out buildings. There is an abundance of choice apples, pears, plums, grapes and small fruits, with excellent water. A. M. & R. STOKES.  
May 16, '72.

### DR. J. LANTZ,

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist.

Has his office on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Wilson's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that he has acquired some extensive practice and the most correct 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 successful 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 getting their teeth done in the cheap shops, or to those living at a distance. April 13, 1871.—ly

### DR. GEO. W. JACKSON

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER.  
In the old office of Dr. A. Reeves Jackson, residence in Wyckoff's building.

### STROUDSBURG, PA.

August 8, 1872.—ly

### DR. H. J. PATTERSON,

OPERATING AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,  
Having located in East Stroudsburg, Pa., announces that he is now prepared to insert artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner. Also, great attention given to filling and preserving the natural teeth. Teeth extracted without pain by use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. All other work incident to the profession done in the most skillful and approved style. All work attended to promptly and warranted. Charges reasonable. Patronage of the public solicited. Office in A. W. Loder's new building, opposite Anonimink House, East Stroudsburg, Pa. July 11, 1872.—ly

### DR. N. L. PECK,

Surgeon Dentist,  
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.—ly

### DR. C. O. HOFFMAN, M. D.

Would respectfully announce to the public that he has removed his office from Oakland to Camden City, Monroe County, Pa. Treating that many years of consecutive practice of Medicine and Surgery will be a sufficient guarantee for the public confidence. February 25, 1870.—ly

### 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.—ly

### LAKAWANNA HOUSE.

OPPOSITE THE DEPOT,  
East Stroudsburg, Pa.  
B. J. VAN COTT, Proprietor.

### WATSON'S Mount Vernon House,

117 and 119 North Second St.  
PHILADELPHIA.  
May 30, 1872.—ly

### 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. CHARLES MANAL, Proprietor.

### BARTONSVILLE HOTEL.

This old established Hotel, having recently changed hands, and been thoroughly overhauled and repaired, will reopen for the reception of guests on Tuesday, May 27th. The public will always find this house a desirable place of resort. Every department will be maintained in the best possible manner. The table will be supplied with the best Market affords, and commensurate will always find none but the best wines and liquors at the bar. Good stabling belonging to the Hotel, will be found at all times under the care of careful and obliging attendants. ANTHONY H. ROEMER.

### Going to the Circus.

WHAT ONE SEES AND HEARS AMONG THE CLOWNS AND ANIMALS.

What, you wouldn't charge anything for lettin' a mere child like that go in, would you? No, madame, we would not charge a cent; our book-keeper is sick, but you will have to pay half price before he can enter. Why he ain't but ten! Can't help that, madame, them feet of his is what takes up the room, I ought to ask you a dollar and a half, but twenty-five cents will do. Well, there's your money, but it's a swindle—come along darling.

What on hev'in and airt ails you, John Simmit, that you drag that child right by everything and don't give him a chance to see anything. Slack up a little; I've paid for these tickets, and am going to see what's going on, and if it don't suit you, you can poke ahead.

There, Isabella, look there; don't you see his jaw droop; and chest go up and down? That is the dying zouave just as he looked when he was dying. O, my, I can't look at him, John; keep hold of my hand. Is he alive? No; he's embalmed, and they run the body by steam, so the show feller told me. That woman there is his sweetheart, waiting for his eyes to get dim so he can't see her go for his watch and pocket book to remember her by.

Get off my cornea, you tarnaal great lubber you, can't you get around without running over people? If I had you outside I'd put such a head on you would have to get into your shirt first for a month. Got to step somewhere? Well, what of it? You had better keep off from my mud hooks, confound your picture.

There, my children, you see an allegorical representation of what drinking leads to. There is the "drunkard and his family." Oh! most horrible of all! Here Maria hold the twins up so they can have a good view, while I boost Johnnie out ails that woman's eye, pa? her legs is cut off. That is the effect of whiskey, my child. The drunkard has "pasted" her one under the eye, and the stuffing has run out of her legs from riding on the cars. But see that big bottle sticking out of the man's vest pocket; what is that? Old rye, my boy, and that red color you see on the drunkard's nose and face is the bloom that's on the rye. All drinking men carry pint bottles of liquor in their vest pockets. But you must take warning, my son, and never carry the accursed stuff—thus; hide it in a more secret place—in your boot.

There! there it is—the family of the temperate man in that cage. Look, children! see the difference between this scene and the one you have just left. Here the man that don't drink is seen sitting in his house, surrounded by his wife and children, who wear their Sunday clothes all week. See the bullfinches and parrots sitting around on the trees. Every thing betokens comfort and wealth. If you don't drink, Johnnie, you will have a wife, two children and a parrot, and side whiskers when you are a man.

Come, ladies and gentlemen, move on, don't stand staring there at one thing an hour at a time. Here, you big lummock, git out of the way and give that woman with a bic on her elbow a chance to see. Pass right on into the next tent.

Oh, father! come and see this cage of monkeys. Let go my coat-tail, you young rascal! don't tear me to pieces; you've seen them little, nasty monkeys a hundred times before. Mister, why don't you give your monkeys fine-tooth combs? They wouldn't have to work half so hard if you would.

Look at that showman's red face; what makes him blush so, father? I don't know, my daughter, unless it is because he is a Good Templar who is on a strike, or about to join the larger beer drinkers' eight hour movement. His face looks like a piece of raw beef. Yes, that's a fact, and come to think of it, that's why he walks up and down before the animal cages so as to make them hungry and keep them in good condition.

Look, Imogene, what an elegant shade of green on that parrot's tail; I would give the world to have a dress of that shade, and gloves and parasol to match.

That's a pelican, dearest, that bird with the gator in the little cage on your left. The thing that looks like a swelling, or as if it had the mumps, 'tis the pouch where it lays its eggs and carries its young until they are old enough to eat bait and fish for themselves. How does it lay eggs in there? That's more than I know. Naturalists state that such is the fact, however, and that, like the opossum, it carries its young there until they can go on their own hook.

I don't believe you, Nathaniel, and I'm going to ask that showman, Mister, what is that bladder in under that bird's chin for? That what's he uses as a life preserver, madam, when he is out fishing and happens to wade into a deep hole that is over his head, which is not often, as you will see by the length of them legs of his. He frequently fills it up with fish when travelling, so as to have a launch with him. He also puts it over his head when it rains as a waterproof. That you, sir.

Is that an ostrich, sir? Yes'm, that his the hoss stretch; so-called because he runs faster than any oss, and stretches his neck all the time for grub. We just fed 'im a keg of railroad spikes, mum, but if you have a pocket knife that you would like to give 'em, I will see that he

### A Clever Swindler.

The following is from Mayer's "Mexico as it was."

As a certain learned Judge in Mexico, some time since, walked one morning into court, he thought he would examine whether he was in time for business, and feeling for his repeater, found that it was not in his pocket.

"As usual," said he to a friend who accompanied him, as he passed through the crowd near the door, "as usual, I have again left my watch at home under my pillow."

He took his seat on the bench and thought no more of it.

The court adjourned, and he returned home. As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlor, he bethought him of his time piece, and turning to his wife, requested her to send for it in their chamber.

"But, my dear," said she, "I sent it to you three hours ago."

"You sent it to me, my dear? Certainly not."

"Unquestionably," she replied, "and by the person you sent for it."

"The person I sent for it?" echoed the Judge.

"Precisely, my dear, the very person you sent for it. You had not left home more than an hour when a well-dressed man-kneeked at the door and asked to see me. He brought one of the finest turkeys I ever saw, and said that on your way to court you met an Indian with a number of fowls. Having bought this one at a bargain, you had given him a couple of reals to bring it home, with the request that I would have it killed, and put to rest, as you intended to invite your brother judge to a dish of molla with you to-morrow. And 'Oh, by the way, senorita,' said he, 'his excellency the judge requested me to ask you to give yourself the trouble to go to your chamber and take his watch from under the pillow, where he says he left it as usual, this morning, and send it to him by me.'

"Of course, my querido, I did so."

"You did!" said the judge.

"Certainly," said the lady.

"Well," replied his honor, "all I can say to you, my dear, is that you are as great a goose as the bird is a turkey. You've been robbed, madame; the man was a thief; I never sent for my watch; you've been imposed upon, and as a necessary consequence, the watch is lost forever."

### What is Long Island?

George Alfred Townsend thus tersely answers the above question, in a recent letter to the *Chicago Tribune*:

Long Island has land, harbors, resources, and capital enough to make a great maritime Republic. It is divided into only three counties, of which Kings, the seat of Brooklyn City, is only twelve miles by seven, and yet contains 420,000 people; while Suffolk, which comprises two-thirds of the island, and is 100 miles by 29, contains only 45,000. The middle county of Queens has 70,000 people. The county seats are Brooklyn, Hempstead and Riverhead. Here, then, are 535,000 people, or more than in Arkansas, or Delaware, or Florida, or Kansas, or Minnesota, or Nebraska, or Nevada, or New Hampshire, or Oregon, or Rhode Island, or Vermont, or West Virginia. All our territories added together do not equal the population of Long Island. It is twelve times greater in souls than Nevada, but it never expects to get even one United States Senator. The old eastern county of Suffolk has been fifty years doubling its inhabitants, Queens county twenty, Kings only twelve. In the first year of Washington's Presidency, Suffolk had thrice the population of Kings, and one sixth more than Queens. In fact, then had half as many people as New York City and county. Long Island which probably many people have regarded as a sort of Cape Cod or Florida, is one eighth of the State of New York in men and women, and almost equal in population to Connecticut, which faces it across the Sound.

The ridge of hills of Long Island distinguish it from low-lying peninsulas like New Jersey and Delaware; it seems to have been broken from the solid land by an earthquake; and the ocean poured in the furrow of the earthquake to make the Sound; for the rocks here are generally identical with those on the opposite mainland. The ends of the island are high and bold, 80 feet at Montauk, 200 near the narrows, and there are pinnacles of rock and turf 320 feet high, and of sand and rock higher than 100 feet. The ocean side of the island has a sound which is a miniature of that to the north, navigable for light draught vessels, and protected from the ocean by a bar of sand.

Long Island is a fish-shaped land, with its populous head stuck into New York city, one fluke of its tail at Montauk, 120 miles away to the northeast; the other fluke ravelis out, into Plum, Gull and Fisher's Islands. A bay pierces between the flukes for more than thirty miles, which is very broad and gusty, and nearly closed, midway in, by Shelter Island, which contains 8,000 acres of good land. Outside of this island is Gardiner's Bay; inside are Peconic Bays, great and little.

Accordingly, at the adjournment of the court next day, they all repaired to his dwelling, with appetites sharpened by the expectation of a repast.

Scarcely had they entered the house and exchanged the ordinary salutations, when the lady broke forth with congratulations to his honor upon the recovery of his stolen watch.

"How happy I am, that the villain was apprehended," she said.

"Apprehended?" exclaimed the Judge, with surprise. "You are talking riddles," replied he. "Explain yourself, my dear, I know nothing of the thief, watch, or conviction."

"It can't be possible that I have been again deceived," quoth the lady; "but this is the story: About one o'clock today, a pale and rather interesting young gentleman, dressed in a seedy suit of black, came to the house in great haste—almost out of breath. He said that he was just from court, that he was one of the clerks; that the great villain who had the audacity to steal your honor's watch had just been arrested; that the evidence was nearly perfect to convict him and all that was required to complete it was the turkey, which must be brought into court, and for that he had been sent with a porter by your express orders."

"And you gave it to him?"

"Of course I did. Who should have doubted him, or resisted the orders of a judge?"

"Watch and turkey both gone! Pray, madame, what are we to do for a dinner?"

But the lady had taken care of her guests, notwithstanding her simplicity, and the party enjoyed both the joke and their viands.

### WHAT WE BREATHE.

A full sized man takes into his lungs at each breath about a half a pint of air; while in there, all the life-nutrient is extracted from it; and, on its being sent out of the body, it is so entirely destitute of life-giving power, that if re-breathed into the lungs again, without the admixture of any pure air, the individual would suffocate, would die in sixty seconds. As a man breathes about eighteen times a minute, and a pint at each breath, he consumes over two hogs heads of air every hour, or about sixteen hogs heads during the eight hours of sleep; that is, if a man were put in a room, which would hold sixteen hogs heads of air, he would, during eight hours' sleep, extract from it every atom of life nutrient, and would die at the end of the eight hours, even if each breath could be kept to itself provided no air came in the room from without.

### How Gas is Made for Gas Lights.

It must interest us to know the process of making an article so extensively used in our cities, and we herewith publish a sort of gas catechism, which conveys a good deal of important "light" to the juvenile mind on this subject:

"How do they make gas?"

"First, they put about two bushels of bituminous coal in a long, air tight retort. This retort is heated red hot, and of course, the coal is heated red hot, when the gas bursts out of it, as you see it burst out of lumps of coal when on the parlor fire. The gas passes off through the pipes. A ton of coal will make 10,000 cubic feet of gas. The gas, as it leaves the coal, is very impure."

"How do they purify it?"

"First, while hot, it is run off into another building, then it is forced through long, perpendicular pipes, surrounded with cold water. This cools the gas, when a good deal of tar condenses from it, and runs down the bottom of the perpendicular pipes. This tar is the ordinary tar which you see boiling in the streets for walks and roofs."

"They now wash the gas. They call it scrubbing it."

"This is done by filling a large vessel, which looks like a perpendicular steam boiler, half full of wood laid crosswise. Then ten thousand streams of cold water are spurted through this boiler. Through the mist and rain, and between the wet sticks of wood, the gas passes, coming out washed and cleansed. The ammonia condenses, joins the water and falls to the bottom."

"What next?"

"Well, next the gas is purified. It is passed through vats of lime and oxide of iron, which take out the carbonic acid and ammonia."

"What next?"

"The gas is now pure. It is passed through the big station meter, then through the mains and pipes, till it reaches the gas jet in your room. Then it burns, while you all scold because it didn't burn better."

### Men who win Women.

God has so made the sexes that women, like children, cling to men—lean upon them as though they were superior in mind and body. They make them the suns of their system, and they make their children revolve around them. Men are gods; if they but knew it, and women burn incense at their shrines. Women, therefore, who have good minds and pure hearts wanted men to lean upon. Think of their reverencing a drunkard, a liar or libertine. If a man would have a woman do him homage, he must be manly in every sense; a true gentleman, not after the Chesterfield school, but polite, because his heart is full of kindness to all; one who treats her with respect, even deference, because she is a woman; who never condescends to say silly things to her; who brings her up to his level, if his mind is above hers; who is never over anxious to please but always anxious to do right; who has no time to be frivolous with her. Always dignified in speech and act; who never spends too much upon her; never yields to temptation, even if she puts it in his way; who is ambitious to make his mark in the world, whether she encourages him or not; who is never familiar with her to the extent of being an adopted brother or cousin; who is not over-careful about dress; always pleasant and considerate, but always keeping his place of the man, the head, and never losing it. Such deportment, with noble principles, a good mind, energy and industry, will win any woman in the world who is worth winning.

### Stains.

If you have been picking or handling any acid fruit and have stained your hands, wash them in clear water, wipe them lightly and while they are moist strike a match and shut your hands around it so as to catch the smoke, and the stain will disappear. If you have stained your muslin or gingham dress, or white pants, with berries, before wetting the cloth with anything else, pour boiling water through the stains and they will disappear. Before fruit juice dries it can often be removed by cold water, using a sponge or towel, if necessary. Rubbing the fingers with the inside of the pringles will remove most of the stain caused by paring. It also, if it be washed out or sopped up from the carpet, with cold water immediately when it is spilled, can be almost entirely removed.

The new license law of Connecticut provides that the county commissioners may grant licenses to sell liquors to persons giving a bond of \$1,000. Any town may instruct the selectmen not to grant licenses, and any license may be revoked for reason. Penalties are provided for selling liquors without license, for selling to minors, or to known drunkards, or to any person whose husband or wife has prohibited such sale. The proper prosecuting officers are required to institute proceedings against any offender on the sworn complaint of any person, and sellers are made responsible for damages caused by intoxicated persons to whom they have sold liquor.

There are 2,853 post offices in the State of Pennsylvania.