

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 30.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 9, 1873.

NO. 35.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

For 1873—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 newspaper is published until all arrearages are paid, except in the month of the Editor. (Advertisements of one square or less) for three months, or one square or less for six months, or one square or less for a year, on all other rates, proportionally. Longer ones in proportion.

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

DR. J. LANTZ,

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,

Still has his office on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that by eighteen years constant practice and the most 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 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 entrusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance. April 13, 1871.—1y

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, 1872-4t.

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 Anadolomik House, East Stroudsburg, Pa. July 11, 1872—1y.

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. 31-4t

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.—4t.

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 13-1t

LACKAWANNA HOUSE,

OPPOSITE THE DEPOT,

East Stroudsburg, Pa.

B. J. VAN COTT, Proprietor.

The bar contains the choicest liquors and the table is supplied with the best of the market. Charges moderate. [May 3 1872-4t.

WATSON'S

Mount Vernon House,

117 and 119 North Second St.

ABOVE ARCH,

PHILADELPHIA,

May 30, 1872—1y.

KELLERSVILLE HOTEL.

The undersigned having purchased the above well known and popular Hotel Proprietor would respectfully inform the traveling public that he has re-furnished and fitted up the Hotel in the best style. A handsome Bar, with choice liquors and cigars, polite attendants and moderate charges.

CHARLES MANAL, Proprietor.

Oct 19 1871. 4t.]

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 managed in the best possible manner. The table will be supplied with the best of the market, and connoisseurs 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.

Found out why people go to McCarty's to get their furniture, because he buys it at the Ware Rooms of Lee & Co. and sells it at an advance of only twenty-two and two-ninths per cent. Or in other words, Rocking Chairs that he buys of Lee & Co. (through the runners he don't have) for \$4.50 he sells for \$5.50. Pays him to buy some good Furniture. LEE & CO. Stroudsburg, Aug. 18, 1870.—4t.

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

Carrier's Address of "THE JEFFERSONIAN."

JANUARY 1, 1872.

Once more behold you humble servant, Kind reader of the *Jeffersonian*, Who comes with verse, and wishes fervent Of Happy New Year, and dear, so on Wishes and hopes that best of cheer May bless you all throughout the year.

There was a heavy time last night, Throughout the land—think you 'twas right? For men and boys, in throngs together, In spite of dark and bitter weather, To make night hideous with noise, Which started sleep and startled joys. By banging crackers, pistols, guns, As though the bloody savage Innas Had from their mountain homes come down To hold high carnival in town. It made me mad, perhaps you too, That men and boys should such things do, 'T disturb our slumbers, and mar our dreams, Draw us from fancy to worldly schemes, And rout us from a sleeping peace To horrors which 't seem'd would never cease. But let such wicked ones roll on, E'er many years to them are gone, They'll surely of their folly shame When others play them the same game.

The year just closed had many spots, Standing as recollection dots, On which the speculative man A pyramid of theories can Build up. But these are not our theme. With theories we cannot scheme. Facts, stubborn facts, alone will suit To urge us on in our pursuit Of knowledge, worthy of the name— Knowledge that leadeth on to fame. And yet a look at past events May bring wisdom, if our intents Are such as to force on the turn Of things by which men live and learn. In the past year we've had selection, By means of ballot at Election, Of the man to rule as President. The strife ran high, but good intent Govern'd the folks, and scarce a crease. Now mars our country's usual peace. Much noise was made, and windy cant, But 'twas no use, for General Grant Was from the first the people's man— And triumph'd as was in the plan. But sad, indeed, proved the end— The country's and mankind's true friend— The man who to all good gave freely— The matchless scribe, great Horace Greeley. To the great work of the campaign, To watchfulness by bed of pain, To sorrows blighting, sorrows drear Grown out of death of wife so dear, Succomb'd, and Horace now has bed In Greenwood 'mong the silent dead. The people rejoice at first event, But o'er the last, in sorrow bent, They mourn the loss to all mankind, The wisdom and the mighty mind, That 'mid the ranks of Greenwood serried In death last sleep'er lies buried. We'll drop this theme—we have no voice With which, 'mid sorrow, to rejoice, We'll further on, and try to find Food better suited to our mind.

But where turn our eyes? Food for pen is said at best. On plain, in glen Not much to cheer illumine the eye, That we, in searching, can desert. The Fire fiend with craving maw With n'er a thought of mercy's law Has, spite of worth, and wealth, and taste, Laid many pleasant places waste. Why 'e'en in Boston, there's the rub— He scorched the pride of the great "Hub." New York, too, felt his teeth, concur him, He even scorched the "humbag" Barnum. And many others felt his ire, In killing, devastating fire. And Rail-roads, too, have had their share Of bloody, burning deeds, not rare. Indeed, take the year all way through, There was little of pleasure to pursue. And, yet, with health and plenty, see The year came both to you and me; So that, for us, all was not sad, And we may just as well be glad. And laugh, and chat, as well as cry, The last, you see's, all in my eye.

A Murderous Traffic.

Coroner Herman concluded an inquest, yesterday, on the body of Charlotte Gregory of No. 149 Sixth ave., who was fatally burned with kerosene oil, on Sunday night. Two witnesses testified that the deceased was in the act of filling a lighted lamp, that the oil "suddenly puffed up," that she then dropped the lamp, when her clothing instantly took fire.— Prof. Endeman, who, at the request of the Coroner, had analyzed a sample of the oil, testified that it threw off an inflammable vapor at 76° Fahrenheit, ignited at 99°, was far below a proper standard, and very dangerous. The jury rendered a verdict against Albert F. Planders, grocer, of No. 149 Sixth ave., from where the oil had been purchased, and the Coroner issued a warrant for his arrest.— *Tribune*, Dec. 21.

A MAINE man has slept on a haymow every night for the last twenty two years

MR. EZRA COMFORT, aged eighty, was married to Miss Eliza Carr, aged nineteen, in Chester the day after. Here's a chance for the pestiferous punsters.

Personal Recollections of Horace Greeley.

The following personal recollections are copied from the *Washington Republic* and were written by Mr. J. P. Foley, one of the editors of the *Republic*, who was also engaged on the *Tribune*, both in its New York and Washington offices, at various times, and who is an accomplished gentleman. His article will be read with interest, as all personal history of so distinguished a man as Greeley will be.

During 1865 we saw very little of Mr. Greeley at the *Tribune* office until toward seven o'clock in the evening, about which time he used to come down from the office of the American Institute, in the Cooper Union, where he spent five or six hours every day writing the "American Conflict." Mr. Gay was managing editor of the paper at the time. His room and that of Mr. Greeley adjoined and to get to "Horace's den," as we called his sanctum, it was necessary to pass through the apartment occupied by Mr. Gay. Toward the hour that Mr. Greeley was expected, two or three broken down tramps, a gang of local politicians, occasionally a woman with a child or a subscription paper, might be seen waiting for him on the iron stairway that led to the editorial rooms, and he generally entered the office with a motley procession of this character at his heels. Gay, who was an aristocrat by nature, hated this class of people, (particularly the politicians,) and as soon as Greeley appeared, he invariably bundled up his papers and went to a desk at the extreme end of the office, where he remained until Greeley, left, about ten o'clock. I have some times seen as many as ten persons waiting in line to get into Greeley's room— The great majority of them wanted assistance of some kind, mostly pecuniary. I occupied a desk very near the door of Mr. Gay's room, and necessarily heard a good many of the dialogues between Mr. Greeley and his visitors. Here is a fair sample of a great many:

"Uncle Horace, I am a poor printer, and I have not had anything to eat to day." Horace, writing away, "Have you had anything to drink?" "No, Uncle—" "You know you lie. What's the use of lying about it? I smell grog, and there's no grog here except what you brought in." This of course, led to further protestations on the part of the printer, when, to end the matter, Horace would say, "Well, go away, here's a dollar. I know you will go down to the 'Pecker Mug' (a famous pot house near the *Tribune* office) and get drunk. Then you will probably get killed, but I can't help that. Why don't you go West, and be a decent man?" All this spoken in Mr. Greeley's treble voice, and with his peculiar emphasis, was irresistibly comic, but it was of almost nightly occurrence in the *Tribune* office at the period of which I speak, and for many long years before.

I remember a very interesting looking woman came into the office, and asked for Mr. Greeley. She was shown to his room, and in a few minutes Mr. Greeley came out into the larger editorial room. There were only two or three in the office at the time. Horace stood at the door, and without addressing himself to any one particularly, said: "Will some body loan me five dollars?" I think it was Amos J. Cummings, the present managing editor of the *Sun*, who gave it to the old man. Of course the woman walked down stairs breathing blessings on Mr. Greeley. Next night when he came into the office he said, in his same treble voice, "Somebody gave me five dollars last night. Here they are."

Finally, the ruo upon Mr. Greeley became so great that Sam Sinclair, the publisher, hired a big fellow, six feet high, stationed him near the door to keep Mr. Greeley's peculiar visitors away, unless they had some other business with him than mere begging. I have forgotten his name now, but it was "Ben" some thing or other. That man saved Greeley at least a thousand dollars during the eight or nine months that he was there. He had been in California, and was anything but ceremonious in his demeanor. In addition to the duty of attending to the door, he had to go to the post office at a certain hour every night to get the mail. The "bums," as Ben used to politically term them, soon found this out, and used to watch for his departure to the post office, when they would steal up stairs in his absence and get in to Greeley. Ben heard of the trick that was being played on him, and one night returned and found a fellow telling his story to Mr. Greeley. He broke in on their conversation with the exclamation, "D— n you, didn't I tell you not to come here?" at the same time catching him up bodily he carried him to the head of the stairs and let him drop down two or three flights. One night, between seven and eight o'clock, Ben got into a rather loud altercation at the door. "I have an engagement with Mr. Greeley." "You can't play that game with me; get away from here; Mr. Greeley does not want to see any bums' to night." Some one went out and found Senator Wilson in this awkward position. It was in summer, and Mr. Wilson had just arrived from Washington. He wore a linen coat, and was covered with dust. Ben thought he recognized in him an old fellow who had bored Mr. Greeley a good deal, and came very near throwing our future Vice President down stairs.

As everybody knows Mr. Greeley's great forte was statistics and election returns. To be up in these two rare qualifications or accomplishments; to have the

number of pounds of last year's wool clip and the tons of pig iron made in Pennsylvania at one's finger ends, was the surest and easiest way to Mr. Greeley's heart and commendation. He rarely gave instructions about the paper or even made suggestions, except in an editorial way, but during election times, when there could not be too many tables to satisfy him. It was a saying in the office that he could tell instinctively whether a column of figures was right or wrong by looking at it. The man who blundered once in a matter of this kind he never gave, and he had no hesitation in telling him to his face that he was an idiot. I recollect one circumstance of this character which brought his wrath down on John D. Stockton, the late editor of the *Philadelphia Post*, and myself, and which almost ruined Stockton in his estimation. There was an election in Vermont, and Stockton, who was in charge, gave me the election table to make up.— I knew nothing about figures, and could not then, any more than I can now, add up a column of ten lines correctly—at least I would not bet on my totals without submitting them to an expert. Stockton knew even less than I did, and to ward one or two o'clock in the morning took my word for it that the table was all right. I had a magnificent Republican majority, but Vermont always gave a large majority, so that there was nothing remarkable about that. The next day, as Stockton and I were standing near the table on which the exchanges were opened, in the middle of the room, in walked Mr. Greeley, rather excited. His hat was fixed in a wild sort of a way on the back of his head, and his neckerchief was in the most beautiful disorder—the knot away under his ear. He lumbered in his pockets for a few minutes, and finally pulled out a copy of that morning's *Tribune*. Spreading it out on the table he brought his hand down on the Vermont column on the fifth page, and without looking at any one, exclaimed, "Who in h— fixed up Vermont last night?" adding, with almost tears in his eyes, "six thousand more majority than there are voters in the State." Looking up at me, he screamed, "Was it you?" Before I had time to answer, he turned to Stockton and said, "Who was in charge last night?" to which Stockton replied, "I was, sir." Mr. Greeley, without saying another word, marched off to his room, but I do not think that Stockton, who was one of the best and strongest writers on the paper, particularly on reconstruction, ever recovered the old man's good opinion. I never was asked to make up another election table in the *Tribune* office. His recollections of names and dates was wonderful, and we had a tradition in the office that he remembered the initials of every man who ever ran for sheriff in every county in the country.

Mr. Greeley could never acquire sufficient facility to dictate an article or even a private letter to a stenographer. He tried to do it when he was writing the "American Conflict," but his secretary, Mr. N. D. Urner, who wrote the celebrated report of the burning of Barnum's Museum, told me that he could write long hand faster than Mr. Greeley could speak, and that nearly all of the "Conflic" was written in that way. Mr. Greeley, however, imagined that he was doing an enormous amount of work, and that Urner had taken the entire book in short-hand, while the fact is that he took little more than one half of it. Mr. Greeley rarely recognized any of the men who worked on the paper outside the office excepting his two or three immediate lieutenants.

I remember Hassard, who had been an editorial writer on the paper; a writer on the "American Cyclopaedia," and who is now one of the principal editors of the *Tribune*, coming into the office one morning very indignant. He said that he had met Mr. Greeley in the cars and saluted him. Greeley looked at him in a wondering sort of way as much as to ask him who he was. Hassard declared that he would never speak to him again. When Mr. Greeley bailed Jeff. Davis there was a good deal of excitement in the *Tribune* establishment, and some of the stockholders were by no means satisfied with his action in the matter. His celebrated letter to George W. Blunt and others, and the threat of a party in the Union League Club to expel him, and the possible effect of his unpopular action on the paper were for about two weeks subjects of the liveliest interest and discussion in the office. Mr. Greeley was not in the least agitated, and seemed not to care a straw about the entire affair. The *Tribune* lost about fifteen hundred subscribers, but it gained more than twenty-five hundred. The first of its new readers was Roger A. Pryor. I was sent up to the club house to report what took place on the night the resolution of expulsion came up, but no one was admitted except the members of the club. Two or three friends of Mr. Greeley who were inside, however, came out and enabled me to make a report. If I remember right now it was decided not to print anything at all about it excepting an editorial paragraph announcing the result.

Mr. Greeley never held communication with any one in the office about the paper excepting through the managing editor. He alone knew whether Mr. Greeley was pleased or displeased, what he wanted done or what he wanted not done. His instructions were always brief, and he generally wrote every morning a criticism of the paper. I have one of his

Mark Twain in a Railroad Car.

I got into the cars and took a seat in juxtaposition to a female. That female's face was a perfect insurance company for her—it insured her against ever getting married to anybody except a blind man. Her mouth looked like a crack in a dry lemon, and there was no more expression than there is in a cup of dry custard. She appeared as though she had been through one famine and got about two thirds through another. She was old enough to be a great-grand mother to Mary that had a little lamb. She was chewing prize popcorn, and carried in her hand a yellow rose, while a band box and cotton umbrella nestled sweetly by her side. I couldn't guess whether she was on a mission of charity or was going west to start a saw mill. I was full of curiosity to hear her cough, so I said:

"The exigencies of the times require great circumspection in a person who is traveling."

She she, "what?"

Says I, "the orb of Jay shines resplendent in the vault above."

She hatched around uneasy like, then she raised her cotton umbrella, and said, "I don't want any of your sass—git out;" and I got out.

Then I took a seat alongside a male fellow, who loved to see the ghost of Hamlet lengthen out. He was a stately cuss, and he was reading.

Said I, "Misier, did you ever see a camelleopard?"

He said he didn't see a camelleopard.

Then said I, "do you chew?"

He said, "no sir."

Then I said, "how sweet is nature."

He took this for a conundrum and said he didn't know. Then he said he was deeply interested in the history of a great man. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "we are but few."

I told him I knew one; "the man that made my cooking stove was a great man."

Then he asked, "would I read?"

Says I, "what you got?"

He replied, "Watt's Hymns." "Reveries by Moonlight," and "How to Spend the Sabbath."

I said, "none of them for Hannah," but if he had an unabridged business directory of New York city, I would take a little read.

Then he said, "young man, look at these gray hairs."

I told him I saw them, and when a man got as old as he was, he ought to dye—Said I, "you needn't think those hairs are any sign of wisdom, it's only a sign that your system lacks iron, and I would advise you to go home and swallow a crow bar."

He took this for irony, and what liable *entente cordiale* there was between us was spilled. It turned out he was chaplain of a base ball club.

brief notes before me now, written when Mr. Young was managing editor. It reads:—"Have an editorial on Grant's letter to Isaac N. Morris, of Illinois, including the letter. H. Graeley." It has been asserted in the late campaign that Mr. Greeley was not responsible for the course of the *Tribune* during the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, and that he wrote none of the articles on that topic. I was connected with the Washington office of the *Tribune* at the time, and have now on my table the manuscript of an editorial which he wrote, and which was telegraphed to the paper in regard to the vote, which explodes that story. Mr. Greeley was always held in the highest esteem in the office, and by none more so than by the printers. The manuscript of his articles about 1865-7, and for aught I know after, but certainly at that time, was always preserved by the proof readers, and given away to curiosity hunters. I have known men to come to the office and buy it, which is hardly surprising, considering the fun that has been made of his writing all over the country.

I was once thanked by Mr. Greeley while I was a reporter, and the occasion of it was this: He had gotten into one of his numerous quarrels with Mr. Bryant on the subject of the tariff, and I was detailed to visit the New York library and cull from the columns of the *Evening Post* what that journal had said about the tariff in 1840 or 1841. I found some predictions of Mr. Bryant's that if a certain tariff measure, then pending in Congress, was passed, our commerce would rot at the wharves, and much else of a similar import. Altogether I copied about twenty pages of foolscap, which kept Mr. Greeley going for about two months. I believe he wrote more than one hundred articles on that material from the columns of the *Post* nearly thirty years before. Mr. Greeley sent for me one day and told me that "it was just what he wanted."

A contemporary recently said that Mr. Greeley was accustomed to write four columns per day. Mr. Greeley has not averaged a column a day in the *Tribune* for the last ten years, and never in one day wrote four of its present columns. Before it was enlarged in 1865 it was only about the size of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and looked somewhat like it. Somewhere in his "Recollections of a Busy Life" Mr. Greeley rather boastfully says that he wrote at one time two columns per day, but that was in the early days of the *Tribune*, when it was even smaller than it was in 1866.

California Quail—Introduction of the Bird to the East.

Postmaster General Crosswell received a coop of California quail or partridges at Washington this week, and sent them to his place at Elkton. He proposes keeping these beautiful birds till spring, and then letting them go. There are three or four dozen of the birds, and if the climate is adapted them and porching gunners are restrained or persuaded to spare them, they will soon spread over the country. The California quail is slightly larger than our partridge, but resembles it very much in its general appearance and feathers. The male bird is striped with white on the sides of the head, similar to our partridge, and the under feathers of the two species bear a strong resemblance, but the back of the Pacific bird inclines to dove color. The head of the male bird has a beautiful crest, unlike any of the birds which inhabit the Atlantic States or Mississippi Valley. The female is plainer in her plumage, has no stripes on her cheeks and a very small crest, apparently one feather rising about three fourths of an inch and curling at the top. The crest of the male is of the same character, but much larger. If Mr. Crosswell is successful in propagating the species it will prove a beautiful and valuable acquisition to the birds of our groves and fields.— *Cecil Whig*.

Ages of Distinguished Men.

Mr. Greeley, one of the most intellectual men of our time, was cut off in his 82d year. His temperate habits and custom of out door exercise would have led one to expect for him a much longer life. Mr. Sumner is only of Mr. Greeley's age. Mr. Chase is 63; Bennett lived to be 71; Ben Wade is 72; Webster held out to 79; and Clay to 75; while Van Buren, though one of the worst beaten of Presidential candidates, was 80 when he died. Thurlow Weed is living at 75; and Mr. Seward has just died at 71. Mr. Greeley has perhaps worked harder than any one of these, but Lord Brougham worked severely and continually, and lived to 93, and Thiers is 75.— Mr. Gladstone is 63, and Disraeli 67.— Lord Palmerstone lived to be 81.

Barnum's Museum Burned.

There were two large fires in New York, on Tuesday last week. By the first, Barnum's Museum and Menagerie, Grace Chapel, and Grote's ivory establishment were destroyed and several other buildings were partly destroyed or damaged. The Academy of Music narrowly escaped destruction. Only two of the animals were saved. The total loss is estimated at \$1,600,000. By the second fire the whole block on the west side of Centre street, between Leonard and Groby, was laid in ruins, a number of business firms and storekeepers and many families being burned out. The loss by this fire is estimated at \$500,000. Two girls and two men were injured, one of the men perhaps fatally.

AN Illinoisan advertises for a female servant.

"Not," he says, "the ordinary girl, who comes into families and stays for her board and clothes—a howling infant with a red face and no teeth, swathed in flannel and very partial to colic; but a broad shouldered, deep chested, two fluted servant girl—red hair, freekles, and general ugliness preferred, on account or the oldest boy in the family."

A SRABBING affair at York on Tuesday night,

in which Jacob Cookes cut Jacob Christian with a knife, is likely to prove fatal.