

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 30.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., APRIL 10, 1873.

NO. 48

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

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

D. R. J. LANTZ,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,
Still has his office on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Wallon's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that by his elegant and practical practice, and the most exact and careful attention to all matters pertaining to his profession, that he is fully able to perform all operations in the dental line in the most careful, tasteful and skillful manner.
Special attention given to saving the Natural Teeth; also, to the insertion of Artificial Teeth on Rubber, Gold, Silver or Continuous Gums, and perfect fits in all cases insured.
Most persons know the great folly and danger of entrusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance.
April 13, 1871.—ly

WILLIAM S. REES,
Surveyor, Conveyancer and
Real Estate Agent.
Farms, Timber Lands and Town Lots
FOR SALE.
Office next door above S. Rees' news Depot
and 2d door below the Corner Store,
March 20, 1873-4f.

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, 1872-4f.

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 Antoinette 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 13-4f.

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.—4f.

JAMES H. WALTON,
Attorney at Law,
Office in the building formerly occupied by L. M. Barson, and opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Jan 13-4f.

KIPLE HOUSE,
HONESDALE, PA.
Most central location of any Hotel in town.
R. W. KIPLE & SON,
169 Main street. Proprietors.
January 9, 1873.—1y.

LAKAWANNA 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 affords. Charges moderate. [May 3 1872-4f.

WATSON'S
Mount Vernon House,
117 and 119 North Second St.
ABOVE ARCH.

PHILADELPHIA,
May 30, 1872—1y.

BARTONVILLE 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 affords, 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.
May 25, 1872. ANTHONY H. ROEMER.

BLANK LEASES
For Sale at this Office.

TERRIBLE DISASTER.

LOSS OF A WHITE STAR STEAMER.

The "Atlantic" Wrecked off Nova Scotia

SEVEN HUNDRED LIVES LOST

The Supply of Coal Exhausted

SHE STRIKES A ROCK AND GOES TO PIECES

All the Women and Children Drowned

THE CAPTAIN AND THIRD OFFICER SAVED

HALIFAX, N. S., April 1.—This afternoon a report was circulated that a steamer had been wrecked on the coast, and several lives lost. It was at first regarded as a cruel April fool hoax, but to night the Cunard agent here received news that it was all true, and only a little of the truth had been told, the fact being that the White Star steamer *Atlantic*, Captain Williams, from Liverpool for New York, while coming to this port for coal, struck on Meagher's Rock, near Prospect, twenty two miles west of Halifax, and became a total wreck. Of about one thousand souls on board upward of seven hundred were drowned. Third Officer Brady arrived here to night, and says the *Atlantic* left Liverpool on March 20, with upwards of nine hundred steerage and about fifty cabin passengers.

She experienced rough weather during the passage, but all went well until noon Monday, March 31, when her supply of coal became exhausted. The captain determined to put into Halifax, and the captain and third officer were on deck on till midnight. Her position was then judged to be Sambre light bearing N. N. W. thirty-nine miles.

The captain went in his chart room, leaving orders to be called if there was any change in the ship's position. Brady went to bed about the same time as the captain.

The next thing he remembers is that he was thrown out of his bunk, and felt the ship strike several times. He then rushed on deck, and found the captain and officers there, and the deck full of passengers.

He got an axe and commenced to clear away the boats. The captain and other officers were busy doing the same thing. Brady got his boat out, and put two women in it. A number of men attempted to get into it, and about a dozen succeeded. Just at that moment the steamer fell over on her beam ends and sank.

Only one boat had been got out and that was carried down by the steamer, and all in it lost. Brady scrambled into the mizen rigging, which was above the water, and, seeing he could do nothing there, went forward and unrove the halyards, being assisted by Quartermasters Speakman and Owen.

He then took the halyards and all three swam to the rock. The line was hauled ashore and a number of passengers landed by it. A number had got on it, but as the tide was rising, their situation was no better than on the vessel.

Just then fishermen on shore came out in boats and rescued those on the rock and a large number from the rigging. Brady remained at the scene until noon to-day, when all who were alive on board had been saved, except Chief Officer Mr. Firth, who was in the rigging shouting for help.

Brady says he tried to get a crew to go to Firth's rescue, but the sea was so heavy that nobody would volunteer. Altogether about 250 persons were saved, including Captain Williams, also Fourth Officer Brown, the doctor and several of the engineers and sailors.

board boats. Just then a heavy sea swept the boats away. I was holding fast to the mizenmast rigging and now climbed higher for safety. The night was so dark and the spray blew so thickly that we could not see well what was going on around us. I saw men on the rocks, but did not know how they got there. All who were alive on board were in the rigging. When daylight came I counted 32 persons in the mizenmast rigging with me, including one woman. When these saw that there were lines between the ship and the shore, many of them attempted to go forward to the lines, and in doing so were washed overboard and drowned. Many reached the shore by the aid of the lines, and the fishermen's boats rescued many more. At last all had either been washed off or rescued except myself, the woman, and a boy. The sea had become so rough that the boats could not venture near us. Soon the boy was washed off, but he swam gallantly and reached one of the boats in safety—I got a firm hold of the woman and secured her in the rigging. I could see the people on shore and in the boats, and could hail them, but they were unable to help us.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, after we had been in the rigging ten hours, the Rev. Mr. Ancient, a Church of England clergyman, whose noble conduct I can never forget while I live, got a crew of four men to row him out to the wreck—He got into the main rigging and procured a line, then advanced as far as he could toward me and threw it to me. I caught it, made it fast around my body and then jumped clear. A sea swept me off the wreck, but Mr. Ancient held fast to the line, pulled me back and got me safely in the boat. I was then so exhausted and benumbed that I was hardly able to do anything for myself, and but for the clergyman's gallant conduct I must have perished soon. The woman, after bearing up with remarkable strength under her great trials, had died two hours before Mr. Ancient arrived. Her half nude body was still fast in the rigging, her eyes protruding, her mouth foaming—a terribly ghastly spectacle rendered more ghastly by the contrast with the numerous jewels which sparkled on her hands. We had to leave her body there, and it is probably there yet. The scene at the wreck was an awful one, such as I had never before witnessed and hope never to witness again. Comparatively few bodies drifted ashore; most of them, with such articles as came out of the ship while I was on her, were carried to sea.

OUR PAST AND FUTURE.

Every four years the nation meets together to renew the consciousness that it is a community bound by a common interest and laboring for the common good; nor as President Grant came forward upon the platform at Washington, the representative of this principle of unity, as the telegraph bore the record of his oath and of his clear and suggestive address to nearly forty millions of people. Was there anything but satisfaction with the great majority that the choice of the nation had fallen on one so worthy and so trusted. A sense of security passed over the intelligent and toiling throngs from the shores of the Columbia to the waters of the Hudson. They felt that the community was safe and entire; that the jarring clash of warring parties had been converted into rare unanimity; that the period of civil discord was over, and the country entering upon a new career of unequalled prosperity. Some on Inauguration day, touched by the communal feeling, looked far back to the dawn of the infant community; saw Washington, surrounded by Adams and Hamilton, Livingston, Scruen, Sherman, repeat the first oath to the new Constitution which he had labored to construct, and address in tender, truthful words his divided and feeble countrymen. The burden of Washington's addresses was always Union. The Constitution had been adopted with difficulty, and was singularly popular in many districts. The late of generations and of a continent, Washington and his wise advisers saw, rested upon the blending of the feeble, war worn and divided colonies in a compact body, and with wonderful patience, forbearance, resolution, they succeeded in attaining it. The Union was perfected, and Washington for eight years maintained with vigor and decision the government which had been accepted by the majority against domestic or foreign foes.

Nor on Inauguration day is it possible to survey without grateful satisfaction the long line of excellent and patriotic men who have renewed the oath taken by Washington, and kept it so faithfully. Contrasted with the series of European rulers, they prove the general good sense and discretion with which our people have selected their Chief Magistrates. The kings and priests, the despots and the constitutional monarchs of the Old World have usually been inferior to the better classes of their subjects in morals and public virtue. Often stained by gross vices, they have corrupted generations by their example, have wasted the resources of the industrious in useless extravagance, or, torn by an evil ambition, have racked and decimated the people with endless war. A dissolute George IV and William, the two Napoleons, Isabella of Spain, a throng of petty potentates in Italy and Germany, the contemporaries of our Presidents, have dishonored human nature by their

vices, and oppressed mankind by their crimes. The successors of Washington, if they have not equaled, have, in some measure at least, inherited the calm sense and patriotism of their founder. Adams honest, pure, passionate, ambitious; Jefferson, the keen, subtle friend of mankind; Madison, Monroe, or the second Adams, with some human failings, were all worthy the republic they administered, and not inferior to the people they ruled. The rude yet honest patriotism of Jackson is remembered by all parties with sincere respect; and if the careers of some of his successors were tainted by the demoralizing influences of dying slavery, yet the record of our Presidential rulers brightens toward the close. We have had no George IV, nor any Napoleon. The meek, unbending, faithful Lincoln, purest of statesmen, almost a second Washington, gave his life to the cause of union, and the nation named as the worthy successor of Lincoln the man who had done most to preserve it.

The last three Presidential terms have witnessed the origin, progress and close of a remarkable revolution, necessary to complete the union which Washington enforced, and which Grant and Lincoln founded anew. So long as slavery existed there could be no hope of domestic peace. A slave oligarchy ruling a community of freemen could only maintain its power by coarseness and aggression. At length insane with an evil ambition, it plotted its own destruction. The slave holders became the most effective abolitionists. Hated by their own people for their tyranny and pride conscious that the colored population was planning its own emancipation, they yet ventured to rebel. It was the signal for the emancipation of the nation. Slavery fell with a fierce convulsion; the triumph of universal freedom was perfected by the labors of Lincoln and Grant. During the last three Presidential terms our country has been made the fitting home of the working man, of industry, of self respect; and the vast tide of immigration that is pouring in upon us from Germany and Scandinavia shows with what joy the intelligent laborers of Europe avail themselves of the offers of freedom. Our community is being rapidly swelled by the friends of liberty and equality; the industrious and the frugal are no longer frightened from our shores by the horrors of human bondage; and within the next decade it is probable that every section of the of the Union will be peopled anew from the most worthy portion of the European population.

Thus the new Presidential term opens in union and peace. One or two of the Southern States may yet be disturbed by the lingering resentments of the fallen faction. But the majority of their people have no desire to recall their former oppressors, and the whole mercantile and farming interest of the South is laboring for a stable government. It has no desire to be ruled by the Ku Klux, or to drive away capital and trade. With other nations it is the happy lot of our government to have no complications and no opposing interests. Toward our weaker neighbors we need show only the tenderness of an elder brother; toward European governments moderation and goodwill. The barbaric passion for military glory which has destroyed so often the hopes of the laboring throngs of Europe we have never shared. Our wars have always been defensive. We may trust that our last battle has been fought, and that the victories of the new Presidential term will be won by the hardy strokes of labor in the wilderness, and by the rapid progress of mental reform.

The next four years will probably witness the most rapid advance known to our country's history. The immense influx of emigrants and the wonderful increase of trade cannot fail to build up our commerce, and revive the ancient supremacy of the American flag. The ports of South America and the Mediterranean, of China and Japan, are inviting our merchants and our shipping. The rail roads that cross the continent connect Asia with Europe. Every section of the country is busy with the labors of peace, and the industrious throng of active citizens are true to the republic and to each other. The consciousness that we are a united community, founded by Washington, and saved from destruction by the devotion of Lincoln and Grant will deepen in strength with each Presidential term; and in union we shall find prosperity and peace.—*Harper's Weekly.*

STREET LIFE IN EUROPE.

A LECTURE BY WENDEL PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips lectured in Chicago a few nights since on "Street Life in Europe." He introduced his lecture with the story of the Vermont stage driver, who, approaching a gentleman in a tavern, said: "If you're the man that wants to ride in this here stage, I'm the man that's going to drive the coach." "If you have come to hear a lecture on 'Street Life in Europe,'" said Mr. Phillips, "I'm the man that's going to deliver it." [Laughter and applause.] The first thing that strikes an American abroad is the great amount of individual independence. In this country we think we produce independent individuality, but here, the lecturer thought, we make a mistake. The republic tends to create a herd of men, while a monarchy tends to create the individual. One phase of this individuality was illustrated by a

story of Napoleon I. Once, while in Italy, he said that no Italian could make a boot. This remark coming to the ears of an Italian boot maker, the son of St. Crispin sat down and manufactured a magnificent boot, which he presented to the Emperor. "Ah," exclaimed Napoleon, as he stamped his foot upon the floor, "this is a boot. Make me another." "No," replied the artist in leather, "you said no Italian boot maker could make a boot. I have shown you I can make one: I won't make another!"

The American is governed to a great extent by the opinions of those about him. In Europe the contrary is the case. The American hides his claws in the velvet, and feels around before he expresses himself; the Englishman is like a rough bit of granite broken off with a hammer; the American is like a smooth pebble from the beach—so slippery that you cannot hold him. In Europe men carry the signs of their vocations in their clothing. In Paris, some years ago, the lecture was refused admission by a sentinel to a public building because he wore a cap which, in France, was only worn by servants. He finally convinced the sentry that he had another cap at home, and was permitted to go in.

Americans think it is an evidence of manhood to repress their emotions—Homer made his gods weep and howl, and did not imagine that he was detracting from the dignity of the god, much less that of a man. This is the sentiment in Europe. After one of the sessions of the French Assembly, Jules Favre and the orator Berryer fell upon each other's necks and kissed and wept. Imagine Sunset Cox and Ben Butler kissing each other! [Laughter.] One thing that forcibly strikes an American in Europe is the lack of what he would call enterprise, that is, the application of brains to work. Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "A Yankee has as much brains in his hands as a European has in his skull." We harness steam, and send the lightning on errands. A genuine Yankee baby looks over the side of his cradle, plans a new one, gets out a patent for it before he is nine months old. [Laughter.] The difference between the Yankee and the European is illustrated by the above, in connection with an anecdote of Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley, when in France, once said to a Frenchman, who he saw mowing with a rusty old knife: "Why don't you get a good, sharp modern scythe? it will do three times as much work." The Frenchman's reply was fuller than the *Tribune* ever was: "Ah, Monsieur, I haven't three times the work to do." In Europe wood is sold by the pound, and bread by the yard. The Italian wood sawyer places the saw between his knees, and rubs the wood on the saw. This, according to the lecturer, was the dead low tide of the application of brains to work. The high tide of the application of brains to labor is found in the operation of one of our grain elevators which the lecturer characterized as an instance of the "Yankee skulking the final curse of getting his living by the sweat of his brow."

The Europeans, he said, were much more polite than Americans. Ask a New Yorker the way to Wall street, and he will send you to a place hotter than the 4th July. [Laughter.] Ask an Englishman and it is a chance if he don't send you to the same place. Ask a Frenchman the way to *salon*, and he will direct you with the greatest particularity. Ask a German the way to a place and he will go with you. In America everybody travels. In Europe the man who travels is a curiosity. This fact explains Montesquieu's remark that "Paris is France." Paris pulls down a King, and the matter is accomplished before Marseilles hears of it. In Europe almost everything is economy. The lecturer was once instructed in Italy by an officer of the English navy how to save a cent. The next place where we see Europeans is at church, the doors of which are always open. In the churches there is no hateful aristocracy of pews. He had seen the blood of royal Naples kneeling side by side with the ragged lazzaroni—both equal before God.

In the matter of alms giving the Europeans are far superior to us. In America we waste more than the Italians eat, and yet in that country he had never seen a beggar turned away from a house or store without having something given him as a testimony that better off owes something to worse off. Women's work in Europe is somewhat multifarious. They do two thirds of the work—draw wagons, propel blunts, dig, plow, and, in fact, perform all kinds of labor. A brother of the last Emperor of Austria, who married his wife in Tyrol, married her because she harnessed horses so well. It has been said that the word *home* is not to be found in the French language, and consequently we imagine they have not homes there. The lecturer has seen homes in France in which might be found five or six generations of the same family.

The prejudice against color, so strong in America, has no place among Europeans. At St. Peter's, in Rome, Mr. Phillips heard a sermon delivered in a most melodious voice, and when he moved toward the priest to note his personal appearance, he was astonished to discover that the speaker was a negro. This struck him so forcibly that he exclaimed, "I must be 4000 miles from Boston."

Italian Children and Their Masters.

The Italian street musicians' masters, says a New York paper, are ever cautious, cunning, suspicious, and on the alert for an evidence of dissatisfaction or treachery on the part of the children—They watch them by night while asleep; they exercise a strict surveillance over them by day. In every well organized family there is at least one female, a creature of the utmost brutality of expression, who, conveniently disguised, perambulates the city, unrecognized by the children, and at night has a pretty heavy score against the unsuspecting wanderers. Not only the masters, but the females, in addition to their other self imposed duties, make daily forages upon the markets for food.

"What," was asked of an informant, "do you consider the greatest cause of complaint?"

"It is the food, sir. It's bad in quality, the worst that can be cooked up, and it is not half enough for the hungry ones."

"Where does the meat come from?"

"The same places. They have to buy meat sometimes, they generally pick up the old livers, hatters, dirty soot, and heads, that have been thrown away—They make money out of everything—ashes, rags, scraps of iron and old papers."

"How about the cooking?"

"That is very simple. You've seen the big pots and kettles in the rooms, haven't you? Well, the old women work all this stuff into soup, because it's cheap and easily fixed. Occasionally we have macaroni, but this tasteless, sickening soup is the principal nourishment, unless you call dry bread and cold water food."

"Do the boys complain much of the insufficiency or bad quality of their food?"

"Very seldom; they dare not. I've known some poor fellows so hungry that they'd spend five or ten cents for beans, or peanuts or apples, to eat; and when they came home short of money, the masters had given them stuff to make their stomachs sick, and then watched for what they had eaten."

"What is the result of such an inhuman course?"

"Why a flogging, or application of the bastinado."

"Can't the boys evade punishment?"

Raising Giants.

King Frederick William, of Prussia, father of Frederick the Great, determined to raise to order soldiers, whose stature should meet his views of what grandiers to serve royalty should be. The army was his hobby, and tall men his special admiration. He had a regiment at Potsdam that was the talk of the world, on account of their heads and shoulders being far above ordinary humanity. There were three battalions of 800 each, 2,400 in all, perfect Anaks, the shortest of the men being seven feet and the tallest nine. Such lofty beings were procured from all countries in Europe without regard to cost. James Kirkman, an Irish recruit, could not be had till \$6,000 were paid—Tall men were decaying and put into service at all hazards. Next he compelled them to marry unusually tall women, whether they consented or not. Prussia is rich in very tall subjects, the descendants of these gigantic grandiers; these are far taller than the tall blooded Kentuckians.

In spite of the eccentric Majesty's efforts, however, Nature would have her own way, and the children of such parentage were not all tall at maturity. Then again, another law came into operation to thwart the monarch's ambition to develop a race of monster men. Short men very generally prefer tall wives, and tall women dapper little husbands. Of course there is no very philosophical way of accounting for taste, but such is the fact. There is a growth limitation to plants and animals. On reaching the predestined dimensions, those active artisans that build up the body, as far as the law of limitation requires, cease laboring and a permanent type of size is thus established—It is impossible to go counter to those laws and raise giants of any kind. A few individuals, transcending their kindred in altitude, are apparently accidental, or at least are beyond explanation; but anomalies in that respect, like monstrosities, cannot be perpetuated through generations.