

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

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Published by Theodore Schoch, at the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

JOB PRINTING
OF ALL KINDS,
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MOUNTAIN HOME, PA.
March 25, 74-75.

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The subscriber would inform the public that he has leased the house formerly kept by Jacob Reister, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, Pa., and having repaired and refurnished the same, he is prepared to entertain all who may patronize him. It is the aim of the proprietor, to furnish superior accommodations at moderate rates, and will spare no pains to promote the comfort and convenience of the guests. A liberal share of public patronage solicited.

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Medicine fresh and pure.
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THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

[From the Advance.]
BY J. B. DURFEE.

In our last letter to the ADVANCE we promised in our next to give something of an account of the Oneida Community. As we sit down to write we can only think of the woman (I won't say lady) who was coaxed into a class meeting against her wishes, and being somewhat out of humor when the class leader came and asked the usual question, as to how she felt, she said, "Feel and see if you want to know." If people would know all about them they must go and see.

On arriving at the Oneida station, on the N. Y. Central RR., at the crossing of the Midland RR., we had to wait thirty minutes for the train to take us to the Community, four miles south. While waiting we made sure of our dinner. On arriving there, about 12 o'clock, noon, we found them located on the fertile lands of the Oneida Valley, which had once set apart by the State of New York as an Indian Reservation, and there is a remnant of the Oneida tribe still living on the outskirts. Near the center of these reservations stands the community buildings, surrounded by a domain of 640 acres of orchards, vineyards, meadows, pasture, woodland, &c. The railroad passes a mile through their lands. From the Midland RR. station it is but a few rods to their buildings, where guides are furnished if desired for making the tour of the place. The central building is of brick, with stone trimmings, and consists of a center and two wings, with a tower at each end. It is 188 feet long by 70 broad, and has an extension of 100 feet in the rear, with Mansard roof; has three stories above the basement. The towers are four stories in height. The entire building is heated by steam, and hot and cold water is conveyed to all parts of it, with bath rooms to each story. In this building we were directed to the office, and feeling quite at home as if in a hotel, we told the incumbent of our intention of stopping with them two or three days. He said,—"We can keep you through the day, but not over night." "But," said I, "what shall we do?" "You can get lodgings at Oneida Crossing, four miles away," said he. We then resolved to make the best of the seven or eight hours we had, and then take the train to Oswego. The gentleman seemed very willing to answer readily all questions but on that of their marriage relation, and that, he said, was a complex marriage. A doctor, who had been to get his dinner, joined us here, and afterward said, what the d—l complex marriage was he couldn't imagine. We told him it was marrying the whole community. Going up a broad stair way we came into a roomy and elegant corridor, in which is a species of museum or cabinet of curiosities, comprising Russian pottery, a variety of shells, specimens of silk of their own manufacture, specimens of rare coins, medals, autographs, &c. From here we passed up into their large room, which they occupy as a sort of chapel. It is capable of seating several hundred people, with a raised platform. It is finely frescoed, and furnished with a large number of chairs. There are also a number of tables with a neat cloth, around which both sexes gather in groups to pass away their time as best pleases them. Their library has some 3,500 volumes of bond books. We asked our guide if they had meetings there every Sabbath, and were told that they had no more than on other days; that they met there every evening, but that outsiders were not allowed to attend. Here our guide directed us up to the tower and left us. Here we had a fine view of the community grounds and surrounding country. A landscape of uncommon beauty lay spread out before us. At one view we see the lawns with their neatly trimmed paths, the flower gardens with their thousand brilliant colors. The dozens of rustic seats and arbors half hid in shady nooks, and beyond are the orchards, the vineyards, meadows and winding stream. Directly west of the main building is another one connected by an underground passage, built of brick and 70 feet long by 35 feet wide, which is used as a kitchen. The most of the cooking is done by steam and labor-saving appliances. Directly above is the community dining room, with twelve tables affording seats for 125 persons, provided with a dumb waiter. The bakery is in an adjoining building connected by an underground passage. A little way east is a store building where an assortment of goods had been formerly kept for themselves, their employees, and the people around there. A few rods south is an academy building, two stories high, with a tower. Here is the recitation and children's school-room; also a chemical laboratory, where courses of instruction are given. There are in this building about eighty under instruction. In another direction is the laundry, which has a steam boiler, washing and wringing machines, drying room, &c., where the weekly washing is done amounting to some 400 pieces. We are now left to go about the premises as our fancy leads, and we made our way to a building some 200 or 300 feet long, where we were met by an oldish gentleman who expressed some surprise that we had no attendant. He then took us into the canning department, where fruits of all kinds were put in cans for shipment, and told us how many car loads they had orders for. They were then coming peas, a great many of which they purchase of the country people, as well as all other fruits for canning. Here was a little affair quite amusing to us—that of shelling peas by

steam power. They would pour in a basket peas and the peas would come out one way and the dilapidated pods the other. The same steam engine runs other machinery for making boxes; also running their rotary press for printing. Most of the type setting is done by the females. In the printing office we saw a number of young people of both sexes enjoying themselves more than being busy. J. H. Noys, the Brigham Young of the community, was away from home.

Return to the parade grounds we saw much to interest us—women stepping about from one building to another with their dresses at half mast, visitors coming and going, &c. A little way off we saw a gentleman with nine little ones, watching them as a hen would her brood. We asked him how that was, and he said that was his business to take care of those nine children, and that he had two or three women to help. He had a little three-wheeled carriage, and when the bell rung for tea he put them all on and wheeled them to the dining-room. In another direction we saw an older man with another group of older boys; also a female with a group of girls. On interviewing the females I told Smith that it seemed as though they thought the great chester knew well how to make women so they would answer the purpose for which they were designed without so much fuss and feathers as some thought necessary. How they would appear to dress them in the more modern fashion one couldn't tell, but certainly there is nothing very inviting or captivating in their present appearance. Their hair is cropped off short, their dress coming just below the knee, with pantalettes loose, and feet looking small in comparison to *trouser gentlemen*. Old ladies are no exception, whose gray hair and wrinkled faces tell of three-score years.

There are other interests which we did not see, of which they gave us a statement. Their forge, the trap works, the silk works and machine shop. The number of traps made and sold here in one year, where fur-bearing animals are found, has exceeded 300,000, eight sizes, from the rat trap to that of the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains. In the silk factory over one hundred hands are employed, mostly young women from the neighboring villages. The amount of silk goods manufactured in 1870 was \$170,750.84. Their yearly income, above all expenses, has been over \$18,000.

But we must draw our long letter to a close. Leaving this interesting community, after seven hours of industry, we met a man at the depot, where we had to wait for an hour, and could enquire more into their domestic life. He said that as a people they would be very much missed if they were to go away. They seemed to them what the coal companies are to the people of Pennsylvania. He told us that he had lived there by them for thirty years, and worked for them, and they were an honest, and just people, always endeavoring to do the right thing. He stated that at the evening meetings each male put his hand into a box and drew out a number of a room, and that room and its occupant were his for that night, so that his companionship was a matter of chance rather than choice. There are 129 males and 141 females. There are 34 children under 13 years of age, and 53 under 21. Everything about them is in perfect order, of which neatness is but a feeble expression. Oswego, Aug. 23, 1874.

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Her Influence in our Civil War.

Few people know how deeply indebted the United States is to Russia for services during the war. It has often been whispered that Russian influence prevented the armed interference of France, and perhaps England, in behalf of the South. We are enabled to lay before our readers trustworthy information, never before published, in support of the truth of the rumor.

When Governor Curtin, on the event of his return to this country, went in his capacity as the minister to Russia, to take formal leave of the Emperor, the latter closed the conversation substantially in these words:—"I wish, sir, that you would upon your return express my hearty thanks to the American people for the reception they have given my son, the Grand Duke Alexis."

This, it will be remembered, was shortly after General Grant had refused to return Alexis' call, and the latter had left Washington in disgust. Governor Curtin noticed the Emperor's failure to send thanks to the government as well as the people. He supposed, however, that it was a slip of the tongue until the Empress bade him farewell in almost precisely the same words. "I shall be happy," said he, "to carry your Majesty's thanks to my government and people."—"I sent my thanks, sir," the Empress returned, "to the people, and only to the people."

Governor Curtin afterward complained of the slight that had thus been publicly put upon the government he represented. He was invited by Gortschakoff to a conference on the subject. Three books were brought in from the archives of the Foreign Office. The first contained an autograph letter from Napoleon III., asking Russia to join with England and France in breaking up the Federal blockade, and guaranteeing the independence of the Confederacy. The letter asserted that England had already promised her co-operation, which was probably a lie. The second book contained the Emperor's reply. He flatly declined the alliance proposed by Napoleon, and declared that, in the event of any European

interference in the war, Russia would actively aid the North.

The third book had within it copies of the sealed orders given to the Russian admiral, who, as our readers will remember, brought his fleet into New York harbor during the war. The orders directed him to proceed at once, with his whole available force, to New York city, to remain at anchor there for some time, and in the event of European interference with the blockade, to put himself and his whole force at the command of the Cabinet at Washington, and promise abundant and speedy reinforcements.

While Governor Curtin started, dumb-founded, at these unexpected proofs of Russia's steadfast fidelity to the Union cause, Gortschakoff said to him:—"Perhaps you can appreciate now, sir, why the Emperor and Empress sent their thanks to the people who have honored the Grand Duke Alexis and not the government that has insulted him. We saved your country, and now your President insults our representative. It is too much." Curtin quite agreed with him, and the interview ended. —Chicago Tribune.

South Carolina Officials.

A correspondent of the New York Sun tells some stories about the negro officials of South Carolina which are very amusing, but the fun must be very serious to the residents of that unhappy State. Not long since a negro offender was brought before a negro Trial Justice. The prisoner's offence was, in fact, no offence at all and it was out of malice that he was arrested. A white man—a most respectable farmer—had given him some cotton seed, and he had taken it without a thought but that the title was good. But another negro claimed the cotton seed and had darkey No. 1 arrested for stealing. The Trial Justice heard the testimony and sentenced the poor negro to ten days' imprisonment and twenty dollars fine, although there was not a particle of testimony upon which he could reasonably base a conviction. It happened the Circuit Court was in session and the Judge was informed that an innocent man was in jail. He had the Justice before him in court and inquired for the testimony, which the law declares shall be reduced to writing. "I ain't got any," said the black Justice. "I don't do no writin' in my court. I keeps it all in my head."

"What testimony did you have against the man?" demanded the Judge. "He could not give any." "Then why did you convict him?" the Judge asked. "Cause, sah, I noticed him close and he looked guilty."

"You convicted him then on his looks and not on the evidence?" "Yes, sah, he looked guilty and I found him guilty."

The black judicial officer was thereupon given some advice as to how to conduct his "court," and departed with a bow and "Yes, sah."

I asked the lawyer as to the other Chester county officials. He informed me that the county was represented in the Legislature by three members, all negroes. One of them was a preacher, whose peculiarity was that he would never take more for his vote than \$10. He did not think it wrong to sell his vote, provided he did not exact an exorbitant price. Ten dollars he conceived to be the fair figure. "This thing of gettin' a hundred dollars for a vote," he says, "is all wrong; ten dollars is as much as it is wof."

The County Commissioners of Chester, I was told, were two ignorant negroes and one drunken Irishman. The juries in the courts are usually composed of four or five white men and seven or eight negroes. As jurymen, the negroes all seem desirous to do right, but the trouble is their ignorance. In matters of accounts involving written documents and figures, how is a negro to be of service as a jurymen when he does not know a figure from an exclamation point? Another difficulty experienced with them as jurymen is the constant effort required to keep them awake. In hot weather, under the soothing influences of testimony and argument, of which they understand nothing, or at best but little, the African disposition to relapse into a doze is almost irresistible. In the courts here the testimony and arguments are frequently interrupted by the judge ordering the sheriff to "wake up those jurymen." If the Judge has not had his dinner, or if, having it, it sits heavily on his stomach and he feels generally annoyed, he sometimes breaks out, after a short stock of patience is exhausted: "Mr. Sheriff, wake up them niggers."

Long Battle Between Oxen.

The Augusta (Me.) Journal has the following account of a protracted battle between two oxen in that State: Mr. Corydon Chadwick and Mr. Sullivan Erskine have a pasture in common at South China, which they use for the pasturage of cattle. They have the present season had several yokes of cattle in the pasture. Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Erskine have each an ox with a lopped or crooked horn, the right horn of one and the left of the other having that peculiar formation. These oxen were turned loose into the common pasture, and it was between them on that spot that the pitched battle of which we are to speak took place. For several days these cattle had been missing; when the other cattle came up these were not among the number. How many days they had been missing before search was instituted is not definitely known, but becoming alarmed the owners went in quest of them. Coming to an

opening in the woods, covering an area of about half an acre, Mr. Chadwick, who went in search, came upon a sickening spectacle. The lopped horns of the oxen were clasped, and the exhausted animals, united compactly, stood face to face, waiting for death, having apparently given up the struggle. It is supposed that while they were engaged in play their horns became entangled; falling to disconnect themselves, a terrible struggle of several days took place. The open space was literally torn up, as though it had been plowed with a sub-soil plow. When they were turned into the pasture they were large, fat, seven-foot oxen, but now they had become so emaciated and famished that a person could almost clasp them round with his arms. They were perfectly docile when found, but Mr. Chadwick could not untie the knot. The horn of each was sunk into the other's head, and it was only by calling help, and sawing the horns off, that a separation could be effected. There were festering sores where the horns went in. Thus a mortal conflict, lasting eight days, had been going on between these oxen, who in that time had not partaken of any sustenance, and perhaps had not been able to lie down. Their jaws had to be pried open, and gravel administered to them. Their heads had been united so closely that their faces were bare to the bone. It is possible the animals may live."

UPPER DELAWARE NAVIGATION.

The Delaware River to be Made Navigable to Port Jervis, New York.

MILFORD, Pa., Sept. 6.—It has for years been a wonder why the Delaware river, from Port Jervis, N. Y., to the famous Delaware Water Gap, Pa., has not been made navigable for a modern-sized steamboat.

It has now become a matter of fact that several prominent capitalists in Milford are to at once carry into effect the long-talked-of enterprise. Viewers have already passed up and down the proposed route, and are of the opinion that a channel could be opened for considerable less than \$100,000, after applying the \$10,000 appropriated by the State of Pennsylvania.

In 1869 an attempt was made to have a steamer ply between Easton, Pa., and Belvidere, N. J., a distance of twelve miles. A boat was built and launched into the river at the former place, but had scarcely got under headway when its boiler burst, killing several and wounding many who were on board. The enterprise was then abandoned, and until the present time has occasioned little thought or attention. It is believed that the route from the Gap to Port Jervis could be successfully accomplished, for the simple reason that the rifts are not so numerous, while the grade is much less.

The route is intended principally for the accommodation of New York, Philadelphia and Brooklyn people, who yearly spend the summer months at the numerous retreats along this romantic stream.

The distance between the proposed points of navigation is forty-one miles via the river, and the grade from three to four feet to the mile. The route would be one of the grandest in the world, and would undoubtedly be extensively patronized. Along this portion of the Delaware are the following celebrated resorts:—

First, Milford, a lovely hamlet of some twelve hundred inhabitants. It is near this place that Joseph Jefferson, of "Rip Van Winkle" fame, has so often taken immense quantities of speckled trout. Below Milford lies the beautiful little town of Dingman's. The High Falls are situated in the mountains a mile away.

The next attraction is the Delaware Water Gap, the head of the proposed steamboat navigation.

IT WASN'T A JOKE.
I happened to call at Magruder's the other morning, on my way down town, and as I knew them well, I entered the side door without knocking. I was shocked to find Mr. Magruder prostrate on the floor, while Mrs. Magruder sat on his chest, and rumbled among his hair, as she bumped his head on the boards, and scolded him vigorously. They rose when I came in, and Magruder, as he wiped the blood from his nose, tried to pretend that it was only a joke. But Mrs. Magruder interrupted him: "Joke? Joke? I should think not! I should not! I was giving him a dressing down. He wanted to have family prayers before breakfast, and I was determined to have them afterward, and as he threw the Bible at me, and hit Mary Jane with the hymn book, I soured down on him. If I can't rule this house, I'll know the reason why. Pick up them Scriptures and have prayers. You hear me, Magruder. It's more trouble regulatin' the piety of this family than runnin' a sawmill. Mary Jane, give 'pa that hymn book.'"

Governor Hartranft's son has entered Lafayette College.

Northumberland schools will take no boys that use tobacco.

Apples are rolling in the New Castle market at twenty-five cents per bushel.

One hundred men were discharged from the Erie shops at Susquehanna last Saturday.

There have been 120,000 visitors to the Philadelphia Zoological Garden since the first of July.

The Mayor of Reading has sued two men for slander, they having circulated bad stories about him.

The furnace at South Easton, which has been undergoing repairs, will be completed and blown in the course of a few days.

You can buy out California this year if you happen to have the trifling sum of \$609,000,000 about you. That's its valuation.

A pair of twin sisters, living in South Bethlehem, gave birth to twins on Saturday night. The four youngsters were born about the same hour.

The decrease in coal shipped from the Lehigh region this year, as compared with same time last year, by way of the New Jersey Central route, is 276,938 tons.

A greenhorn sat a long time very attentively musing upon a cane bottom chair. At length he said, "I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them holes and put straws around em?"

A grape vine on the farm of Franklin Smith, in Salisbury, Lehigh county, has grown the present season forty-two feet. Beans grown on the same property, are from twenty-two to twenty-four inches in length.

Great excitement has resulted at Warminster, Bucks county, from the elopement of a beautiful white girl, aged eighteen years, named Annie Thompson, and respectfully connected, with a negro called Joe Palmer. The affair has stricken down the parents with grief.

Of the Democratic candidate for Auditor General the Greensburg Tribune and Herald says: "Mr. Temple, of Greene county, is another strange nomination, and not such as the people had a right to expect. He has no record except that which he kept while acting as Prothonotary of Greene county."

There was to be a marriage in a French village, and all the guests were punctual, but the bridegroom could not be found. He was discovered at last up a tree, but would not come down till the future father-in-law conveyed to him a farm that had been promised. Much protestation and many tears, but he was firm. Finally the papers were signed, and down he came.

Commend us to Mrs. Hurler, of Ralston, Pa. She caught a thief in her bed room last week, collared him, and shook him up so industriously that his hat fell off. Out of his hat fell her pocketbook which he had secreted. The brave lady in picking up her pocketbook was incautious enough to let go of her thief, who did not wait to recover his hat nor to make even the most limited inquiry as to what direction he should take.

The fortuitous Democratic nominee for Auditor General, Justus Temple—not a Temple of Justice—is a lawyer of vast profundity, and has been so regarded by all acute jurists who have been thrown in contact with him. As a proof of his standing as such in Greene county—and here alone is he known—we relate the following colloquy which actually took place in the Greene county Court House, between this "Justice" and His Honor, the late Judge Gilmore: "It was a case in which 'Justice' had brought his client into Court feet foremost—or an action 'wrong brought'—and as a matter of course the case would be ejected head foremost from the Court. In an infantile effort on the part of 'Justice' to save his client, he piteously inquired, 'What, then, may it please your Honor, will my client do.' The Judge, who had for some moments been thus tortured, looking out over the head of 'Justice' Temple, glancing a look over the audience with an eye like a wounded panther, and his teeth clenched and lips parted, exclaimed, 'Why, why, get a lawyer.'—Uniontown Standard.

The correspondent of the Middletown Mercury furnishes that paper the following item: "There are no finer grass farms in the world than those in the southwestern part of Wayne county, Pa. The townships of Sterling, Salem, Canaan, and others, are almost one continuous extent of meadow and mountain grass land. Thousands of tons are raised annually. During the fall and winter months the turnpikes leading to Scranton from that section of country are filled with wagons carting hay to that city, the markets of that place being stocked almost entirely with Wayne county grass. There is land in Pike county, lying just the same as these fine farms, but which is either covered with a shaggy growth of scrub oak or is sparsely timbered and considered of no value, which is natural grass land, and could be transformed into first class grazing farms with very little expense. The natives cannot see it, however, and dig year in and year out among rocks and stumps to raise barely enough rye and buckwheat to buy the winter's groceries, when they might in a few years become independent by turning their farms into what nature destined them to be."