

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 33.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 19, 1875.

NO. 12.

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.
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August 8, 72-14

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Goods all new and right in style, but

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Hard RUBBER TRUSSES—Also

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may-14.]

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Large Assortment

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Men's, Boy's & Children's

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Trunks & Valises,

Umbrellas, &c.

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In order to have more

room to display my large

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& Shoe business. I there-

fore offer and will sell my

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SINGLE-SEATED CARRIAGES,

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of different styles, shipped to order. All work warranted

in every particular for one year. I will make to order

any style of Carriage or Light Buggy that may be

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men, and feel confident that I can give entire satisfac-

tion to all who may purchase my work. All orders by

mail shall receive prompt attention. Hoping that I

may be able to furnish the citizens of Stroudsburg and

vicinity with any thing that they may want in my line.

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April 22, 1875.—14.

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COFFINS

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TRIMMINGS

to be found outside of either city (New York or Philadel-

phia), and will make this branch of their business a

specialty.

COFFINS and CASKETS

of any shape or style, can be furnished at one hour's

notice for shipment, at a charge of one-third less than

any shop in Stroudsburg. In no case will they charge

more than ten per cent. above actual cost.

EMBALMING

attended to in any part of the County at the shortest

possible notice. [June 19, 74-14]

[Written for the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.]

LABOR.

BY CECILIA.

Workingmen constitute the bone, sinew, and the strength of every nation. They are forced to pay our taxes, and by their labor produce the wealth which others enjoy; yet not permitted to control the government.

From the day when it was declared that man should live by the sweat of his brow—that the earth should no longer yield her products spontaneously—down to the present period, the workingmen have labored and toiled in order to supply necessities and comforts of life. When our first parent was placed in the garden of Eden, it was required of him "to keep it"—thus giving to all generations the example of industry and labor. The importance of this subject cannot be overestimated. It is by labor alone we are rendered comfortable, and from it all wealth is derived. It would be useless to attempt to prove the correctness of this proposition; as many (to suit their own purposes) would deny the truth by saying that, for the want of capital, many do not enjoy either the productions of their own labor or any equivalent for the same. To a certain extent this may be true; but, on the other hand, who has built our cities, cut down our unbroken forests, cultivated our fields, constructed our railroads, enriched our coffers, and made us a prosperous and a happy country? The workingmen, by their labor, have converted our country—once an unbroken wilderness—into fruitful plains; have filled it with internal improvements, and made it the fairest land under the sun, whose rapid growth and unequalled prosperity has called forth the wonder and admiration of all the European powers.

No one who understands and comprehends the real source of all our wealth and prosperity would take any measures calculated to degrade or impoverish such a class of men. In view of these facts, and others which might be urged, it is the duty of every one to protect the interests of all workingmen. Not by class legislation, nor by laws creating monopolies, but all should alike be encouraged and receive the same protection from the government. No one man sacrificed to sustain another.

Our form of government no doubt is unequalled, but, like an individual, has its faults, and that is, not providing for the working class against all "financial difficulties," instead of which thousands of men, women and children are thrown out of employment to-day, without the means to buy a loaf of bread; yet let one of these men—even a woman—be tempted to steal to provide for their little ones—for let me assure you, the children of the poor are as dear to them as the rich man's—they are thrown into prison, made amenable to the law, when the government is to blame for not providing against such distress, instead of making inmates to fill the cells of our prisons. These remarks need no comment; every one must feel that we are drifting into fearful breakers, and unless there is a change for the better, it will not be long until we will witness scenes of sorrow, woe and distress which no pen can portray.

The present heavy rates of taxation will hasten this trouble, and at the same time prove advantageous to capitalists. The great burden of taxes falls on the laborer, either directly or indirectly, who is in no condition to spare it out of his hard earned wages. Property holders do not feel the effect of this, because they increase their rents in proportion, and thus compel the laborer to refund it. Neither does the merchant suffer, who can place the amount expended as revenue upon the goods, and force the consumer to re-pay it. All this tends to increase the wealth of capitalists, and impoverish workingmen. There is no other alternative but starvation, or to labor for a mere pittance. It is evident we are all slumbering over a volcano, whose eruption may at any moment burst forth and spread desolation throughout the land. The people are becoming more and more excited, and may, through want and privation, lead from one excess to another, until our country is again thrown into trouble of the most distressing kind.

This evil, which seems greater than men can bear, dragging them down to the lowest depths of despair, next to which is crime, when reason becomes dethroned, is not confined to men alone. But women—how then can they live through such trying times? Why, by being compelled to work from morning until night for a mere pittance, in order to earn sufficient wages, from their hard task master to keep soul and body together. Ours is not the only city full of women, laboring, toiling and suffering for the benefit of those who are in a condition to command their services. Visit some of the large manufacturing establishments, and see the number of women bowed over their work, young girls in the first bloom of womanhood, whose countenances speak of their early sorrows; middle-aged women, mothers, perhaps, toiling for a helpless family, whose sad faces too plainly speak of the cares and anxieties they endure. Yet the profits of these establishments are immense. The heavy taxes the government requires forces them to run up their prices on the articles in proportion, making this revenue an excuse for cutting down the wages of those poor miserable women who perform the labor, while the principals accumulate wealth. From one of these establishments some two or three hundred women were thrown out of employment recently; another sad instance, in one of the departments in

Washington a number of ladies were likewise served. There has been, and I believe is still, a great talk made about the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelties to Animals." I don't think it would be a bad idea for the President to found a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelties to Women." Under the present unhappy condition of the country, a few self-sacrificing acts might immortalize himself, soften his nature for the misfortunes of others, shelter them from the tempest he sees falling without pity on the heads of wretchedness; and while he feasts on luxuries, think on those who want common necessities—the homeless women and children of want.

If the government could not nor would not protect and provide for the workingmen, in mercy spare the helpless dependant women, if not in justice, at least let humanity plead their cause.

[The above article teems with good, sound common sense all through and what makes it still more interesting, is the author of it being a lady. It is seldom women, as authors, take up the pen in defense of the laboring man, but "Cecilia" can see and appreciate the dignity of labor and is fearless in espousing their cause.—Ed.]

OUR FAILURE.

BY M. QUAD.

He was a boy with a mission. I saw that the moment he crept into the room. He had come up-stairs to get a notice into the paper to the effect that the Blue Bird Base Club had defeated the Duke of Yorks by a score of ten to three. I thought so as I glanced up, but I was mistaken. He slid softly up to the table, waited until I had finished writing a long paragraph, and then wanted to know if he could have an agricultural paper.

"Bless you, my son! of course you can have one. Agriculture is a noble pursuit, and I'm glad to see you taking such an interest in it. The boy who makes up his mind to become a hard-fisted son of toil should receive encouragement from every man who has the interest of the rising generation at heart. There—there is a big agricultural paper, chock full of advice, remedies, preventives, and recipes, and I'll save you one every day."

He thanked me and slipped away. He was not a boy to give his confidence to a stranger at first sight, but I knew I could draw him out after awhile, and I was content to wait.

He returned next day, and, as I handed him another paper, I asked him how he got along with his agricultural work. He refused for a time to take me into his confidence, but when I told him that I was once a boy myself; that George Washington was a successful farmer; that Andrew Jackson fed his own hogs; that Abraham Lincoln loved agricultural pursuits; and I stood ready to give him my twenty years of experience in farm-life, the lad's dignity melted away by degrees, and he replied that he had almost completed a model hen-coop since the morning before. I drew out his ideas on hen-coops, and I put new ones into his head; and by and by he grew enthusiastic. I made plans for a hen-coop which should contain parlor, dining-room, kitchen, bed-room, and summer kitchen, gave him a dollar to buy lumber and nails, and he went to work.

It was three days before the boy came again. His face wore a smile of triumph, and he grew enthusiastic as he told me what he had done. The coop was finished according to plans, and he had come to consult me about a hen. It was his idea that we had better get a full-grown hen and experiment with her. Owing to a combination of unfortunate circumstances his father was a bankrupt, his mother was too proud to take in washing, and the panic had told heavily on the boy's income. We would commence with one hen, he remarked, and as our financial prospects brightened we could increase the number.

I started with him for the market, but while en route he suddenly remembered that we had not provided for ventilation in our plans. It was no use to put a hen in the coop to be murdered by foul air, and we returned to the office and drafted new plans. The boy worked faithfully for two days. He arranged for cold currents of air to come in at the bottom, absorb the poisonous gases, and then pass out at the top, leaving the hen clear-headed and in the best of health. It was his solemn belief that we could in time educate our poultry to pull the cord which opened and closed the main ventilator, but while I did not really encourage the idea I took care not to dampen his ardor.

When he came to purchase the hen a difference of opinion arose, and we came very near retiring from agricultural pursuits. He contended that a small, active, enterprising brown hen was the best, while I stuck for a mammoth shanghai. When I informed him that, in case of failure, we should be obliged to sell the hen by weight, and that we would naturally want to save all we could from the general wreck, he admitted that I was right.

I advanced the money for the hen. The boy offered me his note of hand, payable in one year, but I agreed that his care of the biddy should offset my invested wealth. He placed her under his arm, listened carefully to my instructions, and was lost in the crowd. It was the understanding that he should call at the office at least once in three days to report, but he was willing to do yet better. He came around to my house at nine o'clock that evening, and his face was one grand pasture of smiles as he reported that

the hen had gone right to business as soon as she was placed in the coop, and had laid an egg. He had the egg in his hand, and when I told him that he should act as treasurer of the concern he was so overcome he could not reply.

That was the first and last egg. After the third day had passed without another the boy came up-stairs and we devised and planned again. We bought lime, sand, chalk, rosin, gravel, bird-seed, oats, and several other things hopping to induce our hen to resume business, but she was obstinate. The boy likewise reported that she seemed melancholy. He said she would stand on one leg in the parlor for thirty minutes at a time, reflecting and pondering, and that she seemed to look with contempt on the bedroom, which was thickly carpeted with an old vest.

I hoped for the best, and he went away more cheerful. I told him that hens had their sad moments as well as human beings, and that it was to be expected that she would let her thoughts travel down the lane of the dead past once in a while.

He returned at the close of the second day, and reported that our hen was going into a decline. There was no doubt of it. She had already declined all kinds of food, and tasted water as if she hated it. Her melancholy moods were deeper and lasted longer, and the boy's chin quivered as he remarked his mind was made up for the worst.