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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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Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

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Office on Main Street, opposite Judge Stokes' residence, STROUDSBURG, Pa.
Teeth extracted without pain. August 1, 1867.

DRS. JACKSON & BIDLACK,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
DRS. JACKSON & BIDLACK, are prepared to attend promptly to all calls of a Professional character. Office—Opposite the Stroudsburg Bank.
April 25, 1867.—tf.

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Physician and Surgeon,
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Office at his residence, on Main Street, nearly opposite Marsh's Hotel.
All calls promptly attended to. Charges reasonable.
Stroudsburg, April 11, 1867.—tf.

A Card.
Dr. A. REEVES JACKSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
Begs to ANNOUNCE THAT HAVING returned from Europe, he is now prepared to resume the active duties of his profession. In order to prevent disappointment to persons living at a distance who may wish to consult him, he will be found at his office every THURSDAY and SATURDAY for consultation and the performance of Surgical operations.
Dec. 12, 1867.—1 yr.

WM. W. PAUL, J. D. HOAR
CHARLES W. DEAN,
WITH
WM. W. PAUL & CO.
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS & SHOES.
WAREHOUSE,
623 Market St., & 614 Commerce St.
above Sixth, North side,
PHILADELPHIA.
March 19, 1868.—tf.

Itch! Itch! Itch!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
USE
HOLLINSHEAD'S ITCH & SALT RHEUM OINTMENT.
No family should be without this valuable medicine, for on the first appearance of the disorder on the wrists, between the fingers, &c., a slight application of the Ointment will cure it, and prevent its being taken by others.
Warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded.
Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by
W. HOLLINSHEAD,
Stroudsburg, Oct. 31, '67. Druggist.

N. D. COOLBAUGH,
Sign and Ornamental Painter,
SHOP ON MAIN STREET,
Opposite Woolen Mills,
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Respectfully announces to the citizens of Stroudsburg and vicinity that he is prepared to attend to all who may favor him with their patronage, in a prompt and workmanlike manner.
CHAIRS, FURNITURE, &c., painted and repaired.
PICTURE FRAMES of all kinds constantly on hand or supplied to order.
June 11, 1868.—1y.

BEEF,
IRON AND PURE BRANDY,
BY DR. HARTMAN,
Regular Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.
It will positively cure Consumption, Coughs and Colds, and all diseases of the Lungs or Bronchial Tubes.
It has been the means of RESTORING THOUSANDS to health who have been given up beyond the reach of medical assistance. It does more to relieve the Consumptive than anything ever known. Unequaled strengthener for delicate Ladies and Children. EACH BOTTLE CONTAINS THE NUTRITIOUS PORTION OF TWO POUNDS OF CHOICE BEEF.
The cure of Consumption was first effected by the use of RAW BEEF and BRANDY in Russia, afterwards in France, in which countries I have travelled for years.
I have used it with perfect success in my own family. In presenting this preparation to the public I feel confident that every afflicted one who reads this (even the most skeptical) may become convinced, by a single trial that it is truly a most valuable medicine.
Circulate and medicines sent to any address. Price \$1 per bottle—six for \$5.
Laboratory 512 South Fifteenth Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Wholesale Agents, French, Richards & Co., Tenth and Market streets; Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street; R. Shoemaker & Co., Fourth and Race streets, Philadelphia.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Cheap Feed.
GRAIN AT 25 CENTS PER BUSHEL.
Apply at the BREWERY,
July 20, 1868.—1y. East Stroudsburg.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS

January 1st, 1869.

"Happy New Year," kind Patrons
All!—Gents, Maidens and Matrons,
Is the wish of him who so cheerfully gleans,
From the North and South through,
And the East and the West too,
The good things which weekly the *Jeff's* columns sheens.

As the past has been rateful
Of things for which grateful
Each mortal among us should cheerfully be,
So, too, may the grim future,
Right steadily too, sure,
Bring joy and content to thee and to me.

May peace and prosperity,
Without life's austerity,
Gather around each Palace and lowly Cot;
And May health too and wealth too,
And the blessings of Love true,
Throughout the New Year be our own happy lot.

And may we, gentle Patrons,
Gents, maidens and good matrons,
Remember mid blessings in purse and in store,
That the God who thus gave us
From grim, drear want to save us,
Also gave to our care the suffering poor.

The cold chills of December,
We should each one remember,
Begin the sad season when suffering gaunt
Stalks forth through the land
And lays his hard, heavy hand
Unkindly upon the sad children of want.

It is these we should think of
Whilst we are in the midst of
Our season of merriment, pleasure and glee,
We should seek them and greet them,
And with kindness meet them,
And with acts of good cheer set their sad hearts free.

Not in words should we do it,
Not in words, 'lone, pursue it,
But in deeds, unmixed with bitter alloy,
Should we join with soul and heart,
And act right bravely our part,
In making the poor feel radiant with joy.

Then will we feel we've earned
That peace, not to be spurned,
Which finds its way to each true feeling heart
Which tells by its joyous throbs,
That a good deed never robs
Him of purest joy who doth well act his part.

Then let us seek out the poor—
We'll find them close by our door—
And spare them freely of our God-giv'n store.
The deed cannot us distress—
Indeed cannot fail to bless
Both them and us too now and forevermore.

You heard them, reader, I've no doubt—
The cracking noise and merry shout—
The booming gun and merry bell
Reverberating o'er hill and dell—
The fess and clack of happy boys,
Who find no fun where there's no noise—
Who kept it up with main and might
And put old Morpheus to flight
From sun down, (sure it wasn't right,
Throughout the live-long, weary night.
The boys were bent, you see, with din
T'neath Old Year out, and New Year in.
And they succeeded. But, alas!
That it should ever come to pass,
That little chaps scarce quite knee high
Should thus disturb both you and I
Without remorse. Now here's a shame
For which some one is, sure, to blame.

What think you, now, these kids would shout
If ask'd—'Did mother know 'were out?'
And what will mothers some day say
When little darlings, led astray
By such indulgences as these—
Their little Adam whims to please—
Are some day caught in the sharp claws
Of the great State's insulted laws?
Ah! then the fun will not come in!
Ah! then there'll be another din!
The din of wailing and of tears
At thought that darling's tender years
Had not been watch'd with greater care
Ere he fell in the fowler's snare.
But why thus moralise? I vow
I surely did not mean to, now;
But only thought to rhyme good cheer
At coming in of the New Year.

Then away with all dolesome cant
Then away with all sickly cheer,
For Jeemes, in his joyfulness, can't
Wish ought but a "Happy New Year."

"Days gone by are full of sorrow"
So sang a poet on the morrow,
Who, doubtless, for some days before
Had done just as they did of yore;
Who, meaning to be gay and frisky,
Fill'd himself chuck full of whiskey,
And rampaged round 'till, in a muddle,
He toppled in a drunken puddle—
Had for his pains delirium's quake
And suffered from a bad headache.
Its certain that he didn't go
For "drops" to J. S. W. & Co.;
For, from their drops, you cannot pull
A headache from a barrel full.
I've tried them, and I know their "wares"
Are wholly free from tricksters' snares.
Now I would without much fear state
That during eighteen sixty-eight
There was no cause for us to sorrow,
Why then should we the doleful harrow,
And in verbiage of cant
Smother the triumph we gain'd with Grant
And Colfax, o'er the rebel crew
Led on by Blair and Seymour too?
No! We rejoice that in the year
Just pass'd there was so much to cheer

Us in the hope that strife'll soon cease
And our land enjoy a perfect peace.
"Let us have peace," is the command
Of one who by his word will stand;
And Grant will soon unfold a plan
By which the rebel Ku-Klux-Klan
Will soon, soon be, at one fell swoop,
Like Lee and Johnson gobbled up.
Then may the sons of North go South
With open hand and open mouth—
Then will the ebon sons of Ham,
Without a fear and without sham,
Stand boldly, in the light of day,
As free as any other clay—
Then will our land regain its smile
Which treason smother'd for a while,
And North and South and East and West
Will soon again be richly blest,
And we a people 'gain shall be
Happy in our prosperity.
Why then should we in sadness set—
Why mope along and fume and fret—
The prospect is too bright for that.
No one but hard-shell Democrat,
(Our neighbor round the corner might,
Would, surely, ever think it right
To sold at the decree of fate
So plainly told in sixty-eight.
No, let us be merrily glad
That sixty-eight had so smooth a run;
There was little in it to make sad,
But, Jeemes thinks, enough for rare fun.

Good-by then, my jolly Old Year,
We greet your departure with cheer;
For the good you have done our thanks
Are yours, unmingled with pranks.
You have given us Grant to lead,
With Colfax to 'sist us in need,
And you've boldly said to A. J.
Haste, haste thee sad traitor away
To the spot far 'way from the sea,
To thy old haunts in Tennessee.
What reason have we, then, for care?
'Tis the Democrats only who swear,
But, faggots and slim fiddlesticks,
Why should I dirty my hands?
Jeemes deals not in grim politics,
He thrives best in harmonious bands.

No longer, kind reader, will I multiply words,
But bid you good-by, as I "order."
And pocket as quickly as with dignity 'cords
Your *greenback* or half or e'en quarter.

I have faithfully serv'd you throughout the past year;
I have brought you the news at all times;
But if with the *greenbacks* you don't see your way clear,
I'll as cheerfully pocket the *dimes*.

But be it *greenback* or half, or quarter or dime,
Or neither, that atworn my eye gleams,
The wish that you may all have a happy, good time,
Fills the heart of your humble friend
JEEMES.

A Yankee Collector.
A gentleman from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some money due him in that city, was about returning, when he found that one bill of \$100 had been overlooked. His landlord who knew the debtor, thought it a doubtful case; but added that if it was collected at all, a tall raw-boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall, "would worry it out" of the man.

Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.
"Well, Square," said he, "tain't much use trying; I guess I know that critter. You might as well try to squeeze oil out of Bunker Hill monument as to elect a debt out of him. But anyhow, Square, what will you give, s'posing I do try?"
"Well, sir, the bill is one hundred dollars. I'll give you—yes, I'll give you half, if you collect it."
"Greedy," replied the collector; "there's no harm in tryin' any way."
Some weeks after the creditor changed to be in Boston, and in walking up Tremont street encountered his enterprising friend.

"Look o' here," said he, "Square, I had considerable luck with that bill o' your'n. You see I stuck to him like a dog of a root, but for the first week or so 'twasn't no use—not a bit. If she was at home I could get no satisfaction. By and by, says I, after givin' sixteen times, 'I'll fix you,' says I. So I sat down on the door step, and sat all day and part of the evening and began early the next day; but about ten o'clock he gin in." He paid me my half and I 'gin him the note."

A Year's Troubles.
John Newton once said: "Sometimes I compare the troubles we undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of fags, far too large for us to carry. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundles, and gives us first one stick, which we are able to carry to day and then another which we are able to carry to morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to morrow's burden to our load before we are able to bear it."

A gentleman who owns a country seat, nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his near friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them—an old bachelor, wrote as follows:
"I always told you that river was too shallow."

Liability of Indorsers of Notes.

In the Court of Common Pleas, yesterday, before Judge Gary, the case of Cromwell vs. Stewart & Laws, was tried on these facts:—In 1865 J. R. Stewart gave a note, signed by himself, for \$500, payable to S. T. Cromwell. On the back of the note were signed the names of William Laws and Eli Henckle, at the time of its delivery to Cromwell, but which Cromwell never indorsed. The note was not paid at maturity, nor protested, and no notice given of non-payment to Laws or Henckle. Cromwell brought suit against all three as the makers of a joint and several note, though on its face it was "I promise to pay." The defendants, Stewart & Laws, severed their defense and pleaded separately, Laws claiming to be merely an indorser, and signed his name on the back of the note as such; that to be held liable the note needed protest and notice to him of dishonor. The plaintiff claimed that, as the names of all the parties were on at the time of delivery, whatever part of the paper bore the signatures of the parties, they were joint makers as much as if their names had been signed on the face of the note and immediately under the first signer, and so much they were liable without protest or notice. The court so ruled, and judgment was given for the plaintiff.—*Baltimore Sun*, Dec. 19th.

Remedies for Poisons.

Cases of poisoning often occur in which life might be saved, and hours of agony averted, if we only knew what to do in season. If a poison burns the throat and acts violently upon the stomach, swallow half a pint of sweet oil, or melted butter or lard, and, within five minutes, take half a pint of warm water, in which has been stirred a teaspoonful of ground-mustard and salt. The oil arrests the action of the poison, and the mustard and salt causes vomiting. If the poison swallowed does not burn the throat and act with instant violence, but causes sickness, stupor or faintness, swallow the whites of three eggs; also a quantity of the strongest coffee it is possible to make, and in a few minutes take the warm water and mustard and salt as before mentioned. An eminent physician says that with prompt use of oil, and white of eggs and strong coffee, and the emetic as above directed, the fatal result of any poison likely to fall in the way of man or child, may be always averted. These remedies are, in themselves, harmless, and might all be taken into the stomach at once, in any quantity without damage to the system; and they are things that we always have at hand. But while using these things don't fail to send for a physician. And above all, and first of all don't have any poison around.

HORACE GREELEY.—The New York correspondent of the *Milwaukee Sentinel* says concerning Mr. Greeley:
"Abused as Horace Greeley is by friends and foes, I doubt very much if there lives another editor in the world who at the bottom is so respected. It has come to be an American habit to speak sneeringly of him, a habit that he himself must be accustomed to by this time, but I notice that respect and admiration for his sturdy boldness, and for his experience, always triumphs in a mixed assembly when he is spoken of or appears. Men who commenced years ago to save up materials for his obituary have passed away and been forgotten; but he still shambles round the Spruce street corner. Upstarts in journalism who predicted his political annihilation and his social downfall, have run the course of decadency but he still smiles blandly. Men tried to set his office on fire and burn him out, but it was no use. Bennett has withdrawn in senility to his penitential retreat at Mount Washington. Thurlow Weed does little but tell old men's gossip, and Bryant occasionally does a poem—but old Greeley pegs away in the same office, with the same vigor, the same indomitable will, and the same youthful bloom on his cheeks, that he had centuries ago. What is the use of fighting such a man?"

SHE WASN'T AFRAID.—A matronly lady, with a physiognomy indicating that she was strong minded, was on the witness stand at New Haven recently to testify in a case of trial. Being pestered a little by the counsel for the defence, she exclaimed, raising herself up to her full height, and with a gleam of triumph in her eyes, "I ain't afraid of the whole of you; you can't scare me. I have lived in Chicago ten years, and any one that has lived in Chicago ten years needn't be afraid of the devil."

The finest idea of a thunderstorm extant is when O'Fogarty came home tight one evening. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then tumbled over the cradle and fell heavily to the floor. After a while he rose and said: "Wife, are you hurt?" "No." "Girls are you hurt?" "No." "Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

Philadelphia congratulates herself upon retaining the lead in the petroleum trade. From Jan. 1 to Nov. 1, 1868, she exported 32,665,224 gallons, an increase of more than 8,000,000 over the corresponding ten months of 1867.

St. Louis has a population of 241,071, an increase in the last four years of 23,251.

ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT.

A PROCLAMATION:

Whereas, The President of the United States has heretofore set forth several proclamations offering amnesty and pardon to persons who had been or were concerned in the late rebellion against the lawful authority of the Government of the United States, which proclamations were severally issued on the 8th day of December, 1863; on the 26th day of March, 1864; on the 29th day of May 1865; on the 9th day of September, 1867, and on the 4th day of July in the present year; and Whereas, The authority of the Federal Government having been re-established in all the States and Territories within the jurisdiction of the United States, it is believed that such pardons and reservations and exceptions as at the dates of the said several proclamations were deemed necessary and proper, may now be wisely and justly relinquished, and that a universal amnesty and pardon for participation in said Rebellion, extended to all who have borne any part therein, will tend to secure permanent peace, order and prosperity throughout the land, and to renew and fully restore confidence and fraternal feeling among the whole population, and their respect for and attachment to the National Government, designed by its patriotic founders for the general good.
Now, therefore, be it known that I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested by the Constitution, and in the name of the sovereign people of the United States, do hereby proclaim and declare, unconditionally and without reservation, to all and to every person who directly or indirectly participated in the late insurrection of Rebellion, a full pardon and amnesty for the offense of treason against the United States, or of adhering to their enemies during the late civil war, with restoration of all rights, privileges and immunities under the Constitution and the laws which have been made in pursuance thereof.
In testimony whereof I have signed these presents with my hand, and have caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed.
Done at the City of Washington, the 25th day of December, in the year of Our Lord, 1868, and in the Independence of the United States of America the 95th.
ANDREW JOHNSON.
By the President:
F. W. SEWARD, Acting Sec. of State.

The full pardon and amnesty proclamation just issued by the President, includes Jeff. Davis, Breckinridge, Jacob Thompson, Mason, Sidell and all others who were directly or indirectly engaged in the late insurrection or rebellion. The parties above named are now in foreign countries.

HORRORS OF THE SILENT SYSTEM IN PRISONS.—Mr. James Greenwood has published in London a frightful account of the silent system, which is in operation at the Holloway Model prison in London:
It is an offence for a prisoner to speak one word, and he was never addressed except in whispers, so that he may be in the prison two years without hearing one natural sound to the human voice! The effect of this is so terrible on the mind that the prisoners will speak out in desperation at the risk of any punishment, rather than endure that horrible silence. The prisoners never see one another, but remain in perpetual solitude. One poor wretch, driven to desperation by nine months' solitude and silence, broke out in Mr. Greenwood's presence in these words:
"For God's sake, Governor, put me in another cell! Put me somewhere else! I have counted the bricks in the cell I am in till my eyes ache!"
The request of the tortured wretch was refused!

There is a fine hole in each cell, and as the wardens wear shoes with India rubber soles, the prisoner can never be sure that he is alone.

Those condemned to the treadmill have to ascend twelve hundred steps every alternate twenty minutes for six hours. And this in a place so hot and close that prisoners often lose in perspiration three tons in as many months! Every day the prisoners are taken to chapel so arranged that they can see no one save the chaplain, and him only through an iron grating. And this is the order of devotion observed: "Wardens are constantly on the watch lest they, through the whole of the service, depart from the rigid rule of eyes right." They must look steadfastly at the preacher; must raise and lower their prayer books with elbows square and all at once, like soldiers at drill. They may not scrape their feet without having afterwards to explain the movement. They may scarcely wink an eye or sigh without danger of rebuke or punishment. God help them, poor wretches!"

The Messrs Seitz, extensive brewers at Easton, received a few days ago thirty-six ear loads of barley and rye from the West, amounting to some fourteen or fifteen thousand bushels.

The total earnings of the American people are said to be \$7,500,000,000 annually. If there were but 7,500 of us how rich we should all be.

When a man is so affected that he thinks a lamp post will fall unless he holds it up it may be inferred that the post or the man is out of order.

THE BRODHEAD MURDER TRIAL.

In Oyer and Terminer, Monroe Co. Pa. FIRST DAY—MONDAY, DEC. 28, 1868.

The case of the Commonwealth against William Brooks and Charles Orme, for the murder of Theodore Brodhead, was called up on Monday morning, Judge BARRETT and associates LEVERING and DEYOUNG, presiding. The whole day was spent in paneling a jury, and with the opening argument of the District Attorney. The names of the Jurors are as follows:

William C. Long, Jonas B. Miller, John Deiter, Wm. M. Overfield, Abraham Butz, Andrew L. Hinton, Jackson Stein, Philip Learn, Jacob Learn, Harrison Doll, Samuel P. Storm, Samuel Anthony.

COUNSEL—District Attorney, Holmes, Wm. Davis and Samuel S. Dreher, for Commonwealth. Charlton Burnett, John B. Storm and David S. Lee, for Defendants.

SECOND DAY—TUESDAY.

Howard Marsh, sworn.—Saw the prisoners in Stroudsburg on day before the murder, in the afternoon about five o'clock; never saw them before; lived in Stroudsburg six or seven years; saw them the same day at the Stroudsburg House just after dinner; saw the prisoners next day when they were arrested; sure the prisoners are the same men.

Charles Staples, sworn.—Remember the day Theodore Brodhead was killed; have always lived in Stroudsburg; my age is fifteen years; was clerking at Mr. Matlack's hardware store at that time; went in the store the first one on the morning Brodhead was killed.

Objections were raised by the counsel of the defence against evidence relating to what belongs not to the indictment in the case. The counsel of the Commonwealth maintained that evidence which leads and connects itself with the final act of homicide is competent. Both sides argued these points at some length.

The judge stated that it would be proper first to establish the killing and then, if necessary, bring in the evidence under discussion.

Thomas Brodhead, sworn.—Reside in Duttsburg, Monroe county; resided in hotel, Brainerd House, September 25th, 1868; had been at the barn threshing about half a mile from the house; I came home between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon; they informed me then that the bar drawer was robbed by two men; they told me they had gone towards the station; I went towards the station; Theodore Brodhead having started ahead of me I followed on, got in a wagon, and passed him, arriving at the station first; I made inquiry if the men had been seen there; was informed they had gone towards the Gap; I then started up a path leading to the public road, brother Theodore following after me; when I came to the Gap House I was informed the men had been there and had gone on; looked down the road and saw them; I then ran along pretty fast to catch up with them; my brother Theodore was following some little distance behind; when I came up to them I told them I wanted them to go back with me; that some person had robbed my bar and that they were supposed to be the men; I stepped in between them; Brooks said, "I am willing to go back"; the other one, Orme, refused to go back; I took hold of his coat sleeve and told him he must go back; they both stepped back a few steps towards the house; while they were stepping back, saw Brooks take something out of his pocket and throw it towards the wall; by this time Theodore was along-side of me; I then let go of the arm of Orme with the intention of picking up the money; I saw a two-dollar bill and some other scrip lying on the ground, and a new looking bill; before I had time to pick up the money, my brother said, "Don't you shoot"; I looked up and saw Brooks pointing a pistol at my brother's head; I said, "You better not shoot"; he drew his pistol down on me and fired; he wheeled and fired upon my brother, shooting him down; Orme kept saying, "Shoot them both down"; said so before Brooks shot; my brother fell; I then walked across the road with my hand on my wound, supposing I was shot through; I made several steps across the opposite side of the road; I heard one of them coming behind me; I turned around and saw Orme coming towards me with a pistol drawn; I turned round, and dodging, the bullet grazing my head, as I think; "I grabbed him around the arms above the elbow, and tripped him down, or partly down, and in our scuffle he shot several shots at me; don't know how many; think his shots went over my head; he then called to Brooks to come and help him; Brooks then came and struck me several blows across the face; I still held fast to the one I had hold of and he said to Brooks, "Take a stone and knock his G—d—d brains out"; he then got a stone and struck me several blows; I then had to give way my hold and fell to the ground; as soon as I fell to the ground they took their carpet-bag and ran down the road; did not see them pick up the bag, but when I came to, I found the bag gone, and saw them nearly out of sight, running; was shot on left side, through papers in my pocket, through my vest—some papers here, also—and to the flesh, just breaking the skin; did not find the ball the papers were letters and envelopes; the shot set fire to my coat; face was