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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.
No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements of one square of 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.

DR. J. LANTZ,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist,

Still has his office on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he has himself that by eighteen years constant practice and the most careful and careful attention to all matters pertaining to his profession, that he is fully able to perform all operations in the dental line in the most careful, tasteful and 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

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. February 23, 1871.—6m.

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON

Physician, Surgeon & Accoucher.

Office, Detrick's building, residence Kresgey's Hotel.

EAST STROUDSBURG, Pa.
June 3, 1870.—ly.

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.—tf.

JAMES H. WALTON,
Attorney at Law.

Office in second story of new building, nearly opposite the Washington Hotel, Main St. Stroudsburg, Pa.
January 13, 1870.—tf.

S. HOLMES, JR.,
Attorney at Law,
STROUDSBURG, PA.

Office, on Main Street, 5 doors above the Stroudsburg House, and opposite Ruster's clothing store.

Business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity.
May 6, 1869.—tf.

DON'T you know that J. H. McCarty is the only Undertaker in Stroudsburg who understands his business? If not, attend a Funeral managed by any other Undertaker in town, and you will see the proof of the fact. [Sept. 16, '67]

REVEREND EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of Wilkes-Barre, N. Y.) Recipe for CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA carefully compounded at

HOLLINSHEAD'S DRUG STORE.
Medicines Fresh and Pure.
Nov. 21, 1867.] W. HOLLINSHEAD.

KELLERSVILLE HOTEL.
The undersigned having purchased the above well known and popular Hotel Property, would respectfully inform the traveling public that he has refurnished and fitted up the Hotel in the best style. A handsome Bar, with choice Liquors and Segars, polite attendants and moderate charges.

B. J. VAN COTT, Proprietor.
Sep. 29, 1870.—tf.

A. ROCKAFELLOW,
DEALER IN

Ready-Made Clothing, Gents Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, &c.
EAST STROUDSBURG, PA.
(Near the Depot.)

The public are invited to call and examine goods. Prices moderate.
May 6, 1869.—tf.

PLASTER!

Fresh ground Nova Scotia PLASTER, at Stokes' Mills. HEMLOCK BOARDS, FENCING, SHINGLES, LATH, PALING, and POSTS, cheap.
FLOUR and FEED constantly on hand. Will exchange Lumber and Plaster for Grain or pay the highest market price.
BLACKSMITH SHOP just opened by C. Stone, an experienced workman. Public trade solicited.

N. S. WYCKOFF,
Stokes' Mills, Pa., April 20, 1871.

THE STROUDSBURG Passenger R. W. Co.
7 per cent. Bonds.
Interest payable in January and April.
For sale at the Monroe County Bank.
THOS. A. BELL, Treasurer.
March 16, 1871.

MONROE COUNTY

BANK!

STROUDSBURG, PA.

ON THE FIRST OF APRIL, 1871.

THIS BANK

will commence paying interest on DAILY DEPOSITS, at the rate of Four Per Cent SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT. Accounts rendered, and interest credited monthly.

SEVEN PER CENT INTEREST PAID on permanent deposits, as heretofore.

Checks on all parts of the Country COLLECTED

Free of Cost for Depositors.

DRAFTS

FOR SALE ON

England and Ireland.

All deposits in this Bank are secured by Bond, with security to Thos. M. McIlhenny, Trustee, in trust for Depositors, which bond is recorded in the proper office.

THOS. A. BELL, Cashier.

March 16, 1871.—ly.

P. S. WILLIAMS,

Watchmaker & Jeweler,

MAIN ST., STROUDSBURG, PA.

Located in corner building, third door below the Jeffersonian office. Room handsomely fitted up, and heavily stocked with the finest assortment of

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Jewelers notions, &c.,

never offered in this section of country.

A full assortment of Spectacles, of the best quality, and suited to all ages, always on sale.

Silver-ware, and Silver Plated ware, always on hand at manufacturers prices.

Repairing neatly executed, and charges extremely moderate. Calls from the public respectfully solicited.

November 5th, 1868.—ly.

MONROE COUNTY

Marble Works,

Main St., Stroudsburg, Pa.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he is still at his old stand where he will furnish at short notice

GRAVE STONES,

MONUMENTS, &c. &c.,

of the best material and workmanship and at as reasonable rates as they can be purchased at any other establishment in the country.

J. E. ERDMAN.
March 9, '71.—4m.

THERE WERE SOLD IN THE YEAR '70

8,841

of

Blatchley's Cucumber

TRADE MARK

WOOD PUMPS,

Measuring 213,266 feet in length, or sufficient in the aggregate for

A WELL OVER 40 MILES DEEP,

Simple in Construction—Easy in Operation—Giving no Taste to the Water—Durable—Reliable and Cheap.

These Pumps are their own best recommendation. For sale by Dealers in Hardware and Agricultural Implements, Plumbers, Pump Makers, &c., throughout the country. Circulars, &c., furnished upon application by mail or otherwise.

Single Pumps forwarded to parties in towns where I have no agents upon receipt of the regular retail price. In buying, be careful that your Pump bears my trade-mark as above, as I guarantee no other.

CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufr.,
Office and Ware-room,
624 & 626 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.
March 2, 1871.—6m.

NEW FIRM.

The undersigned having formed a co-partnership, under the firm name of Burt & Herzog, for the purpose of carrying on the Brewing business, at East Stroudsburg, Pa., would respectfully inform the public that they will be able, all times, to furnish to order, a pure article of

ALE

at short notice. Their stock of material being the best the City affords, none but the purest and best malt liquors will be permitted to leave their establishment. They respectfully solicit the patronage of the public.

JOHN BURT,
JACOB F. HERZOG.
East Stroudsburg, Pa. Dec. 1, 1870.

KASKEEWAWA.

A LEGEND OF THE DELAWARE.

BY ALLAN EMORY.

Along the Delaware river, about twenty miles above the memorable place where Washington crossed his army on Christmas night, 1776, the country on the Pennsylvania side comes out to the river in long lines of rolling hills and prescots a frowning front of bald, perpendicular bluffs, the highest point of which stands out four hundred feet above the level of the river. This overhanging cliff "time out of mind" has borne the name of the "Top Rock." It was a favorite lookout of the Indians, and on the beautiful green sward sloping upward and back from the rocks, shaded by a few cedars and short, sturdy oaks, the council fires of a large and powerful tribe of Indians had burned for many generations. Kaskeewawa, the Tall Cedar, as was called on account of his great stature, was the Chief of this tribe. By his daring and bravery in battle he had distinguished himself among the various Indian tribes, and for continued marks of friendship was highly respected by the whites. Under his protection, more than a hundred years ago, a settlement sprang up in a narrow valley a short distance from the Top Rock.

Mr. Nicholas Heller was the most prominent man of the village, between whom and Kaskeewawa there existed the greatest friendship, and at whose house the old Chief was almost a daily visitor. At the time of which we write, Mr. Heller's only daughter, Mary, was about nineteen; the favorite, "the light of the village," the beauty of all the region—Many a youth had wooed her, but John Preston alone had won. John called at her house one day on his way home from the mill, and the day, as he said, "to tie the knot," was fixed. His joy was so great when he left that he led "the old grey" and carried the bag of meal himself, whistling all the way home, only now and then widening his good-natured mouth to say, "only two weeks from to-morrow."

Indian Summer, that most delightful season of the year, had come with its smoky skies of hazy blue; sunrise, beauty and glory, and sunset grandeur softly shaded and veiled with floating violet, alternated all day long. Not a bird trilled a harsh note, but warbled magically in distinct in far away tones; the bees floated lazily homeward laden with honey; the music of nature slowly rose and fell in gentle cadence, and everything seemed dozing away in a delightful dream. The villagers with thankful hearts were gathering in their crops of golden corn, and on health, plenty and contentment peace and prosperity smiled.

When, as usual, John went to see Mary one evening, Mary were the bright plans for future happiness and joys anticipated only to be clouded before the morrow's sun should rise. The lovers sat in a corner of the old kitchen, (and for that matter parlor, dining-room and all, for it boasted but one room), and Mary's father, with book before him and spectacles in position, was sitting by a table with with eyes shut, for slumber's gentle chain had bound him, when a light, but firm step was heard, and without salutation in strode the old Chief. His locks unwhitened and his form unrent by the storms of sixty winters, he yet stood a model for an Apollo. As his custom was when he had anything important to communicate, he beckoned Mr. Heller to follow. Halting at an old oak a few rods from the house, he said:—"White man, we are friends. When the red man wants anything he speaks. Hushahooa has seen many snows. When her father gave her to me she was like the young roe of the mountain, but now she is like you withered pine, and soon she will go to the far hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. Thy daughter is as Hushahooa was; give her to me; she shall be the bright eyes of my tribe."

The father, struck with surprise and sorrow at the unnatural proposal, concealed his feelings as best he could, through fear of the powerful Chief, for he well knew that not only his own, but the lives of the whole settlement rested in his hands. He said, "But Hushahooa yet lives in thy wigwam." "She lives not to me," was the laconic reply. "But," said the father, trembling for the safety of his daughter, and not wishing to say that she was promised to another, "it would be a disgrace to thy tribe to take a pale-face to thy wigwam, and perhaps the maiden is not willing." "The words are as the wind," said the Chief, showing passion, for his word had always been law, "give me thy daughter." The father pleaded for time, and at length Kaskeewawa said, "when three suns have passed, come with thy bright eyes to the Top Rock." So saying, he strode away in the darkness, and the dim outline of his tall retreating form seemed like one of those huge fabled figures that crossed the sky with gigantic strides just before Hercules and Pompeii were entombed alive. With anguish in his heart, Mr. Heller returned to his dwelling, and made known the terrible intelligence. His two sons had been killed by the Indians, and this daughter, the beautiful flower that bloomed on the death bed of his wife, was all that was left to him, and before her was what was worse than the open grave. They knew how completely they were in the power of the savages, and what good words could not accomplish force would. When the moon, rising above the trees, threw a

"dim religious light" in scattered beams through the little square windows, they fell on a stricken household bowed in prayer. But there was no time to lose.

Plans of escape were at once laid, and it was decided that John and Mary should start that night yet for the nearest fort. As soon as the moon sunk behind the hills, Mr. Heller went to the barn, saddled the horses, and was leading them out, when the towering form of Kaskeewawa emerged from the gloom with the same stately tread it had entered, and pausing, said, "Kaskeewawa's eyes are on the white man and his warriors surround the village, take heed on my words," and he was gone. The fitting forms now and then seen in the darkness told too plainly the truth of his words, and that all hope of escape was vain. A deeper gloom was now cast over them and in sadness and tears they awaited the morning, when a messenger appeared from the old Chief:—"That when the sun went down he should bring his pale-faced beauty to the Council Ground by the Top Rock."

There was no sound of labor in the village or fields that day. A solemn, Sabbath-like stillness reigned. The music of the feathered songsters had lost its gayety and now was plaintive and low, and even the winds that had sounded so sweetly through the branches of the pine trees the evening before now only swelled in long, deep-drawn sighs. All day long they were held close prisoners, all attempts at escape being cut off; and when the sun, all swollen and red, as if in rage, rolling down amid the gorgeous glories of the western sky, had nearly run his course, the savages suddenly withdrew, except half-dozen warriors, who approached Mr. Heller's house and bade him and his "bright-eyed beauty" follow. The villagers, willing to risk their lives for one they so dearly loved, advised resistance, but Mr. Heller, calm and collected, came from his closet where he had spent most of the day in prayer, and bidding his darling follow they set out for the old Council Ground. Mary confided as implicitly in her father as he did in the God of his fathers. He went like Abraham of old to the sacrifice of his only child, but with faith as firm that in this hour of trial he would be deserted.

Slowly they wended their way up the winding path, arched by the overhanging hemlocks, festooned by the wild grape, carpeted with mosses, pictured by wild flowers, past rocks gray with lichens and by cool dripping springs, till at last as they emerged from the dense forest and neared the appointed place a strange scene lay before them. To the eastward stretched the dark waters of the Delaware, and the last lingering rays of the sun gilded the already autumn-crowned hills tops beyond. In the foreground the whole tribe sat in solemn council, and in front of them the huge form of Kaskeewawa in fiercest rage was dragging his old squaw towards the edge of the precipice that yawned below the Top Rock. He had accused her of a crime and condemned her to death. Murmurs of disapprobation ran through the assembled braves, and many a hand involuntarily grasped a tomahawk; but among those sons of the forest Kaskeewawa reigned supreme; no one dared to question his acts.

As he was about hurling her down the dizzy height she reproached him for not permitting her to sing her death song to the Great Spirit. The angry Chief for an instant relaxed his grasp, while the aged squaw began a shrill, screeching song which echoed wildly among the rocky cliffs; but his rage returned, his visage grew dark, his veins swelled out, and with one blow from his ponderous fist he attempted to send her to the depths below. The fire of youth for an instant flashed in those dim eyes, and with a quick movement, avoiding his blow, she threw herself flat on her face upon the rock; but Kaskeewawa, the proud and haughty Chief ungarded through passion, lost his balance, and with a fearful yell of mingled rage and terror fell headlong down the awful abyss. When they raised the still prostrate form of Hushahooa, they saw that the light of life had gone out of those old orbs forever.

The noble Delaware flows on as majestically as then; the grass on the old Council Ground is as green, as beautiful wild flowers bloom, and birds sing as sweetly. But when Indian summer comes with its dreamy days, and the fields and forests are tinged with crimson and a different assemblage gathers there.—They are the happy children and grandchildren of John and Mary.

Hot Water for Poisonous Bites.

The efficacy of hot water in various injuries is not generally known. Many persons have perished from the effects of bites from rabid or venomous animals or reptiles, as dogs, rats, snakes, etc., whose lives might have been saved by the use of hot alkaline water. Whenever any one is bitten, the injured part should immediately be immersed in hot water containing a little lye or soda ash, and remain therein for several hours—the water being constantly kept as hot as can possibly be borne. It is a positive cure.

A certain young lady had a custom of saying to a favorite little dog, to make him follow her, "Come along, sir." A would be witty gentleman stepped up to her one day and accosted her with, "Is it me, madame, you called?" "Oh, no, sir," said she, with great composure, "It was another puppy I spoke to."

Long Trails.

The Revolution does not approve of one of the fashions. This sprightly paper says: "It is both in sorrow and in anger that we notice, in these days, the lengthening of skirts for street wear, so that the back breadths dip into the dirt just enough to thoroughly befoul the border of a woman's garment. A few inches more or less of silk or cashmere seem now to furnish a line of separation between the bespotted follower of fashion who is in the hands of her dressmaker, like a puppet pulled by a string, and the rational-minded human being, who judges for herself what things are decent, seemly and convenient for a woman to wear."

We do not hesitate to pronounce the present style of street sweeper, which women are beginning to adopt, altogether vile. It is a degrading badge of servitude, and a woman who respects herself, is culpable for copying and extending such a dirty and senseless style. No woman, if she is not an idiot, in these days when physiological laws and rational ideas ought to exert some little influence in introducing healthy and convenient costumes, can excuse herself for allowing a modiste to tack on to her person an appendage, calculated to outrage every idea of decency, by wiping up the tobacco filth and miscellaneous litter of our dirty side-walk.

A Busy Man.

The Golden Age says: "The Rev. E. E. Hale has just written his name on the books of the Lyceum Bureau in Boston. Which is just like him. Not that Mr. Hale is a lecturer; but, being minister of one of the largest churches in the city, the editor of the largest monthly magazine in the country, the chief editorial contributor to a religious paper, a writer of stories for two magazines, the leader of a theological club, the head and heart of thirteen distinct and separate charities, the teacher of history and religion to a class of young ladies, an active officer in some twenty important societies and institutions, one of the leading managers of a denomination, the chosen mouth-piece of every new movement and reform, the favorite speaker at all public meetings from an agricultural fair to an anniversary of the Academy of Science and Art, and a probable candidate for Congress, besides other things too numerous to mention, all of which receive a full share of his attention, the only thing he possibly can do with his unoccupied time to protect himself from the blight and mildew of ennui is to enter the lecture field.—His subject has not yet been announced, but we presume it will be 'The Man with an Occupation,' a sequel to 'The Man without a Country.'"

How to Cheat the Doctor.

A soldier a patient at Herbert at Herbert Hospital, England, a few days ago, wrote the following advice to a comrade:—"Previous to going to hospital rub your tongue with chalk, ready for the word, 'Put out your tongue'; then, when the doctor is going to feel your pulse, be sure to knock your elbow against the wall, and it will beat to any number a minute, then, if you wish to persevere to be an invalid, be on the look out for a friend to bring you a bit of raw bullock's liver every morning, in order to spit blood for the doctor; of course, have a little bit of liver in your mouth, under your tongue fresh, ready for him when he comes round the hospital ward, and have a good piece ready to spit out for him when he approaches your cot; then give a great sign and a groan, and your are sure to be ordered lamb chops, chicken, rice pudding, port wine, Guinness's stout, in fact you may live on the fat of the land for the rest of your soldiering, which will not be long; but depend upon it, you are sure of a pension, even under ten years' service."

We hope there are not many in hospital quite so clever as this "old soldier."

DEATH.—How is it, that, having once looked on death, we can for a moment forget it? How can we go back to our hopes and dreams, when we have understood that they must all end here, that the most loving eyes must be closed thus, the busiest hands so crossed upon the breast—the greatest mind becomes a blank, and human beauty turn in a few short hours to a thing of sorrow? Why does not this phantom Death stand at the altar, and say to the bride and bridegroom—"Why love, when there must come a bitter parting for one of you ere long? Why wed, when the very wedding hour hurries you nearer to the grave as it passes by?"

How can the mother forget it when her baby lies upon her breast, and not say to herself—"I have only brought in to this world another thing to die?" Why do we not see the ghastly skeleton at our feasts; see him in our streets; hear him in songs; and be so bitterly oppressed by his inevitably coming as to lose all hope, and sit in dust and ashes, bewailing the bitter fate of man, who, do what he may, can only live to die?

An old Scotch lady was told that her minister used notes. She disbelieved it. Said one, "go into the gallery and see." She did so, and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page he said: "But I will not enlarge." The old woman cried out from her lofty position:—"Ye canna, ye canna, for yer papers give out."

The Preservation of Eggs.

The Journal de Pharmacie et de Chimie contains an account of some experiments by M. H. Violette, on the best method of preserving eggs—a subject of much importance in France. Many methods had been tried; continued immersions in limewater or salt water; exclusion of air by water, saw-dust, etc., and even varnishing has been tried, but respectively condemned. The simplicity of the method adopted on many farms, namely, that of closing the pores of the shell with grease or oil, had, however, attracted the attention of the author, who draws the following conclusions from a series of experiments on this method. Vegetable oil, more especially linseed, simply rubbed on the egg, hinders any alteration for a sufficiently extensive period, and presents a very simple and efficacious method of preservation, eclipsing any methods hitherto recommended or practiced.

Origin of Plants.

Celery originated in Germany. The chestnut from Italy. The onion originated in Egypt. Tobacco is a native of Virginia. The nettle of Europe. The citron is a native of Greece. The poppy originated in the East.
The pine is a native of America.
Oats originated in North Africa.
Rye originally came from Siberia.
Parsley was first known in Sardinia.
The pear and apple are from Europe.
Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.
The sunflower was brought from Peru.
The Mulberry originated in Persia.
The walnut and peach came from Persia.
The horse chestnut is a native of Thibet.
The cucumber came from East Indies.
The radish is a native of China and Japan.
Peas are supposed to be of Egyptian origin.

Science, while it has greatly benefited man, has put a power in the hands of his enemies which is not sparingly used.—The Scientific American says that it is now impossible to construct a burglar-proof safe, for the thief, with his cylinders of compressed hydrogen and oxygen, can in a few seconds, burn holes of any size in the hardest metal—his fine drill enabling him in a few minutes to work his way into the strongest safe that was ever constructed.

Chicago has 192 churches and mission stations within the bounds of the city, where regularly organized schools are kept open every Sunday. The following will show the part taken by each religious association in this important work: Baptist, 26; Catholic, 25; Christian, 33; Congregational, 12; Episcopalian, 22; Independent, 7; Jewish, 5; Lutheran, 19; Miscellaneous, 4; Methodist, 28; New Jerusalem, 4; Presbyterians, 29; Spiritualistic, 1; Unitarian, 4; Universalist, 3.

A countryman stopped at a city restaurant for dinner. The waiter inquired what he would have, and was told by the countryman to bring him "something of what he had." The waiter brought him a regular dinner upon small dishes, as is the usual form, and set them around his plate. The countryman surveyed them carefully for a moment and then broke out, "Well, I like your samples, now bring me a dinner."

A Leopard Shark.

A shipmaster at Honolulu reports that, during a recent visit of his vessel at Jarvis Island, a "leopard shark" (so called because its skin is covered with dark spots) was washed ashore, which measured twenty-six feet in length. The distance between the eyes of this monster, he asserts, was four feet, and the length of the jaws nearly three feet.

A young couple had been married by a Quaker, and after the ceremony, he remarked to the husband:

"Friend, thou art now at the end of thy troubles."

A few weeks after, the young man came to the good minister, boiling over with rage (his wife was a regular vixen):

"I thought you told me that I was at the end of my troubles?"

"So I did, friend, but I did not say which end."

Gentleman about to pay the doctor's bill—"Well, doctor, as my little boy gave the measles to all my neighbors' children, and as they were attended by you, I think you can afford to deduct ten per cent. from the amount of my bill for the increase of business we gave you."

An exhorter at a revival meeting became rather indignant because a brother was his superior in singing, and said:—"Brother Ives can sing and pray; and by the blessing of God, there's one thing I can beat him in—I can fiddle his shirt off."

A gentleman whose nose had become distinctly colored with red wine he was wont to imbrue, said one day to his son at table: "You must eat bread, my boy; bread makes your cheeks red." The little boy replied: "Father, what lots of bread you must have snuffed up."

How to make both ends meet—Ask the butcher to take out the bones.
New name for tight boots—A corn crib.