

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 29.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 9, 1871.

NO. 29.

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. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor. 127 Avertisements 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.

D. R. 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 flatters himself that by eighteen years constant practice and the most earnest 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.—1y

DR. N. L. PECK,

Surgeon Dentist,

Announces that having just returned from Dental College, he is fully prepared to make artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner, and to fill decayed teeth according to the most improved method.

Teeth extracted without pain, when desired, by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, which is entirely harmless. Repairing of all kinds neatly done. All work warranted. Charges reasonable.

Office in J. G. Keller's new Brick building, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa. aug 31-1f

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON

Physician, Surgeon & Accoucher,

Office, next to Smith's store, residence Kresgey's Hotel.

EAST STROUDSBURG, Pa.

June 8, 1870.—1f

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.—1f

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.—1f

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.

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.—1f

A FULL ASSORTMENT

OF

HOME MADE CHAIRS

Always on hand at

SAMUEL S. LEE'S

New Cabinet Shop,

Franklin Street Stroudsburg, Penn'a

In rear of Stroudsburg Bank.

April 6, '71.—1y.

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of Willsborough, N. Y.) Recipe for CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA carefully compounded at

HOLLINSHEAD'S DRUG STORE.

Medicines Fresh and Pure.

Nov. 21, 1867.—W. HOLLINSHEAD.

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT J. H. McCarty is the only Undertaker in Stroudsburg who understands his business? If not, attend to a Funeral managed by any other Undertaker in town, and you will see the proof of the fact. (Sept. 16, '67.)

DON'T FOOL YOUR MONEY away for worthless articles of Furniture, but go to McCarty's, and you will get well paid for it. (Sept. 26, '67.)

THE TEUTON TRIBULATION.

Mine Cot! Mine Cot! vot language dat, I cannot Englishie spraken, For shust so shure I speaks him right, So shure I bees mistaken.

For ven I say I vants my beer, I mean dat lager fixen; Bier means dem tings folks rides upon Ven dey go as dead as blixen.

Meat means dem tings dat cot to eat, Meet also means tings proper; 'Tis also meet to measure tings, Ven steamboats meet dey stopper.

Shust de same words mean every tings; It makes no business whether You spell him dis or tother way, Von sounds shoost like the tother.

Mine Cot! Mine Cot! so shure I knows, I cannot Englishie spraken; For ven I knows I speaks him right, Py tan! I gits mistaken.

A JAPANESE STORY.

How a man was Bewitched and had his head Shaved by the Foxes.

BY A. B. MITFORD.

In the village of Iwahara, in the province of Shishuu, there dwelt a family which had acquired considerable wealth in the wine trade. On some auspicious occasion it happened that a number of guests were gathered together at their house, feasting on wine and fish; and as the wine cup went round, the conversation turned upon foxes. Among the guests was a certain carpenter, Tokutaro by name, a man about thirty years of age, of a stubborn and obstinate turn, who said—

"Well, sirs, you've been taken for some time of men being bewitched by foxes; surely you must be under their influence yourselves, to say such things. How on earth can foxes have such power over men? At any rate, men must be great fools to be so deluded. Let's have no more of this nonsense."

Upon this a man who was sitting by him answered—

"Tokutaro little knows what goes on in the world, or he would not speak so.—How many myriads of men are there who have been bewitched by foxes? Why, there have been at least twenty or thirty men trieked by the brutes on the Maki Moor alone. It's hard to disprove facts that have happened before our eyes."

"You're no better than a pack of born idiots," said Tokutaro. "I will engage to go out to the Maki Moor this very night and prove it. There is not a fox in all Japan that can make a fool of Tokutaro."

Thus he spoke in his pride; but the others were all angry with him for boasting, and said—

"If you return without anything having happened, we will pay for five measures of wine and a thousand copper cash worth of fish; and if you are bewitched, you shall do as much for us."

Tokutaro took the bet, and at nightfall set forth for the Maki Moor by himself. As he neared the Moor, he saw before him a small bamboo grove, into which a fox ran; and it instantly occurred to him that the foxes of the Moor would try to bewitch him. As he was yet looking, he suddenly saw the daughter of the headman of the village of Upper Horikane, who was married to the headman of the village of Maki.

"Pray, where are you going to, Master Tokutaro?" said she. "I am going to the village hard by." "Then, as you will have to pass my native place, if you will allow me, I will accompany you so far."

Tokutaro thought this very odd, and made up his mind that it was a fox trying to make a fool of him; he accordingly determined to turn the tables on the fox, and answered—

"It is a long time since I have had the pleasure of seeing you; and as it seems that your house is on my road, I shall be glad to escort you so far."

With this he walked behind her thinking he should certainly see the end of a fox's tail peeping out; but, look as he might, there was nothing to be seen. At last they came to the village of Upper Horikane; and when they reached the cottage of the girl's father, the family all came out, surprised to see her.

"Oh dear! oh dear! here is our daughter come: I hope there is nothing the matter."

And so they went on, for some time, asking a string of questions.

In the meanwhile, Tokutaro went round to the kitchen door, at the back of the house, and beckoning out the master of the house, said—

"The girl who has come with me is not really your daughter. As I was going to the Maki Moor, when I arrived at the bamboo grove, a fox jumped up in front of me, and when it had dashed into the grove it immediately took the shape of your daughter, and offered to accompany me to the village; so I pretended to be taken in by the brute, and came with it so far."

On hearing this, the master of the house put his head on one side, and mused a while; then, calling his wife, he repeated the story to her, in a whisper.

But she flew into a great rage with Tokutaro, and said—

"This is a pretty way of insulting people's daughters. The girl is our daughter, and there's no mistake about it. How dare you invent such lies?"

"Well," said Tokutaro, "you are quite right to say so; but still there is no doubt that this is a case of witchcraft."

Seeing how obstinately he held to his opinion, the old folks were sorely perplexed, and said—

"What do you think of doing?" "Pray leave the matter to me: I'll soon strip the false skin off, and show the beast to you in its true colors. Do you two go into the store-closet, and wait there."

With this he went into the kitchen, and, seizing the girl by the back of the neck, forced her down by the hearth.

"Oh! Master Tokutaro, what means this brutal violence? father! help!" So the girl cried and screamed; but Tokutaro only laughed, and said—

"So you thought to bewitch me, did you? From the moment you jumped into the wood, I was on the look-out for you to play me some trick. I'll soon make you show what you really are;" and as he said this, he twisted her two hands behind her back, and trod upon her, and tortured her; but she only wept, and cried—

"Oh! it hurts, it hurts!" "If this is not enough to make you show your true form, I'll roast you to death," and he piled firewood on the hearth, and, tucking up her dress, scorched her so severely.

"Oh! oh! this is more than I can bear;" and with this she expired.

The two old people then came running in from the rear of the house, and, pushing aside Tokutaro, folded their daughter in their arms, and put their hands to her mouth to feel whether she still breathed; but life was extinct, and not the sign of a fox's tail was to be seen about her. Then they seized Tokutaro by the collar, and cried—

"On pretence that our true daughter was a fox, you have roasted her to death. Murderer! Here, you there, bring ropes and cords, and secure this Tokutaro!"

So the servants obeyed, and several of them seized Tokutaro and bound him to a pillar. Then the master of the house, turning to Tokutaro, said—

"You have murdered our daughter before our very eyes. I shall report the matter to the lord of the manor, and you will assuredly pay for this with your head. Be prepared for the worst."

And as he said this, glaring fiercely at Tokutaro, they carried the corpse of his daughter into the store-closet. As they were sending to make the matter known in the village of Maki, and taking other measures, who should come up but the priest of the temple called Anrakuji, in the village of Iwahara, with an acolyte and a servant, who called out in a loud voice from the front door—

"Is all well with the honorable master of this house? I have been to say prayers to day in a neighboring village, and on my way back I could not pass the door without at least inquiring after your welfare. If you are at home, I would fain pay my respects to you."

As he spoke thus in a loud voice, he was heard from the back of the house; and the master got up and went out, and after the usual compliments on meeting had been exchanged, said—

"I ought to have the honor of inviting you to step inside this evening; but really we are all in the greatest trouble, and I must beg you to excuse my impoliteness."

"Indeed! Pray, what may be the matter?" replied the priest. And when the master of the house had told the whole story, from beginning to end, he was thunderstruck, and said—

"Truly, this must be a terrible distress to you." Then the priest looked on one side, and saw Tokutaro bound, and exclaimed, "Is not that Tokutaro that I see there?"

"Oh, your reverence," replied Tokutaro, piteously, "it was this, that, and the other; and I took it into my head that the young lady was a fox, and so I killed her. But I pray your reverence to intercede for me, and save my life;" and as he spoke, the tears started from his eyes.

"To be sure," said the priest, "you may well bewail yourself; however, if I save your life, will you consent to become my disciple, and enter the priesthood?"

"Only save my life, and I'll become your disciple with all my heart."

When the priest heard this, he called out the parents, and said to them—

"It would seem that, though I am but a foolish old priest, my coming here to-day has been unusually well timed. I have a request to make of you. Your putting Tokutaro to death won't bring your daughter to life again. I have heard his story, and there certainly was no malice preposse on his part to kill your daughter. What he did, he did thinking to do a service to your family; and it would surely be better to hush the matter up. He wishes, moreover, to give himself over to me, and to become my disciple."

"It is as you say," replied the father and mother, speaking together. "Revenge will not recall our daughter. Please dispel our grief, by shaving his head and making a priest of him on the spot."

"I'll shave him at once, before your eyes," answered the priest, who immediately caused the cords which bound Tokutaro to be untied, and, putting on his priest's scarf, made him join his hands together in a posture of prayer. Then the reverend man stood up behind him, razor in hand, and, intoning a hymn, gave two or three strokes of the razor, which he then handed to his acolyte, who made a clean shave of Tokutaro's hair. When the latter had

finished his obeisance to the priest, and the ceremony was over, there was a loud burst of laughter; and at the same moment the day broke, and Tokutaro found himself alone, in the middle of a large moor.

At first, in his surprise, he thought that it was all a dream, and was much annoyed at having been trieked by the foxes.—He then passed his hand over his head, and found that he was shaved quite bald.—

"There was nothing for it but to get up, wrap a handkerchief round his head, and go back to the place where his friends were assembled.

"Hallo, Tokutaro! so you've come back. Well, how about the foxes?" "Really, gentlemen," replied he bowing, "I am quite ashamed to appear before you."

Then he told them the whole story, and when he had finished pulled off the kerchief, and showed his bald pate.

"What a capital joke!" shouted his listeners, and, amid roars of laughter, claimed the bet of fish and wine. It was duly paid; but Tokutaro never allowed his hair to grow again, and renounced the world, and became a priest under the name of Sainen.

There are a great many stories told of men being shaved by the foxes; but this story came under the personal observation of Mr. Shominsai, a teacher of the city of Yedo, during a holiday trip which he took to the country where the event occurred; and I* have recorded it in the very self-same words in which he told it to me.

A Race for Life.

A party has arrived who traveled for several days through and along the burning district of Decatur and Northwestern Minnesota. For some days previous to leaving Cheyenne River, in Dakota, at a point 75 miles west of the crossing of the Northern Pacific Railroad at Red River, a dense smoky atmosphere prevailed, which each day grew more dense, warning them that immense "prairie fires" were approaching rapidly, and the party deemed it prudent to move eastward as fast as possible. They made immediate preparations, but found that they were in the saddle none too soon. The intense heat and weight of smoke affected them very much, and soon after starting they were forced to ride as rapidly as possible. All through that long day they toiled along, their eyes nearly blinded, with parched throat and cracked lips and intense thirst, till at nightfall they came in sight of Red River, having ridden 75 miles without rest or halt but once. At points along the route the wall of flames would be quite near. Its roar could be heard many miles, and its rapid motion was surprising. The line of fire seemed to be a solid wall of flame of about 20 or 30 feet in height, and moved as rapidly as a fleet horse could run. Occasionally a portion of the line would break away in bodies of forty or more feet square, and be carried with almost electric rapidity a distance of fifty or a hundred rods ahead, and then strike the high dry grass, which would immediately ignite and add its destroying force to the already gigantic conflagration.

After resting at Red River the party reduced to three persons, moved on eastward and southward passing over a district but lately burned. They could not distinguish an object fifty yards away, great heavy clouds of smoke hanging like a pall through all the distance of 250 miles they traveled before reaching the Mississippi River, and even there the smoke was very oppressive. They deviated somewhat from a usual route traveled, and found at different points the charred remains of three human beings, nothing left but the bodies, and those burned to a crisp. Nothing could be found that would in any way identify the burned corpses.

A letter from Yankton reports that the last down coach found the country pretty well burned over to within a mile or two of Yankton, and the fire is still burning in various directions. The ruins of four smoldering houses were seen, grain and hay stacks were blazing on all sides, and burning fences were swept across the country in all directions. Another terrible fire raged the same day this side of Yankton, and within a few miles of that city. The flames swept toward Yankton, and in their course devoured several houses, besides numerous barns, sheds, and stacks of grain. The coach due in Yankton on Wednesday evening had an exciting time of it. It was discovered that the fire was coming, and a race ensued. The driver plied his whip, and away the horses went on a gallop. Nearer and nearer came the fire. The red glare filled the sky; the forked tongue shot out; the terrible hissing of the demon were in the ears of the affrighted passengers. The driver gathered his lines, drew the leaders from the road, the horses gathered, jumped, a rail-fence was beneath the wheels of the coach, the coach was on a piece of plowed ground, and the fire went by with a roar like a cataract.

An Elmira farmer wrote to Mr. Greeley for his advice as to whether plaster was good to put on potatoes. Horace said he always used gray or butter on potatoes, but supposed any one could get accustomed to plaster if they made an effort.

A sensitive old bachelor says that pretty girls always affect him just as ornamental confectionery does—they give him the heart-burn.

SOLAR ECLIPSE.

The Approaching Phenomenon—Preparations of the Scientists.

The United States will not participate with the Governments of Europe in making observations of the total eclipse of the sun on the 12th of December next. The corps of observers at the Naval Observatory would cheerfully have accepted the invitation of the British astronomers, but owing to their absence last year in making observations of the eclipse in Southern Europe, the work of the observers is very much behind, and they alone could have been despatched under orders of the Navy Department, our government failing to make provision for an expedition to Asia. The corps of professors who were in Southern Europe last December—Messrs. Simon Newcomb, Asaph Hall, William Harkness and John R. Eastman—have, in addition to their regular duties since their return, had the additional work of preparing reports of the observations made on the occasion of the last total eclipse. Besides, if these additional duties had not been imposed upon them, a greater duty has been assigned two of the principal professors, Messrs. Harkness and Newcomb, now engaged in making experiments in photography to determine its value for astronomical purposes, this being the first preparation for making observations of the approaching transit of Venus in the year 1874. It will be visible only in Australia and along the coast of China and Japan, and as it is the intention of the United States to send a very large scientific expedition to this portion of the globe for the purpose of making the most extended observations, the Navy Department desires to take the lead on that occasion, as it did on the occasion of the total eclipse of the sun in August, 1869, and December, 1870. Congress, at its last session, designated Admiral Sands and Professors Newcomb and Harkness, of the Naval Observatory, and Professor B. F. Pierce, of the United States Coast Survey, and Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, a board under whose direction all money appropriated to defray the expenses of the preparations for this expedition, should be expended. It has long been a dispute among scientists whether photography is of trustworthy service in making astronomical observations, but that science may have the benefit of their tests, the first appropriation of \$2000 will be used in the most careful experiments that can be made.

The report of the observations of the total eclipse in Southern Europe, last December, made by the Naval Observatory professors, will be the first published by any of the corps of observers sent to the Mediterranean by the leading nations of the earth. The work is now complete in the hands of the government printer, and the first copies are expected to be ready for distribution on the 1st of November. It will contain an introductory article from Admiral B. F. Sands, superintendent of the Observatory; Professors Simon Newcomb, Asaph Hall, William Harkness and John R. Eastman, of the Observatory, and Captain G. T. Tupman, of the English service. It will be a volume of 130 quarto pages, well illustrated, and will contain much valuable information. The most important report in the forthcoming volume will be, as in the one on the eclipse in 1869, from the pen of Professor William Parknes. He was stationed on the Isle of Sicily, and his line of observation was nearly the same as followed at Des Moines on August 7, 1869.—In this report the advances an original opinion concerning the physical construction of the corona of the sun. He says that after a thorough discussion of all known facts he has come to the conclusion that, when seen in a clear sky, the corona is purely a solar phenomenon, produced by a vast body of incandescent gas which surrounds the sun and is erupted from it in the same manner as the red prominences. Of this Professor Harkness was fully satisfied at the conclusion of his last observation, and that opinion has been confirmed by the careful examination of the reports of the most eminent observers who have directed their attention to what has so long been known as the astronomer's puzzle.

The Wood Sawing Club.

The Lockport Journal contains the following practical suggestion:

Now that the croquet and base ball season will ere long be over, we would suggest, in order that the muscle developing process may not stop, or that the amount developed by the summer's exercise may not lie dormant during the long winter months, that the base ball athletes turn their attention to sawing up the wood piles of widows and sick folks during the winter. The exercise is fully as healthful, is not so violent, dangerous nor tiresome as base ball, and we are sure the results will gratify a curious public fully as much, and we would prefer to give the "score" of a wood-sawing class to that of a base ball club, in our columns. What say you, gents? Physicians recommend young ladies to form walking clubs. This is a matter in which steps should be taken.

A little girl of 13, in Illinois, has been presented by her father with a small patch of 7,000 acres, in a corner of his back yard, to play at gardening.

Fashionable Woman's Prayer.

Strengthen my husband, and may his faith and his money hold out to the last. Draw the lamp's wool of unspun twilight over his eyes, that his flirtations may look to him like victories, and that his bills may strengthen his pride in me. Bless, O Fortune, my kimpis, rats and frizzles, and let this glory shine on my paint and powder.

When I walk out before the gaze of vulgar men, regulate my wiggle, and add grace to my gaiters.

When I bow myself in worship, grant that I may do it with ravishing elegance, and preserve unto the last the lily-white of my flesh and the taper of my fingers.

Destroy mine enemies with the gaul of jealousy, and eat thou up with the teeth of envy all those who gaze at my style.

Save me from wrinkles, and foster my plumpness.

Fill my both eyes, Oh Fortune! with the plaintive pizon of infatuation, that I may lay out my victims, the men, as knump as images graven.

Let the lily and the rose strive together on my cheek, and may my neck swim like a goose on the buzzum of krystal waters.

Enable me, Oh, Fortune! to wear shoes still a little smaller, and save me from all horns and bunions.

Bless Fanny, my lap dog, and rain down bezoms of destruction upon those who would hurt a hair of Hector, my kilten.

Smile, Oh Fortune! most sweetly upon Dick, my kanary, and watch over, with the fondness of a mother, my two lily-white mice with red eyes.

Enable the poor to shirk for themselves, and save me from all missionary beggars. Shed the light of the countenance on my kammet's hair shawl; countenance on my point lace and my necklace of diamonds, and keep the moths out of my sable, i beseech thee, Oh, Fortune!

Care of the Eyes.

Prescott, the historian, in consequence of a disorder of the nerve of the eye, wrote every one of his historicals without pen or ink, as he could not see when the pen was out of ink, or from any other cause, failed to make a mark. He used agate stylus on carbonated paper, the lines and edges of the paper being indicated by brass wires in a wooden frame.

Crawford, the sculptor, the habit of whose life had been to read in a reclining position, lost one eye and soon died from the formation of a malignant cancerous tumor behind the ball, which pushed it out on the cheek.

There are many affections of the eyes which are radically incurable. Persons of scrofulous constitutions, without any special local manifestations of it, often determine the disease to the eye by some erroneous habit or practice, and it remains there for life. It is useful, therefore, to know some of the causes which, by debilitating the eye, invite disease to it, or render it incapable of resisting adverse circumstances.

Avoid reading by candle or any other artificial light.

Reading by twilight ought never to be indulged in. A safe rule is, never read after sundown or before sunrise.

Do not allow yourself to read a moment in any reclining position, whether in a bed or on a sofa.

The practice of reading while on horseback, or in any vehicle in motion by wheels is most pernicious.

Reading on steam or sail vessels should not be largely indulged in, because the slightest motion of the page or your body alters the focal point and requires a painful straining effort to readjust it.

Never attempt to look at the sun while shining, unless through a colored glass of some kind; even a very bright moon should not long be gazed at.

The glare of the sun on water is very injurious to the sight.

A sudden change between bright light and darkness is always pernicious.

In looking at minute objects relieve the eyes frequently by turning them to something in the distance.

Every parent should prompantly forbid all sewing by candle, or gaslight, especially of dark material.

If the eyes are matted together after sleeping, the most instantaneous and agreeable solvent in nature is the application of the saliva with the finger before opening the eye. Never pick it off with the finger nail, but wash it off with the ball of the fingers in quiet warm water.

Never bathe or open the eyes in cold water. It always is the safest, best and most agreeable to use warm water for that purpose over seventy degrees.

New-Fangled Notions.

Recently two persons traveling on the road to Gotham in a light wagon were smoking cigars, from the fire of which some straw at the bottom ignited. The flames soon drove them from their seats, and while busy extinguishing the fire a countryman who had been for some time following them on horseback, alighted to assist them.

"I have been watching the smoke for some time," he said.

"Why, then, did you not give us notice?" asked the travelers.

"Well," responded the rustic, "there are so many new-fangled notions nowadays, I thought you were going by steam."