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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 exact 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.
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Most persons know the great relief and danger of entrusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance.
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Trusting that many years of consecutive practice of Medicine and Surgery will be a sufficient guarantee for the public confidence.
February 25, 1870.—11

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Attorney at Law.

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Jan 13-11

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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.—11

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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 23, 1871.

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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.—11

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF HOME MADE CHAIRS

Always on hand at

SAMUEL S. LEE'S

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In rear of Stroudsburg Bank.
April 6, '71.—11

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON'S (of Williamsburg, 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 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.

SOMETHING MARVELLOUS.

A Dead Pedler.

Indiana has long been the home of sensations in crime and divorce, but the following story, published by the New Albany Standard, surpasses anything yet reported from there, and seems like a return to the days of the Rochester knockings: From a letter from a friend at the little town of Huron, on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, we learn the particulars of some very slaughter spiritual manifestations. Our correspondent states that fifteen or twenty years ago, a pedler was in the habit of passing through that country, selling notions, who drove a two-horse team. That one night about nine o'clock he passed the house of a Mr. Rubeck, who lives some miles east of Harrisonville, on the Bryantsville road, going toward the former place. This was the last that was ever seen or heard of him. The fact of his being missed and failing to make his regular visits created some talk in that neighborhood at the time, but it soon died away, and the pedler was forgotten.

On this road, about one or two miles and a half from Harrisonville, is a very rough hill, up which the road runs and on the top, on the southwest side of the road, is an open field, long since abandoned. Near this field, and right by the side of the road, stands an old dead tree. Some three weeks ago, Mr. Rubeck was passing along this road, on his way home from Harrisonville, at about eleven o'clock at night. The night was quite dark, and it was with considerable difficulty that he could keep in the road, or prevent his horse from stumbling over the stones that obstructed the highway.

He finally, however, reached the top of the hill, and when about twenty rods from the tree he heard a noise over in the old waste field above described, which he took to be two dogs engaged in a desperate fight. Their growling, barking, snapping and scratching was fearful. It was apparently the most sanguine dog fight he had ever heard. At the moment it created little or no surprise. He only wondered that two dogs should be at that time of night so distant from any human habitation (for there is no farm house within a mile of this field) engaged in such a desperate encounter. On second thought, however, he concluded that they had been on a sheep hunting expedition, and having accidentally met they got into the fight.

He had not long to consider upon this, however, for soon the clanking of chains attracted his attention in another direction, and looking toward the tree, to his astonishment he beheld large broken links of what seemed to be a boat chain, red hot, falling around the tree, sizzling and scorching. There seemed to be at least twenty of these links falling at the same time, and continued to fall about a minute, when Mr. Rubeck was startled almost out of his wits by a heavy groan, which seemed to come from the earth beneath him. Strange it may appear, up to this time the horse had not manifested the least uneasiness, and Mr. Rubeck, himself had not imagined anything connected with what he had seen or heard but what could be accounted for upon a rational theory. The falling of red hot chains, he admits, he thought a little extraordinary, but had concluded within his own mind to revisit the spot the next morning and gather them up, believing, as he did, that they were meteors that had fallen from the sky in that peculiar shape. At the groan his horse reared and curvetted, plunged forward and started to run.

Now came the most trying time to Mr. Rubeck's nerves, for just in front of him he heard the plunging, rattling noise of a runaway team coming toward him, and noise manifesting every indication that their course would be directly over him. He tried to rein his horse out of the course it was taking, but his efforts were to no purpose. On, on came the frightened team; on, on toward it plunged the ungovernable horse. 'Twas a moment of terrible suspense. All the deeds of an honest life came crowding upon his mind. He offered one short prayer for safety, and gave himself up for lost, when, more astonished than ever, the noises as suddenly ceased as they had commenced. His horse still fretted and tried to run, but Mr. Rubeck held him steadily in the road.

At this moment, Mr. Rubeck heard a voice calling for help, and then the cry of murder fell upon his ear; and as he was getting out of the way he was more than ever startled by the exclamation, the voice apparently coming directly from the old field: "For God's sake! Jim, don't murder me!"

Having by this time passed the old field, he made his way home without seeing or hearing anything further, but in a state of mind better imagined than described. He spent a very restless night, and the next morning rode over the country, telling the experience of the night before, and requesting the aid of neighbors to assist him in solving the mystery. He gathered some eight or ten, who attended him the following night, when the same scenes were repeated.

The dogs barked, the red hot chains fell the unearthly groans rose up from the ground, the frightened team came thundering down upon them, the voice was heard in the waste field, calling for help and begging Jim not to murder him. Most of the witnesses to this second demonstration of the unearthly visita-

tions, if such they may be called, became panic-stricken and precipitately fled.—Those who remained could find no reasonable solution of the mystery, though one or two, who knew, intimately, and distinctly remembered the missing pedler, are willing to swear that it was his voice that called for help.

The next day more citizens gathered upon the hill, and dug as close to the spot as they could, and what was their surprise when they unearthed a skeleton. Some parts of the clothing were still preserved, which corresponded with that usually worn by the pedler. Upon a close examination a fracture was found in the skull, which looked as though it was made with a heavy instrument, such as an axe or hatchet.

These last discoveries have created considerable excitement in the neighborhood, and some think it explains the mystery which surrounds the disappearance of the pedler, and will ultimately lead to the discovery of his murderer, if he was murdered. Taking the facts all in all, it is a singular affair, and if it does result in what our correspondent intimates, it will add something to the establishment of the theory of spiritualism.

"Consider Me Smith."

There is a very good story in the papers of the trick which was played by Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina.

The doctor was a small man, and lean, but is hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

He looked as though he might be tough, but he did not seem strong. Nevertheless he was among the knowing ones, reputed to be as agile "as a cat"; and in addition, in the Freshman class of a certain year was a burly beef mountaineer of eighteen or nineteen. This genius conceived a great contempt for old Bolus' physical dimensions, and he was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potential in his rule.

Poor Jones—that's what we'll call him.—had no more idea of moral force. At any rate he was not inclined to knock under and he controlled despotically by a man he imagined he could tie and whip. At length he determined to give the gentleman a gentle, private thrashing, some night on the College Campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.

Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones met the doctor crossing the Campus. Walking up to him abruptly: "Hello, Smith? you rascal—is this you?"

And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of his face that nearly felled him. Old Bolus said nothing but squared himself, and at it they went. Jones' youth, weight and muscle made him an "ugly customer," but after a round or two the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his antagonist down, and was a straddle of his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of his head. "Ah! stop! I beg pardon, doctor! Doctor Caldwell—a mistake—for heaven's sake, doctor!" groaned Jones, who thought he was about to be eaten up.—"I really thought it was Smith!"

The doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately.—"It makes no difference, for all present purposes consider me Smith!" And, it is said, that old Bolus gave John such a pounding, then and there, as probably prevented his ever making another mistake as to personal identity, at least on the College Campus.

In Trouble.

A young husband in Baltimore is in a nice pickle. From some cause, he concluded that his wife did not love him as she should, and he determined to test that element. Therefore he wrote a note, telling her that he was going to drown himself in the canal, and that before she read the contents of that note his spirit would be hovering over her, observing how she took his death. The would-be suicide entrusted the note to a small boy, but the boy mistook the direction, and carried it to a next door neighbor of his wife. Not liking to communicate the dreadful intelligence to the unlucky woman, the lady handed the note to an officer, with instructions, if possible, to prevent the rash act. The officer hurried off, and sure enough found the man on the bank of the canal. Rushing up, the officer seized the unlucky husband, and marched him off to the station house, notwithstanding his protestations that he did not intend to commit suicide, etc.—After the incarceration of the husband, the note was handed to the wife, with the information that he had been saved. After upbraiding the officer for not "letting the precious fool drown himself," the wife made a charge of lunacy against him, and he barely escaped being placed in the asylum.

An Irishman noticing a lady pass down the street, espied two strips depending from under her mantle. Not knowing that these were stye ashes and were hanging in their right place, he exclaimed, "An' faith, ma'am, yer galluses are loose!"

The quickest way for a man to forget all common miseries is to wear tight boots.

A Melting Story.

One winter evening a country storekeeper in the Green Mountain State was about closing up for the night, and while standing in the snow outside, putting up the window shutters, saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few minutes found the Green Mountain storekeeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he would have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

"I say, Seth," said the storekeeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hand over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his feet.

Seth had his hand on the door, his hat on his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon now on such a cold night as this, a little something warm would not hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of something warm sadly interfered with his resolution to go. The hesitation, however, was soon settled, by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by the boxes and barrels that, while the grocer stood before him there was no possibility of him getting out, and right in this very place the storekeeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the grocer; so he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as it would admit; "without it you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he jumped up, declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm Seth. Seth, come, I've got a story to tell you," and Seth was again rushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! it's so hot here," said the petty thief, attempting to rise.

"Sit down; don't be in such a hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back into the chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and the wood to split, I must be going," said the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down, let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be a little fidgety," said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I will give you a toast now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose, well roasted, eh? I tell you it's the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don't you ever use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste it with; come, take your butter—I mean take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as melt, and his mouth was hermetically sealed up, as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the fun-loving grocer kept stuffing wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat upright, with his back against the counter and his knees touching red hot furnace below.

"Cold night, this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm. Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No," exclaimed poor Seth at last. "No, I must go, let me out, I ain't well; let me go."

A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor man's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his boots, so that he was literally in a bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermont, "if you will go; and adding as he darted out of the door. "I say, Seth, I reckon the fun I have had out of you is worth ninepence so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter in your hat."

Immense Pumpkin.

One of the largest pumpkins that has ever been seen in this city, has been for the past few days at the office of the D. E. & W. Express. It is almost eight feet in circumference and weighs nearly two hundred pounds. It was raised by a farmer at Portland, Pa., and is consigned to Mr. P. Ward, of Hyde Park. Pumpkin pies should be plenty in this vicinity for some time to come.—Scranton Republican.

Among the largest quantities of single articles imported into this country at the present time, are railroad iron, furs, sugar, human hair and wine.

The first camp-meeting in this country was held by the Presbyterians in 1800.

RAID ON COUNTERFEITERS.

Colonel Whitley and His Detectives Arrest a Notorious Gang, and Seize Plates, Presses, Paper, and Bogus Money.

Two months ago Colonel Whitley, Chief of the United States Secret Service, ascertained that David Kirkbride, a dealer in counterfeit money, had purchased a new lot of imitations of national bank notes, and he seized upon this as a clue to the operations of the combination of counterfeiters who for years past have been making nearly all the bad money passed in the country. He fixed the crime of dealing in counterfeit notes on Kirkbride, and induced him to reveal the person from whom he obtained the notes.—Kirkbride was then sent to purchase bogus money from this man, Steven Paine, and he was caught while dealing with Kirkbride and taken into custody, but it being evident that the chief of the gang had not been reached, Paine was induced, through fear of punishment, to aid the detectives still further. He informed them that he had obtained the counterfeit money sold by him from a dealer named Cole. He was then commissioned to purchase from Cole, and the latter, being caught in the same trip, told Col. Whitley that J. D. Minor was head of the gang and the capitalist of the combination. Under Colonel Whitley's instructions, Cole contracted with Minor for the purchase of two plates, for which he was to pay \$1,500 and the night of Wednesday last was set down for the production of the plates by Minor. The detectives were on the watch, and near midnight they saw Minor at the corner of Sixty-seventh street and Broadway, New York, evidently waiting for Cole. In a few moments "Tom" Ballott, also notorious as a dealer in counterfeit currency, joined Minor, and as Cole walked up to them the detectives came from their hiding place and seized Minor and Ballott. A struggle ensued, in which Detective Kennott was severely beaten, but Minor and Ballott were secured and taken to Colonel Whitley's office.

Lewellyn Williams, the printer and pressman of the concern, was next arrested. At the houses No. 256 Rivington street a quantity of "fibre" paper was seized. This was the first imitation made of the Government fibre paper.

On Thursday the detectives seized a branch establishment in Brooklyn. The men now under arrest are Minor, Cole, Paine and Ballott, and the following is a list of the material captured:

One \$1,000 United States note plate, new issue, on steel, in an unfinished condition. One \$20 greenback plate, complete; front and back on copper. One \$10 National bank note plate, on steel (Poughkeepsie bank). One \$10 National bank note plate, on steel, in an unfinished condition—the bank alone engraved. One \$2 National bank note plate, on steel, complete. One full set "Lincoln Head" 50 cent stamp plates, on steel; complete dies and rolls. This plate had been transferred. One full set "Stanton Head" 50 cent plates, new issue, with rolls for seven impressions.

Ten transfer rolls on steel for duplicating. Ten sets of original bed pieces for holding transfer roll. One transfer press with \$1,700, of a kind rarely found except in the possession of the Government. One transfer press worth \$2,200. Two large presses for printing counterfeit money. Two small presses for printing counterfeit money. Type and steel pieces for altering. Two sets engravers' stools, ink and ink rollers. Two sets seals, and \$1,500 in \$100s, \$10s and \$2s. Seven pistols were also taken from the counterfeiters.

Treatment of Small-Pox.

As small-pox prevails to some extent in Central Pennsylvania, and is especially virulent just now in Philadelphia, we give below some excellent suggestions published by the Philadelphia Board of Health in regard to its treatment:

"Have the patient placed in one of the upper rooms of the house, the farthest removed from the rest of the family, where is to be had the best ventilation, and isolation. Keep the room constantly well aired. Remove all carpets and woolen goods, and all unnecessary furniture. Change the clothing of the patient as often as needful, but do not carry it while dry through the house, but first place it at the bedside in a bucket of scalding water before removal from the room.

Boiling is the surest way of disinfecting all contaminated clothing. If infected clothing cannot be washed at once, let it be set to soak in water, to which may be added a saturated solution of permanganate of potassa, or of chloride of lime, about a teaspoonful to the gallon.

Small-pox is supposed to be most contagious during convalescence, therefore strictly observe that the patient does not mingle with the family until all the scabs are entirely off and only after a thorough purification by washing an entire change of clothing. After the patient is well or leaves the room, let it be purified by the use of disinfectants, by whitewashing and scrubbing the paint and floors with soap and water, and let such rooms or apartments be well aired before being again occupied.

In regard to food and medicine always rely on the advice of a physician, who should be sent for as early as possible."

There is a church still standing in Philadelphia which was erected in 1743.

Balloon Ascension.

We find the following account of an ascension in July last, by Mr. John Wise, at Chambersburg, Pa., in the *Franklin Journal*:

At three p. m. a thunder gust was approaching us from the northwest, and, with a view of entering it, the balloon was cast loose at twenty minutes past three. The ascent was moderately rapid and upon gaining an elevation of a thousand feet, it was discernible that the storm could be passing us too far to the east, leaving the balloon outside of its drawing in influence. It was a mushroom shaped nimbus, bulged out above and below, trailing its lower ragged edge somewhat behind, and it seemed to labor between contending forces, as it swayed and halted in its onward march. The only great difference manifested now between former experiences and the present one, was the very low temperature of the air we were in. Looking upwards I saw, at a considerably greater elevation, an isolated grayish colored cloud, of an oblong shape, occupying a space of about a thousand acres, (I say a thousand acres, because its shadow covered a dozen or more of farms below, and this outline gave me an approximate idea of its dimensions), and it seemed to be quiescent.

My attention was now wholly directed to this, to me, new kind of meteor. The cold increased as we mounted up, and much faster than is usual in rising with a balloon. When yet at least a thousand feet below its apparent concave surface and ragged circumference, we entered a fine drizzling shower of snow, which became more copious as we rose towards the cloud, until we reached the point of the most visible deposition, which was equal to a snow fall; and as we rose from this point it seemed to diminish in quantity, until we reached the lower surface of the cloud, where it ceased, but we could still see the snow falling below us. While it was at a freezing temperature below, as soon as we had fairly become involved in the cloud, the air began to grow warmer.

In the cloud it was not nearly so dark and dingy as in a thunder cloud, but the light was of a greenish tint. When we emerged from the top of the cloud, the heat, or rather the increase of heat, was sudden, and the sun, shining on our necks and hands, produced an effect I can only compare to the contact of an acid spray, producing a burning sensation.

The cloud just mentioned showed no bubbling up upon its surface, as in the case ever a thunder cloud, and whatever may have been the action taking place within it, it was of a most placid character. On suffering the balloon to drop down through it, we again encountered the snow, less in quantity, but the cold sudden and intense, and immediately both of us became hoarse, with a painful, irritating sensation in the windpipe, indicating a corrosive action there. May this be the action of ozone upon moist animal membranes? I have great reason to believe that such is the explanation of the fact, as it seemed to me that the mere change of temperature could not produce that marked effect. I may mention, in this connection, that I have frequently experienced the same sensation upon entering a storm cloud.

Rosenweig's Daughter's Imprecation.

On Saturday the jury in the case of Jacob Rosenweig, accused of the murder of Alice Bowsby, found a verdict of guilty, and Recorder Hackett sentenced the prisoner to seven years in Sing Sing. Mrs. Rosenweig and her daughter Rosa were admitted into the box to bid the prisoner farewell. Mrs. Rosenweig cried bitterly, exclaiming, "Oh, how can I bear this?" The violent rage of Rosa, who is a slightly built girl of fourteen, was appalling. Shrieking hysterically, she knelt upon the floor of the box, and cried out:

"Oh, may God curse every one who has gone against you, father. May their flesh rot from their bones. May their lives wither up. May they die rotten. Oh, father, though I die for it, I'll have all their lives."

She arose, threw her arms around her father's neck, and clung to him convulsively. Rosenweig's face showed but little signs of feeling. The father and daughter were separated, and the former was taken below. When he appeared outside, the crowd hooted and hissed. The prisoner was placed in the van, which at once drove off.

Dangers of Using Hair Restorers.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says he has under his care two invalid ladies. One has been paralyzed on the right side for nearly three years, and has been utterly helpless most of that time. Her vision has been very imperfect; here knowledge of past events has utterly departed from her; recently she appears to be recovering her recollection, and can count as high as twenty. He attributes her prostration entirely to the use of a popular "hair restorer." "The other case is not so bad, but bad enough. For the past year her eyes have been an occasion of constant torture. The retinas have become so sensitive to the light as to make a dark room indispensable. Wheels of burning flame revolve constantly before her eyes, attended by lightning-like flashes, which are terrible to bear. She is another victim to the poisonous lead contained in the same popular nostrum."

What can a man have in his pocket when it is empty? A big hole.