

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 29.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 1, 1872.

NO. 40.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.
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Business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity.
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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.

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(Near the Depot.)

The public are invited to call and examine goods. Prices moderate.
May 6, 1869.—1t

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

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

A FULL ASSORTMENT
OF

HOME MADE CHAIRS
Always on hand at

SAMUEL S. LEE'S
New Cabinet Shop,
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In rear of Stroudsburg Bank.
April 6, '71.—ly.

DON'T FORGET that when you want any thing in the Furniture or Ornamental line that McCarty, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., is the place to get it. [Sept. 26, '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]

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]

ALEXIS' GRAND HUNT.

CAMP ALEXIS, Red Willow Creek, Neb., Jan. 15.—When the special courier started off with my dispatch this morning the Grand Duke hunting party were just jumping into their saddles for a long ride with Sheridan and a chase after the wild buffalo. After a day's exciting sport we have returned to our comfortable camp on the banks of the Red Willow, well rewarded with game and flushed with victory. When the party were mounted this morning, and the grand cavalcade was ready to move forward, an enterprising photographer, who had arrived in camp, took a picture of it as it stood, with the Grand Duke, General Sheridan and General Custer at the head, followed by the remainder of the imperial suite, the officers and soldiers, and the great Indian chief, Spotted Tail, and his band of experienced warriors. There had been a heavy frost during the night, so that the ground was well frozen, but the weather overhead was fair and the day was beautiful.

Nearly all the members of the Grand Duke's suite joined in the hunt to-day; but, much to his regret, Admiral Poissot was detained in camp to answer dispatches he had received from the Emperor. We started off in a southeasterly direction, over rougher ground and deeper snow than we had traveled over yesterday. Hardly a halt was made for fifteen miles, when, as we were passing through one of the rugged canons, General Custer, who was then in advance, discovered a herd of buffalo. He gave no alarm, but rode back to the Grand Duke and Sheridan, and gave the Indian sign that game was near, by riding in a circle. The Grand Duke and Sheridan advanced and dismounted—a proceeding that was followed by all the other members of the party.

The horses' girths were tightened, curbs and bits examined, firearms loaded, and all immediately moved forward—Sheridan gave orders that only the Grand Duke and Custer should ride in advance of himself, stating that he would ride at the head of the column until the Grand Duke should have selected his first buffalo. The formation of the ground was such and so steeply was our approach that we were enabled to get within a short distance of the buffalo before they noticed us. The canon was a long and widening one, with broken sides and high hills on either side, and formed a magnificent arena. The Grand Duke and Custer started off, and as they went, Custer pulled out his revolver and said, "Are you ready, Duke?" Alexis drew off his glove, grasped his pistol, and, with a wave of his imperial hand replied, "All ready now, General."

Turning a corner in the canon, the herd was now in sight, and clapping spurs to their horses they dashed into their midst before the astonished animals knew that any enemies were near them. As on yesterday, Buffalo Bill had been selected in order to show the Grand Duke how they would stand at bay when suddenly attacked. A cow was singled out to show him how fleet of foot the females are and the speed and skill essential to overtake and kill them. The animal chosen out from among the rest was a full grown one, in splendid condition and wearing a beautiful winter coat. As soon as she espied them she started off at full speed, the Duke and Custer after her. Finking herself hard pursued, she ran up a steep declivity on the right side of the canon, and gaining a footing on the slope, kept along the narrow ledge, while the Duke and Custer followed in a line along the bottom of the canon.

Seeing the configuration of the canon and the imminent danger involved in the pursuit, Count Olzonfleck called to the Duke in tones of caution; but the game had been chosen, the imperial blood was up and Alexis heeded not, if he heard, the well-known words of warning. The chase was most exciting, and the Grand Duke, exhibiting an enthusiasm and daring which the most experienced Western hunter could not have surpassed, pursued his chosen game until she turned upon him. Describing a semi circle with his horse, he dashed to the other side of her, and, taking a deliberate aim, discharged the contents of his revolver into her forehead as quickly as a flash of lightning.

No halt was made, however, for her calf kept running along on the other side of the gully, running parallel with the canon. For fully a mile this young bull calf kept on his course along the rough and dangerous ground, followed by the Duke and Custer and the Herald correspondent, who was permitted to hunt with his Imperial Highness and General Sheridan. At length the head of the canon came in view and escape was impossible.

Coming within pistol shot, Alexis fired and wounded the brave little bull; but though the blood was streaming from the wound, he did not fall. Here a snow drift intervened, and jumping it and getting on the ledge beyond, whence there was no more room to run, the wounded animal came to bay. The Grand Duke fired one more shot and down fell the animal, dead, into the snow. Those of the party who had followed on behind soon came up and congratulated His Imperial Highness upon the splendid success he had acquired so early in the day. After killing the calf the Grand Duke

returned down the canon, pausing to glance at the cow which he had killed.—She had a magnificent head and handsome horns. The Grand Duke expressed his admiration of them, and said he would take them back to Russia with him as a trophy of this morning's sport. Accordingly the tail and head of the cow were afterwards secured and taken into camp. The calf was carried in entire, and we are to have some of the beef for breakfast in the morning before we leave the Red Willow to return to the North Platte.

The party paused and formed into a group, while the Indians were sent off to hunt and charge the herd down the broken sides of the bluff on which he stood. On dashes Spotted Tail and his braves. For many minutes they were lost to sight; but presently the herd was seen emerging from the head of the canon up the slope on the other side, with the Indians in hot and close pursuit.—Reaching the summit of the steep ascent Spotted Tail and his chosen Sioux, with a wild whoop, charged into the midst of the fleeing herd, and with unerring aim let fly the feathered arrows from their bows. It was then that the imperial party were favored with a splendid view of a scene that few white men, who have lived many years upon the Plains, have ever witnessed. It was difficult to decide which to admire the more—the skill of the Indian in managing his horse, or the rapidity and accuracy with which he let fly his feathered darts into the side of the doomed buffalo. In some respects the scene resembled a charge of cavalry upon troops already routed and fleeing in disorder; and the Duke was forcibly reminded of the riding of the Cossacks in his native country. The party remained wrapt in admiration at the scene until it gradually faded from our view. New interest, however, was awakened by the sudden appearance of a portion of the herd which had been turned by the Indians in the charge, and coming towards us, rushed down the slope of the canon on the other side. We started down to meet them, but as we advanced we came successively to obstacles which retarded our progress and were all but insurmountable. This gave an opportunity to the buffalo to escape. Finally we succeeded in making the descent and crossed the canon, but still more difficult and dangerous obstacles met us on the other slope. The most fearless horsemen in the party, surveying the steep and slippery sides, were forced reluctantly to dismount and make the ascent on foot.—N. Y. Herald.

A DESPERATE FIGHT IN NEVADA.

Deadly Conflict Between an Escaped Convict and His Pursuer—Thirty Paces with Rifles—Both Men Riddled with Bullets.

The latest advices from the headwaters of Kern River, in Nevada, where the fight between Charles Jones, the escaped convict from the Nevada State Prison, and Francis S. Armistead, who was pursuing him, occurred, confirm all particulars at first received. Armistead was one of the foremost in the capture of Robert Morton and Black. He found the track of Charles Jones about fifty miles from Long Valley, on the San Joaquin River, and trailed him to Slawson's sheep camp in Vidalia, where he was stopping. Armistead told Jones that he wanted to engage him to drive horses to Arizona. Jones hired him for the trip, and there matters rested till morning.

In the morning Armistead told Slawson what he was after, and said he expected to have trouble with his prisoner. It seems that Jones had a suspicion of what was going on, for while the two men were talking he went to the house, took Slawson's Henry rifle and when he came out said:

"Here, I know your business. You want to take me back to Nevada, but I will die first."

With these words he drew up and fired at Armistead. The fire was instantly returned, the shot taking effect in Jones' breast. The fight now began in earnest, and both men being armed with Henry rifles, it was fearful. There was almost a constant stream of fire, and it seemed that nearly every shot took effect. The men were about thirty steps apart. Jones kept giving away, and Armistead followed him up till he fell from loss of blood. Jones then rushed upon him but Armistead raised his gun again and fired, shooting Jones through the head and killing him instantly.

Armistead had fired fifteen shots, hitting his mark twelve times; while Jones had fired eleven shots, nine of which took effect in the body of Armistead, and either of the wounds would probably have proved fatal.

Armistead lived about two hours after the fight. He was perfectly cool, and said that if he had killed Jones he was willing to die. He requested Slawson to write an account of the fight. When he first fell he spoke of Aunt Sallie and Charlie. His last words were: "Tell her I love—". The fight is considered the most desperate on record.

George Botts was executed in the hall of the Essex county jail at Newark, N. J., on Friday last, for having murdered General Oliver P. Halstead on the morning of the 2d of last July.

VACCINATION.

ABSTRACT OF DR. JOHN S. PAREY'S LECTURE ON VACCINATION BEFORE THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION IN PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 18, 1872.

In the middle of September, 1871, it first began to be apparent that small pox was on the increase in this city, and that the grave suspicion which physicians had for some time entertained, that it would become an epidemic, would soon be realized. As has been usual with other epidemic diseases, this one found our health authorities totally unprepared for its reception, and to night we can look back over a long array of broken home circles and sum up our bitter experience—an experience which is the more distressing because a large number of the lives lost were sacrificed on the altars of mismanagement, prejudice, and ignorance. Before the introduction of vaccination about 35 per cent of all those who were stricken with small-pox perished. The Board of Health assert that the mortality of the present epidemic is 16 per cent. This is too high by at least 10 per cent, for small pox is now an affection which is almost under human control, and a majority of the lives lost by it are wanton sacrifices, for which the public authorities should be held responsible. The fact that between Sept. 1, 1871, and Jan. 18, 1872, about 2,000 persons died of a strictly preventable disease in this enlightened city, and that this was nothing remarkable according to the sanitary gospel of certain commercial authorities, is something which scientific men cannot appreciate. Truly the estimated value of human life is very low when it can be summed up in dollars and cents by miserly money changers.

Shortly after the epidemic appeared here three kinds of virus could be obtained. One was a foreign article, and was utterly worthless; the others were from Boston and New York. The speaker was successful with the virus from Boston, but failed with that from New York.—The bovine lymph, when it is successfully introduced, is very severe in its action, and this is serious objection to its general adoption. After bovine virus has been transmitted through the systems of several members of the human family it becomes much milder in its effects and much more certain in its results without having lost any of its specific qualities. The authorities agree that with good human virus and exercising all due degree of care, vaccination should not be unsuccessful in more than one in every 150 insertions. The amount of ignorance in regard to vaccination is truly surprising. The result is, that the operation is often imperfectly performed, and only partial protection is afforded. The degree of protection afforded by vaccination varies much with the manner in which the operation is performed. If properly done it is almost absolute. No child should be vaccinated in less than four places, and in the performance of this operation no physician should allow himself to be influenced by maternal sympathy. Of 6,000 post-vaccinal cases of small pox tabulated by Mr. Simon, 21 per cent died among those who were said to have been vaccinated but could show no cicatrix, 7 per cent of those who had one cicatrix, 4 per cent of those having two, 1 per cent of those having three, and only 1 marked cicatrix, while 35 per cent of those who never had been vaccinated died of unmodified small pox.

Most persons will have a sore arm from vaccination twice in their lives—once during infancy and a second time immediately after the 14th or 15th year.—The popular idea that influence wears out and has to be renewed every seven years is unsupported by any facts whatever. Re-vaccination is important, and should never be omitted after the 15th year of life. Vaccination has not increased the mortality from other diseases, such as scrofula and consumption; on the contrary, many persons are protected from these diseases, which might be developed in them if they were attacked by small pox. No proof can be furnished that scrofula is ever transmitted with vaccine virus. After an experience of three-quarters of a century in all parts of the civilized world, physicians are certainly qualified to speak with some exactness in regard to the danger of contracting syphilis by vaccination, and most of them are disposed to consider this danger but trifling, and always due to carelessness. With properly selected virus there is no danger at all.

Unless something is speedily done to arrest the progress of the epidemic, it may be prolonged as in London for more than a year. Three measures are important: 1. Complete and thorough isolation of persons affected by the disease. 2. Perfect disinfection of the homes and effects of those who are ill with it. 3. Systematic vaccination and re-vaccination, which should be made compulsory. This is a plain statement of the variola epidemic in Philadelphia in 1871; an epidemic, about which, according to the public papers and our commercial authorities, nothing must be said or done for fear of creating a panic and driving business from the city. For this morbid public confidence we have truly paid a fearful price in the sacrifice of some 2,000 human lives.

The Union Pacific Railroad is again blocked with snow.

A BIG HEARTED BLACKSMITH.

The general feeling of uneasiness excited by the number of Enoch Ardens who have recently turned up will not be lessened by an event which has just happened in Missouri, and is thus related by the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. A one armed horseman, lately travelling through Missouri, stopped at a blacksmith's shop in Cedar City, to have his horse shod. The smith noticed his empty sleeve, and asked him if he had lost his arm in the war.—He replied with a sigh that he had, and added, with much emotion, that on going back to his home at the close of the war he found that his wife, who thought he was dead, had moved away, and he had since been unable to obtain a trace of her. "What is your name?" asked the blacksmith. "J. M. Waldrup," was the reply. The smith suddenly released the hoof of the horse over which he had been bending, and, without looking at the ex soldier, cried, "Follow me into the house," and hurriedly led the way.

Waldrup mechanically obeyed the unexpected bidding, and was ushered into the presence of a comely matron, about whose sewing chair three happy children were playing. She was the blacksmith's wife, the mother of his little ones, and rose to greet the stranger on his appearance with her husband at the door. No sooner, however, did she catch sight of his face than she uttered a heart rending shriek and fainted. In Waldrup she recognized her husband. In the firm belief that he had been killed in the war she had married the blacksmith of Cedar City, and was already the mother of three fine children. After the first agitation of the assembled group had subsided—Waldrup and the smith retired to the smithy to talk the matter over.

Devotedly as the smith loved his wife, he fully admitted Waldrup's superior claims, and it was in the end decided that she herself should decide between them. They accordingly returned to the sitting room, where, after a torrent of tears and self reproaches, the wife came to the conclusion that she ought to return to her first husband. Suddenly dropping her head, however, on the blacksmith's shoulder, she declared with bitter lamentations that she could not leave her children. The smith "eyed her wistfully" for a moment, and then said in a husky voice.—"You shall take them, my dear." Some hours later, when the steambot *St. Luke* stopped at the landing, Waldrup went on board with his "thickly veiled and still weeping wife," and the blacksmith followed leading the children.—The boat's bell rang for the starting. The dread moment of separation was at hand. The captain, the crew and the passengers were affected to tears at the touching scene. "With great drops rolling down his tawny cheeks," the smith kissed the children one after the other, and bade the mother an eternal good by. He then shook hands long and earnestly with Waldrup, and walked quietly to the shore. He never turned his face toward the boat, which soon passed out of sight, but strode on with head bowed down to the home where the voice of his wife and children would welcome him no more. Let us hope that his grief was sincere.

Boys and Pumpkin Pies.

What John said was, that he didn't care much for pumpkin pie; but that was after he had eaten a whole one. It seemed to him that mince would be better.—The feeling of a boy toward pumpkin pie has never been properly considered.—There is an air of festivity about its approach in the fall. The boy is willing to help pare and cut up the pumpkin, and he watches with greatest interest the stirring up process and the pouring into the scalloped crust. When the sweet savor of the baking reaches his nostrils, he is filled with the most delightful anticipations. Why should he not be? He knows that for months to come the battery will contain golden treasures, and that it will require only a slight ingenuity to get at them. The fact is, the boy is as good in the battery as in any part of farming. His elders say that the boy is always hungry; but that is a very coarse way to put it. He has only recently come into a world that is full of good things to eat, and there is on the whole, a very short time in which to eat them; at least, he is told, among the first informants he receives, that life is short.—Life being brief, and pie and the like fleeting, he very soon decides upon an active campaign. It may be an old story to people who have been eating for forty or fifty years, but it is different with a beginner. He takes the thick and thin as it comes, as in pie, for instance. Some people do make them very thin. I knew a place where they were no thicker than the poor man's plaster; they were spread so thin on the crust that they were better fitted to draw out hunger than to satisfy it. They used to be made up by the great oven full, and kept in the dry cellar, where they are hardened and dried to a toughness you would hardly believe. This was long time ago, and they make the pumpkin pie in the country better now, or the race of boys would have been so discouraged that I think they would have stopped coming into the world.—C. D. Warner.

The Brownsville *Clipper* says: A boy in Wharton township, Fayette county, recently caught a rabbit with five legs, the foot of the odd leg resembling the hoof of a horse.

Something about Glycerine.

1.—How is glycerine made? 2.—How, or in what manner, is it ignited. 3.—What is the meaning of the name Aglaia, and where and how did it originate? Ans. 1.—Glycerine is the sweet principle of oils and fats. It is made by boiling olive oil with litharge and water until the acids of the oil are converted into leadsalts, which are insoluble, while the glycerine remains in solution. 2.—As you speak of ignition, you probably meant to ask about the preparation of the very explosive mixture called nitro-glycerine, used for blasting purposes. Nitro glycerine is prepared by dissolving glycerine in a mixture of equal measures of the strongest nitric and sulphuric acids, previously cooled, and pouring the solution in a thin stream into a large volume of water. The nitro glycerine is then precipitated as a colorless heavy oil. If a drop of nitro-glycerine be placed on an anvil and struck sharply, it explodes with a very loud report; and if a piece of paper, moistened with a drop of it be struck, it is blown into small fragments. On the application of a flame or of red-hot iron to nitro glycerine, it burns quietly, and when heated over a lamp in the open air, it explodes but feebly. In a closed vessel, however, it explodes at about 360 degrees Fahrenheit with great violence. It is often ignited, like gunpowder, under water, by means of a wire and galvanic battery. 3.—Aglaia was the youngest of the three graces in mythology. It is also the name of one of the group of small planets revolving between Jupiter and Mars. It is also the name of a genus of flowers. The flowers of *Aglaia odorata* are used for perfuming certain varieties of tea.

A Chinese Funeral.

A Chinese funeral took place in Belleville, N. J., recently, the deceased having been employed in a laundry there. The deceased was dressed in Sunday attire, consisting of a new nankeen suit, and placed in an elegant walnut coffin, which was immediately sealed. The coffin was placed in a wagon, and followed by a procession of one hundred and fifty Chinamen, walking in silence, two by two. Arriving at the cemetery the mourners formed a circle around the graves, for in accordance with Chinese custom, two cavities, one large and one small, had been made. After a prayer by a Methodist clergyman, the coffin was lowered into the larger grave, and at once covered with earth. In the smaller grave, which was about two feet in diameter, were placed a tea pot, a rice pan, chop-sticks and clothing of the deceased. On top was placed a large earthen vessel, containing a cooked chicken, rice and salted fish. Earth was then filled in over all. The next ceremony was the burning over the grave the clothes the deceased had worn the day of his death. A number of firecrackers were then exploded over the grave, after which each mourner in turn approached the resting place of his comrade, placed his hands on his forehead with the palms outward, and threw them forward three times, accompanying each movement with a low bow. This completed the ceremony, after which each mourner was presented with a small bouquet of flowers. All the ceremonies were conducted with the utmost solemnity, and in strict silence.

Fisk's First Mistake.

Fisk used to often tell about his first mistake in life. Said the Colonel, "When I was a little boy on the Vermont farm, my father took me up to the stable one day, where a row of cows stood in the stable." Said he, "James, the stable window is pretty high for a boy, but do you think you could take this shovel and clean out the stable?" "I don't know; 'Pop,' said James 'I never have done it.'" "Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning, I'll give you this bright silver dollar," said his father, patting him on his head, while he held the silver dollar before his eyes. "Good," says James, "I'll try"—and away he went to work. He tugged and pulled and lifted and puffed, and, finally, it was done, and his father gave him the bright silver dollar, saying— "That's right, James; you did it splendidly, and now I find you can do it so nicely, I shall have you do it every morning all winter!"

Paper Comfortables.

The mode of making comfortable warmer, by lining them with newspapers, is good as long as they last, which cannot be long, especially after washing a few times. I have tried a similar way of attaining the same object on cold nights, when I have not had sufficient bedding over me, especially at hotels, where we cannot always get just what we want—Throw off one or two the top covers from the bed, then pull from the pocket or satchel two or three large newspapers— one very large one will do; spread them on the bed and replace the cover, and you will have a warm and comfortable night, without any perceptible increase in the weight of the bedding. Again, when you have a hard, cold ride in a cutter, or ten or twenty miles against the wind, place a spread newspaper over your chest before you button up your overcoat, and you will not become chilled through. Nothing can be cheaper, and as far as it goes, nothing more efficient.