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JOB PRINTING,

OF ALL KINDS, executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

Valuable Property FOR SALE.

The subscribers offer for sale, their residence in Stroudsburg, The Lot has a front of 145 ft. on Main Street, with a depth of 200 feet.

The buildings consist of a convenient dwelling house, store house, barn and other out buildings. There is an abundance of choice apples, pears, plums, grapes and small fruits, with excellent water.

A. M. & R. STOKES.

DR. J. LANTZ,

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist.

His office is on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he carries himself out by regular 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 and Continuous Gums, and perfect fit and finish insured. Most persons know the great folly and danger of entrusting their work to the inexperienced, or to those living at a distance.

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.—4t.

DR. J. F. CASLOW,

Oculist, Aurist & Surgeon.

His taken rooms at the Stroudsburg House, where he will operate and treat all diseases of the eye and ear, and all deformities or injuries requiring surgical aid. He also lectures here for the practice of medicine and surgery. For consultation and advice, free.

February 1, 1872.—3m.

DR. W. JACKSON, Amzi LeBar.

Physicians, Surgeons & Acoucheurs.

Stroudsburg and East Stroudsburg, Pa.

DR. GEO. W. JACKSON,

Stroudsburg,

in the old office of Dr. A. Reeves Jackson Residence in Wyckoff's Building.

DR. A. LeBar,

East Stroudsburg,

office next door to Smith's Store. Residence at Mrs. E. Heller's.

Feb. 8 '72-4t.

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 flared, 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 31-4t

JAMES H. WALTON,

Attorney at Law,

Office in the building formerly occupied by J. M. Burson, and opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa.

Jan 13-4t

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.—4t.

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.

REV. 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.

DON'T FORGET that when

you want any thing in the Furniture or Ornamental line that McCarty, in the Old-Fellows' Hall, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., is the place to get it. [Sept. 26

The Printer's Devil.

We copy from the *Printer's Circular* the following poem, which may give the uninitiated some idea of the arduous duties of that all important, and ubiquitous satellite of the printer, his devil:

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

BY TYP. O. QUAD.

Ink bespattered,
Clothes tattered,
With his broom in hand
Leaning, cleaning,
Rubbing, scrubbing,
Under every stand.

'Neath the cases,
Type and spacers—
Trampled where they fell—
By this Pluto
Doomed to go to
Printers' leather 'hell.'

Running hither,
Darting thither,
Tall of all the staff,
Out and in, whose
Doing all chores,
Bringing telegraph.

Runs for copy—
Nor dare stop he
For his paper hat;
All the journeymen,
Save the foreman,
Yelling for some 'fat.'

'Proves' the galley;
Then he sallies,
On staining pinion,
From the news-room
To the sanctum—
Part of his dominion.

And the bosses—
Often cross as
Bears within their holes—
Make the devil
Find his level.
Stirring up the coals.

Washing roller,
Bringing coal on
Lugging water-pail;
Time he wastes not
At the paste-pot,
Wrapping up the mail.

When the week's done,
Then he seeks one
Where the greenbacks lay,
There to settle,
For the little
Devil is to pay.

In this spirit
There is merit,
Far from faint or shame;
Often gaining,
By his training,
Good and honored name.

Legislators
Great debaters
Scientific men,
Have arisen
From the prison
Of the printer's den.

MADISON, IND., January 15th, 1872.

Cold Weather in Europe.

The recent cold weather in Europe has called forth the following facts, which appeared in the *Journal des Debats*:

In 559 A. D. the Euxine was frozen over.

In 598 the rivers of England were frozen over for two months.

In 558 the Black Sea was covered with ice for twenty days, and in 763 the ice was 80 feet thick.

In 821 the Elbe, the Danube and the Seine were frozen during four weeks.

In 1323 the Mediterranean was entirely frozen.

In 1405 Tamerlane made an incursion into China, and lost his men, horses and camels by the excessive cold.

In 1420 Paris experienced so great cold that the city was depopulated, and animals fed on corpses in the streets.

In 1433, at Paris, snow fell during forty days and forty nights incessantly.

In 1469, in France and Germany, wine was frozen so hard that it was cut in blocks and sold by weight.

In 1570 the intense cold lasted three months, and all the fruit trees of Provence and Languedoc were destroyed.

In 1607 provisions and fuel became so scarce on account of cold in Paris that a small bundle of kindling-brush cost forty cents. The cattle froze in their stalls, and the Seine could be crossed by heavy crabs.

The year 1709 was one of intense cold all over Europe, and mass could not be said for many weeks in certain provinces because the winds could not be kept in a fluid state.

In 1735, in Chinese Tartary, the thermometer fell ninety-seven degrees below zero—Fahrenheit.

1740 was a winter of such rigor in Russia that an ice palace was constructed at St. Peterburg fifty one feet long and seventeen feet wide. Six ice cannon were mounted on the walls, and two mortars for bombs. The cannon held balls of six pounds weight, were charged with powder and discharged, so that the ball pierced a board two inches thick at a distance of sixty feet. The cannon did not burst, though its walls were less than ten inches in thickness.

1765 was a year of intense cold; also 1788. Since that year the cold has never been so great in Paris until this very year of 1871, when, for the first time in a century, Jack Frost came again to the tune of twenty-one degrees below zero—centigrade.

The amount still required to satisfy the German claims upon France is \$635,000,000. Of this however \$600,000,000 are not due until 1874, though interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum must be paid thereon for the intervening period. To this must be added the cost of maintaining the German army of occupation on French territory.

A Sanguinary Fight that Never Came Off.

Mark Twain tells the following experience in Virginia City:

That was a singular town. They had the strangest customs—some of the most curious customs. When I finished reporting on their paper they made me chief editor. I lasted just a week. I edited that paper six days, and then I had five duels on my hands. I wouldn't have minded that, if it had been the custom for those other people to challenge me. Then I would simply have declined with thanks. But it was not so. If you abused a man in the paper, if you called him names—they had no rights there such as we have here—if the man didn't like it, you had to challenge him, and shoot him. Of course, I didn't want to do this, but the publishers said it was the custom—society must be protected. If I could not do the duties of my position, he would have to hire somebody else.

I didn't mind the first three or four men; but the other man—I was after him. I knew he didn't want to fight, so I was going to make all the reputation out of him I could. He got touched at something I said about him—I don't know what it was now—I called him a thief, perhaps. He fought very shy of me at first, and so I plied him with blood-thirsty challenges all the more. At least he began to take an interest in this thing. It seemed as though he really was going to enter into it at last. All our boys were delighted at the prospect, but I was not. This was not a turn I was expecting in things.

I had taken for my second a fiery, peppery little fellow, named Steve, full of fight and anxious to have things fixed up right away. He took me over into a little ravine beyond the town to practice. It was the custom to fight with Colt's navy revolvers at five steps. We borrowed a stable door for a mark from a gentleman who was absent. We set up that stable door, and then we propped a fence rail up against the middle of it to represent my antagonist, and put a squash on top of it to represent his head. He was a very light thin man, very thin—the poorest kind of material for a duel—you could not expect to do anything with a scattering shot at all. But he made a splendid line shot, and it was the line that I practiced upon principally.

But there was no success about it. I could not hit the rail, and there was no need that I should hit the rail; the rail did not really represent him. It was a little too thin and narrow. But the squash was all right. Well, I could not hit the rail, and I could not hit the squash, and, finally, when I found I could not hit the door either, I got a little discouraged. But when I noticed that I crippled one of the boards occasionally, I thought it was not so bad—I was dangerous with a pistol, but not reliable.

Finally, we heard some shooting going on over in the other ravine. We knew what that meant. The other party was practicing. I didn't feel comfortable. They might straggle over the ridge and see what was going on, and when they saw a bullet hole in that barn door, it would be too much encouragement for them. Just then a little bird, a little larger than a sparrow, lit on a sage bush near by. Steve whipped out his revolver and shot its head off. The boys picked up the bird, and were talking about it, when the other dueling party came over the ridge, and came down to see what was going on. When the second saw the bird he said, "How far off was that?"

Steve said about thirty steps.

"Who did that?"

"Why, Twain, my man, of course."

"Did he, indeed! Can he do that often?"

"Well, he can do that about four times in five."

I knew the little rascal was lying, but I didn't like to tell him so. I was one of those kind of men that don't like to be too frank or too familiar in a matter like that, so I didn't say anything. But it was a comfort to see those fellows' jaws drop; to see them turn blue about the gills and look sick. They went off, and got their man and took him home, and when I got home I found a little note from those parties peremptorily declining to fight. How sore the boys were! How indignant they were! And so was I; but I was not distressed about it. I thought I could stand it, perhaps.

The Western States are flooded with accounts of stage robberies to such an extent that persons taking places in coaches for the overland travel anticipate, with a sort of grim pleasure, the time when they may be able to relate to an admiring audience the story of a highway robbery, in which they were concerned. But, not of disappoint their friends; they will, in the most obliging manner, hand over, to any person they may happen to meet in the neighborhood where a robbery has been committed, any little articles of value they may have about them. In Sonoma County, Cal., recently, a boy, not over 14 years of age, by presenting a stake at the driver of a stage was accommodated with the treasure-box, and the terror-stricken passengers seemed quite relieved when this youthful highwayman, with dignified magnanimity, allowed them to go on.

This separate character has been arrested, and comparative safety has been secured in Sonoma County.

Joke on Mark Twain.

The racy article by Mark Twain on "Barbers, in The Galaxy, last summer, will be remembered by all. The article was in the humorist's happiest vein, and many a man who recognized its truthfulness, if slightly overdrawn, statements enjoyed a hearty laugh while perusing it. It fell like a wet blanket on the tonsorial profession, who, from one end of the land to the other, vowed revenge upon its author if he ever placed himself in any of their clutches. Among the tonsorial artists in Syracuse who longed for a chance to "go for" the writer was Jacob Gilger.

"Only let me get a chance at Mark Twain," said Jake. "He will stray into my shop, some day, as it is the best in town, and I will fix him worse than King William ever fixed Napoleon." Probably, Jake never expected to have an opportunity of getting even with Twain, but such an opportunity did present himself, Wednesday afternoon, and this is how Jake improved it:

The great humorist lectured in Wieting Opera House on Wednesday night, and wishing to make a presentable appearance before his audience, he strayed into Jake Gilger's barber shop to get a shave. A gentleman present whispered to Jake that the man in his chair was Mark Twain, and on that hint Jake "went for him." Selecting the duller razor in the shop, he sharpened it up a little, and then, seizing Twain by the nose with a grip that would bring down a balook, he commenced to lather him. He soaped him from chin to eyebrows, and rushed the lather brush about an inch up his nose and thence into both ears, poor Twain, in the meantime, snorting and spouting like a steam engine blowing off steam. In vain he protested that he did not want his forehead and eyebrows shaved.

"Keep still," says Jake, "I know my business."

After soaping him until he looked like an albino, Jake laid on the blade. The first stroke brought tears to Twain's eyes. The second brought him a sitting position with an exclamation.

"I say, that razor is too dull to shave me with."

"Lay down," says Jake, thrusting him down into the chair again: "that razor will cut a hair, I know my business."

Twain groaned, and Jake pulled until the beard was off, and a good portion of the skin with it. After shaving, Jake proceeded to wash him up selecting the dirtiest towel in shop, one that was used for wiping off hair dye, and was spotted as Joseph's coat. The spectators by this time were unable to control their laughter, and burst into loud peals, in which Jake heartily joined. Twain saw the joke, but kept quiet. When Jake told him his hair was coming out and offered to sell him a bottle of hair restorative, price \$3 per bottle, Twain replied:

"Well, I rather want my hair to fall out. I have too much for comfort."

Jake then offered to sell him a bottle of "bloom of youth," telling him that he was badly freckled.

"Am I," said Mark, "well, I rather like that. If I was good looking and fair to gaze upon the ladies would all fall in love with me; and that would make my wife uneasy. As it is, she allows me to roam around the country without fear. She knows my ugliness will protect me."

Jake saw he could not persecute Mark any further, and, after brushing him off in a lusty and vigorous manner, said, "Mr. Twain, how did you like your shave?"

"Oh!" said Mark, "this is nothing new. Every barber in the country goes for me in the same style. I am used to it, and in fact rather like it."

"Call again," said Jake.

"Not if I can help it," replied Mark.—"Good day."

Jake politely bowed Mr. Twain out of the shop, and sent for a gallon of lager beer to recuperate his exhausted energies. But he feels that one barber is even with Mark Twain.

Household Sins.

Some cooks will throw out the water in which meats have been boiled, without letting it cool to take off the fat.

Bits of meat are thrown out which would make hashed meat or hash.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread-pan left with the dough sticking to it.

Pie crust is laid by to sour, instead of making a few tarts for tea.

Cold puddings are considered good for nothing, when often times they can be steamed for the next day.

Dish cloths are thrown down where mice destroy them.

Vegetables are often thrown away that would warm nicely for breakfast.

The scrubbing brush is left in the water.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Nice handled knives are thrown into hot water.

Silver spoons are used to scour Kettles. Cream is allowed to mould and spoil.

Coffee, tea, and pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.

The cork is left out of the molasses jug, and the flies take possession.

Vinegar is drawn in a tin basin, and allowed to stand until both basin and vinegar are spoiled.—*Nat. Independent.*

Pauperism in New York.

While its pauperism is its shame, the charity of New York is its glory, and covers a multitude of its sins. The city has one hundred and five private charities fully organized and constantly engaged in succoring the distressed. Such institutions as the Five Points Mission, the Children's Aid Society, the several orphan asylums, homes for the indigent, and hospitals for the sick, which are mainly supported by private funds, are aggressive charities. They seek suffering instead of waiting for it to seek them, as almoners of public funds most always do, and they find a vast deal more of it. While they do not wait for the last extremity of distress before extending relief, they discover cases of poverty as urgent as any which have been stated, and many only a little less urgent, which never come to the knowledge of the public functionaries. In the relief of such destitution as they find, these private charities expend more money annually than is required by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction for all the sick, destitute, and criminals coming into their charge. It is therefore apparent that hardly half the pauperism of the city is a matter of official knowledge, and the gaunt legion of 22,782 starving people is but a fraction of the army of misery which the city can muster.

Another and perhaps more sorrowful phase of human helplessness is found in the public hospitals; and it is equally convincing proof of the fact that New York in her youth is afflicted with the disease of pauperism to an extent normal only to a city in its decrepitude. Bellevue Hospital at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street, and Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island, which are the two great receptacles for the sick and injured thrown upon the public authorities, last year received 17,190 patients. Of this army of the helpless, many when in health were self-sustaining, but all, with a few exceptions among the victims of street accidents, belonged to the class that is constantly doing uncertain battle with the wolf at the door, so that if disabled even for a day they must receive charity. In this sense they are paupers and to be added to the public burdens. Besides these, the hospitals for contagious diseases received during the year 6,165, and the Bureau for the Relief of Out-door Sick prescribed for 16,850 persons, who become paupers for the hour by some simple sickness for which they could not provide the means of relief. Grouping now all the poor for a general view of this metropolitan misery, I must add to the list the 4,315 permanent inmates of the public almshouses, which brings the startling total of 66,286 persons dependent during the year upon the public charities. To these must be added at least 50,000 succored by the private agencies making a grand total of 116,286 human beings who, in the year 1870, in this city of New York, were the recipients of eleemosynary aid. This shows the poverty of the city complete; but to see its poverty, its improvidence, and its crime at a glance, add to the figures given the 40,205 who during the year applied for work at the Labor Bureau of the Commissioners of Charities, and the 71,849 who became inmates of the various prisons and reformatories of the city. Here we are face to face with the fact that 228,330 out of a population of 942,292, or only a small fraction less than one-quarter of the whole population of the city, were dependent during the year, in whole or in part, upon the other three quarters,—

"*Nether Side of New York,*" in *The Galaxy for March.*

Value of a Good Reputation.

A young man had volunteered, and was expecting daily to be ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill with the money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned home at night she said:

"Did you pay that bill?"

"Yes," he answered.

In a few days that bill was sent in a second time.

"I thought," she said to her son, "that you paid this?"

"I really don't remember, mother; you know I have had so many things on my mind."

"But you said you did."

"Well," he answered, "if I said I did, I did."

He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him this will show.

"I am quite sure," she said, "that my son paid this some days ago; he has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it, but he told me that day that he had, he is quite sure that he did."

"Well," said the man, "I forgot about it; but if he ever said he did, he did."

A good joke is told of a young man who attended a social circle. The conversation turned on California and getting rich. Tom remarked that if he was in California he would, instead of working in the mines, waylay some rich man who had a bag full of gold, knock out his brains, gather up the gold, and skedaddle. One of the young ladies quietly replied that he had better gather up the brains, as he evidently stood in more need of the latter than gold. Tom subsided.

A Lively Bear Fight.

The Williamsport (Penn.) *Gazette* tells the following: "A gentleman reached Williamsport from a logging camp in Potter County, where he has been for five weeks past, who relates the particulars of an exciting encounter with an old bear and two cubs. It appears that a man named Jonas Elmaker and his wife, had made a small clearing in Jackson township. They have a comfortable log-cabin, a small barn, several head of cattle and a few pigs. About nine o'clock in the evening, Mr. Elmaker heard a great commotion among his cattle and pigs at the barn. On rushing out to ascertain the cause of alarm, imagine his surprise on finding that an old bear and two cubs had attacked a yearling calf. The cattle were snorting and bellowing at a fearful rate, while the pigs were squealing as lustily as if they expected to be dispatched every minute. The bear had thrown the calf down and was preparing to drag it out of the yard. The cubs were running around snapping their teeth and uttering half-suppressed growls of delight at the prospect of a good square meal."

Mr. Elmaker returned to the house, informed his wife, and made preparations to attack the bears. He seized his rifle, while his wife armed herself with a long handled double-bitted axe. Thus armed they advanced to the attack. The bears, bold and ferocious by hunger, did not seem inclined to give up their prey. Rising upon her haunches the old bear showed fight, and the cubs crouched behind her, snarling fiercely. Mr. Elmaker raised his rifle and fired at the black monster, thinking that if she were killed the cubs could easily be dispatched or driven off. But owing to the excitement under which he was laboring, he missed his aim and only broke the left fore paw of the animal. With a fierce growl of rage, caused by the painful wound, the old bear rushed at her assailants, followed by the cubs. They stood their ground for a few minutes, Mr. Elmaker clubbing his rifle, while his wife cut one of the cubs severely in the shoulder with the axe. The rage of the animals became fearful, and the great danger of facing them at once became apparent. Retreating rapidly to the house, they barred the door and prepared to defend themselves. Mr. Elmaker succeeded in reloading his rifle, and firing through the window, killed a cub. The old bear now attempted to climb the log house, but owing to her broken paw was unable to do so. Another shot from the rifle wounded her severely in the head, when she set up the most hideous howls of rage. Failing to get another shot at them, the parties inside remained in a state of siege, prepared to resist any further attack. The animals loitered round until midnight, when they retired and all became still. On making a search in the morning the old bear was found dead about six hundred yards from the house, and the cub lay where it fell in the early part of the engagement. The other had disappeared in the forest. The two dead bears were secured and dressed—the old one weighed 380 pounds, and the cub 193. The Elmakers have a sufficiency of bear meat to last them for the balance of the season. The skins will be brought to Williamsport soon and offered for sale. The affair caused much talk in the neighborhood for several days. It is seldom that bears are so bold, but their bravery on this occasion was caused, no doubt, by the cravings of hunger. The calf was badly lacerated by the teeth and claws of the animal, but will recover. Mrs. Elmaker says she is ready for the next raid."

Experiments with Onions.

John B. Wolf, M. D., of Washington, forwarded to the Farmers' Club of New York, the following communication:

On shipboard, at New Orleans, in the year 1849, in charge of one hundred marines, with cholera among them, I observed that those who ate freely of onions supposing them to be healthy, were attacked certainly and fatally. Onions and salt cured the bite of a rattlesnake on my son, and are considered specific in all snake bites. I have found four separate witnesses of phenomena connected with small pox and fever:

1. Onions in rooms with small pox rot rapidly.

2. Blisters rise on them.

3. They retain and communicate the virus many weeks after the epidemic has subsided.

4. Applied to the feet of fever patients, they rapidly turn black.

5. They prevent the spread of small-pox in thickly populated tenements by absorbing the virus.

9. A man with hydrophobia, in his frenzy, ate voraciously of onions, and recovered.

From all these facts may be deducted:

1. That onions should not be eaten when there is a prevailing epidemic.

2. That onions sliced and frequently changed are good disinfectants.