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Advertisements until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.  
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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 250 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.  
Feb. 22-72

**DR. J. LANTZ,**  
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist.

Still has his office on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that by sixteen 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 suitable 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 fit 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 12, 1871.—1y

**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. E. CASELOW,**  
Dentist, Aurist & Surgeon,  
OF SUNBURY, PA.

Has 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 locates here for the practice of medicine and midwifery. Worthy poor attended free of charge. For consultation and advice, free.  
February 1, 1872.—3m

Geo. W. Jackson. Amzi LeBar.

**DRS. JACKSON & LeBAR**

PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS & ACCOUCHERS,

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. 9-72-4t

**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 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 31-4t

**JAMES H. WALTON,**

Attorney at Law,

Office in the building formerly occupied by L. M. Bureson, and opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa.  
Jan 12-4t

**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, PAINTING 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 Odd-Fellows' Hall, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., is the place to get it. (Sept. 26

**Incidents During the Battle of Gettysburg.**

On the 1st of July, 1863, the Third army corps commanded by General Sickles, to whose staff I was attached, went in to camp about 1 o'clock p. m., at Emmetsburg. The different corps of the army of the Potomac were then marching by different roads towards the unknown, the strategic views and schemes of both Lee and Meade being as yet rather mixed up, and much like raisins in a pudding, to use a homely simile. Gen. Sickles and his aids no sooner dismounted from their horses than we stretched ourselves out on the grass and began studying the map, especially the roads leading to Gettysburg, whither two army corps had already been directed. At Emmetsburg we found ourselves some ten miles distant from Gettysburg. The prospects of a good dinner from a "loyal" kitchen filled every one of us with joy, but before we could enter upon our *prandial* exercises a report came that the First and Eleventh corps had struck upon the Johnnies at Gettysburg, and were compelled to fall back south of that town. Gen. Sickles knew what this report meant, and without waiting for orders, set the corps again in motion, marching in double and triple quick to Gettysburg. We reached Cemetery Hill, the new position occupied by our troops, about sunset, and received from the boys, as may be imagined a pretty hearty welcome. The Twelfth, under Slocum, the Second, commanded by Hancock, were also coming in. Gen. Meade had not yet arrived, and the generals present soon determined to hold a kind of council of war, which they did in the small, low, and dismal room reserved for dead bodies. This sight filled my heart with strange feelings, and before they subsided I heard General Sickles' voice calling me. I entered the dreary abode, illumined with so many stars, was presented to General Slocum, then the ranking officer, and ordered by him, on General Sickles' recommendation, to inspect and fix the whole picket line, and to report during the night what I saw, &c. I felt rather flattered by this mark of distinction, but was, at the same time, too dry and hungry to feel perfectly happy. I mounted my horse, and trotted off, accompanied by three orderlies.

It was about midnight that I finished my task, so far as our picket lines were concerned, and then I tried to feel my way a little outside of our lines, to learn, if possible, something about the position and intentions of the rebels. I rode up and down the Teneytown road, then struck the cross road near Round Top, and afterward reached the Emmetsburg road, passing west of it. This was, so to speak, semi forbidden ground; our Southern guests lay not a great way off, and we distinctly heard their movements.—Subsequently we learned that these movements meant the arrival of Longstreet's corps. The night was rather cool, especially for an empty stomach, and a kind of haze hung round the wooded places, though in the higher regions the moon shone bright enough. One of the orderlies I sent back to head quarters with a brief report, so that we were only three. As we paced on quietly toward a belt of woods, one of the orderlies, Harney by name, whispered, "Captain, I see two of them!" I looked in the direction which he pointed, and actually saw something behind a tree, and occasionally beckoning. With one intent all three of us, with our three pair of eyes, looked, gazed and gaped at the spot indicated.—All of us discovered the same thing, viz: two beings nodding and beckoning to each other. We spent about an hour in this vicinity in emotional suspense, when Harney, with his Hibernian fire, advised me to order a charge, and offered to lead.—Bill a New Yorker, caught the enthusiasm of his comrade; I, however, tried to show that it would not do to give the alarm too soon, and that we must see something more before doing that. While we were thus discoursing and exchanging our ideas, the mist lifted and we perceived, in their full majesty, the bodies of two cows. Harney swore vengeance, asked me to permit him to dismount, and grasping his canteen in one hand and a spare surcingle in the other made rush upon the cows; one ran off, while from the other he extorted a canteen full of reeking milk, and presenting it to me, exclaimed, "I have not left a single drop to the d—d old b—!"

This soothing beverage we divided among us with as much impartiality as was practicable under the circumstances, and then proceeded further on our errand. We were not long in discovering a part of Lee's train. I sent Bill off back towards the Emmetsburg road, and dismounted to let our horses graze, using our time—our spare moments—in resting ourselves upon the dewy grass, holding the bridles in our hands. It was in the direction I pointed out to Tom Bureson, the orderly, I first sent away, where to look for me on his return. Both of us alike felt drowsy, wet without and dry within, and equally impatient for Tom's reappearance. I was rather anxious to hear what was going on in our camps, and let me add, equally anxious to see Tom bring with him what I asked him to—a canteen of *spiritus frumenti*, alias commissary—alias whisky. Both of us alike needed an eye opener. Tom soon appeared; but, alas, with the canteen empty! While I perceived that the nose-bag of the horse looked rather swollen and stuffed, as if something was moving

inside. Meanwhile the morn, for which I longed as fervently as Wellington did at Waterloo for Blucher or the night, came actually marching on the horizon. All of a sudden a few musket shots broke upon the tranquil scene; we all started up, and as I happened to look at the nose-bag lying near by, I perceived a violent motion inside, and in the twinkling of an eye a big rooster forced his exit out of the bag, and, stopping short, poured out his customary matin song with marked gusto, and having done that, skeddaddled. All pursuit was in vain—the fellow deserted to the rebel ranks. Whether the "governor" had remained quiet all the time in bag from strategy, fear, or from the want of air, is more than I can tell. As to Tom, he intimated that he wanted to keep that booty a secret from me till he had a chance of presenting it roasted. I accepted his apology, and off we started, and with enough light to serve our purposes. This reconnaissance took us to the flank of the rebel right, formed by Longstreet's corps. Tom was sent off with a fresh message, and with orders not to return, as I expected soon to go back to our camp myself.

Following a winding side-path, leading, if I remember correctly, toward the Funktown road, we saw at a short distance a modest-looking farm house, surrounded by a fence. After a few minutes' observation, I determined to go in and see whether I could not pick up some information about the "Johnnies." I rode on quietly, Harney following close behind. A lazy ear announced our approach, and before I reached the gate I saw a girl about ten years of age, standing in the yard, run frightened into the house. Anon came a middle-aged woman, trembling and shaking in every limb.—She began talking to me, but I could not understand a word. At first I attributed that to her fright, but soon found out that she did not speak English, but talked what is called "Pennsylvania Dutch." She hollered for one of her girls (the one I saw run away,) who spoke English, and acted as interpreter. The other urehins, if I remember right, five in number, also made their appearance, and it seemed to me as if the faces of mother and children brightened up the moment I gave them to understand that I was a Union soldier. The woman had not a particle of information to give me, and hardly knew the name of a single Union or rebel general. Failing in strategy, I made up my mind to negotiate for something to eat, telling Harney, to be on the lookout in the meantime. I asked for bread, chickens, butter, cheese, bacon, &c, but to each of these demands the answer was the fatal "No." I took out my purse, and ventilated my shining greenbacks before the missis, but the nod of her head was again in the negative. Even "puss"—a rather fat and tallish specimen of its kind—crept around the missis, twisting up its back, purring and mewling, as if hinting to me that there was "no go," and that I had better quit. Not being so easily daunted, I made a peremptory demand for eggs, only to receive two "nos." Still I persevered, promising liberal pay, and finally the bargain was made. For a couple of dollars I was promised a dozen of eggs, with some fresh bread—the eggs to be fried according to my directions, and everything to be ready in a couple of hours, when I expected to return. I turned my horse, informed Harney of my success, and rode off with a feeling of triumph.

As to Harney, though he considered his milking exploit of a greatly superior nature to my success in the egg line, he could not help testifying his satisfaction by a becoming face and a broad, prolonged grin.

We took another round and then returned to our headquarters, having, to our great joy, learned on the road that Gen. Meade was present; that the Fifth corps was coming in, and that the Sixth was hourly expected.

I arrived at our headquarters about 9 o'clock a. m., and found things wearing a cheerful aspect. The scene all around was comparatively quiet; a very few shots were heard, and those only from the extreme line of our pickets. We, indeed, knew that the "rebs" were somewhat in motion, but none of us, so far as my knowledge goes, dreamed of a battle that day. So, involuntarily, I again and again beguiled my fancy with the prospect of the omelet in store for me, and which I felt sure to enjoy during my next tour. Hour after hour passed. Harney, who was evidently as anxious as myself to plunge into the egg feast, ever and anon came to my tent inquiring "when I was going to make my next round?" but the time of our pleasant rendezvous was fast vanishing.

The portentous 1 o'clock arrived. A terrific fire came booming and hissing over the hilly ground we occupied—a fire, the vibrations and convulsions of which were, so to speak, enough to shake the very dead long buried beneath Cemetery Hill. To narrate the terrible struggle that ensued is not now my purpose. The bloody encounter lasted till late into the night, to be continued next morning, and to be protracted still later into the night, and finally to end in the discomfiture of our Southern friends, and they who had already watered their horses in the Susquehanna thanked Heaven for being permitted again to taste of the waters of the Potomac.

Before leaving Gettysburg I determined to go over the whole of that battle

field, where the safety of the Commonwealth so long trembled in the balance; and let me add, with perfect candor, that amid different cogitations of great moment, my mind, again and again, reverted to my missed omelet. Meanwhile, however, I had to pay a visit of a far different nature. As we were about to leave I longed to have a look at some of the wounded whom I personally knew. On entering one of the field hospitals I found the victims of victory as gay as larks, and soon found that this hilarity was owing to the rumor that the enemy was stopped by our cavalry at Boonsboro', and that by tomorrow we were to have another big battle. Lacerated by wounds, and bleeding, the boys rejoiced in the prospective of another carnival of war! Such are the freaks of soldiers. Before leaving the hospital my attention was attracted by a familiar face; it was Lieut. B., a brave fellow, rather cynical, and with a strong dose of aversion for sham and all kinds of clap trap, whether in or out uniform. They were going to cut off his leg. Turning his swimming eyes toward me he ejaculated, "If you want to take the stump, here will be one for you pretty soon!" Tears of joy started to my eyes at the exemplary fortitude of this unfortunate. I did not want to witness the skill of the surgeons. I fell to my lot to hold the table on which Gen. Sickles' leg was amputated, and I did not wish for another trial of the kind.

I soon afterward struck upon a crowd of stragglers indulging in an opposition chorus, the one part vociferating "Rally round the flag, Boys," the other screaming "How are you Fourth of July," &c. At Harney's suggestion, I positively made up my mind, before taking my final farewell of Gettysburg, to revisit our farm house and to see what had become of our eggs, which were to have been metamorphosed into an omelet.

To reveal a secret hitherto hidden from mortal vision, I shall state that I intended to be the *chef de cuisine* myself, and to give madam a living example of an omelet *la Napolitaine*, I having acquired this useful art during the brief Garibaldian in 1860. This much I thought was due from me to the rather copper-headed ish Adams county.

We founded the whole out-buildings consumed to ashes, and the farm-house itself unroofed, riddled, and torn, with no living being around it except a rooster, standing perched on one foot, on the top of the half-dismantled chimney. As we gazed on the bird, we saw that one of its feet was bleeding, and, strange to say, instead of trying to fly away, appeared as if desirous of coming to us. Was it the experience of the last two days, and the desolation and ruin all around, that made that bird feel glad at the sight of human beings?

Harney, not given much to sentimentality, suggested, to make up with this poor rooster, to whom life was evidently a burden, for the loss of the omelet.—The rogue almost swore that it was the same rooster that escaped from the nose bag during our nocturnal expedition; he knew him, he said, from his voice, and that our claim to it could not be doubted. I, though not without some hesitation, assented. The patriarch was caught without much effort. The smoldering embers around, after a little blowing, supplied the necessary fire, and, after some twenty minutes, we refreshed our inner man with a savory broiled fowl, rather rare. EMERIC SZABAD.

**About Lager Bier.**

The German words *lager bier* signify stock beer—i. e. beer that has been stored away. The story as told in Germany is an old one, and runs thus: "Many years ago a shoemaker, near Bamberg, sent his apprentice to get a bottle of Bamberg beer, which was sold at that place; but the boy not knowing this, went to the city itself. On returning he met an acquaintance of his, who told him that when he would come home his 'boss' would whip him for staying so long. The poor boy, who was frightened at this, thought it better not to go home at all, but took his bottle, buried it under a tree, and ran away. He went among the soldiers, where he distinguished himself, so that, in short, he became an officer. When one day his regiment was quartered in this small town, the officer thought proper to pay a visit to his old boss, but before he had got the bottle of beer, which he had buried some years before under the tree.—When he entered, he said—'Well, sir, here I bring you your bottle of Bamberg beer that you sent me for.' The shoemaker, not knowing what this meant, was told by the officer all about it. The bottle was then opened, and the beer was found to be of superior quality. When this fact was known, some of the brewers built deep vaults, where they put their beer, and called it, after it had laid there some time, *lager*, which meant nothing more than lying. The officer afterwards married the daughter of the shoemaker, and drank a good deal of lager bier, receiving in that occupation the assistance of his friends.

**Potatoes.**

One of the principal causes of the risk attending the farmer's labor, is found in the uncertainty of his crops. So it has been the practice of wise farmers to divide their labors up into a variety of products, and thus to lessen the risk upon any one. At the same time they have taken the greatest care to provide themselves with the best of seed, at whatever price. And still, in spite of the better cultivation, more liberal manuring, and more intelligent selection of varieties, we hear continued complaints of failure, especially in regard to potatoes. Those among the *Ploughman's* Massachusetts readers who planted potatoes twenty-five years ago, know that there has been a complete change of varieties many times since then; a change oftener and oftener repeated as time goes on.

Twenty-five years ago an English white potato was planted for early use, a deep blue or calico for Winter use, and a long red for late Spring. They were all good potatoes, with a slight deduction for the seed end of the last, and they were planted year after year without failure of complaint. Then came the rot, with the destruction of the old varieties, and the necessity for new, to take their place.

First came the "Davis Seedling," a coarse, strong potato, which has contrived to survive our mismanagement, though occasionally failing; and the "Dover," a first-rate variety, long since dead. To them have succeeded numberless "White" and "Reds," "Garnets" and "Cuzcos," "Goodrich" and "Early Rose," with others still in the state of advertising at \$5 a pound, all of which have passed or are passing from "prime" to "fair," then to "not so good this year," and so to "worthless." Doubtless more than one of the thinking readers of the *Ploughman* has asked himself why it is that these potatoes will not bear replanting, as did the older varieties first named. The *Ploughman* will attempt to give a reasonable answer to the question, founded partly upon theory, partly upon experience—which is merely a theory wrought out in the ground.

A potato ripened, and newly dug from the ground is plump, mealy, and dry, nearly pure starch. If kept in the ground, below the frost, it does not sprout, but remains in this condition until warm weather. But if harvested and placed in the cellar, it soon begins to change. It becomes less mealy, is more heavy, and although it weighs less it is watery. The starch which made it light has disappeared, and has been changed by chemical action into sugar and water. The potato has ceased to be edible, and has become fit for supporting the new life that is about beginning. Then the shoots start and draw upon the tuber for their support.—(It is a curious fact that if the tuber, in growing, is exposed to the rays of the sun, the shoots start almost as soon as the potato is ripened.)

As the shoots push out further and begin to give out moisture, the tuber shrivels, and finally is nearly hollow, the whole of its interior having gone to the support of the new plant. At this time the roots given off where the shoot came out of the potato, strike off into the soil and prepare to support the life of the shoot. We notice, also, that when a potato is cut for planting, the cut surface undergoes such a change after it is planted, that it does not change with the rest of the inside but becomes hard like the skin.

It would seem from these observations that the interior of the old plant is of vital importance to the new, when it is getting settled in the world, and that in the case of cutting especial pains is taken to preserve it from change or loss.

"But we have changed all that." We take the valuable seedling, cut it into as many pieces as there are eyes, plant each detached fragment, (half of which never would have pushed at all, naturally,) in a hot bed, or in a rich soil, raise one hundred pounds out of a stock that should have raised only six or eight, and when we have got the crop we divide that in the same manner.

This may be excellent physiology for the potato, but nowhere in the animal kingdom do we know such an exception to the rule that over breeding destroys the vitality of the offspring as well as the parent, and renders it liable to many and fatal defects.

Now for the fact in support of the theory. Three years ago, when the "Goodrich," cut to death, was passed by for the new favorite, which now is on the down hill side of potato life—three years ago we got of a neighbor forty "Early Rose,"

and planted them honestly, one in each hill, cutting them once when larger than a hen's egg, while he, believing that the great mistake of our fathers was in seeding too heavily, cut his after the new pattern. Our lands are hardly a pistol shot apart; we used the same kind of manure, even the same system of cultivation, and yet he tells me that his do not come out well this year, while mine "come up smiling." "One swallow does not make a Summer," nor does one fact prove a principle, but we hope that further experiment may settle the question as to the nature of that difficulty which renders it necessary for us to have a new kind of potato every three years.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

**A Mule Battery.**

Out in a certain western fort, some time ago, the major conceived the idea that artillery might be used effectively in fighting with the Indians by dispensing with gun-carriages and fastening the cannon upon backs of mules. So he explained his views to the commandant, and it was determined to try the experiment. A howitzer was selected and strapped upon an ambulance mule, with the muzzle pointing toward the tail. When they had secured the gun, and loaded it with ball-cartridge, they led that clam and steadfast mule out on the bluff and set up a target in the middle of the river to practice at. The rear of the mule was turned toward the target, and he was backed gently up to the edge of the bluff. The officers stood around in a semicircle, while the major went up and inserted a time fuse in the touch-hole of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready, the major lit it and retired. In a moment or two the hitherto unruffled mule heard the fizzing back there on his neck, and it made him uneasy. He reached his head around to ascertain what was going on, and, as he did so, his body turned and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited, and his curiosity grew more and more intense, and in a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions a minute, and the howitzer, understanding, threatening sudden death to every man within half a mile. The commandant was observed to climb suddenly up a tree; the lieutenants were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care at all about the high price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time toward the fort; the sergeant began to throw up breastworks with his bayonet, and the major rolled over the ground and groaned. In two or three minutes there was a puff of smoke, a dull heavy thud, and the mule—oh! where was he? A solitary jackass might have been seen turning successive somersaults over the bluff, only to rest at anchor, finally, with the howitzer at the bottom of the river, while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney in the major's quarters, rattled the *adobe* bricks down into the parlor, and frightened the major's wife into convulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the results of the experiment was ever sent to the War Department.—*John Phenic.*

**Work for the Season.**

Be ready to start the plow on sod ground as soon as possible after the frost is out of the ground.

Draw out manure as fast as made, and if possible on snow, as much of the labor of loading is avoided.

See that the "spiles" are made and buckets or troughs provided for sugar making so as to take advantage of the "first run," which is now days about the only "run" we get.

A little extra care and feed to stock thin in flesh, from this time till pasture comes, will prove a good investment.

Look over the farm implements and see that they are ready for use now, and save time when you are ready to use them.

Split and bore fence caps, and sharpen stakes to fix fences as soon as the frost leaves the ground. The stake and cap fence is becoming more popular every day.

An awful warning here is for Doctors. We read that the measles have of late grievously afflicted the Ute Indians. The more the Medicine Man of the tribe drummed and danced and went through all manner of incantations, the greater grew the mortality; until the bereaved kinsmen of the deceased led the M. M. to a convenient place and shot him. If we should adopt that system, what a fiasco would be kept up!