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WILLIAM S. REES,

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D. R. J. LANTZ,

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist.

Still has his office on Main Street, in the second story of Dr. S. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House, and he flatters himself that by eighteen years constant practice and the most 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.

D. R. J. H. SHULL,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office 1st door above Stroudsburg House, residence 1st door above Post Office. M., from 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. [May 3 73-ly.]

D. R. GEO. W. JACKSON,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER.

In the office of Dr. A. Rees. Jackson, residence, corner of Sarah and Franklin street. STROUDSBURG, PA. August 8, 1872-4.

D. R. H. J. PATTERSON,

OPERATING AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.

Having located in East Stroudsburg, Pa., announces that he is now prepared to insert artificial teeth in the most beautiful and life-like manner. Also, great attention given to filling and preserving the natural teeth. Teeth extracted without pain by use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. All other work incident to the profession done in the most skillful and approved style. All work attended to promptly and warranted. Charges reasonable. Patronage of the public solicited.

D. R. 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 31-4

JAMES H. WALTON,

Attorney at Law,

Office in the building formerly occupied by E. M. Barson, and opposite the Stroudsburg Bank, Main street, Stroudsburg, Pa. Jan 13-4

AMERICAN HOTEL.

The subscriber would inform the public that he has leased the house formerly kept by Jacob Knecht, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, Pa., and having repainted and refurbished the same, is prepared to entertain all who may patronize him. It is the aim of the proprietor, to furnish superior accommodations at moderate rates and will spare no pains to promote the comfort of the guests. A liberal share of public patronage solicited. April 17, '72-4.

KIPPLE HOUSE,

HONESDALE, PA.

Most central location of any Hotel in town.

R. W. KIPPLE & SON, Proprietors. 100 Main street. January 9, 1873.—ly.

LACKAWANNA HOUSE.

OPPOSITE THE DEPOT, East Stroudsburg, Pa.

B. J. VAN COTT, Proprietor.

The bar contains the choicest liquors and a TABLE is supplied with the best market goods. Charges moderate. [May 3 1872-4]

WATSON'S Mount Vernon House,

117 and 119 North Second St. ABOVE ARCH, PHILADELPHIA. May 30, 1872—ly.

EV. 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. No. 21. 1867.] W. HOLLINSHEAD.

WATER-SPOUT.

Great Destruction of Property.

The Allentown Chronicle says: Of all the severe rains known to the oldest inhabitants in Lehigh County, that of Tuesday afternoon from about a quarter past three o'clock till a quarter past five, was the most copious. To those who were in the hardest part of the rain it was an entirely new and wonderful experience and their concurring verdict is, "I never saw anything like it before." It is somewhat remarkable that the very hard rain only visited a semi-circular belt of territory about a mile and a half wide, from four to six miles to the southeast of this city, leaving Allentown with only a usual summer rain. Below we have noted results as far as it was possible to gather them.

An eye witness describes the effect of the rain at Guthsville, for two hours, as a deluging of the village. The streets were a stream of water two or three feet deep, the cellars of the houses were flooded and in several instances the first floors were overflowed. Fences were torn down and washed away, out houses displaced, gardens and shrubbery destroyed and the ground from the street washed out leaving considerable gulches and excavations. The unimportant and nameless brook flowing through the village, was swollen into a broad stream. Mr. Joseph Guth suffers a loss of about \$2,000, by his own estimate, in the washing of hides out of all the vats in his tannery, and the general devastation of his premises. The roads between Guthsville and Allentown with in two miles of the former place are washed out to a great extent in various places, and will have to be repaired at a considerable expense.

At the stone quarries of Mr. Ephraim Siegler, near Siegersville, the force of the flood washed stones and debris, from the quarries into the road running by, to the thickness of from two to three feet and the distance of a block and half. The water pouring into the quarries resembled according to the statement of one who was present, a small Niagara. Near the house of Mr. Nathan Siegler, a portion of road that had been macadamized was washed out so that it will have to be thoroughly made over.

At half past five o'clock Tuesday afternoon, the water was so high in Cedar Creek that the road between Griesemer's tavern and the mill this side, was impassable. The fences are down on both sides of the road between the stone bridge and the mill. At twelve o'clock Tuesday night the waters had subsided, and the creek was down to nearly its usual proportion. In the afternoon between five and six o'clock, Hiram J. Schantz, Esq., stood above his mill at the head of Cedar Creek, and without any apparent cause he was turned around twice by some invisible force. What it was he can not divine, for he felt no wind. A moment after he noticed a body of water five or six feet high rushing towards the mill from above, coming from a direction where no creek ran, and which was the water of a water-spout which it is said descended near Crackersport, and rushed across the fields carrying fences before it. He ran to the mill and notified the hands to open the gates which was done. A culvert under the road to convey the water to the mill was washed away and about one half of the saw-mill, including the water wheel, was destroyed. In the house the water covered the lower floor, soaking the carpets. The beautiful yard attached is completely ruined, logs and lumber were washed away, and the total loss to Mr. Schantz will reach \$5,000.

The damage to the Poor House property is incalculable, the fence being the only thing which suffered.

All the plank bridges along the stream are gone, and Mr. B. J. Hagenbuck, who was out there this morning, describes the scene as frightful.

Solomon Griesemer's loss will be about \$550. The loss to the tannery of Wm. S. Young, Esq., is not of much account, the new building having been a great protection from the flood. The tannery, however, suffered some damage from the overflowing of rats.

The store at Chapman's Station was flooded and sheds were washed away. The goods in the store were also somewhat damaged.

Where persons build along rivers or large creeks, they have to expect damage sometimes from the rise of the water, but where, on ground away from all water courses, the people are at only a moment's notice subjected to the ravages of torrents of rushing water, as was the case yesterday, the danger extends to those on high lands as well as those along the streams and the question where it is safe to build becomes one which it is impossible to decide.

Mr. Dorney, who has at great expense constructed 6-h weirs along the Cedar Creek, is also a heavy sufferer by the rain. His ponds were overflowed and in some instances destroyed, and his valuable trout are gone to stock the streams confluent with the Cedar Creek. Mr. Dorney's loss will amount to about \$3,000.—On the right hand side of the road as the fish ponds are approached, the ponds of Mr. Wm. Dorney, in which the big trout were kept, are entirely swept away.

Mr. Roth, the farmer on Mr. Jesse Line's place along the Cedar Creek, was crossing that stream with a companion at the time the ran of water came, and they were obliged to rush for the nearest tree, upon which they were obliged to stay for

about three quarters of an hour. Various articles from the farm were swept away and lost.

Mr. Frank Noll, who sells milk in Allentown, and who lives near Dorney's destroyed fish weir, lost his horse, milk wagon, clothing and various other goods by the flood. The water entered his house, swept away his stable, and played general havoc on the premises. The horse was drowned and the wagon broken to pieces.

A Chinese Dinner.

Hang Yang, a merchant, who was a superior man, and to whom my husband had become quite attached (writes an English lady from Hong Kong), one day invited him to call at his house and take a meal, a great honor, and finding it would be agreeable, included me in the invitation. He sent two sedachairs for us. When we arrived we were ushered into the reception room; there were raised seats running around the sides, made of beautiful bamboo, and many chairs standing at intervals about the room. Elegant little tables supported vases of beautiful porcelain, and hideous monsters of soapstone were in the corners. A profusion of bows passed, and I was taken into an inner room, where sat Madame Hang Yang before a little box filled with drawers, like the little Chinese cabinets. She had not quite completed her toilet arrangements, but she bowed and smiled as I entered the room, pointing to a chair and keeping on with her operations, about which there is no secrecy. She was very good looking, but was painted the thickest white I had ever seen, and her teeth stained black with betel-nut—as is the custom when married. Her attendant hair-dresser, who had just finished her performance, stood by to take the little brushes from the hands of her mistress and replace them in the drawers when she had finished. Her hair was jet black, and was very much greased, was plaited and rolled up in masses upon the back of her head, and stuck full of jewelled pins and flowers made of bright colored paper, also silver and gold. She wore a gay flowered robe, with hanging sleeves, and her arms were adorned with bracelets of heavy gold. As she spoke no English, and I spoke no Chinese, we looked at each other in a smiling fashion, nodded and bowed. We sat together at table upon seats of cane, and her two children were also at table, and were as decorous in behavior as people of twelve and fourteen years of age with us. First sweetmeats were brought; then hot wine, in lovely tiny porcelain cups; then cups of a larger size, with a pinch of tea in the bottom of each, upon which hot water was poured, which is the way Chinese tea is made; thus one gets the flavor and none of the bitterness. Then boiled rice, and some kind of food cut in mouthfuls. Chop sticks were laid by each plate, and I found my husband was nearly as dexterous in their use as his host. I labored heavily with mine, and made many ineffectual attempts at spearing morsels swimming about in my plate, not daring to sit quiet or decline anything, for fear of being impolite. Little squares of soft-colored paper, edged with gilt, were placed by each plate as napkins. Lastly, we finished with a famous bird's-nest soup. After dinner, towels dipped in hot water, were passed around upon trays for us to wipe our mouths and hands upon.

A True Story.

Not many years ago, in the quiet village of C—, situated amid the blue hills of our sister State, New Jersey, there resided a rather ancient dame, to whom Madam Rumor, as well as old Probabilities, gave the credit of being rather a doubtful character. Now, it was the especial delight of this matron to attend the village church, where she rendered herself quite disagreeable to the good brothers and sisters by shouting during the services, telling her experiences, &c., &c.

Finally proceedings as well as herself were decided to be a nuisance, and it was resolved that at her next performance, Madam should be removed from the congregation.

Accordingly a committee was appointed to attend to the matter at her next appearance. The day at length came around, the little church was crowded, and her ladyship was in the midst; the service was opened, the good minister had scarcely prefaced his discourse, when the amens and glories began to be heard as usual. The pastor suddenly stopped his discourse, all was still, two of the brethren arose and went directly to the seat of our venerable shouter, and taking hold of each side of her ladyship they lifted her up and started for the door; just before reaching it, however, the venerable maid began calling out at the top of her voice: "Oh! Oh! Oh! Glory! Glory! I am better off than my Lord! He rode upon one Ass, but I ride upon Two."

The consternation which followed may be better imagined than described. The two brethren dropped their burden on the floor, and walked out of the church, amid roars of laughter; while the heroine returned to her seat to be disturbed no more.

A Greenville man wagered that he could drink a keg—four gallons of beer. After surrounding the most of it, he weakened and threw up the bet—and the beer.

Some Ancients.

BY SELIM.

Here are "some ancients"—look at them—seem well their character, and, perhaps, you may find something which will serve to point a moral, or something like that.

Tarquinius Superbus was a noble Roman, and might have been a very superb fellow, in his way, but I greatly doubt if he would have made much of a "short stop" for a professional "nine," or would have had the moral courage to refuse his back pay as Congressman. He secured the job of King by having his father-in-law, the former King, brutally murdered, "and still he was not happy!"

Tarquinius was much given to dreams and nightmares. Frequently there appeared to him, in his slumbers, a hybrid picture of rams, and vultures, and snakes, doubt less conjured up by a guilty conscience, or an impaired digestion. Often he would wake up in the middle of the night, and yell for his attendants to take the public buildings off his chest. He was a selfish, tyrannical sort of a chap, and was finally banished by the people, who rode him on a rail outside the city walls, where he managed to gain a precarious living by a close personal application to the retail peanut trade, "and still he was not happy!"

Mutius Scaevola was a geranium plucked from a different bush. Although in his character we see much to admire and commend, yet we can scarcely point to him as a pattern for the educated readers of this enlightened journal to copy after. Still, in the moral scale, he rated considerably above Mr. Tarquin. The following true story is related of Scaevola:

Once, when Rome was besieged by the Etruscans, under the leadership of King Porsenna, and when the besieged were reduced almost to starvation, being compelled to subsist on St. John's bread, and desiccated oyster shells, Mutius, with the approbation of the Senate, undertook to slay Porsenna. Slowly and quietly, at dead of night, he crept into the Etruscan camp, and with tomahawk, cleft the skull, not of Porsenna—no—some other fellow happened to be standing around, and received the blow. Scaevola thought it was the King, but it proved to be a sutler, or a corporal, or some inferior rat of that kind. So "Pors" cleared his skirts, but "Mutie"—poor Mutie! He was in a bad fix. They had him sure, and threatened him with torture; but he didn't care a toss, but just smiled a smile, and exclaiming, "I'm sick, send for McGinnis," thrust his hand into the fire, where he held it until it was consumed. This exhibition of pluck so delighted the King, that he gave Scaevola his life and liberty. He at once returned to Rome, told the folks all about it, and to this day, he may be seen manipulating a hand organ in the vicinity of the forum.

Cincinnatus was a blooming flower in the hot-bed of Roman wickedness, an honest, simple minded, patriotic and able man. He it was who saved the Roman army when surrounded in a defile by the hostile Aquinians. The Senate chose him dictator, and sent a committee of ten, consisting of three lieters, and another near-sighted girl, to inform him of the fact. They found him in a field hoeing ruta bagas. Being informed of his election, he evinced no hilarious emotion, but just put on his duster, and dusted for Rome. He soon raised an army of "a hundred days' men," surrounded the encourders, and took the entire force prisoners, thus accomplishing the deliverance of his country. In sixteen days from the time he put on the duster in the turnip field, he again doffed it, and retired to private life, and the enjoyment of agricultural and literary pursuits. He wrote several books on agriculture and kindred matters, the most prominent of which were "Cincinnatus on the Mushroom," and "What I know about Plums."

Nero was a cruel and ungrateful viper, as would any fellow deserve to be called who would cause his mother to be put to death, and his prime minister to be poisoned. He was guilty of all kinds of crimes and excesses, and played on the harp or lyre, or something like an angel. By his orders, fires were started in various portions of the "Eternal City," which resulted in a general conflagration, lasting nine days. Then Nero was in his element, for he was foreman of No. 6 machine, and loved to see her squirt. He sat on a fire plug, and yelled out words of encouragement to the "boys," such as "go it my lads," "shake 'er," "lively now," etc., etc. Then, by way of a subtle joke, he circulated a report that it was the Christians who fired the city, and they were, in consequence, mercilessly persecuted, hunted down by wild beasts, and brutally butchered in the arena; some even were encased in inflammable garments and set fire to, and made to serve as torches to light the Emperor's garden by night. This is supposed to have been the origin of Roman candles. No more ancients.—Sunday Times.

A farmer of Rochester, N. Y., had the wheat from twenty one acres of land threshed last week, and found the yield to be over forty bushels per acre, the aggregate amounting to eight hundred and sixty-three bushels. This sounds something like old times, when the Genesee Valley was the finest wheat producing in the country.

Respect for the Law in Vienna.

Mr. Fulton, writing to the Baltimore American says: We have before alluded to the universal respect for law, and for the officers of the law, which is maintained throughout Austria. To resist an officer of the law, as we before stated, is regarded as a most heinous offence, not against the man, but against the majesty of the law. Such an offence as that of attacking a member of City Council as he came from the Council Chamber, as recently occurred in Baltimore, would have given the offender imprisonment for life at hard labor. A case has recently occurred here in Vienna illustrative of this sentiment which I will relate for the benefit of Judge Gilmer, and all other judges who may have in charge the trial and sentence of parties guilty of such offences.

Since the commencement of the Exposition several mounted police have been stationed at the head of the Praterstrasse to carry out the published regulations with regard to carriages coming from and going to the Prater. A few weeks since the young Baron Von Heine dashed along with his team of spirited horses, and was halted by the police and directed to proceed on the other side of the streets. He was indignant at the interruption, gave the whip to his horses and drove on, but was soon interrupted by two other police, when he again applied his whip to both horses and the police. He was immediately dragged from his seat and sent to the station, where he presented his card and was allowed to depart. A trial was, however, ordered, and he has been sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment at hard labor, and to forfeit his title of Baron with all its rights and privileges. He is now in jail waiting the result of an appeal to the Supreme Court, which has the power to modify the punishment, but cannot restore him to his title. This can only be done by the Emperor, and not even by him until the expiration of five years. So it will be seen that neither money nor station is an exemption to those who violate law or resist an officer in the performance of his duty. Baron Von Heine is a nephew of the celebrated German poet, Heinrich Heine and his father a millionaire, being also the editor and proprietor of the *Freuden Blatt*, one of the leading papers of Vienna. It is thought that the Court will reduce the time of imprisonment to six months, but the general verdict will be approved.

Oil of Vitriol for Weeds.

A correspondent of the *Journal Horticulture* recommends the use of oil of vitriol for destroying such hardy weeds as plantains and thistles, on a law or along fences. It is much more effectual and expeditious than salt. We condense the following extract:

"Take an old blacking bottle, with a wire round it to carry it by, and a stick to dip with. The stick should not be pointed, but should be notched around for an inch or two at the end, the better to hold the liquid. Just one drop quite in the heart of the plantain is sufficient to cause death, and the notched stick will contain at one dip enough to destroy three or four plants. If the acid is good work or death can be both seen and heard, for the the vitriol hisses, and it burns up the plantain in a moment. A row of plantains a foot wide spring up on a lawn here where an iron fence formerly ran. The owner, seeing at a place where he visited the good effect of vitriol, put the hint in practice. The plantains were killed in an hour, and have never appeared again. It is three years ago, and it is impossible to recognize the line of the fence; it completely burned the roots out. I have tried it on large dandelions with the same result. One of the young gentlemen here amused himself by hunting out the longest thistles he could find to experiment on; the vitriol completely killed them by eating the roots out. Care is required that it does not touch the skin, boots or clothes; it is not safe in the hands of children, but a man or woman with ten minutes practice can kill plantains much more quickly than any lad can eat gooseberries."

The Meanest Man.

Some gentlemen were talking about meanness, when one said that he knew a man on Lexington Avenue who was the meanest man in New York.

"How mean is that?" asked a friend.

"Why he is so mean that he keeps a five cent piece with a string tied to it to give to beggars, and when their backs are turned, he jerks it out of their pockets."

"Why this man is so mean," said the gentleman, "that he gave his children ten cents a piece the night before the 4th of July, but during the night, when they were asleep, he went up stairs and took the money out of their pockets, and then whipped them in the morning for loosing it!"

"Does he do anything else?"

"Yes! The other day I dined with him, and I noticed the poor little servant girl whistled gaily all the way up stairs with the dessert, and when I asked my generous friend what made her whistle so happily, he said: 'Why, I keep her whistling so she can't eat the raisins out of the cake!'"

The Great Slate Centre of Pennsylvania.

A Correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, writing from Slatington, says: The slate business is rather brisker than usual this season especially here at Slatington, the chief slate quarrying, mining and manufacturing district in the country. Here are located the quarries and works of the American, the Lehigh, the Girard, the Riverside, the Franklin H. Williams and other companies, all of which are in a prosperous condition.—The slate formation of this region—the quality of slate being of various grades of hardness—peculiarly adapts it for the various purposes for which slate is used. The larger veins are of the best roofing slate material in the country, while the smaller veins, of a softer nature, are not so well adapted for roofing purposes, and are used for mantels, blackboards, school slates, etc. The paving slate, manufactured from the large veins here found, is superior to that of any other locality, both in quality and appearance. Much enterprise is here manifested among slate men, and the different companies are engaged in extending their works in order to accommodate the extensive trade which the business here has established. The American Slate Company is increasing its capital to \$400,000 for the purpose of enlarging its already extensive works, and for building a large number of houses to accommodate its laborers. This great quarrying and mining district is highly favored with railroad and water transportation facilities, nearly all the large companies having branches laid on their premises from the main road. Slatington is the terminus of the Berks County Railroad, which is an extension of the Wilmington & Reading Railroad, thus enabling operations here to ship directly south.

OAT MEAL IN DRINKS.

A year or two ago we presented some sentiments regarding the use of oat meal in water as a beverage. We find a reproduction of a commendation of the preparation in another journal. The editor says:

"Last summer we attended a field trial of ploughs, and for drink in the field we had buckets of cold water with oat meal stirred in, which we found to be both victuals and drink and mighty refreshing."

The *Medical Journal of Edinburg* says that "in its raw state," when it is mixed up with water, it is becoming a favorite dish. The brose of "Auld Scotland" is becoming a favorite dish—and we are glad to note this, because it to be a healthy and muscle forming commodity—by the hunters and trappers of the West, who are substituting oat meal in this form for parched and Indian corn. The same brawny fellows—whose scorn of fatigue is known to all readers of travel and natural history—have found out that a very acceptable drink is made by putting about two tea spoonfuls of oat meal to a tumbler of water. This they, the hunters and trappers—aver to be the best drink they can use, and it is at once nourishing, stimulating and satisfying."

Keep Out of Debt.

Half the perplexity, annoyance and trouble that men have in this world is in consequence of getting into debt. It seems to be natural for some people to buy and incur obligations without measure so long as they can avoid paying away ready cash. Give one of this sort a chance to buy on credit, and question of payment is a matter that he cares but little about. But what crop of trouble springs up from the seed of debt. How many gray hairs it brings, and how it shortens life; sometimes leading men to commit suicide or murder. And yet how easy it is to keep clear of this terrible monster. Every young man should form a fixed and unalterable determination, before commencing his active business career, not to incur one penny of indebtedness under any circumstances. Never buy anything unless you have the money to pay for it at once. Pay no attention to the "splendid opportunities," "rare chances," "bargains," "bargains," and the like. Such are only traps set to catch victims. If you see anything that you would like to accept look first at your money piles, and make the answer depend on that. Always pay as you go. If you are short of money, gauge your demands accordingly.

Trapping Tigers.

A writer in the London Times tells how they trap tigers in India, and describes the trap in use in some parts of the country. Strong posts are fixed in the ground so as to form a circle of palisades ten or twelve feet in diameter. Another larger circle is formed in the same way outside the other, leaving a space of a foot and a half between the two. In the outer circle a small door is made of a width equal to the space within the circles. A goat or a calf is tied to a post in the centre and the door is opened, so that it stands across the space between the circles. The tiger comes and walks round the outer circle till he finds the entrance. He enters and walks around the space till he meets the open door, which he pushes back into its place. The space is too narrow for him to turn round or exert his great strength, and he continues to walk round and round till morning, when he is easily killed, and the bait extricated unharmed.