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June 16, 1859.—1y.

**The Girls and the Wives.**  
Some body has written the following about the girls, and set it afloat:—  
God bless the girls,  
Whose golden curls  
Blend with our evening dreams.  
They haunt our lives  
Like spirit wives,  
Or—as naiads haunt the streams.  
They soothe our pains,  
They fill our brains  
With dreams of summer hours;  
God bless the girls,  
God bless their curls,  
God bless our human flowers.

The wives, we think, are quite as deserving of a blessing as the girls; therefore, we submit the following:—  
God bless the wives,  
They fill our lives  
With little bees and honey;  
They ease life's shocks,  
They mend our socks,  
But—don't they spend the money?  
When we are sick  
They heal us quick—  
That is, if they should love us;  
If not, we die,  
And yet they cry,  
And place tombstones above us.  
Of roguish girls,  
With sunny curls,  
We may in fancy dream;  
But wives—true wives—  
Throughout our lives,  
Are everything they seem.

**Wouldn't Own Up.**  
Joe Stetson was a wild, frolicking fellow, who spent most of his time in drinking and speering, while his wife Polly, was left at home to do the chores. Upon a certain occasion Joe left home to be back as he said, that night. Night came, but Joe, didn't. The next day passed, but about sunset Joe came up in the worst condition imaginable—his clothes dirty and torn, one eye in deep mourning, and his face presenting more the appearance of a piece of raw beef than anything else. Polly met him at the door, and noticing his appearance, exclaimed:—  
"Why, Joe, what in the world is the matter?"  
"Polly," said Joe, "do you know long Jim Andrew? Well, him and me had a fight."  
"Who whipped, Joe?" asked Polly.  
"Polly, we had the hardest fight you ever did see. I bit him and he bit me, and then we clinched. Polly, ain't supper most ready? I ain't had nothing to eat since yesterday mornin'.  
"But tell me who whipped, Joe?" asked Polly.  
"Polly," replied Joe, "I tell yer you never did see such a fight as him and me had. When he clinched me I jerked loose from him, and then gin him three or four of the most sufficient licks yer ever heard of. Polly, ain't supper most ready? I'm nearly starved."  
"Do tell me who whipped, will you?" continued Polly.  
"Polly," said Joe, "you don't know nothing about fightin'. I tell yer we fought like tigers, we rolled, and we rolled, and we tumbled—first him on top—and then the boys would pat me on the shoulder, and holler, 'Oh, my! Stetson!' We gouged, and bit, and tore up the dirt in Seth Runnel's grocery yard was nor two wild bulls. Polly, ain't supper ready? I'm very hungry."  
"Joe Stetson!" said Polly, in a tone bristling with anger, "will you tell me who whipped?"  
"Polly," said Joe, drawing a long sigh, "I hollered!"  
Some years ago a druggist used to be great on stunning advertisements of wonderful panaceas that would cure anything, "from the Aurora Borealis to a pimple." One Sunday morning the good druggist saw suspended over the door of his place a large blacksnake, to which was appended a placard that read thus:—"This worm was removed from a child four years of age, by two doses of Comstock's Vermifuge."

## Thrilling Episode in the Life of "Abe Lincoln."

Correspondence of the Cleveland Leader.  
As a Western man, I wish to give vent to my enthusiasm over the nomination of the Hon. Abraham Lincoln for President of the United States. Mr. Lincoln, or "Old Abe," as his friends familiarly call him, is a self-made man. A Kentuckian by birth, he emigrated to Illinois in his boyhood, where he earned his living at the anvil, devoting his leisure hours to study. Having chosen the law as his future calling, he devoted himself assiduously to his mastery, contending at every step with adverse fortune. During this period of study, he for sometime found a home under the hospitable roof of one Armstrong, a farmer who lived in a log house some eight miles from the village of Petersburg, Menard County. Here, clad in homespun, with elbows out, and knees covered with patches, young Lincoln would master his lessons by the fire-light of the cabin, and then walk to town for the purpose of recitation. This man Armstrong was himself poor, but he saw the genius struggling in the young student and opened to him his rude home, and bid him welcome to his coarse fare. How Lincoln graduated with promise, how he has more than fulfilled that promise, how honorably he acquitted himself alike on the battlefield, in defending our border settlements against the ravages of savage foes, and in the halls of our national legislature, are matters of history, and need no repetition here. But one little incident of a more private nature, standing as it does as a sort of sequel to some things already alluded to, I deem worthy of record. Some few years since the oldest son of Mr. Lincoln's old friend Armstrong, the chief support of his widowed mother—the good old man having some time previously passed from earth—was arrested on the charge of murder. A young man had been killed during a riotous melee, in the night time, at a campmeeting, and one of his associates stated that the death wound was inflicted by young Armstrong. A preliminary examination was gone into, at which the accused testified so positively that there seemed no doubt of the guilt of the prisoner, and therefore he was held for trial. As is too often the case, the bloody act caused an undue degree of excitement in the public mind.—Every improper incident in the life of the prisoner—each act which bore the least semblance of rowdiness—each school-boy quarrel—was suddenly remembered and magnified, until they pictured him as a fiend of the most horrid hue. As these rumors spread abroad, they were received as gospel truth, and a feverish desire for vengeance seized upon the infuriated populace, while only prison-bars prevented a horrible death at the hands of a mob. The events were heralded in the county papers, painted in the highest colors, accompanied by rejoicing over the certainty of punishment being meted out to the guilty party. The prisoner, overwhelmed by the circumstances under which he found himself placed, fell into a melancholy condition, bordering upon despair; and the widowed mother, looking through her tears, saw no cause for hope from earthly aid.  
At this juncture, the widow received a letter from Mr. Lincoln, volunteering his services in an effort to save the youth from the impending stroke. Gladly was his aid accepted, although it seemed impossible for even his sagacity to prevail in such a desperate case; but the heart of the attorney was in his work, and he set about it with a will that knew no such word as fail. Feeling that the poisoned condition of the public mind was such as to preclude the possibility of impaneling an impartial jury in the Court having jurisdiction, he procured a change of venue, and a postponement of the trial. He then went studiously to work unraveling the history of the case, and satisfied himself that his client was the victim of malice, and that the statements of the accuser were a tissue of falsehoods. When the trial was called on, the prisoner, pale and emaciated, with hopelessness written on every feature, and accompanied by his half-hoping, half-despairing mother—whose only hope was in a mother's belief of her son's innocence, in the justice of the God she worshipped, and in the noble counsel, who, without hope of fee or reward upon earth, had undertaken the cause—took his seat in the prisoner's box, and with a "stony firmness" listened to the reading of the indictment. Lincoln sat quietly by, while the large auditory looked on him as though wondering what he could say in defence of one whose guilt they regarded as certain. The examination of witnesses for the State was begun, and a well-arranged mass of evidence, circumstantial and positive, was introduced, which seemed to impale the prisoner beyond the possibility of extrication. The counsel for the defense propounded but few questions, and those of a character which excited no uneasiness on the part of the prosecutor—merely, in most cases, requiring the main witness to be definite as to time and place. When the evidence of the prosecution was ended, Lincoln introduced a few witnesses to remove some erroneous impressions in regard to the previous character of his client, who, though somewhat rowdyish, had never been known to commit a vicious act; and to show that a greater degree of ill-feeling existed between the accuser and the accused than the accused and the deceased. The prosecutor felt that the

case was a clear one, and his opening speech was brief and formal. Lincoln arose, while a deathly silence pervaded the vast audience, and in a clear but moderate tone began his argument. Slowly and carefully he reviewed the testimony, pointing out the hitherto unobserved discrepancies in the statements of the principal witness. That which had seemed plain and plausible he made to appear crooked as a serpent's path. The witness had stated that the affair took place at a certain hour in the evening, and that, by the aid of the brightly shining moon, he saw the prisoner inflict the death blow with a slung-shot. Mr. Lincoln showed that at the hour referred to, the moon had not yet appeared above the horizon, and consequently the whole tale was a fabrication. An almost instantaneous change seemed to have been wrought in the minds of his auditors, and the verdict of "not guilty" was at the end of every tongue. But the advocate was not content with this intellectual achievement.—His whole being had for months been bound up in this work of gratitude and mercy, and as the lava of the overburdened erater bursts from its imprisonment, so great thoughts and burning words leaped forth from the soul of the eloquent Lincoln. He drew a picture of the perjurer so horrid and ghastly that the accuser could sit under it no longer, but reeled and staggered from the Court-room, while the audience fancied they could see the brand upon his brow. Then in words of thrilling pathos, Lincoln appealed to the jurors as fathers of sons who might become fatherless, and as husbands of wives who might be widowed, to yield to no previous impressions, no ill-founded prejudice, but to do his client justice; and as he alluded to the debt of gratitude which he owed the boy's sire, tears were seen to fall from many eyes unused to weep. It was near night when he concluded by saying that, if justice were done—as he believed it would be—before the sun should set, it would shine upon his client a free man. The jury retired, and the Court adjourned for the day. Half an hour had not elapsed, when, as the officers of the Court and the volunteer attorney sat at the table of their hotel, a messenger announced that the jury had returned to their seats. All repaired immediately to the Court-house, and while the prisoner was being brought from the Jail, the Court-room was filled to overflowing with citizens of the town. When the prisoner and his mother entered, silence reigned as completely as though the house were empty. The foreman of the jury, in answer to the usual inquiry from the Court, delivered the verdict of "Not Guilty!" The widow dropped into the arms of her son, who lifted her up, and told her to look upon him as before—free and innocent. Then, with the words, "Where is Mr. Lincoln?" he rushed across the room and grasped the hand of his deliverer, while his heart was too full for utterance. Lincoln turned his eyes toward the West, where the sun still lingered in view, and then turning to the youth, said, "It is not yet sundown, and you are free." I confess that my cheeks were not wholly unwet by tears, and I turned from the affecting scene. As I cast a glance behind, I saw Abraham Lincoln obeying the divine injunction, by comforting the widowed and the fatherless. D.

## Beware of the Roosters.

Chicken fanciers who are in the habit of teasing a pet rooster at feeding time, should be made aware of the fact that the spurs often contain dangerous virus. We clip the following from an exchange:—  
"Recently as Mr. Harris, of Marblehead, Mass., was feeding his fowls, a well-grown cock suddenly flew at him and struck one of its spurs a short distance into his leg just below the knee. Mr. Harris thought nothing of the occurrence until a day or two afterwards, when he started to walk some distance from home, when he was seized with such a pain in his leg that he could not proceed and was obliged to be taken home in a wagon.—Since Tuesday night of last week, he has not been able to sleep a wink, and all the time he has lain in agonizing pains. On Thursday evening he became delirious, and all night continued crowing at the top of his voice. The sufferer has had the best medical aid, but nothing has tended to relieve his sufferings, and his case is now considered hopeless. Mr. Harris is a young man twenty years of age."

Reader, did you ever notice immediately after the "marriage bell," that the "obituary" notice followed? Typical of the wedding of happiness and grief in this life. The chants and songs and glees of merry ones to-day will be broken by wails to-morrow, for the sod will be piled on the breast of some we thought not so near the grave. We read who are married and wish them joy; a line below is the record of death, and we say mournfully, peace to their ashes. Sorrow treads on the heels of joy, songs are hushed by the footfall of death; laughs are broken rudely; voices, no matter how musical, are stilled in a moment—never again to be heard by living ones below.

## Science Aiding Justice.

The facts embodied in the following narration, in connection with a recent murder trial, show the value of scientific acquirements and are of exceeding interest to a large class of our readers:—  
A traveler was found dead in his bed, one morning, at a country tavern. His throat was cut at the side, the instrument having pierced the carotid artery; the victim had been for some time wasting away by disease. The landlord was one of the most influential and highly-esteemed persons in the neighborhood, was extensively and well connected, and had a large and interesting family. Having been seen very late at night passing through the hall into which the traveler's door opened, the suspicions of certain persons were aroused; and upon being taken into custody, a penknife was found in his pocket, with apparent blood stains on the large blade, and something similar on the ivory handle. The knife was placed in the hands of an expert physiological chemist, for examination. The stain was found to be of blood and not of iron rust or paint, as it contained albumen and animal fiber. The blood on the ivory handle contained a large amount of iron, that on the blade, comparatively little. As human blood contains ten times as much iron as that of animals, it seemed certain that the knife in question could not have entered a human body; still there was a doubt, because in slow disease there is a great deficit of iron in the blood, which deficit is a not unfrequent cause of death. But as the blood on the ivory handle had the full amount of iron for a man in vigorous health, it seemed to show that there were two different kinds of blood, one human certainly, the other possibly so. Hence another mode of inquiry was proposed. The blood of animals and men crystallizes, but in different forms—that of man represented by a perfect square lengthened cube, called prismatic; that of animals, by the cube, tetrahedral as several-sided hexagonal. This analysis entirely removed the doubts connected with the proceeding, for it demonstrated that the blood on the blade was that of a lower animal, and that on the handle was certainly human.

A third line of investigation was pursued. All the inner surfaces of the human body are covered with a glairy-looking fluid called "mucus," which is differently constituted, according to the part of the body from which it is taken. As observed through a microscope, that which is found about the upper part of the throat presents the appearance of a pavement of bricks or square pieces, hence it is called "tessellated." The mucus from some parts is conical, looking like a payment made of round pieces, flattened.—A third kind, coming from the intestines, seems hairy, ciliated, waving as the tops of long grass under the influence of the wind. Examining the blood on the handle which was now known to be that of a human being, it was found not to present the pavement-like appearance, but it did clearly show the wavy lines; it could not, therefore, have come from the throat, and as the traveler had no wound except that on the throat, and as the blood on the blade was clearly animal blood and not human, no part of the blood on the knife could have been that of the unfortunate traveler, and therefore the landlord was discharged, when he gave the following statement:—  
Some days before, while out hunting, he killed several squirrels, and stooped to cut a switch with a knob at the root, on which to string his game; the knife slipped as he cut upward, and it penetrated the abdomen. In his haste he wiped the knife clean with some leaves, closed the blade, and in attempting to put it into his pocket, it fell on the ground; he picked it up and directed his steps homeward. In a few minutes one of the squirrels slipped off; he pierced it through with his knife, struck it on the switch, and had not used the knife since. This was plausible, and he showed the wound, not yet entirely healed; but this could easily have been made to answer an object.—The physiologist therefore proposed as a mere matter of curious interest, to examine the blood on the blade and also that on the handle. That on the handle was wavy, ciliary, with the largest amount of iron, showing that it must have been from a man of robust health and the mucus from the abdomen is always ciliary and never tessellated. Again, the blood adhering to a knife penetrating a living body coagulates—that entering in a body already dead never does. The blood on the blade, already shown to be that of a mere animal, was now found to be incongruous. Hence, that on the blade was shown to be the blood of a mere animal already dead; that on the handle was the blood of a man in vigorous health, and could not have come from the throat, and almost certainly came from the abdomen. When the knife fell on the ground, the handle touched some of the leaves with which it had just been wiped. Thus the chain of evidence for the landlord's innocence was unbroken and perfect.—The real culprit was subsequently found, tried and executed, confessing his guilt.

It is certain that in the progressive march of science and art the unchangeable laws of nature will be better understood—correcting the errors and fallacies of human judgment; and the testimony of Science will thus aid Justice in forming her opinions and enabling her to give her decision with her eyes open.

## Japanese Industry.

The Japanese are industrious and ingenious people. Nearly all the useful metals are worked by them with great skill, especially iron, copper, gold, and silver; and they possess an art in the combination of metals for beauty and effect unknown to other people. Their sword blades are admirable. They also manufacture astronomical instruments, and clocks and watches, which are copied after European models, probably introduced by the Dutch. Their mirrors are metallic, and very beautiful. Their carpenter's and cabinet makers' tools are also equal to any of European manufacture. They are said to be very quick in observing any improvement introduced by foreigners, make themselves master of it, and copy it with skill and exactness. Their coinage is well stamped, as they are good die sinkers. In wood, no people work better, and in lacquering they excel the world. Other nations have attempted in vain to imitate and equal them, owing chiefly to the material necessary in preparing the wood, which is the gum of a tree known only to themselves, called the varnish tree. Occasionally specimens of their lacquer work, through the Dutch residents of Desima, have found their way to this country, but it is said the best samples are never sent out of the kingdom. They manufacture glass, both colored and uncolored; and their porcelain is both delicate and beautiful, beyond all rivalry. Paper they produce in abundance, and principally from the bark of the mulberry tree. It is of different qualities, and some of it is as soft and flexible as our cotton cloth, for which it might be mistaken, and is used for handkerchiefs and other domestic wants.—They make silk, the best of which is superior to that of China, and is said to be woven by criminals of high rank, who are confined upon a small unproductive island, deprived of their property, and made to support themselves by their labor. The exportation of these silks, it is said, is prohibited. As a substitute for cotton cloth, as before remarked, in the manufacture of which they have little skill, they use their coarse, spongy paper, which is quite as useful and durable. As they have no sheep or goats, the manufacture of woollens is unknown among them. Very little leather is produced in Japan, owing to the Buddhist superstition referred to in a former article, which makes those manufacturing or vending it outcasts from the rest of the population. It is never used for shoes or other coverings for the feet, such being made from plaited straw, for the lower classes; the nobility and dignitaries wear slippers made of fine rattan slips, neatly plaited. The ragged appearance of their feet frequently affords a ridiculous contrast to the splendor and richness of the other portions of their picturesque costume.—*N. Y. Express.*

## Saleratus.

Dr. Stevens says if ten pounds of sour dough were made into bread, in which was one ounce of saleratus to sweeten it, the carbonic acid to raise it would be separated, and the alkali (which is poison) left in the bread. A person in traveling through the western and Southern States, where they use an enormous quantity of potash in their corn bread and short cakes, and in the northwest where they make "mill-risings" and use an inordinate quantity of soda and pearlash, will find it is the uniform experience of physicians that their patients suffer from some acute and chronic irritation of the mucous tissues of the bowels, and it is almost impossible to raise the patient unless some one can give them yeast bread.

Every housewife knows how to make effervescent bread by the use of saleratus and cream of tartar. The gas which raises the bread by this method is generated by the same substances, and by the same means of effervescence is produced in what we call soda powders. It is a lazy way of making bread, and as it leaves the tartrate of soda and potash in the food, it should not be practiced by any wife or mother who desires to maintain the health of her family. Within the past ten years, we have had "baking powders," "self-raising flour," and many others, and ninety families in a hundred use some of these. The effect is the same as far as lightness is concerned, but foreign substances are added. Physicians know its pernicious and its dyspeptic tendencies.—*Scientific American.*

A cow belonging to John Iverson, of Onasco Village, Cayuga county, N. Y., gave birth to a calf having two distinct and well formed heads, four ears, and but one neck. The head branched off from the neck a few inches below the ears. Both mouths were perfectly formed and seemed to have the necessary apparatus for the mastication and disposal of food. The passage for food from the mouths, like the two heads, appeared to join in one where the heads joined the neck. Besides the malformation above noticed, the calf had four full formed hind legs. I was otherwise natural, having a body and too front legs in all respects similar to natural calves: it lived but a few moments after birth, as owing to its wonderful and unusual formation it became necessary to take it from the cow prematurely. Mr. Iverson has had it stuffed, and it is now preserved in all its deformity.

## The Judge's Saw Log.

In the village of W— lived a man who had once been Judge of the county, and was known all over the county by the name of Judge L—. He kept a store and saw-mill, and was always sure to have the best of a bargain on his side, by which means he gained a ample competence, and some did not hesitate to call him the "biggest rascal in the world."—He was very conceited, withal, and used to delight in bragging of his business capacity when one was near enough to listen. One rainy day, quite a number were seated around the stove in the store, and he began as usual, to tell of his great bargains, and finally wound up with, "Nobody ever cheated me, nor they can't neither."  
"Judge," said an old man in the company, "is'nt cheated you more'n you ever did me?"  
"How so?" asked the Judge.  
"If you'll promise you won't go to law about it, nor do nothing, I'll tell, or else I won't; you are too much of a law character for me."  
"Let's hear! let's hear!" cried half a dozen voices at once. "Well! I'll bear you out of it—go on."  
"I'll promise," said the Judge, "and treat in the bargain if you have."  
"Well do you remember that wagon you robbed me of?"  
"I never robbed you of any wagon, I only got my own!" exclaimed the Judge.  
"Well, I made up my mind to have it back, and—"  
"But you never did!" cried the Judge.  
"Yes I did, with interest, too!"  
"How!" thundered the now enraged Judge.  
"Well, you see, Judge, I sold you, one day, a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for a lot more. That log I stole off your pile, down by your mill, the night before, and the next day I sold it to you. That night I drew it back home, and sold it to you next day, and so I kept on until you bought your own log twenty-seven times!"  
"That's a lie!" cried the mad Judge, running to his book, and examining his log accounts, "you never sold me twenty-seven logs of the same measurement."  
"I know it," said the vendor of pine logs. "By drawing it back and forth, the end wore off, until it was only ten feet long—just fourteen feet shorter than it was the first time you bought it; and when it got so short, I drew it home and worked it up into shingles, and then I concluded I had got my money back—and in my pocket."  
The exclamation of the Judge was drowned in the shouts of the bystanders, and the log-drawer found the door without the promised treat. To see a mad man you have only to ask the Judge if he ever was shaved.

## An Irish Understanding.

"If I catch yees near my house again, I'll break your neck, ye rascals!" said one Irishman to another.  
"But you asked me yourself."  
"But I didn't ask yees to make love to my wife, you scoundrel."  
"I haven't made love to your wife; you are laboring under some mistake."  
"Don't tell me that now; didn't I see you wid my own eyes trying to come the blarney over her?"  
"But I tell you I didn't do any such thing; I don't care that for your wife," giving his fingers a snap at the words, "nor that."  
"Ye'es don't care for her, hey! She's as good a woman as you are, any day, ye dirty blackguard, and if ye'es speak disrespectful ur her, I'll be after tacin' ye better manners."

## A Knotty Question.

"Sally Jones, have you done the sum I set you?" "No, thir; I can't do it."  
"Can't do it! ashamed of you. Why, at your age I could do any sum that was set me. I hate that word 'can't'; for there is no sum that can't be done, I can tell you." "I think, thir, that I know a sum you can't thirer out." "Ha well, well, Sally, let's hear it." "It is thir, thir: If one apple cauthed the ruin of the whole human rath, how many thutch will it take to make a barrel of thwast thider, thir?" "Miss Sally Jones, you may turn to your parson lesson." "Yeth, thir."

## The Corn Grub.

The corn crop has several formidable enemies to contend with, and among them is the grub, which sometimes literally destroys whole fields and frequently damages the crop seriously. One of the best and most judicious remedies—perhaps the best ever suggested—is the application of salt as soon as the plant makes its appearance above ground, prepared and used in this way:—Take one quart common salt and three parts plaster or gypsum, and apply about a table-spoonful around each hill, and it will be found to be a sure protection. The mixture should not come in contact with the young plants as it may destroy them. This method has been tried over and over again by some of the best farmers of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New Jersey, and when properly applied has never failed to be perfectly successful.

The editor of the Louisville Journal advises young ladies to "remember that oranges are not apt to be pricked after being squeezed a few times."