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A MODEL WORSHIPPER.

"Tell me about the sermon, dear; Take off your shawl and hat, And come and sit beside me here! The text first—where was that?"

"Well, really, Auntie, I don't know, I have forgotten quite; I wish you could see Jane Munroe, She dresses like a fright!"

"Miss Lyman wore a splendid shawl, With that old, horrid bonnet, The very one she wore last Fall, And that old trimming on it."

"But Mrs. Deacon Jones had on One of the richest collars I ever saw, and her new dress Must have cost fifty dollars!"

"Strange what extravagance and waste Some people always show! Then Hattie Bell, what want of taste She dresses with, you know."

"The audience you remember, dear, If you do not the sermon; Which preacher do you like to hear, This one, or Mr. Herman?"

"Oh, I like Mr. Herman, for He's handsome, Aunt, you know; Then he's so graceful, and his teeth How splendidly they show!"

The Squire and his Wife.

The Squire had a friend to visit him on business, and was very much annoyed to be interrupted by his wife, who came to ask him what he wanted for dinner.

"Go away! let us alone!" impatiently said the Squire.

Business detained his friend till dinner time, and the Squire urged him to remain. The Squire was a generous provider, proud of his table; and he complacently escorted his friend to a seat. A little to the surprise of both, they saw nothing on the board but a huge dish of salad, which the good wife began quietly to serve up.

"My dear," said the Squire, "where are the meats?"

"There are none to-day," replied the lady.

"No meats! What is the name of poverty! The vegetables, then! Why don't you have the vegetables brought in?"

"You didn't order any vegetables," "Order—I didn't order anything!"—said the amazed Squire.

"You forget," coolly answered the housewife. "I asked what we should have and you said, 'Lettuce alone!' Here it is."

The friend burst into a laugh, and the Squire, after looking lurid and lugubrious a moment, joined in.

"Wife, I give it up. I owe you one. Here is the fifty dollars you wanted for that carpet, which I denied you." The Squire forked over. "Now let's have peace—and some dinner."

The good woman pocketed the paper, rang the bell, and a sumptuous repast of fish, poultry and vegetables were brought in.

A few days afterwards, the Squire remained working in his garden some time after the usual ten hour. His wife grew impatient of delay, and went to find him. His excuse, when she asked what he was waiting for, threw her into a flutter of excitement.

"Some one's to come to supper!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me!—I declare, you are the provokingest man!"

And without asking which of his friends was expected, she hastened to change her dress and "slick up" her hair for the occasion. This done, she came out and found the Squire seated at the table, reading his newspaper.

"Where's your company?" "I didn't expect any company," said the Squire.

"But you said you expected somebody to supper!" exclaimed the indignant wife.

"My dear, I said no such thing. You asked what I was waiting for and I said, 'Summons to come to supper'—that's what I said I was waiting for, my dear. And I came at once."

"And you have made me go and change my dress! Oh, I'll pay you for this!" "No matter about it, my dear. I owed you, remember, for that lettuce."

A Temperance Character.

Before Judge Stroud, some time ago, a deposition was read, in which was involved the reputation for sobriety of a citizen of another State. The deposition was carefully written by a lawyer, and gave explicit answers to the Commissioner before whom it was taken. To the question, "Does Blake drink liquor habitually?" the answer was, "only at camp meetings and similar festive occasions."

The Potatoes, they are small.

Over there, over there.—Old Song.

A GOOD DIALOGUE.

Mr. Smith—How is it, neighbor Jones, that your potatoes are so large and fine, while just over the fence, on similar soil, mine are as small as pullets' eggs, and precious few at that?

Mr. Jones—I managed this field with brains.

Mr. Smith—Pshaw! All the Cincinnati hog killers couldn't supply brains enough for this ten acre field.

Mr. Jones—I used human brains, of which there are plenty.

Mr. Smith—Nonsense—Now don't make fun of me because I'm unlucky, and Providence has sent you a good crop.

Mr. Jones—Providence helps those who help themselves. I used my own brains on this field.

Mr. Smith—So did I mine, and they are as good as anybody's.

Mr. Jones—Ah! There's the trouble. You know it all yourself: I don't, and so I get all the outside help I can. I've been collecting other men's brains for my land for twenty years, and you see one result in this crop.

Mr. Smith—Yes, I see the result, but I don't understand it.

Mr. Jones—Well, when we were here 20 years ago, I thought myself a good farmer, but I believed others had good ideas, too, and I made it my business to get at their thoughts; some I found in agricultural books and papers, others I picked up at the County Fairs, by asking how the big things were raised, and often I've got a good hint from a neighbor.

Mr. Smith—I've always been down on this "book farming," but your crops stagger me, they're real knock down arguments. I'm sick of the poor show I get for all my work, and am desperate enough to try any thing for improvement.

Mr. Jones—I'll give you my experience; it may aid you. About nineteen years ago I heard that some men who had been brought up on farms had clubbed together, and one of them was going to publish a paper, which should consist mainly of accounts of how different farmers cultivated various crops, and such like matters. I sent for the paper and have done so every year since, and now I have nineteen large volumes, every page of which I have read, a little at a time, and the whole has not cost the produce of a single acre.—Why I am astonished when I think over the ten thousand thoughts, and hints, and suggestions I have thus gathered. What a blank would be left in my head, if these thoughts were taken away.

Mr. Smith—but does the practice of farmers on other kinds of soil and with a different climate, suit your wants?

Mr. Jones—Why no, not exactly; perhaps. But then, every thought I get from another, starts a new thought in my own mind, and thus I am constantly improving my own skill and practice. You see, I get all the brains I can from other men's heads, and compost them well in my own head with a mixture of common sense, and then make the application to my fields.—In that way, I have measured this crop of potatoes with plenty of brains. The editor called here last week on his Western tour among farmers, and seeing my good crops, he asked me to write out just how I have treated this field for years past, and I promised to do it as soon as my crops are gathered. He will probably print it, as he constantly prints all such practical matters, and perhaps a hundred thousand persons will read it; and though nobody else may do just as I do, many will get a new hint, and improve upon it. You may read it if you will.

Mr. Smith—I would like to borrow your paper.

Mr. Jones—Better take it yourself, for then you will be more likely to read it.—You will find hundreds of plain talks about various kinds of crops, during a single year. One hint gave five bushels of corn on each acre of a large field in a single year.

Mr. Smith—I can't afford to take it this year.

Mr. Jones—You would think nothing of spending two cents a week for extra tobacco, or a cigar, or candy, and that's all the paper will cost. How little a week it costs to supply yourself and family with a large amount of information through any good paper.

Mr. Smith—What are the politics of that paper?

Mr. Jones—It doesn't touch politics. It is devoted to such subjects as—Field and Garden crops, Animals, etc., and has besides, a good deal about Woman's Work, which wife says is worth more than ten times the few pounds of butter it costs to pay for the paper. Then there is also a department for the young folks containing many things which please the children—not mere trashy stuff, such as is too often printed for them, but information that will have a good influence on them. I

would sell a dozen bushels of wheat to have my young people get the good reading in that paper, but the average price of one bushel will pay for it a year. My John says he can pay for it easy with the eggs from two or three hens. If I was a mechanic or merchant and had only a little garden, I should take the paper to tell me how to make the best use of the little plot; and if I had not a foot of land, I should still want it for my wife and children.

Mr. Smith—Does the editor know any thing about farming?

Mr. Jones—The editor who owns and publishes the paper was brought up on a farm, where he learned to work. He has studied all the books on farming, and experimented for years in the laboratory, and has besides, traveled all over the country to see what was doing. Then he has several associates—Farmers, Gardeners, and housekeepers, who know what they write about, and among them all they do gather up a wonderful lot of information every year. The language, too, is so plain, so like talking with you, that I enjoy reading it. Then, too, every page has engravings, which show one exactly how animals and plants, and implements, and household furniture look, much better than words could describe them. Among these are plans of buildings, that help one to plan others; and also many very fine large pictures, which are worth more than the cost of a whole volume.

Mr. Smith—I suppose those engravings and descriptions are partly to help the editor sell implements or fertilizers.

Mr. Jones—Not at all. The editor keeps nothing of the sort to sell, so that he may be perfectly free to praise or condemn anything, according as it may be valuable or worthless to his readers. You would laugh to see how he comes down on poor inventions, patent manures, and all kinds of humbugs.

Mr. Smith—Is the paper adapted to our part of the country?

Mr. Jones—Exactly. Soils and crops and climates differ, but the general principles of cultivation are the same everywhere, and here is the benefit of a paper published for the whole country. Every reader gets new ideas by learning what is done somewhere else; and further, I find that the papers letters from every part of the country, and one or more associate editors in different sections, so that we get information from many regions and our own too. One thing I must mention particularly. The editor is constantly warning his readers against humbugs, telling how sharpers take the advantage of people. Why, I was just going to send a dollar for an article advertised in glowing colors, when I found it shown up as a humbug in this paper. But I cannot top to talk more now—I have such a lot of potatoes to harvest.

Mr. Smith—I wish I had. I must try that paper a year, and see what there is in it. I can manage to save two cents a week.

Mr. Jones—Never fear. If you don't find it pays, I'll buy your copies at cost, for my boys to keep.

Mr. Smith—What did you say the paper is called?

Mr. Jones—The American Agriculturist. It is published in New York City. The editor, though one of our country farmers, and living in the country, finds he can publish it cheaper there, where printing, and paper, and mailing facilities are all convenient.

Mr. Smith—How shall I get it?

Mr. Jones—Simply inclose a dollar bill in a letter, giving your name, Post Office, County, and State plainly, and direct to ORANGE JUDD, 41 Park Row, New York City.

Mr. Smith—When does a volume begin?

Mr. Jones—The twentieth volume begins Jan. 1st, but all who send in the dollar now, get the remaining numbers of this year, in addition to the whole of next year's. So if you subscribe now, you get fourteen months' papers. The proprietor also offers some valuable premiums to those who get up lists of subscribers.—Send for the paper, and you may afterwards find it well worth while to make up a club. Some 1700 persons have got good premiums in this way during two years. Some of your German neighbors would join you, perhaps, for the Agriculturist is printed separately in German. I did intend to start a club myself but I have so many potatoes to dig, I cannot get the time. My sister-in-law in Iowa, got up a club last year, and received a premium of a \$50 Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine; an old acquaintance in Wisconsin got two or three good farming implements, and a young nephew of mine in Ohio got a beautiful copy of Webster's great Dictionary. These things only cost them a little time, showing the paper evenings and onelection day. Send in your subscription and the first paper will tell you all about the premiums. I forgot to tell you that every year the publisher also sends out to all his subscribers who want them a lot of choice garden and field seeds.

Mr. Smith—What does he charge for them?

Mr. Jones—Nothing; they are sent free, except the postage. They are of the best kind and one single parcel I got last year was worth more to me than the price of the paper.

Mr. Smith—I'll try it a year, any way; if half what you say is true it will be a good investment.

Mr. Jones—You'll find every word I have said true.

Mr. Smith—I'll send this very night, while in the spirit of it.

Mr. Jones—I do it, and you'll always thank me for this talk. Good day, I must hurry up digging my potatoes, I've such a lot of them—thanks to a hint in the Agriculturist.

Mr. Smith—How did you say I should direct the letter containing the Dollar?

Mr. Jones—To Orange Judd, 41 Park Row, New York City.

Bite of a Rattlesnake Cured in two Hours.

The Petersburg Express publishes the following from a reliable correspondent: A carpenter, while engaged a few days ago in pulling down an old house, and in removing some of the rotten timbers near the ground was bitten by a rattlesnake. In a few moments his finger was swollen to four times its natural size, and a red streak commenced running up his hand and wrist. A deadly languor came upon him and his vision grew dim, clearly indicating that the subtle poison that was coursing through his veins was rapidly approaching the citadel of life. But a remedy was tried, merely by way of experiment, which, to the surprise of all present, acted like a charm, the component parts of which were onion, tobacco and salt, of equal parts, made into a poultice and applied to the wound and at the same time a cord was bound tightly about the wrist. In two hours afterwards he had so far recovered as to be able to resume his work. I knew an old negro who cured a boy that had been bitten by a mad dog, by the same application.

Cure for Diphtheria or Sore Throat.

We have already alluded to an article "going the rounds" of the press, purporting to be a cure for Diphtheria, which physicians say is calculated to do a vast amount of mischief in two ways. First, it will not cure a genuine case of Diphtheria or throat disease. Second, parents and others will confide in it until it is too late for a physician to cure the patient. In this connection we clip the following card from an exchange paper:—

"Diphtheria or sore throat can always be cured by the following simple, rational treatment, if resorted to in the forming stage, and, in most cases, in any and every stage of the disease. The treatment consists in converting a virulent, specific sore throat into an artificial sore throat, by the free application of nitrate of silver (lunar caustic), either in substance or strong solution—thirty grains to half ounce of cold water—to be applied to the whole visible internal throat. Fear not—use liberally and you will cure every case. Such has been my experience.—What can be more rational! A superficial burn will heal by a natural process; a specific, virulent disease will not. Physicians, try it. If resorted to early, and thoroughly applied, it will never fail. AN EXPERIENCED PHYSICIAN."

Potatoes in the West.

The Davenport (Iowa) Democrat says: "If any body want to see potatoes by the cord—good measure—let him go down to the levee. There is not shipping enough at this time on the Upper Mississippi to move them away as fast as they accumulate. Farmers complain a little that the price is too low, but they are the only party to blame; if they want higher prices they must not raise so many. The market price is from twelve to fifteen cents per bushel."

Oil of Peppermint.

Peppermint, as an article of commerce, is largely grown in Lake county, Ohio.—This year, over \$4,000 have been paid to the producers of this article, and in Painville, the oil is worth \$2 1/2 per gal.

In the town of Lexington, in Kentucky, lives a worthy doctor of medicine, by the name of S—. The doctor is a very tall, thin man, and dresses in the "shirt and beanpole" style. A simple countryman was advised to call on the doctor for medical advice. When he did so, S— was not in his office, and Johnny Raw getting tired of waiting, commenced looking around. He passed into the back room, and the first thing that greeted his terror-stricken eye was a skeleton, standing straight upright, with a horrid grin upon his skull-like features. With one bound Johnny landed in the other room, just as the doctor entered the street door. One look was enough, through the window went Johnny, screaming, "GO away! You can't fool me! I know you, if you have got your clothes on!"

At a dinner party, one day, a certain knight whose character was considered to be not altogether unexceptionable, said he would give them a toast; and looking hard at Mrs. M—, who was more celebrated for wit than beauty, gave— "Housewifery and bonny lassies!" "With all my heart, Sir John," said Mrs. M—; "for it neither applies to you nor me."

Poisoned Candy.

A few days ago a son of Mr. Daubrat of Easton was taken very sick, from the effects of eating candy which had been colored with some poisonous substance—so says the Express. Parents should be careful.

The Oil Region of Pennsylvania.

A correspondent of the Boston Post, writing from among the oil works of Pennsylvania, says:

"The hotels are crowded, people often sleeping three in a bed, and one hears nothing talked of but 'patrolmech,' 'surface indications,' 'boring,' 'territory,' 'pumping,' &c. Landlords, doctors, lawyers, ministers, blacksmiths, and everybody has an interest in a well bored or being bored. As to the election, it is entirely forgotten in the eagerness of securing a fortune. A politician drove up to old Father Raymond's Rural House, in Franklin, (the old man has two wells, pumping fifty barrels daily,) and after getting his dinner, commenced pumping the old gentleman by asking, 'How is politics?'"

"Don't know any such well around here," replied Father Raymond.

"But," says the stranger, "what is the prospect for Douglas or Breckinridge?"

"Oh!" says Boniface, "I don't know; it all depends on whether there are any surface indications."

"But," continues the guest, "will fusion go down among you oil diggers?"

"Fusion!" exclaims the landlord, "well, I don't know, some of these chaps called geologists says that there must be fusion below, but my opinions in that the d— has something to do with it down there, before we get it."

"But," says the politician, "are you not in favor of Squatter Sovereignty in the Territories?"

"No! I will shoot anybody who dares to squat on any of my Territory, and I own four miles on Sandy Creek."

"Give me my horse!" says the stranger, and—vamosed.

Boys out at Night.

The practice of allowing boys to spend their evenings on the streets is one of the most ruinous, dangerous and mischievous things possible. Nothing so speedily and surely makes their course downward. They acquire, under the cover of the night, an unhealthy state of mind, vulgar and profane language, obscene practices, criminal sentiments and a lawless and riotous bearing. Indeed, it is in the streets, after night-fall, that the boys generally acquire the education of the bad and the capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents, do you believe it? Will you keep your children at home at nights, and see that their home is made pleasant and profitable.

It is seldom that more truth is compressed into so small a space. The thousands of boys belonging to worthy, respectable families, who are permitted night after night to select their own company and places of resort, are on a certain road to ruin. Confiding parents, who believe that their sons are safe—that they will not associate with the vicious—will one of these days have their hearts crushed, as thousands have before, by learning that sons whom they regarded a proof against any evil, have from early years, been on the road to ruin.

A story is told of Dick, a darkey in Kentucky, who was a notorious thief, so vicious in this respect that all the thefts in the neighborhood were charged to him. On one occasion Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called and said that Dick must be sold out of that part of the country, for he had stolen all his (Mr. Jones's) turkeys. Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work, and accused him of the theft.

"You stole Mr. Jones's turkeys," said the master.

"No, didn't, massa," responded Dick. The master persisted.

"Well," at length, said Dick, "I'll tell you massa; I didn't steal dem turkeys, but last night when I went across Mr. Jones's pasture I saw one of our rails on de fence, so I brought home de rail, and confound it, when I come to look, dere was nine turkeys on de rail!"

Usefulness of Soot.

This article is often wasted, being thrown into the ash-heap, or dumped on the ground at the back door, and no use made of it. Both science and experience show that it is a valuable manure. If used as a top dressing to grass, it produces a marked effect. When sown broadcast, some of its ammonia becomes volatilized, and is wasted in the atmosphere. Therefore, it should be mixed with water, and applied as a liquid manure.—Twelve quarts of soot to a hogshead of water makes a powerful fertilizer. It may be applied to peas, asparagus, strawberries, raspberries, and to nearly all growing crops. If farmers and gardeners more generally considered that all fertilizers are more useful, when first reduced to a liquid state, they would take the trouble to bring various manures into this condition before applying them. "They do these things better in Spain"—certainly they do in England.—American Agriculturist.

Cure for Neuralgia.

An exchange paper gives the following as a sure cure for neuralgia. Half a dram of sal ammoniac in an ounce of camphor water, to be taken a teaspoonful at a dose, and the dose repeated several times, at intervals of five minutes, if the pain be not relieved at once.

A well-known lawyer, a few days ago, served a summons upon a debtor, at the instigation of his client. The debtor took the summons and indorsed the following lines, returning it to the legal gentleman:

"Against your claim upon this suit, I've no defence to make, sirs; To save your client's precious time Immediate judgment take, sirs."

"I have no cash, and cannot pay, I'm really floor'd, I am, sirs; Until my prospects brighten up, I am not worth a damn, sirs."

A Wonderful Case in Surgery.

Professor Busch, superintendent of the hospital of Bonn in Germany, communicates to the medical journals the history of a case almost as remarkable as that of the famous St. Martin, who has been living so many years with a hole in his stomach, allowing people to look in and see the process of digestion going on inside. A woman was brought to the hospital of Bonn, who had been gorged sometime previously by a cow, wounding her in the abdomen. The injury resulted in a fistulous opening through the walls of the abdomen into the upper third of the small intestine. The result was that as soon as the woman commenced to eat, the food would begin to run out of the opening, and though her appetite was ravenous, she had become very much emaciated when she was admitted to the hospital.—Dr. Busch tried the plan of injecting soups through the opening directly into the intestine, even crowding in little pieces of meat and bread with his finger.—Under this odd mode of feeding the patient thrived and gained flesh rapidly.—Of course, Professor Busch seized this rare opportunity to make a series of physiological investigations, which have proved to be very interesting.

The fact of greatest practical value observed, was that the gastric and other juices by which digestion is effected, are secreted in much greater abundance when several kinds of food are taken into the stomach, than when a meal is made of a single article. This confirms the latest conclusions of other physiologists, and is useful knowledge as a guide to action.—Dyspeptics can submit no greater blunder than to confine themselves to a very few articles of diet. It is best for us all to eat a variety of food at each meal.—Scientific American.

What Shall we do for Coffee?

It appears from statistics recently published that the consumption of coffee is increasing much more rapidly than the production. Last year the total consumption of Europe and the United States alone was 330,000 tons, while the production of all countries was but 312,000 tons. The probable consumption of the present year is estimated at 337,000 tons, and the probable production at 274,000 tons; and of next year the former at 318,000 tons, and the latter at 345,000 tons.

To Protect a Shingle Roof from Fire.

The editor of the Albany Knickerbocker says, that a wash composed of lime, salt and fine sand, or wood ashes, put on in the ordinary way of whitewashing, renders the roof 50 fold more safe against taking fire from cinders, or otherwise in case of fires in the vicinity. It pays the expense 100 fold in its preserving influence against the effect of the weather. The older and more weather-beaten the shingles, the more benefit derived.

A Shower of Mint-Drops.

If gold rained down from the clouds, they would hardly enrich the land so much as soft long rains. Every drop is silver gain to the mint. The roots are machinery, and catching the willing drops, they assay them, refine them, stamp them, and turn them out coined berries, apples, grain and grasses. All the mountains of California are not so rich as are the soft mists of heaven.

A venerable bureau was recently exhibited at a town fair in Connecticut, which was brought to this country at its earliest settlement, and is preserved in the same family. A chair that has been in one family 150 years, and another some 200 years old, were also exhibited, as well as a pair of infant shoes, that have been worn by three generations, and are still in good preservation.

A shoemaker, intending to be absent a few days, lamphacked a shingle with the following, without date, and nailed it upon his door:—"Will be home in ten days from the time you see this shingle."

Last Sunday evening, 11 1/2 cars, containing 1000 head of hogs, 28 cars, containing 431 head of fat cattle, and 1 1/2 cars, containing about 300 head of sheep, passed over the Lehigh Valley Railroad, en route for New York, from the West. The freight on the above, from Pittsburg to New York, was \$6,350.

Later and full returns from the Nebraska election, give Daily, the Republican candidate for Congress 111 majority.