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HAREWOOD U. S. A. HOSPITAL,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 22, 1865

Mr. Editor.—Four years ago, while the

people of the North were celebrating the anniversary of the birth day of the Father of his country, the chivalry of the South, under the Administration, and by the permission of the imbecile old functionary, James Buchanan, were busy in building Forts and planting batteries in Charleston Harbor, and mounting guns to batter down the walls of Fort Sumpter, erected there to protect that modern Babylon from invasion by a foreign foe. Without any real cause or grievances, for they never have stated any grievances yet, but from a fear that the time might come when they would lose the control of the Government which they had hitherto controlled from its foundation to the present time, they set about destroying that Government. They always had the balance of power in the U. S. Senate, and could defeat any measure not in harmony with the interests of their peculiar institution; and if there was an act on the statute which would give liberty to a Dred Scott, by reason of his master's taking him, at his own pleasure, into free territory, where according to the Constitution of the U. S., he was made a free man, they always had a majority in the Supreme Court of the U. S. from the slaveholding States, to interpret the Constitution in favor of their interests. In the language of one of the Rebel Chiefs, Alex. H. Stephens, what have they ever demanded of the north that was not conceded to them. Further: with the majority of the confirming power in the Senate, they could reject any candidate for important positions, whose views did not accord with their own with regard to the interests of slavery.

Notwithstanding they had every thing under their control, except the vetoing power in case a President was elected whose views did not correspond with their own, they commenced war upon the Government that protected them, and hurried defiance at the constitution and the Government bequeathed to us by Washington and his compatriots; inaugurating a warfare and civil strife which for cruelty and crime, barbarity and fiendishness, on their part, only finds a parallel among the red savages of the forest. Yet these chivalric knights make great pretensions to civilization, and lift up holy hands of horror, and shed crocodile tears, for the hundreds and thousands that have been slain in their hellish crusade against the best Government on earth, and profess to be as innocent as doves, and invoke the blessings and wisdom of Almighty God to aid them in their mad and treasonable purpose to destroy our good Government, and establish in its stead an empire whose chief corner stone is human bondage. But we have good cause to believe that he who came to brake the bands of those that are bound, to raise up those that are trodden down, and to preach the Gospel to the poor, will not hear and answer the prayers of those whose hands are stained with the innocent blood of their fellow men in an attempt to build up an empire of Slavery on that of freedom. That they thought the contest would be a short one is evident from a letter written at the beginning of the rebellion, by that mad cap of secession, Howell Cobb, of Georgia, in whose house Sherman's men found the letter. In writing to Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, he said the thrifl loving yankees would not fight long. They might attempt to overwhelm the South by force of numbers in a short contest, but the yankee would soon get tired, and Lincoln could not make them fight long; that the planters would appropriate two-thirds of their Cotton to carry on the war, and with their seaports open to the markets of the world, and such brave men as the south could put into the field, they could carry on the war forever; that one Southerner could whip five Northerners, who would run at the mere sight of cold steel. Alas! for this rebel seer. Four years have passed by and his vision has failed, and his harp hangs on the willows by the rivers of Dixie. No seaport open to sell King Cotton to all the markets of the world. Even the King himself is dethroned, and Sambo in his seat. One

Northerner proves equal to any Southerner. The thrifl loving Yankee has fought four years and will fight four years more, or until the stars and stripes float in triumph over every foot of land, from the banks of the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and the authority of a free Constitution is acknowledged and obeyed wherever the foot steps of a slave have trod. In hugging the peculiar institution too tight they have squeezed the life out of it, and millions now breathe the air of freedom for whom they were forging fetters to bind them still tighter to the Juggernaut of Slavery.

One hundred thousand of the best men of the South have been sacrificed to their great Moloch in vain. The courage of the Chivalry is on the wane. The remembrance of Forts Henry, Donelson and Island No. 10, Memphis, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, New Orleans, Chattanooga, Look-out Mountain, Atlanta, Savannah, Fort Morgan, Nashville, Knoxville, Gettysburg, Fort Fisher, Columbia, Charleston, and Fort Anderson is a terror to them, and well it may be to all traitors. O! how appropriate to be able, on the anniversary of the birth day of the Father of his country, to be able also to celebrate the downfall of the city of Charleston, the great where who has made drunken her neighboring cities and States with the whoredom of her treason. While I am writing this article, all the Forts encircling the National Capitol are simultaneously speaking forth in thunder tones that make the earth tremble, in honor of the fall of Charleston, and of the Stars and Stripes again floating in triumph over Fort Sumpter and Montrie. These events have been brought about not by hard fighting and loss of life, but by a grand plan of combinations invented by the little, unassuming General at City Point who holds Gen. Lee so tightly in the vice that he can neither stir hand or foot, while General Sherman the great Flanker who, according to a rebel Editor's opinion, needs no base, is traveling through Dixie 'ad libitum.' With the planters cry for peace, even with reconstructions and without slavery, and with the Johnnies deserting their ranks by hundreds per day, we think we have reason to hope that the long prayed for day of peace is near at hand; when our Government, Republican in principle and form, shall emerge out of its fiery ordeal, purified from the curse of slavery, and shine forth in the glory of its free institutions, the wonder and admiration of the world.

Respectfully yours,
AARON FLYTE,
Co. G, 67th Reg. P. V.

How Petroleum is Formed.

The Pittsburgh Chronicle, speculating on the formation of petroleum, says: "We may set it down as an axiom that nature is not only capable of producing now all articles that she has ever produced, but that she is and will continue to produce them until she substitutes something better. Perhaps our meaning will be better understood by applying to a single article. Suppose, for instance, we take the one in which we all have so deep an interest—petroleum. This is known to be a hydro carbon, composed of two gases. These gases are primary elements, indestructible and inexhaustible in quantity. One of them—hydrogen—is a constituent of water, and of course, is as inexhaustible as the ocean. The other is a constituent in all vegetable forms and in many of our rocks. One hundred pounds of limestone, when burned, will weigh but sixty pounds. The part driven off by burning is carbonate acid. Underlying the 'oil rock' is a stratum of limestone of unknown thickness, but known to be upwards of one thousand feet in depth. The water falling on the surface and percolating through the porous sandstone that underlies the oil rock becomes charged with salt, potash, salt-petre, and other chemical ingredients, and finally, reaches the limestone rock and decomposes it—the carbon in the rock and the hydrogen of the water uniting to form oil, while the oxygen is set free to ascend to the atmosphere to unite with minerals and form oxygen. The reverse of this process is seen in burning the oil in a lamp—the oxygen in the atmosphere uniting with the carbon in the oil, forming a carbonic acid and with the hydrogen forming water—thus completing the circle. The question is frequently asked, 'When will the oil become exhausted?' We may answer when the ocean is, and not before."

At a recent fancy dress ball in Philadelphia, among the most conspicuous personages were certain well known bookers, their bodies encased in barrels, with holes in the side for their arms, decorated with the names of prominent petroleum companies, and surrounded by a derriek. This was certainly ingenious as an advertising device, but must have been an inconvenient and ungraceful dancing costume.

Two Much Money.

A gentleman of this city informs us that a certain down in the Morgan county oil regions, had a tract of land which he held before the oil excitement broke out, at \$4000. After some valuable wells had been sunk in the neighborhood, and the old man's ideal of the oleaginous wealth in hills began to expand, he dared to ask \$20,000 for his possessions. Soon the eastern capitalists began to come in and the farmer had to go a little higher. It was the home of his ancestors, a regular "family institution" which was dear to him, and he would not sell it. Bidder after bidder came round, and the old gentleman thought he would frighten all away by asking \$40,000. Croesus, with all his fabulous millions, never felt more confused than the farmer did with his farm, which had been so suddenly converted into gold.

Things continued in this condition for a few days, when two gentlemen from New York called on him about the same hour of the day, representing different oil companies. One of them offered him his price, \$40,000. Before he had time to consider the bid, the other offered \$45,000. Resolving on something reckless, the old fellow put the farm up at auction and before night sold it for \$51,500. The money was paid to him on the spot, and a more uneasy man cannot be found in Morgan county. He has too much money. We pity him.—Zanesville Times.

Revolutionary Pensioners.

The House of Representatives at Washington has unanimously passed a bill giving a gratuity of \$300 a year to each of the five surviving Revolutionary pensioners, additional to the pension of \$100 which they now receive. In January, 1864, there were only twelve surviving, seven of whom have since died. The names of the only survivors are as follows: Lemuel Cook, enlisted in Hatfield, Mass., 98 years of age, now residing in Clarendon, Orleans county, New York; Samuel Downey, enlisted in Carroll county, New Hampshire, 98 years of age, now living in Edinburg, Saratoga county, New York; Wm. Hutchins, enlisted in New Castle Maine, 100 years of age, residing at Panobscot, Maine; Alexander Moroy, enlisted at Lake George, New York, as a drummer boy, 94 years old, residing at Yates, Orleans County, New York; and James Barham, substitute for a drafted man in Southampton county, Virginia, living in Missouri, in his 101st year.

A Cat Dentist.

A true tale is told of Mr. Slipheimer, the famous Saxon dentist. He had a valuable tortoise-shell cat that for days did nothing but moan. Guessing the cause, he looked into his mouth, and seeing a decayed tooth, he soon relieved it of its pain. The following day there were at least ten cats at his door, the day after, twenty; and they went on increasing at such a rate that he was obliged to keep a bull-dog to drive them away. But nothing would help him. A cat that had the toothache would come any number of miles to see him. It would come down the chimney even, and not leave the room till he had taken its tooth out. It grew to be such a nuisance at last that he was never free from one of those feline patients. However, being one morning very nervous, he accidentally broke the jaw of an old tabby. The news of this spread like wildfire. Not a single cat ever came to him afterward. This is related as true. Do you doubt? Of course not.

This is written for the Drawer' and is true:

The Rev. John Brodhead, formerly Member of Congress from New Hampshire, commenced his career as a Methodist minister near Stroudsburg, in his native State of Pennsylvania. He was a large man, of powerful frame, and before his conversion had been noted for his prowess in the athletic sports and combats then common in that region.—One day, while he has delivering a discourse on the banks of the Delaware, preparatory to administering baptism, quite a disturbance was raised by some of his old companions, more in merriment than malice, however, and they finally, in a laughing way, made preparations for a mock baptism. Mr. Brodhead paused in his discourse, and addressing the disorderlies, said, "Look here, boys! I belong to a denomination that holds to the possibility of falling from grace. If I should happen to fall from grace—and I feel very much like it—while you are cutting your capers, some of you will catch it badly!" The ringleader, a good-natured fellow of some education, saw there was trouble ahead, and after hesitating a moment, turned to the others, and said, "I say, fellows! he's got into the vernacular—we'd better stop!" And stop they did, and the exercises were concluded without further interruption.

Professor H. S. Quinn, of New York, who skated all the way from St. Paul, Minnesota, left St. Paul on the 9th, and reached Quincy, Ill., on the 23d of January, travelling the whole distance of eight hundred and fifty miles in fourteen days, stopping on his way to deliver lectures. He found the ice smooth and beautiful, and clear of air holes. He had a clean stretch from St. Paul to Quincy, and he bowled down the globe, over five degrees of latitude, without meeting with an impediment. It is one of the most extraordinary feats on record.

A Good One.

A waggish friend of ours, who sells goods at wholesale on Shetucket street, tells the following good one: Somewhere in the outskirts of Hartford there is a Mission School that has the reputation of being rather "noisy," so much so that those appointed to take charge of it generally resign in a few weeks. Last Sunday, the school being destitute of a superintendent, a prominent manufacturer, Mr. S. S. Morse, of the city, volunteered for the day. Having called the school to order and got most of them seated, "Boys," said he mounting the platform, "let's see if we can't have it still!"—and he put himself in a quiet posture for the school to imitate. As there was yet some noise—"boys," said he, "we can have it stiller, I know," and walking to the front part of the stage and raising his hand, "now let's see if we can't hear a pin drop." All was silence, when a little fellow in the back part of the room, cocking his ear and placing himself in an attitude of breathless attention, spoke out, "Let her drop!" The stern features, of the superintendent are said to have slightly relaxed.—Norwich Bulletin.

A "Hoss Car" Adventure.

Artemus Ward is looking at things in Boston. He had an adventure one day, which resulted as follows: I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty girl in spectacles 'st near me, and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and smilin' in a seductive manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't I remind you of somebody you used to know?" "Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin' a bar'l of mackerel—he died there, so I conclud you ain't him." I didn't pursue the conversation.

Took His Daddy's Advice.

My attention was once called to a confirmed loafer, who was the pest of the neighborhood where he resided, and of whose boyhood a friend related to me the following circumstance: When Dick R— was about eleven years of age he was one day in the field with his father and workmen. It chanced to be in the haying season, and they were provided with a bottle of rum, according to custom. After drinking a round, his father passed him the bottle, saying, "Dick, put that in the water to keep the contents cool."

About an hour afterward Dick was summoned to bring the bottle. His father took a swallow, while Dick stood near with a broad grin on his face. It contained nothing but water. Turning to his mischievous son, he exclaimed in an excited tone, "Dick! what did you do with the liquor that was in this bottle?" "I poured it into the spring, Sir," he replied, in a hesitating tone, fearing that he had carried the joke too far; for he was in hopes one of the hired men would take the first drink.

"Well, Dick," the parent continued, with a significant flourish of his scythe, "you did right; but don't never do so again!" My friend remarked that Dick had evidently followed this advice ever since, for he had never done anything that was right from that day to the present time.

"A mean Yankee trick" was played on the rebels a few days since in front of our lines near Petersburg.

With a view of relieving the tedium of their life in the mud and rain, some of the pickets of the 2d Corps procured a few fat cattle, as the most tempting baits they could offer to Southern appetites, and, placing them upon the outer line, hid themselves in ambush and waited patiently the result. As was anticipated, no sooner were the beavers heard to low than the rebel pickets, crouching in the underbrush, stole cautiously toward them. They were getting along very successfully, they thought and had almost reached the object of their hopes, when, to their dismay, they heard a laugh and a "hurrah" in their rear, and turned to find themselves cut off from the main body of their army, and prisoners. About a hundred of these seekers after beef were thus made game of and captured by this adroit manoeuvre.

Old Ricketts was a man of labor and a little or no time to devote to speculations in the future. He was, withal, rather uncouth in the use of language. One day, while engaged in stopping hog-holes about his place, he was approached by a colporteur, and presented with a tract.—"What is this about?"—demanded Ricketts. "That is a book describing the celestial state," was the reply. "Celestial State!" said Ricketts—"Where the deuce is that?" "My worthy friend, I fear that you have not—" "Well, never mind," interrupted Ricketts "I do not want to hear about any better State than old Pennsylvania. I intend to live and die right here, if I can only keep them darned hogs out."

Question for a debating club—Can a woman who tells fortunes from a teacup be called a saucer-ess.

Why is a hen immortal?—Because her son never sets.

Tit for Tat.

Joe and Commodore Rogers, brothers, blacksmiths in Whitewater, Wisconsin, have a great reputation for being practical jokers. Last summer Joe bought an old-fashioned dash churn, for the purpose of manufacturing their own butter; and as the Commodore was a widower and lived with Joe, all such work as churning naturally fell to him. One eve, after supper, the first churning was got ready, and the Commodore was invited to churn.—"Hold on," says he, "till I go down town and get some tobacco."

He went, and while gone John did the churning, took out the butter, and left the buttermilk in the churn. The Commodore returned, looked at the churn, took off his coat, and says, "Wa! old churn, it's you and I, and here's for ye!" and commenced his labor. After churning a couple of hours, he remarked that "he guessed it would be cheaper to buy butter than to make it." "I thing so too," says Joe, "if you are going to try to churn it out of buttermilk!"

A few days after that churning process, Joe put one end of a small bar of iron into his forge fire, gave the bellows three or four pumps, and stepped into the back-shop. While gone, the Commodore heated the iron to a black heat, then changed ends with it, stepped out of the front door to watch progress.

In came Joe, took up the iron, but dropped it instantly, holding up his burned hand, and roared with pain. "Put on some buttermilk, Joe—it's good for a burn!" said the Commodore, as he made masterly retreat amidst a shower of bouquets composed of hammers, hard coal and old horse-shoes.

Non-Suiting a Creditor.

There was a lawyer in Cape Cod a long time ago, a man well to do in the world, and what was surprising, averse to incur litigation. One day a client came to him in a violent rage.

"Look here, Squire," said he, "that shoemaker down to Pigeon Cove has gone and sued me for my money for a pair of boots I owed him."

"Did the boots suit you?"

"O, yes."

"Well then you owe him the money honestly?"

"Course."

"Well, why don't you pay him?"

"Why, cause that snob went and sued me—and I want to keep him out of his money if I can."

"It will cost you something."

"I don't care. How much do you want to go on with?"

"O, \$10 will do."

"Is that all? Well, here's an X, so go ahead," and the client went off very well satisfied with the beginning.

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker, and asked him what he meant by instituting legal proceedings against Mr. M—

"Why," said he, "I knew he was able to pay and I was determined to make him. That's the long and short of it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "he was always a good customer to you; I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings, but I think you had better take these \$5 and call it square."

"Certainly, if you say so; and glad to get it."

So the lawyer forked over a V and kept the other. In a few days his client came along and asked him how he got on with his case.

"Rapidly," replied the lawyer, "we've non-suited him! He'll never trouble us again!"

"Jernusalem! that's great! I'd rather gin \$50 than had him get the money for them boots!"

One of the cemeteries in which the people of Detroit-bury their dead is situated a short distance from the city, with which it is connected by a plank-road. Midway there is a toll-gate. Like most other toll-barred roads, funerals are allowed to pass free. The well known Dr. B— was returning from calling on a patient, and stopped at this gate to pay his toll. Says the Doctor to the gate-keeper, "You ought to pass doctors free of toll." "Ah! no, Doctor," says the keeper, "you send too many dead heads through here!" The Doctor paid his toll and drove on.

An Original Idea.

One of our good friends, in writing us concerning the condition of our men when they return from Southern prisons, suggests that when exchanges are made, they should be by the pound. We fat our friend thinks that by exchanging pound for pound, we should get, on an average about five of our men for two rebels.—Vox Populi.