



The Jeffersonian

THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1865.

The Seven Thirties.

The 7-30 subscriptions last week reached the enormous sum of \$40,387,100.

The Death of President Lincoln in Europe.

The reception of the news of the assassination of President Lincoln caused a sensation but little less profound in Europe than its announcement caused among the people in this country.

As indexes to the feeling abroad, we may mention that on the receipt of the news in England an address to the Queen was immediately moved in both Houses of Parliament.

Which One Lies.

Just now, at the close of the rebellion, when the conspirators are soundly threshed, and the integrity of the Government triumphantly sustained, Cotter, in the Milford Herald, winds up a long answer to the question—"Who done it?" as follows:

"The South the cause of the rebellion? Out upon you! You knave or idiot!"

At the commencement of the rebellion, in a congratulatory speech before the Secession Convention of South Carolina, and just after the passage of the ordinance which was to take that Hotspur State out of the Union, Robert Barnwell Rhett spoke as follows:

"I thank God that the labor of thirty-five years has culminated in this success. For thirty-five years we have worked early and late to cast off the yoke of this accursed Union, which has bowed us to the ground; and I thank God for this relief. Come war; come pestilence; come famine; come even death itself rather than return to the old order of things."

While the genius of Cotter was busy in getting up his patent Democracy, the genius of Rhett was employed in hatching rebellion.

In the course of his answer to the question Cotter argues that interference with slavery was the cause of the rebellion.

Jeff. Davis, Rhett, Toombs, Benjamin, est id omnes genui, have time and time again declared that if slavery had any part at all in the rebellion it was only an accidental part, and by no means material. Now there is a big lie mixed up here: Who tells it? The man Cotter, who does not know, or the men Rhett, Davis, Toombs and Benjamin who do know!

Cotter Gnawing a Bone.

We are happy to be able to announce that Cotter of the Milford Herald, has secured what he supposes to be a bone, and that he is gnawing it with great gusto. If he does not soon find out that it is a file instead of a bone that he is enjoying himself over, we shall be much mistaken. "President Johnson's Record" is the article he has in hand, and he rolls its disjointed fragments about in his mouth as though he would tear both the man and his sentiments to pieces.

But we can't see why Cotter, a Democrat should thus wreak his spite against President Johnson a Democrat. There is not a principle which Johnson once upheld that he does not now uphold. Sentiments he may have and doubtless has changed, but his principles are unchanged and unchangeable. The chief corner stone in the fabric of his principles is love of country. This is plainly set forth in his every act, from his first entree in public life down to his last act and word as President of these United States.

After all, however, there may be nothing so strange in this discrepancy between the Democracy which prompts Cotter to find fault with Johnson, and the Democracy which leads Johnson on in the patriotic course he is pursuing. The former is a professing, collateral Democrat only—a man who can see nothing beyond party adhesion, and the loves and fishes which faithfulness to its bests, and the ingenious trickery of its teachings can secure. With him the County Treasurer, in the approaching election is the grand desideratum, and if he would secure that he must maintain the party within its old lines.

As indexes to the feeling abroad, we may mention that on the receipt of the news in England an address to the Queen was immediately moved in both Houses of Parliament, and the flags of the shipping in English ports displayed at half mast. In France similar demonstrations of sorrow were made. In Italy the Legislative chambers were ordered to be draped in mourning and the Legislative body adjourned. Everywhere, in short, as it arrives, the news is received with tokens of mourning such as were never before bestowed on the death of mortal man.

A Pennsylvania Artist.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from London, under date of April 22d, says—"An American artist, Mr. J. Heade, of Bucks County, Penn., but long established here, has recently obtained some good commissions for the Prince of Wales. Mr. Heade is quite unrivalled in the more gorgeous kind of ornithological studies, as humming-birds, &c. I believe he spent some years in South America."

Gene to Richmond.

Messrs. H. C. Wolf, David Frankland and Edward Lawall left town this morning, on a visit to the late capital of the late Confederate States.—Easton Progress.

The old sign of the Libby Prison, Richmond, has been brought to New York.—It is a plain, unornamented board, and bears the inscription: "L. Libby & Son, Ship Chandlers." What use is to be made of this relic is not stated.

Correspondence of the Jeffersonian.

HARWOOD U. S. A. HOSPITAL, } Washington, D. C., Ap. 19th, 1865. } Mr. Editor.—The month of April, 1865, is fraught with events of such magnitude as will cause it to be remembered in history, when the present and succeeding generations lie forgotten and mouldering in the dust.

The glorious triumphs of the Union arms over armed traitors, and the capture of the cities of Petersburg and Richmond; the total destruction, capture, and final surrender of the whole rebel army, under Gen. Lee, to Lieut. Gen. Grant; the brilliant illuminations at the national capital, and the imposing torchlight processions which paraded the streets of the city of Washington on the evening of the 13th, in manifestations of joy at the prospects of the speedy overthrow of the slave-holders rebellion, and the restoration of peace and tranquility to our distracted and bleeding country; the words of cheer and comfort spoken by President Lincoln on the occasion, and his magnanimous and conciliatory policy towards the traitors in arms; the replacing of the identical flag upon the wall of Fort Sumter by Gen. Anderson, on the 14th, amid the thunders of Union canon and august ceremonies, which the Southern traitors, four years ago, compelled him to haul down to make room for their own flag of treason; the spontaneous rejoicings of the loyal people, throughout the whole country, at these glorious results, and signal triumphs of the cause of freedom, are events that will live in history, and upon which unborn generations will delight to ponder.

The good President was on the eve of dispatching the Dove of Peace with a message of love and forgiveness to the enemies of liberty, exhorting them, with a father's tenderness and compassion, to stop their prodigality, and return to their father's house; that the fatted calf might be slain, the whole family of States be made happy once more, and the song of joy be heard throughout the land. But, O! how suddenly is all our joy turned into sorrow, and our rejoicing into mourning. An ungrateful son of perdition, a traitor and an enemy to the land that gave him birth, and cherished and protected him, with malicious hate, and without cause or provocation, steals up to the good President, who is unarmed and unconscious of danger, and fires the fatal bullet into the brain of the President. Thus, at a moment when the cup of rejoicing was full, and the nation in an ecstasy of joy over her new birth and deliverance from the chains of slavery, was America's greatest statesman and chief ruler heartlessly murdered in cold blood, and the nation's joy changed to bitter grief. But thank God, faithful Abraham Lincoln was not called away until he was first permitted to ascend to Pisgah's heights and get a glimpse of the fruits of his four year's arduous toil, in saving the country from anarchy and ruin; to behold the promised Canaan in the distance redeemed from the curse of slavery, and the whole people delivered from the house of bondage; and to witness the rebel hosts of Jeff. Davis, this modern Pharaoh, withering before the advance of the Union Army as before the blast of the Almighty.

But what a change has taken place in every thing that surrounds us. The flags that floated so proudly in the air a week ago, are at half mast and draped in mourning.—They refuse to kiss the breeze, and they bow their folds in doleful silence to the earth. The feathered songsters refuse to sing their merry songs to cheer and gladden the heart, as if it was meet for man to be of a sad countenance and sorrowful heart, in this our time of national bereavement. The waters of the Potomac are unruined by the breeze and, like a vast mirror, reflect buildings standing on its banks clad in the habiliments of woe, and steamers gliding on its bosom dressed in mourning, and freighted with sad hearts, on their way to the National Capital, to pay their last respects to the mortal remains of our second Washington. The Capitol, which a few nights ago was brilliantly illuminated in honor of our victories, resembling a huge pillar of fire, with its lofty dome towering in the air like a mighty giant, and surmounted by the Goddess of Liberty, is also clothed with the garments of sadness and mourning, like one that mourneth for an only child.—Were it possible for stones to weep, or tears to burst from iron eye-balls, torrents would flow from the eyes of our emblem of liberty, as she looks down from her lofty station and beholds her mighty Chieftain, slain by the hands of traitors and assassins.

The blindness and bigotry of the rebels in murdering their best friend, President Lincoln, is strikingly similar to the folly of the Jews who killed the Son of God, who came into the world to save them, and that too on the same day, Good Friday. The murder of Abraham Lincoln will be more regretted throughout the civilized world, than would be the whole rebel horde buried in oblivion beyond the hope of a resurrection.

That a conspiracy to assassinate the President, the Vice President, the whole Cabinet, and other prominent statesmen who would not bow the knee before the slaveholder's god, was entered is no longer a question for doubt; and that the rebel leaders are at the head of it, and the Knights of the Golden Circle the instruments to carry it out in execution, developments have already established. But I will forbear further comment.

Let us not despair in our bereavement, and forget to look to the Rock that is higher than man. Though treason may plot, and traitors assassinate Presidents and Cabinets, the republic will continue to live. Our government is founded on the indestructible principles of liberty and justice. These principles are the attributes of Divinity, and before them traitors and despots tremble.—They see young America come out of the fiery ordeal unscathed, and strong as a giant, and in her power they read the tyrants' doom, as if by the handwriting on the wall. Well may we sing—

"The Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

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

National Debts and U. S. Stocks.

The creation of national debts is not a modern improvement, but the ability of a great nation to provide for a great debt, and to make it the most convenient and best form of personal property, is a modern wonder. The debt of Great Britain was begun by raising a million sterling by loan in 1692, and when her great contest with Louis XIV. was terminated, the debt had reached fifty millions.—Many statesmen and economists were then alarmed at the great burden which had been imposed upon the industry of the country, but when the war of the Austrian succession had swelled this amount to eighty millions, Macaulay says that historians and orators pronounced the case to be desperate. But when war again broke out, and the national debt was rapidly carried up to one hundred and forty millions, men of theory and business both pronounced that the fatal day had certainly arrived. David Hume said that, although, by taxing its energies to the utmost, the country might possibly live through it, the experiment must never be repeated,—even a small increase might be fatal. Granville said the nation must sink under it unless some portion of the load was borne by the American Colonies, and the attempt to impose this load produced the war of the revolution, and instead of diminishing, added another hundred millions to the burden.—Again, says Macaulay, was England given over, but again she was more prosperous than ever before. But when at the close of her Napoleonic wars in 1816, this debt had been swelled up to the enormous sum of over eight hundred millions sterling, or four thousand three hundred million dollars, or nearly one half the entire property of the United Kingdom, the stoutest heart, the firmest believer in national progress and national development, might well have been appalled. But in the very face of this mountain of obligation,—to say nothing of her vast colonial possessions,—the property of the British nation has been more than trebled, and her debt is now a charge of but 12 1/2 per cent. against it.—All that Great Britain has done in paying her debt, we shall do, and more, with ours. We have vast territories untouched by the plow, mines of all precious metals of which we have hardly opened the doors, population full of life, energy, enterprises and industry, and the accumulated wealth of money and labor of the old countries pouring into the lap of our giant and ever-to-be-united republic. During the fiercest and most exhausting of all possible wars, we have demonstrated our national strength—and all the world over, national strength is but another name for national credit. "As good as United States' will soon be synonymous the world over with "as good as British Consols." For our part, we think a U. S. Treasury note, bearing seven and three tenths annual interest, is just as much better than British Consols as the rate of interest is higher. Some of our timid brethren, who shipped their gold to London and invested in consols, are now glad to sell out and invest at home at a round loss,—and serves them right.

Taking Halleck's Oath in Richmond.

Most prominent officials and citizens of Richmond have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States government, and there is a very general disposition among the mass of citizens to follow their example. Among those who have subscribed to the oath are Joseph Mayo, mayor of Richmond; Judge William H. Lyons, judge of the Hustings Court; Littleton Tazewell, prosecuting attorney in the same court; James Kaskie, recorder; Thomas U. Dudley, city sergeant; Judge Meredith, of the Circuit Court of Richmond; P. H. Aylett, late prosecuting attorney of the Confederate States District Court; Joseph R. Anderson, proprietor of the Tredegar Iron Works; William H. Macfarland, president of the Farmers' Bank; and others less prominent. Physicians, lawyers, and professional men generally, with some few exceptions, have taken the oath and resumed the practice of their professions. We have no data upon which to calculate the number of oaths administered, but the aggregate embraces a large percentage of the male resident population.—[Richmond Whig.]

Diek Turner, the noted turnkey of Libby Prison is securely locked up in the most dismal, subterranean dungeon of that place of torture. There is no pity felt for him in Richmond. A correspondent who saw the cruel-hearted man describes him pale as leprosy, his beard whitening, his deficient teeth ajar and his eyes full of terror. He is now as mean and cringing in his behavior as, in power, he was insolent and cruel. When turnkey, he shot a man dead with a revolver, who came to the windows for air and light, kicked and knocked down others, and took delight in augmenting the untold miseries of the poor prisoners under his charge. He has heard, in his loathsome, cell, that the soldiers have decreed his death so soon as they are fully assured of his identity, and his pleadings for mercy are presented to all who come near him; but he pleads, to hearts of stone.

Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilbao, when a poor fellow approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice said, "Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan with a large family, and if you would —" "My good man, don't trouble us just now," cried one of the officers; "don't you see my friends are going to split each other! We are not in a charitable humor." "It is not alms I ask for," said the man, "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and, having heard that you were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins." At these words the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, simultaneously threw down their swords, shook hands with each other, and walked away.

Arrangements are being made to pay off the armies ordered to rendezvous about Washington.

When is a thief like a poor billiard player? When he makes a strike for the nearest pocket and misses it.

Nevada, "the baby State" of the Union, produced last year, fifteen millions in silver.

That child of Uncle Sam's was certainly born with a silver spoon in its mouth.

The inventor of printing was no fool, but he has caused myriads to make fools of themselves.

At his residence in Chesnut Hill Township, on the 1st of May, Charles Bitting, aged 33 years and 29 days.

Published for the benefit, and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope single copies may be had of the author.

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y. June 2, 1864.—1y.

BLANK DEEDS For sale at this Office

In Bucks county for 1865 the tax, including bounty and county, is two cents to the dollar.

Cruel General Halleck.

General Halleck has intimated to the inhabitants of Virginia what they have to do to obtain the privilege of citizenship, which they have forfeited. The idea of some of them, that they could resume business, and, while protected by the United States, remain hostile to them in sentiment, is exploded. His order No. 4 intimates to them that their promise to be loyal citizens will be a prerequisite. County and city clerks, lawyers and professional men of all kinds must hold their tongues and restrain their pens until they take the oath of allegiance. Every person in business must do the same. Officers of corporations who have generally been disloyal are also to be brought up by this test. No one can have his private property restored to him unless he shows his determination to henceforth be a loyal citizen. Goods cannot be received or shipped by the advocates of the rebellion. Finally, and most grievous of all, no damsel can take to herself a lord and master and promise to love, honor and obey him unless she first promises to love, honor and obey the United States. The unfortunate swain must also postpone his happiness unless he takes the preparatory oath; and, harder still, even if the couple comply with these requisites, they cannot be married unless by a loyal minister. As the women of the South have been more bitterly disloyal than the men, this announcement will come upon some of them with the startling effect of a clap of thunder. They will have cause to lament more loudly than ever that "the course of true love never did run smooth."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The first of June has been designated by President Johnson as a day of humiliation and mourning for the death, by assassination, of our late President, Abraham Lincoln. He calls upon the people of our nation to humble themselves before God, in order that the bereavement may be sanctified in their hearts. Governor Curtin has seconded this appeal in an official proclamation, requesting the people of the Commonwealth to assemble in their place of worship, to render service to God in memory of the good man who has been so suddenly taken away, so that all may be occupied at the same time in contemplating his untimely and violent death.

A number of prominent citizens of New York city, chiefly merchants and bankers, have purchased a magnificent carriage, with horses and harness to match, for presentation to President Johnson. The names of all politicians have been carefully excluded from the list of subscribers to this timely gift to the President.

The Detroit papers say that, from careful estimates made by the merchants, millers and others who have the means of knowing, it is believed full half of last year's crop of wheat is still in the hands of farmers in Michigan and Illinois, and they have no disposition to sell at the present reduced prices.

A gang of twenty guerrillas attacked and captured a train on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, only fourteen miles from Cincinnati, on Friday night last.—They blew open the express safes with powder and stole their contents, robbed the passengers, and then escaped across the river in skiffs.

Fire.

Two saw mills, together with a large lot of lumber, the property of Day & Saylor, at Hickory Run, Luzerne County, Pa., were consumed by fire on Tuesday evening last. Estimated loss, \$5,000.

The gross earnings of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad for the last year were \$14,750,066, and the expenses \$10,693,944, leaving a balance of over four millions.

New two-dollar counterfeit bills on the Farmers' Bank of Lancaster are in circulation.

Over eight thousand steam engines are employed in boring for and pumping oil in this State.

Our armies are to be reduced to an aggregate of 150,000 men—many of whom will be colored.

Arrangements are being made to pay off the armies ordered to rendezvous about Washington.

When is a thief like a poor billiard player? When he makes a strike for the nearest pocket and misses it.

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QUESTIONS.

As old winter's hastening on, And may in a short time be gone, An important question will Soon the minds of many fill. Think ye, 'tis when will war cease, And our land enjoy sweet peace? Will Old England brave the whip (She in foretimes vainly strove to slip) By interfering 'gainst the powers Of 'Might and Right,' which still are ours? Will Willy Nap—of hoodwinked France, Against justice dare to hurl a lance? Will oil stock remain at par? Or, will some freak of future war The greaseful projects of the many, Counting largely, on the golden penny? Questions somewhat important those. Second however'to, where clothes Suited to Springtime be procured, Of which men may be well assured, They're neatly fitting and of latest style? We reply to this—of R. C. PYLE.

—We are closing out our heavy winter stock, at greatly reduced prices. We have also on hand a splendid stock of cloths, cassimeres and vestings, just purchased which our friends will do well to take a look at.

Ayre's Ague Cure.

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fevers, indeed for the whole class of diseases originating in bilious derangement, caused by the Malaria of miasmatic countries.

Fever and Ague is not the only consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, in malarious districts, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spine, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and thus cures them all alike. It is not only the most effectual remedy ever discovered for this class of complaints, but it is the cheapest and moreover is perfectly safe. No harm can arise from its use, and the patient when cured is left as healthy as if he had never had the disease. Can this be said of any other cure for Chills and Fever? It is true of this, and its importance to those afflicted with the complaint cannot be over estimated. So sure is it to cure the Fever and Ague, that it may be truthfully said to be a certain remedy. One Dealer complains that it is not a good medicine to sell, because one bottle cures a whole neighborhood.

Prepared by J. C. Ayre & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by Wm. Hollishead, Dreher & Brother, in Stroudsburg, and by dealers in medicine everywhere. August 4, 1864.—lycc2m.

[COMMUNICATED.] Pulmonary Consumption a Curable Disease!!! A CARD. TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COLIC, COUGHS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, Kings County, New York

TO THE NERVOUS, DEBILITATED AND DESPONDENT OF BOTH SEXES. A great sufferer having been restored to health in a few days, after many Years of misery, is willing to assist his suffering fellow-creatures by sending (free), on the receipt of a postpaid addressed envelope, a copy of the formula of cure employed.—Direct to JOHN M. DAGNALL, Box 183 Post Office, Jan. 12, 65.—5m.— Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS OF BOTH SEXES.

A Reverend Gentleman having been restored to health in a few days, after undergoing all the usual routine and irregular expensive modes of treatment without success considers it his sacred duty to communicate to his afflicted fellow creatures the means of cure. Hence, on the receipt of an addressed envelope, he will send (free) a copy of the prescription used. Direct to Dr. John M. Yagnall, 186 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York

Widows Appraisement.

Notice is hereby given, that the following appraisements of widows, claiming to retain property to the value of \$300,—of their deceased husbands Estate, have been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Orphans' Court, of Monroe County, and will be presented for approval at the next term of said Court, to be held at Stroudsburg, Monday, May 22, 1865, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Hannah Cook, widow of Nelson Cook, late of the Borough of Stroudsburg, deceased.

Mary Dotter, widow of George Dotter, late of Polk township, deceased.

Louisa Kemmerling, widow of Henry Kemmerling, late of Polk township, deceased.

Lydia Getz, widow of George Getz, late of Eldred township, deceased.

Milhemena Frantz, widow of Matthias Frantz, late of Ross township, deceased.

Mary Werkheiser, widow of Adam Werkheiser, late of Hamilton township, deceased.

Martha Ann Learn, widow of Adam Learn, late of Pocono township, deceased.

Sally Hawk widow of Josiah Hawk late of Chesnut Hill township, deceased.

T. M. McILHANEY, Clerk. Stroudsburg, May 4, 1865.