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JOE PRINTING,

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Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

A MERRY HEART.

'Tis well to have a merry heart,
However short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
Whate'er the world may say.
Philosophy may lift its head,
And find out many a flaw;
But give me the philosophy
That's happy with a straw!

If life but brings us happiness,
It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, though rich ones try,
With all their heaps of gold!
Then laugh away; let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth,
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth.

There's beauty in a merry laugh,
A moral beauty too;
It shows the heart's an honest heart,
That's paid each man his due,
And gave a share of what's to spare,
Despite of wisdom's fears;
And makes the cheekless sorrow speak,
The eye shed fewer tears.

The sun may shroud itself in cloud,
The tempest wrath begin;
It finds a spark to cheer the dark,
It's sunlight is within!
Then laugh away—let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth!

Strike Hard.

The New Yorkers have taken up the subject of the beef extortion, and a very active movement is going on for the purpose of inducing a strike against the butchers. These cormorants still charge from thirty to forty cents per pound for beef in this city, at which rates a steak sufficient for a poor man's family costs him the product of two days' labor.

The New Yorkers are adopting the suggestions we made to our readers some weeks since, and a correspondent of the Times writes to that journal as follows:

We—that is a few families in Hoboken—have formed an anti-meat club. There are seven of such families. We have mutually pledged each other to totally abstain from meat for two weeks from this day, Thursday. Here is a beginning at least. Who will be next. The process is simple.—The men folks talked it over on Wednesday morning on the boat, settled the matter at their homes at night, and will honestly adhere to their resolve. ONE OF THEM

Combine and conquer, and let the watch word be "No more meat at present prices." It will do us good to avoid eating meat at this season of the year.

Antidote for the Hydrophobia.

The following is said to be one of the most successful antidotes for the bite of a mad dog. It was for sixteen years an exclusive secret with a Saxon forester, but who, growing old, unwilling to let it die with him, and therefore procured its publication. He is said to have used it for fifty years, and rescued many human beings and cattle from the fearful death of hydrophobia.

The Antidote.—Take immediately, warm vinegar or tepid water, wash the wound clean therewith and then dry it; then pour upon the wound a few drops of hydrochloric acid, because mineral acids destroy the poison of the saliva, by which means the latter is neutralized.

Receipts that Never Fail.

To destroy rats catch them one by one, and flatten their heads in a lemon squeezer. To kill cockroaches get a pair of heavy boots, then catch your roaches, put them in a barrel, then get in yourself and dance. To kill bed-bugs—chain their hind legs to a tree then go round in front and make mouths.—To catch mice—on going to bed put crumbs of cheese into your mouth, and lie with it open, as when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat—bite. To prevent dogs from going mad—cut their tails off just behind their ears.

A Philadelphia merchant sent a cargo of goods to Constantinople. After the supercargo had seen the bales and boxes had been safely landed, he inquired where they should be stored. Leave them here, it won't rain to night," was the reply.

"But I dare not leave them exposed, some of the goods may be stolen," said the supercargo. The Mahomedan merchant laughed as he replied:

"Don't be alarmed, my friend, there is not a Christian within a hundred miles of us."

To Keep Butter in Warm Weather.

A simple mode of keeping butter in warm weather where ice is not handy. Invert a common flower pot over the butter with some water in the dish in which the butter is laid. The orifice at the bottom may be corked or not. The porousness of the earthen-ware will keep the butter cool.

A merchant, advertising his goods, gave notice that he would take in payment all kinds of country product except promise.

The rebellion was first kindled into a flame by petticoats; it was fanned through its whole career by petticoats; and it had its final fall in petticoats.

At what season were Adam and Eve most unhappy in Eden? In the fall.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Western Items.

Missouri is situated in the heart of our vast National domain as well as the great garden of the world, the Mississippi Valley. Its prominent advantages are:—The unsurpassed fertility of its soil; its temperate and healthy climate; its inexhaustible mineral wealth; (particularly Iron, Lead and Coal), and its commercial facilities. The meandering "father of waters" for over 500 miles skirts its Eastern bounds, and the turbid Missouri, for equal distance, winds through the interior, inviting her surplus produce to take an easy transit by water, to supply the markets of the world.

The Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad passes through the Northern part of the State, making the fine healthy and active star City of the North West, (the City of St. Joseph) visible and accessible to Eastern Fogies, that once thought St. Joseph was "out west"—almost out of the world. They can now see that it is the common centre of that great radius, known as the North West. The Pacific Railroad passing through the State, East and West.—The Northern Missouri connects the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, and St. Louis and the Iron Mountain Railroad are among the fixed facts. The great incubus—Slavery—so long a curse to the growth and interests of the State, is among the things that were. And her damnable first born rebellion has given up the ghost, and Free Missouri to-day, invites the energy and capital of Christendom to assist in developing the Agricultural and mineral wealth of her broad and fertile plains. The State Emigration Society recently established, has for its object, the diffusion of intelligence to the reading world, of the advantages Missouri offers to the hardy pioneer and the honest laboring man seeking a permanent home.

I know not, but I presume that officers of the State and subordinate societies, will not overlook the great practical idea of making arrangements with our leading lines of travel at a reduced fare, to encourage the emigrant. Our leading capitalists are men generally of enlarged views and can easily realize the result of adding 100 per cent, to the producing energy and capital that will find its outlet and communications over their lines in future time. A hint to the wise on this subject is sufficient.

The people of Missouri are rather a heterogeneous class, representing almost every nation and State, and when we bear in mind the fact that the most energetic people migrate, it accounts for the superior tact, talent, and energy, of the West above mediocrity.

More anon.

R. W. HINCKLEY.

Richfield, Ill., July 21, 1865.

Woolen Clothing.

It is not generally understood how clothing keeps the body cool in hot weather, and warm in cold weather.—Clothes are generally composed of some light substances, which do not conduct heat; but woolen substances are worse conductors than those made of cotton or linen. Thus a flannel shirt more effectually intercepts or keeps out heat than a linen or cotton one; and whether in warm or cold climates, attains the end of clothing more effectually. The exchange of woolen for cotton undershirts, in hot weather, is, therefore, an error.

This is further proved by ice being preserved from melting when it is wrapped in blankets, which retard, for a long time, the approach of heat to it. These considerations show the error of supposing there is a positive warmth in the materials of clothing. "The thick cloak which guards a Spaniard against the cold winter, is also, in summer, used by him as a protection against the direct rays of the sun; and white flannel is our warmest article of dress, yet we cannot more effectually preserve ice than by wrapping the vessel containing it in many folds of the softest flannel. Black clothes are known to be very warm in the sun; but they are far from being so in the shade, especially in cold weather, when the temperature of the air is below that of the surface of the skin. We may thus gather the importance of attention to children's clothing. It is an absurd idea, that, to render young limbs hearty, the body must be exposed to the undue influences of our capricious climate.

The whole number of Union troops now in Texas is stated at 14,000, being parts of the Thirtieth and Twenty-fifth Army Corps.

Four years ago Oil City numbered one hundred inhabitants; now it contains about ten thousand.

H. D. Sherman, of the famous Sherman oil well, who five years ago was a poor man, is now reported to be worth over five million of dollars. He expects soon to be rich!

THE DAUGHTER'S STRATAEM.

Judge Rose lived in Bellville, on the banks of a great river in the West. Every year he went to Washington, and his voice was often heard in the halls of Congress. Yet though he was called great he was not good, because he was fond of drinking wine, brandy, &c., and frequented the gambling rooms so numerous in the city. These habits gained on him daily, until they conquered all his moral strength. His townsmen refused to send him as their delegate any more.

Judge Rose had an amiable wife and three pretty daughters. Mary the eldest was his special pet. He thought more of her than of himself, and no wish of hers went ungratified. She was of a sweet disposition, and so obedient and respectful to her parents, and kind to every one about her, that she was beloved by everybody. And though her father's dwelling was the most elegant, and they had beautiful grounds, and servants, and horses, and carriages and fine clothes; she never put on airs as many do, but was modest and retiring. Mr. Rose and his wife and daughters were all members of a Christian church. He was often suspended from its fellowship, and on promise of repentance received again. His influential position in society and the pious conduct of his wife and daughters, caused much pity for them, and elicited much patience. They hoped by love and forbearance to restore him wholly. But all the love of his family and the church could not stop this erring man in his downward course.

At last so low did he fall as to lose all self-respect, and frequented the lowest whiskey shops in the town. Daily he went out unshaved, and unwashed, ragged and almost naked, and when drunk would sing some low song which would draw around him a crowd of boys to jeer, and laugh, and scorn the once dignified and respectful judge. In personal appearance he was the lowest of the low.

It is not to be supposed that Christians and temperance men allowed such a man to ruin himself without efforts to save him. Earnest and persevering efforts were put forth; prayers were offered up, and his family left no avenue to his heart unentered. But all were alike useless. His wife and daughters went and prayed, but despaired entirely.

Mary his pet, often labored to save her father from open disgrace, if not from private sin. She became very sad and refused to attend church or go into society. When her father was sober, he had sense to perceive the sorrowful change in his once happy Mary and seemed to regret his course more for her own sake than his own.

One morning he started as usual for the drinking shop. He was a horrible object, indecent to look at as well as filthy. His wife tried to hold him back, and get him at least to put on some decent clothing, but he would not yield. Mary made her appearance by his side, clothed in rags, low at the neck, bare armed and bonnetless with an old whiskey-bottle in her hand. Taking her father's arm she said: "Come, father, I'm going too."

"Going where?" said he, staring at her as if horror struck.

"To the dram shop. What is good for you is good for me."

Then she began to flourish her bottle and sing one of the low songs she had heard him sing in the street.

"Go back girl, you are crazy; mother, take her in."

"But I am going with you, father, to ruin my soul and body. It is of no use for me to be good while you are going to the bad place. You'll be lonely there without your Mary."

"Go away, girl, you'll drive me mad."

"But you have been mad for some time, and I am going mad too. What do I care? My father is only a poor old despoiled drunkard; his daughter may as well drink and lie in the gutter too."

So Mary pulled away at her father's arm, and went out to open the gate. He drew back; still she dragged on and sung louder. A few boys came toward them, and then her father broke from her hold, and went into the house. There he sat down; and putting his hands to his face, he wept aloud.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Rose. "Mary is crazy, and I have made her so. I wish I was dead. Do go out and get her in; I won't go out to-day."

Mrs. Rose went out and told Mary what her father had said, and then she went in. She sat down with her bottle and all day kept on her old rags. Mr. Rose was in an awful state for want of his accustomed stimulus and frequently went to the door, but Mary was ready at his side on every occasion. Mrs. Rose prepared his meals with extra care, and gave her husband cups of strong coffee, and the latter part of the day he lay down to sleep. When he woke up, Mary was still there in her rags, and her bottle by her side.

With much shaking and trembling he put on a suit of clothes, and asked his wife to send for a barber. Then after tea he said, "I'm going out."

"Where?"

"To the Temperance Hall. Go with me and see if I do not get there."

So Mrs. Rose went with him to the door of the hall, Mary still saying: "I must follow, for I'm afraid he will go to the whiskey shop without me."

But his wife saw him go up stairs and enter the meeting room, and the door closed upon him. Then she and Mary

went home to rejoice with trembling at the success of the stratagem.

Surprise, joy, and some distrust pervaded the minds of the assembly of temperance brothers when Mr. Rose walked in. He was invited to walk forward and asked to speak whatever he wished.

He rose and told his tale of the day, and then added, "When I saw how my angel daughter was transformed into a low, filthy creature; when I knew how much lower she would have to descend if she went with me, I abhorred myself.—She vowed to go every where I went, and do everything I did.

Could I see her do that? Her loveliness stained—her character ruined—she pure as an angel? No sirs! If it kill me I will leave off, and never touch, taste or handle from this night henceforward and forever. And now gentlemen, help me to be a man again."

The building vibrated with the cheering, stamping and clapping, and a gush of song rose from those many hearts which might have been heard for miles. Oh, "there is joy in heaven even over one sinner that repenteth!" and why should there not be on earth?

We hope no other daughter will have to resort to so painful a remedy to save a father.

Execution of Women.

The Philadelphia Ledger has the following from a correspondent:

"Has any woman been capitally punished for crime in this country?" has been repeatedly asked since the finding of the Military Commission in the case of Mrs. Surratt and the other conspirators. We find in "Watson's Historical Annals of Pennsylvania," that in 1820, "Edward and Martha Hunt were sentenced to death for making and passing counterfeit dollars, said to be the first case in which death was inflicted"; and also in 1731, in Newcastle, "Catharine Bevan was ordered to be burned alive for the murder of her husband, and Peter Murphy, her servant, to be hanged. It was designed to strangle her to death by previous hanging over the fire and before it could reach her; but the fire broke out in a stream directly on the rope round her neck, and burnt it off instantly, so that she fell alive into the flames and was seen to struggle therein—a shocking spectacle in our country." Thus it seems that our ancestors were not troubled with that sensibility which now protrudes itself among certain classes of our community."

Hot and Cold.

Dan Marble was once strolling along the wharves in Boston, where he met a tall, gaunt figure, a "digger" from California, and got into conversation with him.

"Healthy climate, I suppose?"

"Healthy? it ain't anything else.—Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that without travelling more than fifteen minutes. Just think o' that! the next cold morning when you get out of bed.—There's a mountain there, with a valley on each side of it, the one hot, and the other cold. Well, get on top of the mountain, with a double-barrelled gun, and you can, without moving, kill either summer or winter game, just as you will!"

"What, have you ever tried it?"

"Tried it! often; and should have done pretty well but for one thing. I wanted a dog that would stand both climates.—The last dog I had froze off his tail while pinting on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see—trew as you live."

Marble.

Last week Lieutenant Gen. Grant issued a general order to the various department commanders, authorizing them to break up all the faro banks in the United States. Maj. General Palmer, acting under this authority, appointed Saturday night for a grand raid on all the faro banks in Kentucky. Every bank in Louisville was closed up and their stocks confiscated. Most the men engaged in them got wind of the movement and left the city. One at Frankfort was seized, and the keeper and dealer arrested. All others in the State have been shut up.—This descent on the gambling houses, we understand to be in the interest of the soldiers, who have been swindled out of thousands of dollars and left penniless by them.

A gentleman in New York has offered to give \$500, in prizes of \$200, \$150, \$100 and \$50, to those soldiers who have either lost their right arm, or have had it disabled, who will show the best specimen of left-hand penmanship—the design being to induce the men to become skillful penmen, in order to fit themselves for lucrative and honorable positions.

The duty of placing the manacles upon Mrs. Surratt, escorting her to the gallows, and supporting her until the trap fell, devolved upon Lieut. Col. W. H. H. McCall, of Lewisburg, Penna. When placing the irons upon her wrists, she told him he was no gentleman, or he would not do so. Colonel McCall told her that it was his unpleasant duty, in obedience to orders, and not his choice. Her parting salute to him was, "You are a scoundrel!" which were about the last audible words she uttered.

"Excuse the freedom of the press," as the editor said when he hugged his neighbor's wife.

Sick-Headache.

Sick-headache is sickness at the stomach, a tendency to vomit, combined with pain in some parts of the head, generally at the left side. It is caused by there being too much bile in the system, from the fact that this bile is manufactured too rapidly, or is not worked out of the system fast enough by steady, active exercise. Hence sedentary persons, those who do not walk about a great deal, but are seated in the house nearly all the time, are almost exclusively the victims of this distressing malady. It usually begins soon after waking up in the morning, and lasts a day or two more. There are many causes; the most frequent is, the derangement of the stomach by late and hearty suppers; by eating too soon after a regular meal—five hours should at least intervene—eating much of any favorite dish; eating without an appetite; forcing food, eating after one is conscious of having enough; something which the stomach cannot digest, or sour-stomach. Any of these things may induce headache of the most distressing character in an hour; it is caused by indulgence in spirituous liquors. When a person has sick-headache, there is no appetite; the very sight of food is hateful; the tongue is furred, the feet and hands are cold, and there is a feeling of universal discomfort, with an utter indisposition to do any thing whatever. A glass of warm water, into which has been rapidly stirred a heaping teaspoonful each of salt and kitchen mustard, by causing instantaneous vomiting, empties the stomach of the bile or undigested sour food, and a grateful relief is often experienced on the spot; and rest, with a few hours of sound, refreshing sleep, completes the cure, especially if the principal part of the next day or two is spent in mental diversion and out-door activities, not eating an atom of food, but drinking freely of cold water and hot teas until you feel as if a piece of cold bread and butter would really taste good. Nine times in ten the cause of sick-headache is the fact that the stomach is not able to digest the food last introduced into it, either from its having been unsuitable or excessive in quantity. When the stomach is weak, a spoonful of the mildest, plainest food will cause an attack of sick-headache, when ten times the amount might have been taken in health, not only with impunity, but with positive advantage.

A diet of cold bread and butter, and ripe fruits and berries, with moderate continuous exercise in the open air, sufficient to keep up a very gentle perspiration, would, of themselves, cure almost every case within thirty-six hours. Two tablespoonfuls of pulverized charcoal, stirred in half a glass of water, drank, generally gives relief.

The Poverty of Statesmen.

Statesmen who are worthy of the appellation given them, generally fail to secure fortunes. They devote themselves to pursuits, which, if honestly adhered to rarely yield rich rewards. Jefferson died comparatively poor. Indeed, if Congress had not purchased his library and given him, five times its value, he would, with difficulty, have kept the wolf from his door. Madison saved money, and comparatively rich. To add to his fortune, however, or rather to that of his widow, Congress purchased his manuscript papers, and paid thirty thousand dollars for them. James Monroe, the sixth President of the United States, died in New York, so poor that his remains found a resting place through the charity of one of his friends. They remain in a cemetery in School street, but no monument marks the spot where they repose.

John Quincy Adams left some hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the result of industry, prudence and inheritance.—He was a man of method economy. Martin Van Buren died very rich.—Throughout his political life he studiously looked out for his own interest. It is not believed that he ever spent thirty shillings in politics. His party shook the bush and he caught the bird.

Daniel Webster squandered some millions in his life time, the product of his professional and political speculations.—He died, leaving his property to his children, and his friends. The former sold for less than twenty thousand dollars.—The latter exceeded two hundred and fifty thousand.

Henry Clay left a very handsome estate. It probably exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He was a prudent manager, and a scrupulously honest man.

James K. Polk left about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—fifty thousand of which he saved from his Presidency of four years.

John Tyler left thirty thousand dollars. Before he reached the Presidency he was a bankrupt. In office he husbanded his means, and then married a very wealthy wife.

Zachary Taylor left one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man and keeps his money in a very strong and safe box. It will never be wasted in speculation, or squandered in vice.

Ex-President Pierce saved some fifty thousand dollars from his term of service.

The value of the estate left by the late President Lincoln is estimated at \$75,000.

A New Dodge of the New York Beggars.

A newspaper correspondent writes from New York as follows:

The beggars have lately created a sensation by a dodge which is as amusing as cunning. Fulton Ferry is a great gate of the city. Hundreds of thousands of people pass to and from the city daily by that route, and as a natural consequence beggars who go early where there is a surplus of wealth to be given away, congregate on the Fulton ferry-boats.—The latest trick is performed by a man and small child, the latter in rags and the former in a well worn uniform of blue, with one sleeve empty, the missing arm being carefully hidden away under the coat. The plan of the operators is for the man personating the soldiers to sit in the ladies cabin of the boat in such a way that the child, in its tour of begging, approaches him first, soliciting alms. The false soldier listens to the brief tale told in an undertone by the child, questioning him or her very loudly, and at last, pulling a well-worn and well-filled pocket-book from his pocket, hands it to his nearest neighbor, and asks him (being himself unable to handle the pocket-book with his single hand) to give the child ten or twenty-five cents. The beggars know enough of human nature to know that this scene invariably excites the sympathy of the spectators, who are ashamed not to give after seeing the "poor soldier" do so, and the child generally manages to get quite a respectable sum of postal currency. This repeated once or twice a day at each ferry about the city gives to the rascally pair a very nice income. Some of these people make from eight to ten dollars per day. The newsboys and bootblacks of the streets think they are doing badly if they do not make from three to four dollars per day; and often their receipts on Sunday run up as high as five dollars.

The manner in which Secretary Seward came to know of the death of President Lincoln was singularly touching.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin says:

He had been kept in ignorance of the attack on the President, his physicians fearing that the shock would be too great for him to bear, and all newspapers were rigidly excluded from his room. On the Sunday following the assassination, the Secretary had his bed wheeled around so that he could see the tops of the trees in the park opposite, just putting on the Spring foliage, when his eye caught the stars and stripes at half mast on the War Department, on which he gazed awhile, then turning to his attendant, said:—"The President is dead." The attendant stammered and changed color as he tried to say nay, but the sagacious old man said: "If he had been alive, he would have been the first to call on me; but he has not been here, nor has he sent to know how I am, and there's the flag at half-mast. The old statesman's inductive reasoning had told the truth, and he lay in silence, the great tears coursing down his gashed cheeks, and the dreadful truth sunk into his mind.

John S. Wallace, a merchant of Chicago, was arrested recently for using revenue stamps two or three times over on his warehouse receipts. His manner of doing it was to put a stamp on a receipt, and after it had been passed tear it off and use it again on another receipt.—Numbers of receipts were found in his desk with the stamps off, and the stamps in an envelope. In this way he confessed to having saved about \$35, which probably cost him about \$35,000, the penalty for each offence being \$1,000, with the addition of imprisonment. Wallace offered \$5,000 to the man who arrested him if, he would let him off.

A country parish in Connecticut raised their parson's salary from \$300 to \$400 per annum. The good man objected for three reasons:—"First," said he, "because you cannot afford to pay more than \$300; second because my preaching is not worth more than that; third, because I have to collect my salary, which heretofore has been the hardest part of my labors among you. If I have to collect an additional hundred dollars it will kill me."

In one of his terrible menaces Jeff Davis declared that when all the men of the South were put to death in battle, the women would seize their weapons and beat back the Northern vandals. When captured, the "President" evidently thought that the time had come when the women must maintain Southern chivalry. He would himself lead them in petticoats.

An employee in the Surgeon General's office at Washington has discovered a new use for petroleum. His invention consists of a simple process of adhering the debris of dust of coal mines, of yards with petroleum in lumps or blacked masses, which ignite readily without use of soft coals or kindlings, lasts longer, and gives out a more intense heat than ordinary anthracites, and costs about half as much.

Dysentery prevails to a considerable extent in Westchester and Chester county, Pa., both among adults and children.—Many cases have proved fatal.

An American physician says that the human pulse has quickened from seven to ten throbs a minute during the last fifty years.

Gov. Curtin's daughter has eloped with and married a gay soldier boy.