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JOHN PRINTING,
OF ALL KINDS,
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

ATTRACTION.

Attraction is a curious power,
That none can understand;
Its influence is everywhere—
In water, air and land;
It keeps the earth compact and tight,
As though strong bolts were though it;
And, what is more mysterious yet,
It binds us mortals to it.
You throw a stone up in the air,
And down it comes ker whack!
The centrifugal casts it up—
The centripetal—back.
My eyes! I can't discover how
One object attracts another;
Unless they love each other, like
A sister and brother.
I know the compass always points
Directly to the pole:
Some say the North Star causes this,
And some say—*Symon's Hole!*
Perhaps it does—perhaps it don't;
Perhaps some other cause;
Keep on *perhapsing*—who can solve
Attraction's hidden laws!
A fly lights on a lasses cup—
Attraction bids him woo it;
And when he's in, attraction keeps
The chap from paddling through it.
Attraction lures the ste to drink,
To all his troubles down;
But when his legs give way, he falls,
And 'traction keeps him down.
Attraction is a curious power,
That none can understand;
Its influence is everywhere—
In water, air and land.
It operates on every thing—
The sea, the tides, the weather,
And sometimes draws the sexes up,
And binds them fast together.

Rules for Winter.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.
In going into the colder air, keep the mouth resolutely closed, by compelling the air to pass circuitously through the nose and head, it may become warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevent those shocks and sudden chills which frequently end in plury, pneumonia, and other serious forms of disease.
Never sleep with the head in the draft of an open door or window.
Let more covering be on the lower limbs than on the body. Have an extra covering within easy reach in case of a change of weather during the night.
Never stand still a moment out of doors, especially at street corners, after having walked even a short distance.
Never ride near the open window of a vehicle for a single half-minute, especially if it has been preceded by a walk; valuable lives have thus been lost, or good health permanently destroyed.
Never put on a new boot or shoe in beginning a journey.
Never wear India rubber in cold, dry weather.
If compelled to face a bitter cold wind, throw a silk handkerchief over the face, its agency is wonderful in modifying the cold.
Those who are easily chilled on going out of doors, should have some cotton bathing attached to the vest or other garment, so as to protect the space between the shoulder blades behind—the lungs being attached to the body at that point. A little there is worth five times the amount over the chest in front.
Never sit for more than five minutes at a time with the back against the fire stove.
Avoid sitting against cushions in the backs of pews in churches; if the uncovered board feels cold, sit erect without touching it.
Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten.
After speaking, singing or preaching in a warm room in winter, do not leave it for at least ten minutes, and even then close the mouth, put on the gloves, wrap up the neck, put on the cloak or overcoat before passing out of the door. The neglect of these has laid many a good and useful man in a premature grave.
Never speak under a hoarseness, especially if it requires an effort or gives a hurting or a painful feeling, for it often results in permanent loss of voice, or life-long invalidism.—Hall's Journal of Health.

The new ten-cent currency notes are nearly ready for distribution. They are half an inch longer and a quarter of an inch wider than those now in use. A medallion head of Washington forms the centre of the vignette, while on the sides are minute representations of masts of ships, warehouses, &c; and on each side of the medallion, in fancy lettering, the figures "10." The signatures of the United States Treasurer and of the Register of the Treasury are appended to the note. The dress is printed in green, but little bronze is being used.

LIST OF THE PREMIUMS

Awarded by the
Monroe County Agricultural Society
AT THE 6TH ANNUAL FAIR, HELD
OCTOBER 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th, 1865.

No 2—Horses and Mules—Class 1—Draft Horses.

George L. Dreher, best 2 year old horse colt \$3 00
Reuben Smith, best 2 year old mare colt 'Jennings' 4 00
Jacob Hendershot, best draught team 4 00
John Hanna, 2nd best do 'Jennings' 2 00
Chas. Yeisley, best yearling stallion 2 00
Joseph Fenner best brood mare 4 00
Wm. S. Dreher, best yearling mare colt 'Jennings' 1 50
Joseph Fenner best sucking colt 1 50

No 2—Horses and Mules—Class 2—Roadsters

Peter Kunkle, best team. 5 00
H. C. Stull, 2nd best team am. agr. 2 00
Wm. Smith, 2nd best mare do 2 00
Joseph Fenner brood mare do 2 00
Dan. Peters, brood mare do 2 00
Martin Smith, best 3 year old stallion 3 00
James Overfield, best 2 year old stallion am. agr. 6 00
John Mosier, best single roadster 'Jennings' 2 00
William N. Peters 2nd best roadster 'Jennings' 2 00
Jerome Fenner, best 2 year old colt am. agr. 1 00
Dan'l, Peters best sucking colt 1 00

No 2—Horses and Mules—Class 3—Speed—Division A.

Wm. Smith best 4 year old trotting horse 4 00
Theo. Adams, 2nd best 3 00
Wm. Hanna best trotting stallion 10 00
J. Weaver, 2nd best 5 00
Div. B.—Confined to County.
M. B. Postens, best trotting horse 10 00
Erast. Eilenberger 2nd best am. agr. 4 00
Rob't R. Depuy, best trotting stallion 20 00
M. B. Postens, 2nd best 5 00
Josiah Fenner, best pacing horse 8 00
John T. Williams, 2nd best 3 00
Reuben Kresge, best pair horses 5 00
John Palmer jr., 2nd best am. agr. 2 00
Div. C.—Open to All.
Mr. Irwin, best trotting horse 150 00
James Decker, 2nd best 50 000

No 3—Horned Cattle—Class 1—Thoroughbred

A. Shafer, best yearling Oyr-trian bull 2 00
A. Shafer, best 2 year old Durham Heifer 4 00
M. Shafer, best Durham bull 4 00
No 3—Horned Cattle—Class 2—Grades and Natives.
Enoch Flagler, best grade Devon heifer 3 00
John Conner, 2nd best 2 00
C. D. Baodhead, best native cow 5 00
Enoch Flagler, best grade Devon cow 4 00
No 3—Horned Cattle—Class 3—Steers and Oxens.
John Edinger, best pair working oxen 4 00
Joseph Fenner, best thoroughbred boar 5 00
Joseph Fenner, boar pigs dip. 1 00
Wm. Frankenfield best fat hog 3 00
Wm. Frankenfield 2nd best am. agr 1 00

No 5.—SHEEP.

Enoch Flagler, best gr. south Devon buck 3 00
Lorenzo Drake, best 3 gr. cotswold lambs 3 00
Matthias Shafer, best Oxford buck 'Youatt' 4 00
John T. Williams, best baked well buck 4 00
John T. Williams, best native buck 2 00
John S. Rinehart, best 3 gr. bakewell ewes 4 00
John S. Rinehart, 2nd best 'Youatt' 2 00
James H. Kerr, best gr. cotswold buck 2 00
James H. Kerr, 2nd best 'Youatt' 2 00

No 6—Grain, Seed and Flour.

Silas L. Drake, best bushel yellow corn am. agr. 1 00
Silas L. Drake, best qu. hemp seed I 00
Jacob T. Keller, best owl buck-wheat flour am. agr. 2 00
No 7—Farming Implements.
J. C. Bowers, best horse power and thresher dip. 2 00

Geo. Shafer, best mower and reaper dip 2 00

Geo. Shafer best mower dip 2 00

No 8—Manufactured Articles.

James A. Pauli, best hats, caps and furs dip. 2 00
N. Ruster, best display clothing dip. 2 00
Flory & Bro., best lot of stoves dip 3 00
N. Ruster, best display of woolen goods dip. 2 00
Miss E. Knipe, best cigars dip. 1 00
Henry Hes'or, best carriage dip. 1 00

NO. 9—VEGETABLES

Chas. B. Staples, best 6 heads cabbage amr agr. 1 00
Silas L. Drake, best 6 pumpkins 1 00
Silas L. Drake, best 6 egg plants 1 00
Silas L. Drake, best sweet potatoes 1 00
Silas L. Drake, best peck tomatoes I 00
C. Becker, best mangoes am. agr. 1 00
Alfred Drake, best 6 squash am. agr. 1 00
Daniel Peters, best prince Albert potatoes am. agr. 1 00
Robert Pitts, best peach blew potatoes am. agr. 1 00
Robert Pitts, best peck unions 1 00
James H. Kerr, best peck lima beans am. agr. 1 00
James H. Kerr, best half peck pole beans 1 00
James H. Kerr, best bushel field beans 1 00

NO. 10—POULTRY.

Alfred Drake, best lot of chickens am agr 1 00
R. R. Cress, best brahma pointers amr. agr 1 00
NO. 11—DAIRY & HONEY.
James H. Kerr, best 5 pounds butter 2 00
James Teel, 2nd best 1 00
Mrs. C. D. Brodhead, best dutch cheese dip 1 00

NO. 12—FRUIT.

A. R. Jackson, best peck squin ces 1 00
C. Becker, best Delaware grapes I 00
J. S. Rinehart best fennish beauty peas 1 00
Robt. Pitts, best black Hamburg grapes 1 00
Robt Pitts best Isabella grapes 1 00
J. H. Kerr, best display of fruit am. agr. 1 00
No 13—Home Manufacturers.
Henry Fenner, best flax 1 00
Mrs. Geo. Knipe, best pair sheets 1 00
Mrs. G. Knipe, best table cloths 1 00
Miss Eliza Depuy, best quilt 1 00
Miss Cath. Wilson, best silk quilt 1 00

No 14—Ladies Work.

Sarah Jackson, shell work frames 1 00
Mrs. Susan Labar, embroidery dip. 1 00
Miss Ally Edinger, best tidy 1 00
Mrs. Susan La'ar, 2nd best dip. 1 00
Miss Emma Trock, 2 crocheted tidies 1 00
Mrs. Chas Shafer, chair cushion dip. 1 00
Mrs. Chas Shafer, chemise I 00
Mrs. C. Becker, best quilt 1 00
Mrs. C. D. Brodhead, 2nd best dip. 1 00
Mrs. C. Becker, linnen table cloths 1 00
Mrs. C. D. Brodhead, best lamp mat 1 00
Mrs. C. D. Brodhead, 2nd best dip. 1 00
Peter Williams, counterpane 1 00
Miss Sally Kerr, best leather work 1 00
Miss Carrie Drake, 2d best dip. 1 00
Hanna Gratten, tatting 1 00
Mrs. Darius Dreher, best worsted work 1 00
Mrs. J. S. Rinehart, bun basket 1 00
Mrs. J. S. Rinehart, hair flowers 1 00

NO. 15—NOT, & ART FLOWERS.

Miss Carrie Drake, 1 plant dip 1 00
Miss Sally Kerr, moss vase & dried flowers 1 00
Miss Sally Kerr, hanging basket dip. 1 00
Mrs. C. D. Brodhead, fuschia, 1 00
NO. 15—HOME DEPARTMENT.
Mrs. A. R. Jackson, jar peaches. dip. 1 00
NO. 17—MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.
Miss Hattie Brown, monochromatic paintings I 00
C. Warnock, display cold. engravings 1 00
NO. 18.—NON-ENUMERATED ARTICLES.
John Hensberger, patent beehive I 00
M. Walrath, best turned work 1 00
James H. Kerr, best sewing machine 1 00

The foregoing is a true list of the premiums awarded at the 6th annual fair of the Monroe Co., Agr., Society, and the Treasurer is hereby authorized to pay the same, and this receipt of the parties on the margin shall be his sufficient order for the same.

JOSEPH FENNER, Pres't.
A. R. JACKSON, Sec'y

From the N. Y. Tribune.

MID-AIR MATRIMONY.

Bridal Balloon Voyage—The Parties Concerned—Pleasures of Windy Wedlock—The Voyage—Poetical Incident on the Way.

The announcement that a bona fide marriage was to take place above the clouds in Professor Thos. S. C. Lowe's balloon United States, yesterday, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, caused a great crowd to assemble in the large enclosure whence the bridal party were to take the departure from this terrestrial sphere.—About 8,000 persons, nearly one-half of whom were women, were congregated around the balloon, at the corner of Sixth ave. and Fifth-ninth st., while probably as many more occupied positions on the roofs of buildings and lofty rocks overlooking the enclosure.

THE BRIDAL CAR.

At one end of the raised platform, over which the partially distended balloon oscillated fitfully in the strong gale, was erected a pretty gate of woven evergreen, bearing the motto, "Ever Thus," through which the bridal party were to pass to the balloon. The bridal car was very handsome, the outside being covered with gold and crimson damask, and the inside cushioned round with pale green silk, with a capacity for four voyagers. It was also elegantly tented with pink silks, bordered round with drooping festoons of lace of bridal white.

THE PARTIES CONCERNED.

Miss Mary West Jenkins, late of St. Louis, Mo., was the blushing bride; Professor John W. Boynton, M. D., of Syracuse, N. Y., was the happy and eccentric man. They had been engaged for some time, and, according to advertisement, it was expected that they would be accompanied by the Rev. F. Dewitt Talmadge of Philadelphia, to the pure, untrammelled realms of space, and there united in the holy bands of wedlock, with the eternal stars for witnesses, the sun and moon for groomsmen and bridesmaids, the fires of sunset for their hymenial torch, and the blue empyrean for their domestic sphere.

Of course, here was poetical novelty enough to attract, throngs of sight seers, who, however, were compelled to wait two dreary hours in the cold open air, keeping their feet and hands from freezing by incessant applause, and clamoring for the spectacle to commence, as they had paid their admission fee in good faith.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDAL PARTY.

Owing to the accident which had taken place at the Manhattan Gas Works, Prof. Lowe was compelled to make his own gas, which occasioned considerable delay, but at about 4 o'clock the balloon was ready for her voyage, and soon after the carriage containing the bridal party drove into the deep inclosure from the Fifth-ave. side amid roars of laughter and deafening cries of "Hi! hi!" "Here they come!" "See the bride!" "Look at the old man!" and similar expressions. A moment after two little girls, half clad in white muslin and cheap spangles, and shivering with the cold, sprang from the foremost coach and scattered flowers along the platform, which was now densely crowded with spectators, whom the policeman with all their efforts, were hardly able to keep back from the narrow path which had been cleared for the passage of the bridal party, consisting of the bride and bridegroom, the two daughters of the latter and the sister of the former, with a few other friends.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Soon after the arrival of the party it was given out that the marriage ceremony had taken place a few hours before, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and that the only legal ceremony to be performed on high would be the singing of the marriage contract. The reason given for this change of the programme was that the clergyman of the occasion had to return to Philadelphia by the next train; but the actual reason probably was that the reverend gentleman, accustomed to operate solely in mundane matrimony, had backed out at the eleventh hour, and tied the knot in the manner with which we groveling mortals are usually contented.

"Which is the gal what's to be yoked?" asked a vulgar fellow at our elbow.—"That is the bride," we replied, instinctively indicating a beautiful woman of about five and twenty, who had just alighted from the carriage.

She was tall and comely, with bright dark eyes, pale cheeks, and a somewhat nervous smile about her pretty lips, as she passed through the throngs with a step-daughter, hardly younger than herself, on either side. She was dressed in a plain, but elegant traveling dress of dove colored silk; her rich dark hair was modestly disposed beneath an elegant bonnet of the latest style, and she kept her eyes cast down as if sad and dejected. The "happy man" was a large, portly gentleman, about double the age of his new wife. The latter looked pretty and sweet as she was lifted into the gay cabin of the air-ship, but as the husband stepped over the edge of the car there was a pitiful laugh from the crowd as though he had made that one step from the sublime to the ridiculous of which the poet speaks. Owing to the scarcity of gas, it was found impossible for Miss Lula Boynton to accompany her father and step-mother, as was originally intended. Her place was therefore occupied by a little sister of the bride. Prof. Lowe then stepped in, and all was in readiness.

THE START.

The ballast was on board. A dozen men were clinging to the unsteady car to keep it down.

"Give us one good swing, boys, and the net us sail!" cried Prof. Lowe. The next moment there was a strong puff—a flapping sound, like that of wings in motion; the crowds below caught one more glimpse of the pale-cheeked bride, with nervous mile upon her lips, and then the air ship was aloft and rising slowly on her heavenward way. She rose but slowly, however. The Professor emptied a sand-bag just in time to clear the eaves of the little house at one corner of the enclosure. As it was, the car came squarely in contact with the flagstaff on the roof; but the slender mast bent like a willow wand, and the next moment they were clear and rising rapidly, with the Professor waving his hat triumphantly over the side of the car.

THE BRIDAL VOYAGE.

It was not near so cold as we thought it would be. Immediately after clearing the walls of the enclosure, the balloon seemed to become perfectly motionless, and the world sank from our feet like a peopled dream. The city was spread below us like a map, with its hundred spires and myriad casements gleaming in the last flush of sunset, which flooded the west with pallid gold, with here and there an island of white cloud. For a moment we seemed to be perfectly motionless, and then, by watching the Central Park, directly beneath us we saw that we were moving rapidly toward the North.

"Then as the wind began to weep
A music out of sheet and shroud,
We steered her toward the crimson cloud.
That land-like slept along the deep.

Our nervousness was quietly gone, and we were soon chatting merrily. Lesser and dimmer grew the world as we soared and swept along, over Harlem and along East River, with its hundred isles, with the wide, glittering waters of the Sound beyond, like a dazzling shield, and hamlets, hills and woods, the latter flushed with Autumnal purple and gold, fleeting far beneath us like the vistas of an enchanted realm.

It all seemed strange and fairy like.—It brought to mind the "Day-Dream" of Tennyson. By but a slight stretch of the fancy, the bride became the sleeping beauty, newly awakened by her true-love's kiss; by another stretch—quite a stretch, it is true—Professor Boynton became the fairy prince. "Lighter footed than the fox," who bore her to his father's halls. It was the sweet Day-Dream of youth and love.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went,
In that new world which is the old;
Across the hills, and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princes followed him.

Even as in the sweet Day-Dream, the happy couple in the air ship left the world behind, and mounted starward as though to make their bridal home in some bright bower beyond the clouds.

And o'er them many a sliding star
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, streamed through many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoyed the crescent-bark,
And, rapt through many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

We understand that the newly wedded pair will remain some days in New-York before seeking their home in Syracuse.—May their days be of silver and their nights of gold!

Treatment of Croup.

Croup is an inflammation of the inner surface of the windpipe. Inflammation implies heat, and that heat must be subdued, or the patient will inevitably die.—If prompt efforts are made to cool the parts in case of an attack of the croup, relief will be as prompt as it is surprising and delightful. All known that cold applied to a hot skin, cools it, but all do not as well know and understand that hot water applied to an inflamed skin will certainly cool it off. Hence the application of feed-water with linen cloths, or almost hot-water with woolen flannel, or two folds large enough to cover the whole throat and upper part of the chest; put these in a pail of water as hot as the hand can bear, and keep it thus hot by adding water from a boiling tea-kettle at hand.

Let two or three of the flannels be in hot water all the time, and one on the throat all the time, with a dry flannel covering the wet one, so as to keep the heat in to some extent; the flannels should not be so wet when put on as to dribble, for it is important to keep the clothing as dry as possible and keep up the process until the phlegm is loose, the child easier and begins to fall asleep, then gently wrap a dry flannel over the wet one which is on, so as to cover it up entirely, and the child is saved. When it wakes up both flannels will be dry.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A married man was recently at a party, and when he proposed to go home, was asked to remain a little longer. "Well," he said: "Perhaps I may as well, my wife is probably already as mad as she can be."

A Retrospect.

A year—a little year—ago, a part of the British public was invited by its teachers to believe that the American civil war was over. The two great armies of the North were said to be ruined.—General Grant, without a plan, but with a demoralized mob of armed men, was pictured as foundering in the mud of the James river, whence he would find it hard to escape Lee, even with the loss of his stores and artillery. General Sherman having been drawn away from his base by Johnson, and being unable to hold Atlanta in the face of Hood, was described as breaking up his camp and flying toward the sea, in hope, unlikely to be fulfilled, of finding shelter from the enemy in his ships.

Men who felt no objection to the rise of a slave empire, and women who admired the chivalry of Preston Brooks, were incited by their teachers to kill the fattest calf, and subscribe to the Confederate loan. Some people did as they were told. Money poured in, and the prospects of the cotton loan improved. Yet to soldiers who paid a fair attention to events, it was already clear that the South was broken, and that its submission was but a question of details and of days. Lee was locked fast in Richmond, just as Floyd had been closed in Fort Donelson and Pemberton in Vicksburg, with no avenue of escape left open to him but such as led to capture and defeat. Sherman had split the Confederacy into two halves, separating Lee from his supplies, and paralyzing Hood.

Of course the critics who prated about Grant being without a plan, and of Sherman being drawn into a trap, knew little of these great captains; not even the facts of their campaigns during the current war. A Soldier who had studied the strategy which led to the capture of Donelson and Vicksburg would have found nothing to perplex him in Grant's approaches towards Richmond. Ulysses Grant is a man of genius; a soldier of new ideas; one who will be found to have contributed fresh materials to the art of war. With him a siege is a campaign. Instead of driving off the covering army from a fort or city, as old rules insisted must be done, before commencing operations against it, Grant maneuvers to keep the covering army near him, to throw it within the lines, to compel it to take a part in the defense and to fall when the beleaguered fortress falls. This plan has the disadvantage of making a siege appear long, perplexing critics who cannot see that the close of the siege is to be, under this new system, the close of the campaign.

At Donelson, at Vicksburg, Grant's plan was carried out. In each the covering army fell with the fortress, and in each the blow was final. The fall of Fort Donelson and its covering army put an end to the war in Kentucky and western Tennessee; the fall of Vicksburg and its covering army opened the river Mississippi, never to be closed again by the southern guns. Each campaign was final, not only sweeping away the army in the field, together with the stores, guns, clothing, ammunition, but crushing in the catastrophe all sparks of rebellious fire. Where Grant had once been it was found impossible to raise a second rebel corps. The fighting spirit was subdued. And that which had been done by Grant in the States of Tennessee and Mississippi was now being done by him on a larger scale and with a stronger enemy in Virginia; was being done in precisely the same manner and with precisely the same object. Grant had to weaken the Confederate army, shut it up within the lines of Richmond and Petersburg, and compel it to surrender when the capital fell.

Hence the battles which he fought on his way to York river; hence his refusal to assault the lines on his first approach. He was making a campaign, not simply conducting a siege. Davis had boasted that the war could be maintained in Virginia alone for twenty years after Richmond fell; but like many other critics he made the mistake of misunderstanding Grant. The captain knew his object and the means by which he could gain it. Richmond without Lee would have given him little; Richmond and Lee falling together would give him everything he wanted—victory, Union, peace. In spite of military and naval critics his plans were crowned with a magnificent success. The war was finished at a blow, and the surrender of Pemberton was justified in the surrender of Lee.

Sherman, when we came to know him at all, was in some respects better comprehended by the critics than Grant had been. After Savannah fell into his power all nonsense about his being drawn from his base and flying to his ships died out among us. The Horse Guards began to study this remarkable march; and the Duke of Cambridge went to preside at a meeting of the United Services to hear an explanation of it in detail. From that day forward, simply because we began to know him, Sherman became our hero of the war.—London Athenaeum.

Lowell has added 6500 persons to her population in less than six months. Business thrives there.

There are 160,000 skeletons of horses and cattle killed during the war in the Shenandoah Valley collected at a bone factory near Winchester.