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The astonishing success which has attended this invaluable medicine proves it to be the most perfect remedy ever discovered.—No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions to the debilitated and shattered system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure OF DIABETES, IMPOTENCY, LOSS OF MUSCULAR ENERGY, PHYSICAL PROSTRATION, INDIGESTION, NON-RETENTION, OR INCONTINENCE OF URINE, IRRITATION, INFLAMATION OF ULCERATION OF THE BLADDER AND KIDNEYS, DISEASES OF THE PROSTRATE GLAND, STONE IN THE BLADDER, CALCULUS, GRAVEL, OR BRICK-DUST DEPOSIT, and all Diseases or Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, and Dropsical Swellings existing in Men, Women, or Children.

For those Diseases Peculiar to Females, Constitution Water is a Sovereign Remedy.

These Irregularities are the cause of frequently recurring disease, and through neglect the seeds of more grave and dangerous maladies are the result; and as month after month passes without an effort being made to assist nature, the difficulty becomes chronic, the patient gradually loses her appetite, the bowels are constipated, night sweats come on, and *consumption* finally ends her career.

For sale by all Druggists. Price, $1.
W. H. GREGG & CO., proprietors.
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General Agents, No. 46 Cliff street, N. Y.
February 1, 1866.—6m.

Important to Everybody.

The subscribers would inform the public very respectfully, that they are carrying on the

Boot & Shoe Business

at their old stand, one door above the Express Office, on Elizabeth St., Stroudsburg, Pa., where they will be happy to wait on their old customers, and as many new ones as can make it convenient to call.

They have on hand a good arrortment of

BOOTS & SHOES,

for men, women, misses' and childrens' wear, Gum over Shoes and Sandals for men, youth and misses. A general assortment of Lasts and Boot-Trees, shoe Thread, Wax, Heel Nails, Pincers, Punches, Eyeletts and Eyelett Setts, Pegs and Peg-Cutters, Shoe Hammers, Crimping Boards and Screws, also, lining and binding skins, a good article of Tampico Boot Morocco, French Morocco and French Calfskins, Lasting and all kinds of Shoemaker tools, Ink Powder and Shoe Blacking, and Frank Miller's water-proof oil blacking. All of which they offer for sale at small advance upon cost. Give us a call, no charges for showing goods.

P. S.—Boots and Shoes made to order and warranted.

CHARLES WATERS & SON.
Stroudsburg, Jan. 18, 1866.

NEW STORE
AND
CHEAP GOODS!

The undersigned respectfully informs, the public and his old customers, that he has taken the Store Room formerly occupied by James A. Pauli, in Stroudsburg, nearly opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church.

His stock is composed of entirely New Goods, laid in at reduced prices, and he will sell them at small profits.

He has on hand a complete assortment of *DRY GOODS, Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets*, and a full line of *LADIES DRESS GOODS*, Shalla De Lanes, Amoors, Coatings, Calicoes, and a general assortment of Ladies Dress Trimmings, and Yankee Notions.

ALSO—A good assortment of *GROCERIES*, such as Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, and Syrups, Tea and Rice.

Please give me a call, and see the goods and prices.

Butter and Eggs, and all kinds of Country produce, taken in exchange for goods.

JAMES B MORGAN.
Stroudsburg, January 4, 1866.

Saddle and Harness Manufactory.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Stroudsburg, and surrounding country, that he has commenced the above business in Fowler's building, on Elizabeth street, and is fully prepared to furnish any article in his line of business, at short notice. On hand at all times, a large stock of

Harness, Whips, Trunks, Valices, Carpet Bags, Horse-Blankets, Bells, Skates, Oil Cloths, &c.

Carriage Trimming promptly attended to.

JOHN O. SAYLOR.
Stroudsburg, Dec. 14, 1865.

For The Jeffersonian.

Mr. WHACKHAMMER'S LECTURES.

NO. IX.

PREJUDICE.

The hateful name, the thing more hateful still;
The hell on earth a human breast to fill;
Poison more baneful yet than arsenic's worst,
Like arsenic, too, it madly swells to burst:—
And now, my friends, how is this thing with you,
Have you not had, at least, a pinch or two?

I am sorry there ever was such a word as prejudice to be translated into the English language, and I would not have regretted it if Webster and Worcester had entirely overlooked it. But it was given to the world in those early days of ignorance and superstition, and it has been handed down through so many generations, that it is not only born in the flesh but in the very bones of the human family. It is an enemy to light and letters, contesting every inch of ground from which it has been compelled to fall back, whilst an unconditional surrender it never makes.

Prejudice—or pre-judgement as the word explains itself without a dictionary—battles on the broad field of religion, politics, education, invention, and whatever else has for its object the elevation of mankind and the promotion of happiness. Ignorance, superstition and selfishness are its principal aids, and they are powerful in counteracting the influence of reason, judgment and truth. Prejudice assumes to divide off the family of mankind into different strats, or classes, puffing some up and kicking others down, whilst it hisses on what the democrats call "the war of races."

In our country there has been more prejudice than wisdom or humanity exercised towards the poor negro. but Providence has overruled the wickedness of men and raised him up to a point where he can help himself. Four or five years ago it were better to be born a dog or a horse than a negro—for you would have more friends—but it is different now. Who so frenzied, so insane, as to prediet, five years since, that the States of South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama would have voted during this century for a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery! Perhaps it was the force of circumstances which led those states to do this thing, but the prejudice against the negro, in all the states not in rebellion, has been most wonderfully lessened since the war began. It has been a change far beyond all human hope or wildest anticipation. The white American always gloried in his rights whilst the poor negro had not even the right of life he could call his own or have respected. Held in bondage and ignorance for generations, no wonder he is stupid and next to idiotic when those bonds are wrested off and he is told to act for himself. What does any human being know but what he has learned? Would a child ever learn to walk if it never was permitted to stand up? You, poor despised copperhead, *you* were permitted to stand up, but your dishonored legs have carried you to a standing of infamy and disgrace. It had been better for you and posterity if you had never been born. Prejudice the seed, a copperhead the fruit; a fruit bitter and loathsome.

I said prejudice divided the human family into a multitude of classes. Kings and emperors being the upper strata and the negro the lower, if we consider the thing from a geological point of view, we must naturally conclude that the king is quite shut out from the view of the negro, and the negro from the king, but, remarkable as is the fact, although the intervening statas are not particularly transparent, and the negro rather opague, yet the king can see the negro just as easily as he can see the middle class! Now the copperhead, being somewhere on the middle ground, found his character too vividly reflected from the ebony below and was willing to sacrifice country, honor, and everything else that goes to make up a true man, in order that he might flatter a sort of Southern aristocracy and thereby he lifted to that coveted strata. Behold the purposes of Heaven! A volcano, long threatening but man could not see it, burst under the horror-stricken feet of the slave master of the South and their aiding sycophants of the North and their strata were violently smashed up and knocked into no where!

They lived to curse their fellow man,
Pay them Devil, if you can.

What battles inventors have had with prejudice! For twenty years the inventor of Puffing Billy struggling to convince the wise men of England that Billy could run on a track at twelve miles an hour. Franklin and Fitch and Fulton, and a troupe of men in all ages had a rough time of it in trying to impress a new idea upon the world that the world might be blessed. With what cautious steps does Christianity tread on ground long under the power of superstition ignorance and idolatry! The dark places of the earth would not long remain dark were it not for the blind prejudice of the blind natives against everything but their own blindness.

The same may be said in regard to education, excepting, in our own country, we very frequently find those who receive barely one idea of education and then discard or shut out every other. They have received just light enough to help prejudice do a more evil work. They take a stand against everything good and look upon everything as bad. Built up on a one-idea conceit they impugn the motives of every body else and make it their business to destroy as much happiness as possible.

I had intended to show off the picture of prejudice as we find it in societies, in communities and families but my lecture has nearly reached its usual length. If there be classes or grades in society moral worth alone should set bounds to those grades. But is this the case? Does not prejudice set more heavily against honest poverty than it does against profligate wealth? Moral worth or immoral riches; which is honored most? Equipage, show and rascality ride past in state and are applauded! Virtue, truth and morality plod past on foot attracting little notice.

Stand back! let Virtue take the lead
Untarnished by a wicked deed!
Stand back! let Moral Worth prevail,
Nor Prejudice again assail!
Stand back! let Truth support the whole
To bless the body and the soul!

ICHABOD WHACKHAMMER.
Somewhere, Feb. 19, 1866.

Afloat on the Ice.

A fearful adventure recently occured on Niagara river, not far below the Falls, on the 30th inst. The ferry boat which plies between Black Rock and Fort Erie having suspended her trips on account of the floating ice, Mr. Wm. A. Thompson, of Buffalo, Vice President of the Erie and Niagara Railroad, and Mr. Warren, a foreman of the same road, being desirous of crossing, employed a colored boy to row him over in a small boat. About 5 o'clock P. M., the three pushed out into the stream. When near the American side the boat was crushed between cakes of floating ice, and began to fill and sink. They immediately leaped out upon a small cake of ice. Seeing this frail raft was about to be crushed beneath a large mass of floating ice, they were obliged to throw themselves into the half filled boat. An instant more the boat was also struck turned bottom up, and Mr. Thompson and Mr. Warren plunged into the water. The negro boy succeeded in leaping upon an ice cake. Mr. Thompson sank once and came up, when he clutched the boat, made his way to the stern and climbed upon the kneel. Here he saw his companion, Warren, sinking for the last time, a short distance away, and drowning before his eyes, while he was utterly powerless to help him. Again Mr. Thompson sank, and again on rising, he clutched the boat, which had again righted itself. Climbing into its stern which sank with his weight three feet below the surface, he sat for a time with the water to his chin. By this time it had grown quite dark. Presently a cake of ice came drifting along, and Mr. Thompson succeeded in getting upon it. Hailing the colored boy, he found him still afloat upon his piece of ice, nearly some 200 yards from him.

And began the wonderful voyage of the river, through the darkness and the storm of freezing sleet which fell upon their frail rafts of ice. Through all this pelting storm, these wet and exhausted cast aways, drifting along the cold waters of the Niagara, with the horrid dread of imminent death to freeze their hearts within them, were exposed for three mortal hours. Mr. Thompson had lost both cap and gloves. His clothing was frozen into the rigidity of iron armor and he became incapable of motion, except as he slightly swung his arms to keep them flexible. And so they drifted steadily down between Grand Island and the American shore until Tonawanda was passed, and the last houses upon either shore from which help could come before help should be too late, were going by. They continually shouted for help. Finally their shouts were heard on the Grand Island shore, and a boat was sent to their relief. Mr. Thompson had to be rolled into the boat like a log. Astonishing to say, neither was seriously frozen.

Chicago has the largest candy manufactory west of New York. It makes three tons of confectionery every day.

A wife in San Francisco lately put in a petition for a divorce in court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool."

"Occasional," of the Philadelphia Press places the copperhead leaders in the Pennsylvania Legislature in the proper light in the following letter:

Washington, D. C., Feb. 2, 1866.

Wednesday's and Thursday's debate in the Senate of Pennsylvania, on universal suffrage, was a very pleasant *souvenir* of the conduct of the Copperhead politicians during the war for the preservation of the Government. Nothing could be more useful, as a warning to others, than the ridiculous explanations of the Democratic Senatorial declaimers, Messrs. Clymer and Wallace. After having abused the poor colored man to the uttermost for nearly two full days, they attempted to defend themselves for their own assaults upon Andrew Johnson when that fearless patriot, through his friends, solicited the privilege of speaking to the people in our legislative halls. No political aspirants were ever placed in a dilemma at once so awkward and so suggestive. He who reproduces what they said of Andrew Johnson in the spring of 1863, will smile as he notes who moderate in comparison is their present abuse of the colored man. Mr. Clymer, who is an educated gentleman and an incessant toiler for nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania, was almost as violent on Wednesday in his denunciation of the black man as he was when he heaped his maledictions on the head of the white man, Andrew Johnson, in the Senate, on the 6th of March, 1863; but his Philippic upon the latter was the bitterest of the two. Politicians like Mr. Clymer did not then allow the consideration that Andrew Johnson was a white man, to save him from their festering calumnies. Our President was then fighting for the white race of the United States. He was risking his life, as he had sacrificed nearly all his means, for the preservation of what these selfish politicians call the white man's Government. Hunted out of his own State by the white traitors, he came into Pennsylvania to beg and implore, at the hands of the people, aid and encouragement for the persecuted loyalists of Eastern Tennessee. He told them how his fellow-citizens, with their wives and children, had been driven into caves and mountains by the human blood-hounds of slavery; how, to use his own language, "his property had been sacrificed, his wife and children turned out of doors, his sons imprisoned, his son in law forced into the mountains." "My people," he added, "are arrested by hundreds and thousands dragged away from their homes, and incarcerated in dungeous, and your only response to their murmurs is the rattling and clanking of the chains that bind their limbs. What!" he repeats, "is their condition to day? They are hunted and pursued like beasts of the forest by the secession and disunion hords who are enforcing their doctrine of coercion. They are shot or hung for no crime save a desire to stand by the Constitution of the United States. Helpless children and innocent females are murdered in cold blood. Our men are hung and their bodies left upon the gibbet. They are shot and left lying in the gorges of the mountains, not even thrown into caves, there to lie, but are left exposed to pass through all the loathsome stages of decomposition, or be devoured by birds of prey." Here was a white man, appealing for white men, women and children, hunted, tortured and murdered by other white men who had taken up arms against a generous Government. *And this same appeal was addressed to white men, like Messrs. Clymer and Wallace, safe under the shelter of a Government whose terrible struggles for its own preservation they looked upon with scorn or indifference.—Resident in the midst of luxury and plenty, paid by the people for their doubtful services in the Legislature, they refused this white man, Andrew Johnson, thus invoking their aid for his white suffering family and friends, and did so with the most indecent and insolent effrontery.*—And now, after a country saved without them, and in defiance of them—saved, too, by the assistance of the strong arms of the colored people of the country, saved by the men whom they hunted and slandered a little less than three years ago—they are suddenly brought to a sense of the supreme peril which threatens our political and social institutions through the attempt to elevate the liberated loyalists of the South by an act of Congress of the United States. Now the white race is to be saved from the negroes. If the honest people of Pennsylvania needed anything more to convince themselves of the utter unworthiness of these Copperhead politicians, this spectacle should do the work. It is better than elaborate argument, and anticipates and defines their settled policy in the coming State campaign. When Mr. Hiester Clymer is nominated Governor of Pennsylvania he will find that while he is abusing the friendless colored man and drawing a picture of the horrors of allowing him to enjoy inalienable civil franchises, he will be called upon to reconcile with this silly and juvenile party-porroting his heartless contempt of millions of white men during the war for the preservation of the country, led too as we were, by the white man, Andrew Johnson, to whom he now tenders such odsequious adulation. He will also be constrained to satisfy an intelligent and exacting people, who will remember that he would now bury in oblivion, how it is that, as he denies the right of suffrage to worthy colored men, he not only does not refuse it to be the blood-strained and savage traitors, but, if he is true to his record, insists that these baffled assassins should be clothed with the rights and powers belonging to the citizens who fought for and saved the Republic. Now that the Democratic politicians are exultant at the idea of making a successful campaign upon the action of the National Union party in Congress—whether that concerns negro suffrage or anything else—they should carefully prepare themselves for a busy time; for they will find a great many white men waiting at the "outcome." OCCASIONAL.

A Recruit from the Grave.

The war has produced many strange stories, but few more singular than the following one related by Colonel Ellis, late of the 1st Missouri Cavalry, in a St. Louis paper:

"A few days after a fiercely contested battle a party of soldiers belonging to the 1st Missouri took a jaunt over the battle-field, and came up to a spot where the rebel dead were buried. In one place the hair of a man's head was seen sticking out of the ground like a tuft of grass, and near by a hand was seen protruding upwards, which evidently belonged to the corpse that owned the head of hair. One of the cavalrymen remarked to his companions, in a spirit of thoughtless levity, "See, there's a dead reb, reaching out for something; let's see what he wants!" In the same spirit of wanton mischief, almost recklessness, the cavalryman took hold of the man's hand and hauled the body out of the grave, the loose dirt falling back into the shallow hole. Soon after the man began to stir and manifest signs of life, to the utter astonishment and horror of the resurectionists. The man was taken by his rescuers to their tent and rubbed down, washed off, and in a few days became as good as new. He said that in the battle he was stunned by the passage of a shell which knocked him senseless. He was picked up among the dead and buried like the rest. Not a scratch was found on his body. He said that he had joined the rebel army, and fought the Federals long and well, but as this was his second appearance on earth he would now join the Federals and fight for them. He accordingly enlisted in the First Missouri, did a good deal of tough marching and hard fighting, and last September was mustered out of the service and paid off at Benton barracks."

A Strange Infatuation.

The Armstrong *Free Press* says that for some years past a family named Dunmire, consisting of the father and three daughters, have resided in a cave on the bank of the Keskiminitas river, near the town of Apollo, in a sort of semi-barbaric life. They would not labor, but, dressed in rags, wallowing in filth, they managed to secure a subsistence in a variety of modes, suitable to their debased and half civilized tastes. At one time some of the humanely disposed poeple of the locality of their abode taking compassion upon the abandoned life they were leading, prevailed upon the girls to go among them as "help," but no sooner did a favorable opportunity present itself than they fled to their cave. No inducement would prevail to cause them to abandon their mode of life. A short time ago the father died in the cave, and the fact becoming known, the poeple in the neighborhood had him buried. The girls were arrested and lodged in jail of Armstrong county upon a charge of vagrancy, where they still remain.

Singular Case.

One of our exchanges says there is a young man in a town in Vermont *who cannot speak to his father*! Previous to his birth some difference arose between his mother and her husband, and for a considerable time she refused to speak to him. This difficulty was subsequently healed—the child was born, and in due time began to talk—but when sitting with his father was invariably silent. It continued so till it was five years old, when the father, having exhausted his powers of persuasion, threatened it with punishment for its stubbornness. When the punishment was inflicted, it elicted, nothing but sighs and groans, which told but too plainly that the little sufferer was vainly endeavoring to speak. All who were present united in this opinion, *that it was impossible for the child to speak to his father*—and time proved their opinion to be correct. At a mature age its efforts to converse with its parent could only produce the most bitter sighs and groans.—*New York Ledger.*

A young lady in Florida becoming insane, lately destroyed her ambrotypes and letters, set fire to her clothing in a wardrobe, and dressing herself in heavy woolen fabrics and a broadcloth cloak, set fire to herself sprang into bed, where she was found enveloped in flames, with clasping hands exclaiming, "Oh, aint this glorious! Aint I a martyr!" Though her limbs and the lower part of her body were baked she did not appear to suffer pain.

A young lady has died in Detroit of the trichine disease, from eating pork. The use of pork must be dangerous, as in a single ounce of it 100,000 of the trichine animalcula have been found.

There are fifty-four million acres of land in Minnesota; twenty-four millions are unoccupied, and open to settlers under the Homestead law. Good farms are cheap now.

A glass of whiskey is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A glass of this mixture sells for a dime, and if of a good brand is considered well worth the money. It is drank in a minute or two. It fires the brain, sharpens the appetite, deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same side board on which the deleterious beverage is served lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million of types. It brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog—the juice of a few grains of corn—but it is no less strange than true that there is a large number of people who think corn juice cheap and newspapers dear.

The largest army ever assembled at any one time during the revolution was that commanded by General Putnam, on Long Island. That numbered seventeen thousand men of all arms. The next largest was that with which Washington captured Cornwallis at Yorktown, when he had sixteen thousand. Our largest army assembled in 1812, was commanded by Jackson to New Orleans, and counted but six thousand. Coming down to the Mexican war, Taylor won his victories with a force never exceeding five thousand, and Scott's largest force was not beyond eight thousand five hundred. The largest army prior to the rebellion was therfore, that of Putnam, at Long Island—seventeen thousand men.

Four days after the Rebels fired on Fort Sumter, a son of Mrs. Duncan, of Mecca, Ohio, enlisted for the war. He joined a Western regiment, and after being in several battles was reported killed at the battle of Stone River. His body was brought home and interred. Afterwards intelligence was brought to the parents by returned Union prisoners that their son was not dead, but in a Rebel prison in Georgia. Other prisoners returning from there last spring, brought the sad news of his death to the sorely distressed family. When the war closed an opportunity was offered to penetrate the Rebel lines. Mr. Duncan sent down and had his son brought home again and buried. Having had him buried twice, as was supposed, it was natural that they should be reconciled to their loss, but a few days ago their son Bob, in spite of wounds, and death, and funerals, came "marching home," and is now enjoying the hospitality of the parental roof.

At Stoufferstown, Franklin county, the other day, a little girl named Eberly, swallowed a button while at school, and was almost instantly chocked to death. A child named Sharp, on the same day, while playing with some ascociates, in Ebensburg, sank down and expired. A *post mortem* examination of his remains was made, which led to the discovery in the windpipe of a piece of wood about two inches long, and nearly an inch wide, but how it got there is unknown. It is probable, however, that in the excitement of playing the child swallowed it.

Bishop Timon, in a sermon preached at Elmira, last Sunday, strongly denounced the Fenians, their organization and its objects and purposes. The Bishop pronounced the whole movement the most gigantic swindle and humbug of the age, and said he verily believed that if the so-called Fenians persisted in their suicidal career, and insane notion of conquest, they would not only bring disgrace upon themselves, but destruction to the poor deluded people of Ireland.

The Quincy (Ill.) *Herald* states that "Tip" Prentis, son of Major-General B. M. Prentis, left Quincy recently on skates, with a despatch for Longrange, Missouri, fourteen miles above, and made the run up in fifty minutes. He remained there thirty minutes, and then started on his return, and ran down in fifty-five minutes, having made the round trip of twenty-eight miles in an hour and forty-five minutes running time, and been out only two hours and a quarter.

A newly arrived John Chinaman in California purchased some ice last summer, and finding it very wet, laid it out to *dry in the sun*. On going to look for it again, he found it had disappeared, and forthwith accused the whole Chinese neighborhood with larceny. A general riot was the consequence.

Alarming intelligence to the butter speculators: Butter is declining in all the western markets. At Cleveland it is dull at 28a30c for the best tub and roll; at Chicago the best dairy only 28a30c, while fair firkin is 23a25c; at Milwuakee the best roll is as low as 22c.

A poor Irishman who applied for a license to sell ardent spirits, being questioned as to his moral fitness for the trust, replied, "Ah! sure it is not much of a character that a man needs to sell rum!"

A correspondent of the Miner's Journal states that within the last three years over one hundred murders have been committed in Schuylkill county!

The borough of Pottsville does not owe a dollar, and has $7,000 in the treasury. Fortunate are the people who inhabit that town. Heavy taxes will not disturb their slumbers.