

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 27.


STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., MAY 14, 1868.

NO. 7.

Published by Theodore Schoch.
TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.
No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements of one square (eight lines) or less, one or three insertions \$1.50 Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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

DRS. JACKSON & BIDLACK,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
DR. JACKSON & BIDLACK, are prepared to attend promptly to all calls of a Professional character. Office—Opposite the Stroudsburg Bank.
April 25, 1867.—tf.

DR. D. D. SMITH,

Surgeon Dentist,
Office on Main Street, opposite Judge Stokes' residence, STRONDSBURG, PA.
Teeth extracted without pain. ☞
August 1, 1867.

A Card.
The undersigned has opened an office for the purchase and sale of Real Estate, in Fowler's Building, on Main Street. Parties having Farms, Mills, Hotels or other property for sale will find it to their advantage to call on me. I have no agents. Parties must see me personally.
GEO. L. WALKER,
Real Estate Agent, Stroudsburg, Pa.

C. W. SEIP, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Has removed his office and residence to the building, lately occupied by Wm. Davis, Esq., on Main-street. Devoting all his time to his profession he will be prepared to answer all calls, either day or night, when not professionally engaged, with promptness.
Charges reasonable. ☞
Stroudsburg, April 11, 1867.—tf.

DR. A. H. SEEM,
DENTIST.
WILL be pleased to see all who wish to have their Dentistry done in a proper and careful manner, beautiful sets of artificial teeth made on Gold, Silver, or Rubber Plates as persons may desire. Teeth carefully extracted without pain, if desired. The public are invited to give him a call at the office formerly occupied by Dr. Seip, next door to the Indian Queen Hotel. All work warranted.
[April 25, '67.]

S. HOLMES, JR.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND GENERAL CLAIM AGENT.
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Office, one door below Flory's Tin Shop.
All claims against the Government prosecuted with dispatch at reduced rates.
An additional bounty of \$100 and of \$50 procured for Soldiers in the late War, FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE. ☞
August 2, 1866.

A Card.
Dr. A. REEVES JACKSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HAVING returned from Europe, he is now prepared to resume the active duties of his profession. In order to prevent disappointment to persons living at a distance who may wish to consult him, he will be found at his office every THURSDAY and SATURDAY for consultation and the performance of Surgical operations.
Dec. 12, 1867.—1r.

Itch! Itch! Itch!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
USE
HOLLINSHEAD'S ITCH & SALT RHEUM OINTMENT.
No Family should be without this valuable medicine, for on the first appearance of the disorder on the wrists, between the fingers, &c., a slight application of the Ointment will cure it, and prevent its being taken by others.
Warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded.
Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by
W. HOLLINSHEAD,
Stroudsburg, Oct. 31, '67.] Druggist.

J. LANTZ, DENTIST.
Has permanently located himself in Stroudsburg, and moved his office next door to Dr. S. Walton, where he is fully prepared to treat the natural teeth, and also to insert incorruptible artificial teeth on pivot and plate, in the latest and most improved manner. Most persons know the danger and folly of trusting their work to the ignorant as well as the traveling dentist. It matters not how much experience a person may have, he is liable to have some failures out of a number of cases, and if the dentist lives at a distance it is frequently put off until it is too late to save the tooth or teeth as it may be, otherwise the inconvenience and trouble of going so far. Hence the necessity of obtaining the services of a dentist near home. All work warranted.
Stroudsburg, March 27, 1862.

M. D. COOLBAUGH,
Sign and Ornamental Painter,
SHOP ON MAIN STREET,
(Opposite Woolen Mills.)
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Respectfully announces to the citizens of Stroudsburg and vicinity that he is prepared to attend to all who may favor him with their patronage, in a prompt and workmanlike manner.
CHAIRS, FURNITURE, &c., painted and repaired.
Feb. 20.—3m.

May.
The "flowery month," as it is familiarly called, or the fifth month in the calendar, is derived from the Latin word *Maius*, so named in honor of the goddess *Maria*, daughter of Atlas and mother of Mercury by Jupiter.

"The flowery May, who from her green lap throws,
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail beautiful May, that doth inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing,
Thus we salute thee with an early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

Thus sang the "blind old bard" of English verse, and a right fruitful theme has this "queen month" of the calendar been to the many worshippers of the muse from the days of old Chaucer down to our own.

May is the most instructive and religious, as well as the most delightful of all festival times. It seems to be the bridal season of heaven and earth, and the whole month their honeymoon.

With many other pastoral customs of the olden time, that of the rural celebration of May-day is well-nigh passed into oblivion. Bourne tells us that in his time, in the villages in the north of England, the juveniles of both sexes went to rise before dawn and assemble in some neighboring wood, accompanied with music, and there they gathered branches from the trees, and wove garlands and bouquets of flowers, with which they returned home to deck their homes.

The rustic festival of the May-pole, and the ceremony of crowning the belle of the village as May-queen, formed one of the most picturesque of the good old pastimes of our English ancestors, and is also as ancient as any of which we have any record, it being, doubtless, identical with the festival of the Romans in honor of Flora, which they styled *Floralia*, and which occurred on the fourth of the kalends of May. Sometimes the May-pole was brought to the village green in great pomp, being drawn by twenty yoke of oxen, each being garland with flowers, with which, as well as with branches, flags and streamers, the pole itself was profusely wreathed and decked. When it was reared, arbors and bowers were formed beneath it, and the ground was strewn with flowers; and then," says a writer in Elizabeth's days, "they fall to banquet, and feast, to leap and dance about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idols whereof this is a perfect pattern, or rather the thing itself."

The constellation *Gemini*, or the twins—the last of the spring signs—was, by the ancients, made to preside over the destinies of this month. The festival of this month includes, among others, Whit Sunday and Trinity Sunday; the former, probably, derived from the custom in the Romish church of convents, newly baptised, appearing from Easter to Whitsuntide dressed in white.— *State Guard.*

Marriage.
A recent sermon by Henry Ward Beecher has the following in regard to marriage:
You that are starting, avoid the errors of those who have gone too fast and too far.
You that are old bear witness for yourselves and seek to repair as far as you can the errors of your own lives, by warning and directing the young.
Young men take hold of each other's hands.
Maidens, look to the God of your fathers.
If there be any one in this world who cannot afford not to be a Christian, it is a woman. If there be any one whose beauty fades as a flower, and whose grace needs the sustenance of the ineffable; if there be any one more than another upon whom bright falls more ruddy; if there be any one more than another who is more burdened with grief or more wrong with sorrow, it is a woman that is not a Christian. The ladder between your souls and God is not half so long as that between our souls and God. God made woman to be better than man; and the perversion is in proportion when she is worse.
I beseech of every young man and of every young maiden, that is beginning life to begin it aright. Now is the time. Days are passing. Years are accumulating. It will be too late by and by. Begin now.

A writer who says his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight persons, and from which was made 200 pounds of butter in the year, gives the following as his treatment. He says: "If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow three times a day water slightly warm, slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not found this by daily practice, that your cow will gain 25 per cent immediately under the effect of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty, but this mess she will drink almost any time, and ask for more. The amount of this drink is an ordinary water pail full each time, morning, noon and night. Your animal will then do her best at discounting the lactal. Four hundred pounds of butter are often obtained from good stock, and instances are mentioned where the yield was even at a higher figure."

Coarse, but Stinging.
A browbeating counsel asked a witness during a trial for assault, at what distance he was from the parties upon whom the assault happened. He answered: "Just four feet five inches and a half." "How came you to be so very exact?" said the counsel.
"Because I expected some fool or other would ask me," said he, "so I measured it."

Four hundred thousand pair of shoes are now manufactured in Lynn in one week. More goods were sold in that city last month than ever before in the same time.

Morris Foley, while plowing in the field near Twelve Mile Grove, Ill., last Tuesday, was killed by a flash of lightning from an unclouded sky.

A Relic of Southern Barbarism.
A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Chronicle*, writing from Chillicothe, says:

Coming out over the Marietta and Cincinnati road, on the evening of the 22d, with Conductor Rardin, I had the good luck to fall in company with Messrs. J. N. Wright and S. M. McMahon, of Greenfield, Ohio. We had been talking but a few minutes when the conversation turned upon the condition of affairs in the South. The operations of the Kuklux Klan, the prevailing rebel preference of Andy Johnson and Brick Pomeroy for President and Vice-President, &c., &c., were freely and radically discussed. These topics naturally elicited sundry parenthetical comments upon Southern character, and in the course of these Mr. McMahon happened to remember that he had in his pocket a relic of the barbarism exhibited by the F. F. V.'s towards John Brown and his confederates; and, producing his pocket-book, took from that receptacle a small piece of well finished leather of remarkable fineness of texture. "That," said he, is a piece of the tanned skin of Oliver P. Brown, son of the famous John Brown." "Can it be possible?" asked an excited bystander. A full explanation was, of course, immediately demanded, which I here present, as substantially given by Mr. McMahon, whose reputation for truth and veracity stand unimpeached by any who know him: During the action in which John Brown and his little abolition band were captured by the Virginians, Oliver P. Brown was shot dead on the railroad track, near the United States Arsenal, at Harper's Ferry. So soon as killed he was taken up, put into a box, and shipped to the medical institute at Winchester, Va., to be used in the promotion of the professional training of Southern Esculapians. Upon the reception of the body the students of that school took off the hide somewhat after the manner of skinning a beef, tanned it, and had it manufactured into moccasins, which, into the most truly chivalric style, they delighted to use as ornaments to their "blooded" pedal extremities on all public occasions.

The piece shown by Mr. McMahon was a scrap left from the cutting of these "Yankee-skin" slippers, and was procured in 1860, at the Winchester Medical Institute, by Mr. McMahon, while he was visiting some relatives in the vicinity of that place. It was voluntarily presented to him by one of the students; who, after a triumphant parade of the slippers, and a blustering description of the processes by which they were produced, heroically exclaimed, "That's the way we've you d--d Yankees when ye come 'mongst us an' don't walk aften ough style!"

A Plain Answer.
Among the people who came to market recently, says a Philadelphia paper, was a citizen of West Jersey. He brought a stock of eggs and butter. In a big coop in the rear most part of his wagon he had a splendid peacock, whose tail spread out beautiful even to gorgeousness, like a trail of a lady's dress. An Irishman passing by observed the splendid plumage of the bird, and asked its price.
"There can have it for fifteen dollars," was the reply of the owner, whose garb indicated him as a member of the Society of Friends.
"That's a good price," was the interrogative remark of the Celt as he smoothed the ample tail of the feathered biped.
"There are plenty of people who will give that for him," was the placid and very true rejoinder.
The Celt surveyed the bird, admired his proportions, but still endeavored to cheapen him. "Mister," said he, at last, to the grave gentleman who held the bird for sale, "Mister, people say these birds have a very bad voice."
"I have nothing to say about their voices," was the quiet reply. "If there wants the fowl thee can take it; if thee doesn't, its voice doesn't make any matter to thee."
"But," says the Celt, "don't them birds holler like the devil?"
"Friend," was the placid reply, "that's probably in that respect has an advantage over me. Thee evidently has acquaintances that I have not. If thee thinks that the scream of this bird is like that of thy friend, whom thee has named, I, in my ignorance, will not presume to contradict thee."

The next minute the Celt was at an opposite stall in the market buying a ten cent bunch of carrots. He bought no peacock on that day.

Keeping Butter.
At a recent meeting of the Dairymen's Association in Illinois, President King remarked that he had been a dealer in butter for thirty years, and considered that May, June and July produce the best, if properly made and put down.— Butter containing whey, or lime, or milk, will not keep. It should be made dry, come hard, and be properly cured. Most people salt too high. It should be salted to the palate and it will keep. All in excess of this is injurious. The milk, cream and the surroundings of the butter room, should all be pure, as food odors are certain to impart a disagreeable flavor. Mr. K. stated that he knew a man to plant honeysuckles and roses around the place where his butter was made, for the purpose of giving it an agreeable flavor. This was a pleasant conceit, whatever the influence on the dairy-room may have been.

On Friday a large grey wolf was killed and four cubs captured, six miles from Sandusky City, O. Four full-grown wolves escaped. Another hunt was to have taken place Saturday. It is a matter of much speculation how those animals came to be in that thickly populated section.

A Great Foot Traveler—He Proposes to Circumnavigate the Globe.
[From the Omaha Herald, 22d ult.]
At about the time Weston started on his travels, the walking mania, which seized upon so many, was supposed to include Seth Wilber Payne, whose arrival in Omaha we now chronicle. The announcement of starting from New York to walk from that city to San Francisco was published at the time. He left New York on the 11th of November and reached St. Joseph about the middle of February. His route lay via Reading, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Springfield, St. Louis, Jefferson City, Kansas, &c. He is traveling over the world on foot in pursuit of knowledge, is comparatively a young man, not over twenty-five years, of medium stature, dark hair, square, firm-looking face, the lower jaw angles, the compressed lip, and the whole expression indicating resoluteness of purpose and determination of character—qualities that must be largely drawn upon in prosecuting the undertaking he is now executing. He has tested his mettle, however, having walked "All over Britain on Foot," which is the chief title of a book written by him soon to be published. It originated in "A Thousand Miles Walk in the Old World, in 1867," in accomplishing which he "set out from Glasgow on foot and walked to Edinburgh via Sterling; thence through the south of Scotland by the way of Abbotsford and Dumfries to Ayr; then crossed into Ireland and walked from Belfast to Dublin (was twice arrested as a Fenian); recrossing the channel into Wales, he walked from Holyhead through North Wales to Liverpool in England, and from Liverpool to London by the way of Manchester, Nottingham, Litchfield, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, and Windsor."
He is preparing to resume his journey to-morrow to and over the great plains and mountains, the first real objective point being the Pacific ocean. He proposes to himself to circumnavigate the globe! To as great an extent on foot, of course, as possible, but as he can neither walk nor swim the great pond that separates this continent from the Celestial Empire, he will cross that in the usual way, landing probably at Hong Kong, whence, following the chief rivers of interior China, he expects to push his way into the wild regions north of Afghanistan and Hindostan, thence into the "cradle world" of the orient, Egypt, North Africa, Arabia, &c., &c. His purpose is to explore all those unknown regions which extend over so much of the area of the oriental countries.

Strange if True—A Chicken Alive Without a Head.
The Dayton *Journal* tells the following story:
Mr. Whit, Herr, of this city, has shown us a letter from a relative in San Francisco, giving an account of a rooster that had his head chopped off on the 28th of February, and was alive at the date of the letter—March 22—and walking around as large as life! The history of this most wonderful affair is briefly this: On the 28th of February the cook of a restaurant in San Francisco decapitated three roosters, and on going out in the yard again a few moments afterward, he could find but two chickens. On looking around more closely he discovered the missing rooster walking around without his head. The proprietors of the restaurant were acquainted with the wonderful circumstance, and they immediately had the rooster carefully taken care of and fed him on boiled milk by means of a small tube inserted in the throat. Strange as it may seem, the rooster was thriving, and the severed neck had nearly healed over. The chicken was placed on exhibition in a popular garden in San Francisco, and thousands of people were admitted daily to see it. The correspondent from whose letter we derive these items saw and critically examined this headless rooster, and certifies to the truth of the revelation. We have heard no theory advanced to account for this passing strange case.

A Story of the War—Suffering of a Young Quaker Among the Rebels.
The Nashville *Banner* tells the story of Vestal, of Maury county, Tennessee, a native of North Carolina, and a Quaker, who refused on conscientious grounds to pay the five hundred dollars exemption fee demanded of the Friends by the rebel authorities, and was consequently conscripted. He was taken to Tullahoma, where the obvious sincerity of his anti-war principles secured for him the friendship of Generals Maury and Polk, and he was released. He was again conscripted and sent to the Tennessee brigade in the army of Virginia. He told his colonel that he could not fight, and would suffer martyrdom rather than bear arms.

The officer, who at that time was commanding the brigade of Tennesseans, by reason of the capture of General Archer at Gettysburg, was irascible and arbitrary. He became very much enraged at Vestal's refusal, and ordered the commandant of the Fourteenth Tennessee to apply the bayonet, saying that he never yet saw the man whom cold steel could not move. The colonel of that regiment acquiesced with reluctance, but he knew that it was his duty to obey. In a few days an inspection was ordered, when it became necessary to clean up quarters, arms, &c., and a detail was ordered to clean up regimental quarters. It happened to be Vestal's turn, and the orderly sergeant detailed him. He signified flatly his purpose not to go. His captain entreated him to comply. Numerous members of the regiment offered to pay the five hundred dollars required by law rather than see him suffer punishment. He firmly declined, assigning the same reasons, and alleging that the money would go into the Treasury and be used to carry on the war.

Finally the guards were ordered to fix bayonets and a shovel were handed them, with instructions to make him work.— When the guards first handed him the shovel, he stated to them that if cleaning up camp was a punishment for not doing military duty, he would clean up the entire camp; but if it was military duty, he would not. The guard entreated him, argued the case with him, begged him to render the application of the bayonet unnecessary. He was inexorable, answering with a smile, "that the physical comfort was nothing compared with the hereafter, and that he was willing to die for the faith that was in him."
Three men with sharp Enfield bayonets then thrust them into the fleshy part of his thighs and buttocks, inflicting in all thirty-five wounds, ranging in depth from one-fourth to one inch. Frequently he was knocked down with the butts of the guns, but as long as he had strength, he would turn one side and the other for the guards until finally they refused to inflict further punishment. At this juncture, the brave men who composed the old Fourteenth regiment, became loud in their condemnation of this proceeding.— The excitement was intense, and had the brigadier-general issued a second order of this character, he would have been unable to have had it executed.

Vestal was confined several weeks to his bed. After his recovery he was released from the guard house, upon his promise not to escape. Most faithfully did he comply, for not many months afterward the command moved to the northern portion of Virginia, where every opportunity was offered for escape, but he was always in camp at night. Shortly after his return from this expedition charges were preferred against him, and he was tried, convicted of insubordination by a court martial convened at Orange Court House, and sentenced to imprisonment in Castle Thunder, at Richmond, for the war, forfeiting all pay and allowances. At the evacuation of Richmond he was still in prison, and secured his release only by the downfall of the Confederacy.

Not Generally Known.
Martin Van Buren is the only man who held his offices of President, Vice President, Minister to England, Governor of his own State, and member of both houses of Congress. Thomas H. Benton is the only man who held a seat in the United States Senate for thirty consecutive years. The only instance of father and son in the United States Senate at the same time, is that of Sen. Henry Dodge, Senator from Wisconsin, and his son, Augustus C. Dodge, Senator from Iowa. General James Shields is the only man who ever represented two States in the United States Senate. At one time he was Senator from Illinois, and subsequently from Minnesota. John Quincy Adams held positions under the Government during every Administration from that of Washington to that of Polk, during which he died. He had been Minister to England, member of both houses of Congress, Secretary of State and President of the United States.

The signing of the bill which repealed the license law of 1867, virtually renews the law known as the "Buckalew Law," which punishes selling on Sunday with a fine of five dollars and costs. The argument in the Senate, when this repealing law passed, was founded on the legal axiom that when a law which repealed another is itself repealed, the first statute is thereby revived without any formal words for that purpose. Hence, the Buckalew Law, being the former statute, is revived by the repeal of the license law of 1867.

Rattlesnake Poison—Its Antidote.
MESSRS. EDITORS:—On page 198, current volume of your journal, I notice a statement that Dr. S. W. Mitchell, of this city, has been experimenting on the venom of rattlesnakes, and thinks there is no antidote to the poison, the remedies usually applied being nearly or quite useless.

I was somewhat disappointed at this announcement, as I had hoped and believed that we had found a perfect antidote to all poisons of reptiles and insects, in iodine and iodide of potassium. Several years since, Dr. J. S., now of this city, informed me that he had practiced medicine for eighteen years near the Blue Ridge, in this State; that during that time he had had a number of cases of rattlesnake bite, and never failed to cure with iodine or iodide of potassium, externally applied.

Inclosed I send you an article, cut from a paper published some two years since. I am anxious to learn if Dr. Mitchell has tried this remedy and found it of no use:—
"After many experiments by the officers of the Smithsonian Institute and other scientific gentlemen, a certain cure is said to have been found for snake bite. It is as follows: Ten grains iodide of potassium, and thirty grains of iodine, to be dissolved in one ounce of water, kept in a bottle with a ground glass stopper, and to be applied externally—never internally. If possible, stop the circulation in the parts bitten by bandaging, and use a stick or any thing to tighten the bandage, and apply the solution to the bite with a piece of cotton, sponge, or any thing that will hold the fluid, and then bind it to the wound and keep wet until the cure is effected. It is said that five drops of undiluted poison from the fangs of a rattlesnake mixed with five drops of the above solution, and inserted in a wound with a syringe, was as harmless as ten drops of water."— D. S. in *Scientific American*.

Certain Cure for Foundry.
As soon as you discover that the horse is foundered, take him to the nearest branch or stream of water and tie him in it, standing in the water nearly up to his belly—his head being so high that he cannot drink. If the weather is warm, let him stand in the stream several hours; then take him out, rub his legs thoroughly to promote circulation, and again tie him in the water, if he is still lame. By repeating this process two or three times, the horse will be effectually cured. If the weather is cold when the horse is foundered, that is, if it is in winter, the horse must not be allowed to stand in the water more than about twenty minutes at a time, he should be taken out and his legs rubbed diligently till they become dry and warm and the circulation of the blood made active, and this process must be repeated till the horse is cured, which will be generally within twenty-four hours. This remedy will cost nothing, can do no possible harm, and will, in every instance, cure, if the disease has not been of too long standing. Don't be afraid to try it.— *Rural World*.

Live for Good.
Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life—and are heard of no more.
Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished! their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy.— Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

A New Gunpowder.
The new gunpowder, called "Schultz powder," lately invented by a German artillery officer of that name, is being present tested by the French war department, and those of several other European nations. It is entirely white, and projects shot with equal force by a use of but half the quantity of the present powder. It has the further advantage of neither leaving a residue of burnt powder in the gun, nor even soiling it. It makes but little smoke, and rebounds very slightly. It also heats the gun less than common powder. If burnt on white paper, it leaves no noticeable trace.

A patriarchal frog was caught near Flint, Michigan, lately. He measured fifteen inches from the tip of the nose to the end of his feet, eight round the body and six around the neck. He weighed fifteen ounces, and had quite formidable teeth.

A youth named Elkin hanged himself at Liverpool because his father had "blowed him up." The paternal parent on being asked why, on his discovering his son hanging in his bedroom, he did not send for the doctor immediately, replied that he had his cows to attend to.