



The Jeffersonian,

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1868.

FOR PRESIDENT,
ULYSSES S. GRANT,
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
SCHUYLER COLFAX,
OF INDIANA.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR AUDITOR-GENERAL,
GEN. JOHN F. HARTRAFT.
FOR SURVEYOR-GENERAL,
GEN. JACOB M. CAMPBELL.

BALDNESS, GRAYNESS, and other imperfections of the Hair will be regarded as inexcusable after a trial of Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S IMPROVED (new style) HAIR RESTORER OR DRESSING, (in one bottle.) Every Druggist sells it. Price One Dollar.

Mr. Geo. L. Walker, Real Estate Agent, on Saturday last, sold the mill property, at Shawnee, recently purchased by him of the Wilson estate, to James H. Crocker and William Munns, of New York State, for \$1,500.

A delightful thunder shower, on Saturday night last, gave a new start to the growth of grass, grain, garden truck, and fruits in this locality. The prospect for an abundant harvest, in all these branches, never looked more promising than now.

Read M. D. Coolbough's advertisement in to-day's paper. Dimmick understands his business thoroughly; and whether as a sign and ornamental painter, a housepainter or a renovator of old furniture, knows how to please his customers. Give him a call.

Don't fail to read the excellent letters of Gen. Grant and the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, on the first page of this week's paper. They are the letters of patriots and statesmen, and show in concise and meaning language the material of which the candidates of the great Republican party are made.

Frank Diehl, son of Mr. Jacob Diehl, fell from the scaffold of the new building, in course of erection for Nicholas Ruster, on Saturday last, and was severely injured. Fortunately no bones were broken, and we are pleased to learn that the prospects are good for his speedy recovery.

Mrs. Peter Borns is now nightly engaged in serving the most delicious ice cream to her customers. Her rooms are neat and comfortable, her accommodations are as near perfection as may be, and her experience enables her to supply an A. No. 1 article. You cannot go amiss if you give her a call.

Railroad Accident.

On Saturday last, C. H. Crandall, a resident of Susquehanna County, Pa., and an employee of the Del., Lack. & Western Railroad, while attempting to get on a passing coal train, fell and had his shoulder broken, and was otherwise badly injured. The accident occurred just below the Forge Cut; and parties who saw it say that his escape with his life was truly miraculous.

Our thanks are due to Commissioner Capron for the April number of the "Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture." The number is a very interesting one, as showing the condition of the farm stock of the United States at the present time, giving special statistics of farm resources and products, containing a concise statement of the distinguishing features of rinderpest, and interesting agricultural and scientific facts generally.

The frame work of the Spire of the Presbyterian Church is up, and the boarding, preparatory to the slating, nearly completed. One can now form some idea of what it will look like when finished. It will prove a very neat appendage to the church, and for graceful outline, and beauty of proportion will be excelled by no other in the country. Its extreme height from the ground to the point of the iron rod will be about one hundred and thirty-two feet.

A most wonderful specimen of the similarity of sentiment which pervades the minds of Democratic editors was displayed last week in our Democratic exchanges. No less than five of them, the Monroe "Democrat" making the fifth, came to our office containing as a leading editorial, an article headed, "Grant for the Presidency," which, both in text and body, were, "verbatim et literatim, et punctuatum, precisely alike." This was certainly a "singular coincidence." Or was it the proof positive that somebody's brains were stolen? We pause for a reply.

The Democratic papers still persist in charging Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, with writing a letter offering to furnish four votes for acquittal on the impeachment question, notwithstanding the Senator's denunciation of the letter as a forgery. Mr. Lewis, a former confidential clerk of Senator Pomeroy, but now in the Treasury Department, swears that he was repeatedly requested by the friends of the President to write such a letter, and was offered \$1,000 if he would do it, but refused. This should certainly vindicate Senator Pomeroy, and show the letter to have been a Democratic forgery.

The Hon. E. A. Rollins, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, sent in his resignation, to the Secretary of the Treasury, on Monday, to take effect on the confirmation of his successor by the Senate. Mr. Rollins has been connected with the Internal Revenue Department for the last five years—first as Commissioner, then as Deputy Cashier and last as Commissioner—in all of which positions he won and enjoyed the confidence and respect of every honest man who had business with the Department. In his letter Mr. R. makes known the reasons which induced his resignation, the chief among which is the appointment of dishonest and corrupt officials in spite of his remonstrance, and in opposition to his recommendation. The country will learn of his resignation with unfeigned regret.

At the municipal election in Washington, on Monday of last week, the Republicans and Democrats each succeeded in electing an equal number of Aldermen, while in the Councils the Democrats secured a majority of three. The Republicans, however, elected their candidate for Mayor, Mr. Bowen. On Monday Councils met for the organization of the City Government, when the Democrats attempted to treat the election as a nullity, and concluded to install their own Mayor into office. They were not smart enough, as the result showed, for the Republicans stuck to their rights as men and never let up until they had secured Mayor Bowen in his office. This is one of the ways the Democrats have of securing victories at the polls, but happily, in this instance, it did not succeed.

We strained our eyes in vain over the columns of the Monroe "Democrat" of last week, to find some account of the proceedings of the grand glorification, held by the Simon Pares—the respectability of the party, with our neighbor at his head—over a stray portrait of Gen. Grant, which reached that office some two weeks ago. The silent and harmless portrait of the patriotic hero was badly punished for the crime committed by its living prototype, in thrashing the rebel Democracy of the South and in refusing to second A. J. in his treason. But our neighbor had a good excuse for not giving the transaction publicity through his columns. The deed was a villainously dirty one, and they should be, as we hope they are, ashamed of it. We may ventilate the subject more at length in the future.

The "Little Corporal," a neatly printed sixteen-page sheet for boys and girls, which we have often noticed before, for June is on our table, and is well freighted with good things for little folks, and contains much that would prove interesting and instructive to folks of riper years. Accompanying the June number was a quaint picture, a fac simile of Paul Revere's Picture of Boston, 100 years ago, portraying the landing of the British troops. A copy of the Picture will be sent to every old subscriber who will renew his subscription and send an additional subscriber, or to any one who will send two subscribers at one dollar each. Carefully written stories, music, scientific matters, news items, all prepared with a view to cultivate the moral and intellectual faculties of the young, are characteristics of the "Little Corporal." Address Alfred Sewell, Chicago, Ill.

Water.

What has become of the Stroudsburg Water Company? We agitated the matter of the introduction of water into the borough, a little, last Spring, and quite a stir, looking towards the accomplishment of the object, was the result. A charter, all ready to hand, was speedily exhausted from between the lids of a musty law book, meetings of corporators were held, and there was much running to and fro of committees, as though in search of the prospect. But it was, as it were, a mere flash—a little flurry of wind, a slight sprinkle of rain, and then all was still again. But we hope it is not going to end here. Parties who are in position to know, have informed us that the stock can be readily sold and the company easily formed. Then why not press the matter? Come men and brethren, let us begin to talk again, but let us talk fast, and let our talk be accompanied with earnest, deed-accomplishing work, and it will not be long ere we have secured the erection of a water-works, and an abundant supply of pure and wholesome water for Stroudsburg. Especially should we think of this now, that our laagerical means of quenching thirst is, as technical limbs of the law would say, stopped.

Youatt, the veterinary surgeon, who has been bitten several times by rabid animals, says that crystal of the nitrate of silver will prevent hydrophobia.

The Truth.

We learn that some of the Democratic pimps, heretofore, are privately endeavoring, to make political capital out of the temperance trials, which occupied the time of the May Court, by asserting that the prosecutions were the result of a Republican movement, and that all the odium of the movement, if any there be, should attach to the Republican party of the county, or, as our neighbor of the Democrat loves to call them, the "Black Republicans." Now the truth of the matter is, that the leading men in the temperance movement comprise members of both parties, and the majority of them are leading Democrats; the majority of the persons who signed the remonstrances against the granting of licenses are Democrats; the majority of those who were officious in procuring witnesses in the trials and to sustain the remonstrances are Democrats; all the Judges of our Courts, before whom the cases were heard, and by whom decided, are Democrats; the prosecuting attorney is a Democrat; all the attorneys who assisted him are Democrats; while the only "Black Republican" lawyer practicing at the bar, though warmly pressed by a leading Democrat to do so, and who backed the pressure with the offer of a twenty-five dollar fee, positively refused to take part in the prosecutions. Would all these Democrats, reader, think you, join in and work so zealously for the success of a Republican movement? If the movement has a political look at all we submit that it has a Democratic look, and that it was gotten up to secure the object so pathetically dwelt upon by the orator of the last Democratic meeting—a system of electioneering cheapened by the absence of all legal necessity on the part of Democratic candidates to buy Democratic votes with bad whiskey? We do not believe, however, that the Temperance movement has anything to do with party politics. The Rev. Pennel Combe, himself one of the straightest of the Democratic set, told us in one of his lectures during Court week. We believe the movement was honestly intended to advance the public good; but we believe, none the less, that the prosecutions grew out of the mistaken zeal of many who had but recently become apostles of Temperance par excellence.

As Natural as can be.

The only politicians who rejoice over the acquittal of Andrew Johnson, are those Democrats South who took arms against the Government in the late Rebellion, many of whom perjured themselves by violating the oaths which they took to support the Constitution and the laws; those Democrats North who counseled resistance to the draft, urged men not to volunteer, denounced the Government in its every effort to prosecute the war, rejoiced over Rebel victories, mourned over Rebel defeats, and who otherwise aided and comforted the enemy; those politicians North and South, weak-kneed, spindle shanked, geniuses, who know no side but that which promises "bread and butter;" and those British, lords, bankers, shipbuilders who furnished the means by which the war was prolonged, and hundreds of thousands of men, and millions of money were wasted for their enrichment.

The only papers that rejoice over the acquittal are those which never saw a right on the part of the Government nor a wrong on the part of the Rebels during the war, and those British organs which piped for the success of the Rebellion and the downfall of the best Government the sun ever shone upon. All others mourn the commission of a great crime in the acquittal. Think of this, reader.

We were pleased to see our fire companies, the Phoenix and the Union, out on a practicing round, on Friday evening last.—The last fire demonstrated the need of this, and time spent in repeated exercises of the kind would, by no means, be time wasted. Where thorough efficiency is expected there must be thorough acquaintance with the proper method of handling and operating the machinery, and this can only be acquired by thorough practice. Both the Phoenix and the Union, in days gone by, were in the hands of star companies, and we are satisfied that the material having each in charge is such, that it needs but proper drill to make ours the peer of the best fire department to be found any where, whether in city or country. At the practicing on Friday evening an incident occurred, which afforded amusement to the bystanders, if it did not prove quite so agreeable to the participants. Whether because the Phoenix "squirred" better than the Union, or the Union "squirred" better than the Phoenix, or whether it was the result of accident, we do not know, but, somehow or other, the water of the one was turned on the parties holding the pipe of the other, and such a soaking as both parties got, and such a furore as instantly arose in the water was laughable to behold. The melee afforded jolly good fun until an angry word put an end to it. The general impression among the lookers on was, that the Union lads had the best of it.

"I indorse the Resolutions." What more can any Republican ask of the man who after he said, "I will fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," stuck to his text, until he sent Lee and his rebel cohorts kiting, and drove them to humble submission.

The Allentown (Pa.) rolling mill turns out 400 tons of rails per week. The daily product is 266 rails, 30 feet long, weighing 500.

The Conservative Republicans are at work, just now, in a labor of love towards the Democracy. They are satisfied that they can do nothing of themselves, and that the Democracy, trudging alone, are precisely in the same fix, and they come forward to the work of helping the latter in a manner which would be really marvelous, were it not that, in helping Democracy a little, they hope to help themselves a great deal. They can see success shadowed in a union of forces only—but they can see it then only when the loaves and fishes are secured to themselves. To elect a Democrat, on the old and obsolete ideas of the party, they look upon as an utter impossibility. These must be given up. But to elect a Conservative Republican, on the new issues which Conservative Republicanism pretends to have invented, they say, will prove an easy task, if Democracy will honestly join in and support them. We do not see why the same thing won't hold good if operating vice versa; but Republicans, with honest, truth-loving, Joe Flainger, with his "Daily News," at their head, say it won't, and we suppose it won't. They say Democracy can desert old things without compunctions of conscience, while Conservative Republicans are by far too tender breasted to embrace things which are dead and should be suffered to requiescat in pace. There may be truth in the argument. There is certainly method in it, especially for Conservative Republicans; and we do not see but that Democracy had better fall in with it.

And Republicans are kind—real clever in their efforts to help the Democracy, or to have the Democracy to help them, lick the black Republicans. They are willing not only to suggest the plan, but are willing also to go further and name the candidate. With any Democrat named as a candidate they say they can not hope to carry a corporal's guard of States. Indeed, with such an infliction even Kentucky, New Jersey and Delaware would have to be set down as doubtful, while all the rest, including reconstructed Dixie, would be sure to cast their electoral votes for Grant and Colfax. But with Chase—the great, immaculate, radical Chase—for a candidate—a Democratic candidate—Grant and Colfaxites would find themselves in the same predicament as the Democracy would with McClellan, Seymour or Pendleton. And they give the figures to prove this—figures, they say, which cannot lie, but figures, nevertheless, which, in the hands of politicians, have often lied before, and which, in the hands of Joe Flainger, and others of his ilk, can easily be made to lie again. And they are modest in this, and honest, doubtless.

But there is a predicament connected with this proposition of modest Republican conservatism, which may not be so pleasing to Democracy after all. The Democratic party is now in the midst of a most disagreeable job, which promises to last them throughout the whole campaign and even then not be successful, and it is a question whether they will be willing to encounter a second job of like character ere the first is completed. They have a hard job of it now in unsaying all the fulsome, laudatory things which they have in the three years passed heaped upon Gen. Grant. Will they feel like attempting to make smooth the political roughness caused by the mean things they have been saying against Chief Justice Chase within the last score of years? They are, it is true, somewhat tickled to think of the leaning theirwards of the Chief Justice in the great impeachment trial, but that, in their estimation, is small pay for the silver pitcher earned by him in his efforts against the Fugitive Slave law, and for his swinging around the Southern circle, and advocating Negro Suffrage, instead of, as they said at that time, attending to his duty in the Court. They could easily bury old notions, and old fogies on their side; but they seem to think it "a gray horse of quite a different color," to compel them to drop their own old clothes, merely to take up the old clothes of others. Their lives have been made up of vehement denunciations of abolitionists in particular and niggers in general; and we should not wonder much if, without the flesh pots in prospect, they balked a little at taking to their arms the father of the one and the peculiar friend of the other. The arrangement, however, notwithstanding this drawback to honest men, can be brought about, but it must done on the square, so as to ensure an equal chance. Let the Conservative Republicans drop the "heads I win and tails you lose" principle, which appears to be at the foundation of the proposed affiliation, and let them bait the hook with a fair share of the spoils, and our word for it Democracy will rush to combined defeat in November next, as with the fury of an avalanche. You can promise any thing, brother Conservative Republicans, without the least fear of comprising any thing of your veracity, for the people have already decided that the man who led our armies to victory is the man to lead the country to prosperity and peace. Start

the ball, make the promise and the prospect of its fulfillment brilliant, and you will have secured a party conglomeration such as the world never saw before.

Let the affiliation between the black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray but be completed, and our neighbor, with his Monroe "Democrat," will show us one of the most scientific political flip-flops the world ever saw.

Democratic Opinion of General Grant.

Two weeks ago we gave publicity to J. B. Storm's—the Chairman of the Democratic County Committee for this County—exalted opinion of Gen. Grant, entertained some three months before his nomination for the Presidency, and when he held precisely the same political opinions and notions of policy that he does now. Last week we gave an extract from the New York "World," wherein that organ of Democracy, pure and simple, proved conclusively that no man had given stronger evidence of great generalship or exalted statesmanship than had Gen. Grant. In continuance of these extracts from Democratic authorities, which we propose to continue until the close of the campaign, we call the following from the Pittsburg "Post," one of the most respectable of the Democratic newspapers published in Pennsylvania:

"Suppose that, contrary to the wish of some of the leading Radical Black Republicans, who want the office themselves, Gen. Grant should be nominated for the Presidency by the Republican party, what course, ought the Democratic party to pursue?"

Ought we to nominate a man in opposition to General Grant? Ought we to charge him with being an enemy to his country, or in favor of unjust measures, merely because he may have received said nomination? * * *

We are inclined to believe that more depends upon General Grant now than upon any other individual in the United States. We believe him to be far superior to the majority of the far-sighted politicians who have been ruling the nation without bringing peace or economy to our legislation. He is known to all the people as a straight forward man, and so far as can be judged, a man well disposed to deal fairly with the people of all sections of the Union. * * *

What better thing can we do in case of General Grant's nomination by the Republican party than to vote for him for the Presidency? Our aim should be to strengthen his hands; to render him as much as possible independent of party, and to elect him as the President of the people. If unanimously, so much the better.

We solemnly believe that if the people generally of the United States can come together with real unanimity on General Grant, in regard to the Presidency, it will be the happiest thing for our country that could possibly occur. The future good effects of this course are almost incalculable. We earnestly ask our Democratic friends everywhere to consider this subject carefully."

If Republican editors would condescend to publish nothing in favor of the General but such matter as they could cull from Democratic journals, published within the last three years, they would raise a pyramid of argument which could not possibly fail to elect him. The labor of "chawing over and spitting out" their panegyrics is a bitter one, and any thing but a labor of love to our Democratic contemporaries. The Monroe "Democrat" being, unfortunately, in leading strings, has, in the past, said nothing, either good, bad or indifferent about the General.

Look out for them.

A Pittsburg paper says a new scheme for swindling farmers is on the tapis.—The article now offered is a wrought iron plow point, fitting into a hollow square, of the economy of which wonderful tales are told. Those that have got bitten find that wrought iron points cost more a piece than entire shares of cast iron. As these plow-point swindlers are understood to be making a hurried sweep up through the Southern counties of the State, in order to get into West Virginia, Pennsylvania and the Eastern States, farmers would do well to be on the alert for them. Papers desirous of saving their patrons' pockets will direct attention to this swindling scheme. It has cost the farmers of the West about \$200,000 the past year.

Schuyler Colfax and the Printers.

We understand that the printers of Chicago are about to set the Colfax ball a rolling by organizing a Printers' Colfax Club with affiliated societies in every town in the country in which half a dozen printers can be found. Mr. Colfax is the first member of the craft who has ever been nominated for either of the two highest offices in the people's gift and the craftsmen desire to signalize the event by such hearty aid as they can render for his triumphant success. He is worthy of their utmost endeavors.

A remarkable chicken has been left at the office of the St. Michael's (Maryland) Comet. It has five legs and five feet, twenty six toes, and two wings. Four of the legs are perfect in the formation, and grow directly out from the body; the fifth is a branch of another leg, but has a perfect foot. The wings are in the right place.

A. B. Reed, of the Pay Master General's office, was arrested Saturday afternoon on the charge of sending out circulars to postmasters and others throughout the country, soliciting, on behalf of the National Manuaging Committee, five dollars from each person to whom they were addressed, to enable them to retain their positions.

A "Little Story about" Grant.

A correspondent furnishes us with the following incident, illustrative of the leading traits in the character of our future President: During the Petersburg campaign of 1864 privates were engaged in unloading barrels of "salt horse" from a transport at City Point, and were in charge of a lieutenant of a New York regiment, who took every occasion to show his authority. To one of his abusive remarks one of the privates made reply, whereupon the lieutenant administered several kicks to the man who offered no resistance, but continued on with his work. A short, thick set man, wearing a slouched hat and a rather seedy officer's cloak, who had been standing by for some time, hereupon threw off his cloak and coat, and proceeded to help to unload the transport. After the task was accomplished, the officer donned his coat and cloak, and asked the lieutenant, in very civil terms, his name and regiment. "Lieutenant—of the—New-York Volunteers. By what authority do you dare ask such a question?" "Report yourself immediately to your colonel under arrest, by a order of Gen. Grant, for cruelty to your men, and remember that abuse of privates by officers is not tolerated by the present commander of this army," replied the "thick-set" officer, lighting and cigar, a walking slowly away.

A Mt. Bethel (Northampton Co.) correspondent of the Scranton Register, says:

"A new railroad is projected from the Sussex Valley Railroad of New Jersey to intersect the Lehigh and Lackawanna at Bath, Pa. The surveys have been made, and the route found to be a very feasible one. The route, as surveyed, is but a short distance from the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western depot at this point. This cross road would connect the New York and Erie, and the several roads of this state. It would likewise be the most direct lines by which the coal, slate and iron of our State could reach Boston.—The line was surveyed by James Archibald, Jr., last summer, and his report was highly satisfactory to the capitalists, who give assurance of its early completion.

Several of the personal and political friends of George H. Pendleton are in Washington measuring the calibre of the so-called Chase movement. They report as the result of their investigation that while there is much talk among certain politicians about the expediency of making Mr. Chase the Democratic candidate, they cannot find where he is going to get the votes to nominate him in the Convention. They claim that Mr. Pendleton will have a clear majority on the first ballot.

Fifteen years ago a man left Gardner, Me., to try his fortunes in Chicago. He had \$800, which he invested in buying house lots about a mile from the centre of the city. To-day that same property would sell at auction for \$250,000. The spare change he got from practising law he put into house lots and then into a banking house, and now pays a tax upon \$3,000,000 of safe investments, while he is one of the leading Republican managers of the whole Northwest.

A New York paper says the paper-hangers and paper makers are much excited just now with news of the invention of gutta percha paper, which for durability and imperviousness, surpasses all previous attempts at fabrication of a damp-resisting medium. It is to be prepared for paper-hanging, and will very shortly be in the market.

The Nashville Times says an old gentleman in Looking over the battle ground near that city, the other day, saw some marks on a rock; he dug there and took up four cans of oysters, three boxes of sardines, and two flasks of whiskey, all in excellent preservation.

In Minnesota there are 1466 school houses, with 2585 teachers and 114,421 scholars. During 1867 the whole amount expended in the State for school purposes was \$736,532. The school lands in Minnesota amount to 2,986,696 acres.

A flatboat arrived at Baton Rouge the other day containing a young man, his wife, a boy and a dog, all of whom had floated down all the way from Venango, Pa. They were thirteen weeks under way.

Kit Carson is dead. He was one of the greatest of the pioneer trappers, and his name was "familiar as household words" throughout the West. He died at Fort Lyon, Colorado, on the 23d ult.

There is a thrifty individual in Bloomville, Delaware county, N. Y., (name not given), who charges his maid servant sixteen and two third cents per month for sitting in his pew in church.

Three hundred and fifty millions of postage stamps are used in the United States in the course of a year, besides forty millions of stamps envelopes. The weight of the stamps is forty thousand pounds.

Masonic.

There are 215 Masonic Lodges with 22,015 members in Pennsylvania. The assets of the Grand Lodge are valued at \$600,000, and the new temple in Philadelphia will cost \$750,000.

The music in the Boston churches, it is asserted, costs \$50,000 per annum.—One church pays its choir artist \$1,500, and expends on the chief \$6,000.

A Clergyman in Illinois, on alternate Sundays, preaches in churches one hundred and sixty miles apart. He travels from one village to the other on horse-back.

"The Tanners" are a new organization, formed at Ogdensburg, N. Y., to support General Grant. They are to parade in leather aprons.