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JOB PRINTING,

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DRS. JACKSON & BIDLACK,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

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

DR. D. D. SMITH,

Surgeon Dentist,
Office on Main Street, opposite Judge Stokes' residence, Stroudsburg, 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.

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.—1 yr.

WM. W. PAUL, J. D. HOAR.

CHARLES W. DEAN,

WITH

WM. W. PAUL & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS & SHOES.

WAREHOUSE,

623 Market St., & 614 Commerce St.

above Sixth, North side,

PHILADELPHIA.

March 19, 1868.—t.

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, Druggist, Stroudsburg, Oct. 31, '67.

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.

PICTURE FRAMES of all kinds constantly on hand or supplied to order.

June 11, 1868.—1 yr.

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 teeth, or teeth as it may be, other wise 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.

DON'T FORGET THAT when you want any thing in the Furniture or Ornamental line that McCarty, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., is the place to get it. (Sept. 26,

swaller at the beginin a porshen uv his heresies, may be our candidate. Say nothin, Deekin, that you'll hev to take back." Peelin that rite here wuz a splendid chance for an improvin discourse on the nacher, objecks, and aims uv democracy, I opened out onto em.

"Dimocriay," I remark, "is distinguished chiefly for its elasticity in adaptin means to ends. One wood suppose that Post-Offis is its chief end. In one sense it is. Dimocriay is willin to sacrifice any thing which it hez for Post-Offis. It might raise Deekin Pogram's ire to reject the nominshen uv Hancock, on akount uv his slawterin, or Belmont's candidate on akount uv his insistin on payin off the Nashael Debt, or Chase who hez bin in his day suspected uv bein tainted with Ablishinism. But my bretherin let it be remembered that success is the main objeck. Success is wat Baseom wants, that I, bein continyoos in offis, may hev the means to pay for the likker I consoom, and to avoid the necessity uv bein continyoosly rekestod to chalk it down, which practis he esteems disgustin, and one wich greatly increases his labors. Capt. McPelter wants success that he may continyoo to hev Assessors, Collectors, and Revenoo officers with which he kin divide the profits uv the \$2 tax on the whisky he makes, and Deekin Pogram wants success that he may hev his niggers agin or a least that he may hev privilege of hirin em for \$4 per month, deductin 25 cents per day for each day's absence, without no Barow officer or other military etrap hangin about to molest or make afraid. Success is the main pint, and of Hancock is the way, walk ye in it—of Chase or Seymour is the way, walk ye ditto, for with either uv these men all these things we'll hev. When they come to us they leave their former selves behind.

But methinks I hear one say, Hancock is a slyer, Seymour a anti-repudiator, and Chase a Ablishinist! What uv that? They may be wat they like when they go into offis—assosiashen with us fetches em sooner or later. Kin you teach pitch and not be defiled? Doolittle, Cowan, and Dixon wuz Ablishinists. When they split from Ablishinism—the munit they fell into our embraces—they became ez satisfactory Democrats ez I cood wish. The road down is a easy one to travel.—It's easier to slide than to climb, wich is the reason why so many more are damned than saved. Democracy, like Basom's new liker, holds a man when it gets him. Johnson wuz a good enuff Ablishinist till he called onto us for help, and then he wuz lost. Let Chase stay with us a week, and he'd forget all his old ideas, you bet. Shood you poke that silver pitcher at him the niggers give him at Cincinnati, for defendin a fugitive, and he'd swear like Peter he never saw it—only differin from Peter in that he'd stick to it. And there is no goin back, for the principal ones. Their remorse kind o'drives em deeper and deeper, till they finally are worse than ez they originally wuz uv us. Let us, my bretherin, never reject any help we kin git. Let it come in any shape and from any source, it'll finally assimilate to us and be uv us. Remember, Johnson, Cowan, Doolittle and Dixon swore, when they started at Philadelphia, that they never cood go into the ranks uv the Dimocriay; in a year they wuz makin speeches for us in Connecticut.

Ez I enclooded my remarks, my circle all agreed that it wuz safe to take whatever we cood git from the enemy, and we retired, I feelin that whatever other localities mite do, the Corners wuz safe. Wat an outrage it is, though, that the Ablishinists nominated sich a man for Vice-President ez to make Grant perfectly safe from bein removed ez Linken wuz. Ef he's elected he'll serve out his time sure.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(Which is Postmaster.)

A Ruined Rebel.

A correspondent of the Chicago "Tribune" says:—"I saw on the streets of Nashville, yesterday, an attenuated and emaciated form belonging to a man who filled quite a large space in the public eye during the war. It was none other than Clement C. Clay, one of the commissioners of the rebels abroad, and the companion of Mason and Slidell in their negotiations with France and England. Clay was the man who was met by Horace Greeley, at Niagra Falls, towards the close of the war, the two ostensibly coming together for the purpose of arranging for some sort of peace. The negotiations were all futile, as will be remembered.

"Clement Clay was one of the most remarkable men in the South at the breaking out of the war. He had just been elected from the Huntsville, Alabama, district to the National Congress, and had only reached his majority a few months before. His family were wealthy and powerful, and Mr. Clay entered upon what seemed destined to prove a most brilliant career in public life. By the war he lost all his property, and is now racked with asthma and consumption. He was riding through the country on horseback, seeking by the change of climate and excitement to better his health. He lives in Huntsville still, and practices law. 'We are all poor folks now,' he said to a friend of ours, 'and have to work for a living.'"

Maine has 70,000 farmers.

The Peabody National Medal.

It will be remembered that at the last session of the Thirty-ninth Congress the President of the United States was authorized to present to Mr. George Peabody a gold medal, in consideration of his beneficent gift of over a million dollars to the South for educational purposes, to be applied without regard to color. It has just been completed and received at the State Department, and is decidedly the handsomest and most unique affair ever made in this country, and as a work of art surpasses any medal ever presented by our government heretofore. It is three inches in diameter and a half inch thick; on the front is the profile of Mr. Peabody in *alto relievo*, and on the reverse the following inscription:—"The people of the United States to George Peabody, in acknowledgment of his beneficent promotion of universal education." It is mounted on a base, and to the right of the medal are two palmetto trees in gold, six inches high, around which is ivy, emblem of friendship.—To the left of the medal is the figure of benevolence, with one hand resting upon the medal, holding in it a spray of laurel, and with the other pointing to Mr. Peabody. Under the palmetto trees are two children, one representing a white child and the other a black, and white child pointing to benevolence and the black the one to himself, as if saying, "Am I, too, to be educated?" The base is six inches long, three-fourths of an inch thick and one one-quarter inches high, and the whole work is of solid gold. In the rear of the medal, resting upon the base, is a perfect globe, which revolves, and around this are books and various instruments representing the progress of civilization and education. On the front of the base is our national shield, executed in enamel.

The medal is enclosed in a handsome cabinet of ebony and bird's eye maple, lined with purple velvet, the top of which revolves when the medal is placed upon it, thus exhibiting it without placing the hand upon it to change its position. The entire work was made with tools and not struck from a die. It is a most beautiful piece of workmanship, and is greatly admired by all who have seen it. On Thursday it will be exhibited to the Cabinet, after which it be placed on exhibition in the Capitol.—Washington Star.

The Sexes and Amusements.

It may be laid down as a general rule that amusements which separate the sexes are dangerous. I would not press the truth too narrowly and literally; but undoubtedly it is a general truth that where women seek their amusements in one way by themselves, there is in both ways a tendency to degeneration and temptation. God meant that man and woman should live together, work together, and in all the functions of life—civil, social, religious, artistic and intellectual—co-operate with each other; and their mutual relations are harmonizing and balancing, and no where else more than in the seeking, and prosecution of amusements. I believe that boys and girls should go to school together. As they sit together in the household, so they should sit together in our temples of learning. Colleges should not be for all men or all for women; but the same buildings and the same professors should be provided for both in common. And as it is in every thing else, so it should be in amusements. There is much greater liability to temptation and immorality, where amusement is sought in the isolation or separation of the sexes.

Therefore, all exhibitions of pictures and statues, all provisions for recreation, all institutions for public amusements, should be such as to enable people to go in groups and families.

I do not think amusements can be good generally, in a community in which a man is ashamed to take his whole family to them. If there is anything you would not like your wife and children to participate in with you, the presumption is that it is wrong; and if there is anything you would like them to participate in with you, the presumption is that it is right. And this might be made a rule of judgment far more widely than it is now.—H. W. Beecher.

Failure of Weston, the Pedestrian.

Boston, June 4.—Weston, the pedestrian, who began the task of walking 100 miles in 23 hours, at Riverside Park, yesterday afternoon, accomplished only 90 1/2 miles in 22 hours and 52 minutes, and lost the \$4,000. Payne of Albany, who started to walk 70 miles at the same place, while Weston walked the last 87 of his tramp, on a wager of \$500 a side, completed the distance in 18 hours and 42 minutes, being one hour and 18 minutes inside of time. About 5,000 witnessed the walkers this afternoon, and the pedestrians were urged on by a brass band. Considerable money changed hands.

A milkman in New York dropped some money while crossing the ferry, and the scrip was conveyed by the wind to the East River. A bystander consoled the vendor of the lacteal with the remark that "what comes by water generally goes by water."

Salt Lake City requires young men to marry at 19 or pay three hundred dollars fine.

In Searcy, Arkansas, a pair of twin girls were born a few days ago, each having twenty fingers.

Peter Cartwright, who is an attendant of the Methodist Conference at Chicago, is a most notable character, and is thus sketched by a correspondent: "He is now about eighty four years of age, and has been an effective preacher for sixty four years, and served in the office of presiding elder for half a century. He has attended every General Conference since the first organization of Methodism in America, except two. He is one of the few links that connect the heroic age of Methodism with the present. Some men became eminent by culture, gathering through years of toil the lore of buried ages, but some heaven-appointed leaders are born great, and to this class Peter Cartwright, who in his day was a really great man, belongs.

When in his prime, he was about five feet ten inches in height, with a compact, symmetrical, sinewy form, black hair slightly curled, a round, well-poised head, and dark, piercing eyes. His face was, and still is, strongly marked with intelligence, will, power and energy, and in an early day, when his voice was clear, powerful and musical, he was a prince of camp-meeting preachers. He is now too old to participate much in debate, yet few who know him would even now care to stir the old lion, for fear his paw might still be pointed. In the early years of his ministry he was bold even to rashness, if it did not sometimes border on roughness.

It is said that he was once preaching in Nashville, Tennessee, to a very crowded congregation, when an unusual stir about the door disturbed the congregation and annoyed the preacher. A minister sitting in the pulpit said to him in apologetic undertone, "Brother Cartwright, General Jackson just came in." "Well," responded Cartwright, "who is General Jackson? If he don't repent he'll be damned as quick as a Guinea negro!" This was said in so loud a tone that Jackson heard it, and next day meeting Mr. Cartwright in the street, he said to him: "Sir, if I had an army of ten thousand men of your courage I could whip the world."

A Country Girl in Beecher's Church.

"At first I thought he was a farmer, he told us so much about sowing and harvesting. Then, when he talked of training-roses and pruning grape-vines, I changed my mind, and concluded he was a gardener; but soon after he described printing, and made it so plain, I decided that he must be a printer after all. The queerest thing about it was that he should know all the folks up at Cross-cut Cornets, and be able to describe them so exactly. When he spoke of people who think every thing they have is just the nicest and best going, I thought of Huldy Tucker, and when he described those who believe they are in a state of perfection, and can't do wrong, I knew he must mean Deacon Pettigrew. I was so much interested in all he had to say, I did not think of any thing else, except once, when my thoughts flew to Joel. I so longed to have him there beside me! For I want Joel to love Sunday; and I am sure he never will unless he sees, as I have, how beautiful it can be made, and what a good, happy, cheerful thing such a religion as Mr. Beecher's is. The congregation looked so interested, so eager to hear all he had to say, I do believe they would have stayed till night, if he had chosen to go on preaching. I did not notice a single girl chewing caraway seed, or a single boy using his jack-knife on the back of the pew. Deacon Spicer, eighty-five years old, always goes to sleep and snores between our Parson's Himmans' "fifthly" and "sixthly;" but the old, white-haired man at Mr. Beecher's looked just as wide-awake as the young ones, and I do believe everybody went away feeling better, and kinder, and more resolved to lead good, true lives than when they came."—Independent.

At a meeting of the Iowa Radical Congressional Delegation the other day, the following resolution was passed: *Resolved*, that

Old Grimes is dead, that mean old soul,

We'll bury him to-day—

He never shall set foot again

On the soil of Iowa.

Old Grimes is dead, the poor old cuss,

He ne'er was worth a dime;

He chisled us on Monday last,

We'll chisel him next time.

We'll bury him so deep, deep, deep,

That when old Gabriel sounds

The trumpet of the jubilee,

Old Grimes will not be found.

Earthly Treasures.

When Sheridan had bought a beautiful place, he invited old Dr. Johnson to go and see it. The stern old cynic went, and looked through the house and library, and tasted the wine from the cellar, and walked into the garden, and said nothing; and Sheridan said to him: "Well, Doctor, what do you think of it?" "Ah!" said he, "these are things that make death terrible."

Jefferson Davis's trial has been again postponed until October. As during that month the country will be in very heat of the Presidential canvases, it is hardly to be expected that either judges will be found to hear or counsel to argue this case, delayed already until it has lost all interest Mr. Davis will, in all probability, be transferred as a legacy to the incoming Administration.

Something Interesting About the Locusts.

Mr. Daniel Lehman, the messenger of the York County National Bank, informs the editor of the "True Democrat" that the locusts made their appearance in 1817, on the 23d day of May—in 1834, about the same time, and in 1851, on the 26th of May. He has ascertained the fact, too, that the most of them are now about five inches below the surface of the earth, and their protracted stay is attributed to the continued wet weather. Many of them have died in the ground on account of the frequent rains, and we may justly conclude that they will, by no means, be as numerous as in former years. In 1817 Mr. Lehman made the following experiment: He took some of the small branches where the eggs had been deposited and wrapped them carefully up and laid them away and did not open them until 1831, when the locusts made their appearance again; and then by the aid of a microscope discovered that the eggs were dead and had never made the least advance towards incubation. In that year he put a quantity of the eggs in a bottle and corked it up and did not examine its contents again until 1851, when he found the result the same—the eggs were dead and had made no progress towards hatching. From this it is well established that the eggs of the locust must come in contact with the earth before they will advance towards life—that the soil is essential to the development of the life-giving property they contain.

By frequent experiment Mr. Lehman has also ascertained that the locusts never descend farther than six feet into the earth, which is an entire refutation of the fallacy that they pass entirely through it during their long absence of seventeen years. What they live on, or how they subsist, in their self-constituted grave; whether they increase or multiply, or remain, to all intents and purposes, dead all this time, we believe, has never been ascertained. These singular insects are certainly the most wonderful of all natural phenomena, and should be made a special subject of study. Their coming and going is an object of interest for the curious and scientific, and certainly teach a lesson which has never yet been fully and satisfactorily explained.

The Celestials.

In his eloquent speech at the San Francisco banquet, Mr. Burlingame frankly explained what he and his colleagues in the Chinese embassy expect to accomplish. He said the creation of the embassy was largely due to the adoption of the "co-operative policy; the policy by which the representatives at Peking of the "treaty powers" act together in all discussions with the imperial government. Under this policy, he said, trade has increased from \$82,000,000 to \$300,000,000; steamboats have been multiplied, railroads have been built, light houses have been erected; hundreds of foreigners have been taken into the civil service of China; Wheaton's International Law has been adopted as a text book of the empire; Christian missions have advanced from the Yellow Sea to the great plains of Mongolia; and now the imperial government has determined to seek closer relations with Europe and America. "The embassy," said Mr. Burlingame, "means progress. It means that China will have her questions stated; and, conscious of her own integrity, she is willing to submit her questions to the general judgment of mankind. It means that she intends to come into the brotherhood of nations. It means commerce; it means peace; it means a unification of her own interests with the whole human race." This is glowing language, but that is no reason for pronouncing it exaggerated. Mr. Burlingame is certainly better able than we are to interpret the motives which influenced the Peking cabinet to give him his appointment, and to forecast the results which will flow from their act. At all events he has the good wishes of all the civilized world for his complete success in the exceptionally important work which he has undertaken.

Jones was, or believed he was, near his death, and the doctor calling, he held a long and earnest conversation with him about his chances for life. "Why, man," said the physician, "you are likely to die any hour. You have been living for the last fifteen years without a constitution—lungs gone, liver decayed, and all that sort of thing." "You don't mean to say," replied Jones, questioningly, "that a man can live fifteen years without a constitution?" "Yes, I do," retorted the doctor, "and you are an example."

"Then, doctor," and a bright smile illuminated the pallid face of the doomed man, "then, doctor, I'll go it ten years more on the by-laws," and he did.

A Numerous Progeny.

Mrs. Regina Paul, who died near Orwigburg, Schuylkill Co., Pa., on the 30th of April, aged 90 years, 4 months and 18 days, was the mother of 14 children, 110 grand-children, 287 great-grand-children and over 300 great-grand-children.

Wooley, the contumacious witness, is a thorn in Democratic flesh at Washington. If it is he compelled to tell what he did with all the money he handled, there will be a tremendous flutter among the Copper-head thieves.