

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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PICTURE FRAMES of all kinds constantly on hand or supplied to order.  
June 11, 1868.—ly.

**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.—tf.

**C. W. SEIP, M. D.,**  
**Physician and Surgeon,**  
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Office at his residence, on Main Street, nearly opposite Marsh's Hotel.  
All calls promptly attended to. Charges reasonable.  
Stroudsburg, April 11, 1867.—tf.

**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.

**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.—tf.

**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.]

**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 small experience a person may have, he is liable to have some failures out of a number of cases, and if 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.

**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, 1868.]**  
**BLANKS OF ALL KINDS for Sale at this Office.**

## "ALMOST AT THE TOP."

**A Soldier on Seymour—Speech of Gen. Woodford.**

At the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, the other evening, Gen. Woodford, who was evidently suffering from a recent sickness, was received with enthusiastic cheering, and notwithstanding his weak bodily condition, spoke with intense energy and fire. We regret that our limits exclude the whole speech. We make some extracts:

"I wish I could justly close these words without reference to Horatio Seymour. But fidelity alike to history and to my old comrades in the army, living and dead, compel that I should speak of one passage in his history. On the Fourth of July, 1863, when Governor of the State, he stood at the Academy of Music, in New York, and in a most elaborate address apologized alike for slavery, the South and the Rebellion. He had no word of cheer for the patient man who was bearing the nation's sorrow (cheers) in the Capitol at Washington. He had no word of encouragement for our gallant soldiers, who that very hour were grappling with Lee in a life and death struggle among the hills in Pennsylvania (cheers and cries of "You're right"); nothing but icy sneers, but old calculations, and butilly concealed sympathy with treason. Thank God, at that same hour Meade gave the lie to his eloquent sophistry as he hurled Lee back in terrible defeat from Cemetery Hill and Round Top at Gettysburg, and Grant's cannon made strange echo to his cowardly but concealed appeals for compromise and surrender as Vicksburg's host cast down their flags in defeat.

"A few short days passed, and on July 13 of that same year the terrible draft riots broke out in New York city. I charge that these riots were the natural, logical and almost necessary results of his speeches, his teachings, and his public official acts. And then when the storm had gathered, he addressed those mad, denuded, brutalized rioters as his "friends," and besought their patience by the plea that he had sent his Adjutant-General to Washington to beg that the draft might be suspended. (Laughter, hisses and cheers.) When the tidings of these riots and of Seymour's conduct and speech reached me, with my regiment, I was toiling along a dusty road of Maryland in pursuit of the retreating rebels. Fainting under the terrible heat, some falling and even dying by the wayside, our men were still pressing on.

"The loyal arms had been victorious at Gettysburg, and we had heard the glad news from Vicksburg. We were weary, but still we could see the end and the victory drawing nigh. Like thunder from a clear sky fell the tidings of this cowardly uprising at our own homes against the government and the flag. Strong men wept with shame and rage. Firm lips closed in a fiercer wrath as they whispered the news down the ranks, and muskets were gripped with a vengeful feeling such as we had not known before in skirmish and battle. Could we have filled that day in 'o Broadway there would have been a bloody reckoning, and short work would have been made with His Excellency's special friends."

[A sudden movement was here visible through the whole audience; an instant afterwards an electrical cheer burst from every part of the building; many people stood up, and handkerchiefs and hats were waved at the speaker.]  
We had left home to fight your battles, and we felt that you were bound to tax yourselves, if need be, to your last dollar to pension our widows, to succor our wounded, and feed our little ones. We were there just as much for your sake as for our own, and we felt that when our ranks grew thin we had a right to reinforcements; that you were bound in honor to send us your young men and your strong men, even if your old men and boys had to work your factories and your women had to till the fields. We were terribly in earnest. We were fighting rebels, and we very solemnly intended that you should stand squarely up to yours.—(Cheers.) How reverently we thanked (God, when the good Lincoln and the lion-hearted Stanton said the drafts shall be enforced. And how we cheered the soldiers who were sent from our midst to enforce the law and uphold the honor of our flag against the Northern mob.

"You can now understand how we soldiers feel towards his Excellency, Horatio Seymour. In the hour of our sorrow and weariness he had no encouragement for us, no faith in our courage, and no faith in the final victory. Now in our triumph, when the flag steams out on every breeze and all our land is one again, we have no need for thee, Horatio Seymour. Let Southern Rebels shout thy praise; let the burners of orphan asylums, and the deserter, and the skulker from the draft, twice laurels for thy brows; we will stand by the old flag, all battle-scarred, but glorious in victory, while we follow the great captain of our armies, our own Ulysses Grant.

"At the battle of Lookout Mountain, as following the line of fire, our surgeons climbed up the hilly steep, they met four soldiers coming down and carrying in a blanket a shapeless mass. Laying their burden tenderly down, they asked the doctor to look at their wounded color sergeant. His shoulder and forearm had been torn away by a shell.  
"The surgeon knelt, and putting the hair back from his manly brow, asked,

"My brave fellow, where are you hit?"—His eye unopened for a moment, as he faintly answered: "Almost at the top." "No, no, my good man, whereabouts are you wounded?" Again his pale lips moved, and he whispered: "I was almost at the top, sir, bearing the flag, when the shell struck me. One moment more and I should have been clear up." He gave one gasp, and his brave spirit was gone forever.—[Exclamations.]

"And so, dear friends, it is with us today. We are almost at the top. In faith and love we have carried the dear old flag for four long years of struggle, until now we are above the clouds, fighting as Joe. Hooker fought up in the clear sunlight of absolute justice and right.—Only once more close up the ranks. Only once more pass up the mountain slope, and we shall plant our dear old flag clear up on the mountain top of a final victory for liberty and the rights of man."

Let any true soldier, or soldier's friend, or lover his country, read the above, and then vote for Horatio Seymour, if he can!

**Ready Responses.**  
The following reply to a life insurance circular, requesting information as to the health and habits of an applicant, was received at a prominent life insurance office in Hartford:—

1. How long have you known—? Since two years after I was born.
2. What are his general habits? In winter, red flannel shirts and blue beaver; in summer, a straw hat canted to one side, and nankeen trousers very loose in the legs.
3. What is his profession? Congregationalist.
4. Has he ever had fever and ague? Had a fever last summer, when the thermometer was at eighty, but it was no great shakes.
5. Has he ever had heart disease?—Yes, but was cured of it by Rev. Dr. Hawks years ago.
6. What state was he in when you saw him last? The state of Michigan.
7. Has his application ever been rejected? Yes, once—promptly by a lady.
8. What age do you consider him?—Old enough to know more than he does.
9. Does he smoke or shew? He smokes when he chooses.
10. Has he children? Yes; two nephews.

A Shrewd Southern editor says: "The popularity of Seymour and Blair is something like the fever and ague—it cannot be found in any place where particular inquiry is made for it. In the settlements, where the "shakes" are supposed to have a lodgment, the people inform inquirers that they do not have them there, but the inhabitants of another place which they designate have them "awfully." So Eastern Democrats declare that their ticket, though not strong here, has great popularity in the West, and Western Democrats, while confessing to Democratic disappointment in that section say that their ticket will run well in the East.

A justice of the Peace, who has but recently assumed the dignity of that important office in one of the mushroom towns on the Union Pacific railroad, was called on, among his first duties, to pass upon the guilt or innocence of a man arrested for murder. The following colloquy constituted the examination

Justice—"Darn you, sir! did you kill that man."  
Prisoner—"Yes, sir."  
Justice—"Was any one else present at the time?"  
Prisoner—"No, sir."  
Justice—"Then as it will be impossible for the court to prove your guilt, you are discharged."

As a person was shooting swallows at Osbaldiek a few days ago, he fired at and wounded one, which fell as its wing was broken, to within a few feet of the earth, when another swallow flew directly underneath, and bore it gently up. After having attained a considerable elevation, the bird underneath withdrew its support; but finding that the bird was sinking again to the earth, it resumed its station, and once more raised it in the air. This was done several times, till at last the bird flew away, as if it had not been hurt at all—its companion followed. This is as remarkable an instance of attachment and sympathy in the feathered tribe as we ever heard of.

Hon. Wm. W. Wallace, Chairman of the Democratic Committee, publishes an address calling upon the copperheads to wake up and make an attempt to turn the tide that is sweeping everything before it for Grant and Colfax. He makes no allusion to the copperhead frauds in Luzerne last year, neither does he say that he is prepared at present to furnish coffee stained natiionalization papers, but it is understood that he is to make use of the same means to carry the State that were so efficacious in electing Sharswood.

Brick Pomeroy denounced all the Blairs, and Frank P. Blair, Jr. in particular, as political mountebanks and men of no character or standing. "Brick" now supports Frank P. Jr. for Vice President.  
"Birds of a feather flock together."  
There is no hope for Democracy this fall.

## The Beetles in Utah.

The Austin (Nev.) *Reveille* of June 13 gives the following description of this formidable and dreadful plague.  
Utah is not only plagued with locusts, but with an insect called the "elephant beetle." A reliable person who returned from the neighborhood of Salt Lake last week saw myriads of them covering the earth with their shining, brownish black bodies, and destroying everything which they met in their path. Even small animals, he was informed by the ill-fated residents, did not escape the voracity of the horses: their bodies were crowded upon, and worried, and wounded cruelly with powerful antennae until they fell down exhausted by their struggles and loss of blood, when they were fastened upon by thousands and devoured. The entire carcass of a sheep was eaten and the bones picked clean in two minutes and a quarter; and it is said that a dead ox would be gobbled up in a quarter of an hour. So ferocious are these giant beetles that mothers are afraid to let their children go out of house unattended by a grown person. In the frequent bloody contests the wounded are devoured on the instant. Our informant says they are about four inches long, with legs three inches long; their antennae are stiff, sharp, and full four inches long; they have a short tail armed with a powerful horn, and their shells are so hard that the weight of a man scarcely will crush them. They are very frisky at times and jump with the agility of fleas. No other species of the beetle possesses their faculty of uttering a loud sound, which, made by thousands of them at once, resembles the braying of a band of jackasses. Their noise terrified the horses of our informant and his companion, who could not be kept upon the plain, so great was their fright. On one occasion while they were riding in a valley that was black with beetles, and crushing them under their horses' hoofs, when their hard cases would crack with a report like a rifle, the fierce insects showed a disposition to attack the horses, and fairly drove them out of the field. We were informed that a scientific man in Salt Lake City was collecting specimens of this formidable elephant beetle for transmission to various learned institutions of the country.

The Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee of California, writes to the Congressional Republican Executive Committee that the Republicans on the Pacific coast are making preparations for an energetic canvass, and that they believe Grant and Colfax will carry that State by 10,000 majority.

**To Destroy Warts.**  
Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping. Keep the water in a bottle and repeat the washing often, and it will take away the largest warts.

Recent explorations show Northern Minnesota to be perhaps the most remarkable slate region in the world. The slate ridge is some twenty odd miles in length and six in width.—In one place are mounds of slate covering a large extent of territory, which have the appearance of a city, there being streets, houses, and towers of regular shape, the whole presenting a most singular and interesting appearance. At one point in the St. Louis river is a large island of pure, workable slate, towering above the surface of the stream to a height of seventy-five feet.

Mrs. Betsey Rodgers of Newburg, Mass., has followed the business of picking berries for 70 years. She will be 95 next month. The *Newburyport Herald* says: "On her birthday she proposes to walk to town—a half dozen miles with the same old berry basket on her arm, and walk back. She ought to have a public reception by her old friends and patrons. She belongs to a tough and long-lived race. Her mother reached the age of 97. There are others of the same sort in Byfield. We saw an old woman the other day who had been picking berries all day in the hot sun, walking over two miles to her work, who was 84 years old, and whose child was over 63. She told us that she had walked to town to sell berries, and walked back—a journey of ten miles—six different times this season."

**Farm Items.**  
The best time to buy a farm is in August and September, for then the poor spot appear. One of the best farms in Kansas is the Governor's. His wheat crop amounts to 10,000 bushels.  
The farming land of Nebraska increases in value at the rate of a million dollars a month.  
June 1, in Australia, grapes and apples were gathered, and Winter had set in.  
It is said that cattle can be raised best on sand stone, and fattened best on lime stone land.  
The only animal if it is an animal, which will eat the Colorado potato-bug and not get sick is the striped snake.  
In hot weather milk is worth more fed to calves, which are to be cows and oxen, than made into butter.  
A single pair of caterpillars, if let alone, will strip the leaves from a young orchard in a few weeks. They need as much watching as politicians.  
Now that the wheat crop in Australia has failed, those growing hops to use up what little barley they may raise.  
An acre of fresh water is more profitable for fish growing than ten acres of good soil for grain growing.  
Western wool-growers get five cents a pound for their wool more than Eastern growers, because they make so many complaints.  
The Pennsylvania Agricultural College has only 13 students, and it is a failure. Other like colleges fail, and all because they have no teachers who understand farming.

The Rev. Father Cabely, President of the great Catholic University of Notre Dame, was in the procession which escorted Mr. Colfax from the depot to the Fair Grounds, on his recent reception at South Bend, thus giving evidence that he Catholics of his home resent the base Democratic fabrications, in regard to the asserted hostility of Mr. Colfax to the Catholics and foreigners.

The St. Joseph Mo. Herald, speaking of the disturbance created by democrats at the reception of Gen. Grant and Sherman in that city last week, says, "In the noisy mob hooting and yelling insults at Gen. Grant and Sherman, we recognized the same boisterous element which passed a resolution at meeting in the Court House in 1861, that no appointee of Mr. Lincoln should ever occupy St. Joseph Post-Office: the same element that raised a Rebel flag at the foot of Felix st., and killed the commerce of the city dead as a door nail for four years; the identical element which tore the flag from the roof of the Post-Office, and threatened with death any man who dared insult the chivalry of the South by unfurling the banner of his country."

Grant acts, Seymour talks, and Blair blows.  
The Democracy of Maryland had a Seymour and Blair ratification meeting last week, at which a negro was murdered. Good, sound Democrats!

Jeff Davis supports Seymour and Blair. Quite natural—he is opposed to making treason odious!

## Blue Blood.

A naval officer, writing from "Off Cape St. Lucas," gives an anecdote of one who during the war was a great favorite with the North Atlantic squadron, a thorough seaman, navigator, and gentleman, somewhat erratic, perhaps, but enthusiastic, and excellent company. On one occasion, while ashore in Newbern, he visited a lady who was somewhat aristocratic in her pretensions. The lady engaged in conversation, and in the hearing of several became quite eloquent about "blue blood." "New, you, my dear M.—" said she, "you must be of our set. Let me see; ah, yes! your family are from the Surry Berkeley side, I presume. Was your grandfather General—?" "No, Madam," was the reply. "But your father; he—" "Madam," said our tar, "you are quite wrong; my father was hung, and my mother was a washer-woman!" Further genealogical inquiry scarcely seemed to be demanded.

The Southern Vindicator of Pine Bluff, Ark., warns the people of that State "not to be misled by lying Radical emissaries." It says:  
We desire our Democratic friends to be wary how they listen to the voice of the Radical press. Since the Presidential nomination a movement has been set on foot to prejudice the Southern mind against Gen. Blair. It is published for the country that he is the individual who, when Postmaster-General, refused to allow Democratic papers to come South.—This is vile fabrication an election trick to carry out their infamous plan to further persecute us. It was Montgomery and not Frank P. Blair who was the corrupt Postmaster-General.

How will Montgomery Blair like the compliments of his present bed-fellows? And what will Frank think of this attack upon his brother?

**Rancid Butter.**  
To a pint of water add thirty drops (about half a teaspoonful) of liquid chloride of lime. Wash in this two and a half pounds of rancid butter. When every particle of rancid butter has come in contact with the water, let it stand an hour or two; then wash it well in pure water. The butter is then left without any odor, and has the sweetness of fresh butter. These preparations of lime have nothing injurious in them.

We copy the above from one of our exchanges, the editor of which says:  
"We forthwith obtained some of the most rancid butter, and it was bad enough for any stomach that had more sensibility than a wagon wheel. We doctored it as per recipe, and when placed on the table along with the new, good butter, very able judges could not distinguish which was the new butter. Here is a fact worth a year's subscription to a paper."

James Parton, in an article on *Packard's Monthly*, entitled "Don't be a mere Money Machine," says: "Among twenty men who can make a fortune you will hardly find more than one who can find a family. It is when I think of the children of the men who are called successful, that I feel how profoundly foolish those men among us who devote their whole time and the whole force of their nature to business. How strange to expend life in accumulating the means of living, and forget to live!"

A man calling himself a "professor" advertised an entertainment in St. Louis the other night, at which he was to expose the mysteries of spiritual manifestations, allow him self to be shot at with pistols, and let the audience in to all the secrets of jugglers.—After appearing before the audience and requesting those who desired to shoot at him to prepare their pistols, he went behind the stage curtain and that was the last of him. He obtained about \$200, and left his hall rent and printing bills unpaid.

A witness in a late divorce case kept saying that the wife had a very retaliating disposition; that she retaliated for every little thing.  
"Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel.  
"Yes, sir, often."  
"Yes, what did she do on such occasions?"  
"She always retaliated, sir." (Great laughter, and wife triumphant.)

A warrant for the payment of the purchase money for Alaska, in the sum of \$7,200,000 in coin, was on Saturday signed by the Secretary of the Treasury and transmitted to Baron DeStoeckel, the Russian Minister. The draft for that amount, payable in New York, was signed by Gen. Spinner Saturday morning and a receipt given therefor by the Russian Minister.

A little up-town five year old, who was hungry one night recently just at bed time, but didn't want to ask directly for something more to eat, put the proposition in this way, "Mamma are little children who starve to death, happy after they die!" A good big slice of bread and butter was the answer.  
The Schenectady Evening Star puts the Democratic nominees at the head of its column, and directly underneath says, "The Road to Ruin."  
Since the new Georgia Senator came out for Grant and Colfax, the Democratic party in that State has been rapidly running down hill.