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JOB PRINTING,

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

DR. D. D. SMITH,

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

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,
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Office at his residence, on Main Street, nearly opposite Marsh's Hotel.
All calls promptly attended to. Charges reasonable.
Stroudsburg, April 11, 1867.—tf.

J. B. COOPER, E. L. ROGERS,
COOPER & ROGERS,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS for the sale of Flour, Grain, Feed, Seeds, &c., 217 North Water Street, and 220 North Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
Particular attention paid to BUCKWHEAT FLOUR. [Oct. 1 '68] m6.

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.

NEW GROCERY STORE.
THE PUBLIC ARE INVITED to call at the New Grocery Store of the subscriber, on Main Street, one door below the "Jeffersonian" office, Stroudsburg, Pa., and examine of the best stock of GROCERIES.

PROVISIONS.
FLOUR &c.
ever brought to the place. Everything in the Grocery line will be found on sale in great abundance, and at prices at which all can purchase and live. Purchasers will save money by heeding this notice.
GEORGE F. HELLER.
October 22, 1863.—tf.

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.

BEEF,
IRON AND PURE BRANDY,
BY DR. HARTMAN,
Regular Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

It will positively cure Consumption, Coughs and Colds, and all diseases of the Lungs or Bronchial Tubes.
It has been the means of RESTORING THOUSANDS to health who have been given up beyond the reach of medical assistance. It does more to relieve the Consumptive than anything ever known. Unequalled strengthener for delicate Ladies and Children. EACH BOTTLE CONTAINS THE NECESSARY PORTION OF TWO POUNDS OF BEEF.

The cure of Consumption was first effected by the use of RAW BEEF and BRANDY in Russia, afterwards in France, in which countries I have travelled for years.
I have used it with perfect success in my own family. In presenting this preparation to the public I feel confident that every afflicted one who reads this (even the most skeptical) may become convinced, by a single trial that it is truly a most valuable medicine.

Circulars and medicines sent to any address. Price \$1 per bottle—six for \$5.
Laboratory 512 South Fifteenth Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Wholesale Agents, French, Richards & Co., Tenth and Market Streets; Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch Street; R. Shoemaker & Co., Fourth and Race Streets, Philadelphia.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Cheap Feed.
GRAIN AT 25 CENTS PER BUSHEL.
Apply at the BREWERY,
July 30, 1868.—tf. East Stroudsburg.

The Husband's Soliloquy.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Lovely woman, sweet and human!
How her witching ways disarm us!
Bright and witty—what a pity!
That her bills should so alarm us!

Charming creature! how each feature
Lights up with ecstatic pleasure?
(Harmless passion,) when Dame Fashion
Brings to view her latest treasures!

Silks and laces! how her face is
Radiant as the sunlight dawning;
Eyes are glancing, curls are dancing,
And her brow is like the morning!

Daily shopping—money dropping
Fast from white and dainty fingers,
Wants explicit—taste exquisite;
How the happy shopper lingers!

Ah! 'tis cruel, when a jewel
Might light up sweet home affection,
Thus to splutter, scold and flutter,
When wife hints in that direction!

Woman tender, who can render
Too much joy to match her beauty!
How can dresses or caresses
Half repay her love and duty!

Then, Dame Fashion, put the lash on,
Urge your steeds of daring mettle:
Lovely woman, sweet and human,
Must have dress, and we must settle!

"LET JEMES GO."—The Land We Love, gives a model letter from a young lady, whose sweetheart was in the 5th South Carolina regiment, to Mr. Davis, President of the late confederacy, asking for a furlough for her lover to come home and get married.

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT—I want you to let Jemee Glancy, of Company 1th, Fifth South Carolina regiment, come home and get married. Jemee is willin', 'is willin' my mammy is willin', 'is my mammy says she is willin' but Jemee's Captain, he ain't willin'." Now when we're all willin' captin' Jemee's Captain, I think you might let up and let Jemee come. I'll make him go straight back when he's done got married, and fight as hard as ever.

Your affectionate friend," etc.
Mr. Davis wrote on the letter, "Let Jemee go," and Jemee came home, married the affectionate correspondent of Mr. Davis, and returned to his regiment, and did fight as well as ever.

A Connecticut editor fell on an icy sidewalk last week. He did not use "unparliamentary language," as some would have done, but bit his lips, rubbed down the bruises, and while a benevolent smile radiated his countenance, remarked: "We don't cherish any ill will; but for light and entertaining reading matter, recommend to us the obituary of the man who owns this sidewalk."

Gen. Charles Albright, of Mauch Chunk and Col. W. W. Hammersley, of Allentown, have been appointed two of the delegates to the National Convention of the Grand Army of the Republic, which will assemble at Cincinnati on the 18th day of May next. There are in all twelve delegates and as the Lehigh Valley has been allotted two we think the order in this section has ample reason to feel proud.

Isaac Morrison, charged with the murder of a man named Higgins, at a saw mill, some time in July last, was tried at the court of oyer and terminer, at Clearfield last week, found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to hard labor for seven years and six months in the Western Penitentiary.

A transcendental preacher took for his text "Feed my lambs." A plain farmer very quaintly remarked to him on coming out of the church, "A very good text, sir; but you should take care not to put the hay so high in the rack that the lambs can't reach it."

Miss Pacey W. Forsyth, editress of the Liberty (Mississippi) Advocate, declined to attend the Convention of Mississippi editors, because she was afraid they would all stare at her.

About eighty individuals have taken the benefit of the bankrupt law, in the 11th district, since the passage of the law. So says the Easton Daily News.

Iowa presents for the "championship" a woman who is 34 years old and has had four husbands and six children.

Shrewsbury, N. J., presents a lady weighing 270 pounds who has seven children, each weighing over 200 pounds.

The granaries of California are overflowing with the surplus product of 20,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Prussia has ordered three hundred thousand dollars worth of cannon from America.

More than 12,000 elephants are annually slaughtered to supply England and America with ivory.

General Grant is 47, and Mr. Colfax 46.
Cherry trees were in blossom at St. Louis last week.

ASSASSINATION OF MR. LIONGOLN.

The Complicity of John Surratt.

CONFESSION OF SAMUEL B. ARNOLD,
MADE APRIL 18, 1865.

To Whom it May Concern:

Know ye that I Samuel B. Arnold, about the latter part of August or first part of September, 1864, was sent for by J. Wilkes Booth, who was a guest at Barnum's Hotel, in the city of Baltimore, Md., to call to see him. I had not seen the same J. Wilkes Booth since 1852, when we both were schoolmates at St. Timothy's Hall, President L. Van Buren then having said Hall as a place of tuition. His reception of me was warm. Calling for wine and cigars, we conversed a short time upon our former school-boy days. We were interrupted by a knock as the door, when Michael O'Laughlin was ushered in. After a formal introduction, we sat sipping our wine, and all three smoked a cigar. During smoking, he having heard previously of my political feelings, or sentiments, he spoke in glowing terms of the confederacy and the number of surplus prisoners in the hands of the United States. Then ensued the proposition by J. Wilkes Booth, and which he (J. Wilkes Booth) thought could be accomplished, viz: of kidnaping President Lincoln, as he frequently went unguarded out to the Soldiers' Home; and he thought he could be picked up, carried to Richmond, and for his exchange produce the exchange for the President of all the prisoners in the Federal hands.

He, J. Wilkes Booth, the originator of the scheme, asked if we would enter into it. After painting the chances of success in such glowing colors, we consented, viz: Michael O'Laughlin and myself. We were bound not to divulge it to a living soul. I saw him once more in Baltimore, and then he (J. Wilkes Booth) left to arrange his business up North, first to New York, thence to the Oil Regions, and from there to Boston and finally to Canada. He was to be back in a month. I received a letter, which I destroyed, stating he was laid up with erysipelas in his arm, and as soon as he was able he would be with us. Months rolled around, and he did not make his appearance until some time in January. In his trunk he had two guns, cap cartridges, Spencer rifles I think they were called—revolvers, knives, belts, cartridge boxes, cartridges, caps, canteens—all fully fixed for service—which were to be used in case of pursuit, and two pair handcuffs to handcuff the President. His trunk being so heavy, he gave the pistols, knives and handcuffs to Michael O'Laughlin and myself, to have shipped or bring to Washington. He then returned from Washington, to which place he had gone, bought a horse, harness and buggy wagon, leaving the team, &c., with us to drive on to Washington. We started from Baltimore about twelve or one o'clock, after having shipped the box containing the knives, handcuffs and pistols, arriving in Washington about seven or half-past seven the same evening. We met him on the street as we were passing the theatre. We alighted, took a drink, and he told us of the theatre plan slightly, saying he would wait till we put the horse away, and tell us more fully. He had previously, as I now remember, spoken of the chances at the theatre if we could not succeed in the other plan at the Soldier's Home. We went to the theatre that night, he (J. Wilkes Booth) telling us about the different back entrances, and how feasible the plan was. He had rented a stable in the rear of the theatre, having bought two horses down the country. One was in the stable behind the theatre, the other at livery. Met him next day; went together to breakfast with him. He was always pressed with business with a man unknown to us then, by the name of John Surratt; most of his (Booth's) time was spent with him. We were left entirely in the dark.

Michael O'Laughlin and myself rented a room on D street, No. 420, and obtained meals at the Franklin House, on the corner of D and Eighth streets. We thus lived for nearly two months, seeing him perhaps three or four times during the week, and, when seen, always but for a short time, having still pressing business always on hand, viz: to see John Surratt. Michael O'Laughlin and myself drove out, occasionally, the horse livery at Mr. Nailor's stable. We drove always (but once) in the city and Georgetown; the once excepted across the Eastern Branch Bridge, when we went upward of five miles, I suppose, and returned. This was the only time I ever went over the bridge. How often J. Wilkes Booth crossed I cannot state, but, from his own words, often. Thus was Michael O'Laughlin and my time spent for the most part—down at Rullman's Hotel (now Sinclair House), on Pennsylvania avenue and Louisiana avenue, in drinking and amusements, with other Baltimoreans besides ourselves congregating there, all of whom knew nothing of our business but that of selling oil stock. Oil stock was the blind for them as well as my family. During the latter part of March, whilst standing on Rullman's porch, between eleven and twelve o'clock, p. m., a young man—name unknown, as I cannot remember names—about five feet five or six inches high, thick set long nose, sharp chin, wide cheeks, small eyes (grey, I think) dark hair, and well

The "Mansard" Roof.

People who have recently had occasion to visit the leading cities of this country, will have noticed the extent to which the style of roof called the "Mansard" roof is gaining ground. New houses are very generally supplied with this roof, and the roofs of old buildings are being demolished to be replaced by it. This roof—variously known by the titles of "Crib" roof, "French" roof, and "Mansard" roof—was the invention of a celebrated French architect of the name of Francois Mansard, who was born in Paris in 1598. It has undergone many modifications since the original form as first introduced was generally one story, but occasionally of two or three stories high. In the latter case the upper stories it was constantly lower in proportion ascending towards the peak of the roof; and the windows were small dormers, not much better than loop-holes, meant for a glimmering light in, and the ventilation of stowage chambers or more lofts. The lower story, in the roof, that is, the first story above the main body of the structure, was always level to and quite as desirable as either of those immediately beneath it. The form and construction of these old French roofs are always such as to secure a plumb or perpendicular wall within the rooms, with a very trifling loss of space, the inclination from a vertical line, in the entire altitude of a story, being scarcely more than the thickness of the walls.

This ancient style of the Mansard roof has been improved and modified to the point of combining great architectural beauty, externally, with economy of space and neatness of finish internally. Departing from the original idea of an additional range of rooms with horizontal ceilings and walls *a plumb*, this roof is now frequently carried up in the same material as forms the walls, with highly finished balustrades, etc. The smaller windows are oval and sometimes round, with exterior loop-holes for ornament. The chimney-stacks, carried up to a considerable height, are usually a marked feature of the Parisian modern Mansard roof. Slate is commonly employed for the covering, with tin for all gutters and weathering. Balustrades, as elsewhere mentioned, are seldom omitted in these roofs by the French. This, one of the most salient and indispensable characteristics, is entirely overlooked in most of the Mansard roofs in this country.—*American Artisan.*

Ungrateful Children.

An Eastern proverb, which declares that there are no ungrateful children, is nearer the truth than it appears. It is but another version of the Bible maxim: "Train up the child in the way it should go, and when he is old he will never depart from it." The parent who does really train up a child in the way it should go, is the parent who truly deserves the gratitude of his child and he is the only parent who can hope to receive it in full measure. How many parents there are, who, after indulging their children's desires, are sincerely astonished to see them making no return of love and gratitude! For what should they be grateful! For an impaired digestion? For a mind empty? For hands unskilled? For a childhood wasted? For the chance of forming a noble character? For these are poor claims upon the gratitude of a child. Bring up your child so that, at maturity, he has a sound constitution, healthy desires and an honest heart, a well formed mind, good manners, and a useful calling, and you may rely upon his making such a rich return of grateful affection, as shall a thousand times repay you for the toil and self denial which such a training cost.

In Philadelphia short weight is made short work with. Take for instance, the sale of butter in the markets. It is usually brought in put up in balls of one pound each. The city weigher, a man invested with legal authority, goes thro' each market once a day. Behind him follow two stout negroes, with the "just balance" and a large basket. He approaches the butter seller's table, says to the balance man, "Weigh one of these lumps." The thing is done, and if it falls that of a pound, the huge pile goes into the basket, is lagged off, no questioning, no parrying, no whimpering but away it goes, the butter-man looking after its disappearance with apparent astonishment, and his neighboring "money changers" looking at him with mingled sorrow and contempt. Sometimes five hundred pounds are reported confiscated in this way in a single day. What applies to butter extends to other articles, tainted meat, etc.

"Tilly," said a mother to a daughter who had seen but four summers, "what should you do without your mother?" "I should put on every day just such a dress as I wanted to," was the prompt reply.

Lent begins this year on Wednesday, February 10th. Good Friday falls on March 20th, and Easter Sunday on March 28th.

Oysters sell at one dollar a thousand in Pensacola.

Brigham Young taxes his five drinking and billiard saloons \$300 a month each.

Coal costs twelve dollars a ton in Portland, Me.

Care for the Small Pox.

A correspondent of the Stockton, California, Herald, speaks as follows concerning the small-pox and its remedy: "I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the small-pox though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered cow-pox in England, the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head; but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this recipe as a panacea for small-pox, in passed unheeded; it is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it, and cured my children of scarlet fever; here it is as I have used it to cure the small-pox; when learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove, (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age. If countries would compel physicians to use this, there would be no need of pest houses.—If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible disease."

Save the Bones.

There is no farmer but has more or less of his bones. These can be saved from the soup-kettle, roasting oven, and other departments of the kitchen, as well as from the slaughter pen. The hoofs of beef, bones of the head, &c., which are usually thrown away on slaughtering day, are all of scarce if properly saved. Any kind of dry bones bring from fifteen to twenty-five dollars per ton, and there is no farmer but can save more or less.—There is nothing makes better manure, and there are bone mills over the country to grind them. Tanners can use them profitably themselves. Sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) which can be purchased by the carboy at three cents a pound, will inside of forty-eight hours, dissolve twice its weight of bones. This makes a fertilizer equal to the best Peruvian guano, and I regard it for all kinds of growing crops, or grass, as the most valuable manure a farmer can use. Don't waste the bones of any animal you kill, or which dies on the farm.

Influence of Forests in Producing Rain.

We have on various occasions called the attention of our readers to the intimate relation between the climatology of a country and its forests, showing that as the latter are cut away the amount of rain decreases. An interesting instance of the converse of this proposition has just been announced in connection with the climate of Egypt. For a long time, as it is well known, rain has never fallen in Upper Egypt at all, and in the Delta only on five or six days in a year. Some years ago, however, Meloniet Ali planted twenty millions of trees on the Delta, and they have now attained a considerable size.—The result is that the number of rainy days has gradually increased from six every year to forty, with the prospect of attaining a still greater proportion hereafter.

A talented young African, of the boot-black persuasion, while dancing like St. Titus over a customer's boots the other day, observed a neighbor poring over a newspaper, whereupon he addressed him thus:

"Julius, what do debel you lookin' at dat paper fur? You can't read."

"Go way, fellah," replied the other indignantly. "Guess I can read. I see big 'nut fur dat."

"Big 'nut," retorted the first one scornfully. "Dat aint nuttin. A cow's big 'nut to catch a mice, but she can't do it."

An old fellow of the ultra inquisitive order asked a little girl on board the train who was sitting by her mother, as to her name, destination, &c! After learning she was going to Philadelphia, he asked, "What motive is taking you thither, my dear?" "I believe they call it the Locomotive, Sir," was the innocent reply.

The "intrusive stranger," was extinguished.

PERFECTLY AGREEABLE.—The land lord of a hotel said to a boarder:

"Look o' here! I want you to pay your board bill, and you must. I've asked you for it often enough; and I tell you now that you don't leave this house until you have paid it."

"Good!" said the lodger. "I'll stay with you as long as I live."

CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—Half a drachm of sal ammonia in one ounce of camphor water to be taken a teaspoonful at a dose, and the dose to be repeated several times, at intervals of five minutes if the pain has not relieved at once.

A Californian married a woman to whom he owed \$2,300, and then refused to pay her. She sued him, and the Supreme Court compelled him to cash up.

Mrs. Partington asks indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeited, why there should be so much difficulty in passing them.

A Boy of fourteen was recently married at Holy Springs, Miss., to a woman of thirty-two.