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J. Q. DUCKWORTH. JOHN HAYN. To Country Dealers. DUCKWORTH & HAYN, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Groceries, Provisions, Liquors, &c. No. 80 Dey street, New York. June 16, 1859.—ly.

Matrimony.

Matrimony is a nut
For every man's digestion;
When the shell is fairly cracked,
Pop! goes the question.

Pretty girls will sigh and blush—
Simper all they can, sir—
Till, from out their pouting lips,
Pop! Goes the answer.

Cupid fans the holy flame—
Rankest kind of arson—
When it gains a certain height,
Pop! goes the parson.

Quite throughout the honeymoon—
Made of rosy colors—
Into sundry dry goods tills,
Pop! goes the dollars.

When a year has shown its tail,
Round the corners, (may be,)
Out upon the happy world,
Pop! Goes a baby.

Mother gives it catnip tea,
Father gives it brandy,
And down its gastric tube,
Pop! goes the candy.

Madam lets her husband scold,
She must be the whipper.
And, above the youngsters heels,
Pop! goes the slipper.

Bachelor, who lives next door,
Stands it for a season;
But before the year is out,
Pop! goes his reason.

Maiden lady up the stairs,
Stamps each moment faster,
Till, from ceiling underneath,
Pop! goes the plaster.

Dirty, ragged little boy,
'Neath the window lingers;
Thumb applied into his nose,
Pop! goes his fingers.

All around the neighborhood
Such antics are enacted;
And while mamma is scolding him,
"Pop!" goes distracted!

—Peoria Transcript.

The Steamer S—, commanded by Captain S—, exploded several years ago with terrible effect, and burned to the water's edge. Capt. S. was blown into the air, alighting near a floating bale of cotton, upon which he floated uninjured, but much bleekened and muddled—Arrived at a village several miles below, to which the news of the disaster had preceded him, he was accosted by the editor of the village paper, with whom he was well acquainted, and eager for an item.
"I say, boy! is the S—blowed up?"
"Yes."
"Was Captain S. killed?"
"No I am Captain S."
"The thunder you are! How high was you blowed?"
"High enough to think of every mean thing I ever did in my life before I came down."

The editor started on a run for his office, the paper about going to press; and not wishing to omit the item of intelligence for the next issue, two weeks off, wrote as follows:
"The Steamer S— has burst her boiler, we learn from Captin S., who says he was up long enough to think of every mean thing he ever did in his life before he lit. We suppose he was up about three months."
The next issue apologized for the above thus:
"We meant to say the boat was three months old not the Captain; who is of course, worse for what we said in our last paper."

Singular Recovery of Damages.
Mrs. Rush, of Champaign county, Ohio, has recovered \$5,000 of Peter Dawson, for the loss of her foot. The case, in brief, is this: Dawson sold liquor to the husband of the plaintiff, and the husband under its influence, made an assault upon his wife, and so injured her foot that amputation was necessary; she brought suit, under "An act to provide against the evils resulting from the sale of intoxicating liquors in the State of Ohio," and the Jury rendered said verdict.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

HON. ANDREW G. CURTIN.

ANDREW G. CURTIN, the candidate of the People's party for Governor of Pennsylvania, was born the 23d of April, 1817, in Bellefonte, a beautiful village in the county of Centre, so called because it lies in the very heart of the Commonwealth.

This county is away from the great routes between the North and the South, the East and the West, and thus it is not as well known as it ought to be that it is exceedingly rich and lovely, abounding in iron ores, fertile valleys and fine streams. The rare facilities of this region attracted to it, at an early day, the energies and the residence of Roland Curtin, who, for forty years was a leading iron manufacturer in Centre county, accumulated a competent estate, and has left three sons, brothers of ANDREW, engaged in the great staple business of Pennsylvania. ANDREW G. CURTIN comes of first-rate Pennsylvania stock. His father married a daughter of Andrew Gregg, who was one of the great men of Pennsylvania in the early part of this century. He was a representative from the interior of the State in the first Congress under the Constitution, and sat in the House of Representatives for eighteen successive years. Then he was transferred to the United States Senate, and served a term of six years. Andrew Gregg was a steady supporter of the Administrations of the earlier Presidents, and especially of Jefferson and Madison. He offered in Congress the famous war resolutions which preceded our last conflict with Great Britain, and which elicited the eloquence of Henry Clay and John Randolph. After his retirement from Congress, he acted as Secretary of the Commonwealth during the Administration of Governor Joseph Heister. Every Pennsylvanian of middle age will remember the fierce and decisive State canvass of 1823, when the old Federal party, under the lead of Andrew Gregg as their candidate for Governor, made a last stand for victory and existence, and were defeated by the old Pennsylvania Democracy, under the lead of Jno. Andrew Shulze. There can be no doubt that the grandson, ANDREW GREGG CURTIN, standard-bearer as he is of the real Democracy of the State at this day, will fare better than his grandfather.

The subject of our sketch was educated at the Academy of the Rev. J. Kirkpatrick, in Milton, Northumberland county. Mr. Kirkpatrick, still living in Allegheny county, was one of the old style of instructors. He "turned out" his boys thoroughly impregnated with the classics and mathematics. It is quite a coincidence, that Governor James Pollock, President of the late State Convention which nominated Mr. CURTIN, and Messrs Samuel Calvin and David Targart, both candidates for the nomination, were educated by the same instructor—These three gentlemen, in their speeches to the Convention, endorsing its nominee, referred, in most touching terms, to the happy memories of the sunny days when they were boys together in the good old Milton Academy.

After getting well imbued with as much Latin, Greek, and mathematics as any of our colleges afford, the young CURTIN was placed in the law office and law school of Judge Reed, of Carlisle. This school was one of the departments of Dickinson College, and as long as its Professor lived it flourished, and sent forth some of the best lawyers and public men of Pennsylvania. Judge Reed was well known for his "Pennsylvania Blackstone," one of the first attempts ever made to adapt the immortal "Commentaries" to our modern law. He was a first-rate lawyer, and an adept in teaching legal principles.

ANDREW G. CURTIN was admitted to the Bar in 1839, and began the practice of the law in his native town. He immediately entered upon a large and varied practice, and has ever since been constantly and actively employed in the Courts of the counties of Centre, Clearfield, Mifflin and Clinton. His great information, his vigorous mind, and his candor, recommended him to the Courts; his winning style made him powerful with juries. He rapidly became one of the best known, and most rising young men in central Pennsylvania.

A man with the gifts and temperament of ANDREW G. CURTIN could not fail to be largely interested and concerned in public affairs. Strikingly amiable, genial, and warm-hearted, of luminous, quick, and extensive intelligence, of the most engaging address, endowed with a fluent, facetious, and captivating eloquence, and instinct with old Pennsylvania traditions of policy and patriotism, he threw himself at once into those political controversies which, as Burke tells us, are the noblest employments of the cultivated man. He was an ardent and thorough-going Whig, and in 1840 he took an active part in that enthusiastic campaign which made General Harrison President of the United States. In 1844 he was a fervent adherent of the illustrious candidate of the Whigs, and he stumped all central Pennsylvania for Henry Clay and Protection to American Industry. In that struggle Mr. CURTIN first acquired his wide-spread reputation for effective and restless popular eloquence. There is not a county from the Susquehanna to the Alleghenies in which the name of ANDREW G. CURTIN ever fails to attract the very largest

crowds, who eagerly gather to enjoy the feasts of wisdom and wit, of humor and pathos, of poetry, statistics, story, argument, and imagery, which spread out in his glowing and melodious periods.

In 1848 he was placed on the Whig electoral ticket, and again traversed many sections of the State in behalf of Gen. Zachary Taylor. He was an original supporter of the nomination of General Winfield Scott, and in 1852 he was again placed on the electoral ticket, and worked with his usual zeal to carry the State for the hero of the Valley of Mexico. Indeed, Mr. Curtin was at all times a thorough and inbred Pennsylvania Whig, devoted to all those conservative and humane ideas which distinguished that party which now sleeps in the graves of Clay and Webster. He is by training, and by mature conviction, a believer in systematic and efficient Protection, in liberal internal improvements, in the policy of encouraging well paid and wide-diffused Free American Labor. Such a Whig could not fail to be a leader and a counsellor of the party, and, accordingly, Mr. Curtin was an influential member of nearly every Whig State Convention which met during the last ten years of the Whig party's existence.

No man was ever more popular at home. He is endowed with much of that rare magnetism which neutralizes social and political differences, and makes the man stronger than his party. As an illustration of this, in the year 1849 Centre county composed part of the Senatorial district in which General William F. Paeker, now Governor, was the Democratic candidate for the State Senate.—The Whig candidate withdrew from the canvass on the Friday before the election. At the earnest and general solicitation of the party, Colonel Curtin took the field. There remained only three days to canvass a very large district. Yet, while Centre county gave a majority of eleven hundred for the rest of the Democratic ticket, she gave General Paeker a majority of only three hundred. Three days sufficed Curtin, against as strong a candidate as Paeker, to scatter two-thirds of the Democratic majority.

In the year 1854, Colonel Curtin was strongly urged by the counties of central Pennsylvania for the Governorship; and when Hon. James Pollock of Northumberland, received the nomination, Curtin was made Chairman of the State Central Committee. Upon the election of Governor Pollock, he appointed Colonel Curtin Secretary of the Commonwealth. He discharged the varied duties of that office with signal ability and discretion. Gov. Pollock's administration was singularly pure, moderate and conservative. It was not distinguished by any startling measures, or any exciting innovations. The agitations and fluctuations caused by the breaking up of the Whig party, the proslavery democratic outrages in Kansas, the rise of the American and Republican organizations, and the tremendous political contest of '56, withdrew the general attention from mere State affairs to those of national concern. But, in the midst of all, the Pollock administration held its own way, maintaining the interests and the honor of Penna., condemning the barbarities which oppressed the people of Kansas and the faithless servilities of the Pierce and Buchanan administrations—uttering its voice for protection to the industries of Pennsylvania, and exhibiting, on every occasion, that dignified moderation which is so peculiar to the Pennsylvania character. That administration steadily won the confidence of the people as it proceeded, and retired from power attended by the respect of every citizen in the Commonwealth, and above even the suspicion of corruption or partiality. Ex-Secretary Curtin, as the intimate friend and constitutional adviser of the Governor, is fairly entitled to a full share of the credit which attaches to the honest, wise and benign administration of James Pollock.

During that strenuous contest for the United States Senatorship, which distinguished the legislative session of 1855, Colonel Curtin was strongly and persistently urged by a large majority of friends for that high position.

His department of the administration connected him closely with our common school system as its superintendent. He gave laborious attention to it, and took particular pleasure in perfecting its details and increasing its efficiency. The Commonwealth is greatly indebted to him for the legislation concerning the Normal schools, which affords the method and means of systematically training a body of intelligent and highly competent teachers, and thus supplying the most pressing need of our free schools. Under the working of that law, one State Normal School is in efficient operation, and others are springing up in various parts of the Commonwealth.

Secretary Curtin was an original and active advocate of that great measure of the Pollock Administration—the sale of the Main Line of Public Improvements. This measure was vigorously opposed before its consummation, but it is now agreed on all hands that it was timely and wise, and that the Commonwealth was thereby relieved of an incubus which annually depleted its treasury and corrupted its politics.

Since his retirement from the Secretaryship of the Commonwealth, Colonel Curtin has devoted himself again to the practice of the law, and to the material and industrial interest of his region of the

Commonwealth. He has been very active in promoting those lines of railroad which are to bring Centre, Clinton, Clearfield, and the adjoining counties into connection with the Pennsylvania Central, and the Sunbury and Erie railroads. He is a gentleman of unusual public spirit, and his whole soul is bound up in the development of the immense mineral and agricultural resources of his native State. By birth, education, and lifelong habit and association, he is a protectionist, and a traditional believer in free labor, and in that policy which purposely encourages, diversifies and perfects all arts and industries and refinements of a free and civilized community.

Since that auspicious union of the Opposition in Pennsylvania, which has resulted in the formation and the continued ascendancy of the People's party, Colonel Curtin has been for at least two years, regarded from many quarters as a particularly worthy candidate for Governor.—For that high office he is particularly qualified. He unites an even temper and a solid judgment, to great knowledge, not only of books, but of men and affairs.

No man in the Commonwealth is more familiar with its various local interests; with its diversified capacities and requirements; with its legislation, its policy and its public opinions; no one has such an extensive acquaintance all over the State. In all his private relations, and in the discharge of his official duties, he has achieved a high character for probity and honor. In head and heart, in temperament and action, he is an ingrained Pennsylvanian. Within our broad limits there is none who can or will make a better Governor.

Colonel Curtin is not only above all reproach, but is beloved by his immediate neighbors and personal acquaintances. A man of dignified presence, of gracious and gentle demeanor, kind-hearted, genial and sunny-tempered, remarkably instructive in conversation, he is, beyond all question the most popular man of his age in Pennsylvania. In his native county, and all through the valleys of central Pennsylvania, every man, woman and child cherishes a feeling of personal attachment to "Andy Curtin." He is notorious at home for his open-handed liberality, and for his continual charities. Although he is not rich, and left office without a cent more than he had when he entered it, no man in Centre county has given away as much money to relieve the wants of the poor and aid the struggles of the embarrassed.

It was remarked in the late Convention, which nominated him so promptly and by such a decided vote, that no man in the State had such a body of devoted, enthusiastic, personal friends. There never was a nomination more joyfully hailed. It gives equal satisfaction among the farmers and iron men of Centre, and the merchants and manufacturers of Philadelphia. The commercial metropolis of the State answers it with a wonderfully general applause. The solid business men of the city and the State are delighted with it. From Lake Erie to the Delaware, this nomination is regarded as the beginning of a brilliant campaign, and the harbinger of decisive State and National victories. The People's party could not have placed at the head of their army more gallant, admirable and formidable champion. He will make all Pennsylvania ring with his trenchant, sparkling and sonorous eloquence. He will be surrounded by the best men of the People's party—the flower and the promise of its future—young, intellectual, well informed, public-spirited and enthusiastic, who, fighting by his side, will ensure a glorious and stirring discussion of our glorious ideas of freedom, progress, and the rights of labor. Andrew G. Curtin is himself a young man, in the very prime of life, and when he becomes Governor of Pennsylvania his administration will exhibit all the virtues of a youthful maturity, solid enterprise, generous liberality, enlightened humanity, and a thorough Pennsylvania policy.

This sketch comes from the heart, as well as the head, of a true Pennsylvanian, who much as he admires and trusts the candidate, loves the man. But let no one, therefore, suppose that the warmth of friendship colors this picture too highly. Andrew G. Curtin will soon visit every part of the State himself. Wherever he goes, the crowds who will meet and know him, will become his charmed and eager personal friends.

In October, the people of Pennsylvania will attest the justice of this sketch by their votes, and the future course of events will prove the correctness of their verdict, and turn our anticipation into facts.

A lady passing through the country, observed the following notice on a board: "Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, three shilling and six pence; short tails, two shillings." The lady asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of the price? He answered you see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short tails are so tormented by them, that they can hardly eat at all."

It was a wise and a Christian speech of Charles the Fifth to the Duke of Venice, who, when he showed him the glory of his princely palace and earthly paradise, instead of admiring it, or him for it, only returned him this grave and serious memento. "These are the things which make us unwilling to die."

School Examination.

"Class in general information, stand up!"
The class consisting of four youths in various conditions of forwardness, and in garments of patched hue, struggled up and prepared for the ordeal.

"Now, then, Jim Smithers—What is a politician?"
"A feller which serves an apprenticeship to lying, selling his friends, drinking and neglecting his family, until he gets out of his time, when he gets to be a journeyman office-hunter or a boss office-holder."
"Good! Now, then, next—What is a popular preacher?"

"A feller which never has a call from the Lord for less than five thousand a year and expenses, including donation parties; also a feller which amuses himself by lecturing around the country at fifty dollars a pop. He gives liberally of nothing to the poor, serves the devil in such a way as he thinks will least offend the Lord, wears first class broadcloth and preaches agin pride; rides to church in a carriage, and condemns the poor people for riding in the cars, and when he gets tired of business, he goes into an interesting decline gets a pension from his grateful congregation, and becomes a religious sporter.—Or else his feelings git too overpowerin', and he gets suspended officially—when he gets his deserts he'd be suspended physically, with a rope—"

"There, that's sufficient. Next—what's the prevailing religion of this country?"
"Get all you can, and keep all you get."
"Wrong—Next!"
"Gitten! what don't belong to you; keepin' what you don't need, and outtin' a sanctified swell generally."
"Right. Next—what is a fool!"
"Well he's a feller who thinks every man he meets is honest, a feller who imagins he can make money by being generous to misers, liberal to colporteurs and missionary societies, and honest towards rogues."

"Well, and what becomes of them?"
"Of who?"
"Why, the fools."
"Yes, well, them that don't go into startin' newspapers and managin' opera houses for a livin' generally contrive to pick up a precarious and onsartin livin' as school-masters."
"Class dismissed: half holiday."

Paying Debts.

One of the religious papers has the following strong remark on the subject.—They drive the nail up to the head and clinch it:
"Men May sophisticate as they please. They can never make it right, and all the bankrupt laws in the Universe cannot make it right for them not to pay their debts. There is a sin in neglect as clear and deserving of church discipline as in stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay or withhold the payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet his engagement, ought to be made to feel that, in the sight of all honest men, he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having."

Hold On, Boys.
Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, or speak harshly, or any improper word.
Hold on to your hand when you are about ready to strike, pinch, scratch, steal or do any improper act.
Hold on to your feet when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.
Hold on to your temper, when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.
Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their games, mirth and revelry.
Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places or fashionable attire.
Hold on to the truth, for it will serve and do you good throughout eternity.
Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you, in all times and places.
Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

A Pathetic sketch.

A fair young girl is leaning pensively on the casement, gazing with thoughtful brow upon the scene below. The bloom of fifteen summers tints her cheeks; the sweets of a thousand flowers are gathered upon her round lips; the curls cling to a spotless brow, and fall upon her neck of perfect grace; the soft swimming eyes seem lighted by the tenderest fires of poetry, and beauty hover over her own most favored child. What are her thoughts? Love cannot stir a bosom so young; sorrow cannot yet have touched a spirit so pure. Innocence itself seems to have chosen her for its own. Alas! has disappointment touched that youthful heart?—Yes, it must be so, but hush! she starts—her lips part—she speaks—listen! "Jim, you you nasty fool! Quit scratching that pig's back, or I'll tell mar."

The late reduction in mail facilities reached a rather fine point in some quarters. We are informed that the mail recently passed through one of our western towns in a stocking carried upon the back of a bull dog.

A Remarkable Case.

The New Bedford Standard tells the following story, which illustrates either the power of love, or the force of the imagination, in a manner little less than miraculous:—

Miss Louisa Jones, an intelligent and accomplished young lady of Fairhaven, twenty-one years of age, has been for the last four months, confined to her bed, and for the last two months had lost the use of her lower limbs, so that she could be moved only with great difficulty. She appeared to be failing rapidly, and the medical attendants declared they could do nothing more for her. On the 8th inst. some friend who was in to see her mentioned that the Rev. Joseph K. Bellows of New York, a Second Advent preacher, was in town, holding a series of meetings. She immediately expressed a desire to see him and the belief that, should he pray for her, she should recover. The clergyman accordingly visited her that evening, and Miss Jones describes her sensations during the prayer as similar to those of a person receiving a galvanic shock. That night she arose and dressed herself without assistance, and on the following Sabbath she attended church.—She is now enjoying the best of health, and relishes the heartiest food. The young lady belongs to the same religious persuasion with the preacher, which is an indication of her system being very susceptible to the influence of imagination.

Appearance of Locusts.

Mr. Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, writes to the National Intelligencer, that the locusts will appear extensively this year. The following States and parts of States will be occupied by them, viz:—

New York and Connecticut—from Long Island Sound to Washington county, New York; from the Connecticut river to the Hudson river, and several counties in New York west of the Hudson river, to Montgomery county, on the Mohawk river.

New Jersey—occupying the whole State. Pennsylvania—in that portion bounded by Peter's Mountain on the south, Mahantango Mountain on the north, the Delaware river on the east, and the Susquehanna river on the west.

Maryland—from Anne Arundel county to the middle of St. Mary's county; from the Chesapeake to the Potomac river.

Virginia—from the south part of Loudon county to the Roanoke river; from the Blue Ridge to the Potomac river.

North Carolina—Casswell, Stokes, Rockingham, Guilford, Rowan, Surry, and adjacent counties.

Michigan—about Kalamazoo.

Indiana—Dearborn and adjacent counties.

They will commence emerging in North Carolina about the 10th of May, and a few days later for every hundred miles as we progress north, until the 1st of June, in Washington county, N. Y. This will afford a fine opportunity to test the correctness of the assertion that they do not appear regularly every 17 years.—None of the Southern tribe (13 year locusts) appear this year.

The Sagacity of a Horse.

A short time since, a gentleman of Lyons, Ill., was thrown from his horse, and his ankle bone broken, leaving him helpless on the road. The horse manifested great concern for his injured rider, going four different times to a neighboring house, and as often returning to him, smelling of him and whinnying on the road, showing so much distress as to induce a gentleman to follow him to where his master lay on the road, perfectly helpless, and liable to be run over in the dark.

The new State of Oregon is regarded by the Democracy, as safe for the proslavery candidate for President. This, we think, is a matter which it won't do for our antagonists to be too sure of. The Republicans there are thoroughly organizing for the conflict, and already evince an enthusiasm which promises the most triumphant results. Col Baker, the eloquent orator and gallant soldier, who once represented an Illinois district in Congress and who was a Republican nominee in California last Fall) has emigrated to the young State, and will devote himself to the work of the campaign.

A Pair of Twins.

Last evening, a lady, residing in Spring st., presented her husband with two daughters. In the course of three hours thereafter, a ring was heard at the door bell, and under the impression that the doctor had returned to see his patient, the servant hastened to answer the summons. No one was to be seen in the neighborhood, but upon the stoop was found a basket, which contained two newly born male children, apparently twins. The lady, when informed of the circumstance, seemed well pleased, and at once adopted the little waifs—placing them in bed beside her own. The young travelers were fast asleep, and were comfortably wrapped in costly embroidered flannels.—New York Tribune.

Consoling.—Losing a small fortune in an unlucky speculation, and all your friends wondering how you could have been "such a fool."

The first thing a man takes to in his life is his milk—the last is, his liver.