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J. Q. DUCKWORTH. JOHN HAYN

To Country Dealers.
DUCKWORTH & HAYN,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Groceries, Provisions, Liquors, &c.
No. 80 Deys Street, New York.
June 16, 1859.—ly.*

CUT OUT.

It is many years since I fell in love
With Jane Jerusha Skeggs;
The buxomest country girl, by far,
That ever went on (—)

By meadow, creek, and wood and dell,
So often we did walk,
And the moonlight smiled on our meeting lips,
And the night-winds learned our talk.

Jane Jerusha was all to me,
For my heart was young and true,
And I loved with a double and twisted love,
And a love that was honest, too.

I roamed all over the neighbors' farms,
I robbed the wild-wood bowers,
And tore my trousers and scratched my hands,
In search of choicest flowers.

In my boyish love I brought all these
To my Jerusha Jane;
But I wouldn't be so foolish now,
If I was a boy again!

A city chap then came along,
All dressed up in store clothes,
With a shiny hat and a shiny vest,
And noustache under his nose!

He talked to her at singing school,
(For her father owned a farm),
And she left me, her country love,
And took the new chap's arm!

And all that night I never slept,
Nor could I eat next day,
For I loved that girl with a fervent love,
That naught could drive away.

I strove to win her back to me,
But it was all in vain—
The city chap, with the hairy lip,
Married Jerusha Jane!

And my poor heart was sad and sore,
Until the thought struck me,
That just as good fish still remained,
As ever were caught in the sea.

So I went to Methodist Church one night,
And saw a dark brown curl
Peeping from a gipsy hat—
And I married that very girl!

And many years have passed and gone,
And I think my loss my gain,
And often bless the hairy chap
That stole Jerusha Jane.

High Water at the West.

A despatch from Pittsburgh, dated the 11th, says:

The heavy rains for the past three days have caused a freshet, attended with the destruction of considerable property.—The low lands along the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers are completely inundated. The river came so suddenly that several coal boats on the Monongahela were swept over the dam and sunk. The number lost was thirteen, the loss being over sixteen thousand dollars. The loss in Allegheny has been considerable. Several manufactories were flooded, and families, in some instances, were driven from their dwellings. The railroads also have suffered by land slides, which have impeded travel. Altogether, it has been one of the most destructive freshets experienced for many years. The rivers have now mostly attained the highest stage, rising but about an inch per hour. The Monongahela pier mark indicates twenty-nine feet and four inches—only twenty inches less than the great freshet of 1832.

The heavy rains of the past few days have resulted in considerable obstruction to the railroads in Ohio. The Cleveland and Pittsburgh, and the Central Ohio Roads are both washed away in several places, and will be rendered impassable for a day or two. A message from Columbus, says, that all the roads leading into that place are overflowed.

An editor out West has discovered a secure defence against the annoyance of these pests of modern civilization—ducks. He has printed, and pasted over his desk, in frowning capitals: "Stick no Bills Here." It acts like a charm. Even the mosquitoes avoid him.

Bituminous coal has been discovered on the farm of Anson Frazer, about three miles north of Plainfield, N. J. It was found about thirty feet from the surface, and is rather slaty in appearance, but it burns with a strong blaze, showing that it is impregnated with oil or bitumen.

SPEECH OF THE HON. JAS. CAMPBELL.
Delivered at a Ratification Meeting in Philadelphia, on the 18th of March.

At the request of the honorable and distinguished gentleman from Ohio, (Mr. Corwin), I will, for a few moments, engage your attention. Had it not been for this request, I would not have arrogated to myself the right nor the propriety of preceding a man so distinguished in the annals of his country, as the gentleman who has honored the occasion with his presence here to-night. The public mind is seeking for truth. We are approaching one of the greatest political contests which the country has ever witnessed. All men do not know what is right, and I take it the great mass of men are honest. They want to do that which will perpetuate the honor and the glory of our common country.

The great party of Pennsylvania exists in this commercial metropolis. Your views, your principles, your wishes and your interests, are those of the great State of Pennsylvania. There is no State from the golden gates of San Francisco to the thick forests of Maine, which is of so much importance in that contest which we are approaching as the Keystone State. (Applause.) She always has been loyal to the Union and to the Constitution.—She is in the heart of this great land—she has the power and she has the ability to beat down secession and to rebuke disunion everywhere. She controls the elections of the country with her three millions of free, honest and intelligent people. She is able to preserve the honor of the country and of her national flag.—(Cheers.) Now I am here to address a few words of plain truth to the People's party of this great State; I am opposed to all new organizations. (Loud applause.) Under the black flag of modern Democracy, upon which is inscribed a reign of terror, secession, disunion and free trade, I will never fight. I claim that under the flag of the People's party, upon which are enrolled in letters of living light, "the Union and the constitution, and Protection to American Industry, and Liberty in the Territories." (Applause.) Under that flag I am a soldier—I am fighting under that flag, because it is for the honor and the glory of our country. It is for an unshackled press, protection to everything American against all fabrics of the foreigner. Under that flag, waving in light, planted on the shores of the Delaware for this campaign, I stand in the ranks a soldier. (Cheers.)

What is it that the Democracy want?—What do these Democrats ask for? I have first a word to say to you on the great subject of protection to American industry, for I will not subordinate that doctrine to any other. I will not allow that flag to go down in the fight before any other flag. Its claims are paramount. Mechanics, merchants, laboring men of Philadelphia, in 1842 you had the glorious old Whig Tariff, until you heard on every mountain side, and in every valley, the happy song of the laboring man, and the ring of the anvil and saw, the smoke of the furnace and the forge. In 1846, the Democracy, under Robert J. Walker struck down the Whig Tariff of 1842, and established the free trade of 1846.—In 1857 there was a protective tariff bill reported in the Opposition House of Representatives, which recognized the doctrines of protection and specific duties.—It was sent to the Democratic Senate, and under the influence of Hunter of Virginia, it was metamorphosed into a free trade bill and was whipped. We have now framed a bill which has been spread forth by the press. It has been formed by a Committee of Ways and Means of the House, under a Republican and People's Speaker. A bill was formed by the Protective Tariff party of the country for the men of Pennsylvania, and not for our iron men exclusively, but for the iron men of Michigan, Kentucky, Ohio, Maryland, and every part of the Union, which requires protection. And it protects the iron, hemp, lead and sugar, and every interest which requires it. You have a despicable warehouse system, which allows the foreign manufacturer to import his goods into your country, and store them in a warehouse under bond, and what then? Why he is not called upon to pay the duty on them until he takes them and throws them on the domestic market. When the price is low, he can keep them under bond, without paying duty on them. This bill, which we have reported to the House of Representatives, abolishes that warehouse system. (Applause.) Now, tell me where do your Democracy stand; and you, merchants, who recognize this great doctrine of protection, you manufacturers in the City, which in the City proper and its environs has a manufacturing interest represented by two hundred millions dollars per annum, tell me where stand the Democracy on this bill? And it was but the other day, in the House of Representatives, that we offered to report this bill in the House. We were pledged, and moved a suspension of rules in order that it might be considered. Every Democrat of that House of Representatives, with the exception of three from Pennsylvania, voted against suspending the rules for the purpose of introducing that bill. And every Republican in the House and Opposition member, Mr. Skinner, of New York, excepted, voted for it.

Men of Philadelphia, look at the journals of the House, look at your press day by day. Watch the question and see

where the modern Democracy stand on this protective question. I tell you they are in favor of a system which sends abroad all your gold from California, and when the country is drained of specie, the inevitable result is that you feel there is a political panic, and what does Mr. Loco Foco do then! He says it is all owing to the Banks. (Laughter.) Can the Banks coin money! Do the Banks make gold? Drain the country of specie to send to the workshops in Europe, and then prevent if you can a momentary revolution. It is impossible. I believe that that great mind and great heart that inaugurated the doctrine of protection to American industry—I say that the great heart and mind of Henry Clay (enthusiastic applause) lives and breathes now, and that that inscription emblazoned on our flag in letters of living light—"home and liberty, home and protection, home happiness, home prosperity, against the interests of foreign countries"—is dear to every true-hearted man.

The old Whig party were opposed to muzzling the press, they were opposed to the extension of slavery in the Territories. One word on this subject as I go along. There is no heart in that crowd that would dare to say he would advocate the modern doctrine of the Democratic party, which seeks to force slavery into the Territories against the wishes of the people. I refer to the odious Leocompton policy of this Administration—to the damnable doctrine of the Democracy, that the Constitution carries the slave in his shackles into the Territories, and I trust the liberality of this age will rebuke it. Men will say this is not a practical question. Cast your eyes over the millions of square miles of fertile territory and tell me, you laboring man, is there no day at which you expect to go unto those Western wilds, and there establish a home for yourself, among free and intelligent people? Is there no man here, who thanks God that the day will come when he can purchase a home in the West, and enjoy the blessings of free labor and free schools. (Thundering applause.)

Men of Philadelphia, enrol your names under the black flag, strike down your interests by advocating the doctrine of free trade, go in for the nigger and forget the white man, subscribe to those secession and disunion sentiments that have found their advocates, and then look your fellow man in the face, if you dare. None but a slave would ever advocate such a doctrine. They say that we of the People's party are for the nigger. I am for the white man—I am for bespangling the land with the evidences of civilization—I am for free labor. In the last two or three months we have sat in that House of Representatives and heard from thirty to forty members of the Democratic party declare that if you go to the polls and exercise the right of freemen, and vote for a Republican candidate and a People's candidate they will dissolve the Union of these States. They would inaugurate a reign of terror, while the great hearts of the Revolution said that men should have a right to exercise their opinions at the ballot-box without fear, favor, or affection. It is a magnificent sight to see a freeman in the fear of God and his conscience, go to the polls like a man and vote for just whoever he pleases; and if there is any man in this vast assemblage who will not vote for the nominee of the People's or Republican party, because some of the Democrats say to him, "if you do I will dissolve the Union," that man who votes in fear, who grows weak in the knees (to use a popular term) at the dismal prospect before him, is a slave, and unfit to fight the battle. Men of Philadelphia county, I ask you to stand by the glorious Union of the country. Let us go back to the days of the Revolution—let us remember the teachings of Washington, and Jefferson, and Henry Clay. (Loud applause.)

Now, one word before I conclude, upon this great flag, which has been planted here on the shores of the Delaware to-night. We have selected a standard-bearer. Who is he? Who is the man in whose hands you will place the banner of freedom, of protection? I hold that men are nothing, principles are eternal. Aye, fellow-citizens, we have placed our banner in the hands of a man who has sprung from the ranks of the people—a man who learned his political teachings at the feet of Henry Clay, of Kentucky. (Loud and long continued applause.) We have placed our banner in the hands of a man, who has all his life advocated the great doctrine of protection to American industry. (Applause.) We have planted our banner in the hands of a man brought up among the mountains of Pennsylvania—a man who at any time can throw off his coat and go to work—a man who is not dependent on politics for support—a man brave and fearless—in the vein and in the fibre a Pennsylvanian—a Pennsylvanian heart and soul.—We, here to-night from every Ward, and in the name of the people of Pennsylvania, we place that banner in the hands of the Hon. Andrew G. Curtin. (Vociferous applause.) I have known him from the time he was a boy and I honor and respect him. I know, as I know that life-current is rushing through my veins to-night, that that flag will be triumphantly carried across the Delaware, and over to Lake Erie.

Why, my fellow-citizens, they make a little fuss on the other side, because for the last two years they have had no ray

of hope, and halloo like guinea-fowls in a barn yard. You all know or have heard of the great Bruce of Scotland.—Previous to his death he made a vow, that he would make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and after his death his heart was placed in a silver case, and put in the possession of Douglas, who had vowed that he would take that heart to the Holy Land. On his way he had a tilt with the Moors of Spain; wearing the heart of Bruce in his bosom, he rushed to the conflict. The Moors were about to overpower the force of Douglas when reaching into his bosom he took the heart and throwing it before him cried—"lead on brave heart, as thou were ever wont to do!"—Here to-night on the shores of the Delaware, in the beginning of this great conflict, the greatest, perhaps, that the country may ever witness, when we are striking for liberty I throw before you the heart of Henry Clay, of Kentucky. (Tremendous applause.)

Excessively Literary.

How a young lady endeavored to adapt her style of conversation to the character of guests, is narrated in an Ohio paper. Tom Corwin and Tom Ewing being on a political tour through the State, stopped at the house of a prominent politician at night, but found no one at home but a young niece, who presided at the supper table. She had never seen great men, and supposed they were elephantine altogether, and all talked in great language. "Mr. Ewing, will you take condiments in your tea sir?" inquired the young lady.—"Yes, miss, if you please," replied the quondam salt boiler. Corwin's eyes twinkled. Here was fun for him. Gratified at the apparent success of her first trial at talking to big men, the young lady addressed Mr. Corwin in the same manner. "Will you take condiments in your tea, sir?" "Pepper and salt, but no mustard," was the prompt reply of the facetious Tom. Of course, nature must out, and Ewing and the entertainer roared in spite of themselves. Corwin essayed to mend the matter, and was voluble in anecdote, and wit, and compliment. The young lady to this day declares that Tom Corwin is a coarse, vulgar, disagreeable man.

Something New About Peas.

As the time is near at hand for planting peas, the following new suggestion may be of interest and advantage to our readers. A correspondent of one of our agricultural exchanges says, the theory recently advocated of planting peas very deeply in the earth, in order to prolong the bearing capacity of the vines, has been well tested in Williamstown, and found to be correct. A farmer told me that he plowed a furrow beam deep, then scattered the seed peas at the bottom, after which he turned a deep furrow upon them with his plow, covering them if possible to the depth of twelve or fourteen inches. They pushed their way up through the thick mass of earth very soon, and instead of turning yellow at the bottom and dying after the first gathering, they blossomed and bore until he was tired of picking the pods. If such a result will uniformly be realized from the plan, pea culture may be made more profitable than hitherto.

A Slave Burned at a Stake.

The Vicksburg Sun has come in possession of the following facts in relation to the burning of a negro man at Mr. Woolfolk's plantation on Deer Creek. It seems that a negro thus summarily dealt with was a vicious, self-willed fellow, and becoming offended at a woman (black) on the same plantation, walked up to her as she was working in the field and deliberately plunged the knife into her breast. Upon perpetrating this bloody deed he fled to the woods, not, however, before giving several other negroes to understand that their time would come next, and after them two white men living hard by. Dogs were put on his tracks, and after a chase of several hours he was captured, though not without a desperate struggle—the pursuers being put to all they knew to take him alive. The residents of the vicinity decided to burn him at the stake, which was done in the presence of all the negroes on that and several of the adjoining plantations, all of whom seemed terrified out of their wits on viewing so awful a scene. The spirit of the doomed negro never was subdued. He died cursing his judges—his last words being that he would "take vengeance on them when they met each other in —"

Cassius M. Clay writes that the locofocos are engaged in a conspiracy to drive him out of Kentucky. He and his friends are armed and awaiting the assault. His wife and daughters share his danger, refusing to retire. Mr. Clay's offence consists in being a Republican.—Every man in the north who votes with the locofocos is a participant in the contemplated outrage on that gentleman and his family, and in the multiplied outrages of the same sort which are constantly occurring in the slaveholding States.

There is a room in a house in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in which fifteen children—eleven girls and four boys were born of the same parents; and what is more singular, the eleven girls were married in the room.

"I love the still," as the quiet husband said to the chattering wife.

A Town on a Lake.

Rev. C. W. Smith, Presiding Elder of the Indiana Conference, gives the following account of Morgantown, in that State, one of the peculiarities of which is that it is built on a lake.

"We read of a 'city upon a hill,' but Morgantown, in my district, stands upon a lake! This was not known for a number of years after the town was settled. The discovery was made by digging wells to procure a full supply of water. The supply of water in the wells which had been used, failing in the dry season, a few years since, one of the citizens concluded to sink a well deeper and see if he could not strike a strong vein. When some thirty-five or forty feet below the earth, the man at work in the well suddenly struck his pike through a crust; the water gushed up with such rapidity that with difficulty he was saved by the men at the windlass. In a few moments the water was some fifteen feet deep in the well. In two or three instances afterwards, men were near being lost by coming suddenly to this inexhaustible fountain of water. Wells have been sunk in different parts of the town from each other, and I believe forty feet is the greatest depth to reach this lake. Lead lines have been dropped into several of these wells, but no bottom has been found. In digging down to this lake they invariably pass through strata of sand, leaves and timber, resembling driftwood. This is some twenty feet below the surface of the earth. After passing through these strata, a stratum of hard clay is found, and when with some eighteen inches of the lake, a hard crust is reached, which is a sure indication that they are near the water. When they reach this crust they commence a wall thereon, carrying it to the top of the well, then put down a large sager, and bore a hole to the water, which gushes up with great force, filling the well from 15 to 20 feet in a few moments. When the auger strikes the lake the atmosphere bursts up for a few seconds, producing a sound resembling very much the blowing off of steam from an engine. I have not given all the particulars of what has been discovered of this mysterious lake. Enough is known to settle it beyond a doubt that the whole town stands upon a lake under ground."

The Greatest Duel on Record.

An old Mississippian furnishes the following to the Woodville (Miss.) Republican:

"The famous duel in which forty or more gentlemen were engaged, in 1828, is still remembered in Natchez. Col. Jim Bowie, the famous fighter and inventor of the knife which bears his name, used to spend a great deal of his time in Natchez. He was challenged by a gentleman from Alexandria, Louisiana, whose friends, to the number of twenty or more accompanied him to Natchez to see fair play, knowing that Bowie was a desperate man, and had his friends about him—All parties went upon the field. The combatants took their places in the rear far enough not to endanger them with their balls. Behold the battle array thus:

Twenty armed Louisianians fifty yards behind their champion and his seconds and surgeon, and opposite them, as far behind Bowie and his seconds and surgeon, twenty armed Mississippians. Behold the heights of Natchez thronged with spectators, and a steamer in the river rounded to, its decks black with passengers, watching with a deep interest the scene. The plan of fight was to exchange shots twice with pistols and to close with his own terrible weapon. At the second the Louisianian was too quick, and took advantage of Bowie, who waited for the word. At this Bowie's second cried "foul play," and shot the Louisianian dead.—The second of the latter instantly killed the slayer of his principal. Bowie drove his knife into this man. The surgeons now crossed blades, while with loud battle cries came on the two parties of friends, the light of battle in their eyes. In a moment the whole number were engaged in a fearful conflict. Dirks, pistols and knives were used with fatal effect, until one party drove the other from the field. I do not know how many were killed or wounded in all, but it was a dreadful slaughter. Bowie fought like a lion, but fell covered with wounds. For months he lingered at the Mason House before he fully recovered."

The Hartford Courant says that the illegal vote polled for the Shams at the election in the cities of Connecticut was not less than Three Thousand, and concludes: "We shall have one advantage in the November election for President: All the States vote on the same day, and the voters will be wanted in New York City, every man of them, if the Democracy entertain the faintest idea of carrying the Empire State; so shall we escape the honor of being assisted by Wood's tools in our comparatively unimportant State. The Democrats will not be able to poll so large a vote in November as they have polled this Spring. That may be counted on for certain."

Indigo as good as was ever produced has been raised in South Carolina, its manufacture, however, was so fatal to the negroes that its cultivation was discontinued. It absorbs oxygen in the process of manufacture so rapidly as to render the air unfit to breathe.

Joe Smith.

Mormonism has again shown itself in Illinois, and under widely different auspices from the modern Mahomedanism of Utah. Young Joe Smith claims to be the true leader, as a matter of inheritance, we suppose, of the Mormon Church, and at Amboy he was installed into office by a Conference—though no account is given as to the source from which the delegates derived their installing power. His title is "President Prophet," and a church is organized under him, that is declared to be entirely independent of the organization of which Brigham Young has so long been prophet, priest, and king. We wish well to the Illinois branch, because it opposes polygamy and the other vices of the infamous disciples at Utah; and Smith declares that he will only teach the two doctrines of religion and morality.—He also inculcates patriotic duties and obedience to the laws of the land, speaks kindly of the anti-Mormons, and says that he holds no feelings of enmity towards any man living. It is hoped that his teachings will not be without influence even in far-off Utah, where reformation is much needed.

A Question Answered.

"Pompey," said a darkey, coming up to a similar specimen of animated nature, the other day, "I want to propose to you a question, which has late dislocated my understanding."

"Well, Snowball, make hurry, for dis nig am in a haste."

"Wall, 'tis dis: 'Spose I marries a yaller gal, and lubs her berry much; and some day I gets sick, and die, and goes to Heaben, and arter a while anoder greasy nigger eums along and marries my old woman, and lubs her, too; now, I want to know, arter dey both die and eum to Heaben, where I am, who is to lub my wench?"

Pompey stood thoughtfully for a moment, then looking Snowball in the face, and reverently shaking his head replied:

"My friend, if your wife and her man go to de good land, you need hab no fears, for you won't be dar to pick any muss!"

Rather Idle.

A popular preacher tells a good story as a bit to those kind of christians who are too indolent to pursue the duties required of them by their faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a very fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it legibly, and affixed the manuscript to his bed-post. Then, on cold nights, he merely pointed to the "document," and with the words, "Oh, Lord! those are my sentiments!" blew out the light and nestled amid the blankets.

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion, that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and ferbwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

A Hurricane passed over Landerdale county, Mississippi, on Saturday week. At Judge Chapman's place it prostrated every house but his dwelling, and that was much damaged—no person seriously hurt. It took R. B. G. Harper's place in its route, and tore it all to pieces.—Further on it struck the plantation of J. B. McDonald, where it killed one negro and wounded four others, and badly hurt both himself and his wife. His dwelling house and every other house on his place were blown down, and not a single panel of fence left standing. Old Mrs. Crane's house was blown down, and herself so seriously injured that it is doubtful if she recovers. Her leg was broken in two places. Mrs. Judge Daniel's new house was badly damaged by having a large tree blown down upon it. Mrs. Daniels, with her family, had gone to Marion, and stayed over night, which was a lucky circumstance, and saved them from probable injury.

To Cure Scratches in Horses.

Take some lamp oil and mix it with a little white lead, till the oil becomes of a straw color. Wash the legs perfectly clean and rub them dry. Then apply the mixture and rub it well on the affected parts. By doing this three or four times, the horse will be cured.

Prentice says he has heard of but one old woman who kissed her cow, but he knows of many thousand young ones who have kissed very great calves.

A lawyer having asked a witness the value of a house, the answer was, "That depends upon what sort of a wife there is in it."

Very extensive ruins of an ancient city have been discovered in New Mexico, ninety miles northeast of Fort Stanton. They are said to rival, in magnitude and architectural decoration, the ruins of Thebes.

At Fayetteville, North Carolina, the Rev. Daniel North has been found guilty of circulating Helper's Impending Crisis, and sentenced to imprisonment, for one year.