

THE JEFFERSONIAN

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 19.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. APRIL 26, 1860.

NO. 16

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance. Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid. Sent at the option of the Editor. 17 Advertisements of one square (ten lines) or less, one or three insertions, \$1.00. Each additional insertion, 25 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOHN PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of printing.

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Justice, Legal and other Blanks, Transcripts, &c., fitted with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms at this office.

J. Q. DECKWORTH. JOHN HAYN

To Country Dealers.

DUCKWORTH & HAYN,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Groceries, Provisions, Liquors, &c.

No. 50 Dey street, New York.

June 16, 1859.—1y.

SPEECH OF HON. ANDREW G. CURTIN.

Delivered at a Ratification Meeting in Philadelphia, on the 13th of March.

Fellow Citizens—It is very proper that I should acknowledge a ratification of the act of the Convention of the 22d of February, first in the city of Philadelphia. In the active canvass before the members of the People's party in the city of Philadelphia, which led to the election of delegates, I had a deep interest, an important interest; and when that contest was over, and the lightning had spread the news over the State that you had elected a delegation, the majority of which was in favor of my nomination, I considered the fact settled, and I stand to night before the people of Philadelphia to acknowledge that nomination. If I had reflected that the coming contest was a State, and not a National contest, I might have hesitated; but when I look at the facts, and recognize my friends, I remember that I am in the stronghold of my power, and with a willing people and a beneficent God in the coming contest, you and I will triumph. [Applause.]

Remember, this State is the battle ground, where the people will decide who shall be President of the United States for the next four years. A favorite son has disgraced his State and his manhood, and will strive, with all his notions, to deceive the people; but if I mistake not, they of Pennsylvania, who hope for protection of their dearest interests, will sweep his minions before them, without difficulty.

Fellow-citizens, in this great contest, you have placed the standard in my hand. The Democratic organization have placed their standard in the hands of a man of distinguished ability, of eminent purity of character, and of a fair personal record; and, so far as I am concerned, neither I, nor any man who respects me, will say aught of his reputation. Let others descend to the gutters of politics, if they will—General Foster, at my hands, shall never be defamed. I will give him an open, manly, and Pennsylvania fight, and when the battle is over, the result is announced, we will teach the Democratic party that at least the contest has been conducted on our side as becomes a GENTLEMAN—a Pennsylvanian—and if I strike not the key-note too high, I will say the sum of all that makes that character—a PENNSYLVANIA GENTLEMAN. [Applause.]

The contest is soon to begin in the City of Philadelphia. You will soon be called upon to have a municipal contest, and that election becomes national, and the eyes of the nation will be turned towards you.

When I remember the constant fidelity of the City of Philadelphia to Henry Clay, [applause] in his life, I invoke his spirit to preside in the contest now impending, for the weal or woe of 30,000, 000 of people may depend on the result. Labor has everything to gain in this contest. It is protection to the laborer's interests. You have no commerce like New York; you are far from the ocean; you don't make your city great and vast by any such appliances. Look to the interior to gather your wealth, to pour into your city. If you desire to be great protect the manufactures of Philadelphia and the State. Prove that Philadelphia is true to her trust, and strike for the liberty of labor, for you are only a great and growing and prosperous city as your labor is protected.

In your municipal contest I pray you—and I cannot speak it with any authority, for I have a personal interest in the contest—I pray you to bury your dissensions and prepare yourself for a glorious victory. My friends from the country, who are here to night, say, "carry Philadelphia and the work is done." Let there be no heart burnings and difficulties. Select a man, put on his hand the standard, and then, like true Philadelphians, declare to the nation that you are true to your interests.

I have, fellow-citizens, to acknowledge the confidence of this nomination, and when I look at this vast multitude of people, anxious for the result, I am encouraged, and hope that in the end the standard will be elevated and the victory ours. [Applause.] What more can I do to acknowledge your confidence and your support?

Hail, all hail, Liberty! All hail protection to American Liberty and labor; all hail freedom, freedom to the working man! all hail freedom, general as the air we breathe. [Great applause.]

THE VOLUNTEER COUNCIL.

A TALE OF JOHN TAYLOR.

John Taylor was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar of Philadelphia. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. The graces of his person, combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty. Twelve months afterwards, the husband was employed by a wealthy firm of the city to go on a mission as a lead agent to the West. As a heavy salary was offered, Taylor bid farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when he received a letter from his employers that explained all. Shortly after his departure for the West, the wife and father removed to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained a divorce by an act of Legislature, married again forthwith, and to complete the climax of cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to Marks—that of her second matrimonial partner. This perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career from that period became eccentric in the first degree. At last a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.

At an early hour of the day, on the 6th of April, 1840, the court house in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Save in the war times past there had never been witnessed such a gathering in Red river county, while the strong feelings apparent on every flushed face, will sufficiently explain the matter. At the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men of Northern Texas, offered a gross insult to Mary Elliston, the young and beautiful wife of his overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Elliston's house, and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. The occurrence produced intense excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular opinion, or at least to mitigate the general wrath, which at first was evidently against him, circulated reports infamously prejudicial to the character of the woman who had suffered such cruel wrong at his hands. She brought her suit for slander. And thus two cases, one criminal, and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending in the April Circuit Court, for 1840.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issue, became far deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansas, and the celebrated S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, with enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for his defense.

The trial for the indictment of murder ended on the 8th of April, with the acquittal of Hopkins. Such a result might well have been foreseen by comparing the talents of the counsel engaged on either side. The Texas lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the arguments and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of a dwarf against a giant.

The slander suit was set for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as well as excitement; and what may seem strange, the current of public sentiment now ran decidedly for Hopkins. His money had purchased pointed witnesses, who had served most efficiently his powerful advocates. Indeed, so triumphant had been the success of the previous day, that when the slander case was called, Mary Elliston was left without an attorney—they had all withdrawn. The pigmy pettifoggers dared not brave again the sharp wit of Pike, or the scathing thunder of Prentiss.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir, they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"Such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were as silent as death.

Judge Mills repeated the question.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, situated behind the bar.

At the tone of that voice many started back from their seats; and, perhaps, there was not a heart in that immense throng which did not beat something quicker—it was so unearthly, sweet, clear, ringing and mournful.

The first sensation, however, was changed into a general laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure, that nobody present remembered ever to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphinx himself. His high, pale, brow, and small nervously twitching face, seemed alive with the concentrated essence and cream of genius; but then his infantile blue eyes, hardly visible beneath their massive arches, looked dim, dreamy, almost unconscious; his clothing was so shabby that the court hesitated to let the cause proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge suspiciously.

"It is immaterial about my name being on your rolls," answered the stranger, his thin bloodless lips curling into a fiendish sneer. "I may be allowed

to appear once by the courtesy of the Court and bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America," and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment. The trial immediately went on.

In the examination of witnesses, the stranger evinced but little ingenuity, as was commonly thought. He suffered each one to tell his own story without interruption, though he contrived to make each tell it over two or three times. He put a few cross questions, which, with keen witnesses, only served to correct mistakes, and he made no notes, which, in mighty memories, always tend to embarrass. The examination being ended, as the counsel for the plaintiff he had a right to the opening speech, as well as the "close"; but, to the astonishment of every one, he declined the former, and allowed the defense to lead off. Then a shadow of light might have been observed to flit across the features of Pike, and then to darken even the bright eyes of Prentiss. They saw that they had "caught a Tartar;" at who it was or how it happened it was impossible to guess.

Col. Ashley spoke first. He dealt the jury a diph of that close, dry logic, which, years afterwards, rendered him famous in the Senate of the Union.

The poet, Albert Pike, followed with a rich vein of wit, and a whole torrent of ridicule, in which you may be sure neither the plaintiff nor the plaintiff's ragged attorney were either forgotten or spared.

The great Prentiss concluded for the defendant, with a glow of gorgeous words brilliant as a shower of falling stars, and with a final burst of oratory that brought the house down in cheers, in which the sworn jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the stern "order" of the bench. Thus wonderfully susceptible are the south-western people to the charms of impassioned eloquence.

It was now the stranger's turn. He had remained apparently abstracted during all the previous speeches. Still and straight, and motionless in his seat, his pale, smooth forehead shooting up high like a mountain cone of snow; but for the eternal twitching that came and went in his shallow cheeks, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or human man carved in ice. Even his dim, dreary eyes were invisible beneath those gray, shaggy eyebrows.

But now, at last, he rises before the bar railing, not behind, and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the forehead with his long bony finger. With eyes still half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, his thin lips curled as if in mean-reless scorn, slightly apart, and the voice comes forth. At first it is slow and sweet, insinuating itself through the brain as an artless tone winding its way into the deepest heart, like the melody of a magic incantation; while the speaker proceeds without a gesture, or the least sign of excitement, to tear in pieces the argument of Ashley, that melts away at his touch as frost before the sublimation. Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once so brief, and so luminously clear that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without an effort.

Now, he came to the dazzling wit of the poet-lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper—his shallow face kindled up—and his eyes began to open dim and dreamy no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes, and glaring like twin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye—the full heart streamed out on the face. In five minutes Pike's wit seemed the foam of folly, and his finest satire horrible profanity, when contrasted with the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasms of the stranger, interspersed with jest and anecdote that filled the forum with roars of laughter.

Then, without so much as bestowing an allusion to Prentiss, he turned short on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into atoms, and buried in their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled as with an ague, and two of them actually fled, dismayed, from the court house.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. The united life and soul seemed to hang on the burning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the powers of his own passions. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. He was the sun to the sea of all thought and emotion which rose and fell, and boiled in billows as he chose. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glare furiously at the assassin, Hopkins, and his lean, taper finger slowly assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch with a circumvallation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He piled up huge bastions of unsurmountable facts.

He dug beneath the murderer's and slanderer's feet ditches of dilemmas, such as no sophistry could overleap, and no stretch of ingenuity evade; and having thus, as one might say, impounded his victim, and girt him about like a scorpion in a circle of fire—he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Oh, then, but it was a vision, both glorious and dreadful, to behold the orator. His actions, before graceful as the wave of a golden willow in the breeze, grew as impetuous as the motion of an oak in the hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlpools, deafening the ears with crashing power, and yet inter-

mingled all the while with a sweet undertone of the softest cadence. His face was crimsoned—his forehead glowed like a heated furnace—his countenance looked haggard like that of a maniac; and ever and anon he flung his long, bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunder bolts. He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that, in comparison, hell itself might be beautiful. He painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday, when shining on such an accursed monster; and then he so fixed both portraits on the brow of the shrieking Hopkins, that he nailed them there forever.

The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from his perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead and living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment, as her tears flowed faster—till men wept, and lovely women sobbed like children.

He closed with a strong exhortation to the jury and through them to the bystanders. He entreated the panel, after they should bring in their verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words, "not to lynch the villain, Hopkins, but leave his punishment to God." This was the most artful trick of all, and best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury rendered a verdict of fifty thousand dollars, and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken off his bed by lynchers, and beaten almost to death.

I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun—to Dewey, Tyng and Bascom—but have never heard anything in the form of sublime words, even remotely approximating the eloquence of Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire. And this is the opinion of all who ever heard the MARVELOUS MAN.

Extraordinary Freak of a Bull.

A young bull, belonging to Mr. Kendig, of Woodbrook Farm, in Sadsbury, Chester County, Pa., recently astonished the denizens of that locality by some extraordinary feats. With other cattle the bull was ranging in the barn yard; thence he ascended a short flight of stone steps rising from the yard to a bank. From this he got on to the roof of a shed which rested against the end of the barn. The eaves of this shed were about three feet from the ground. He ascended this until he reached the square of the barn.

When he reached the highest point of the shed roof, with the agility of a cat, he leaped undaunted from that to the roof of the main building, which was much steeper, having what the carpenters term a three-eighth pitch. He continued his perilous ascent until he reached the comb or roof! Here the animal halted—presenting a curious spectacle—a Bull on the very comb of the barn! In this situation he was observed by a number of spectators, who were equally lost in wonder at the means by which the animal ascended to his lofty position, and as to how he should descend to terra firma, without breaking his neck. Even the cattle in the yard seemed uneasy at the novel position of Master Bull, and at his foolish ambition to show himself. All hands were, however, soon relieved of their anxiety. The gallant bull, after taking a survey of the surrounding country, and having apparently satisfied his curiosity, gave a graceful flourish of his tail, and descended as boldly as he ascended, and reached the ground safely.

This feat of the bull is quite equal to any performed by the famous mules or elephants of Dan Rice's circus.

Original Letter.

The chief magistrate of a certain corporate city writes the following:

DEAR SIR:—On Monday next I am to be made a MARE, and will be much obliged to you, if so be you will send me down by the coach some provisions felled for the occasion as I am to ax my Brother the old MARE and the rest of the bunch.

I am Sir, &c.

To which his correspondent replied:

"Agreeably to your request, I herewith forward you two bushels of oats; and as you are to treat old MARE, I have added one peck of bran to make a mash."

A famous negro minister, though in the habit of using big words, did not always strike the right one, and in one case when he was preaching, the following was uttered. His text was, "Broad is the road that leadeth to death, and many there be who go there; but narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be who take it." "Beloved bruders, there be two roads, ebbery body goes in one or nudder ob 'em; thar's one road an dot am de broad road, and dat leads right down to damnation, and a great many goes in it; but dar an anudder road, and dat am de narrow road, dat leads straight up to perdition." "If dat's the case," said an excited colored brother in the congregation, "dis nigga outs for de woods."

A debating club in Worcester lately discussed the important question "whether a rooster's knowledge of day-break is the result of observation or instinct." Decided in the affirmative.

Oily Letter from Only Springs.

As the Oil Springs, in Crawford county, Pa., are exciting a great deal of interest, we prevailed upon the Fat Contributor to go down there last week, in order that we might furnish our readers with an authentic account of the locality. We have received the following unctuous letter:

Dear Register—Everything about here is so greasy and oily, it is with extreme difficulty that I can write at all. My pen slips out of my fingers; there is an oil stain on the ink, the paper is fairly transparent, and I slosh around in my chair in an unpleasant manner. Patience and perseverance (sweet oil is unnecessary here) will, however, overcome many obstacles.

An Oily Track.

I arrived here at a very late hour last night, on an oil train to Union, and from thence in an oil wagon, and might as well have come on train oil, as we were sixteen hours behind time. All trains are behind time at Union, I learn, owing to the accumulation of oil on the track on that portion of the road. The oil flies out of the ground and lubricates the rails for a great distance. We should not have arrived here at all if the passengers hadn't got out and sprinkled the track with cigar ashes. I slipped out of bed (nobody "arises" here; we all slip into bed and slip out.) at an early hour in this morning, and began investigations. I found a section embracing fourteen thousand acres of land, chock full of oil springs.

How the Women fry Dough-nuts.

Drilling is unnecessary here, notwithstanding the manufactures of steam pumps claim that it is, as the oil boils up in springs, sometimes to the height of twenty-five feet, and is caught in tin pails as it comes down. On a hot day, I am told, it is no unusual thing to see the women frying dough-nuts in these jets of oil. The balls of dough are dropped into the jets, where they are allowed to toss about like corks in a fountain, until they are fried by the heat of the sun.

Slippery Elm.

The only species of tree which abounds here is the slippery elm. These trees are so slippery a squirrel can't climb them without dipping his paws in Spaulding's Prepared Glue, a small bottle of which he always carries suspended about his neck. There are a few maple trees here, but no sugar is made, as nothing but oil runs out when they are tapped.

A River of Oil.

There is one considerable sized creek running through this country, which is all oil. It was discovered a short time ago in a singular manner. Three boys went in bathing and when they came out were so greasy they could not stay in their clothes. As fast as they slipped them on they would slip off again, and one of the lads in a heedless moment, narrowly escaped slipping out of his skin. On reaching home their parents, being exceedingly frugal, wrung them out, and extracted about fourteen gallons of pure oil from the three boys! Fact. A company are erecting a large candle factory on the banks of the river, preparing to dip candles in it.

Amusements.

The principal amusements here are climbing greased poles and catching oiled pigs, the necessary appliances being constantly on hand. Sliding down hill is popular among all classes during the summer months. This is effected without sleds, on a hill of solid tallow, just back of the tavern. As I write, laughter and gushing is heard to my window from a number of oily beauties as they sweetly dissolve down the sides of that melting slope.

Greased Lightning.

There was a thunder storm this afternoon, and as the electric fluid ran down one of those slippery elms I told you of, I was treated to my first view of "greased lightning." It is quite common here they say. Thunder is dressed of all its harsh intonations by the particles of oil which fill the air and grease the wheels of Job's noisy chariot. If any of your readers think I have "cut it fat" in this letter, let them visit the Oil Springs and see for themselves. Yours truly,

FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

A contemporary says that "error alone is mortal." It must be allowed that it has a mortal long life.

If a Frenchman, intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said "She is one mutton as is small."

The Gospel Banner gives a recipe for preventing cream from rising on milk. It is to buy the article of the milkman."

A Mother's Love.

A mother's love is never cold;

A mother's love is never old;

A mother's love is ever true;

A mother's love is nine times new.

A minister called at the house of a friend of his the other day, and found the wife in tears.

"What is the matter, my good sister?" said he.

"Oh! dear, John, my good husband, has ran away with widow Smith, and I'm out of snuff!"