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## Political Tendencies in Virginia.—Labor Scouted.—Free Education Denounced. Limitation of the Franchise.

From the Richmond Enquirer, the 20th inst., we catch a glimpse of the proceedings of the Virginia State Convention, now in session in the rebel capital. This body, which last spring betrayed Virginia into the coils of the rebels, is now hard at work destroying the remaining liberties of the people.

"On the first day of May, 1861, the convention adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That a committee of seven members be appointed by the President of the convention, whose duty it shall be to consider and report to the convention, at its adjourned session, such amendments to the constitution of Virginia as may be necessary and proper, under the existing circumstances."

"The committee appointed under the foregoing resolution have, according to order, had the subject referred to them under consideration, and submit the following report:

## LABOR AND CAPITAL.

"Governments are instituted for the protection of the rights of persons and property; and any system must be radically defective which does not give ample security to both. The great interests of every community may be classed under the heads of labor and capital, and it is essential to the well being of society that the proper equilibrium should be established between these important elements. The undue predominance of either must eventually prove destructive of the social system. Capital belongs to the few—labor to the many. In those systems in which capital has the ascendancy, the government must, to some extent, partake of an oligarchy, whilst in those in which labor is predominant, the tendency is to what Mr. John Randolph graphically described as the despotism of king numbers. It is the office of enlightened statesmanship to secure to each its appropriate influence, but to give the absolute control to neither.

## LABOR TOO POWERFUL IN THE NORTH.

"The political condition of the Northern States presents a striking illustration of the evils incident to the preponderance of the element of labor. In the early periods of their history these evils were not so apparent as they have since become. Their population was sparse, and the Western Territories afforded a convenient outlet for their restless citizens; labor was in demand at high wages; property was easily acquired, and consequently the line of demarcation between labor and capital was not strictly drawn, because the laborer of to-day might readily become the capitalist of to-morrow. But within the last twenty years a marked change has taken place in the North.—Population has become dense, and the safety-valve afforded by emigration to the Western Territories has been greatly obstructed. Wages have not kept pace with the cost of subsistence, and the difficulty of acquiring property has increased. The tendency of this new condition of things has been to divide society into two distinct classes, and to array the one against the other.

## FREE SCHOOLS DENOUNCED.

"This tendency to a conflict between labor and capital has already manifested itself in many forms comparatively harmless, it is true, but nevertheless, clearly indicative of a spirit of licentiousness which must, in the end, ripen into agrarianism. It may be seen in the system of free schools, by which the children of the poor were educated at the expense of the rich; in the various forms of exemption and homestead bills; in the popular cry of "lands for the landless," and "homes for the homeless;" in Fourierism and communism; in the habitual disregard of the ordinances of religion, and of the institution of matrimony; and, more distinctly, in the form of abolitionism.

## ATTACK ON UNRESTRICTED SUFFRAGE AND POPULAR ELECTIONS.

"In the opinion of your committee no system of government can afford permanent and effectual security to life, liberty and property, which rests on the basis of unlimited suffrage and the election of officers of every department by the direct vote of the people. The tendency of such a system is to demoralize the masses; to encourage the habit of office-seeking; to foster corruption at the polls, and to place unworthy and incompetent men in positions of trust responsibility. These, however, are the vital principles of the social organization of the North, and, as before stated, their bitter fruits are already in a course of rapid development.

"In the Southern States more conservative and rational principles still prevail. This is due mainly to the institution of

slavery, which constitutes a partial restriction on the right of suffrage. In the North men of every class and condition of life are entitled to vote. In the South, all who are in a condition of servitude are necessarily excluded from the exercise of political privileges, and the power of the country is wielded by the more intelligent classes, who have a permanent interest in the well being of society.

Slavery also constitutes an effectual barrier against that tendency to antagonism between labor and capital which exists in the North. There, capital is the casual employer of labor, and is interested in diminishing its wages. Here, capital is the owner of labor, and, naturally, seeks to enhance its rewards.

## NECESSARY TO DISFRANCHISE THE PEOPLE.

"Material changes seem, also, to be necessary in regard to the selection of various classes of public officers. Under the Constitution, as it now stands, no discrimination is made in the mode of choosing public agents, founded on a consideration of the nature of the functions they have to perform. A mistaken desire to propitiate popular favor, rather than a wise and well considered purpose to give security to individual rights, and stability and dignity to the government, seems to have controlled the action of the convention of 1850. The selection of almost every officer has been referred to the people, and by shortening the official term, as far as possible, the officers are made dependent on the people.

## PEOPLE TO VOTE ONLY FOR LEGISLATORS.

In determining the mode of selecting officers, it seems to your committee that some regard ought to be had to the nature of the duties they will be required to discharge. No rule can be prescribed which will be free from all objection, but your committee believe that it would be safe to assume that all legislative officers should be elected by the people, but that those who are to fill executive or judicial trusts should be chosen by intermediate agents. There seems to be a good reason for this distinction. Legislation affects the rights and liberties of the whole people collectively.

"Hence those who exercise legislative powers should be elected by a direct vote of the people, and be dependent, for their continuance in office, on the will of the people. But judicial and executive officers, being intrusted with the duty of expounding and administering the public will, as expressed through the Legislature and in applying law to individual cases, have functions to perform which do not concern the people at large, and ought not to be affected by their wishes.

## LEGISLATURE TO SELECT ALL OFFICERS.

"As a general rule, it would be much safer for the people to elect, in the mode prescribed by law, representatives in whose ability, integrity, and patriotism they could confide, and leave to them the duty, not merely of framing the laws, but also of selecting the higher officers, to expound and execute them."

## National Scouts in Missouri.

A Missouri correspondent of the New York Times furnishes the following interesting sketch:

There are several men in the State who have made themselves famous by their success in the capacity of guides and scouts. Among these is John L. Conalus, a resident of the State for some years, but whose relatives are prominent citizens of the western portion of Saratoga County, N. Y. Another one is William Wells, also a Missourian, a man of gigantic stature, infinite daring and endurance, and who, as well as Conalus will be remembered by all who shared the expedition of Gen. Lyon from Booneville to Springfield. Both these men have incurred dangers and met with adventures that would give high interest to the pages of romance, some of which I hope to "dish up" in some future letter.

Another gentleman who has obtained considerable prominence as a scout and soldier, is Maj. Clark Wright, who commands a squadron of the same character as himself. Maj. Wright moved from Ohio to Polk County, Missouri, in 1858, and buying a large amount of prairie commenced the business of stock raising. He was just before married to a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and determination, who proved herself eminent ly fitted for the duties which their new life imposed upon them. He prospered greatly, and in a short time had erected a fine house, furnished in the best style possible, had two young children, an amiable wife, a good home, and was adding rapidly to an originally large fortune.

Last winter, when the roar of Secession came up from South Carolina, he heard it in common with others of his neighbors, but while avowing himself in favor of sustaining the Union, he determined to attend to his own business. He had no hesitation in expressing his sentiments of loyalty to the Government, but he did it quietly, and with a view of not to give offence. Soon after, at a Baptist meeting near his residence, a few of the brethren, after refreshing their spiritual appetites with the crumbs of the sanctuary, took his case into consideration, and determined that he should be made to leave the country; appointing a Committee of three to inform him of their decision.

One of the party, although an ardent Secessionist, happened to be a personal friend of Wright, and hastening away, informed him of the meeting, and that the Committee would wait on him the next day, Monday. Wright thanked this kind friend, and then, like a dutiful husband, laid the case before his wife, and asked her advice. She pondered a few moments, and then asked if he had done anything to warrant such a proceeding. Nothing—"Then let us fight!" was the reply, and to fight was the conclusion Wright was plentifully supplied with revolvers; he took two, and his wife another, loaded them carefully, and waited further developments.

Monday afternoon three men rode up and inquired for Mr. Wright. He walked out; with the aid of a revolver sticking warily from his coat pocket, and inquired their wishes. The revolver seemed to upset their ideas. They answered nothing in particular, and proceeded to converse upon everything in general, but never alluded to their errand. Finally, after half an hour had passed, and the men still talked on without coming to the mission Wright grew impatient and asked if they had any special business; if not, he had a pressing engagement, and would like to be excused. Well, they had a little business, said one, with considerable hesitation, as he glanced at the revolver butt.

"Stop!" said Wright, "before you tell me, I wish to say a word, I know your business and I just promised my wife on my honor as a man that I would blow hell out of the man who told me of it, and by the eternal God I'll do it! Now tell me your errand!" and as he concluded he pulled out his revolver and cocked it. The fellow glanced a moment at the deadly looking pistol, and took in the stalwart form of Wright, who was glaring at him with murder in his eye, and concluded to postpone the announcement.—The three rode away, and reported the reception to their principals.

The next Sunday, after another refreshing season the brethren again met and took action upon the contumacy of Mr. Wright. The captain of a company of Secessionists was present, and after due deliberation, it was determined that upon the next Thursday, he should take his command, proceed to Wright's, and summarily eject him from the sacred soil of Missouri. Wright's friend was again present, and he soon communicated the state of things to Mr. W., with a suggestion that it would save trouble and bloodshed if he got away before the day appointed.

Wright lived in a portion of the country remote from the church and the residence of those who were endeavoring to drive him out, and he determined, if possible, to prepare a surprise for the worthy captain and his gallant forces. To this end he bought a barrel of whiskey, another of crackers, a few cheese, and some other provisions, and then mounting a black boy upon a swift horse, sent him around the country inviting his friends to come and see him, and bring their arms. By Wednesday night he had gathered a force of about 200 men, to whom he communicated the condition of things and asked their assistance. They promised to back him to the death. The next day they concealed themselves in a corn field, back of the house, and awaited the development of events.

A little after noon the captain and some eighty men, rode up to the place and inquired for Mr. Wright. That gentleman immediately made his appearance, when the captain informed him that, being satisfied of his Abolitionism, they had come to eject him from the State.

"Won't you give me two days to settle up my affairs?" asked Wright.

"Two days he said—I'll give you just five minutes to pack up your traps and leave!"

"But I can't get ready in five minutes! I have a fine property here a happy home, and if you drive me off you make me a beggar. I have done nothing; if I go, my wife and children must starve!"

"To hell with your beggars! You must travel!"

"Give me two hours!"

"I'll give you just five minutes, not a second longer! If you sit out by that time, (here the gallant soldier wore a most fearful oath) I'll blow out your cursed Abolition heart!"

"Well, if I must, I must!" and Wright turned toward the house, as if in deep despair, gave a preconcerted whistle, and almost instantly after the concealed force rushed out and surrounded the astonished captain and his braves.

"Ah, captain!" said Wright, as he turned imploringly towards him, "won't you grant me two days—two hours, at least, my brave friend, only two hours in which to prepare myself and family for beggary and starvation—now do, won't you!"

The captain could give no reply, but sat upon his horse shaking as if agitated.

"Don't kill me!" he at length found voice to say.

"Kill you! No, you black livered coward, I won't dirty my hands with any such filthy work. If I kill you I'll have one of my niggers to do it! Get down from that horse!"

The gallant captain obeyed, imploring only for life. The result of the matter was that the whole company dismounted, laid down their arms, and then as they filed out were sworn to preserve their allegiance inviolate to the United States.

An hour after Mr. Wright had organized a force of 240 men for the war, and by acclamation was elected captain. The next Sunday he started with his command to join the National troops under Lyon, stopping long enough on his way to surround the Hard-shell Church, at which had augmented all his miseries. After the service was over he administered the oath of allegiance to every one present, including the Reverend Peck-wiff, who officiated, and then left them to plot treason and worship God in their own peculiarly pious and harmonious manner.

He soon after became Major Wright, and still continues in command of the crowd he enlisted at the beginning. He is as brave as he is intelligent and indefatigable, and has already done the Government important service, both in actual conflict and in making reconnaissances and furnishing intelligence of the enemy's whereabouts, strength and intentions.

## Strange Sight—Seventy Swarms of Bees at War.

Ezra Dibble, a well known citizen of this town, and for many years engaged extensively in the management of bees, communicates to us the following interesting particulars of a battle among his bees. He had seventy swarms of bees about equally divided on the east and west sides of his house. One Sunday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, the weather being warm, and the windows open, his house was suddenly filled with bees, which forced the family to flee at once to the neighbors. Mr. D., after getting well protected against his assailants, proceeded to take a survey, and if possible, learn the cause which had disturbed them.

The seventy swarms appeared to be out, and those on one side of the house were arrayed in battle against those on the other side; and such a battle was perhaps never before witnessed. They filled the air, covering a space of more than one acre of ground, and fought desperately for some three hours—not for "spoils," but for conquest; and while at war, no living thing could exist in the vicinity. They stung a large flock of Shanghai chickens, nearly all of which died, and persons passing along the roadside were obliged to make haste to avoid their stings.

A little after 6 o'clock, quiet was restored, and the living bees returned to their hives, leaving the slain almost literally covering the ground, since which, but few have appeared around the hives, and those apparently stationed as sentinels to watch the enemy. But two young swarms were entirely destroyed, and a side from the terrible slaughter of bees no injury was done. Neither party was victorious, and they only ceased on the approach of night, and from utter prostration. The occasion of this strange war, among the bees is not easily accounted for; and those most conversant with their management never before witnessed or heard of such a spectacle as here narrated.—*Locust (Ohio) Reporter.*

## How a Rebel Captain Died with a Lie in his Mouth.

Last Sunday morning Captain John Sperlock, a native Virginian, in command of a company of Home Guards near Mud river, Boone county, about forty five miles up Guayandotte creek, met a rebel captain named Harvey Barrett mounted on a large gray horse and driving before him two unarmed Union men whom he was about to force into the rebel army. These men were on their way to join Sperlock's company when waylaid by Barrett, who threatened to shoot them if they attempted to escape. As soon as Captain Sperlock saw the party he rode up to Barrett, and ordered him to lay down his arms, which he refused to do. Sperlock then told him he was attempting to impress into the service of the rebels two men against their wills, and that if he did not instantly dismount and give himself up, he would kill him. Barrett denied that the men were going against their wills, but they, seeing that there was a chance of escape, cried out that they were Union men. Sperlock then raised his rifle to his shoulder and sent a ball through Barrett's heart, who toppled from his horse, and like a true rebel, died with a lie in his throat.—*Cincinnati Gazette, November 6.*

## False Pretences.

A law against obtaining husband-and-wife false pretences, passed by the English Parliament in 1770, enacts—"That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, who shall, after this act, impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's subjects, by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetics, washed artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, bolstered hips, or high heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors; and the marriage under such circumstances, upon conviction of the offending partner, shall be null and void."

A peddler called on an old lady to dispose of some of his goods and inquired of her if she could tell him of any road which no pedler had traveled.—"Yes," said she, "I know one and only one, and that is the road to heaven."

Instead of idly waiting for something to turn up, go to work and turn up something.

## Adventure of a Snake-hunter.

A correspondent of the *Wheeling Intelligencer* gives the following: Capt. Baggs was crippled with the rheumatism, and the Surgeon of Col. Tyler's regiment advised him to go home a while to recruit his health. The Captain left us with the Colonel. While gone, the Colonel sent for me to know if I could get over to Floy's advance, and see what their force was, &c., at the same time cautioning me to be careful. I told the Colonel that that was what I was there for; at the same time I asked him if he would let Sam Drake accompany me. He said for me to do as I wished, but to be careful.

"Sam," says Cummings, "are we going into this uniform?"

I told him we had better try the farmer's disguise, for that was the best in the mountains. We started up the Gauley river, and as we were then above the bridge, we knew we must cross the river. Here we were in a dilemma. I told Sam to come on, something would turn up so we could get over. We kept on our way, now climbing up the rugged steep of the overhanging rock of the mountain—the Gauley flow through, then again diverging into a narrow valley. We crept along the base of the mountain, for fear of surprise. We had got up the river as far as we cared about venturing on that side, and we stopped to hold a council of war.

"Down Sam!" I said, "do you hear that noise?"

We both got down in the bushes and listened. Some fellow was going down the river in a dug out singing Dixie. We crept to the river shore, and here we saw the fellow, whom I knew to be a Scotch, paddling along at his ease singing his favorite song.

I remarked to Sam "I'll change that tune to Yankee Doodle."

Sam cautioned me against firing, but I told him there was no danger, as we were six miles from their camp.

"I'll have that dug out, at any rate; so here goes."

I took good aim, and Dixie was hushed, and old Scotch tumbled into the river.

"Well Cummings," said Sam, "that was a good shot."

"Never mind, Sam, you get the canoe and I'll watch for more of them."

Sam got the boat, and we crossed the river.

I was somewhat at my wit's end to know how I was to get into their camp. I hadn't made up my mind when the pickets hailed us—

"Halt there! which way?"

I had my old flintlock horse pistol pointed at Sam, and told them this was a Yankee prisoner I had brought along, and I wanted him put in jail, for he had been the terror of the neighborhood since the tamed Yankees had come out there; that he had killed several loyal men, and I wanted him dealt with accordingly.

This was sufficient for a passport, so we went on.

I delivered Sam up, had him put in the guard-house, loaded around camp a while waiting for something to turn up so I could relieve Sam. A Rebel captain, named George W. Stull, came along and asked me where I lived. I told him I lived on the Peters' creek road.

"How far from the Yankee camp?" he asked.

"About five miles."

"Are you well acquainted with the country there?"

I told him very well. He said: "You are the man I want. I have been looking for you some time."

I then told him I had a friend in his jail for getting drunk and raising a fuss, and I wanted him to go along. He went to the guard-house and took Sam out to go with me. He then detailed eight men of his company to go on a scouting expedition.

We all started for a reconnoissance of the Yankee camp; went down the river with the rifles the Captain had given us, until we came to where we had left it in the dug out. After three of us got in one of the chaps said: "Charlie, don't this look like the boat Alex. Taylor started a scouting in, this morning?"

I told him that canoe belonged to old Bill Hendrick, that lived down the river a couple of miles. They were satisfied. I ferried them all over. We traveled a long until we were descending a high bluff when Sam noticed a smoke.

I had posted the boys before I left to look out for me when I came, no matter who was with me.

We advanced cautiously to where the fire was; they asked us who had camped there; I told them the Yankee Snake-Hunters, and that they were prisoners.

Just then the Snake Hunters raised all around at a charge bayonet. The Rebels acknowledged they had been sold, so we marched them off to the guard house, and subsequently they were sent to Columbus Ohio.

The Irishman's opinion of Yankee enterprise was that:—"B-dad, if he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up next mornin' an' go round sellin' maps to the inhabitants."

Myneer, do you know what for we call our boy Hans?—"I do not really."—"Well, I will tell you. Der reason we call our boy Hans is—it is his name."

What is the difference between a cat and a document? One has claws at the end of its paws, and the other has paws at the end of its claws!

## A True Patriot.

George D. Prentice has proved himself an incorruptible patriot. Among the many schemes for carrying Kentucky out of the Union was a persevering attempt to buy Prentice, or, failing that, to buy his paper. He was first approached with the modest offer of \$25,000, which was of course promptly declined. The anxious buyers, thinking perhaps their bid had been below Prentice's estimate of his honor, increased their offer, and through an old political friend, since quartered at Fort Lafayette, he was informed that fifty thousand dollars was in a Louisville bank, subject to the draft of George D. Prentice, provided the *Journal* was henceforth conducted according to certain terms. An increased severity upon the disunionists in the columns of the *Journal* was the response to this proposal. Next came a railroad man from the far West, who chewed all politics, and wanted an influential paper to support the Pacific Railroad enterprise. He would give Prentice \$250,000 for the *Journal*. This bid was too low, and Gen. D. Prentice remains unbought, unpurchaseable.

## How the Barber lost his Arm.

In "Notes of an Army Surgeon," is related an anecdote of a barber who, while having the stump of his arm dressed, [the limb had just been shot off,] burst out into a loud laugh. "What is the matter? this does not strike me as anything very laughable," said the surgeon. "Indeed it is not," was the reply, "but I lost my arm in such a funny way, that really I cannot help laughing when I think of it. You see our first sergeant wanted shaving badly; and as I always shaved him it was of course my business to do it then. We went together in front of his tent; I had lathered him, took him by the nose, and was just applying the razor, when a cannon ball came, and that was the last I saw of his head and my arm. Excuse me, doctor, for laughing so, but I never saw such a thing before."

## Humors of the Camp.

A correspondent of the *Washington Star*, writing from Bailey's Cross Roads, says:

There is no little "chaffing" between the opposing parties, who within earshot of each other; and the following dialogues occurred to day:

Seesh—"When are you coming up to take the hill?"

Michigander—"Oh, after you is manners. When are you comin' ter take the Capital?"

Seesh—"Reckon yer don't like the Bull Run route to Manasser!"

Michigander—"Wal, kalkulate ter go next time by way o' Hatteras and Port Royal!"

An old sort of a genius, having stepped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the movements of the machine when the miller, thinking to quiz him, asked if he had heard the news.

"Not's I know on, what is it?"

Why, replied the miller, they say the devil is dead."

"By jins," says Jonathan, "is he? Who tends mill then?"

A kind hearted wife once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for her husband's eyes, which were sore.

"Let him wash them every morning with brandy," said the doctor.

A few weeks after, the doctor chanced to meet the wife.

"Well, has your husband followed my advice?"

"He has done everything in his power to do it, but he never could get the brandy higher than his mouth."

A drunken lawyer, on going into church, was observed by the minister who addressed him thus, "I shall bear witness against you at the day of judgment." The lawyer shaking his head, with drunken gravity replied, "I have practiced five years at the bar, and always found that the greatestascal is the first to turn State's evidence."

"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician. "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one wouldn't take it."

"Dick you have got a hole in your trousers." "Well, who cares," it will wear longer than a patch." "Yes," says Sam, "and wiser too."

A country girl, coming from the field was told by her cousin that she looked fresh as a daisy kissed with dew. "Well, it wasn't any feller by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I told him that every one in town would find it out."

A darkey who blacks boots at the National Hotel in Washington has the following motto conspicuously displayed over his stand:

"No North, No South, No East, No West, NO TRUST."

What is the difference between a cat and a document? One has claws at the end of its paws, and the other has paws at the end of its claws!