

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 23.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. MARCH 3, 1864.

NO. 21

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and twenty-five cents, will be charged.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements of one square (ten lines) or less, one or three insertions, \$1.00. Each additional insertion, 25 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOB PRINTING,

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

A Fellow with an Extensive Nasal Organ.

His head was large and flat at top,
Enormous was his eyes,
His mouth was huge; but, oh! his nose
Was of enormous size.
It was a tunnel for his voice,
Through which his words would clang,
From morn till night, without respite,
With many a nasal twang
And though sound travels very fast—
It will the truth disclose—
It took an hour for his words
To travel through his nose.
When dead, and in his coffin laid,
Free from all earthly woes,
They had to raise the coffin lid
To make room for his nose.

An Incident on Picket.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial relates the following:
One day the 108th Ohio regiment was on picket near Rossville, when a rebel Captain and two of his men entered. The Captain walked in and on surrendering himself to one of the pickets, recognized him as his own son—a resident of Cincinnati, whose name is suppressed for obvious reasons—Rushing forward, the Captain was in the act of clasping him in his arms with the exclamation, "O my son!" when the soldier rudely shoved him from him with the remark:

"Your son! Get out you infernal old rebel! Do you suppose I would have you for a father!" "But, —, I am your long, absent father," persisted the rebel.
"My father! Well, boys that's a go," laughed the soldier. "Here's a — old rebel says he is my father, when my father has been dead these seven years."

The tears started from the old man's eyes, and resting his head upon a stump he wept like a child, while the pickets looked on in astonishment. Composing himself, the rebel Captain called the soldier to him and related incidents of a family nature that were unquestionable evidence of the truth of his assertions. The old man had been engaged in business in Cincinnati, failed fled South, leaving his family to shift for themselves. For a while letters were frequent, but at last they ceased altogether. A few months after, the family read the death of its absent loved one in a Southern paper. Time passed on, the wound caused by death had been healed, the son enlisted in the 108th, and on Tuesday met his long mourned parent under the above circumstances. As the old man recounted minutely all that he had passed through in the South, the picket gradually softened and he too, found relief in tears.

A War Widow's Trick.

A war-widow tricked a libertine out in Allegheny county, N. Y., by taking his \$500 to get ready for a proposed elopement, and then sending him the following "billy-dux."

Mr. —, I have to inform you that circumstances beyond my control, will prevent me from fulfilling my engagement to elope with you to night. I expect my husband home on furlough soon to spend Christmas and New Year's when we shall enjoy a hearty laugh at your discomfiture. Meanwhile I will keep your money as a Christmas present for him, and when this cruel war is over, it will come handy to assist him to start business.

Yours, tenderly,
C. T. N.
P. S.—When next you undertake to play the libertine, you would do well to select your victim outside of old Allegheny county; and above all beware of a soldier's wife."

Elizabeth Dryden complained to Dryden, her husband, that he was always reading, and took little notice of her; and finished by saying she wished she was a book, and then she should enjoy his company. "I wish you was a book, my dear," says Dryden; "but an almanac, I mean, for then I should change you every year."

Moving for a new trial—Courting a second wife.
Why is a minister like a locomotive? Because you have to look out for him when the bell rings.
A smart young woman can judge by a kiss of the quality of her lover's liquor.

"Erry, take the 'arness hoff the 'orse, put the 'alter hovers 'in 'ead, hand give 'im 'ay and hoats."

A sleepy churchwarden, who often played at cards, hearing the minister use the words "shuffle off this mortal coil," started up, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed: "Hold on! It's my deal!"

Back from the War.

Artemus Ward has turned his mind to martial matters, and in his happiest mood relates a personal experience that will be relished:

I must relate a little incident which happened to your humble servant, on his return home from the war. I was walkin' along the street lookin' so gallant an' gay, in me brass kote and bloo buttons, an' other military harness, when a excited femal rushed out or a house, throw'd her plump handles aroun' me neck—which part I didn't mind much, as they was fair round ones—an exclaimed:

"Doo I behold thee once again!"
"You do—an' I think you are holdin' me too fastly," sez I trying to release the eccentric femal's arms.
"Oh, have you come back—have you come back!" she wildly cried, hanging tighter to my neck.

"Certainly I've cum back," says I, "or else I wouldn't be here. But I don't think I know you muchly."
"Not know me—your own Clarretta Rosetta Belletta—she has not set eyes onto you for more'n 2 years. Yes," she continued, placin' her hands onto me shoulders, and lookin' up into me face like a dyin' hoss fly—"yes I see me own Alfred's eyes, his nose, his ears, his —"

"Madam," sez I, "excuse me, but allow me to correct you. Ef I air not mistaken, these carcass, and eyes, and noses, belong to myself, individually, an' your Alfred never owned 'em scarcely!"
"Away with this face," sez she. "You can't deceive your little son. Lincoln Burnside McClellan Beazer."

It was evident that the femal was mistaken—that it was not me but another man she wanted.
"How old is he?" sez I.
"Which?" sez she.
"Them little son, Lincoln Burnside McClellan, and so 4th."

"He's just 6 months old—the little darlint!"
"Well, madam," sez I, "ef little Lincoln Burnside McClellan, and so 4th is only 6 months old, and you have not set eyes onto your Alfred for more'n an' two years, I think there's a mistake somewhar, an' that I'm not Alfred, but another man altogether."
The woman shot into the house like 40, an' this was the last I saw of my own Clarretta Rosetta Belletta, but I pity Alfred.

Salt and Cold Water for Swine.
It is not a common practice, we think, to give salt to swine, occasionally, while every farmer would consider it a prime duty to offer it to his neat stock, horses and sheep, as often as once a week. To be sure, the swine get a little, compared with the amount given to other animals. In proportion to their weight, why do they not need as much salt as the other stock on the farm? We find an article going the rounds of the papers upon the use of salt for fattening swine. The writer states that he selected two pairs of burrow hogs, weighing 200 each. One pair received with their daily allowance of food, two ounces of salt; their similar fed, none. In the course of a week it was easily seen that the salted pair had a much stronger appetite than the others, and after a fortnight it was increased to two ounces apiece. After four months the weight of the salted hogs was 350 pounds, while that of the unsalted, five weeks later reached only 300 pounds, the experiment was repeated, with almost precisely the same results.

If such should prove to be the general result, most farmers have not gained all the good advantages they might have done from the food fed out. From the example cited there is no indication that the salt excited a morbid appetite, and produced unnatural flesh and fat. Of course a sound judgment must be exercised in the use of salt, as well as of grain or any other food. Another neglect of swine, and sometimes it must be a cruel one, is that of not giving them a plentiful supply of pure cold water. Why it is supposed that the hog should not need water as well as the cow and sheep is more than we can tell. They do require it. When water is not given them, although fed with swill they will drink heartily of the water collected in the yard or barn cellar, after visiting their trough several times and finding it empty and dry. Nothing is more grateful to them in a hot day than a bucket of cold water, drunk from a clean sweet trough. We trust that farmers will give attention to the matter, and ascertain for themselves whether our suggestions are valuable or not.

A Goat amongst the Sheep.
A letter from out West, from a pious individual, says:
"Dear Brother:—I have got one of the handsomest farms in the State, and have it nearly paid. Crops are good, and prices were never better. We have had a most glorious revival of religion in our church and both of our children (the Lord be praised!) are converted. Father got to be rather an incubance and last week I sent him to the poor house!"

A furrier, wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner, out of old furs which ladies have at home, appended the following to his advertisement: "N. B.—Capes, victorines, &c., made up for ladies in fashionable styles, out of their own skins."

GROWLER'S INCOME TAX.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My neighbor Growler, an excitable man by the way, was particularly excited over his "Income Tax," or, as he called it, his "War Tax." He had never liked the war—thought it unnecessary and wicked; the work of politicians. This fighting of brother against brother was a terrible thing in his eye. If you ask him who began the war—who struck at the nation's life—if self-defence were not a duty—he would reply with vague generalities, made up for partizan tickle sentences, which he had learned without comprehending their just significance.

Growler came in upon me the other day flourishing a square piece of blue paper, quite moved from his equanimity. "There it is! Just so much robbery! Stand and deliver it in the world. Pistols and bayonets! Your money or your life!"

I took the piece of paper from his hand and read:
"PHILADELPHIA, Sept., 1863.
"RICHARD GROWLER, Esq.,
"DR. to JOHN M. RILEY,
"Collector of Internal Revenue:
"For Tax on Income, for the year 1862, as per return made to the Assessor of the District, \$43 21
"Received payment,
"JOHN M. RILEY,
"Collector."

"You're all right," I said smiling. "I'd like to know what you mean by all right?" Growler was just then a little offended at my way of treating this very serious matter, serious in his eyes, I mean. "I've been robbed of forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents," he continued. "Do you say that it is all right? A minion of the Government has put his hand into my pocket and has taken just so much of my property. Is that all right?"

"The same thing may be set forth in very different language," I replied. "In me state the case."
"Very well, state it!" said Growler, dumping himself into a chair, and looking as ill-humored as possible.

"Instead of being robbed," said I, "you have been protected in your property and person, and guaranteed all the high privileges of citizenship, for the paltry sum of forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents as your share of protection."
"Oh that's only your way of putting the case," retorted Growler, dropped a little from his high tone of indignation.

"Let me be more particular in my way of putting the case. Your income is from the rent of property?"
"Yes."
"What would it have cost you to defend that property from the army of Gen. Lee, recently driven from our State by national soldiers?"
"Cost me?" Growler looked at me in a kind of maze, as though he thought me half in jest.

"Exactly! What would it have cost you? Lee, if unopposed, would certainly have reached this city, and held it; and if your property had been of use to him, or any of his officers or soldiers, it would have been appropriated without so much as saying—By your leave sir. Would forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents have covered the damage? Perhaps not. Possibly, you might have lost one-half to two-thirds of all your worth."

Growler was a trifle bewildered at this way of putting the case. He looked puzzled.
"You have a store on South Wharves?"
"Yes."
"What has kept the Alabama or Florida from running up the Delaware and burning the whole city front? Do you have forts or ships of war for the protection of your property? If not, who provides them? They are provided and ours are safe. What is your share of the expenses for a whole year? Just forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents! It sounds like a jest!"

Growler did not answer. So I kept on.
"But for our immense armies in the field and navy on the water, this rebellion would have succeeded. What then? Have you ever pondered the future of this country in such an event? Have you thought of your own position? Of the loss or gain to yourself? How long do you think we would be at peace with England or France if the nation were dismembered, and a hostile Confederation established on our Southern border?—Would our war taxes be less than now?—Would life and property be more secure? Have you not an interest in our great army and navy, as well as I and every other member of the Union? Does not your safety as well as mine lie in their existence? Are they not at this very time the conservators of everything we hold dear as men and citizens? Who equips and pays the army? Who builds and furnishes these ships? Where does the enormous sum of money required come from? Is it the nation's work—the people aggregate in power and munificence and so irresistible might—unconquerable. Have you no heart swellings of pride in this magnificent exhibition of will and strength? No part in the nation's glory? No eager hand helping to stretch forth?"

Growler was silent still.
"There was no power in you or me to check the wave of destruction that has

launched patricidal hands against us.—If unresisted by the nation, as an aggregate power, it would have swept in desolation over the whole land. Traitors in our midst, and traitors moving in arms against us, would have united to destroy our beautiful fabric of civil liberty. The Government, which dealt with all good citizens so kindly and generously, that not one of a thousand felt its touch beyond the weight of a feather, would have been subverted; and who can tell under what iron rule we might have fallen for a time, or how many years of bloody strife would have elapsed before that civil liberty which insures the greatest good to numbers who would have been again established? But the wave of destruction was met—nay, hurled back upon the enemies who sought our ruin. We may yet dwell in safety. Your property is secure. You still gather your annual income, protected in all your rights and privileges by the national arm. And what does the nation assess to you as your share in the cost of this security? Half your property? No not a fathoming of that property! Only a small per centage of your income from that property! Just forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents! Pardon me for saying it friend Growler, but I am more than half ashamed of you."

"And seeing the way you put the case, I am more than half ashamed of myself," he answered frankly. "Why, taking your view, this is about the cheapest investment I ever made."

"You certainly get more for your money than in any other line of expenditure. Yesterday I had a letter from an old friend living in the neighborhood of Carlisle. The rebels took from him six fine horses worth two hundred dollars a piece; six cows and oxen; and over two hundred bushels of grain. And not content with plundering him, they burnt down a barn which cost him nearly two thousand dollars. But for the army raised and equipped by the nation, in support of which you and I are taxed so lightly, we might have suffered as severely. How much do you think it cost in money for the protection we have enjoyed in this particular instance?"

"A million of dollars, perhaps?"
"Near ten millions of dollars. From the time our army left the Rappahannock until the battle of Gettysburg, its costs to the Government could scarcely have been less than the sum I have mentioned. Of this sum your proportion cannot be over three or four dollars; and for that trifle your property, may be your life, was secure."

"No more of that, if you please," said Growler, showing some annoyance. "You are running this thing into the ground. I own up square. I was quarreling with my best friend. I was striking at the hand that gave me protection. If my war tax next year should be a hundred dollars instead of forty-three, I will pay it without murmur."

"Don't say without murmur, friend Growler."
"What then?"
"Say gladly as a means of safety."
"Put it as you will," he answered folding up Collector Riley's receipt, which he still held in his hand and bowing himself out.

Not many days afterwards, I happened to hear some grumbling in my neighbor's presence about his income tax. Growler scarcely waited to see him through. My lesson was improved in his hand. Insignificant phrase, he pitched into the offender, and read him a lesson so much stronger than mine that I left myself thrown quite into the shade.

"You have been assessed fifty-eight dollars," he said, in his excited way—"fifty-eight dollars. One would think, from the noise you make about it, that you have been robbed of half you are worth. Fifty-eight dollars for security at home and protection abroad! Fifty-eight dollars as your share in cost of the defence against an enemy that, if unopposed would desolate our home and destroy our Government! Already it has cost the nation for your safety and mine over a thousand millions of dollars; and you are angry because it asks for your little part of the expense. Sir you are not worthy of the name of an American citizen."

"That's hard talk, Growler, and I won't bear it!"
"It's true talk and you'll have to bear it!" was retorted. "Fretting over the mean little sum of fifty-eight dollars!—Why sir, I know a man who has given his right arm in the cause, and another his right leg. Do they grumble? No sir! I never heard of complaint from their lips. Thousands and tens of thousands have given their husbands who will never more return! They are with the dead.—Sir you are dishonoring yourself in the eyes of all men. A grumble over this paltry war tax—for shame!"

I turned off, saying in my thought: "So much good done! My reclaimed sinner has become a preacher of righteousness!"

The following toast was lately proposed at a fireman's dinner, which was received with showers of applause: "The ladies—Their eyes kindle the only flames which we cannot extinguish and against which there is no insurance."

An Irish paper published the following: A deaf man, named Taff, was run down by a passenger train and killed, on Wednesday morning. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago.

THE STATE.

ENLISTMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA FOR OTHER STATES.

Important Proclamation from Governor Curtin.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, For some time past it has been known that persons, professing to be agents of other States, have been busily tampering with our citizens at home and in the army, endeavoring, by false representations, to induce individuals to enter or re-enter from those States, and remonstrances have been in vain made against the continuance of this paltry system of reduction;

And Whereas, Information has now been received that one of the regiments of Pennsylvania has enlisted almost bodily as from other States; and it appears to be necessary to take some public means to put our citizens on their guard against arts by which results so disastrous to the men and their families may be effected in others of her regiments which Pennsylvania has delighted to honor;

Now, therefore, I, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of the Commonwealth, but especially and emphatically to her veterans in the army, cautioning them against allowing themselves to be seduced from her service. By enlisting in regiments of other States, they deprive their families at home of the generous and liberal aid which our law has provided for them as a right, and not as a charity; they will not enjoy the right of suffrage, which an approaching amendment of the Constitution will give to our absent volunteers; they cut themselves loose from the ties which bind them to their homes, and which bind Pennsylvania to give them constant care and assistance in the field, an obligation which our State has never neglected. If wounded or sick, they will no longer be fostered by our agents, and received with applause and consideration as men who have done honor to Pennsylvania; they bring the history of their regiments to an abrupt close; their names will no longer be entered on our rolls; all the glorious recollections of their valor and sufferings will be weakened by the fact that they have abandoned their native State, deserted the great Commonwealth under whose banner they have earned for themselves and for her the highest reputation for courage and all the martial virtues, and that they have done this under inducements which are in fact unfounded, and at the very time when their friends and neighbors at home were preparing for them bounties probably larger than those offered by other States, and certainly much larger, if the support afforded to their families be taken into account.

I therefore appeal to our noble volunteers not to abandon the Commonwealth. She has been proud of the glory which their course hitherto has shed abundantly on her. As a mother she has a right to the honors to be won in future by her children. Stand by her and she will stand by you, and you will have the richest reward in the grateful affections and sympathies of your families, your friends your neighbors, and your fellow-citizens.

But if you leave her for the service of other States you throw away all these, for their people will regard you merely as mercenaries, and when they fulfilled their bargains, will leave you and your families to shift for yourselves. Recollect your homes, and your families, and your friends, and the banners which you have carried so gloriously upon many a bloody field, and which, defaced by shot and shell, but still bearing the names of the battles in which you have been distinguished, she has provided for receiving at the close of the war, and preserving as holy relics of your patriotism and devotion to the cause of our common country. These things are worth more to you and to your children than money. Do not grieve and disappoint your friends by abandoning them all.

I take this occasion to enjoin upon all magistrates, district attorneys, and all other officers, a strict vigilance in enforcing the laws of this Commonwealth against all persons who shall within this State attempt to recruit volunteers for other States.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State, at Harrisburg, the twenty-fourth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-eighth.

A. G. CURTIN.
By the Governor:
ELI SLIFER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

A Leaky Railroad Car.
The Cincinnati Gazette says:
"The transportation of several hundred prisoners from Camp Chase to Rock Island, a few days since, some desperate fellow cut a hole in the bottom of the car, through which ten escaped while the train was running at a rapid rate."

A lady who had read of the extensive manufacture of odometers to tell how far a carriage had been run, said she wished some Connecticut genius would invent an instrument to tell how far husbands had been in the evening when they had just stepped down to the post office.

A young man advertises his desire for wife thus: "Pretty, and entirely ignorant of the fact." Don't we wish he may find her.

A Sensible Democratic Editor.

Mr. J. M. Spellessy, editor of the "Universe," a Roman Catholic Democratic paper, says:

"The 5-20 loan is entirely subscribed for. We Democrats, however much and bitterly we are opposed to this Administration, must admit to this fact that the whole country is determined to support the same Administration in carrying on the war, in its efforts to restore the Union, in much of its manner of governing the entire Republic. Let us be just enough to confess the truth. The late elections disappointed the judgments, the desires and the hopes of many of us; the exhaustion of the 'loan' has confounded us altogether. We may carp, but the elections have gone against us, and the loan is entirely taken; that is to say, both the votes and the money of the people sustain Abraham Lincoln in his management of the Republic. Our talk about despotism, the ruin of law, the destruction of the Republic, and all that are silenced by these two facts."

Paying for the Sight.

They've got down in Courtland County, an old farmer, noted for his greediness and his keen lookout for a spot wherein to turn a penny, honestly, or (he isn't very particularly) the reverse. While ago he succeeded by accident in raising a very large hog. It was soon noised abroad and the people in that vicinity began to call on the old man to see the monstrosity. A gentleman from our town was stopping awhile in the village hearing of the porker, desired to see the sight, and having obtained directions as to the "locale," started for the spot. Arrived there, he met the old gentleman, and inquired about the animal. "Wall; yes," the old fellow said, "he'd got sich a critter; m'ity big 'un, but he guessed he'd have to charge him about a shillin' for lookin' at him." The stranger looked at the old man for a minute or so; pulled out the desired coin, handed it to him, and started to go off. "Hold on," says the other; "don't you want to see the hog?" "No," said the stranger; "I have seen as big a hog as I want to see!" and off he went.

An Anecdote.

A strong copperhead was denouncing in immeasurable terms, the United States Government and the war, when the company was joined by a neighbor, a strong Union man, and after listening for a time, he interrupted him with the remark: "You came honestly by your principles; you are a Tory naturally.—"What do you mean?" says Copperhead. "You know," said Union, "that during the war with Great Britain the British entered the harbor and burned the town of New London." "Well, what of that?" says C. "Why, somebody piloted them in, and when his dirty work was done, he came home with the British gold, and his neighbors, hearing of his presence, provided themselves with ropes, and made an evening call, when he made his escape by the back door and fled to the Island of Bermuda, and died there."

"Well," says C., "what has all this to do with it?" "Well," said Union, "that pilot was your grand-father."

The Lost Thimble.

A bachelor up Penn Street, Pittsburg, Pa., picked up a thimble. He stood awhile meditating on the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying, "Oh, that it were the fair cheek of the wearer." Just as he had finished, a big wench looked out of an upper window, and said, "Boss, des please to frow dat fumble of mine in the entry—I jist now drop it." The thimble was thrown in!

Boswell once asked Johnson if there were any possible circumstances under which suicide would be justifiable. "No," was the reply.

"Well says Boswell, 'suppose a man was guilty of some great crime that he was certain would be found out?'"
"Why, then," says Johnson, "in that case, let him go to some country where he is not known, and not to the devil, where he is known."

A lecturer was dilating upon the power of the magnet, defying any one to show or name anything surpassing it. A hearer murmured, and instanced a young lady who used to draw him thirteen miles every Sunday.

In the West Indies they have found a new use for rum—it is employed in the preparation of paint. Judging from noses we have seen, we should say it might produce a fine color.

Prentice says: "The rebel Government talks of paying the rebel soldiers liberally after the war. Its liberality reminds us of the poor fellow's will; 'I have nothing; I owe everybody; the rest I give to the poor."

A son of Erin cautions the public against harboring or trusting his wife Peggy on his account, as he is not married to her.

The Paris Presse computes the population of the globe at one thousand millions, speaking three thousand and sixty-four languages, and having eleven hundred different forms of religion.