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The Old Story.

"Mamma, mamma, young Eddie Jones,
Who called for me last night,
And by the fallen oak sat down
Beneath the moon's soft light,
Whispered so many pretty things
About his country home,
And took my hand in his, and asked
If I would be his own.
"He called me beautiful, and said
My hand was snowy white,
My lips were coral, and my eyes
Were like the diamond's light;
And then he sighed and looked so sad,
And seemed in such distress,
That when he asked me to be his
I had to tell him ycs."
"Fie! fie! my daughter—Eddie Jones
A nice young man may be,
But 'he can't keep a hotel,' nor
A husband to be thee;
He's nothing but a country clown,
And does not own a 'rod.'
Before I see you marry him
I'd rather both were dead."
"But, dear mamma, young Eddie Jones
Is wealthy, I am sure,
For old Spauldicks died, and left
Five thousand pounds or more;
And all the money is his own,
Besides his country home;
Mamma, mamma, I'd rather be
His bride than live alone.
"I know he loves the very ground
On which my shadow falls,
And will delight to furnish me
With bonnets, hoops, and shawls;
And more than all his gold can buy,
More than my petted vine
That climbs upon the porch—I love
To know his heart is mine."
"Five thousand pounds, and all his own!
Whew! daughter, what a pile!
Not that I care a fig for wealth,
Therefore, you needn't smile,
But Eddie Jones has won your heart,
And loves you, too, I guess;
So when he asks your hand again,
Just say, I acquiesce."

"Miscegenation."

A pamphlet has lately been published advocating what it calls "Miscegenation," which is interpreted to mean a mingling of the white and black races, or amalgamation. We know not who is the author, but we venture the guess that he is a zealous Copperhead, and that the pamphlet is issued as a campaign document. Of course, he pretends to be a Republican, or an Abolitionist, or an anti-slavery man of some kind. And of course he pretends to think that the proclamations of President Lincoln and the action of the Republican party tend to promote "miscegenation." But the allegation is perfectly nonsensical. Keep the blacks in slavery, and they will not mingle with the whites, but set them free, and they will, says his argument. What says the facts? We have had in our country for a good many years both free blacks and slaves. Which have mingled most with white blood? It is notorious that the chief mingle of the races has taken place on the Southern plantations, between master and slave. It is rarely indeed that any such thing takes place in the free States, but in the Slave States it is of daily occurrence. That is where the mulattoes come from.

The Bitter Bit.

A few days ago a Mrs. Moore whilst travelling in the cars between Detroit and Chicago, had her pocket picked of her purse containing \$55. The pick-pocket, a gentlemanly looking man, had made himself generally agreeable to the lady throughout the journey, and after casing her of the money, left at a small station near Chicago, doubtless well satisfied with his success. But unfortunately for himself, the thief was in such a hurry to escape, that he left behind him his carpet bag, containing among other things a valuable diamond pin worth about \$400, which, as a matter of exchange, Mrs. Moore of course confiscated.

Sorghum for Forage.

P. S. B. of Huron Co., Ohio, writes on this subject:—I learned one fact of value connected with the growing of sugar cane, viz, that cane fodder cut before frosted, and cured properly, is far superior to corn fodder, for winter feed for horses, and the amount per acre exceeds any other kind of fodder grown.

"Cabbage," says the Edinburg Review, "contains more muscle sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable." This probably accounts for the fact of there being so many athletic fellows among the tailors.

A GAY GUARDIAN OF THE CITY'S MORALS.

Beau Hackett in the Capacity of a Policeman.

[From the Chicago Post.]

Editor Post: Recent misfortunes, though they have had a terrible effect upon my mind, have been beneficial to my muscular development. My muscles have expanded wonderfully in the last four weeks. I am on the "mus" now entirely. An editor of a little paper in a town "out West," a few hundred miles east of Chicago, characterized me as a "man of a powerful frame and enormous muscle." I know where and how he got that impression. He met me in a restaurant, when he was visiting the city, and I was eating oysters in the half shell. He thought they were mussels, and took it for granted that if I was not a man of muscle then, I soon would be.

But the report came back on me. The opinions of the country editor reached the city, and forthwith I was waited upon by a large delegation of respectable gentlemen, and entreated by them to take a position on the police force. They said men of muscle were just the men they needed. All the policemen in the city were pigmies, and a few strong, hale, hearty men were wanted immediately. I accepted a position—obtained it upon the recommendation of the respectable delegation, and learned a few minutes after I was appointed that the salary was only twelve dollars a week.

I offered to resign at once, but was informed that my resignation would not be accepted. Twelve dollars a week. Oh! I guess not. No wonder policemen are pigmies. No wonder they are not men of muscle. I would like to see any man buy muscle for twelve dollars a week in war times. But I was in for it, and when I found that my resignation would not be accepted, I was determined to be a policeman all over. I paid a hundred dollars (two month's salary) for a uniform, and borrowed a star from a man who had more than he wanted. I felt proud the first time I appeared in public attired in my new suit. It was so funny to see little boys and small men skeddadle as I walked along the streets.

Captain Nelson asked me what beat I would like to go on the first night, merely to become acquainted with the business. I told him if it would suit all parties concerned. I would prefer going on the "dead beat." He replied partly that I had been on that ever since he first knew me, and he thought a change would agree with me. I admitted that change would agree with me, but told him I thought I would never be troubled with much of it on a salary of twelve dollars a week.

The subject was pressed upon me, and I had better be placed upon Sherman street the first night as it was rather thinly populated, and I had been told that many of the inhabitants could be easily captured. The captain dissented; said he thought that was not a suitable street for me. He was in a quandary where to put me. A jealous policeman suggested the propriety of putting me out, which suggestion was unheeded. Finally, I was assigned a beat that cannot be described by the mere mention of municipal localities. I was permitted to go where I pleased, and required to arrest all trespassers and peace-breakers and law-breakers and head-breakers, wherever I found them. I made an arrest in less than half an hour, and paroled the prisoner. I went into the police court, however, and entered a complaint.

"Who is the accused?" inquired the judge.
"A lady," said I, and gave her name.
"What is the charge?"
"Resisting an officer."
"State the particulars?"

"I tried to kiss her and she wouldn't let me," was my brave response.
The judge told me I had better retire, and also informed me if I came there with another such a charge he would have me stripped of my office. This was encouraging. Twelve dollars a week and not allowed to arrest ladies for resisting me. I proposed to resign. Was informed again that my resignation would not be accepted. The city has got a sweet thing on policemen at twelve dollars a week, and it means to cling to every one of them like a hired man.

I next took a position at a popular street crossing, and escorted ladies through the masses of carriages, drays and express wagons. I had a gay time gallanting the Rosas, and Annes, and Marys, and Julias, and Pollies, and began to think that being a policeman was not so bad after all. Twelve dollars a week increased in my imagination, and so did the demands on my purse for the payment of unsettled accounts. I was vexed by one phenomenon that I observed at the street crossing. Pretty women crossed quicker than a streak of chain lightning, while the homely ones required about an hour, and froze to me at that, sometimes taking my arm in both hands. Mercy! how affectionate a homely woman can be—to a policeman.

I left the crossing and strolled about miscellaneously. I avoided all places where strong men were congregated. I was afraid a row might take place among them, and I was constitutionally opposed to arresting strong men. I was beginning to feel the effects of twelve dollars a week. My muscle was leaving me rapidly, without any promise of its ever returning. Twelve dollars a week is no inducement for muscle to return to any-

body. I got on admirably in my new calling. I spent four days without making a single arrest, and without getting a rest myself.

During the rest of the time I did better. I arrested a better (a small fellow, you bet,) who had been betting on the Young Men's election, when there was only one ticket in the field, all the candidates on the other tickets having become ticket-of-leave men. I arrested the young gentlemen who displayed his weakness so glaringly, on the ground that he was not qualified to take care of himself. I took him to the police court, and had him qualified. He handed over to the clerk a V (for virtue) and was honorably discharged, alleging that he had been dishonorably charged in the premises.

Twelve dollars a week!
I was getting so weak I could scarcely walk. The internal membrane of my stomach suggested to me, by divers twitchings, that I was not doing the fair thing by it. I couldn't help it. I said to my purse, led there be light, and it was light. I was reduced to the mere outline of a man. A base individual with a traveling show tried to hire me for a transparency, to use in a magic lantern. I was in the last stage of a dead failure. I resolved to make one more arrest and die like a hero. But I determined to confine my authority to weak females and small boys. I could no longer risk my muscle with masculines, no matter how small they might be. I met a young lady coming out of a dry goods store with a bundle of goods that seemed so heavy I mistrusted it was not paid for. I immediately arrested her on a charge of larceny.

"La! how sudden you are," she replied. "Why you have not known me three months yet."

"My blushing rose-bud," I remarked, "I know you not."

"What! base man, dost thou deny me? Dost thou not love me still?"

"Don't call me still," was my indignant reply. "Love thee? Yes, I love thee lots-ly. Come with me to the police court and I will tell thee why I love thee."

The next moment I was looking skyward, having been floundered by a man ten pounds my superior. When I recovered, the young lady whom I had deemed guilty of petty larceny (or pretty larceny) had absquatulated.

Twelve dollars a week, and a broken head!

I raised money enough that day to purchase a warm meal. A string broke in a ruling machine at a well-known book bindery. The proprietors had a job on hand that they wanted to finish immediately, and I volunteered as a substitute for the string. I did very well, except that I was a little thinner than the other strings, and made a finer mark. I received a quarter for my services, with which I purchased a meal. The meal made me sick, I was so unused to such a thing. Ten minutes after I ate it I was taken to the Central Station, insensible—dead! There was a great sensation, of course, and everybody was frightened. The policemen were afraid there would be an inquest, and they knew that the verdict would be; "Died of twelve dollars a week."

A physician was sent for, but he wouldn't come, because he knew the amount of my salary. He said I would in all probability recover, but it would go hard with me. A bottle of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup was sent for—I always liked that medicine, because a lady invented it. Strange to say, it wouldn't resurrect me. A bucket of hair dye was tried without any visible effect. Finally they brought me one bottle of Wizard Oil, and that brought me to. I presented one of them to the Common Council, labelled "twelve dollars a month."

I still live. The captain told me I had better resign. I had proved myself, he said, one of those persons unable to endure the exposure incident to a policeman's life at twelve dollars a week. I got contrary and wouldn't resign. He said I must. I said I wouldn't. Finally I met Colonel Richardson and I changed my mind. I had no desire to be a policeman while he was in the city. I resigned. If the Common Council want a splendid young man like me for a policeman hereafter they must pay me. I don't know what I shall follow next to gain a livelihood. I think I will follow my inclinations and go to Idaho or Arcola, or some other foreign port.

Yours, for twelve dollars.

BEAU HACKETT.

Raised Greenbacks.

It is said that raised greenbacks are circulated here. The work is neatly done by pasting ones to pass as tens. Of course none but careless people, or those not used to handling money, would be deceived. It is to protect such that we call attention to the altered notes. The art of pasting and altering notes has been brought to great perfection, and those who look only to the figures on a note may be easily misled as to its character.—Rochester American.

A Boston paper suggests the organization of "a grand Loyal Ladies' League, composed of women who are willing to pledge themselves to maintain, while this war lasts, a decent economy in their attire." In connection with this, it is interesting to know that the Merrimack Print Works are about to resume operations, so that calico will once more be cheaper than delaines. These print works have been closed nearly two years.

Have We a Government?

While we were fresh but weary from the reading of a speech made not long ago in the House of Representatives, by Pennsylvania Dawson, we were encountered by another debate in the Senate upon the question whether the Constitution should be so amended as to prohibit Slavery. It is a very extraordinary document—this same Constitution of ours; for it is the learned opinion of sundry sharp politicians that it establishes everything which it does not in terms prohibit. This method of argumentation would soon make a melancholy muddle of any possible fundamental instrument. As the Constitution does not prohibit swindling, for instance, it is a logical sequitur that swindling is constitutional. As the Constitution does not define in minute detail every possible variety of duty which the President may be called upon to perform, it follows that, when a red-hot Rebellion is raging in the land, our Chief Executive is to be stationed in Washington by the suffrages of the States, there merely to draw his salary with an undeviating punctuality. He has nothing to do with camps and Major-Generals. He is not expected to entertain so useless and absurd a thing as a policy. He is to live in the White House, and regulate the cooks and porters thereof. Upon his public days, he is to be a lay figure, to be gazed upon, to have his hand mechanically shaken, and his personal beauty passed upon by a mob of free and easy guests. Merely an inert center, around which the Federal oratory revolves, the least bold assumption of responsibility upon his part, is angrily deprecated by the Opposition as a gross usurpation. And as it is with the President, so it is with the Cabinet. The Secretaries are to be only the ceremonial priests of our political Grand Lama, doing merely a clerical work, and never venturing upon an original act. And as it is with the Cabinet, so it is with the Congress. The country may be going to wreck; but no laws are to be made for which a precedent cannot be found. Poor President! unhappy Cabinet! contemptible Congress! There would seem to be no power to save us vested in anybody!

And yet, it is a singular, not to say bewildering circumstance, that in the dear, delightful, happy days, which have gone by, apparently forever, ingenious gentlemen found any amount of Slavery in the Constitution; and Presidents were expected to be extremely active in its behalf; and Cabinets gave orders for rifling the mail-bags and for refusing passports to black Americans about to travel; and Congress exerted all its ingenuity in framing laws for the capture and rendition of runaway personal goods; and District-Attorneys were swift to indict in the Federal Courts all those who declined to join the man-hunting posse comitatus. Do not all of us remember those times of lucid interpretation, when to make a speech in behalf of simple humanity in Faneuil Hall was construed into levying war high-treasonably upon the United States; and bun-bailiffs, in behalf of the American eagle, hauled men to prison for the utterance of involuntary words of sympathy and indignation; and the pulpits of God resounded with polemical denunciations of God's Higher Law? Ah! there was a plenty of Slavery in the Constitution then! Every section, every clause, every article, was presumed, in some occult way, to sanction the institution. All the glosses of commentators had a Pro-Slavery tint; and the readings of the Judges were upon the South side; all the popular gabble asserted that there was something more in the instrument than was apparent to fleshly eyes, and that the said something was a law of despotism and a gospel of inhumanity! But now the same swift and zealous expounders of the law gaze fondly upon the purged document and find that the Constitution not only makes no reference to Slavery, but that it sanctions it by the very fact that no such reference is made. They go still further. They discover that it would be extremely dangerous for a Democracy to admit itself to be a Democracy, that is, in writing, however it may make such pretensions in loose and general speech! They discover that, while the theory is so eminently lovely, the practice is particularly dangerous. They discover that the doctrine of human equality is particularly beautiful, with the prudent limitation of denying it to a moiety of the human race. Exquisite Democracy! Charming equality! Did ever reasonable abstracts dwindle into such ridiculous concrete before? And it was, nevertheless, the reconciliation of these absurdities that the practical talent of the nation addressed itself. The gigantic intellect of Webster wasted itself in Herculean efforts to reconcile these contradictions, and gave us but a brilliant lawyer when we might have had a statesman-like Senator. The nobler impulses of Mr. Clay's heart—that great human heart which nothing but Slavery could have so perverted—were squandered in polished sophistries in the same impudent cause. The massive, logical mind of Calhoun, not to be resisted in its conclusions, if but once its premises were admitted—that mind which all admired and but few respected—did far worse than nothing for the country, in spite of the undoubted patriotism of its possessor, because it could find no higher work than an attempt to overthrow fundamental and self-evident axioms. This dreadful necessity of being upon both sides of two

questions which were identically the same, has poisoned the lives, and destroyed the influence, and palsied the exertions, of scores of public men, who, if they had magnanimously grappled with the problem, must have solved it, and with its solution, have given permanence to our institutions. But the work which they did not do is ours; the responsibility of simple consistency which they evaded has descended to their children; and the peace which they bought, at the price of manliness and courage, has resulted at last in the very civil war, the fear of which would not let them sleep.

For our own part, we have seen so many and such serious evils resulting from a Constitution requiring continual judicial interpretation, and we think we are justified in saying legislative and supplementary provision, that we shall not be sorry to find hereafter an evil so great as Slavery guarded against expressly and in so many words. Certainly, upon points of far less importance than our mere political consistency, the Constitution is sufficiently specific; and, if we are to have a Government recognizing the freedom and equality of all persons before the law, there can be no harm in placing so noble a determination upon record. Then it will be understood by all, that we acknowledge fealty not to the forms, modes and shows of Democracy, but that we have made its essential and vitalizing spirit the supreme law of a regenerated land.—Tribune.

The Dayton Journal tells a story of a young man living in Montgomery county, who had been a cripple from his birth, one of his legs being crooked below the knee. He recently went to Cincinnati to attend a Commercial College, and grew morbidly sensitive about his lameness. He imagined that his appearance in hobbling about on crutches made him repulsive, and determined to get rid of the infirmity. He accordingly had his leg amputated without consulting his friends, and is now rejoicing in the belief that with an artificial leg, he will be able to walk better than with the natural distorted limb. Pride and pluck conquered the fare of pain.

In the New Jersey Senate a bill has been introduced limiting the total cost of transportation for coal and lime to two cents per gross ton per mile when the distance exceeds fifty miles. Heavy penalties, including forfeiture of charter, are imposed for each and every violation of the law. The New York Herald says if the New York and Pennsylvania Legislatures will but follow this example, the plans of the coal monopolists and railway companies which seek to realize exorbitant profits out of the hard earned wages of the poor will be effectually defeated.

A Western paper notices a curious specimen of the handiwork of a Southern lady—a pair of knit pantaloons in crochet work. The work was firmly and neatly done, and the maker was Mrs. W. H. Mackie, of Columbia, Arkansas. During the blockade in that region, her husband needed a pair of pantaloons, and as there was no cloth to be had, she took her crochet needle, and with plenty of homespun yarn got up an article equal to anything a merchant tailor could turn out—handsome in appearance, and good for "three years or the war."

The Methodist Church South.

In accordance with the Government plan concerning the churches of the South, the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church have sent the Rev. J. P. Newman, D. D., to New Orleans, to take charge of all the churches of that powerful denomination there. A very large audience, composed of some of the most influential citizens, assembled on the evening of the 23d instant, at the Carondelet Street Church, to extend to the reverend gentlemen a cordial welcome.

At a lively village in Illinois, not far from Woodstock, they have a benevolent association, one of whose objects is to watch with and take care of its sick members. Last fall an unmarried young lady was admitted to membership. In a couple of months she was blessed with a bright-eyed babe, and was very sick. Some of the young lady members expressed to the chief-officer of the association their indignation, and asked him if he really thought it their duty to visit the unfortunate one. "Well," said he, after much deliberation, "I suppose not. You are not obliged to watch where there is a contagious disease?"

Professor Johnson says that a pound of cheese is equal in nutritive value, to two pounds of flesh. The Europeans seem to be better acquainted with this fact than our own people. With us cheese is regarded rather as a luxury, while in England it is regarded as one of the substantial articles of food, and it is not uncommon thing for the workmen there to make a full meal on bread and cheese alone.

A company of Boston capitalists are erecting buildings in South Boston, for the extensive manufacture of plate glass, a comparatively new business in the country. The sand to be used in the manufacture is to be brought from Berkshire county, and four hundred workmen are expected over from England it a few days.

Who will be the Thirteenth?

The Paris correspondent of the Chicago Times says there is in that city at this time a very lovely and very charming young lady, who is destined by an extraordinary fate to go through the world without getting married. She is a dark beauty, with magnificent eyes, a glowing cheek, a lively expression, a graceful figure—in fact, altogether endowed with every attraction, even to that of having in her own right \$500,000, and being an only daughter, with the prospect of inheriting millions. This fair lady is now about twenty-six years old, and has been engaged to be married twelve times. Each time the fortunate lover has died within a few weeks of the time appointed for the nuptial ceremony. Yet no suspicion of dagger or bowl can be cast upon the fair one—a dark mysterious fatality has carried them away. Several died of typhoid fever—one was killed in a duel—one was thrown from a horse—two were drowned—two were killed by railroad accidents, and one hung himself. The lady has survived all these shocks. Thirteen may be for her the fortunate, and not the fatal, number. Who will try?

Some months since the members of the church of L— were called together to elect a member of the Board of Trustees.

A gentleman in business as a wholesale grocer was named as a very suitable man for the place; but his nomination was vehemently opposed by another brother, who was very zealous in the temperance cause, on the ground that in the way of his business he sold liquor. And appealed to Brother Adams, one of the oldest members present, who, from his solid and clerical look was called "the Bishop." He said—"What do you say, Brother Adams?"

"Ah!" said Brother Adams, looking very grave,—drawing up his cane with a view to emphasize and give point to what he had to say; "that is not the worst of it,—(solem shake of the head)—that is not the worst of it!"

"Why, Brother Adams," said the others crowding round and looking for some other development, "what else is there?"

"What else?" said Brother Adams, bringing down his cane with a rap, "He don't keep a good article; 'I've tried it!' The brother was not elected.

From present indications there is little doubt that the maple sugar crop of 1864 will vastly exceed that made in any previous year. In all probability the crop of maple sugar at the North for the present year will reach 25,000,000 pounds, worth, at the low estimate of fifteen cents per pound, \$8,750,000, an important item in the sugar product of the country.

As proof of the fact that girls are useful articles, and that the world could not very well get along without them, a late writer states it as a fact that if all the girls were driven out of the world, in one generation, the boys would all go out after them.

Sam, didn't I tell you to let that cat's tail alone?" said a man to his son who was endeavoring to elongate the narrative.

"Well, what if you did? It's old Brown's cat, and I'll yak blaze out of it."

A Hartford paper gives the following "signs of the times" to be found in that city:—

"Washing and going out to day's works done here;" "Breakfast, dinner and supper at all hours;" and "Saws filed and set up stairs."

"Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit?" asked a Sabbath-school teacher of his class.

"Because," replied one young lady, "they thought it a good opening for a young man."

A Western editor, describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat, says, "When the gale was at the highest, the unfortunate craft heeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

"Teddy, my boy, jist guess how many cheeses there are in this ere bag, an' faith I'll give you the whole five."—"Five, to be sure."—"Arrah, by my soul! bad luck to the man that told ye!"

A horizontal water wheel has been recently invented, by which parlor organs, washing machines, mangles, sewing machines, &c., may be worked in all houses where hydrants have been introduced.

The town of Solon, Mich., polled just 57 votes in 1861—it has since sent 56 soldiers to the army of the Union.

A dish-washing machine is the latest invention. It will wash knives and forks without wetting the handles.

Advertising for a wife, says a contemporary, is just as absurd as it would be to get measured for an umbrella.

Patience conquers all.