

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 23.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. SEPTEMBER 8, 1864.

NO. 29.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements of one square (eight lines) or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOB PRINTING,

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

WOMAN'S RESOLUTION.

I'll tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who is neither white nor yellow,
But is altogether green;
And his name it is not charming,
It is only common Bill,
And he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.
Oh, he whispered of devotion,
Of devotion pure and deep,
And it seemed so very silly,
That I almost fell asleep,
And he thinks it would be pleasant,
As we journey down the hill,
To go hand in hand together,
But I hardly think we will,
He told me of a cottage,
Of a cottage 'mong the trees,
And don't you think the fellow,
Tumbled down upon his knees,
While the tears the creature wasted,
Were enough to turn a mill,
And he begged me to accept him;
But I hardly think I will.
He was here last night to see me,
But he made so long a stay,
I began to think the blockhead,
Never meant to go away,
At first I learned to hate him,
And now I hate him still,
Yet he urges me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.
I'm sure I would not choose him,
But the very deuce is in it,
For he says if I refuse him,
He could not live a minute:
Now you know the blessed Bible
Plainly says we must not kill,
So I've thought the matter over,
And I rather think I will.

EPITAPH.

Here lies the body of Edward Hyde;
We laid him here because he died.
We had rather
It had been his father.
If it had been his sister,
Few would have missed her;
But since 'tis honest Ned,
No more shall be said.

Healthful Effects of the Tomato.

The tomato is one of the most healthful, as well as the most universally liked of all the vegetables. Its healthful qualities do not depend on the mode of preparation for the table; it may be eaten three or four days cold or hot cooked or raw, alone, or without salt, or pepper, or vinegar, or altogether, to a like advantage, and in the utmost that can be taken with an appetite. Its healthful quality arises from its slight acidity, in this making it as valuable, perhaps, as berries, cherries, currants, and similar articles. It is also highly nutritious. The tomato season ends with the frost. If the vines are pulled up before the frost comes, and hung up in a well ventilated cellar, with the tomatoes hanging to them, the "love-apple" will continue ripening until Christmas. The cellar should not be too dry nor too warm. The knowledge of this may be improved to great practical advantage for the benefit of many who are invalids, and who are fond of the tomato.

Pompey's Letter.

"Massa," said the black steward to his captain, as they fell in with a home bound vessel, "I wish you would write a few lines for me to ole woman, 'cause I can't write." The good natured skipper complied, and wrote all that Pompey dictated. As the captain was about to seal up the letter, Pompey reminded him that he omitted to say: "Please excuse de bad written an' spellin'."

A dried-up, herring-faced, gimlet-eyed old bachelor says he don't wonder at so many of the young veterans getting married. He says one who has faced a cannon's mouth and heard a thousand of them talk at once, can never be frightened by a woman! The old dog! He ought to be compelled to climb a shell bark hickory tree!

A youth asked his father's sanction to his project of marriage. The old gentleman requesting his son to pray with him, prayed that if the match was against the will of the Lord he would throw obstacles in their way, and make it impossible. The son interrupting cried, "O Lord, don't you do it; for I must have her anyhow."

Two little boys were looking at the elephant in the menagerie, when one said, "What is that he takes up his hay with?" "Why," said the other with a knowing air, "that is his pitchfork."

The Democratic National Convention which presented the names of GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN for President, and GEORGE H. PENDLETON for Vice-President, likewise agreed on and adopted the following

PLATFORM.

Resolved, That in the future, as in the past, we will adhere with unswerving fidelity to the Union under the Constitution as the only solid foundation of our strength, security, and happiness as a people, and as a framework of government equally conducive to the welfare and prosperity of all the States, both Northern and Southern.

Resolved, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that, after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare, demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States.

Resolved, That the direct interference of the military authority of the United States in the recent elections held in Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri and Delaware, was a shameful violation of the Constitution, and the repetition of such acts in the approaching election will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control.

Resolved, That the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the Federal Union and the rights of the States unimpaired; and they hereby declare that they consider the Administrative usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers not granted by the Constitution, imprisonment, trial and sentence of American citizens in States where civil law exists in full force the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press, the denial of the right of asylum, the open and avowed disregard of State rights, the employment of unusual test-oaths, and the interference with and denial of the right of the people to bear arms, as calculated to prevent a restoration of the Union and the perpetration of a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.

Resolved, That the shameful disregard of the Administration to its duty in respect to our fellow-citizens who now and long have been prisoners of war in a suffering condition, deserves the severest reprobation, on the score alike of public interest and common humanity.

Resolved, That the sympathy of the Democratic party is heartily and earnestly extended to the soldiers of our army, who are and have been in the field under the flag of our country; and, in the event of our attaining power, they will receive all the care and protection, regard and kindness, that the brave soldiers of the Republic have so nobly earned.

This Platform, it will be seen, in no manner condemns, even by implication, the gigantic Rebellion which has so long crimsoned our fields with the most precious blood of our countrymen. It conceals the facts that the war, inaugurated by the Rebels alone, and that they had wrenched from the nation nearly half its fortresses, armories, arsenals, sub-treasuries, mints, custom-houses, &c., &c., and made prisoners of the bulk of its little army, before a single shot was fired on the side of the Union. The Rebel chiefs, who falsely, villainously asserted, directly after the taking of Fort Sumpter, that Lincoln and the Abolitionists had declared war on the South, and dragged Virginia, North Carolina and Arkansas into the abyss of secession, under the plea of necessary self-defense, are practically countenanced and upheld by this vile Platform, which speaks as though the war had been wantonly inaugurated on the part of the National authorities, and might have been avoided had they chosen. There is not one word in this Platform which even intimates that the Rebels have done any wrong, or that the Government in resisting their efforts has done anything right.

The Democratic Platform demands wholly and unqualifiedly that the war shall, on the part of the Union, be stopped. Suppose this were done to-morrow. President Lincoln sends an envoy to Jeff. Davis, saying, "Let us have a cessation of hostilities." "Certainly," responds Jeff. "Withdraw your forces from the Confederacy, raise your blockade, and I agree to an armistice." (The Rebels have already indicated that they will have no other.) Suppose this were conceded: must not every European Government at once recognize the Confederacy? On what ground could any refuse? We should have given up the contest, and retired baffled and defeated. Europe is famishing for Cotton and Naval Stores, which the Rebels have to spare; they are in desperate want of a thousand things whereof Europe has a surplus. They would of course trade only with their friends. Who does not see that this is Disunion, complete and final? Having tamely surrendered New-Orleans, Newbern, Port Royal, Vicksburg, Memphis,

Nashville, Knoxville, Little Rock, and Fortress Monroe—all the fruits of our long and arduous struggle—who imagines what Confederate would fear, that we should ever plunge afresh into war, and try to take them over again?

It is a fraud, then—an impudent, wicked fraud—for this Platform to talk after this, of peace "on the basis of the Federal Union." We have war only because certain States have repudiated and now defy that Union. That Union is the bone of contention—there is none other. How, then, having decreed a "cessation of hostilities," are you afterward to have the Union? You recognize as traitorous aristocracy who claim to have succeeded as composing their respective States; we deny it, and, counting the whole people, insisted that there is a Union majority in every State. On what Democratic principle can you constrain Rebel States to return to the Union?

But "a Convention of the States"—nay, "an ultimate Convention of all the States"—is in your programme. But the Rebel States had their Convention at Montgomery nearly four years ago, and framed there a Constitution wherewith they profess to be perfectly contented.—That Constitution ignores ours, supersedes it, and renders your Convention a simple nullity. Stop the War now, and they will laugh your "ultimate" Convention to scorn. They will tell you that they have a first rate Constitution, formed at Montgomery, and that if you want union with them, you must adopt that, and supply to be admitted into their Confederacy. Having admitted that the aristocracy are the States wherein they live, having stopped the War, how do you expect to unite with them except by creeping in at the back door of their Confederacy? That is the precise point to which you are now tending.

Three and a-half years ago, before a drop of blood had been shed, we Republicans proposed a Convention, or rather adopted the proposition of Kentucky, that one be called. Had you Democrats then favored a Convention, we should long since have held one. But you resisted it, fought it, voted it down, including even Kentucky to join you in defending it, and now, after three years of carriage and devastation, you come round to our position, and vaguely recommend a Convention. We stand by it, and will help carry it; but that will not put down the Rebellion. We must first have Peace, then hold a Convention.

All the rest of this Platform is wind, signifying very little. It amounts in substance to just this: *The Administration has not surrendered the country to the traitors, North or South.* It has supported treason in loyal States, not sternly nor very consistently; it has not allowed those who defy the authority and trample on the flag of their Country, to have everything their own way. The Bramlette-Guthrie party in Kentucky thought this all right when it operated in their favor; now that it no longer does, they unite in denouncing it. We only wish they had had a Jackson in the White House to give them something real to complain of.

The "sympathy" tendered to the soldiers by this Platform is a wanton insult. Every line of it implies that their blood has been fruitlessly shed, and that they might better have staid at home and let the Rebels have everything their own way. What real sympathy can there be between those who regard the War for the Union and unjust and ruinous, and those who have laid their lives on the altar of their country's salvation? What soldier can desire the sympathy of those who have no word of reproof for the cruel villains who expose our prisoners to die in open lots, unsheltered and but half fed, but heap all their "reprobation" on the Government, which would protect and release them if it could?

Unionists of all the States! it is incumbent on us to beat this Platform and its backers! Let us resolve to do it, and begin the work now!

"Sambo," 'spose dare is six chickens in a coop, an' de man sells three, how many is left?"

"What time ob day was it?"

"What hab dat got to do wid it?"

"A good deal. If it was after dark, dare would be none left, dat is, if you happened to come along dat way."

"Look heah, stop dem personalities!"

A story is told of a deserter who has a glass eye, which he used to take out, when he wanted to get discharged, or when after running away, he wished to avoid detection. He enlisted and left the service twelve times, and will now leave it for the last time, as he is to be shot.

A country editor, praising a successful politician, called him "one of the cleverest fellows that ever lifted a hat to a lady or a boot to a blackguard."

They have got to growing chickens so large in Massachusetts, that the farmers have to sell them by the quarter like pork. Those are chickens to grow over.

Handsome features alone are incapable of expressing real beauty, as speech alone is incapable of expressing wit.

Young lady, get your lover upon his knees, but don't let him get you upon them.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

Speech of Mr. Harris of Maryland.

Mr. HARRIS (Md.) seconded the nomination of Thomas H. Seymour, and proceeded to eulogize his party services and abilities. Mr. Harris continued as follows:—One was nominated here to-day, who is a tyrant! (Cheers and hisses.)—He it was who first initiated the policy by which our rights and liberties were stricken down. That man is George B. McClellan. (Confusion.) Maryland, which has suffered so much at the hands of that man, will not submit to his nomination in silence.

His offenses shall be made known.—This Convention is a jury appointed by the people to pass upon the merits of the public men whose names would be presented for the support of the great Democratic party. General McClellan, I repeat, is a tyrant. He stood here to indict him. (Great confusion.)

A Delegate.—I call him to order. The President said he hoped there was no man present who would deny the right of free speech. Certainly no Democrat would do so. At the same time he hoped no delegate would feel called upon to pursue a course of remarks so offensive as to interfere with the harmony of the Convention.

Mr. Harris read McClellan's order of arrest against the Legislature of Maryland, and proceeded to comment upon the same, but the confusion was so great that the speaker could not be heard. He was understood to say that all the charges of usurpation and tyranny that can be brought against Lincoln and Butler, he could make and substantiate against McClellan. (Hisses, cheers and cries of "Vote for Jeff. Davis!")

The President wished that the Convention should come to order. There is no attack made here but which can be made elsewhere, and the gentleman against whom these charges are being made desires that they shall be made now and here, so that he can meet and explain them. These interruptions do injustice to ourselves, to the speaker, and to the distinguished gentleman against whom they are made. Let the gentleman from Maryland have a full hearing, and afterwards hear the other side from gentlemen who are ready and able to make a full explanation.

Mr. Harris proceeded to say that General McClellan was an assassin of State rights, a usurper of our liberties, and if nominated he would be beaten everywhere as he was at Antietam. He added that he could not go home and ask the members of the Legislature of his State to vote for such a man. He would not himself vote for him. (Hisses.)

Mr. Carrigan (Pa.) raised a point of order, that the gentleman having said that he would not vote for McClellan if nominated, he had no right to take part in the proceedings of the Convention. The President decided that the point was well taken, and amid the wildest confusion, Mr. Harris retired from the stand.

Mr. Carrigan said for many years the relations between that gentleman and himself had been of the most intimate and friendly character, but in view of the absolute necessity of preserving the morals of the Convention, he felt bound to raise the point of order which he had. He now moved that he be allowed to proceed in order.

General Morgan (Ohio), as a fellow soldier of McClellan, could not remain silent while the name and fame of that distinguished General was so shamefully impugned.

The charges were untrue. The Maryland Legislature was in session at Annapolis, and General Joe Johnston, of the Rebel army, was at Annapolis, and the conspiracy was formed, and certain members of the Legislature were conspirators. They intended that the State should secede, and an ordinance of Secession was framed; Maryland was to be invaded, overwhelmed by the enemy, and taken out of the Union.

What did General McClellan do? He simply took the best precautions in his power to thwart the treasonable scheme, and had he not done so he would have been guilty of the vilest treason. The man who says that General McClellan is a tyrant does not know him. A thorough soldier, with the gentleness of a woman and the courage of a lion, no more amiable and kind, generous hearted gentleman exists on the face of the earth, and no greater Rebel can utter than when such a man is called a traitor! (Applause.)

Mr. Eaton (Conn.) passed a high eulogy upon Thomas H. Seymour, but stated that his name was used here without his wish, and without the request of the Connecticut delegation.

Mr. Harris (Md.) explained that what he had said was that he could not go before the people of Maryland and ask them, or the members of the Legislature of that State, to vote for McClellan. He did not say that he would not vote for him. He held himself bound to vote for the candidate of the Convention.

The name of Governor Powell was withdrawn.

Mr. Wyckiffe withdrew the name of Mr. Pierce.

Mr. Jones (Md.) regretted that the gentlemen who had taken the stand in defense of General McClellan had assumed the ground he had, and intimated that there was a collusion between the members of the Legislature and certain Rebel generals. Had he put it upon

credible evidences he (Mr. Jones) might have remained silent; but he could not permit the Legislature of Maryland to be so falsely charged.

General Morgan explained that he intended to say that General McClellan had acted upon testimony which he regarded as creditable.

Mr. Jones said that so far from being creditable it has ever been pronounced by the victims of that action an utter falsehood. The Legislature had no power to pass an ordinance of Secession.

Those who were arrested demanded an immediate trial, even by drum-head Court-martial; but instead of giving them that justice which the law guaranteed to the poorest among us, they were told that they could have their liberty only by giving their parole. Some of them, worn out by the fatigues of imprisonment, did finally give their parole, but others preferred to yield their lives rather than submit to the humiliating test that was required of them.

This day they knew not their accuser. Still, he believed McClellan was too much of a gentleman and a Christian to act as he did, except upon creditable evidence.

Mr. Holmes (N. J.) moved that the debate on the candidates be closed, and moved the previous question.

Mr. McNeill (Ill.), on behalf of a portion of the Illinois delegation, and, as he believed, of a majority of the delegates of the great Northwest, nominated Horatio Seymour. (Prolonged cheers.)

The President said the motion was out of order.

Motions to adjourn were made, but were declared out of order.

Mr. Long (Ohio) took the stand in opposition to McClellan. He said Lincoln had been guilty of interfering with the freedom of speech, freedom of elections and of arbitrary arrests. In your resolutions, Mr. Long said, you have arraigned him before the people of the country for these tyrannies and usurpations, and yet you propose to nominate a man who has gone even farther than Lincoln in the perpetration of similar tyrannical measures upon the sacred privileges and rights of the people.

McClellan is guilty of the arrest of the Legislature of a sovereign State. He has suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* and helped to enforce the odious emancipation proclamation of Lincoln; the willing instrument of a corrupt and tyrannical Administration, aiding while possessing the military power, to strip American freemen of their dearest liberties. Will you so far stultify yourselves as to make him the standard-bearer of the Democracy? With all my heart I hope not. He had never done otherwise, and as between Lincoln and Fremont and any one calling himself even half a Democrat, he would have a choice and would be found voting with his friends, but he begged the Convention not to nominate McClellan.

Almost any other man who claims to be a Democrat would satisfy the Northwest. Weak as is your platform in many respects, we will stand up and do all in our power to maintain it, but in God's name don't add to its weakness by placing such a man in nomination.

Mr. Carrigan (Pa.) followed in answer to Mr. Harris, and quoted from McClellan's letter to Burnside, to Halleck and Buell, when these gentlemen were under him, to show that he invariably admonished them that the only object of the war was to preserve the integrity of the Union and the majesty of the laws, and that he invariably cautioned them to strictly guard against any infringement upon the rights of property and person. (Great applause.)

The last two speakers were constantly interrupted by motions to adjourn.

Objections to an adjournment were raised in all quarters, but as it was rapidly growing dark, and gas for lighting not having been introduced into the Wigwam, the opponents of an adjournment, who were evidently the strongest, had to concede the point, and the Convention adjourned.

A Look at the Situation.

Those who look at the advance of the campaign, made during the present season so far, may be divided into two classes, those who complain that we have done so little, and those who glory in what has been accomplished and overlook that which remains to be accomplished. The first complaint that our efforts so far have been a failure. We opened the campaign with the avowed intention of capturing Richmond and Atlanta, and we have failed so far to do both, but have had our own territory invaded by the rebels, Baltimore and Washington threatened, our merchantmen destroyed within sixty miles of Sandy Hook, and our currency and bonds terribly reduced according to the gold standard, while the rebels mock all our efforts, and declare their unconquerable determination to form a perfectly separate and independent form of government. But on the other hand, whatever may be said as to our successes on the land, the rebels are left now here in regard to every battle on the sea.—There have been but two contests this season here, one between the Alabama and the Kearsage, and the other between the wooden ships of Admiral Farragut, lashed to the upper mast of his own vessel, and Fort Morgan, one of the finest forts in the world, supported by the strongest fleet the enemy can muster of iron-clads and swift steamers.

Two such disastrous reports to a Naval

Secretary when the odds were so greatly in their favor, never had to be made as those of Captain Semmes and the opponent of Admiral Farragut. There seems to be no excusing, no account for such unmitigated disaster. Our Admiral steams as close to the fort as the water will allow and drives the men from their guns with his own grape and canister, and then compels the rebel Admiral to strike before he can turn round. Never did two naval experts place a nation so far in advance of the rest of the world save only when one of the same officers captured New Orleans.

"But on land we fail in all our attempts," says the croaker. Is the capture of Fort Gaines nothing? Is the little sister fort abandoned and captured, sailing up Mobile and leaving the rebels but two ports, Charleston and Wilmington, and showing the insecurity of both those? But it is on the land we wish to show the expiring strength of the rebel cause. Let any one look back six months, and in the Southwest, at least, beyond all our most sanguine expectations at that time has the rebel strength been broken. We have advanced and held one hundred and thirty-eight miles into the strongest and most fortified part of the enemy's territory, a way thus far from our own bases, have kept open communications and not let go our hold of ground once taken. This we could not have done a year ago. It is doubtful if the enemy can now muster thirty thousand men and boys in front of us at Atlanta, and they are becoming weaker every day.

Nor has the army of the Potomac failed of accomplishing all that could reasonably be expected of it. When any living creature gets thoroughly frightened, the blood leaves the extremities and centres around the heart. This is what makes cowards turn pale—and this is what has enabled and incited the rebels to concentrate their strength, thus far, around Richmond and Petersburg. It is the heart of the Confederacy, where all their forces converge—the last part to die. When it is penetrated, all is over. And the muscled around this, their vital organ, quiver to the last. But everywhere else the pulse beats feebler and more slowly. Compare instead, the rebel incursions and their effects this last year with those of former years, and we at once see the increasing feebleness of each attempt, and the readiness with which they give way the moment we show ourselves in force. Thus all their efforts die away, while we hold on to all we get, and are every month drawing the folds closer around, while their expiring strength becomes feebler for resistance, except, perhaps, just at the heart itself, where vitality yet remains, and alone perfectly remains.—*Leitger.*

Josh Billings Wants to Make a few Bets.

I want to make the following bets:
First—I want to bet 7,000 Dollars that Abraham Lincoln, Esq., and his wife, and his son Bob, will be the next President of the United States of America.

Secondly—I want to bet 35 Dollars that I shall vote for John C. Fremont, nor no other man will, who voted for Abe Lincoln, the last time he ran.

Thirdly—I want to bet 16 Dollars that the Chicagoer convention can't git the electoral vote of any state north of Macey's and Dixie's line, unless it is upper and Lower Canada.

Fourthly—I want to bet 10 Dollars that John C. Fremont's letter of acceptance embody the Chicagoer platform, and cuff else, to dam any man.

Fifthly—I want to bet several hundred Dollars that this war goes rite on, and any thing that gits in the way of it, whether it is Jeff. Davis or the Democratic platform, gits knucked higher than the top of Mount Pisgah.

Sixthly—I want to bet mi note for 1,000 Dollars, payable 6 months before it is due, that George B. McClellan, Esq., the Rev. Fernando Wood, or Valandigham, the pilgrim, will have to be the nominee at the Chicagoer convention; else the Democratic party will have to make a new platform tew suit some decent man.

JOSH BILLINGS.

An old negro, crossing the river to a dancing frolic, lost his ears, and came near swamping. In terror he fell down on his knees, and exclaimed:

"O, massa Lord, if effer you gwine to help old fra, now's de time!"

A good deal of consolation offered in this world, is about as salacious as the assurance given by the Irishman to his wife, when she fell into the river: "You will find ground at the bottom, my dear!"

Uniform love is now defined as the love of young girls for a volunteer.

If you visit a young woman, and you are won, and she is won, you will both be one.

Sydney Smith being sick; his physician advised him to take a walk upon an empty stomach. "Upon whose?" said he.