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## JOB PRINTING,

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

## ON THE CHICAGO SURRENDER.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

What! hoist the white flag when our triumph is nigh?  
What! crouch before Treason! make Freedom a lie!  
What! spike all our guns when the foe is at bay!  
And the rags of his black banner dropping away!  
Tear down the strong name that our nation has won,  
And strike her brave bird from his home in the sun!

He's a coward who shrinks from the lift of the sword;  
He's a traitor who mocks at the sacrifice poured;  
Nameless and homeless the doom that should blast  
The knave who stands idly till peril is past,  
But he who submits when the thunders have burst  
And victory dawns, is of cowards the worst!

Is the old spirit dead? Are we broken and weak,  
That cravens so shamelessly lift the white cheek  
To court the swift insult, nor blush at the blow,  
The tools of the Treason, the friends of the foe?  
See! Anarchy smiles at the Peace which they ask,  
And the eyes of Disunion flash out through the mask!

Give thanks, ye brave boys, who by vale and by crag  
Bear onward, unflinching, our noble old flag,  
Strong arms of the Union, heroes living and dead,  
For the blood of your valor is uselessly shed!  
No soldier's green laurel is promised you here,  
But the white rag of "sympathy" softly shall cheer!

And you, ye war martyrs, who preach from your graves  
How captives are nursed by the masters of slaves,  
Or, living, still linger in shadows of Death,  
Puff out the starved muscle, recall the faint breath,  
And shout till those cowards rejoice at the cry:  
"By the hands of the Union we fought for we die!"

By the God of our Fathers! this shame we must share,  
But it grows too debasing for freemen to bear,  
And Washington, Jackson, will turn in their graves,  
When the Union shall rest on two races of slaves,  
Or, spurning the spirit which bound it of yore,  
And, sundered, exist as a nation no more!

## THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest but not bashful;  
Free and easy, but not bold;  
Like an apple—ripe and mellow;  
Not too young and not too old.  
Half inviting, half repelling;  
Now advancing, now shy;  
There is mischief in her dimple,  
There is danger in her eye.  
She has studied human nature,  
She is schooled in all the arts;  
She has taken her diploma  
As the mistress of all hearts.  
She can tell the very moment  
When to sigh and when to smile:  
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,  
But the widow all the while!  
Are you sad! how very serious  
Will her handsome face become;  
Are you angry? she is wretched,  
Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb;  
Are you mirthful, how her laughter,  
Silver sounding will ring out;  
She can lure, and catch, and play you,  
As the angel does the trout.  
You old batchelors of forty,  
Who have grown so bold and wise,  
Young Americans of twenty,  
With the love-locks in your eyes,  
You may practice all your lessons  
Taught by Cupid since the fall,  
But I know a little widow  
Who could win and fool you all!

Some of our citizens are so afraid of breaking the Sabbath, that they do not work three days previous, nor three days after the Sabbath.

Why is a sawyer like a lawyer?—Because whichever way he goes, down comes the dust.

Our Devil came up very solemn, and set these two lines to fill this column.

## Who Began the War.

Mr. Edward A. Pollard, who is a Virginian and secessionist, in a work entitled "A Southern History of the War," sums up the martial doings of the Confederates, before Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated, as follows:

"On the incoming of the Administration of Abraham Lincoln, on the 4th of March 1861 the rival Government of the South had perfected its organization, the separation had been widened and envenomed by the ambidexterity and perfidy of President Buchanan the Southern people, however, still hoped for a peaceful accomplishment of their independence, and deplored war, between the two sections as a policy detrimental to the civilized world. The revolution, in the meantime, had rapidly gathered strength, not only in a moral power, but in the means of defence, Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney had been captured by the South Carolina troops; Fort Pulaski, the defence of Savannah, had been taken; the Arsenal at Mount Vernon, Ala., with 20,000 stand of arms, had been seized by the Alabama troops; Fort Morgan, in Mobile Bay, had been taken; Forts Jackson, St. Philip, and Pike, near New Orleans had been captured by the Louisiana troops; the New Orleans Mint and Custom House had been taken; the Little Rock Arsenal had been seized by the Arkansas troops, (though Arkansas had refused to secede;) and on the 6th of February Gen. Twiggs had transferred the public property in Texas to the State authorities."

## Sentiments of the Soldiers.

The Lancaster Express makes an extract from a late letter of Lt. M. Boring, a worthy officer of the 79th P. V. V., to a friend in that city. It expresses the general sentiments of the soldiers:

"The result of the late election is a source of great satisfaction to us, and I assure you that the old 79th will roll up such a vote for Abe and Andy as will astonish the Copperheads of Lancaster. We can't call these men Democrats, for the reason that they are not Democrats. They are traitors, too cowardly to uphold their cause and its principles by coming boldly into field and shouldering their muskets alongside of their more manly brethren—the rebel soldiers. Party strife in this hour of our country's peril, we as soldiers despise and abominate, and we regard those who participate in this, after the fashion of the Copperheads, as speculating in the blood of the country's stay and support, her patriotic army and navy. Though we may not fully endorse some of the measures of President Lincoln, yet we feel and know that in the general administration of his affairs no man could have done better, and we mean that he shall remain at the helm of our ship of state until we have safely weathered the storm of rebellion."

## Past and Future.

The first plank in the Chicago platform declares "that in the future, as in the past, we will adhere with unswerving fidelity to the Union," &c. In the light of the history of the past four years, this reads very much like a joke. Dare the party refer to its "past" fidelity to the Union? The people have not forgotten that the "past" history of the Democratic party is associated with the treason of Jefferson Davis, who prated much more loudly than his modern disciples of his devotion to the Union, while he was plotting its overthrow. The "past" indeed! If we are called upon to judge of the "future" of the Democratic party by the "past," we shall have a rebellion inaugurated upon Northern soil, if the mechanics and men of toil do not, in November, kneel and lick the feet of Davis and his arch conspirators, by endorsing the Chicago platform. Until the Democratic party can wipe out of existence the treason of Breckinridge, Mason, Slidel, Benjamin, and their co-laborers in the cause of treason, it would be well to avoid all allusions to the "past." We do not desire a repetition of the Unionism of the "past." The people have had enough of the devotion to the Union that finds its only expression in the murder of our fathers, sons, and brothers upon the battlefield, for no other offence than that the Democratic party of the "past," was determined to ignore the doctrine that the majority shall rule.

## Think of It.

While the Copperheads are crying out in behalf of the South and Slavery, hear what General Gantt, a native of the South says:—

"Our people have a right, God knows, to be sick of slavery, and they are sick of it. Oh! so sick. They can point to desolated homes, devastated fields, forsaken firesides, and smoking villages, as a monument of slavery. They turn from with loathing indescribable. But while we who are so much interested pray for deliverance from the curse, there is a sneaking party in the North who would force us to keep this curse with us."

## Curious Will.

There lately died in Buenos Ayres an old man of 78 years, whose will contained a clause leaving ten thousand cigars for those who might attend his funeral. This eccentric testator also expressed his desire that his friends should not leave the house of mourning without drinking to his memory all the wine left in his cellar.

## Who is Responsible for this War.

Copperheads proclaim it unceasingly that the Republican Administration is responsible for the war, and many honest Democrats believe that the rebels are only fighting to save their slaves from Mr. Lincoln. We have frequently published the contradiction to these falsehoods, and our readers know better; but a friend has handed in part of a speech of Governor Morton of Indiana, which tells the real truth in answer to the charge, in such clear language that we feel sure it will do good to re-publish it:

"My competitor says that Mr. Lincoln might have avoided this war if he had felt so disposed. He further says it has been brought on by the agitation of the slavery question. Now, one word in regard to that assertion that Lincoln commenced the war. In October, 1859 more than one year before Mr. Lincoln's election, Mr. Floyd, the Secretary of War under Buchanan's administration, issued an order sending 115,000 muskets to the Southern Arsenals, and during that administration orders were frequently issued sending guns to Southern forts and arsenals, and placing them where they could not be seized. In October Gen. Scott informed Mr. Buchanan that preparations were being made to seize the forts and dockyards of the South. During the time of Mr. Buchanan's administration, before Mr. Lincoln came into office, eight States seceded. During the term of Mr. Buchanan's administration the Montgomery Constitution was framed, and Jeff Davis was inaugurated President of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Davis himself had said before Mr. Lincoln came into office, 'the time of compromise is past, and if they resist secession we will make them feel Southern steel and Southern gunpowder.' On the day of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration there were more than 30,000 under arms in the South while we had less than 5,000. On the 6th day of March the rebel Congress passed a bill to increase the rebel army to 100,000 men. Four days before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration every shipyard, dockyard, mint, and custom house in the south had been seized, and every fort except Sumter was seized. All this was done during Buchanan's administration. Remember that eight States had seceded under the Democratic administration, while you charge secession as having been caused by Republican fanaticism. The rebel Constitution was formed while we of the North had a Democratic administration. And yet, for the purpose of dividing the people of the North, we are told that Mr. Lincoln made this war, when it is a matter of public history that preparation for the rebellion had been going on, not only through Buchanan's administration, but for thirty years before it. When the ordinance of secession was passed in South Carolina Convention, Mr. Ingalls in the South Carolina Convention said: 'It is the work of years.' Mr. Keitt said: 'I have been engaged in this war all my life.' Barnwell Rhett said: 'We have been engaged in this war for more than thirty years. It is no consequence of Lincoln's election, or the failure to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law; but we have been engaged in this war for more than thirty years.' That was true, and the same declaration was made in Georgia, Alabama, and other Southern States. Yet we are still told that Lincoln made this war, and that he might have avoided it if he had been so disposed. If there ever was a time when we were called upon to deal truly and honestly with the people it is now. We have no right—as we are men, and as we love our country, and our homes, and our families—we have no right to deal unfaithfully or untruly to the people. My friend should not let his party prejudices lead him so far aside from the path of duty and the truth of history. You have heard him denounce my administration, and you have heard him denounce Mr. Lincoln's administration. I want to know if any man in this assembly has heard him say one word, directly or indirectly, against the administration of Jeff Davis! Has he said one word against those men who are endeavoring to kill our brothers and sons on Southern battle-fields? Has he said one word against those men who shed the blood of the gallant Col. Hathaway, of your own county? Not a single syllable. Has my friend no indignation except for the brave men who rally round the old flag and are true to the cause of the Union? Has he no sympathy except for those who are opposing the Government? Is there nothing to be said against those men who are shedding the best blood of the land? I speak for them. I denounce, in their name, that rebellion as wicked and infamous against the best government in the world—rebels against liberty, against God and against humanity. And I call upon all truly and patriotic men to unite with me in denouncing that cause."

A good joke, says the Syracuse Standard, is related of Miss G., a laughter-loving, good natured lass, who was spending the afternoon with a neighbor, and during supper, the conversation turned on hens, eggs, &c., during which Miss G. observed "that their hens lay scarcely any eggs, and she couldn't tell the reason." "Why," observed Mr. P., "my hens lay very well; I go out amongst them almost every day, and get eggs." "My hens lay very well," was the instant rejoinder; "I wish you would come over and run with our hens a spell. I'm sure father would pay you well for your trouble."

Punch says: "Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know a woman having an attachment to an old bonnet?" Echo answers "never!"

## A Corner Lounger's Story.

The loungers who rendezvous in front of the Row on Chestnut street, between Fifth and Sixth, are a "peculiar people." John B. Gough forgot to introduce them into his lecture on eccentric specimens of the genus homo; but he could have found material on the broad pavements of the State House Row, and in the people who there do congregate, for racier descriptions and more original incidents than he has collated into his amusing lecture.—The veritable Lounger selects the shadiest spot in summer, and the sunniest brick in winter. He is always fluent in speech, fertile in resources, empty in pocket, and migratory in habit. Their peculiarities, if collated in velvet and gold, would exhaust an edition equal to all the copies of Joe Miller's witticisms ever published.—In their nonmedia movements over the city and country they collect an infinite fund of story and anecdote, which is duly delivered to the Lounger's Club at its next gathering on the steps of the State House.

An oddity was on the stump yesterday morning, with that looked as if a descending brick had converted its perpendicularity into a stage of semi-demolition, a coat that had worn its polish in days when Abraham Lincoln paddled a flatboat on the waters of the West, and a pair of trousers that would not descend to the ragged tops of the dilapidated shoes, and that wore as many rents as the smoke stack of the little Monitor carried after the battle with the Merrimac—he was a fit candidate for a magistrate's commitment for vagrancy. But he wasn't a beggar, if he was seedy. As he told his admiring audience, he lived by his wits and he had plenty of them.

A Reserve policeman, with a heavy corporosity and a movement of majestic bearing, collared the lounger just as he commenced one of his spread-eagle flights. "Come, I guess we have had enough of this. You have collected a crowd and obstructed the highway. You had better come to the Station."

"Guess not, police; and see here, I ain't obstructing any highway. This here's as low as any street in the town, and lower, too. I'll bet my pile on that."

"Well, we'll talk that over before Alderman Beiler. But you must come along now."

"Hold on, old blue coat and brass buttons, and I'll tell you a story about Old Pub. Fune, and Harry Clay first, and we'll go then. You see all my friends here waiting to hear it, and I'd a finished it afore now, but you stopped me."

It was when I began to coax my chin whiskers with a pound of Castle soap and a flint lock razor, when I went into Washington one morning, and I walked into the Senate. Old Buck, of Pennsylvania, had the floor, and was arguing on a military bill to encourage home militia, and to pay pension to the soldiers of 1812—Old Buck waxed eloquent, too; but Henry Clay took him down, as I'll tell you.—You see Buck flourished his rhetoric and said he, "Mr. President, I am speaking from personal knowledge of the soldiers of 1812. I gained my knowledge in their camps, sir. When the British tread was upon the shore of Maryland, my own blood leaped with patriotic impulse, and I took my old musket from its place and marched to Bladensburg, entered the ranks, and I tramped into Baltimore when the red coats left it, sir."

You see, police, he was on a speechifying bender, and when he finished, Harry Clay got up and fixed his eyes on the sleek looking embryotic President, and says he, "Mr. President—I am grateful to the gentleman for the little scrap of personal history he has given to the chamber. It deserves to be perpetuated among the Senatorial records. It is valuable, not only to show how patriotic the gentleman has been, but it is valuable for its chronological information. But, sir, there is one point which the Senator forgot to mention. I will put the question sir: Did the gentleman from Pennsylvania enter Baltimore because he heard that the British had left; or, did the British leave because they heard that the gentleman was coming?"

The group cackled extensively.—Policeman laughed as heartily as the rest. His face broadened till his eyes were closed, and when he opened them again the lounger was gone. No one regretted that he had made his escape.—*Phila. News.*

Teacher. Charles, spell axe.  
Boy. A-x-e, axe.  
Teacher. What is an axe?  
Boy. An instrument for cutting wood.  
Teacher. How many kinds of axes are there?

Boy. There is broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, and—axe of the Legislature, and axe of the Apostles.

Teacher. Go up to the head, Bill, aint you ashamed! Charley knows of three more axes than you do.

Said a soldier to a copperhead at Rutland, Vt., the other day, who had been abusing the Government and the army: "I am working for Uncle Sam. I have been fighting the rebels South, and while I am here I don't know but it is my duty to fight the rebels North—and there upon proceeded to lay him out."

Punch says: "Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know a woman having an attachment to an old bonnet?" Echo answers "never!"

## Historical Coincidences.

In the Whig National Convention which met in 1840, Gen. William Henry Harrison, a citizen of a free State, was nominated for the Presidency, with the understanding that John Tyler, of Virginia, should be the nominee for Vice President. Both candidates were elected, and General Harrison, dying within one short month after his inauguration, left the Presidency in hands of a most despicable traitor, who only had the merit of devotion to the interests of his own family first, and slavery second, to recommend him. There was always a mystery about the sudden taking off of 'old Tippecanoe,' and there were not wanting those who thought he had been the victim of foul play, and who refused to believe that an old soldier and politician could be bored to death by politicians (as was asserted) in the short space of one month.

General Taylor, was the next Whig President, and although he was a Southern man, he refused to lend himself to the scheme of taking the South out of the Union in the event of the admission of California with slavery prohibited in its constitution. It is a matter of history that when the old hero was approached upon the subject, he declared that if the treasonable experiment was tried he would himself head an army to enforce obedience to Federal laws. "Old Rough and Ready" did not long survive this threat, and after a sickness of a few days, he died, leaving his successor a Northern man who was pledged to the support of the Fugitive Slave law.—General Taylor's death was attributed to dysentery induced by eating raw blackberries, a fruit that is frequently eaten as a remedy for the disease named. At all events General Taylor died, and the country got Mr. Fillmore and the Fugitive Slave law.

General Pierce, of New Hampshire, and W. R. King, of Alabama, came next in order after Taylor and Fillmore. Mr. King died of consumption one month after the inauguration of his colleague, and before he had been enabled to assume the duties of the Vice Presidency, leaving "Poor Pierce" in the hands of his Secretary of War, Mr. Jefferson Davis. How well the renegade New Englander served his Southern keepers, Kansas and Nebraska will bear testimony. He was too valuable a President for the South to lose, so he escaped being bored to death by office-seekers, or being killed by a dysentery produced by eating blackberries.

James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge followed in regular succession, and "Old Buck" came very near being one of the victims of the wholesale poisoning at the National Hotel at Washington. Mr. Buchanan was an inmate of the hotel at the time of the "rat soup" affair; but by hook or by crook he escaped the honors of martyrdom. Had he perished along with numerous Northern victims, John C. Breckinridge would have been President of the United States for four years, and the sort of a President he would have made, the history of the past few years abundantly demonstrates. We do not charge the South with intending to poison Mr. Buchanan at the National Hotel; but it is at least extraordinary that of the many persons who were affected by the poison there were no Southerners, although there were numerous natives of Dixie who were guests in the house at the time.

Mr. Lincoln was the successor of Mr. Buchanan in the Presidential chair, and the perils he escaped on his road to Washington, before his inauguration, are matters of notoriety.

It may be urged, in answer to these implied charges of foul play which we have heard made against Southern political wire-workers, and which we have repeated, that they are not assassins, and that they are not capable of such vile treachery. This fine sentiment might have had weight four years ago; but now it is as light as a feather in the scale of argument. The Southern rebels have been guilty of worse crimes than are imputed to them by those who believe that Harrison and Taylor were the victims, and that good fortune alone saved Buchanan and Lincoln from martyrdom. The original treason of Davis, Floyd and Breckinridge was a far greater crime; and every devastated town, every Union victim of a secession gallows, every slaughtered garrison of defenceless prisoners, every merchantman trapped and burned, and every starved tenant of Libby or Belle Isle, is so much heaped upon the great original wrong. It may be fairly argued that men guilty of these great crimes may be capable of the lesser offences that are hinted at.

Now for the application. It is a matter of notoriety that undisguised sympathizers with Southern secession and rebellion, if not agents of Southern secessionists, were prominent actors in the Chicago Convention. They virtually sacrificed their "peace on any terms" principle, when they consented to run an avowed war candidate for the Presidency. But they took care to secure a rabid peace man, and a most inveterate Copperhead, as the candidate for the Vice Presidency, with the hope that with a non-committal platform, the war principles, and the supposed personal popularity of the one candidate, would secure the success of the entire ticket. If by any mischance this fine plan should be found to work successfully, it would at least be a most remarkable coincidence if General McClellan should be permanently bored to death by office seekers, take an over dose of rat-soup by accident, or conven-

ently die of dysentery induced by eating raw blackberries. In that event the road to peace would be single and easy for the South, as Mr. Pendleton would not be the man to throw any untoward obstacles in the way, even though peace meant the destruction of our nationality, and the possible subjugation of the North to Southern traitors. We give the hint for what it is worth. It is at least worth thinking about, between now and November, as accident might work the same results as design, and General McClellan does not enjoy any immunity from the chances of life and death.

## Thoughts for the Times.

Who stole the Indian Trust Bonds?—Pretended Democrats.

Who carried off the guns from the Northern to the Southern States? Pretended Democrats.

Who rebelled because they failed to carry an election? Pretended Democrats.

Who fired on Fort Sumpter? Pretended Democrats.

Who made war on the Government?—Pretended Democrats.

Who threatened to capture Washington? Pretended Democrats.

Who sympathized with traitors? Pretended Democrats.

Who denounced the Proclamation of President Lincoln calling out forces to resist them? Pretended Democrats.

Who now clamor for peace which is equivalent to acknowledging the Southern Confederacy? Pretended Democrats.

Who favor the breaking up of the Union formed by our fathers? Pretended Democrats.

Who got up a riot in New York in order to aid the rebels when they invaded Pennsylvania? Pretended Democrats.

Who are the enemies of good Government? Pretended Democrats.

## A Significant Incident.

The following incident occurred on board the Mary Powell, a few days since, while on her way to New-York:

A crippled soldier of the army of the Potomac, while engaged in selling likenesses of distinguished men of the country, paused before a group of gentlemen, and requested them to purchase. Holding up a package of his pictures, he named those of Lincoln, Grant, Burnside, Hancock and others.

"Have you the likeness of General Humburg?" interrogated one of the group, evidently intending an indiscriminate slur upon incompetent Generals.

"Yes," coolly replied the veteran, as he for a moment fumbled his cards, and held before the inquirer's face the likeness of Geo. B. McClellan.

The bystanders were not slow in seeing the point intended, and were convulsed with laughter, while the soldier added:

"It's a good thing for us soldiers to have a General we can be proud of.—General Grant never spends his time in making demonstrations against wooden cannon, camping his men in deadly swamps, and in masterly retreats. Give us Generals who will fight, and the boys will stand by them."

## Repairs.

"I am so lame from the railroad crash, I can hardly stand," said a limping, hobbling chap.—"Well, then, I hope you intend to sue for damages," said his friend. "Damages! no, no; I have had damages enough by them; if I sue for anything, it will be for repairs."

Mr. Vallandigham was at Columbus, Ohio, on Saturday, on his way to canvass the State of Pennsylvania, when he was met by McClellan's letter of acceptance. He at once directed the Democratic State Committee to withdraw his name from all appointments, and returned to his home.

The following jeu d'esprit we found a few days since, and we now publish it for the enjoyment of our readers, not because it contains poetry, but because it contains truth well expressed:

To re-elect 'Abe Lincoln  
Will deal a death blow  
At Copperheads and Rebels,  
Both had birds, at one throw.

Julius—What portion ob de army do de landlord dread de most?  
Sam—Don't reely know; nigga.  
Julius—Why, de left-tenants, ob course!

When the loyal Dutchmen at Mobile heard the guns of our fleet at the mouth of the bay, they smiled and said "Dat ish Farra goot!"

There are young women who will lay their head upon the bosom of one lover to gaze and wink at another.

In raising the heart above despair, an old fiddle is worth four doctors and two druggists' shops.

When men are long indifferent toward us, we grow indifferent to their indifference.

What fruit does a newly married couple resemble? A green pear.