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

"HOW IS GOLD TO-DAY?"

There was a time when if we met
A friend upon the street,
He talked on common themes—the war,
The cold, or else the heat,
And took an interest in one's health:
That time has passed away,
Now, no one asks how we do,
But, "How is gold to-day?"

These words pervade the atmosphere,
At wedding, funerals, balls,
No matter where; upon your ear
The anxious question falls.
You go to see the girl you love,
To drive your cares away;
You kiss, and then she sweetly says
Oh! "How is gold to-day?"

If gold is up or gold is down,
What good for me to know?
There is no jingle in our purse,
My funds are *statu quo*;
And so I hate the endless cry,
And long to soar away
To lands of peace where no one asks,
Well, "How is gold to-day?"

Simple Means of Destroying Flies.

To destroy flies get a four-horse power engine, put it in the kitchen, run shafting in every room, connected with the engine aforesaid by belts. On the shafting place fly wheels, smear the wheels with molasses, and set the engine going. The flies being attracted by the molasses on the fly wheels, will light on them, and the wheels revolving rapidly, they will be wheeled off. Have a boy under each wheel with a bat, and let him smite them as they fall, before they have time to recover from their dizziness. A smart boy has been known to kill as many as fifty a day.

A certain barber used to amuse his customers with his long yarns, while he went through his functions on their heads and faces. One day an old customer came in, took a chair, and ordered his hair cut. The barber went to work and began at the same time one of his long stories, to the no little dissatisfaction of the old gentleman, who, becoming irritated at the barber, said, "Cut it short." "Yes, sir," said the barber, continuing the yarn, until the old gentleman again ordered, "Cut it short. I say; cut it short." "Yes, sir," clipping away and gabbling the faster—"Cut it short, cut it short, I say," said the old gent. "Yes, sir," said the barber, going on with his story. "Will you cut it short?" bawled out the old gentleman in a rage. "Can't, sir," said the barber, "for if you'll look in the glass you'll see I've cut it all off." And to his horror upon looking in the glass the old gentleman found all the hair cut off from his head.

A Lazy Family.

There is a family in Vermont so lazy that it takes two of them to chop a stick of wood. Siah chops while Jim grunts, and then for a change Jim chops and Siah grunts.

Big Cradling.

There was a man out West who cradled three acres of grain in a day, and he was pronounced a wonder, only excelled by his wife, who cradled three infants in a night.

Metaphysics.

An Irishman describes metaphysics as follows: "Two men are talking together, and one of them is trying to explain something he don't know anything about, and the other can't understand him."

Rather Personal.

Mr. Camp, becoming enthusiastic, and holding out his brawny hand cried out exultingly: "What does that look like?" "That?" interposed Mr. Ames with a peculiar sniff of the nose, "that looks as though you were out of soap."

"I am glad this tea don't owe me anything," said an accountant at his supper. "Why so?" inquired his wife. "Because, I don't believe it has strength enough to settle."

The females of some of the Indian tribes, in order to keep silence, fill their mouths with water. Our women fill theirs with tea, and talk more than ever.

"See here, my friend you are drunk." "Drunk, to be sure I am, and have been for the last three years. You see my brother and I are on the temperance mission. He lectures, while I set a frightful example."

Married, at Detroit, Michigan, by Rev. Mr. Knox, Mr. Thomas Hunt to Miss Ella Bug. Who will, after this, say marriage is a humbug?

NEW YEARS ADDRESS BY THE CARRIER OF THE JEFFERSONIAN. January 1, 1865.

The morning dawns, and Sixty-four
Departs from life forever more,
And Sixty-five steps on life's stage
To take his share of heritage,
Which to each mortal, and each year,
Is bound to come with just such cheer
As to each one is sure dealt out
While trav'ling on life's chequer'd route.
And with the dawn of the New Year,
With many wishes of good cheer,
Comes "Jeemes," the humble carrier boy,
His face lit up with smiles of joy,
Ready, in poesy, to relate
The things which happen'd in the State;
And the little home news, too,
Well known to him but not to you.
Now reader travel 'long with me
And you shall see what you shall see.
Dead Sixty-four was born in trouble,
And his whole life was hubble-bubble:
Grim war stood mid-wife at his birth,
And battle's roar e'en quak'd the earth;
But through his days, not numbring few,
He many breaths of true joy drew.
As he came in so he went out,
'Mid nation's trouble, nation's pout.
Yet Sixty-four liv'd not in vain,
For, mid his trouble and his pain,
He left behind a record bright
Of what was done behalf the right.
All through the land the glorious word
That Union heart and Union sword
Had thrashed the Rebs, went gaily forth
And 'testified the loyal North.
From Rap-dan to Richmond's base
Brave Grant gave Lee a merry chase,
And held him there, in clutches tight,
A beaten and a bad scared wight.
Farragut, closely on the heel
Of Grant, sent greeting from Mobile,
That he the foe had conquered there
And laid the way to city bare.
Sherman, too, he look'd aslant a'
The Reb stronghold call'd Atlanta,
And took it, too, in spite of boast
Of all the serried Rebel host;
Drove Hood from out his well built trenches
And knocked secession off its haunches.
And then, for fun, he took a walk,
To see the folks and have a talk,
From where he showed the Rebels war
To where he heard old Ocean roar.
He walk'd and liv'd on banana,
And took rest in proud Savannah,
Where he was met with welcome ditty
And tender'd the freedom of the city.
And Sheridan, too, meek, yet burly,
Had his own fun with "twirling" Early.
Gath'ring his men for a grand rally
He sent Rebs kiting through the valley,
When Shenandoah's classic shore
Was e'en disturbed by canon's roar.
And Thomas, down in Tennessee,
Could not, in heart, be still, d'y'e see,
On lovely plain, in tangled wood,
He too must box the ears of Hood;
And heading neither threat nor snubbing
Gave Hood a most confounded drubbing.

The people seeing what our hands
Of Warriors brave had ta'en in hands,
And how they thrash'd the South'n devils,
Thought they would try the North'n rebels.
They stripp'd for fight with greatest speed
And, placing Abraham in the lead,
March'd forth to meet the foe. They met
The Cops, with hungry stomachs set,
Marshall'd, alas, and slac,
By Pendleton and Gunboat Mac.
Vandandigham, he too was there,
His brow plain stamp'd with treason's care;
And Ben and Ferdinand Wood,
At back of Val, and Mac they stood—
And Barr and Burnet—all the throng,
From Sep-ient John to the John De Young—
All stood there, like so many geese,
Squawking most lustily for peace.

But, onward! came the word from Abe—
Each Union warrior drew his blade
And at it went: pricked heel and gullet
And thickly hur'd the paper bullet.
On eighth November—glorious day,
Which saw the end of that affray—
There did on Cops o'erwhelming fall
The greatest thrashing of them all.
At Cops and Rebs, throughout the world,
The great and glorious truth was hur'd,
That madmen could not play the fool
On this bright part of God's footstool:
That for our country and its cause
There could be but one set of laws—
One people and one government
On liberty's widest spread intent.
From Maine all over went the word,
That never would we shield the sword
Until rebellion was crush'd out
And every leading rebel rout,
Whose heart was with treason callous'd
Has been high and safely g-lows'd.

Mad were the Cops when thus they found
The people in their might were bound
To crush their Rebel friends down South,
And take, from out their very mouth,
Their principles—"the loaves and fishes"—
All comfort from official dishes.
They swore quite hard, and looked grim,
And rais'd a devil of a hum
Around the heads of all who thought
That freemen of right surely ought

Act well their part and, like true men,
Stand by their cherish'd country when
Assailed by foes, from out and in,
Guilty of the black traitor's sin.
E'en Parsons were not left to glide
Smoothly upon Religious tide.
For having dared to think, and note
The sins of men, and, may-be, vote,
Their names were in the vortex dragg'd
And they attempted to be gagg'd.
Not if, upon the other track,
They voted for Mac Gunboat Mac;
Not if they hail'd from Jersey's night
And voted where they had no right,
Was this thing done. 'Twas only those
Who dared the stubborn right to chose;
And chosing dared to maintain
Their country's honor and good name:
For Wood and Burr, De Young and Coswell
Had found new Democratic Gospel,
Which teach's that party and not God
Holds over mortals the stern rod.

Adieu, kind reader, I am done
And leave you now to Number One.
May the New Year, just ushered in,
Bring lasting peace, and stop the din
Caus'd by dread war. And may our land
Again among the nation's stand
Great in its strength, in nothing hollow,
A model for the world to follow;
May fathers, sons and brothers come
Once more to greet the happy home;
And may you, 'till your end of days,
Enjoy good health and wisdom's ways.
Be kind to Jeemes—reward him well
And peace will with you ever dwell.
Adieu!—that "shinney" brightly gleams
On the heart of your humble JEEMES.

Financial Effects of the War.

The war for the Union was not begun to obtain any financial advantages, but on the contrary, with a clear foresight of the great financial waste and loss it would involve. It frequently occurs, however, that where we most certainly expect loss, and loss only, some dimly understood or previously unknown law of compensation intervenes, which not only settles the account, but leaves a balance of profit to our credit. The farmers of the Western States, a large proportion of whose farms were at the commencement of the war, and had for many years been mortgaged for half or two-thirds their value, did not expect that one of the first effects of the war would be, by depreciating the currency, to reduce the value of mortgages, which called only for fixed sums in currency, to one-half or one-third their original standard, and by raising the prices of agricultural produce to twice its former figure, enable them, with the same crops, to pay off three or four times as much of the debt due on their farms as formerly. Nevertheless this has occurred, and every township of the West has been witnessing this gradual emancipation of its farmers from their former load of individual debt.

While the borrowers have been thus relieved the lenders have fared equally well as a class. The funds which formerly sought investment on bond and mortgage, being loaned to individuals to enable them to carry on agricultural business, have largely sought five-twenties, seven thirties and other Government securities and speculations, which were so many ways of loaning to the Government the funds for conducting the war. The great national debt only takes the place of a vast aggregate of individual debts which would have to exist were there no national debt, for all surplus capital seeks borrowers, and every man's debt. If invested in improved property its returns are the rents. If put out on mortgage its return would be styled interest. If invested in five twenties its return are in the form of taxes and revenues. In either case, however, the consumer pays the rent, interest or tax, and in the aggregate it is probable the burden of debt is not greater now than formerly, as there has been no period in the history of our country when a given amount of labor has yielded a more adequate return in the necessities of life.

How a Soldier Fooled the Copperheads.

The following cute trick which a Union soldier played upon the Copperheads, occurred at the polls at Fort Wayne, Indiana. The soldier presented his ballot, when a noisy Copperhead challenged his vote. The Judges immediately refused the ticket. "Well," said the soldier, "you see what you have lost," at the same time unfolding his ticket, which proved to be a straight Copperhead one. This, of course, changed the thing at once; four or five leading Copperheads interfered and insisted on the soldier's right to vote, when the Judges reconsidered their decision and concluded he was a legal voter. This admitted, the soldier drew from his pocket a Union ticket and voted it, much to the chagrin of the well-sold Copperheads.

A dandy smoking a cigar entered a menagerie, the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth, "lest he should teach the other monkeys bad habits."

"John said a doting parent to her gormandizing son, "do you really think you can eat the whole of that pudding with impunity?" "I don't know, ma," replied young hopeful, "but I guess I can with a spoon."

BROTHER TOM'S WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"If you do marry that girl, brother Tom, I'll have nothing to do with her. I won't visit her, nor call her sister, nor speak to her!"

And Lizzie Dawton put on as outraged and indignant an air as it was possible for her to assume.

"What's the objection?" asked Tom, in his cool way, fixing his large calm eyes upon the pretty face of his sister, as she sat uneasily swaying half around and back again on the piano stool.

"Objection!" The young lady's cherry lip curled. "Who is she? What is she?"

"A sweet-tempered, true hearted young woman, who will make me a good little wife. Are you not answered, sister mine?"

"A sewing girl!" said Lizzie, contemptuously.

"What our mother was, as I have been told before her marriage, answered brother Tom. "And if my eyes have not deceived me, she has been a sewing woman ever since, or, at least ever since my recollection of her."

"That's another thing," said the sister. "Mother was superior to her class, and has risen above it."

"Suppose I answer your objections to Harriet, and say that she is superior to her class, and will rise above it? What then? My father made a good matrimonial venture, and I may do the same."

"But why, brother Tom," urged the sister, "don't you choose a wife from among those on your own level?"

"What do you mean by those on your own level? Let us understand each other."

"From among those who move in our own circle. From the educated, refined and accomplished."

"Such as the Misses Walton, for instance."

"Yes; or the Misses Eden."

"Whose fathers support them in idleness and expect the young men who marry them to do the same. Now Lizzie, the fact of the business is, I like Mary Eden very well, and once came so near falling in love with her, that I was really frightened. I did not go near her pretty face again for six months after I felt the first movement of the tender passion."

"Dear Mary! O Tom! why not marry her? I could love her as my own sister."

"Can't afford it, pretty. I'm but a poor young man, and have only my talents and industry to help me forward in the world. Mary can't do anything herself, and would expect me to put her in an establishment but little less costly than the one her father owns."

"Oh, but Tom, there'll be no necessity for you to house-keep at first. And then you know her father is well off in the world, and he'll give her a house, and furnish it, no doubt, when she's married."

But Tom shook his head.

"Mary Eden's father may or may not be rich," he replied. "My own private opinion is, that he is living up to, if not a little beyond his income. And as to the house and furniture which Mary's husband is going to get, that is something very fine to feed a fancy upon. The real bricks and mortar is another affair."

"Oh, but Mr. Eden's rich, Tom."

you understand that I am in earnest about marrying Harriet Parker. I hope you will reconsider your hasty resolutions about not speaking to your sister-in-law. The loss, let me tell you, will be all on your own side."

Brother Tom understood his own position entirely. He was not a man to stoop below himself in marrying. He could not unite himself with one who was ignorant and unrefined—against that his generously cultivated soul would have revolted. But he wanted a real, not an artificial woman—one who could take her place beside him, as he said on the lowest round of fortune's ladder, and keep step with him upward. Such a one he had found in Harriet Parker, and he was independent enough to make her his wife.

Lizzie soon discovered, after brother Tom actually got married and commenced house-keeping in two rooms, with his modest, cheerful, earnest minded wife, that her new sister had about her something that insensibly won the love, commanded the respect and almost extorted the admiration of all who were fortunate as to make her acquaintance.

"Marriage they say, makes or mars a man," the brother overheard Lizzie once saying, in an undertone to a lady friend. "But it will not mar the fortune of brother Tom. He's got just the wife to help him along in the world; and one that will grace any position to which they may rise."

"My own sentiments exactly, pretty," spoke our brother Tom. "She's a jewel, and worth a thousand of your paste and tinsel women. I told you so. But you couldn't believe me. Now, if you'll go and apprentice yourself to a dress maker, or milliner, or learn to do any useful work—useful not simply ornamental I mean. I will recommend you to the new President of the society I told you about. I had to resign when I got married. He's a splendid specimen, and will make a husband worthy of a queen."

The voters of Lyons, N. Y., on election day were astonished by the appearance of a young lady at the polls. She came with her father, a very infirm old man, to see that he was not imposed upon by the vote distributors. The vote was of course for the Union and later, and her patriotic public made up a complimentary purse for the patriotic young lady.

It has been truthfully said that the voice of the people was never more unmistakably the voice of God than in the recent election. It was in this faith that a clergyman of Middletown, Conn., at a recent torchlight display, exhibited a transparency over his door, with a quotation from Genesis xxii, 15—"The angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of Heaven a second time."

An amusing fact occurred in New York on the visit of General Grant to that city recently. He took a hack to conduct him to his hotel. The driver, after depositing the General gave his friends the following toast: "Here's to myself, Dennis Connelly, the biggest man in Ameriky but one. I've driven the Lieutenant General of the United States, and its more than Bobby Lee ever did."

A good story is told of an officer in the American army, during the war of 1812-14, who was still more accustomed to the use of the sword than the pen. While stationed on the lake frontier, two of his soldiers, brothers, by the name of Kennedy, and usually called Kannada, deserted. The officer of whom we are speaking wrote an order, and issued it to a subaltern, to take a file of men and proceed to a place named, and take the two Canadas. The order was peremptory and not to be trifled with. The officer looked at his instructions and prepared to obey them, but remarked that he did not believe he could take more than one of the provinces without a reinforcement.

One of our best clergymen last Sunday preached a sermon on autumn, wherein he alluded to the "pomp of the regal forests." One of his hearers objected on the ground that it was an abolition discourse. An explanation was asked. "Why," said he, "didn't he say 'Pomp of the forest, and isn't that nigger in the woods, I'd like to know?'"

The ropetrick of the Davenport brothers is an old thing according to the King of Oude, who says that in India it used to be performed in this fashion: The performer was tied neck and feet and put in a sack, the mouth of which was carefully secured; he was then thrown into deep water, from which he emerged swimming, free from both ropes and sack. A London paper urges subjecting the Davenport brothers to this test.

"You say," said the Judge, to a German who was tried for bigamy, "the clergyman who married you to your first wife authorized you to take sixteen?—What do you mean by that?"

"Vell," said Hans, "he told me that I should have four petter, four verser, four richer, and four poorer, and in our country four dimes four make sixteen."

"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a darkey, who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes; "it takes hold first rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

Worth Living For.

"When from my room I chanced to stray, to spend an hour at close of day, I ever find the place most dear, where some friend treats to lager beer.—*Sacramento Age.*

"Ah! yes, my friend, of city life, sure such a treat cures such a strife, but better than such dose by far, are pleasures of a fine cigar.—*Placer Herald.*

"Such pleasures may suit baser minds, but with the good no favor finds; we think the purest joy of life, is making love to one's own wife.—*Volcano Ledger.*

"Most wise your choice, my worthy friend, in Hymen's joys your cares to end, but we, though tired of single life, can't boast of having our own wife; and so, when 'death our cares we faint, we fly to kiss some gal that ain't—yet.—*Napa Reporter.*

"The 'lager beer' will bile provoke, while fine Havanas' end in smoke. To court one's wife is better far than lager beer or vile cigar. Kisses, the dew of love's young morn, break on the lips as soon as borne. These all are taught to that great joy—the first glance at your first born boy!—*Evening Ledger.*

"'Tis true, a boy's a wished-for blessing but then suppose the first a girl? A dear sweet child with waves caressing, with pointing lips and flaxen curl, with dimple cheeks and laughing eye, to come and bid 'papa' good bye! So whether boy or whether t'other, embrace the babe and then the mother.—*San Francisco Globe.*

"To Persons About to Marry."
There is something ominous in the custom described in the following extract: "The manner of advertising for a husband in Java is by placing an empty flower-pot on the portico roof, which is as much as to say, 'A young lady is in the house. Husband wanted.'"

That, says a morose bachelor of our acquaintance is as much as to say that when a man marries he goes to pot.

A rich man made his will, leaving all he had to a company of fellow-citizens to dispose of, but reserving to his right heir "such a portion as pleased them." The heir having sued the company for his share of the property, the judge inquired whether they wished to carry out the will of the testator, and if so, what provision they proposed making for the heir?—"He shall have a tenth part," said they, "and we will retain for ourselves the other nine." "Take, then," said the judge, "the tenth part to yourselves, and leave the rest to the heir; for by the will he is to have what part-pleaseth you."

A Dutchman and his intended appeared before a newly installed Dutch squire to be married. Bidding them join hands, the squire began:—"Hans, dush you lofe this woman so mootch as you can?"

"Yaw," replied Hans.

"Katerine, dush you lofe Hans so mootch as you can?"

"No," promptly replied Katerine.

"Dosh you lofe him enuff to marry him?"

"Yaw," replied Katerine.

"Vell, den, I bronounce you man and womans."

Hans asked the charge.

"Oh! nothing, nothing," replied the squire, "if you ish satisfied I ish too."

Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"

"Send it to the editor of course."

"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?"

"Cause he says if anybody will send him a club, he'll send them a copy of his paper."

The mother came pretty near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask, "But, Tommy dear, what do you suppose he wants of a club?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it's to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper."

The following advertisement appears under the head of a "Wife Wanted," in an Arkansas paper:

"Any gal what's got a bed, coffee pot, skillet, knows how to cut out britches, can make a huntin' shirt, and knows how to take care of children, can have my services until dea h parts both of us."

"That's a pretty bird Grandma," said a little boy. "Yes," replied the old dame, "and he never cries." "That's because he's never washed!" rejoined youngster.

The story goes that, when things were working so badly in the Shenandoah Valley, Secretary Stanton applied to Gen. Grant for a remedy. "Send me," says the Secretary, "the very best man you have got in the army. Grant replied by sending Phil Sheridan, saying, "There isn't much of him, but he's the man you want." It is said that the Secretary looked somewhat askance at the slight and youthful figure standing before him; but he set him at work, and now he is convinced that Grant knew his man.

"For the want of water I am forced to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine." This speech is a riddle, and here is the solution. It was the complaint of an Italian vineyard man, after a long drought and an extremely hot summer, that had parched up all his grapes.