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## JOB PRINTING,

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## THE RIVER OF TIME.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,  
As it runs through the realms of tears  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
And a broadening sweep, and a surge sub-  
lime,  
That blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of  
snow,  
And the summers like buds between,  
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and  
they go  
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,  
As it glides through the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle on the river of Time,  
Where the softest of airs are laying;  
There's a cloudless sky, and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper-chime,  
And the Junos with the roses are straying.

And the name of this Isle is "The-long-Ago,"  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of  
snow—  
There are heaps of dust,—but we loved them  
so!  
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobly  
sing  
And a part of no infant's prayer;  
There's a lute unwept, and a harp without  
strings,  
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,  
And garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the  
fairy shore  
By the mirage is lifted in air;  
And we sometimes hear through the tur-  
lent roar,  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone be-  
fore,  
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye, be that blessed isle  
All the days of life, till night,  
When the evening comes with its beautiful  
smile,  
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,  
May our "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

### Crockett in a Quandary.

"I never, but once," said the Colonel, "was in what I call a real genuine quandary. It was during my electioneering for Congress, at which time I strolled about in the woods so particularly pestered with politics that I forgot my rifle. Any man may forget his rifle, you know; but it isn't every man that can make amends for his forgetfulness by his facilities, I guess.

I chanced that I was strolling along, considerably deep in congressional; the first thing that took my fancy was the snarling of some young bears, which proceeded from a hollow tree; but I soon found I could not reach the cubs with my hands, so I went feet foremost, to see if I could draw them up by the toes.—I hung on at the top of the hole, straining with all my might to reach them, until at last my hands slipped, and down I went, more than twenty feet, to the bottom of that hole, and there I found myself almost hip deep in a family of fine young bears.

I soon found that I might as well undertake to climb the greatest part of a rainbow as get back, the hole in the tree being so large, and its sides so smooth and slippery from the rain.

Now this was a real, genuine quandary. If I was to shout, it would be doubtful whether they would hear me at the settlement, if they did it would ruin my election; for they were of a quality too cute to vote for a man that ventured into a place that he didn't understand how to get himself out of.

Well, now, while I was calculating whether it was best to shout for help or to wait in the hole until after election, I heard a kind of grumbling and growling overhead; and looking I saw the old bear coming down stern foremost upon me.

My motto always was "go ahead," and so soon as she lowered herself within my reach, I got a tight grip of her tail in my left hand, and with my little buck horn huffed pen-knife in the other, I commenced spurring her forward. I'll be shot if ever a member of Congress rose quicker in the world than I did. She took me out of that hole in three shakes of a lamb's tail.

Hon. Wm. H. Kemble, treasurer elect of this State, assumed the charge of the Treasury Department last Monday. Henry D. Moore is the retiring State Treasurer.

The United Brethren Church of Reading was broken into a few nights ago, and robbed of the mourning material with which the interior was draped, the communion cup, and the covering of the pulpit.

## RECONSTRUCTION.

### THE STATUS OF THE REBEL STATES

*Reinauguration of State Governments—Nationality and Freedom the Basis of Restoration—Secession and Slavery Renounced—Unconverted Rebels to be Excluded from Voting—The Terms of Citizenship to be Unconditional Loyalty—Negro Suffrage Advocated at the South—Condition of Freedmen to be Improved—Opinions of an Arkansas Lawyer.*

The following letter from E. W. Gantt, who figured prominently in the early days of the Rebellion as leader in Arkansas, and afterwards abandoned the Rebel cause, will be read with interest:—

Washington, D. C., May 6, 1866.

Hon. Wm. D. Kelley—My Dear Sir:—I have just finished reading your admirable speech upon the state of the country, delivered January 16th, and while dissenting from some of its details, desire to thank you for it as a bold, open, and statesman like move in the right direction. The status of the Rebel States, and the status of the black man are becoming absorbing questions.

The sooner the States are restored properly, the better for them and the country. They had better never be restored as States than restored improperly. I mean by being restored properly, that they should be restored upon the basis of nationality and freedom. I say this for many reasons, and among them, because there never were issues more distinctly submitted for settlement than these antagonisms of Secession and slavery upon one side, and nationality and freedom upon the other; issues submitted to the sword because diplomacy and statesmanship could not settle them.

Nationality struggled at first alone. It floated freedom and protected slavery.—But it was driven at length, after many defeats and disasters, in sore distress, to tear itself from slavery and ally itself with freedom. Then the issue was fairly made up, and after many victories, fairly won. The verdict being in favor of the Government, the remaining question is, shall it have judgment and execution? That it should, is clear. The most practical way to enforce it is the thing desired. And herein arise a multitude of opinions. But it is conceded by all loyal persons that it must arise somehow out of the reorganization of State Governments about to take place. While the armies contended I urged the formation of State Governments based upon the nationality of freedom, out of any material at hand, that they might come in as supplementary to the action of the army, and assist in overthrowing the Rebel State Governments. But with the downfall of their military, their whole civil power, both Confederate and State, collapsed, and a new phase is thus presented.

Passing over Tennessee, Arkansas and Louisiana, I come directly to those States which have taken no steps towards reorganization. I propose to show how, in their reorganization, the nation can secure the fruits of its trials and triumphs; or, so to speak, have judgment and execution upon the verdict.

In each of these States military Governments should be appointed. Small detachments of troops should be stationed at different points as a police force merely. When the people by public meetings and loyal resolutions, and other unmistakable evidences, show signs of loyalty, and a desire for government, an enrollment should be ordered.

In doing this it should be borne in mind that the Rebellion sprang from and rested upon the ideas of Secession and Slavery. That consequently all who entertained and adhered to these ideas were rebels, whether they held office or agencies or not, or wherever they resided.—As a right to be enrolled and participate in the election, the applicant should be required to take an oath to support the Constitution, and make a written, solemn and public renunciation of secession and slavery. The enrollment completed, an election should be ordered for a Convention of the people. This Convention would change the organic law of the State in the particulars indicated above, and order an election for a permanent State Government, such election to be participated in only by the parties enrolled as above. I should desire the enrollment for two reasons.

First, to keep out the discounted and unconverted Rebel of the South; Second, the more dangerous (in the future) Rebel of the North. Before the work of reorganization takes place, many Northern men who have advocated openly the same ideas that Jefferson Davis fought for, who have attempted to pinion the arms of the Government from behind, while armed Rebels stuck it in front, will go South, and be prima facie entitled to vote. The triumph has been over them too; then give the nation judgment of them too. Are they fit to engage in reorganization until they give up the ideas that made them Rebels? It may be argued that they have changed. Then the oath will not hurt them, but an open confession do them good.

General Butler's plan, admirable in many respects, is objectionable in this, that he proposes to exclude absolutely ALL who held "offices or agencies" under the Rebel Government, without regard to what may have been their opinions.—There are thousands thus circumstanced

who, theoretically and at heart, never were Rebels, and are not to-day. Captain Williamson, of Arkansas, told me, in 1862, that of his whole company of ninety-four men only two were Secessionists. And there are thousands of bitter Rebels who never held an "agency or an office"—Gen. Butler's plan strikes at men and misses evil. It will often crucify in the man the very principle he would have live. Nor does it make provision against his "Northern brother," who will soon come South, and by length of residence be entitled to vote, and who will bring with him his unsubdued Rebel nature, his ideas of ultra States rights or Secession, and slavery.

In treating with him and all, we must bear in mind that the end of the Rebel-ism is not the mere breaking up of the physical forces that sustained it, but the extirpating of the ideas that made it!—This being so, the Government should say firmly, and with no possibility of compromise, to those persons who propose to reorganize civil government in any State, whether they may be Southern residents or recent emigrants from the North. "You must take the oath of allegiance; you must solemnly renounce Secession and slavery as a condition precedent to your right to vote; and must incorporate such renunciation in your organic law as a condition precedent to your right to be recognized as a loyal State Government." Thus these great antagonisms can be finally and forever settled under our Government. A policy short of this is no "settlement," but a surrender.

These two points secured, there remains a third, growing out of the others, and that is, what is to be done with this newly declared man—the negro. That he is needed at the South, that he is capable of culture and improvement, is certain; and that self-protection will compel the South to protect and improve him, is equally so. That all loyal men should accord to him the principle of suffrage and equality before the law is becoming a wide-spread conviction, and will gain strength the more narrowly it is scrutinized. But, as in other cases, how is this to be reached? Can it be done, also, in the work of reorganization?

That, I think, depends upon the status of the revolted States.

There are two theories on this question. One is, that the State Governments were overthrown, and with them their organic law and legislation based upon it. And that being thus overthrown, the authority of the General Government attached, and all the rights of the States reverted. And that this being so, the organization must be de novo.

The other theory is that the State Governments were usurped or overthrown but their organic law and legislation based upon it, remained intact. That from the day of that usurpation or overthrow, the authority of the General Government attached upon the general intentment that no portion of its territory could be without Government. That while that authority attaches it can only do, aside from its military acts, whatever the State could do under its laws, were its powers of action not suspended, and with this limitation, that it cannot add to or take from its laws; that it reaches from the last legislative act performed by the loyal State Government overthrown to the first legislative act done by the loyal State Government "set up." In other words, that it simply connects together the State before rebellion and the State restored, bridges over the gap, so to speak. This theory I have advocated earnestly for eighteen months.

Under the first theory we could meet the difficulty of suffrage at once, by the power of the General Government to define who should be entitled to suffrage, since it would be impossible to contravene laws which had perished. Could we be satisfied of the correctness of this theory the whole question could be disposed of in the various State organizations.

Under the second theory we would be checked by the laws of the State, the affairs of which the General Government is supposed to be administering as far as it can without infringement of the organic and statutory laws supposed to have survived the overthrow or usurpation of the State Governments, and to be waiting to be revived by loyal functionaries. In this view of the case, we must trust to Convention when called to apply the remedy in the organic law, or to the people, after re-organization, to give to the colored man the right of suffrage so fairly won and so justly deserved. This to be limited, however, to the soldier and to those who could read and write.

These are the great questions looming over the wide spread desolation that surrounds them, and such seems to me substantially the way to dispose of them.

As to suffrage for the colored free man, he once had it in the South. It was taken from him, not because he was unworthy of it, but because his exercises of it rendered the slaves around him discontented; and endangered the slave fabric by his future influence. But now that slavery is destroyed, need men be afraid of the freedmen? What do the people want? The perpetuation of liberty by wholesome laws. What more jealous and watchful sentiments could I have than those who themselves had come up from bondage, or learned of its horrors, from perhaps many exaggerations, from the traditions of their fathers? What is the duty of the nation; what

the interest of the Southern white man in this connection? The elevation of the black. What stronger incentive could you give him for commendable effort than the protection of equal laws and the right to suffrage when he prepared himself to exercise it? It is said to be unpopular to hold these views. It may be so. With me it matters not. I seek not popularity. As I have often said, I never intend to hold an office. I admire your position more, who, a public man, have the nerve to "stand for the right," without a thought as to its popularity.—But I think it will all come out right in the end. Is there a soldier in all the land remembering his escape from dungeons and starvation in the South and the dusky companion of his stormy perils, who could deny the aid of his name and influence to that companion in his pilgrimage from chains and bondage to a home, freedom and happiness.

Is there the wife, sister or mother of such soldier, who, as she sits at nightfall, and hears from his lips the stories of that simple-hearted kindness and unwavering devotion which cheered him beneath skies very far away, and saved him when dangers and foes lurked on every hand; is there one of these who would refuse her influence for these poor wretches in the crisis of their fate, who, looking back breathless to their long night of servitude and sorrow to the hopes awakened in their bosoms, stretch out their arms imploringly, ask to be protected by the laws, and not abandoned and left a condition more deplorable than bondage itself?

Is there a humane slaveholder in all the South, who would be willing to see those once his slaves, once forming a part of his household, always kind, obedient and uncomplaining; attached to his children, ready to weep over his misfortunes, and rejoice over his success and minister in affection and kindness to his suffering wife and children; is there one of these so dead to every noble impulse, as to consent to see these creatures, liberated by God's decree, floating about like waifs in the land, spurned and trod upon by the rude and heartless, deprived of all opportunities and doomed to penury and destruction? There may be such a one. If so, he is less fit for suffrage and citizenship than the humblest of those who were once his degraded chattels.

Is there a Unionist from all the poor men of the South who, hunted and hounded from crag to jungle in his weary exile from the home of his childhood, and the graves of his fathers, as he recalls the weary night watch, the shared crust of bread, the rude couch given up, the doubtful way, rendered clear, the pursuing avenger foiled by the simple-hearted and faithful black, forgetting all his wrongs in compassion for the wronger. Oh! is there one such who, as he remembers all this, would not feel abashed to refuse to that race every protection, every means of advancement, even suffrage itself? But really I have said much more than I intended. I shall return home in a few days, when you may hear from me again.

Your obedient servant,  
E. W. GANTT.

Two business gentlemen from New Haven, who occasionally indulge in a little sporting experience, visited Southington on a hunt the other day. Birds were not very plenty, and doubtful of success the gentlemen started for the depot towards night, to take the train home.—Coming across an Irishman, they accidentally asked him if there was any rabbits, partridges, quails, foxes, or any other game about there.

"Bedad there is that! I can put my finger on a nest of foxes where there is five young uns and the old un! They are so tame yez can strok 'em wid yer hand."

This was a chance to capture for that must not be lost, and after some dickering, Pat agreed to pilot them to the nest for three dollars. After trudging through the woods about a mile, the party came in a clearing where stood a log house.—With a horrid Milesian grin, he pointed to an old woman and five young imps lying losses about the main floor, exclaiming:—

"See the tame crathurs! Mrs Pathrick Fox, these hunthers are after yez!—Good day, gentlemen!"

The hunters got back to the depot too late for the train that day, but they arrived home all safe the next morning. It is unnecessary to mention, however, that it is not to them we are indebted for the above facts.—New Haven Journal.

## Official Secrets.

The editor of the Farmington Chronicle is postmaster of that place, and occasionally lets out some of the official secrets. Having permitted the merchants to distribute to the boxes a circular which treated upon a lively subject called the "itch," a good old lady, after receiving the contents of her box, and perusing it as she walked toward the door, suddenly turned back, and cried out in a sharp voice through the delivery, "How did you know we had the itch at our house? I have always cautioned the children about scratching in public, and thought it was a secret!"

Out of eight thousand, rank and file, prisoners of war, confined last week in Fort Delaware, but three men declined to renew their allegiance to the United States.

## BOSTON CORBETT.

The friends of sergeant Boston Corbett, the soldier who shot the assassin Booth, have furnished for publication some interesting incidents of his life, which are not mentioned in any of the accounts already printed.

It appears that Corbett, who is a man of eccentric habits and disposition, and in some respects of remarkable character was born in England in 1832, that he came to this country when he was seven years of age, and resided in this city till about ten years ago, working at his trade as hatter. He worked also in Boston, Troy, Albany, Richmond, Va., and in other cities. In Virginia he was obnoxious, on account of his anti-slavery opinions, and was compelled to leave the state. He had married, but his wife died, and he is still a widower.

Corbett—whose name was originally Thomas H.—made a profession of religion in Boston, and joined the Methodist Church having been baptized under the name of "Boston" Corbett. He became exceedingly enthusiastic, and devoted himself entirely to the faith he had accepted. He was at the same time impulsive, doing without hesitation what he thought was right, and acting without much regard to the opinions of others.—When asked why he changed his name to Boston, he replied that when converted he was born anew, and thought it proper to distinguish his second birth by taking a new name. He had, he added, the happiness to obtain religion in the chief city of Massachusetts; and in recognition of that fact had called himself Boston.

Just before the beginning of the war, Corbett worked at his trade in this city; but had much difficulty in getting along and paying his way. He was exceedingly liberal; believed it to be his duty to divide his means with the poor, and often left himself without the means of living comfortably. Faithful and skillful in his occupation, he nevertheless failed to find constant employment, because he was unwilling to work for any man who did wrong; and nearly all his employers conducted themselves in some manner contrary to his ideas of right, Corbett lost much for conscience sake.

Corbett once worked for a hatter in Broadway, but disagreed with him, and finally declined to work in his shop any longer for the following reasons: It appears that the hatter was in the habit of purchasing old hats, dressing them neatly, and selling them as new articles.—Corbett objected to this proceeding, and remonstrated with his employer, telling him he had no right to dispose of hats worth three dollars and fifty cents for five dollars. The hatter persisted, and Corbett left.

In the earlier stages of the rebellion Corbett took strong grounds in favor of maintaining the national authority. He thought it right to shoot traitors wherever they could be found. Some female members of the church with whom he associated differed from him as to the propriety of such language; besides they did not think it right to kill under any circumstances, and a charge was made against him, though in indefinite forms of having done that which was "inconsistent" with Christianity. When he inquired for particulars, he was answered that he had announced his willingness to "shoot men like dogs." He rejoined that the rebels deserved just that; he would first say to them: "God have mercy on your souls," and then "pop them off."—Corbett has since declared that when shooting at the rebels he always makes such a prayer; and the accounts are to the effect that he repeated it before he killed Booth.

Corbett served with the Twelfth regiment of this city when it took the field in 1861, and when it was captured he declined to give up his musket saying that the rebels should never have any of the government property if he could help it. He hid his piece under a rock, and it was not found. Corbett afterwards enlisted in a three months' regiment, and finally entered the Sixteenth cavalry.—His friends say he refused to take the bounty, preferring to serve his country without any remuneration of that kind. It is unnecessary to recapitulate his military history. He conducted himself with singular bravery throughout. One incident will illustrate his character.

While Corbett was in the Twelfth regiment and was a private, his colonel used profane language when on parade. Corbett stepped out of the ranks and reproved him, saying that he had violated the law of God, and he considered it his duty to reprimand him. Corbett then took a Bible out of his pocket and read the commandment "Thou shalt not swear," &c. The result was that Corbett was ordered into the guardhouse for punishment. He went cheerfully, declaring on the way that he had done only what was right, and that he was willing to accept what should come of it. In the guardhouse he sang psalms, disturbing the other prisoners.—He was then directed by the officer in charge not to sing any more; but he would not obey and did as he pleased.—But it seems the Colonel was not willing to punish Corbett, and sent word to him by a captain that he should be liberated if he would say he was sorry. Corbett replied that he would do no such thing. He told the captain, however, to say he had only offended the colonel, and the colonel had offended God; and he would never ask the colonel's pardon till that officer should ask pardon for his sin.—

Corbett was soon afterwards released unconditionally.—N. Y. Evening Post.

## What an Editor Might Have Been.

Holland, the editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, has been up in Vermont, to "where he came from," and thus sketches what he should have been if he had not left home and become an editor:

Your correspondent would have grown stalwart and strong, with horny hands and a face as black as the ace of spades. He would have taught school winters, worked on the farm summers, and gone out haying fifty days in July, and taken for pay the iron works and running gear of a wagon.

At two and twenty, or thereabouts, he would have begun to pay attention to a girl with a father worth \$2,000, and a spit curl on her forehead—a girl who always went to singing school, and "set in the seats," and sung without opening her mouth—a pretty girl any way. Well, after seeing her home from singing-school, for two or three years, taking her to a Fourth of July, and getting about \$100 together, he would have married and settled down. Years would have passed, away, and the girl with the spit curl would have eleven children—just as sure as you live—seven boys and four girls.

We should have had a hard time in bringing them up, but they would soon be able enough to do the milking and help their mother wash days, and I getting independent at last, and feeling a little stiff in the joints, would be elected a member of the legislature, having been an assessor and a school committeeman for years. In the evening of my days, with my pipe in my mouth, thirteen barrels of cider in the cellar, and a newspaper in my hand, I should sit and look at the markets through a pair of gold mounted spectacles, and wonder why should such a strange silly piece as this be published.

A Virginia correspondent of a New York paper writes:

Over four hundred thousand dollars in rebel currency was found in one of the wagons captured by us, which has been extensively circulated among the troops. It was designed for the payment of the rebel soldiers, and has been appropriated to its legitimate use by the officers and men in paying large numbers of the prisoners who have been brought in. Such conversations as the following are by no means unfrequent:

"Hallo! Johnny. When were you paid?"

"About six months ago."

"How much do they owe you?"

"Don't know. 'Tain't much count any how."

"Here's a couple hundred. Will that cover it?"

"Yaa's. Thank yer."

"All right. Give the receipt to Jeff. when you see him."

The men offer it with much gravity to citizens along the road in payment for chickens, bacon, flour and other articles which, with prudent forethought, they previously got possession of. It is received with a feeble, helpless smile, highly expressive of their appreciation of its value.

## Domestic Sympathy.

Many years ago there lived in a neighboring State, a family by the name of Noble. The father not unfrequently indulged in taking "a leetle too much."—Upon a certain occasion, he was seen lying upon the ground, and it was supposed he was under the influence of "spirits," but upon examination his leg was found to be broken. A son of the old man was in the vicinity, and a horse and carriage, with a driver, were soon procured to take them home. When within a short distance, Mr. Noble said "He was afraid it would come too sudden upon the old woman, and he thought Oliver (his son) better go ahead and prepare her mind for it." This was accordingly done and when the party arrived at the house, the old lady came running out, saying, "Broke yer leg, broke yer leg, hain't ye? I wish it had been your darned old neck!"

## A Just Balance.

A shopkeeper purchased of an Irishwoman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance and found wanting. "Sure it's your own fault, if they are light," said Biddy, in reply to the complaints of the buyer; "it's your own fault, sir; for wasn't it with a pound of your soap I bought here that I weighed them!"

## An Old Bachelor's Remarks upon Women.

If you don't marry them, they despise you. If you do, they abuse you. If you don't let them have their way, they hate you. If you do, they ruin you. If they see a better-looking fellow than yourself, and take a fancy to him, why ten to one but they run away from you. Get married! Not if I know it.

## An Itching Foot.

If the right foot itches on the bottom, you are going where you are wanted; if the left foot, where you will not be welcome. Bathe your feet every morning, and they will be sure not to itch; and if you stay at home, you certainly will not go where you are not welcome.

A young man in Kingston, N. Y., a few days since offered a lady friend who was acting as a missionary collector, twenty-five cents for every kiss she would give him. Lady went right to work and earned \$7.50 for the fund in a few minutes.