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A BACHELOR'S MISGIVINGS

I have thought of getting married
When I've seen thee, Mary Jane,
With thy dainty silks and satins,
With the crinoline and train;
But a whisper came across me,
Like a sign with open rifle,
"Ah, 'tis very well to marry,
But oh, canst thou keep a wife?"

There are loaves, there are jewels,
There is many a thing beside
That looks charming on a maiden,
But not quite so on a bride.
If your purse is brimming over,
You may win and you may wear;
But, alas! if it be empty,
My good fellow, have a care."

So the whisper I have heeded,
And I have not offered yet,
But my thoughts are taken captive,
And my heart is on thee set;
Yet I feel I dare not venture
Till I know, oh, Mary Jane,
Should I be too poor to deck thee,
Couldst thou be contented plain!

There are milliners in plenty
To entrap a heedless fair;
There are artists, too, in jewels,
There are workers, too, in hair;
Canst thou pass unheeding by them,
Canst thou hold thy purse strings tight,
With a dinner party looming,
Or a ball that very night!

It's the last new bonnet suits thee,
Canst thou wear it still the same,
Though a newer pattern tempt thee,
Lately handed down to fame!
Will a dress or two content thee
When stern Fashion orders more,
And a solitary head-dress do
Instead of half a score?

But they tell me I am raving,
To expect so strange a thing,
And they laugh to scorn my musings,
And the hopes to which I cling;
So I fear I must resign thee,
And a bachelor remain,
Yet I never can forget thee,
Oh too costly Nairy Jane.

Rappings.

A worthy man visited a medium, to witness the wonders of spiritual rappings. He had lived twelve years with a notorious shrew, who at last died, soon after which he married a young woman of comely person and pleasant disposition. On inquiring if any spirits were present, he was answered by raps in the affirmative.

"Who?"
"The spirit of Melinda, your deceased wife."

"Ah!" exclaimed he, with a gesture of alarm; but recovering himself, he kindly inquired: "Are you satisfied with your condition?"

"Yes."
"Are you happy?"
"Perfectly so," replied the spirit.

"So am I," gruffly exclaimed the ungallant inquirer, as he turned upon his heel, and walked off.

New Kind of Army Contract.

A Chicago paper says:
"The boot-black boy is an institution peculiar to himself. He flourishes in most of our large cities, and it may be owing to his frequent contact with the understandings of others which renders him, at times, peculiarly sharp and witty. A returning soldier was accosted by one of the tribe with the usual salutation—"Black your boots, sir! make 'em shine!" Looking at his unpollished "gun-boots" in a contemplative way, the war-worn veteran replied: "Well, I don't care if you do—fall in promptly, though." The urchin gazed a moment at the soldier, surveying him from his "leathers" upwards, and then, turning to a comrade near by, shouted out: "I say Bill, lend us a hand, won't yer? I've got an army contract."

Legal Advice.

The Albany Argus says: "There is a general inquiry, what shall be done to arrest this epidemic of crime?" This question put to a Judge of our Courts, elicited the reply, "Carry a revolver, and when attacked shoot but be sure to shoot accurately."

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right good poteen, was accosted by the reviewing General, "What makes your nose so red?" "Please yer Honor," replied Pat, "I always blush when I spake to a general officer."

A conductor out west recently demanded two tickets of the Siamese twins, who were riding on the train, but the twins insisted they were one, and as the conductor could not eject one without the other, he had to let them pass.

For the Jeffersonian.

Mr. WHACKHAMMER'S LECTURES.

NO. III.

FIRST PERSON I.

What do I care for you, or you for me, Beyond the usual tricks of society? When we are present we can pass a smile, When absent rail each other all the while.

First person I, second person you, and third person he. This is our grammar; the grammar of the Bible is just the reverse. He being the absent person it is our duty to speak for him; advocate his cause. You being the second person, and always present, we are careful what we say, but Mr. I. thinks for himself, speaks for himself and acts for himself, which make him a very self-fish sort of bivalve. Disinterested friendship is as hard to find as June bugs in January.—Nobody wants to be an Alexander Selkirk, and yet nobody stands watching for a biped to come along that he may do him good. There is no use denying it, we are all selfish. Some are more wickedly so than others but who shall cast the first stone? Mr. Whackhammer may throw ink but will not venture that stone. Ink will not rebound, stones do, and somebody might get hurt. The first person is always gaping for the lion's share, forgetting there are a good many other first persons who have just as good a right to that very share.

This taking care of number one has cost our landed and applauded Uncle Samuel several dollars since democracy degenerated into rascality and dollars and cents. And so too during the late little difficulty our Uncle had with the "erring" of Africa. He had to have his pockets made larger, and having considerable to attend to, just so sure as the corner of a green back stuck out, some hungry cur at his feet would snatch it and disappear in the crowd. This is the "conscience money" that comes back to Uncle without saying who stole it. I think the conscience money men were republicans; democrats have had no conscience to make it of for the last twenty years. The great Democratic First Person ran himself into the ground with that rusty old nobody known as J. B. It has not vitality enough in its veins to cry "nigger" any more. Assuming to be somebody it became nothing, and it has vanished away into thick darkness with the names of its J. B.'s its Woods, its Davises, its Breckenridges, Vallandighams, Pendletons and its "ayes."

That avicious old First Person I. has proved too much for the great Democratic Party and already we see, not a wonderful monument rearing its pure head up so high as to part the passing clouds of heaven, but a sappy unpainted hickory plank with these words written on it with red chalk;

The Democratic party exploding in thick air, We could not find its bones, and few there were to care.
We, wounded ones, awaiting what yet must be our doom
Resolved that it should have, at least, on earth a tomb;
Here, in this Banner County, and in Smithfield, ever true,
We chalk, for want of means, these lines to memory due,
When even Smithfield would our ruin more complete
Knock down this slab and write it Obsolete.

Now obsolete, you know, means out of use, and I think these last sympathizers might just as well have written it obsolete the day they migrated from Jersey to Smithfield and made their last "resolve."

From this point, if we take up the case of Mr. Napoleon, we can very easily see this same First Person system is very likely to upset his calculations of greatness on this continent, and he may find that he is not even that III'd person which he also assumes to be. I should very much like to know what will be written on his slab-defunct, and I will here offer my services to write it gratis. I go in for the Monroe Doctrine, though I never went with the majority in Monroe County politics. Mr. Napoleon writes books some times—J. B. wrote one also, and somebody printed it for him, but whether any person has read it yet I have not heard—and now won't Mr. N. give us one on an Emperor who attended to his own business? It would be very interesting just now. I shall send this lecture to him with the simple request—provided I can get it franked, for I never spend money on foolish objects, and I am impressed with the idea that he is a very foolish object.

Now the Great Rebellion was built on

the principle of First person I. and Negro nobody. How beautifully the thing reversed itself! Negro comes out a man and the ex-slaveholder nothing more!—How wrong rights itself with its own wickedness! Surely there is an Avenger above and this First Person I, often feels it.

'Tis better far to own the brotherhood And do to him and you and I an equal good.
You see friends, selfishness, as well as everything else, will run to seed, or as the term is now, run itself into the ground, and it is man's duty and interest—as well as yours, woman—to look after this thing. If you attend to this matter as you should you will never break one injunction of the decalogue and your store of happiness will be wonderfully enlarged. I take it for granted, of course, that you all want to be happy and I know of no better or more direct road to that point.

The principle on which our noble forefathers founded our Government is one in which every man's I. is equal, and the First Person is the People. How different from Kingdoms and Empires! The people with these are convenient to put money and power into the hands of the nobility but beyond this they are a third person affair. It is the office of our Government to do good to its people, of an emperor and king to do good to their own first person. Ours is a Bible doctrine government, there's the doctrine of Mammon. There is no doubting the destiny of each. Ours shall stand as long as there is a government on earth, whilst theirs will work out their own ruin and fall. We may have our trials, and they may be severe, but these too shall be beat to subserve our higher interest and more perfect happiness.

All honor to Freedom! raise higher that Flag Which traitors did tramp on and scorn!
Up! up with the eagle above mountain and plain,
Our country is cleansed and reborn!
Make way for the triumph of Justice and Right.
The Goddess of Liberty, Blessing and Light!
ICHABOD WHACKHAMMER.
Somewhere Jan. 8, 1866.

Church Etiquette.

It is fashionable with many to come into church, long after the services have begun, to the edification of the curious in the congregation and comfort of the nerves of the pulpit. It has lately been decided, on high authority, that the following rules are to be observed on such occasions:

"Let the lady advance one pace beyond the door of the pew she wishes to enter, halt, about face, and salute. The pew must then be vacated by such gentlemen as are in it, by flank movement. The squad should rise simultaneously when the lady presents herself, and face by the right flank, then deploy into the aisle, the head man facing the lady, and the rest marching to his right and rear, the direction of the line being changed by a right countermarch, and forming again into line up and down the aisle, still faced by the right flank. The lady, when the coast is clear, completes her salute and advances to her position in the pew. The gentlemen break off by files from the rear and resume their places. Great care should be taken, of course, by other parties, not to enter the aisle when this evolution is in progress, until it is completed."

The legislature of Alabama, now in session took no notice of Gen. Thomas, Gen. Woods and Gen. Swayne, all Union officers, while they were present at the seat of government; but the moment Wade Hampton, a Rebel General, appeared there, a committee was appointed to conduct him to the legislative hall, and yet we are asked to believe that this legislature is loyal, and the State ready for re-admission into the Union.

"If you marry," said a Roman consul to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment and industry enough to get a meal of victuals, taste enough to dress neat, pride enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue."

A Simple Remedy.

A New Hampshire gentleman says:—"Take two large table spoonful of cologne and two teaspoonful of fine salt; mix them together in a small bottle; every time you have any acute affection of the nerve, or neuralgia, simply breathe the fumes in your nose from the bottle, and you will be immediately relieved."

A bachelor and a young lady bought some tickets in partnership in a lottery at the recent Sanitary Fair at Milwaukee, agreeing to divide the proceeds equitably. They drew a double bedstead, baby-crib and a lunch-basket, and the question is, how to divide them, or whether they shall not use them "jintly."

If the amendment to the Constitution, making the number of voters, instead of the population, the basis of representation, is carried, the Southern States will lose about twenty-two Congressmen.

CHASED BY WILD STALLIONS.

"By heaven they are upon us!" exclaimed Ruxton, as he suddenly brought up his blooded bay, almost by the impetuosity of the movement, throwing the noble courser on his haunches.

"Who—what—Indians?" hastily questioned his companions, Baldwin, King and Cooper, of the train, and who happened to be riding over the grass covered prairie at a canter, by the side of the Texan guide, Ruxton.

"Hist! do you not hear them?"
"Loud neighing and shrill cries of pain came to the ears of the listeners, accompanied by the regular and heavy thud of a cavalcade, wild with passion in this their rutting season. The very earth on which the guide and his companions stood, although perhaps a half dozen miles from where the hot blooded, angered, and fighting beasts were destroying each other as they flew over the plain, shook under them as if an earthquake was spreading vibrating in the rock-ribbed globe, and was about to open fissures and swallow them on the instant."

"They are moving this way—for the water!" cried Ruxton, while a shade of anxiety overspread his manly, sun bronzed face.

"Is there danger?" asked Cooper, in a low, nervous voice.

"Danger!" echoed Ruxton, "aye, there is; and we must meet it. If these mustangs should continue in their present course, not only our own, but the lives of the women and children in the trains will be sacrificed. These animals, in this season, are more terrible than the same number of tigers hungering for human blood."

"We must, if possible, avert all danger from the women and children," said King, who except the guide, seemed to be the most self-possessed of the four horsemen; "What shall we do? How proceed?"

These questions were addressed to the guide, a noble specimen of mankind—tall and erect as an Indian, with dark, piercing eyes of the eagle—eyes that could look squarely at the sun in its meridian glory without being dazzled.

While King was yet speaking, Ruxton, the guide, slid from his horse and scanned the ground closely. For upward of a minute—an hour it seemed to his companions—he looked at the ground; and then suddenly returned to his blooded bay and sprang on his back.

"What shall we do? How proceed?" echoed the guide. "Our position is dangerous; we must lose no time in idle conjecture. There is an arroyo within two miles of the train—the only one that can be reached. If we can cross it in season, before the incensed devils can reach it, and place the wagons around the women and their young ones as a barricade, we may avert the danger. Hark! hear that thunder of their hoofs. There must be a thousand of them! Yes, they are making for the mottes! You, Cooper and Baldwin, ride back to the train—remember the lives of all that are dear to you may depend on your driving home your rowels into your horses' flanks—and turn their heads towards the arroyo. Cross it without delay. Leave a wagon transversely in the crooked path on this side. It will interrupt the progress of the beasts. Away!"

The men indicated turned their animals heads toward the eastward, and the next moment were flying over the prairie as if on the wings of the wind.

"King," cried Ruxton, "a herd of mares passed this way this morning—they have deserted the stallions, as is their wont at this season, and must have crossed the arroyo at sunrise. The stallions are following them, mad—so mad that they are even now fighting each other indiscriminately—biting and tearing each other to pieces. Look to your rifle. You have a cool head, steady hand and clear eye. We must, if possible, although the task is but hopeless, endeavor to check their progress. These beasts are led by captains, so to speak, whom they instinctively obey. You may mark them readily. They are the largest, and noblest looking of the herd. They take the lead. When the herd appear in sight shoot that one down that I shall indicate, while I do a like service to the other.—Do not stop to see him fall, but turn your animal's head toward the train, and make him fly. In this I will follow your example. Do not forget your weapon as you go. If we shall succeed in shooting down the leaders we shall gain a minute's time;—and when they resume their course, if they gain upon us before we reach the arroyo, our horses must take the gulch on the fly. It is not more than fifteen or sixteen feet in width. Once on the other side, we may calculate on safety, if not, God alone can help us, as the wind is now against our firing the grass."

"I will obey implicitly," replied King, in quiet tones.

Hardly had these words been uttered, when there appeared on a rise in the prairie, a great black moving mass, the van-guard of the infuriated beasts—snorting and shrieking, their teeth meantime snapping with rage. They were galloping at a tremendous pace, and as Ruxton had predicted, in a direct line for them.

"Had we none but ourselves to take care of," said the guide, with forced calmness, as he put a fresh cap on the nipple of his rifle, "we could very easily avoid this avalanche of madness by riding to northward or southward, and so by an oblique course get to the rear. Ha! they

see us!" he suddenly exclaimed. "What a magnificent sight! See, King! see!—they are in line, and ready, like trained cavalry horses, to charge upon us! No more fighting among themselves now!—They have an enemy in front! Are you ready? They are about to plunge upon us! Take that great sorrel one on the left. I will kill this white one. What a splendid animal! There is not another one in Texas! I would not take a thousand dollars for him. Fire!"

Simultaneously the explosion of the caps, followed by the report of the rifles, broke upon the stillness of the scene.

The next moment, the magnificent creature, so enthusiastically spoken of by Ruxton, sprang from the ground with a wild, quick cry, and then fell forward, dead, before his astonished followers.—The ball had struck the eye of the beast and penetrated the brain.

King was equally fortunate. The sorrel was hit fairly in the breast and fell, almost without a struggle.

"Now!" and Ruxton wheeled his horse toward the train, "now for the arroyo.—Reload as you ride," he added, as his bay, with great strides, swept over the grass at the rate of almost a mile in a minute. Meantime he was not idle. In a few moments his weapon was loaded and capped.

King followed his example, but more clumsily. He had not been accustomed, although an expert marksman, to replenish his rifle with powder and ball while riding a steed that was urged by its very fear to outdo the tremendous pacing of the blooded bay. However, he succeeded in accomplishing his object, and then he laid it transversely before him on his saddle, ready for any emergency.

For several moments the guide and his companion rode on in silence. At length Ruxton cried:

"Ah! do you hear them? They are following us. They have got new leaders. Do you see yonder cliff, King?—Make for it. The descent on the other side is easy. If we reach it in time, we may have an opportunity of seeing what progress the train has made toward the gulch. The wagons should be on the other side of it, and the animals, women, and children corralled by this time."

Two or three minutes hard riding brought them to the brow of the hill the guide had indicated. There they slackened their pace, and while King looked toward the great moving mass—the immense army of stallions that were still following them, shrieking, snorting gnashing their teeth, and driving them into each other's torn flanks, the guide turned his eyes anxiously eastward.

"Great Heaven!" he suddenly exclaimed, "are those people mad? Look, King the train has stopped! What does it mean? It is impossible to get across the arroyo in time to save it from attack. I fear those poor defenceless creatures in it will never see another hour. They will be trampled and torn to pieces!"

The guide swayed to and fro in his saddle as if irresolute of purpose. The crisis was near at hand. At length he cried, as he looked at his companion, whose pale face, usually rubicund, told the guide that he fully appreciated the danger:

"Hand me your rifle, King, and hasten toward the train. Cause it to be drawn up into a square immediately. Join wagon to wagon. Leave not an opening anywhere; and if the wild devils charge it; place the women and children under their bodies between the wheels. I will remain here and check them."

"No, Ruxton, that would not be fair. Let me stay. My life is not worth as much as yours to the people—yonder," cried King.

"No time for talking," replied that guide in a low determined voice. "I am captain and must be obeyed—hand me your weapon."

His companion, sorely against his will, placed his rifle in the hands of Ruxton who carefully examined the nipple, and satisfied himself that the percussion cap would not fail him on an emergency.

"Now for the train! Quick! We have no time to parley!"

The next minute King was on his way to the train, which, when he had reached it, without stopping to ascertain the cause of delay, instantly organized itself for defence, as directed by the guide.—Meantime, Ruxton looked far out on the plain towards the west. Notwithstanding the critical position in which he found himself placed—the lives of so many helpless ones depending on his vigilance and courage—he could not repress an exclamation of admiration, as his clear, dark, penetrating eyes rested on the spectacle beneath.

"It is worth a life to look upon such a scene!" he exclaimed. "I would I were here alone! Ah, yonder noble courser would be mine if I had to follow him over hill and valley to the Guadalupe.—How splendidly he carries himself, he seems to know, too, that with his erect ears, curved tail, and flowing mane, he is the undisputed leader of the thousands that are fighting and following which ever way he turns his head. I would that he took the whim to gallop any way but the route he is on; he seems to scent the trail of the mares, and death only can stop his career. He must die."

As the guide spoke he drew his own trusty rifle to his shoulder; ere he drew it therefrom the noble steed he so much admired lay breathless, lifeless, at the front of his thousands of equine followers.

"A respite!" he cried. "Ha! will they

not stop? Another leading already.—He, too, must go—and thus everything depends on chances. I wish the wind blew to the westward."

The muzzle of King's weapon covered the new leader. The trigger was pulled and the best fell over before he had taken his place as leader. The stallions now stopped as if irresolute how to proceed; but Ruxton saw, leaving the ranks, far in the rear, a self-appointed captain, who, with movements we might with some degree of truth say, were analogous to lightning, pushed to the front.

"It will be a full minute before he reaches the van," mused the guide. "I will have time enough to reach the train. Ha! the wind is changing! We are saved—saved!"

As he spoke, he rode down the hill, and in a little while was within the lines of the wagons.

"All, all of you, the grass from around here.—Leave the ground bare.—The prairie must be fired. It is our only chance!" he cried, as he alighted from his panting bay.

In an instant the men, women, and children, who had previously been made acquainted with the impending danger, were at work with knives and sickles, shearing the earth of its herbage. A few minutes sufficed for this; but it was not wholly finished when the front rank of the wild stallions were seen coming over the brow of the hill which the guide had just left.

"Make your animals fast to the wheels of the wagons," was the next command.

Without a word his directions were obeyed.

"We are prepared," he said, as he looked around him; "but our poor beasts will suffer for many a mile for that I am about to destroy!"

"Now," said the guide, "it is our time." Springing over one of the vehicles, he commenced striking his flint and steel.—The tinder beneath this ignited. It was instantly applied to the grass, which—the cavallada was now within a thousand yards of the train—at once sprang by in great sheets of flame, and seemed to travel towards the wild horses even more rapidly, under the pressure of the wind, than they were moving against them.

The stallions suddenly stopped, looked bewildered, and then, with shriekings, snortings, and neighing, that filled the air and stunned the ears with discordant noises, turned northward to escape the new danger.

The fire had now spread itself far and wide, and leaped from hillock to hillock, rising and falling at the same time like the phosphorescent waves in a tropical sea. Away to the northward the prairie fire rushed, following closely upon the heels of the disconcerted stallions until both were finally lost sight of in the far off distance, where the earth and sky seemed to meet in friendly embrace.

The great peril was safely passed.

"Had not the wind suddenly veered," said Ruxton, as he looked upon the men, women, and children who gathered around him, "not one of us would have lived to see the sun set. We should have been trampled and torn to pieces. At any other season but this, those wild creatures would have avoided rather than pursued us. Now they are literally mad."

With thankful hearts the men re-arranged the train and pursued their way west over ground now black and dreary, that but few hours before was as lovely to the vision of the mind's eye as an imagined landscape of Paradise.

An Important School Decision.

According to the common school laws of Pennsylvania, every boy and girl is entitled to fifteen years' tutelage in the common schools, from his or her sixth year; but when the pupil shall have attained his or her twenty-first year, the right to enter or remain in the school ceases.—This subject was lately brought to the attention of the State Superintendent of Common Schools, by the application of a soldier who had reached his majority while serving in the army, and who wished to enter a public school. The Superintendent decided that a man who had entered the army before attaining his majority was entitled to a common school education for a period equivalent to the time he had lost while in the service of his country, regardless of his age at the time of his discharge from the army.—The country has had the benefit of his services, and cannot thereby deprive him of his educational rights under the law.

Thirty conductors on the city railroad cars in New York were dismissed for dishonesty, last week. One of the companies has posted up in large letters, at its depot. "Honesty is the best policy."

"Stuttering Ben," who was toasting his shins, observing that the oil merchant was cheating a customer in some oil, called out to him, "Jim I can tell you how to sell it twice as nice oil as you do now." "Well, how?" groaned Jim.—"Fill your measure."

Look at the pages of your own heart, and you will see a dim reflection of what the recording angel has written of you in his book.

The State census of New York for 1865 shows a population of 3,831,777. The Federal census for 1860 showed a population of 3,880,727. Decrease in five years, 48,950.