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JOB PRINTING,

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

A gentleman in Alabama, in exerting himself, one day, felt a sudden pain, and fearing that his internal machinery had been thrown out of gear, sent for a negro on his plantation who made some pretension to medical skill, to prescribe for him. The negro having investigated the case, prepared and administered a dose to his patient with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being experienced, however, the gentleman sent for a physician, who on arriving, inquired of the negro what medicine he had administered to his master. Bob promptly responded, "Rosin and alum, sir!" "What did you give them for?" continued the doctor. "Why," replied Bob, "de alum to draw de parts together, and de rosin to sodder um." The patient eventually recovered.

"Pray, sir," said a judge, angrily, to a blunt old Quaker from whom no direct answer could be obtained, "do you know what we sit here for?" "Yes; verily, I do," said the Quaker, "three of you for four dollars each day, and de fat one in de middle for four thousand a year."

Wm. Milnes, Esq., an enterprising Pennsylvanian, and a citizen of Columbia county, has purchased fifty-nine thousand acres of land in the Shenandoah Valley, Va., on which are three furnaces and a forge. It is his design to put them into operation immediately.

A shrewd preacher, after an eloquent charity sermon, said to his hearers, "I am afraid, from the sympathy displayed in your countenances, that some of you may give too much. I caution you therefore, that you should be just before you are generous; and wish you to understand that I desire no one who cannot pay his debts to put anything in the plate." The collection was large.

According to governor Andrew's message delivered to the Massachusetts Legislature, on the third instant, the war expenditures of that State, including the liabilities incurred by cities and towns for bounties and other military purposes, amount to about fifty-six millions of dollars.

A stepmother in Marengo, New York, lately crowned a long series of shocking abuses perpetrated upon a boy six years old, by locking him in the house absenting herself for three days. When she returned, with her husband, the boy was dead. The neighbors went in and found the little creature lying on his heap of rags, nearly naked and frozen quite stiff.

Three venerable ladies still survive who were of the choir of young ladies that, dressed in white, greeted Washington as he entered Trenton in 1783, on his way to assume the Presidency, and who strewed his pathway with flowers. One yet lives in Trenton, another is the mother of the Hon. Mr. Chesnut, formerly Senator from South Carolina, and the third, Mrs. Sarah Hand, resides in Cape May county, N. J.

The Gettysburg National Bank last week declared an extra dividend of 50 per cent, free of Government tax. Since May last, a period less than eight months the bank has declared dividends to the amount of 68 per cent. We rather wish we had a few shares in that institution.

I always advise short sermons, especially on a hot Sunday. If a minister can strike the boring 40 minutes, he has either got a poor gimblet, or else he is a boring in the wrong place.—Billings.

A judge said to a toper on trial for drunkenness, "Prisoner, you have heard the complaint for habitual drunkenness; what have you to say in your defense?" "Nothing please your honor, but habitual thirst."

A London hair-dresser has been convicted of enticing young girls into his shop and forcibly cutting off their natural tresses. That was the way he took to keep his stock of false hair supplied.

A strong effort will be made during the session of the present Congress to repeal the present tax on the incomes of individuals.

If you let trouble sit upon your soul like a hen upon her nest! you may expect the hatching of a large brood.

It is estimated that thirty tons of white paper are used daily in the manufacture of paper collars.

A railroad track has been laid across the Missouri River on the ice at Atchison, and trains cross regularly.

For The Jeffersonian. MR. WHACKHAMMER'S LECTURES.

NO. V.

DRAW UP THE REINS.

Draw up the reins, there's danger near
Which you might see—with vision clear—
If your affection did not rule
O'er judgment in the parent's school.
Draw up the reins ere 'tis too late
To shun the evils which await,
When your own offspring may declare,
'Twas you allowed the fatal snare.

Parents, I have some rough truths to throw at you and I am going to throw them fearlessly. You have more help to bring your children up wisely than ever parents had before, and yet you have the worst children that ever lived, and it is your own fault. As there is more light in the world than ever before, so there is more necessity than ever before for parents to look well to the guidance of their children. Unless closely watched and guarded they will be following false lights that will overthrow parental authority and lead to ruin. Now I contend that parents who do their whole duty to their children are very hard to find. There is no difficulty in finding parents who love their children. The trouble is in their loving them so well that they can't bear to cross the children's will. It is that tender indulgence which does the evil work. It is so painful to deny the child his gratification that parents would rather risk danger in the future than denial in the present. As the parent's duty is fuller and broader now so too opportunities for children to get on the wrong track are greatly multiplied in these later days. Children are smarter now for good or bad, than ever before.—Mrs Whackhammer gave me this idea.—When it is for bad the result of that precocity is a specimen known as Young America. This is a sort of America for which I have no particular preference. When I hear him—you can always hear him before he is visible to the eye—I always think of parental negligence and mourn the consequence. These Americas, instead of being the most hopeful and promising,—for they have aptitudes and wide-awakeness—have had the reins thrown loose to them and they go it with rapid speed down the broad way. Very often parents look on this state of things and smile complacently and even call the attention of their friends to the smartness (?) of their "precocious" children! Such parents furnish candidates for the house of correction, to begin with, and afterwards to those stone hotels which are provided by the different States. Parents used to exercise authority and influence over their children, at least till they were twenty-one years of age, but now, by driving with loose reins, this restraint grows less and less from ten to fourteen when it is entirely lost. After that time the State must deal with the young rascals! Now isn't this a "beetle" too bad? And is it not a little expensive and troublesome on the whole? If parents use any rod at all it is the one patented since Solomon's, and is called moral suasion, but I tell you Solomon's is the best. It is all right to lecture the young wilful on the moral law and all that sort of disagreeable thing to him but remember it has to be backed with wood or leather or it is all sounding brass to him. He has a will and he will keep it, unless you declare martial law and use sterner measures. The habeas corpus is yours though democrats have declared it arbitrary during a rebellion.

When Johnny first began to run on his little pins he used to ask you what he might do and what he might not. He very soon found out he might do what you forbid without any particular discomfort to his little self and thus you kept letting out the reins and he kept taking them in until at ten or twelve years he begins to consider that it is your place to ask him what you may or may not do!—You didn't mean to pass the reins over in this manner but you were not watchful and he was and so he has out-generated you. He is a little strategist and he knew that the way to gain a battle is to hold on to every advantage. Johnny—he was christened John, but that is rough and old fashioned—Johnny is fourteen years old and he does just as he pleases. He can run the streets, be out nights, keep any kind of company—and he finds the worst to be found, without a doubt, and the next thing is "muss" and Johnny is in trouble, perhaps so deep in trouble that the state's attorney takes immediate care of him and denies him the privilege of going home! I blame John-

ny's parents more than I do him. Your over-indulgence was wicked and you are punished, as you ought to be.

Jennie—her name was Jane—Jennie played about the same game as Johnny. She is fifteen years old, is posted in fashion, talks of nothing but style, is dressed like a queen, plays all the time, with her mother for her servant! Poor dear tender Jennie, don't go out after that last new hat, waiting you at the milliners, your mother will go for it. You stay in the house, with your shawl on, and she will go out without shawl or overshoes. She can stand it! To a person of common sense such a picture is disgusting. What the mischief, mother, are you going to do with that girl? There is nothing the matter with her, only you have not given her enough of broom-corn and exercise. You had that exercise, in your early days, and that is the reason you are alive and kicking to-day. Why don't you drill your girls as you were drilled? Jennie is on your hands, a helpless thing, and I pity the man who volunteers to take her on his own hands! He will find she has not had the training necessary to make a happy home. I tell you there is trouble ahead, and it will come because you held the reins too loosely.—The rising generation is all the hope we have, for church and state, in the future, but I fear it is a degenerating generation. Parents, the fault is yours and in your hands the remedy. Look at the danger, tremble and reform.

I've done my duty, yours is plain;
Do it and all is well again,
If not on you and yours the pain.

ICHABOD WHACKHAMMER.
Somewhere Jan. 22, 1866.

Marriage and Death.

The Newark Advertiser of the 12th inst., contains the following announcements:

Married.—In Newark, on the 10th inst., by Rev. L. R. Dunn, Frank H. McGoldrick, of Morristown, N. J., to Mary C., daughter of the late Hon. P. A. Cannon, of Bridgeport, Conn.

Died.—At Newark, on the 11th inst., Frank H. McGoldrick, of Morristown, aged 25 years and 10 months.

The Advertiser remarks upon the above as follows:

The circumstances of this case make it one of sad and peculiar interest. It not unfrequently happens that a bride or groom, soon after the performance of that rite which knits the dearest and holiest of bonds, is suddenly taken away in the midst of health and a new found happiness. Then the affliction is, indeed, terrible to the bereaved, because unanticipated. But in the present instance, the young man having returned recently from the army, was confined to his bed from a disease contracted in the service. Day by day he sank visibly, and it was evident that his end was not far distant.—In this extremity his affianced asked that the marriage ceremony might be no longer delayed, in order that she might be his bride though but for a few short hours—that for a life-time she might enjoy the mournful privilege of being the widow of one who had so bravely served his country. Under these circumstances the marriage was consummated; and so it comes to pass that between the wedding and the burial there lies but the breadth of a single day.

Insane Asylum Outrage.

Another case of conjugal and insane asylum oppression and outrage has just come to light in New York. A man of some standing in the community, an inveterate politician, some twelve years ago married an estimable young lady, the daughter of a worthy old gentleman worth some \$50,000 or \$60,000. Her father died leaving her his whole property, her mother being dead. In order to get hold of this her husband procured a doctor and two policemen to make affidavits that she was demented and unfit to take care of herself. The husband was, indeed, by his shameless profligacies and brutal oppression fast driving her to distraction.—He tore her from her only child and confined her in the Bloomingdale Asylum for two years. She escaped six months ago, and with her son, started for her only relatives, in Toronto. She was tracked thither, and fled to Buffalo, thence to Cleveland, where she took service in the family of a physician. She had been there four months, giving not the slightest suspicion of insanity, when, in the absence of the physician, she was seized and carried back to Bloomingdale. It is expected that her friends will move the matter to a trial. She is a devout Catholic, and by this means was in some way discovered. It is said that there are between thirty and forty women in the Bloomingdale Asylum, who have been placed there by relatives who want their property. "All that is necessary to confine a woman," says one of the New York papers, "is the opinion in writing of a physician, and we have men of that title here, who for a small fee would give any opinion, or practice any fraud or crime." Boston Traveller.

There are 207,000 Indians in the United States.

From the N. Y. Times. The Era of Statesmen—Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton.

It is a happy circumstance that we have at length reached a time in the history of our government in which statesmen and organizers appear in public affairs, and continue their course of duty despite public clamor.

There was no "better abused men" in the first two years of our war than Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton. The scandals that circulated against the Secretary of War could not be numbered. He was crazy; he insulted all his friends; he was a blood thirsty radical, a tyrannical Robespierre; he knew nothing of war or its organization; he carried the prejudices of political life into the service of his country; he "worshipped the negro," and violated the freedom of the whites by imprisoning contractors. No one could get on with him; he must leave his place or the national cause be ruined. Deputation after deputation, individual after individual, waited on the President to beg him to remove him. But Mr. Lincoln saw that he had the right man in the right place. Mr. Stanton remained indifferent to the popular clamor. He had his own plans, and was determined to execute them. A few friends continued constant to him; and of two things no enemy ever ventured to accuse him—first, of the slightest suspicion of speculation, though he was handling some five hundred millions a year; and secondly, of any indifference to the hapless sufferer from the war, the unfortunate slave. He persevered in his office, and aimed at distant effects, not present popularity—at duty, not applause.

The result has been a military administration which will be the admiration of all time for its organization, and to whose wonderful efficiency the Republic almost owes its salvation. Mr. Stanton has been seen to accomplish what no military leader in Great Britain could accomplish in the Crimean war with a much smaller force and under much fewer obstacles, the perfect equipment, supply and transportation of great masses of men over vast spaces. Napoleon himself, with two thirds of Europe to draw from, did not effect so much, so speedily and with such perfect organization of immense armies, as did this Pennsylvania lawyer suddenly elevated to the head of a powerful military bureau. All men see now his wonderful capacities for his task.

His very faults aided him. His impatient energy subdued all obstacles; his brusqueness was needed for meddlesome intruders, and his arbitrary treatment of dishonest contractors was the only thing which checked the terrible and increasing disease of public corruption.

Mr. Seward again was the centre of more abuse and scandal and attack than any other man of the day, except Mr. Lincoln himself. He was negotiating with the South; he was indifferent to freedom; he was truckling to Europe; he had no earnestness in the contest; he was given up to intoxication, and had lost his wits. If he continued to guide our foreign relations, we should have all Europe joining with the South.

The President was besought again and again to remove him; some of the most prominent men of his own party opposed themselves to him; he was entreated to resign, and many most patriotic citizens believed him to be the source of all our misfortunes. We do not propose to defend or excuse all Mr. Seward's sayings, or every measure of his diplomacy. Some of his proceedings toward European powers we should have desired to have seen otherwise; but we submit now to all reasonable persons that, judging Mr. Seward's foreign policy by its fruits, it has been pre-eminently successful.

Possibly something of its success may have been due to accident, to the jealousy of European Powers of one another, and to the revolutionary fire and prodigious energy shown by our people. This may be, and yet the result remains that in the great opportunity of many centuries for our rivals and enemies in Europe to strike us a weakening and damaging blow, in the midst of the most perilous and conflicting questions, with constantly occurring provocations and unwise acts of subordinates, no opportunity or temptation was offered by our Government for foreign interference, and not a break of friendly relations occurred with any European Power. If such a result be not evidence of wise statesmanship, we know not what proof can be offered of it. By some means or other, England and France never were presented with the chance which they would so gladly have embraced of interfering to break up the Union and make the United States a second-rate power. It is true that some steps of Mr. Seward's policy have been less bold and less confident in the assertion of principle than we would have preferred. Still the result justifies his caution. If he had yielded to clamor, or if Mr. Lincoln had put in his place a more headstrong man, we might now be plunged in war with half the world.

Mr. Seward's name will go down—not as of a man who could well forecast the whole struggle, or who fully understood its bearing—but as of a prudent and self-contained statesman, who never let present effect and popularity turn him from what he believed would be for the permanent benefit of the country. Both of these leaders in our civil war show the power of independence and persistence in a course conscientiously believed right, though opposed to popular favor. They

proved that our politics have at length become so earnest as to compel public men, to leave the stage. The Pierce and Buchanan era is over. The day of popular effect, of acting solely for influence on "the people," of the headstrong, blustering, thoughtless and superficial statesmanship is past—at least with our leaders. We may now expect independent men in public places, even though sometimes they are disagreeable to their constituents.

An awkward Mistake.

A farmer who had bought a calf from a butcher, desired him to drive it to his farm and place it in his stable, which he accordingly did. Now it happened that very day that a man with a grinding organ and dancing bear, passing by that way, began their antics in front of the farm. After amusing the farmer's family for sometimes, the organ-man entered the farm-house, and asked the farmer if he could give him a night's lodging.—The farmer replied that he would give the man lodging, but he was at a loss where to put the bear. After musing a little he determined to bring the calf inside the house for that night, and place the bear in the stable all night, which he did. Now, the butcher, expecting the calf would remain in the stable all night, resolved to steal it before morning; and the farmer and his guest were in the night awakened by a fearful yelling from the outbuildings.

Both got up, and taking a lantern, entered the stable; when the farmer found to his surprise, the butcher of whom he had bought the calf, in the grasp of the bear, which was hugging him tremendously, for he could not bite, being muzzled. The farmer instantly understood the state of the case, and briefly mentioned the circumstances to the owner of Bruin, who, to punish the butcher for his theft, called out to the bear: "Hug him, Tommy," which the bear did in real earnest, the butcher roaring most hideously the whole time. After they thought he had suffered enough, they set him free, and the butcher slunk off glad to escape with his life; while the farmer and his guest returned to their beds.

A Strange Wedding.

The St. Louis Democrat says that a few days ago Charles Moritz, a returned soldier, being anxious to marry and settle down, offered an acquaintance \$50 provided he procured him a person of whom he might make a wife. The bargain was struck and Moritz's friend and a few others determined to work a practical joke on the bachelor. They had a boy dressed up in a woman's clothing, introduced to Moritz, who was pleased with the look of the bargain, and arrangements being made to that end, a confederate joker married the pair, and received \$5 from the happy bridegroom for tying the knot. Moritz also paid over \$70 for the wedding supper and gave his bride a handsome present in money. The sudden illness of a sister called the bride away from the wedding feast. Next day Moritz set out to hunt her up, when he was told the whole affair was a farce. He did not regard the matter in that light, however, and the parties to it are now in jail for trial on a charge of swindling.

Auction Bids Not Binding.

In the Supreme Court of the United States last week, Justice Clifford delivered the opinion in the case of an appeal from the District Court of Wisconsin, in which the Milwaukee and Chicago Railroad Company was the respondent. It appears that certain mortgaged premises were several times offered for sale but were not sold, and that the appellant claimed possession on the ground that he was the highest bidder. But the Supreme binding obligations until the consent of both parties is given; in other words, there must be a mutual understanding to a definite agreement. As the auctioneer may refuse to strike off the property to the highest bidder, so a bid may be withdrawn before the hammer falls.

A Plea for Insects.

Every one is more or less familiar with what are commonly called Devil's Darning Needles. There are many species of them to be found, some of them very beautiful in color, and graceful in flight. They are all voracious, and occupy the places among insects that hawks and eagles do among birds. But formidable as they are among the minute beings that annoy and encroach upon the interests of mankind, they are perfectly harmless to man himself. They eat mosquitoes by the million. They are, in fact, all useful, destroying a vast number of gnats and other troublesome and destructive insects. If you shut up a dragon fly for a short time in the house, he will destroy vast numbers of mosquitoes, house flies, and other flying insects, if there be any, just as a few toads in a room will rid it of bed-bugs, cock-roaches, and other similar vermin. Therefore, never injure or destroy these light and airy creatures.—They do good, and not harm. They are your friends, and not your enemies. The lace-winged flies generally are beneficial.

A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

Mind The Door.

Did you ever observe how strong a street door is? how thick the wood is? how heavy the chain is? what large bolts it has, and what a lock? If there was nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be needed; but as there are precious things within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong, and we must mind the door.

We have a house. Our heart and mind is that house. Bad things are forever trying to come in and go out of our mind and heart. I will describe some of these bad things to you.

Who is at that door? Ah! I know him; it is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! how his lips quiver! how fierce he looks! I will hold the door, and not let him in, or he will do me harm and perhaps some one else.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! he looks down on every thing as if it were too mean for his notice. Ah! wicked Pride! I will hold the door fast, and try to keep him out.

Here is some one else. I am sure, from his sour look, his name is Ill-temper. It will never do to let him in, for if he can only sit down in the house, he makes every one unhappy, and it will be hard to get him out again. No, sir; we shall not let him in, so you may go away.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut, and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You will not come in, my fine fellow; we have too much to do to attend to such folks as you. Mind the door!

Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace I think I know him. It is Sloth. He would like nothing better than to live in my house, sleep or yawn the hours away, and bring me to rags and ruin. No, no, you idle drone; work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away, you shall not come in!

But who is this? What a sweet smile! what a kind face! She looks like an angel. It is Love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in; we must open the door for you.

Others are coming. Good and bad are crowding up. Oh! if men kept the door of their heart shut, bad thoughts and bad words would not come in and go out as they do. Welcome to all things good, war with all things bad. We must thank well who comes in; we must be watchful and in earnest. Keep the guard!—Mind the door! mind the door! "Keep thy heart with all diligence! for out of it are the issues of life."

And would you know how to keep it? Let Jesus in, and he will give you daily and hourly of his Spirit. "Behold," he says, "I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and drink with me."—Band of Hope Review.

Major Quattlebaum, of Georgia, has applied for a pardon. He "resists his base" on the fact that by serving four years in the Confederate army as rebel wether of a flock of grills he "helped bring the thing to a head and extinguished slavery." "If we hadn't fit about it," says the Major, "the damned thing would have been the still."

"How many rods make an acre?" a father asked of his son, a fast urchin, as he came home one night from the town school. "Well, I don't know, governor," was the reply of the young hopeful, "but I guess you'd think one rod made an acre, if you'd got such a tanning as I did from old vinegar face this afternoon."

A thoughtless woman at Harrisburg, to perpetrate a joke on an acquaintance, informed her, while the latter's husband was away, that he had been killed by a railroad accident. She was so shocked that she fainted, and two or three days after died.

A little girl in school, being asked that a catarrh of waterfall was replied that it was hair flowing over something she didn't know what.

"The tailor makes the man!" emphatically declared a village philosopher.—"No, Sir," replied a by-stander, "it is dress that makes the man." "Then what does the tailor make?" "Well, perhaps, from ten to fifteen dollars profit on a suit."

One of the largest slaveholders in Southern Kentucky has gone mad on account of the liberation of his slaves, and is now an inmate of the lunatic asylum at Hopkinsville, Ky. He owned over two hundred negroes, and had accumulated by their labor a large fortune. He was probably worth one hundred thousand dollars, independent of his slaves.

The number of postage stamps made by the National Bank Note Company the past year, was about four hundred millions. The number of three cent stamps used is about one million a day. The cost of printing, perforating, gumming and packing the stamps, is 12 cents a thousand.

The proprietor of a distillery in Newark, N. J., tumbled into a vat recently, and was boiled to death.