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From the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.

Music.

BY DR. W. H. BOYLE.

Oh! give me sweet music—
Let each mellow sound,
With mirth and good humor
And gladness abound!
Care, trouble and sorrow
Do all come amiss—
A heart full of music
Is a heart full of bliss.
Throw music to dogs—
Sweet music will heal
Where the doctor will fail
With his drag and his steel!
'Tis a panacea for us,
And a balm to all care—
The strength of the brave,
And the charm of the fair!
Oh! sacred thy charm
And holy thy spell—
Thou breath'st at the dying
A happy farewell!
And oh! when this fond soul
Resigns up this clod,
Then give me sweet music
To waft me to God.

Greely on Beards.

In an editorial on beards in a late number of the New York Tribune, Horace Greeley concludes as follows:—But we say to Young America in counting-houses and workshops, never touch your beards with a razor. Despite the dictates of fashion, and let the hair of the face grow silky and soft, only trimmed by the scissors. Your health will be improved; your teeth will be sounder; your liability to colds and bronchial and lung affections will be sensibly diminished; your convenience will be daily consulted; your manly beauty—no despicable thing, as it is the type of what ought to be the dower of every man—will be indefinitely increased, and the true and poetical contrast to feminine loveliness be once more secured, which is impossible under the starved, scraped, wiry caricatures which shavelings now present.

Glass bottles were first made in England, about 1558. The art of making glass bottles and drinking glasses was known to the Romans in the year 79, A. D.; they have been found in the ruins of Pompeii.

The most stupendous canal in the world is the one in China, which passes over two thousand miles of territory, and to forty-one cities. It was commenced in the tenth century. A monster work of man.

Strong resolutions are of good use to put by the force of strong temptation.

If we exercise faith, God will encourage it. Improve the promises, and God will ratify them.

There is no fear of knowing too much, though there is great danger of practising too little. The most doing man shall be the most knowing man.

It is not good for a man to be alone. True, we thought, as we observed a man pass by with seven dogs arter him.

'An honest man's word is as good as his bond,' is a trite maxim. So is a rogue's, in nine cases out of ten.

If you desire to be released from a rash promise of marriage, breathe the vows of love continually after eating onions.

A Frenchman in Boston has invented a remedy for the 2-shake, which will alleviate all pain 4th with. This beats the Yankees.

Mrs. Landreux has recovered \$20,000 damages from the New Orleans Railroad Company, for killing her husband by carelessness on the road.

The losses by fire in Boston, in 1853, were \$268,546, on which there was an insurance of \$204,173.

The insurance companies in New York ask 13 times as much for insuring a theatre as a private house.

Official.

In the following illustration of a printing office dialogue there is decidedly more truth than poetry:

Foreman—You fellow with the red hair, what are you at now?

Compositor—I'm setting 'A House on Fire!'—Most done!

Foreman—What's Smith about?

Compositor—He's engaged on a 'Horrible Murder!'

Foreman—Finish it as quick as possible, and help Morse through with his telegraph. Bob, what are you trying to get up?

Bob—'A Panic in the Money Market.'

Foreman—Jim, what are you distributing?

Jim—'Prizes in Perhan's Gift Enterprise.'

Foreman—Stop that, and take hold of this 'Runaway Horse.' Slocum what in thunder have you been about the last half hour?

Slocum—Justifying the 'Compromise Measures' which my sub set.

Foreman—You chap on the stool, what are you on?

Compositor—On the 'Table' you gave me.

Foreman—Lay it on the table for the present—have no room for it.

Compositor—How about these 'Municipal Candidates?'

Foreman—Run 'em in. What did you say Slocum?

Slocum—Shall I 'lead' these 'Men of Boston?'

Foreman—No; they're 'solid' of course.

Compositor—Do you want a full-face head to 'Jenny Lind's Family?'

Foreman—No; such things go in 'small caps.' John, have you got up that 'Capital Joke?'

John—No, sir; I'm 'out of sorts.'

Foreman—Well, throw in this 'million of California Gold,' and when you get through with it, I'll give you some more. Wilson, have you finished the 'Coalition?'

Wilson—Yes, sir; the 'Coalition' is 'all up.'

Editor—What do you want now?

Devil—More copy, sir.

Editor—Have you completed that 'Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?'

Devil—Yes, sir; and I've got up a 'Warm Winter!'

Editors—Here, take this 'Official' and be off.

Exit Devil with a 'fat take.'

A WORD FOR PARENTS.—We find it in the National Intelligencer. Though but a simple matter—there is more philosophy in it than parents imagine:

If parents would have good boys, they should keep them out of the streets at night. Darkness is temptation to mischief; suffering the young to be out when the light of day does not restrain them from misconduct is training them to it.

A FOWL BUSINESS.—One of the exhibitors at the National Poultry Show at Barnum's Museum is George P. Burnham of Massachusetts, near Boston, whose sales of poultry, including a few fancy rabbits and pigs, last year, amounted to \$22,000. Of this amount, \$17,000 were sent off southward from Boston, by Adams and Co.'s Express. A sample of his Suffolk pigs are in the Museum. They are great curiosities.—Tribune.

Value of a Plough.—Among the Kaffirs, agriculture is considered as a kind of labor unworthy of a warrior, and is, therefore, left entirely to the women.—When they first saw a plough at work, they gazed at it for some time in delighted silence. At last one of them gave utterance to his feelings in this exclamation: 'See how the thing tears up the ground with its mouth. It is of more value than five wives!'

'Father what does a printer live on?'

'Why, child?'

'Because you said you hadn't paid him for three years, and still take the paper.'

Blessed be that little child.

The darkey who gressed his feet that he would not make a noise when he went to steal chickens, slipped from the henroost into the custody of the owner.—He gave as a reason for being there:—'Dat he only come dar to see if de chickens sleep wid dere eyes open.' He was cooped.

Miss Pitkin says that the reason she never married is, that she never yet saw the man for whom 'she'd be willing to cook three meals of victuals every day of her life.' A good reason truly.

A Thrilling Narrative.

We copy from the St. Louis Republic a portion of the very interesting recital of the sufferings of a young married lady, of about seventeen years of age, during her captivity, by the Camanche Indians. It appears that Mrs. Wilson, with her husband and family, were returning by land from a disastrous journey to California, from which they were obliged to desist, by the depredations committed on them by Indians and Mexicans. They had left their home in Texas on the 6th of April in 1852.

About the last of July we started on our return with the fragments of our property which the thieves had spared. On the first day of August, my husband and his father left us, and fell into the hands of the Indians. I saw them no more after this. I was told that they had been murdered. You may perhaps be able to imagine my feelings when I found myself thus bereaved and destitute in a land of strangers. My misfortune seemed greater than I could bear, but I knew not that heavier trials were in store for me.

Unable to continue my journey, I returned to El Paso, where I remained till September 8, when I started once more for Texas with my three brothers-in-law, in company with a small party consisting of five Americans and one Mexican. Mr. Hart, who owned and commanded this train, having some business in Texas which required his immediate attention traveled very rapidly, and I hoped in a few days more to be in the midst of my friends.

As we had seen only one Indian on the route, we flattered ourselves that we should not be molested by any of the tribes which infest this route. When near the borders of Texas, some of our party stole three animals from Mr. Hart and ran off. Mr. Hart anxious to overtake the thieves started in pursuit taking with him my eldest brother-in-law, and a lad some fourteen years of age leaving myself, a Mexican and the two boys to follow on as rapidly as we could. We were at this time within three days' journey of a military post at Phantom Hill, and were considered out of danger.

A discharged soldier, being unable to keep up with us, was some distance behind, but I saw nothing of him after this. The day after Mr. Hart left us, as we were traveling about noon we saw two Camanche Indians charging upon us in front, and at the same time two others were seen driving up behind. We were very much frightened and the Mexican jumped out of the wagon and went toward the Indians, in order, if possible to gain their friendship.

The mules of our wagon, four in number becoming frightened by the war whoop of the savages, turned out of the road and commenced running as fast as they could. One of them fell down before we had gone far, and the others were then obliged to stop. The Indians now came upon us and ordered the Mexican to take the mules out of the harness.—While this was going on, I got out of the wagon and looked on in breathless suspense. After the mules were unharnessed, the Mexican was stripped of his clothing, his hands tied behind his back, and ordered to sit down upon the ground.

One of them went behind him and shot him with a gun, while another stabbed him several times with a large butcher-knife. His scalp was cut off before he was dead, and put on his own hat; the hat was then worn by one of his murderers. I was stupefied with horror as I gazed on this spectacle, and supposed that my turn would come next. But the Indians having secured the plunder of the wagon, mounted us on the mules and ordered us to go with them.

As I left, I looked back and saw the poor Mexican weltering in his blood and still breathing.

We took a northeast direction, and traveled slowly till sunset when we encamped. Here the plunder, consisting of blankets, bedding, clothing, bridles, and some money which I had in my pocket, was divided among the Indians. Some articles considered useless were thrown into the fire. My clothing was taken away, except barely enough to cover my person. In the distribution of the captives the eldest boy, about twelve years of age, was claimed by the chief; I became the property of one of the others. I should have mentioned, that one of our captors was a Mexican, who had been stolen from the state of Chihuahua when an infant. He was now as savage as the Indians, and claimed the youngest boy for his prize. The scalp of the Mexican was stretched on a stick and dried by the fire.

After giving us some meat for our supper, the Indians began to secure us for the night. The boys with their arms tied tightly behind them, were taken under guard by two savages. My feet were tied together, and I was obliged to lie between the other two. I did not sleep any during the night, for I was afraid of being killed.

The next day we resumed our journey, and traveled in the same direction. The boys were mounted on good animals, and had bows and arrows. Their faces were painted Indian fashion, and they looked like young savages. They appeared to like this new mode of life, and were never treated with excessive cruelty. I was

mounted on a good horse, but being obliged to sit astride the animal, the journey was exceedingly painful.

I had a fine head of hair, which I valued very much but the chief ordered it to be cut off; I was not a little mortified in seeing it decorating the heads of the heartless savages. My head was thus left entirely unprotected from the intense hot rays of the sun.

Nothing of interest occurred except repeated acts of inhumanity towards me, until the twelfth day after my capture.—At this time we were joined by two Indian men and squaw. These were all the Indians I saw till after my escape. Up to this time my sufferings had been so severe as to take from me all desire to live but now they were greatly increased. The squaw from whom I might have expected some compassion, was evidently the cause of the new cruelties which I now began to experience.

My horse was now taken from me, and I was mounted on an unbroken mule without a bridle. I had a saddle, but it was worn out and good for nothing but to torture me. This animal would frequently tip me over its head of its own accord, but not being wild enough to gratify the malice of the Indians, the chief would sometimes shake the Mexican's scalp before its eyes. The beast would then rear and plunge in the utmost fright and I would be thrown upon the ground with great violence. I have been tossed from the mule's back as many as half a dozen times a day, and once I was so stunned, that I lay a considerable time before my senses returned. My repeated falls greatly amused the Indians whose horrid peals of laughter might have been heard at a great distance.

I never saw them exhibit the first sign of pity toward me. It made no difference how badly I was hurt, if I did not rise immediately, and mount the animal which had just thrown me, they would apply their riding whips, or gun sticks, or the end of a lariat to my unprotected body, with the greatest violence. The squaw would help me to rise by wounding me with the point of a spear which she carried. You may understand one object the Indians had in view in putting me upon this wild animal and causing me to be thrown so often, when I tell you I expected to become a mother in a few weeks.—They understood my situation, but instead of softening their hearts, it only made them more inhuman and subjected me to greater sufferings.

I was obliged to work like a slave while in camp; while there was any service to perform I was not allowed a moment's rest. I was compelled to carry large loads of wood on my back which, being destitute of sufficient clothing, was mangled till the blood ran down to my feet. I had to chase the animals through briars and bushes, till what little clothing I had was torn to ribbons. I brought the animals to camp in the morning, and had to watch them till they were ready to start, and if one more wild than the rest ran off, I must chase him back, and then be knocked down by the chief for my want of skill. When all were ready to start, I had to catch and saddle my own wild mule without assistance. If the party did not start immediately, I was compelled to pull at the end of a lariat which the Indians would fasten to a bush.—They seemed to study every method of putting me to death by piece-meal.

Exhausted by incessant toil and suffering and extreme anguish from my wounds I could not work as fast as the Indians desired, and often when scarcely able to stand, and hardly knowing what I was doing, I have been required to do the work of the strongest man. And because of my inability to accomplish my task satisfactorily, I have been whipped till my flesh was raw. Large stones were thrown at me. I was knocked down and stamped upon by the ferocious chief, who seemed anxious to crush me like a worm beneath his feet. My head sometimes fell under the horses feet and then the Indians would try to make the beast kick me. After all was ready for the days journey, I was obliged to travel as fast as the others, riding sometimes over rocks and through bushes aching and sore from head to foot, and exposed alike to cold and heat, sunshine and storm.

I have gone two days at a time without tasting food. The Indians depended on hunting for their subsistence, and sometimes had nothing to eat themselves—unless there was an abundance of food I received little or nothing—when any game was killed, the Indians would tear out the heart, liver, and entrails and eat them raw. I suffered exceedingly from thirst; I was not allowed to drink, except while in camp. We frequently crossed beautiful streams during the day, and I would beg the privilege of dismounting to quench my thirst. But the Indians would always deny my request with contempt. It was in vain I pointed to my parched tongue and head blistered in the rays of the sun. Nothing could soften them into pity, and I ardently desired death, that my torments might come to an end.

Every indignity was offered to my person which the imagination can conceive. And I am at loss to know how I have lived through the barbarous treatment which was inflicted upon me. Frequently my feelings were so outraged that I was tempted to kill my inhuman masters. My indignation burned particularly against the chief, and I thought if I could

only cut him to pieces I could die content.

We traveled every day—we usually started about 10 o'clock in the morning, and halt about four in the evening. The Indians were accustomed to go to the tops of the highest hills, and stand there gazing in every direction. We always spent the night on a hill, and were thus exposed to the cold autumn winds; we slept on the ground, generally without covering. When it rained the Indians made a tent, of the blankets and wagon sheet they had stolen from us, but I was not allowed to take shelter in it—I preferred sleeping outside in the storm.

After my mule had become so gentle that I could ride it without being thrown, it was taken from me and I was obliged to travel on foot. The road over which we passed was often very rough and stony and full of thorns. My feet were wounded and bruised till they were covered with blood and greatly swollen.—But still I was obliged to keep up with the rest of the party, and if I fell behind I was beaten till I was nearly senseless. The Indians often urged me on by attempting to ride their horses over me; many a mile of that road is marked with my blood, and many a hill there has echoed to my useless cries.

I traveled on foot some five or six days. After the party were ready to start in the morning, the direction of the route was pointed out to me, and I was required to go before the others, in order not to hinder them. They usually overtook me before I traveled far. I had always intended to make my escape as soon as I found an opportunity. I never expected to reach my friendly settlement, but I did not wish to give the Indians the pleasure of seeing me die. On the morning of the twenty-fifth day after my capture I was sent on in advance as usual.

I had eaten no breakfast, and was very weak, but the hope of escape now supported me. I hastened on as fast as I could, and finding a suitable hiding place I turned aside and concealed myself in the bushes. After this I saw nothing more of my captors. I found afterwards by the tracks of the animals that they had searched for me; they probably thought I would die, and therefore took less trouble to find me. I have no doubt the next time they pass that way they will look for me again.

My situation was now distressing beyond all description; I was alone, in an Indian country, some hundred miles from the nearest friendly settlements. I was without food, without shelter, and almost without clothing. My body was full of wounds and bruises, and my feet were so swollen that I could hardly stand. Wild beasts were around me, and savages more than beasts, roamed on every hand. Winter was coming on, and death in its most horrible forms stared me in the face—I sat down and thought of my lonely and exposed situation. But I could not weep—my heart was too full of woe.

After remaining three days in the place where I had first concealed myself from the Indians, I went to a grove about a mile distant and built a little house of bushes and grass. Here I lived nine days. My only food was the blackberries which grew on the bushes around. I quenched my thirst at a spring near by. My wounds pained me exceedingly, and I wasted to a mere skeleton for want of proper nourishment. It rained upon me seven nights in succession, and my little house was unable to protect me from the cold storms.

More than once I spent a sleepless night, perfectly drenched in rain; while the wolves, sometimes coming within five steps of me would make the woods ring with their frightful howlings. They would also follow close behind me when I went to the spring during the day; I expected, some time, to be devoured, by them; but they are great cowards, and I could easily frighten them away.

When I slept, I would dream of seeing tables spread with an abundance of every kind of food; but when I stretched forth my hand to satisfy my hunger, the effort would awaken me, and I would find myself weeping bitterly.

When absent from my house on the twelfth day after my escape some New Mexican traders passed by on their way to the Camanche settlements. While standing on a small hill looking after them, in order to be sure they were not Indians, I was discovered by some three or four of the party, who happened to be some distance behind. They immediately came toward me, and soon understood my situation. They kindly offered to take me with them, and I gladly bade farewell to my house in the woods. The Mexicans put me upon a burro, and gave me a blanket and some men's clothing, in which I dressed myself very comfortably.

Two or three days after this we came in sight of a band of Camanches, and it was not safe for me to be seen by them, I was left behind in a ravine, with the promise that the Mexicans would return for me at night. As they did not fulfill their promise, I started toward their camp; about midnight, while wandering among the bushes, a Camanche Indian passed within twenty steps. I thought I was captive once more, but fortunately the savage did not see me. I threw myself on the ground and waited for day.—In the morning I started again for the camp of the Mexicans, but before I reached it I was discovered by one of the trading party who was herding the animals. This man is a Pueblo Indian, of San Ildefonso,

and is named Juan-Jose. To him, more than to any other man in the party, I owe my present freedom.

He told me the camp was full of Camanches, and if they saw me it would be impossible for the party to save me. He made me lie down on the ground while he covered me with dried grass. I lay here all day, and at night crept forth to quench my almost intolerable thirst. Juan came and brought me some bread, and told me not by any means to leave my hiding-place the next day. That day lagged slowly along, and I could hear the dreaded Camanches passing and repassing, and shouting to each other.

At night Juan returned, bringing another blanket and several loaves of bread, and told me that I must remain here for seven or eight days longer, as the party were obliged to go further on, and could not take me, unless I was willing to become a captive once more. I saw the party disappear the next day, and it seemed as if my hopes of rescue disappeared with them. But I resolved to wait until the time appointed was up.

In a ravine near by I found a large log, which had been left burning; this fire I kept alive day and night till the Mexicans returned, and without it I should probably have frozen to death, as the weather had become very cold. I covered a hollow cotton woodstump with bark and leaves to keep out the cold wind.—This stump was my house during my stay here. When I could endure the cold no longer I would leave my house and run to the fire, but was afraid to stay there long lest the Indians should see me. The wolves soon found out my place of retreat, and frequently, while I was in the stump, they would come and scratch around and on its top. The black-berries were very scarce here, and had it not been for the bread Juan Jose gave me I do not see how I could have kept from starving to death.

The eight days passed slowly by, and I knew not whether to give way to hope or despair. But on the eighth I heard several persons calling to each other. I feared they were Indians, but they belonged to the trading party, and were on their return to New Mexico. They had lost the place where I was concealed, and were shouting to each other to attract my attention. I was so overjoyed that I pushed towards them, unmindful of briars and sore feet. Juan gave me a fine horse to ride, and the whole party treated me with the utmost civility and kindness.

On the thirty-fourth day of our return toward New Mexico, we reached the town of Pecos. Here I met Major Carleton, Mr. Adams, of the United States army, who took the deepest interest in my comfort. Here I laid aside man's apparel, and was furnished with a supply from Mrs. A.'s wardrobe. After remaining at Pecos a few days, I was conducted to Santa Fe, by the son of Gov. Merriwether.

To Gov. M., and also to the American ladies of this place, I cannot be too thankful for their friendly sympathies and uniform kindness.

The past seems like a horrid dream.—I have related nothing but facts, and no language that I can use can fully express the sufferings of mind and body which I have endured. My two brothers-in-law are still captives, and unless reclaimed will become as savage as the Indians.—The Mexicans saw them with the Camanches, but were unable to procure their freedom. One is twelve years old, the other ten, and unless the strong arm of government is lifted up for their redemption, there is no hope for them.

This is a dangerous period of the year for colds—people should be careful.—Mrs. Partington says she has got a romantic affection in her shoulders, the new geranium in her head, and the embargo in the region of her jugular vein; all from the opening of the window to throw a bottle at a couple of bellerent cats on the shed.

Fourteen thousand and ninety-eight persons are now receiving pensions in the several States, from the United States Government under the various acts passed since 1818.

A spark had noticed at a public place, a pretty looking girl, who, he thought, would be an easy prey and he without ceremony, addressed her, but met with a severe rebuke; this so disconcerted him, that in his confusion, he could but just utter—'Well well, but do not swallow me.' 'O, no,' said the young woman with a significant smile, 'you need not fear that; I am a Jewess, and am not allowed to eat pork.'

'When will these cars leave?' inquired an anxious individual of Smith.

'I presume,' replied the wag, 'as soon as the last seat is taken, as that will be quite sure to make the car-go.'

Mr. Anxious took his umbrella and got aboard.

The ladies of Rusk county, Texas, have sent in a petition praying the prohibition of intoxicating drinks.

The narrowest part of the Atlantic is more than two miles deep. In other parts it is about one and half miles.