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FARE THEE WELL.

This beautiful production, says the N. Y. Atlas, is copied from the works of a well known, noble bard, at the request of a lady, who we do not often feel inclined to disappoint. We do not think that there will be found in the whole world an individual who will not appreciate the superior merit of the production.

Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still forever, fare thee well!
Even though unforgiving, never
Against thee shall my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee,
Which thou ne'er canst know again:
Would that breast by thee glanced o'er,
Every inmost thought would show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
'Tho' the world for this commended thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises more offend thee,
Founded on another's woe—
Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a careless wound!
Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not,
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away;
Still thine own life retaineth—
Still must mine; though bleeding, bent,
And the undying thought which paineth,
Is—that we no more may meet.
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wall above the dead;
Both shall live, but every sorrow
Wakes us from a widowed bed,
And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
Though his care she must forego!
When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is prest,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had blessed!
Should her limaments resemble
Those thou never more mayst see,
Then thy heart will safely tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither—yet with thee they go.
Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:
But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vain as still,
But the thoughts we cannot bridle,
Force their way without the will,
Fare the well!—thus disunited,
Turn from every nearer tie,
Near'd in heart, and lone, and blighted—
More than this, I scarce can die.

Among the many ingenious and labor-saving machines now on exhibition at the New York State Fair, is one invented by a gentleman from Connecticut, who says that when it is wound up and set in motion, it will chase a hog over a ten acre lot, catch, yoke, and ring him, or by a slight change of gearing it will chop him into sausages, work his bristles into shoe brushes, and manufacture his tail into corkscrews, all in the twinkling of a bed post.

A FAT HEN.—Mr. E. Goff, of this city, recently found that one of his hens from which he procured an egg a day could not walk about with facility, and on the 6th instant she came a stand and rolled. She could no longer run about. So Mr. Goff cut off her head, and on stripping the feathers he found almost a solid mass of fat. Her claws were even pulled out with fat. She was small in size, but so solid in grease that she weighed when dressed 7½ pounds.—*Hartford Times.*

"Miss, can I have the exquisite pleasure of rolling the wheel of conversation around the axle-tree of your understanding a few minutes this evening?" The lady faints.

UP TO THE TIMES.—"How do you keep your books?" "By double entry. I make one entry, and father makes another!"

LOVING.—"Sally," said Simon, "I wish I was a fish, and you was bait. Lord-ee, how I'd bite!"

A MAN AS A HOUSE MAID.

Robbery, Arrests, and Exposure.

A few months ago a robust looking person, dressed in the becoming garb of a female domestic, made application at Burt's Intelligence Office, in this city for a situation to do ordinary housework. Soon after, a lady from Scholastic county applied for help; but all whom she selected were unwilling to leave town. The "domestic" above referred to, however, expressed a willingness to engage, but the lady did not like her appearance. Finally she was reluctantly compelled to accept of her services. She accordingly ordered her to appear with her trunk at the Mansion House, at 8 o'clock the following morning—where she found her, on time, but quarreling with the cabman, whom she offered a sixpence—all the money she said she had—for conveying her box to the place of rendezvous. The lady settled the difficulty, placed her protégée in the stage, and proceeded with her to her pleasant mansion in Old Scholarias.

Nothing transpired for several days to disturb either mistress or servant. The latter took hold with most wonderful industry—rising at 4 o'clock every morning, and working so long as any work was to be done. Indeed so assiduous was she that the lady of the house reproved her for working harder and later than was necessary. Her only reply was that she "could not bear to be idle, and would rather work than play."

The first remark on her eccentricities was made by a little girl; who one morning entered the parlor, with open mouth and eyes, exclaiming, "O! grandma, what do you think, that new girl goes down the cellar stairs at a single jump!" But this was not deemed sufficiently strange to excite any other remark than she was a "smart girl." New developments, however, were in reserve. A few evenings after, when all the working men about the premises were at supper—fifteen or twenty in number—the household was startled by the boisterous laughter of the men. On inquiring the cause it appeared that "Elizabeth" had, on a banister, jumped square over the broad table, dishes and all, at a bound, and offered to wager a new bonnet that she would do the same thing if a chair were placed on the top of the table—only stipulating for a single step backward. No one, however, accepted the wager, but all concurred that "she was a lecture the smartest critter in the diggins."

In the course of time, a fellow servant girl (with whom the strange girl roomed) informed her mistress that she could not remain any longer in the family if "Elizabeth" did not leave. She refused to assign any reason for this intimation; but "Elizabeth," when arraigned, said the other servants were angry with her, because she refused to contribute a dollar to the Priest. As this was known to be true, "Elizabeth" was told to go to her work, and the other girl to leave if she persisted in her demand.

"Elizabeth" continued to grow in favor with all hands, in spite of her apparent stupidity; but she was particularly intimate with one "Patrick," with whom she often took evening rambles. Her mistress chided her for this intimacy, warning her against all "gay deceivers;" but she closed all reproach by the very unexpected piece of information, that "Patrick and she were engaged to be married!"

No one suspected anything amiss in "Elizabeth," until one morning, on the return of the gentleman of the house, after several weeks absence. The family, consisting of sons, daughters, sons-in-law, grand children, &c., were quietly seated at breakfast, with "Elizabeth" serving at the table. The gentleman scrutinized her pretty closely, when, as she retired, the breakfast circle was startled by his throwing down his knife and fork and exclaiming, "That girl's a man—didn't you notice her beard?" "Now, don't be boyish with your nonsense," from his wife, and a hearty laugh from the whole group, was all the response he received for his wonderful discovery. "Elizabeth" continued to work with greater vigor and effect than any girl ever did work before, and the family resumed their congratulations at their good luck in having picked up so "good a girl."

In a week or two the gentleman of the house had occasion to leave home for a time, and was about to get into his carriage, when it occurred to him that there might not be money enough in the safe for household and business purposes until his return. He looked through his account book, and found there should be some \$375 in gold and silver in the safe, besides some paper money. On looking to see whether he was right, he found the paper money, but the gold had disappeared. Here was "a go." "Who was the robber?" was the next question. He decided in his own mind that there was but one servant in the house with wit enough to get hold of the keys and remove the money, unobserved. And she was the favorite and trusted nurse of the grand children, whose mistress was then absent. It was determined, therefore, that she should be arrested, her trunks searched, &c. A search-warrant was accordingly obtained, with directions to the officer to stand in readiness to come when sent for. As if to confirm the justness of these

supicions, the girl informed the son-in-law, whose children she had nursed, that she was going to leave in a few days—although she had previously frequently expressed a desire to always live with the family, who had uniformly treated her with great kindness. "What do you mean, Mary, by this sudden determination?" "I only mean that I cannot stay here any longer. I shall leave on Monday morning." So the officer was told to be on hand early Monday morning, just before the stage left, so as to have the absconding servant's trunks searched. Before he came, however, the girl herself asked the employer to search her trunks. This was a confirmation strong as holy writ, that she was the thief.—"Why do you want me to search your trunks?" "To see that they contain nothing but what belongs to me." "Did you suppose you were suspected of theft?" "No, but I supposed I might be." Why? "Because there are those about the house who are stealing every thing they can lay their hands on; and I cannot stay where they are." "Why did you keep this information from us?" "Because, when I went to tell Mrs.—, she said she would not listen to any complaints from servants about each other, and compelled me to be silent." "To whom do you refer?" "To Elizabeth, who has been stealing something every day." She then proceeded to name several articles which she knew "Elizabeth" had stolen and to justify herself for the course she had resolved upon.

This revelation changed the aspect of affairs, and the fact that the same day "Elizabeth" announced her determination to leave the next morning, did not render them any the less interesting, but promised a more speedy denouement than was anticipated. It was against her trunk that the search-warrant was now directed, just as it was ready to be placed on the stage. She demurred; but the law, at this stage of proceedings, knows no demurrers, and the trunk was unopened. And such an uncovering! Rolls of linen, silk hoods, a dozen fine linen chemise, fine dresses, pieces of cotton cloth, shoes, dressing gowns, lace, one man's linen shirt big enough for "daddy Lambert," and sundry other commodities, indicating the wardrobe of an heiress rather than that of a cook. The spectators looked on amazed, and the mystery was not rendered any the less a mystery, by a very badly written letter, to the following effect:—

"Dear Lizzy—Auray to us, as your mother is dying. When you come I will do all I promised. I have the money for you; and if you haven't enough to get here with, if your friends will furnish it we will return it. There will be a wagon for you at Lambertville. Come immediately."

This letter, it afterwards appeared, she had induced a servant in a neighboring family to write, saying that she wished to show it as an excuse for her desire to leave so suddenly. "But," said the girl, "this won't have a post mark, and they will detect you." "Oh! you leave that to me," was her reply; "when I hand the letter, I will take it out of the envelope." But the letter was found prematurely; and, in spite of her protestations, she was hurried to jail—the officer believing that when she saw the bars she would relent and confess. But not she! On entering the cell, she looked round rather complacently, and ordered up her baggage.— This was refused her, but she persisted so resolutely that her request was complied with, on the grounds that she should only take out what she required for her use while in prison. On doing so, a razor and strap fell out of a bundle, and on being told that she could not retain articles so useless to her, she begged pitiously for them, as "the only thing left to her by her dear, dead father." Of course, no humane officer of the law could disregard such a plea, and she was allowed to retain them.

As soon as the arrest was made public, with the news that her trunk had been found filled with stolen goods, the neighbors with whom she associated, came flocking to the house with all sorts of articles which they had received from her as presents. Many of the articles were recognized by the family, but others were not; but enough were identified to render the guilt of the prisoner clear enough for a jury.

Her trial came on, when her counsel advised her to plead guilty. This, at first, she refused to do; but finally consented—not, however, until she had remained over night in custody of the under Sheriff, at his house. He persuaded her to this course, and took so much interest in her case that very unkind suspicions found utterance; how unjust, the sequel will show. In consideration of her plea of guilty, the Judge was very merciful, and sentenced her to three months in the Albany Penitentiary.— Here she arrived a few days ago, and the worthy matron received her kindly & introduced her to the female department, and from thence into the bathing room, from whence a series of loud screams for "Mr. Pillsbury" were soon heard; and on his reappearing, the matron hid her blushes, and requested him to "take that man away!" Mr. Pillsbury, like a gentleman as he is, complied with this very reasonable request—had the lusty rascal cropped and attired in proper garments, set him to work among those of his own sex, where he now is, with a proper a-crop

of beard as any man could desire, and such a crop as he could any day have had while a housemaid, and as he would have had but for the semi-daily application of the razor left him by his "dear, dead father!"

The rascal refuses to own to the stealing of the \$375, being determined, doubtless, to get hold of it so soon as he is released from his present quarters. This denouement was wonderfully stirred up the dull blood of the Scholastic Dutch; and greatly disappointed those who had a promise of an opportunity to "dance at the wedding" of Patrick and Elizabeth! —*Albany Journal.*

AN ADVENTURE IN TEXAS.

A Thrilling Sketch.

During the recent war between the United States and the Indians of Texas, a great number of volunteers joined the expedition. One of these, Captain Ferguson, of Kentucky, became celebrated for his hardihood and success in the terrible hunting of Indians. The following incident will convey some idea of the character of the man, and also of the war still waging in the New World, between civilization and barbarism.

A small band of volunteers, among whom was Captain Ferguson, spent several days in exploring Texas, and had wandered far into the interior without meeting a solitary Indian track. Tired of this pacific journey, they resolved to separate and seek adventures singly, before returning to the camp.

Accordingly the following morning, Captain Ferguson, mounted on an excellent horse, left his companions and directed his course across a cluster of hills, hemmed in by thick woods which bounded the horizon. Arrived at the foot of the hills, the Captain perceived a troop of wild horses slowly advancing towards him. Suddenly they broke into a gallop; a movement which appeared to him suspicious, and induced our hero to watch them closely.

They soon gained the level ground, and the dull sound of their hoofs striking the soil, became distinctly audible. The Captain looked, and saw clinging to the flanks of each, an Indian suspended horizontally by an arm and a leg. This is a common stratagem among the Indians, but luckily for Ferguson, he was still at a considerable distance from these unpleasant-looking cavaliers.

Perceiving, by the sudden rapidity of his flight, that they were discovered, the Indians climbed on their horses and pursued our hero at full speed, shouting their terrible war cry.

Looking back, Ferguson observed that his pursuers spread themselves across the prairie, with the evident intention of cutting off his retreat to the hills. He saw that his only chance of safety consisted in gaining the woods, whither his pursuers durst not follow him, least they should encounter the outposts of the American troops.

He did not again look behind, but with his eyes eagerly fixed on the yet distant goal, he spurred on his horse to his utmost speed. The animal stumbled and the cry of the Indians became more distinct; and the noble animal arose again, and with a loud neigh, as though conscious of the peril that menaced his master, he made a prodigious forward bound and cleared the space which divided him from the woods, with the speed of an arrow.

As Ferguson had foreseen, the Indians, fearing to enter the woods, came to a sudden halt. Although now comparatively out of danger, he did not esteem the neighborhood perfectly safe, and therefore pursued his course for five or six miles, without drawing bridle. Evening was closing in when he judged it proper to pause. He tried in vain to discover where he was—but he was not a man to vex himself for trifles, so he quietly resolved to sleep in the open air, and defer till the morrow the task of finding his way. A clear stream, bordered with shrubs, ran near, and Ferguson having unbridled his horse, wrapped himself in his cloak and lay down in the grass.

At daybreak he resumed his journey, following the course of the stream. When he had gone about four miles, he found the corpse of one of his companions. The poor fellow had been scalped, and Ferguson's first thought was that all his friends had probably been surprised, and massacred singly. Indeed, the numerous hoof-prints of horses, some shod and some unshod, indicated plainly the recent passage of both white men and Indians. Slowly and cautiously he followed these traces without making any discoveries until towards the middle of the day, when he having eluded up a slight eminence he saw on the plain, at about a mile's distance, a large Indian encampment.

At the same moment the Indians perceived the captain, and leaped on their horses. Cursing his own imprudence, Ferguson turned bridle, and began as quickly as possible to retrace his steps.— Arrived at the outer border of the woods, he saw on the plain which was about to cross, a dense cloud of lurid smoke, extending on either side as far as the eye could reach. It was a prairie on fire.— What was he to do? To return was death; to go forward, destruction was no less inevitable.

In this terrible emergency, Ferguson did not lose his presence of mind, but continued to advance rapidly in the direction of the fire. When he met the black advance guard of smoke, behind

which the flame wound and darted like some monstrous hydra-headed serpent, Ferguson checked his horse and dismounted. He tore his mantle into pieces, fastened one as a bandage round his horse's eyes, and another so as to envelope the animal's mouth and nostrils; then he covered his face in a similar manner. This was the work of a few moments—precious moments, for the yells of the advancing Indians became fearfully distinct. His preparation being made, Ferguson remounted; and facing the horse towards the fire, spurred him on with energy of despair. The noble beast bounded forward, the fierce flames enveloping him and the rider; but the arm of the latter was of iron strength: he held up his horse, and impelled him through the fire. A few desperate bounds and the torture was over.

The fresh cool air—how delicious it was! Ferguson tore off the bandages which covered his own head and horse's and threw himself on the ground. He is saved; he has accomplished an unparalleled exploit! But above the roaring and crackling of the flames, he heard the triumphant cries of his pursuers, who thought they had precipitated him into the ocean of fire. He made an effort to give back a defiant shout, but his voice died on his lips.

Half suffocated, both horse and man had scarcely strength to move across the blackened plain; yet Ferguson knew that without water they must inevitably perish. He therefore summoned his remaining energies, and crept on, leading his horse by the bridle. All the poor creature's hair was singed off, and large pieces of his hide came away at the slightest touch.

Tormented by a raging thirst, Ferguson dragged himself towards the father-extremity of the plain; and there he perceived a band of wolves advancing with savage howls. This new peril aroused both the horse and the rider. A clear, fresh stream was flowing by; into it plunged the animal, and Ferguson also dipped his head into the delicious bath. Its restorative effect was magical. He recollected that the wolves in the vast deserts are accustomed to flock towards a prairie on fire in order to prey upon the animals escaping from the flames. The Captain examined his horse, and found with pleasure that the creature was much recovered, and even neighed in reply to the wolves' howling. More moved by this plaintive neigh than he had ever been by a human cry, Ferguson gently caressed the head of the steed, and then mounting urged him on to the forest. The wolves meanwhile crossed the stream in hot pursuit, their hoarse yells sounding a thousand times more terrible than the whistling of bullets on the battle field.

A cold shuddering seized Ferguson. "If my horse should fall!" he thought. But thanks to his vigilance, and the feverish energy of the animal, they gradually gained on their pursuers; for the speed of a prairie wolf is much less than that of a fleet horse.

But the powers of the noble creature were nearly spent, his breathing became rapid, and his head drooped. Yet he still made a wonderful effort to gain the forest, for, with the instinct of his kind, he seemed to know that safety would be found among the trees.

At length the wood was gained. Ferguson gave a joyous shout, for now he could take refuge in a tree. Tying his horse to a lower branch, our hero climbed one quickly, and loaded his carbine and pistols, with a faint hope of defending the poor animal from the wolves' attack.

From the lofty branch on which he had taken refuge, Ferguson watched the monsters approach—they were of the fiercest, species white, and glowing red eyes, and he saw that all was over with his faithful horse. They rushed on their victim— Ferguson fired among them; but in a moment the animal was devoured, and the empty bridle left hanging on the branch.

The wolves with gaping throats, and their white tusks grinning horribly, remained around the tree; for the horse had scarcely furnished each with a mouthful. On the Captain's slightest movement they jumped up, as if to seize him before he could reach the ground. Ferguson enjoyed a kind of a feverish pleasure in killing a number of them with his carbine. But night was closing in, and quite exhausted, unable even to reload his arms, he was seized with a sudden giddiness.— He was forced to close his eyes lest he should fall from the green fortress.

Then a deep roaring was heard in the neighboring prairie. At the sound, the wolves pricked up their ears, and darted off simultaneously in pursuit of new prey. In a short time Ferguson opened his eyes, and descried in the plain on the border of the wood, an enormous buffalo, surrounded by the ravenous wolves, who were tearing him to pieces despite his furious efforts to escape.

The Captain, profiting by this fortunate diversion, descended from his tree; and hastened to kindle the dried branches scattered on the ground. He shortly succeeded in surrounding himself with a rampart of fire.

Feeling then comparatively safe, he roasted one of the dead wolves, and ate a small portion of the flesh, notwithstanding the natural repugnance inspired by such unclean food. Being somewhat strengthened by his strange repast, he collected a supply of wood for the night. In about an hour afterwards, the

wolves returned to the charge, but Ferguson, thanks to his flaming fortification, was in such perfect safety that, despite the continued howling, he slept profoundly until morning.

On awaking, he found the wolves were gone in pursuit, doubtless, of easier prey; and the Captain was able to resume his journey on foot, carrying with him his pistols, his cutlass, and his carbine.

After a week of incredible fatigue and privation, he arrived in safety at the American camp; but no tidings were ever heard of his unfortunate companions.— They probably had either been massacred by the Indians, or devoured by the wolves. As to Captain Ferguson, he was seized with a fever, which confined him to bed for many weeks. When convalescent, he happened to look into a mirror, but started back affrighted. His beard remained black, but the hair of his head became as white as snow.

A Powerful Puff.

A New-York pill doctor, who advertised in a Cincinnati paper, asked the editor to give him a puff. The editor, good-natured, wrote a "first rate notice," from which we make the following extract:—

"One single pill worn in each pocket, will instantly give ease and elasticity to the tightest pantaloon. A little quantity will create an appetite in the most delicate stomach, or physic a horse. They will also be found to give a rich flavor to apple-dumplings, and a peculiar zest to pickled oysters; they will thicken soup, reduce corpulent persons, and are an excellent bait for mouse-traps. One pill dissolved in a bucket of water will be found a perfectly water-proof lining for canal embankments; placed in steamboat boilers, they will effectually prevent their bursting, and greatly increase the speed of the boats. As for their medical qualities, they are justly entitled to be called—*Antiscorbuticum Grævia Probatum*—i. e., a remedy approved by grace—for they effectually cool St. Anthony's fire and stop St. Vitus's dance; they purify the pimples in the small pox, and radiate the red gum in teething; they reduce white swellings and cure the black jaundice, blue devils, yellow, scarlet, or any other fever; they cure also the thrush in children, and pip in hens, the staggers in horses, and the nightmare in owls. But further enumeration is unnecessary; suffice it to say that this medicine is a combination upon new principles discovered by the present proprietor's immortal grandmother, and are an exception to all rules of science, common sense, and experience; so that while they are the most powerful agent in nature, revolutionizing the whole animal economy, and eradicating the most incurable diseases, they are at the same time a perfectly innocent preparation, and may be taken with entire safety by the nursing infant—powerful all harmless."

Cool yet Accomodating.

A man by the name of Bahr in Sebastian county, was lately in very peculiar circumstances. Whilst absent from home, a vagabond by the name of Rose made the acquaintance of his family, and actually so far transcended the bounds of propriety as to induce Mrs. Bahr to consent to run away from her husband and colibit with him. Accordingly he yoked up Bahr's oxen, loaded the cart with the effects about the house, placed Mrs. Bahr and her two children on the top of them, and was just about to cry "git up, Berry," when Bahr made his appearance.— He had already heard of his wife's unfaithfulness, and came up weeping.

"Oh, Polly Jane, Polly Jane, are you going to leave me, and take away Bob and Sarinda?"

Mrs. Bahr answered not a word, but the attention of Rose was drawn to the man's lamentations.

"What's the matter, Mr. Bahr?" said Rose.

"Polly and the children is going to be separated from me," responded Bahr.

"No need of that, Mr. Bahr, no need of that." Come and go along with us; in fact, we need you to pack water and chop wood. Cheer up, and come along. Don't look at the dark side of life, you'll have a first rate time. Git up, Berry!" —*Puyetteville (Ark.) Independent.*

POLITE.—"My dear, don't say false, say narrative," said a modest lady to her little son, who was relating a very interesting "tale" he had just read. "While the little fellow was thinking of his mistake the old house dog walked in shaking his tail and looking quite familiarly at the boy, when he exclaimed, "Ma, make Sauecho quit shaking his narrative."

The subjoined is a true copy of the resignation of a Justice of the Peace in Natchitoches, Louisiana. We hope it may strike the reader as it first struck us. We had to laugh!

State of Louisiana,
Parish of Natchitoches. To the Governor of Louisiana:

Know all men by these presents, that I, L. L. L., squire, do hereby *throw up* for reasons best known to myself,

L. L. L., Justice of Peace.

Dr. Graham, who was tried in New York city for the murder of Col. Loring, has been convicted of man slaughter in the second degree.