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## THE LOST AND THE SAVED.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"Please, sir, mother wants half a pint of gin," piped a thin, little voice, and a small grimy hand thrust upon the counter, a tin cup and a few pennies.

The grocer—a big, red-faced man, whose rufous visage was framed in hair and whiskers, bushy and fiery in hue, looked down and over the counter at his small customer.

"So your mother's at her old tricks, hey?" he said in fierce tones. "Don't she know better than to touch a drop of gin? She'll get a night in the station-house, and ten days in the Tombs out of this beginning, or may be her health'll require a trip to 'the Island' afore she'll get over it. I've a mind not to let her have it."

"Oh please, do, sir. She's got such a big ironing she never can get through without some gin; and then she'll beat me if I come home without any."

The grocer smiled, looked at the pennies, and the little face down which the slow-falling tears were making two white channels through the dirt, that could not utterly conceal its rare and winning beauty, and relented.

"I may as well let her have it," he said, in self defence, "for she'll get it somewhere else if I don't."

So he poured out the gin, dropped the pennies into the drawer, and then, whistling and thrusting his hands into his pockets, followed the child to the door.

A good looking man, a gentleman, as his refined appearance, in which there was no touch of dandyism, indicated, stood there. He had been watching the scene. As the grocer came up he spoke.

"Why did you let the child have that gin for her mother?"

"Cause, if I didn't somebody else would," the grocer answered, in a tone, and with an air, that meant—"what's that to you? But something in the stranger's manner restrained his impetuosity, and his words were civil, though few.

"There's her mother, looking out of the window," he added, "guess she's getting in a hurry for her gin, and he finished by a sneering laugh, as he pointed to a building opposite and a few doors below, from one of the second floor windows of which a woman was leaning, and trying, by means of violent gesticulation, to attract the notice of the child.

The stranger started, and uttered a low exclamation, as his eyes fell upon the woman, but the next moment his attention was attracted by a scene in the street, and his emotion passed unnoticed. A man, squalid, bear-eyed, and ragged, came reeling round the corner which the child was approaching. She saw him, and after cowering for a moment in sudden fright, bounded across the gutter, and fled toward the opposite side of the street. The man pursued, his long strides bringing him nearer at every step, till, beneath the window from which the woman still leaned, his heavy hand was laid upon the girl's shoulder.

The words he uttered were not audible to the two spectators of the scene, but they saw him snatch the cup from the child's hands, and hastily swallow what remained of its contents after her rapid flight. The woman screamed at him some coarse epithet, as she saw her expected dram thus seized. Lowering the cup from his upraised mouth, he threw it violently in the face of the child, then, shaking his fist at the screaming woman, he reeled into the house, leaving the little girl lying upon the pavement where the unexpected blow had prostrated her.

The whole of this scene had passed so rapidly that the two lookers on had not found time for the interchange of words. But they now started, simultaneously, in the direction where the child was still lying.

"Your liquor has borne its fruit—sooner than you expected, and of a different kind," the stranger said, laconically, to his companion.

"The man hung his head.

"It's a shame," he said, "but then what can a feller do?"

"What would you do to a man who

would sell your wife the means of getting drunk?" the stranger asked.

"I'd punch his head!—I'd—I'd have his life, the —! But then what can a feller do? If you don't sell it to the poor, miserable wretches, somebody else will."

"And so," the stranger said, as he stooped over the still form of the child, who lay where she had fallen, "and so, you quiet your conscience in doing wrong by the thought that other people will, if you don't, and thus absorb the gains of iniquity which might be yours. Bad philosophy, my friend, and worse morals!—Don't you think it would do for you to act rightly, without reference to other people or their transactions?"

The man looked abashed, but made no answer, and the two lifted the still insensible child and carried her into the dark hall, and up the filthy stairs that led to the apartment occupied by her parents. The blood was streaming from her cheek where it had been cut by the missile flung with such force, and from her temple, which had struck the curbstone in her fall. She revived partially, as the stranger bore her in his arms up the stairs, and moaned slightly. The grocer did not see with what a clasp of affection she was held close to the broad breast that supported her.

As the men came upon the landing they heard loud voices, and presently a thundering jar and fall as of some heavy article.

"More of the fruits of your gin!" the stranger said.

He stood aside while the grocer, who made no answer to his remark, threw open the door. Then he strode in and looked round for a couch or bed on which he might lay the child. And very carefully he laid her down, before he turned to the other occupants of the room.

The woman had sunk into a chair, and with hands uplifted, was striving to ward off the blows that her husband was inflicting, and he, with his bloated features all inflamed by the destroying beverage which was fast blotting out all the moral semblance of manhood, and by rage stood over her, looking far more fiendish than human.

The two strong men, however, had little trouble in reducing him to submission. They pushed him into an adjoining room, locked the door, and then the stranger begged the grocer to procure, at once, the services of the nearest physician for the child, which he added, he would remunerate.

The grocer departed, and the stranger was left alone with the woman, who was still sobbing and moaning in the corner where she sat, seemed unconscious of much that had passed. Folding his arms he gazed at her for a few moments, while tears slowly gathered in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He was thinking of scenes long past—of the far off happy days of boyhood, when he played beneath the trees that shaded his father's country home, or knelt beside his mother's knee to offer up his nightly prayer, and when at play or prayer, by the fireside or in the fields his cherished companion had been the dear sister whose face he had not for years beheld.

He had never seen her since that sad parting hour when she left the dear home of youth and all the beloved home-friends, and went forth a young and loving bride, with him who had just pledged himself, in the sight of God and man, to love and cherish, and protect her through life. Never until to-day! And to meet her thus, after the silence of years, in which he had known nothing of her welfare, though hoping all! It was not strange that such a meeting should bring tears to many eyes, all unused to weeping.

After a little time he went softly up to the woman and laid his hand upon her arm. She moved impatiently, under that, the gentle touch, and then, as it was not removed, glanced, fiercely scowling at the intruder.

He returned the gaze sadly, but firmly. Her eyes fell beneath his, but still there was no answering look of recognition.—Then he spoke. It was but one word, one simple word, but its effect was magical. A shudder ran through the woman's frame, her features were for a moment convulsed, then all fierceness faded from them, a soft dewy light came into her eyes, her small mouth trembled with suppressed feeling, she grew almost beautiful again, that mean, meagre, squalid creature, under the wondrous transformation. The word was repeated.

"Mary!"

Then a cry burst from her pent lips. She sprang to her feet, confronted the stranger, and placing her hands upon his shoulders, gazed long and fixedly into his face.

"Yes, yes," she said, slowly, "you are he, you are my own, only brother. Albert! Once I would have been glad to meet you but now, now! and repulsing the arms that would have folded her in an affectionate embrace, she turned away saying with a touching humility, "No, no my brother, I am not worthy." Then, she for the first became cognizant of the condition of her child, and rushing wildly toward the bed, she bent over the inanimate form seemingly forgetful, in her distress, of all that had passed, even of the presence of that once beloved brother.

Let us pass lightly over the scenes that followed.

The child came slowly back to health under the care of an excellent physician.

The brother lingered until her restoration was certain. During his stay, for shame's sake, the wretched parents abstained from accustomed excesses, and Albert urged them, by all the arguments his affectionate solicitude could supply to abandon the city and return with him to his country home, there to lead, once more, a true and healthful life. But in vain. Neither had the courage to attempt reformation, nor to face the friends of their youth in the prematurely old and wretched state, they refused, utterly, to go with him.

Then, finding his entreaties vain, he next besought them to permit him, at least to take with him the little one, the last survivor of the trio that had graced their home in better days. But equally vain was this attempt. The mother clung to her child with an impatient, unreasoning love that was scarcely above brute instinct; and the father, with drunken pride, that sped the honorable independence of former and better days, swore that so long as she had the shelter of his home, she need not, and should not eat the bread of charity.

There was no appeal, and Albert was forced, reluctantly, to return to his home, and leave the wretched family to the misery he could not alleviate.

In one year he again visited the city. He sought the grocer, to whom he had, from time to time sent certain stipulated sums, to purchase necessities for the family, and of him learned that the father had died in a fit of mania—a-pota, a month previous; that the landlord had turned the widow and orphan from the apartments for which they had no longer had the means of payment, and they had wandered away he knew not whither.

For many days Albert vainly tried to discover the lost ones. But they had mingled with the seething masses of moral corruption that form the lowest stratum of city humanity, and all traces of their identity seemed entirely lost. Chance, or some forlorn hope, led him to one of the benevolent institutions that are doing so much for the salvation of the rising generation, and the redemption of fallen men and women, and there, among the band of neat children, who were lifting their sweet voices in a grateful hymn, he saw the lost child, Mary.

The mother also had obtained admittance to the institution, but want and disease, and excess had nearly completed their work. The bed on which her wasted frame lay stretched, was that of death. In a few days, she, too, was numbered among the dead, and having provided for her a decent funeral, and amply remunerated all who had shown her kindness, Albert departed with the child for his country home.

And so little Mary was saved. Years have passed since she left the city and the sordid haunts of her childhood. She, too played beneath the trees that shaded her mother's infant sports, she grew in beauty beside that pleasant fireside, and a happier faith than that of her lost mother, has crowned her life. She won the love of a good and worthy man—her uncle Albert's eldest son—became an honored and happy wife, and now a fair young matron, she watches the gambols of her children beneath the shadowy maples, and, in a hushed voice, teaches them the simple and beautiful evening prayer, and lays them to their quiet rest, thankful that their tender minds are spared the fearful influences that surrounded her childhood.

## A People Without Teeth.

Dr. Livingstone's Travels in Africa, recently re-published from the English edition, by the Harpers, is one of the most valuable books of modern times. Among many curious and amusing things in it, we find an account of a strange deformity existing in a tribe of negroes in the sun-drenched country he has been exploring.—Every man, woman, and child, connected with the tribe are without front teeth.

Inquiring into the cause of this unnatural appearance it was given him thus:—"Once upon a time, the chief of the tribe, like many better men in civilized countries, was possessed of a refractory wife. He endured her impudence and annoyance for many years, but one day his passion becoming suddenly aroused, he gave her what is termed a civilized paragon, a "plug" in the mouth with his fist. The blow must have been not only severe but well aimed, for it relieved the mouth of the proud woman of all its front teeth. Thus despoiled of her most prized beauty, the sable matron hid herself in shame, and afterwards became a tractable and obedient wife. The warriors of the tribe in council assembled, observed the good results of that one blow of the chief, and being troubled generally with disobedient wives, resolved at once to follow his pugilistic example. Each repaired to his home, and rested not contented until their wives were forcibly relieved of their front teeth! The result of this general infliction, however, was far from being satisfactory.

It is stated that the Earl of Rosse, one of the first astronomers in Europe, has told a gentleman in England that he anticipates one of the most intensely hot summers this year that have ever been known, and he advises farmers to build sheds for their cattle, by way of protection against the extreme heat.

## An Appeal to the Unconverted.

At the Presbyterian church, Buttonwood street, above Fifth, Philadelphia, the pastor, Rev. T. J. Shepherd, preached a sermon to his congregation on last Sabbath evening, from the text: "Turn ye, turn ye."—Ezekiel xxxiii, in the 11th verse.

The twenty-fifth chapter of St Matthew's Gospel was read and commented upon as a preparatory lesson to the discourse which was to follow, and in the course of which commentary the idea was illustrated that self abasement and self depreciation was as marked a characteristic of those who were really Christians, as self-exaltation was a conspicuous element in the character of those who were not.

Upon announcing his text, "Turn ye, turn ye," the speaker remarked that the words were thus repeated in order to indicate emphasis with which the appeal was made; they were evidently words of solemn warning and words of earnest persuasion, and it was to the consideration of these two points involved in the text that he wished to direct the attention of his hearers.

They were just such words of warning as we should address to any one whom we saw running into danger. Thus if we saw a stranger going into the woods, and knew at the time that he was doing so at his peril, supposing that the forest in which he was going was the haunt of wild beasts or savage men, the very promptings of humanity would compel us to arrest him with the cry of "Turn! turn!" and in doing this we would be uttering a warning that danger awaited the stranger to whom it was addressed.

But the Gospel warning now under consideration had an exceeding solemnity. It was none other than God himself that bandedesecrated to speak this word of warning to us all, and we might rest assured that no trial occasion had prompted the Most High to sound this solemn warning in the ears and hearts of men.—In view of this, it becomes us, as intelligent creatures, to ponder well the solemn import and object of this warning from Heaven, to "turn from our ways." If we were running heedlessly into some danger to-night—pressing forward toward some fearful precipice, over which our bodies might soon be dashed in pieces, we could expect no voice from the heavens above us, warning us to turn aside for safety; not it required a danger of still greater magnitude to evoke the alarm cry of Jehovah, and let that danger now be at the door, for to night the appeal is rung in our ears, "Turn ye, turn ye for why will ye die, O house of Israel." This warning did not call upon us merely to stop, but also to change our course; as if safety could be only gained by instant turning and instant flight. This remarkable language of God could not be without meaning. And now, did we ask ourselves what this danger was from which we were called to flee and turn? If so, the merest child could answer us that the dread fate to be avoided by turning was that death which is the wages of sin.

What was this death from which we were thus solemnly warned to turn aside? In attempting to meet this interrogatory, he would say, first, that the death alluded to was not Annihilation. There were some, he knew, who held that the death of the wicked, referred to in the Bible, was a virtual returning into nothingness. The parable of the "rich man and Lazarus" was here introduced as an illustrative argument against this doctrine. The statement in that scripture was, that "in hell the rich man lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." Now, if this statement was true, it was very clear that the rich man's soul did not cease to live after the death of his body; nor did the wicked ever cease to live. The death of the wicked was but the torment which the rich man experienced in hell, and in the judgment they would be tried, convicted, and condemned. When that great assize was held, they would certainly be summoned to the bar, as living men and living women, and with a full consciousness of the past, would there meet their doom of condemnation. "Depart from me, ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

The vision of the lost ones, in St John's Revelation, in which it is stated that "the smoke of their torments ascendeth up for ever and ever," was a sufficient proof that the consciousness of the wicked, after their bodily death, was of eternal duration.

To the question, What is Death if it be not annihilation? he would answer that it was a state of perfect consciousness to the wicked, of being shut out for ever from the presence of God. This assumption was fully sustained by the statement contained in the parable already referred to. The rich man, it was said, felt solicitous about his brethren; he saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom; and the fact of Abraham's denying his request by calling upon the rich man to remember the good things he had received in his life, was a demonstration most absolute that the condition of the lost after death was one of entire consciousness. Yes, the death of the wicked was a life, but it was a life of conscious misery—a consciousness of the soul, exiled from God, and confined under chains of darkness throughout interminable ages. This conscious misery was by the Evangelist typified as torture by "worm" and by "fire"—where the

worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched," was the terrible declaration. He understood this as having reference to the world of the grave. We all knew that it was our custom to bury the dead, and we were also aware of the frightful condition to which our bodies were subjected in the grave, when it became the loathsome habitation of destroying worms. Then, again, in some countries, as an Evangelist was aware, it was the custom not to bury but to burn the bodies of the dead. The torments above alluded to could, of course be intended but to typify the dread ordeal of the soul hereafter. We knew that the fires which man may kindle must go out; also, that the body which man consigns to the flames must soon be consumed, but when the conscience of a guilty soul is once set on fire by the angry breath of God, it will burn forever. This was the quenchless fire to be endured throughout eternity. The sinner was treading a path that led directly to this awful doom, and to him the voice of God was now echoed to his inmost soul, "Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die?"

We could certainly not escape the conclusion that God meant to turn us from some great danger; we could not think, as rational creatures, that God, by his solemn warning, intended merely to frighten us.

At this point the preacher took up the second division of his theme, viz: That the words of the text were not only words of warning, but also of earnest persuasion. The import of this divine entreaty to "turn" was evidently an appeal for us to make an earnest and honest effort to escape, and which fact in itself was a clear implication that escape is possible; nay, more, it was an emphatic assurance that we shall escape if we hear and heed the warning. The necessity for turning was easily explained. Sinners had been pursuing a path that led its victims down to death, and of course to escape this awful terminus, they must turn aside and enter the path that leads to the cross, which was the path of hope, of faith, and of righteousness, and which led right on to eternal life at the right hand of God.—We could not doubt that God was in earnest in this matter. If we did, we must at once regard these words of Jehovah as a mockery and a cheat. No; this warning came to us because its Author knew the meaning of Eternity, and what our poor fallen nature demanded; and in this word he was, pointing us to the bloody tree on Calvary, and urging upon all of us to bear the tender message of Christ's redeeming love to all men everywhere.—No language could depict the earnestness of that Father's heart, as the word went forth in heavenly solicitation to his wandering children to return unto Him again, and inherit Eternal Life.

Certain it was that, at the judgment, we could, none of us, ever charge God with not having warned us from "wrath to come."

Mr. Shepherd's closing appeal to the impenitent was given with the yearning tenderness of an affectionate pastor and a devoted minister. That he might lead some one to heed the exhortation of the text, and turn from the follies of the world unto Christ, seemed to be the burden of his every thought, the language of his every intonation.—*Phila. Press.*

## Cakes, Pudding and Pies.

As domestic recipes seem to be the rule, says a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, and as I can mix up a good batch of bread occasionally, as well as play on the piano, I send you some of mine for your readers:

**White Cake.**—1 pound loaf sugar, 1 pound flour, 10 ounces Butter, whites of 10 eggs, beaten to a froth,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful cream tartar, 1 do. soda.

**Goblet Cake.**— $\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter, the yolks of 7 eggs, 1 cup sour cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of saleratus; spice to your taste.

**Nice Cake.**—2 cups sifted sugar, 1 cup butter, 5 eggs,  $\frac{4}{5}$  cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful saleratus.

**Custard Pudding.**—Milk and eggs the same as for any custard, add a little flour. To be eaten with sauce.

**Composition Cake.**—1 pound loaf sugar, 1 do. flour, 7 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint sour cream, 1 pound butter, 1 teaspoonful saleratus, raisins to liking.

**Water Cure Jumble.**—2 cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 2 cups sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, 1 of soda.

**Cream Cake.**—2 cups sugar, 1 do. butter, 1 do. sour cream, 5 eggs, 4 cups flour 1 teaspoonful saleratus.

**Milk.**—Take 1 pint of new milk, 1 pint of hot water, 4 lumps of sugar, 1 egg, 1 pint of good brick yeast, and flour enough to make the mixture quite as thick as pound cake. Let it rise well; bake in hoops on a griddle.

**Lemon Pie.**—Grate 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoonful of flour, 1 egg.

**FARMER'S DAUGHTER.**

Robert Stinson, of Big Beaver township, Beaver county, Pa., has on his farm a cow that is thirty-two years old, and has produced twenty-eight calves. She is at the present time fine health, fat, and well-favored.

**An Army of Lawyers.**—According to Livingston's Law Register for 1855, our country has some 25,000 lawyers, whose annual income "is not far from \$39,000,000."

## Model way of Paying a Doctor's Bill.

Mr. D. Jervis is the possessor of a crockery store on Ridge avenue, and of a family of four daughters, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty years. The young ladies, though very good looking, seem more apt to remain on M. J.'s hands than his delf and chinaware. Some week ago, Mr. Jervis had an attack of lumbago, for the relief of which he obtained the assistance of a young physician named Israel Blanchard. Though the patient recovered, he ascribed his good fortune chiefly to his having omitted to take the physic which Dr. B. prescribed, and, as the old gentleman is inclined to be parsimonious, he refused to pay Dr. B.'s bill when it was presented. The Doctor's feelings of resentment were so much aroused by Mr. J.'s conduct, that he was not satisfied with bringing a civil suit for the recovery of the debt, but charged Mr. Jervis with obtaining goods (viz: medicine) on false pretences. The case came before the police magistrate, when Dr. Blanchard and Mr. Jervis both appeared—the latter being accompanied by his wife and his two eldest daughters.

Jervis proposed to compromise with the Doctor by giving the latter, in payment, a handsome set of dishes out of his store.

"Of what use would a set of dishes be to me," said the Doctor, "seeing that I am a single man, and reside at a boarding house?"

"Why," interposed Mrs. Jervis, "you will soon be married and go to house-keeping. I suppose if you meet with no worse luck."

"I have no such designs at present," said the young M. D., blushing deeply.—"In fact, I have never seen any lady who would exactly suit me."

"Poh!" exclaimed Jervis, "here are two fine girls, (pointing to his daughters,) either of whom would be willing to have you in case of extremity. You had better consider it, Doctor. I shall never pay your bill any other way; and if you close with my offer, you will secure a good wife and a dozen white china dishes, with gold edging, to start with—not to mention a neat sum of money which I shall leave to be divided among my children."

Dr. B., of course, was taken by surprise. He had sometimes exchanged melting glances with Emma, the prettiest of the Misses Jervis though without giving any serious thought to the subject. But, being a man of much decision of character, and prompt in all his undertakings, he concluded at once to accept Mr. J.'s proposal, and desired that the knot might be tied instantaneously. This operation was soon performed by the magistrate, and as the parties withdrew in company, all appeared to be convinced that they had made an excellent speculation.—*Philadelphia Press.*

## Important Law.

The Act of the 19th of April, 1848, which was in force in Philadelphia and Luzerne counties only, commonly called the Sheriff's Interpleader Act, has recently been extended to the whole State, by an Act of the Legislature. It is almost verbatim a copy of the Statute 1 and 2 Will. IV., c. 54, § 6, and the Courts of Philadelphia have adopted the English practice under it. This is one of the most important and salutary laws that has yet been passed by the present Legislature. It applies in all cases where execution issued against, and levy is made upon the property, as the property of A, but which is claimed by B, in which case B. gives notice to the Sheriff that the property does not belong to A, but that it belongs to B. Whereupon the Sheriff asks for a rule from the Court whence the execution was issued, to call before said Court the party issuing the process and the party making the claim, that said parties may try the title in the property and that the Court may decide to whom it belongs. This is a much speedier and more satisfactory way, and less hazardous and expensive to both the Sheriff and the parties, than the old method of allowing the Sheriff to sell, and then prosecuting him for trespass.

## What the People Pay For.

In the official statement of contingent expenses of the House of Representatives, at Washington, last year, the following articles are enumerated, the necessity for which, without explanation, does not appear to strike the public mind. They were doubtless, deemed, "necessary."

Sixty ladies' reticules, \$242. Twenty-four odor cases, \$121 50. Seventy-three dressing cases, \$355. Thirteen cigar cases, \$68 50. Six dozen silver extension cases, four dozen illuminated albums, at \$4 each; various "Tuck memoirs," "Tuck diaries," &c., ladies' pump instandards, &c. Truly, these are queer goods for Congressmen.

## Navigating the Air.

Considerable excitement was created in Columbia county, Arkansas, on the 24th ult, by the sudden appearance of a genius, named Ben Johnson, from Harrison county, Missouri, in a balloon, to which thirty wild geese were harnessed. He said he had been travelling in mid-heaven for nearly 48 hours, and thought it about time to come down and "fodder." The story reads like a hoax, but is testified to as truth by respectable witnesses.