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THE THIRD CHOICE.

A FRENCH WILL STORY.

'Is she dead, then?'
'Yes, madam,' replied a little gentleman in brown coat and short breeches.
'And her will?'
'Is going to be opened here immediately by her solicitor.'
'Shall we inherit anything?'
'It must be supposed so; we have a claim.'

'Who is that miserably dressed personage who intrudes herself here?'
'Oh, she,' said the little man, sneeringly, 'she went here much in the will; she is sister to the deceased.'

'What, that Annie, who wedded in 1842 a man of nothing—an officer?'
'Precisely so.'

'She must have no small amount of impudence to present herself here before a respectable family.'

'The more so, as sister Egerie, of noble birth, had never given her that mesalliance.'

Anne moved this time across the room in which the family of the deceased were assembled. She was pale, her fine black eyes were filled with precocious wrinkles.

'What do you come here for?' said, with great haughtiness, Madame de Villebois, the lady who, a moment before, had been interrogating the little man who inherited with her.

'Madam, the poor lady replied with humility, I did not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me; I come solely to see M. Dubois, my poor sister's solicitor, to inquire if she spoke of me in her last hours.'

'What do you think people busy themselves about you?' arrogantly observed Madame de Villebois; 'the disgrace of a great house—you wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte's.'

'Madame, my husband, although a child of the people, was a brave soldier, and what is better, an honest man,' observed Anne.

At this moment a venerable personage, the notary Dubois, made his appearance.

'Cease, he said, to reproach Anne with a union which her sister has long forgiven her. Anne loved a brave, generous, and good man, who had no other crime to reproach himself with than his poverty and the obscurity of his name, nevertheless, had he lived, if his family had known him as I knew him—I, his old friend—Anne would be at this time happy and respected.'

'But why is this woman here?'
'Because it is her place to be here,' said the notary gravely; 'I myself requested her to attend here.'

M. Dubois then proceeded to open the will.

'I, being sound in mind and heart, Egerie de Damening, retired as a boarder in the convent of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, distate the following wishes as the expression of my formal desire and principal clause of my testament.'

'After my decease there will be found two hundred thousand francs in money at my notary's, besides jewelry, clothes and furniture; also a chateau worth two hundred thousand francs.'

'In the convent where I have been residing, there will only be found my book, 'Heures de la Vierge,' holy volume, which remains as it was when I took it with me at the time of emigration. I desire that these objects be divided into three lots.'

'The first lot, the two hundred thousand francs in money.'

'The second lot, the chateau, furniture, and jewels.'

'The third lot, my book, Heures de la Vierge.'

'I have pardoned sister Anna, the grief which she has caused to us, and I would have comforted her in her sorrows if I had known sooner of her return to France. I compromise her in my will.'

'Madame de Villebois, my much beloved cousin, shall have the first choice.'

'M. Vetry, my brother-in-law, shall have the second choice.'

'Anne will take the remaining lot.'

'Ah! ah!' said Vetry, 'Sister Egerie was a good one; that is rather clever on her part!'

'Anne will only have the prayer book,' exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing aloud. The notary interrupted her jealously.

'Madame,' he said, 'which lot do you choose?'

'The two hundred thousand francs in money.'

'Have you quite made up your mind?'
'Perfectly so.'

The man of law, addressing himself then to the good feelings of the lady said, 'Madame, you are rich, and Anne has nothing. Could you not leave her this lot, and take the book of prayers, which the eccentricity of the deceased has placed on a par with the other lots?'

'You must be joking, M. Dubois!' exclaimed Madame de Villebois, 'you must really be very dull not to see the intentions of sister Egerie in all this. Our honored cousin foresaw full well that her book of prayers would fall to the lot of Anne, who had the last choice.'

'And what do you conclude from that?' inquired the notary.

'I conclude that she means to intimate to her sister that repentance and prayer were the only help she had to expect in this world.'

As she finished these words Madame de Villebois made a definite selection of the ready money for her share. Mons. Vetry, as may be easily imagined, selected the chateau, furniture and jewels as his lot.

'Monsieur Vetry,' said M. Dubois to that gentleman, 'even suppose it had been the intention of the deceased to punish her sister, it would be a noble act on your part, millionaire as you are, to give up at least a portion of your share to Anne, who wants it so much.'

'Thanks, for your kind advice, dear sir,' replied Vetry. The mansion is situated on the very confines of my woods, and suits me admirably, all the more so that it is ready furnished. As to the jewels of sister Egerie, they are reminiscences which one ought never to part with.'

'Since it is so,' said the notary, 'my poor Madame Anne, here is the prayer book that remains to you.'

Anne, attended by her son, a handsome boy, with blue eyes, took her sister's old prayer book, and making her son kiss it after her, she said:

'Hector, kiss this book which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but would have loved you well had she known you. When you have learned to read, you will pray to Heaven to make you wise and good as your father was, and happier than your unfortunate mother.'

The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve an appearance of indifference.

The child embraced the old prayer book with boyish fervor, and opening it exclaimed: 'Oh! mamma, what pretty pictures!'

'Indeed,' said the mother, happy in the gladness of her boy.

'Yes, the good Virgin, in a red dress, holding the infant in her arms. But why, mamma, had silk paper been put upon the pictures?'

'So that they might not be injured, my dear.'

'But, mamma, why are there ten silk papers to each engraving?'

The mother looked, and uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms of M. Dubois, the notary, who, addressing those present, said:—

'Leave her alone, it won't be much; people don't die of these shocks. As for you, little one,' addressing Hector, 'give me that prayer book, you will tear the engravings.'

The inheritors withdrew, making various conjectures as to the cause of Anne's sudden illness, and the interest which the notary took in her. A month afterward they met Anne and her son exceedingly well, but not extravagantly dressed, taking an airing in a two horse chariot.—This led them to make inquiries, and they learned that Madame Anne had recently purchased a hotel for one hundred and eighty thousand francs, and was giving a first rate education to her son. The news came like a thunder-bolt upon them. Madame de Villebois and M. Vetry hastened to call upon the notary for explanations. The good Dubois was working at his desk.

'Perhaps we are disturbing you!' said the arrogant lady.

'No matter. I was in the act of settling a purchase in the state funds for Madame Anne.'

'What!' exclaimed Vetry, after having purchased house and equipage, she has still money to invest?'

'Undoubtedly so!'

'But where did the money come from?'

'What did you not see?'

'When?'

'When she shrieked upon seeing what the prayer book contained which she inherited.'

'We observed nothing.'

'Oh! I thought you saw it,' said the sarcastic notary. 'That prayer book contained sixty engravings, and each engraving was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each.'

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed Vetry, thunderstruck.

'If I had only known it! shouted Madame de Villebois.'

'You had your choice,' added the notary, 'and I myself urged you to take the prayer book, but you refused.'

'But who could have expected to find a fortune in a breviary?'

The two baffled egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy.

Madame Anne is still in Paris. If you pass by the Rue Lafitte on a fine summer evening, you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the pale reflection of wax lights.

A lady who has joined the two hands of her son, a fair child of six years of age in prayer before an old book of 'Heures de la Vierge,' and for which a case of gold has been made.

'Pray for me, child,' said the mother.

'And for who else?' inquired the child.

'For your father, your dear father, who

perished without knowing you, without being able to love you.'

'Must I pray to the saints, my patron?'

'Yes, my little friend; but do not forget a saint who watched us from Heaven, and who smiles upon us from above the clouds.'

'What is the name of that saint, mamma?'

The mother, then watering the fair child's head with tears, answered:—

'Her name is—Sister Egerie.'

Wild Turkeys—their History and Habits.

The wild turkey belongs to the *Gallinaceae* and to the order *meleagris gallopavo*, and is found only in America. Its original range extended from the Northwestern part of the United States to the Isthmus of Panama. It is now mostly confined to the unsettled or thinly inhabited portions of Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Alabama, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and the vast territory lying west and south-west of these States, though found in small numbers in Georgia, Florida, the Carolinas, Virginia and Pennsylvania.

Turkeys of a mongrel variety, produced by a crossing of the wild and tame breeds, are found in the mountainous parts of Sussex County, N. J., and in Western New York; and are commonly called wild turkeys.

Some of the peculiar habits of this bird are thus described in the "Transactions of the American Institute," for 1852:—

'The wild turkeys do not confine themselves to any particular food; they eat Indian corn, all kinds of berries, fruits, grains, and grasses; and even tadpoles, grasshoppers, young frogs, and lizards, are constantly found in their crops; but where the peccan nut is plenty, they prefer that food to any other. Their more general predilection is, however, for the acorn, or mast, chestnut, etc., on which they readily fatten. About the beginning of October, while the mast or shock, still remains on the trees, they assemble in flocks, and direct their course to the rich bottom lands. At this season they are observed in great numbers in the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi. The time of this irruption is known to the Indians by the name of *turkey month*. The males usually termed gobblers, associate in parties numbering from ten to a hundred, and seek their food apart from the females; while the latter either move about singly with their young, then nearly two thirds grown, or, in company with other females and their families, form troops, sometimes consisting of seventy or eighty individuals, all of whom are intent on avoiding the old males, who, whenever an opportunity offers, attack and destroy the young by repeated blows on the head.—

All parties, however, travel in the same direction, and on foot, unless they are compelled to seek their individual safety, by flying from the hunter's dog, or their march is impeded by natural obstructions.

When the turkeys have surmounted all difficulties, and arrived at their land of abundance, they disperse in small flocks, composed of individuals of all sexes and ages intermingled, who devour all the mast as they advance; this occurs about the middle of November. It has been observed that, after these long journeys, the turkeys become so familiar near the farm houses and plantations as to enter the stables and corn-cribs in search of food; in this way they pass the Autumn, and part of the Winter.

Early in March they begin to pair; and for a short time previous the females separate from and shun their mates, though the latter pertinaciously follow them, uttering their gobbling notes. When mated for the season, one or more females, thus associated, follow their favorite and roost in the immediate neighborhood, if not on the same tree, until they begin to lay, when they change their mode of life, in order to save their eggs, which the male uniformly breaks, if in his power, that the female may not be withdrawn from his company and attention. At this time, the females shun the males during the greater part of the day; the males become clumsy and careless, meet each other peacefully, and cease to gobble. The sexes then separate; the males retire and conceal themselves in secluded parts of the forest, or in the almost impenetrable recesses of a canebrake. About the middle of April, when the weather was dry, the female selects a proper place in which to deposit her eggs, secured from the encroachment of water, and as far as possible, concealed from the watchful eye of the erow; this crafty bird spies the hen going to her nest, and having discovered the precious deposit, he waits for the absence of the parent and then removes every one of the eggs from the spot, that he may devour them at his leisure.

The nest is placed on the ground, either on a dry ridge in the fallen top of a dead leafy tree, under a thicket of sunach or briars by the side of a log; it is of simple structure, being composed of a few dried leaves. In this receptacle, the eggs are deposited, sometimes to the number of twenty, but more usually from nine to fifteen; they are whitish, spotted with reddish brown, like those of the domestic turkey. The female always approaches her nest with great caution, varying her course so as rarely to reach it twice by the same route; and on leaving her charge, she is very careful to cover the whole with dry leaves, with which she conceals it so carefully, as to make it extremely difficult, even for one who has watched her move-

ments, to indicate the exact spot. When laying or sitting, the turkey hen is not easily driven from her post, by the approach of apparent danger; but if an enemy appears, she crouches as low as possible, and suffers it to pass. They seldom abandon their nests on account of being discovered by man, but should a snake, or any other wild animal, suck one of her eggs, the parent leaves them altogether. If the eggs be removed, she again seeks the male, and recommences laying, though otherwise she lays but one nest of eggs during the season. Several turkey hens associate, perhaps for mutual safety, and deposit their eggs in the same nest, and rear their broods together. Mr. Audubon once found three females sitting on forty-two eggs. In such cases the nest is constantly guarded by one of the parties, so that no crow, raven or polecat, dare approach it. The mother will not forsake her eggs, when near hatching, while life remains; she will suffer an enclosure to be made around and imprison her, rather than abandon her charge.

The Way He Got over It.

Among the first settlers of Kentucky was one John Drake, who was afterwards elected Justice of the Peace. Now John did not profess to be skilled in all the mysteries and intricacies of the law, neither did he think it necessary that he should be, for, as he understood it his duty as squire was simply to preserve the peace and dispense justice, which he intended to do at all hazards, whether he did it legally or not. He had books containing the laws of the State of Vermont, also several decisions, forms of deeds, mortgages, warrants, etc., which were of much service to him in the discharge of his official duties. One day his neighbor A. came to him in great haste, saying he had missed a bandsaw, which had probably been stolen and suspected B. to be guilty of the theft, as he was the only man in the neighborhood who would likely to do such a thing, consequently he wanted a search-warrant to search the premises of the said B., whereupon the squire turned to his books for a form of a search-warrant for a bandsaw! He was quite sure he must have one somewhere, but after looking for an hour, without finding anything about a bandsaw, he concluded it must have been mislaid. However, he found something relative to *stolen turkeys*, which would answer every purpose, so he issued a search warrant for turkeys, instructing A., at the same time, if he found the saw while looking for the turkeys, to take it, and it would be all right.

GIN.—A citizen of Jersey City, says the *Courier*, had occasion to purchase a small quantity of gin the other day upon receipt of his physician. It appearing "lightning" like to his taste he declined to use it, and passed the bottle over to his wife for cleaning purposes. Being troubled with bed-bugs, she applied it to the bedstead with the idea that they would at least scamper off at the smell, when what was her astonishment to see the insects drop dead upon the first application of the liquid. Let human gin drinkers therefore beware.

DELICATE EATING.—The "Digger Indians," of California, catch cart-loads of grasshoppers by driving them into a pit dug for the purpose, after which they are baked by fire encircling the pit, and then pulverized into flour, from which various delicate viands are prepared for the Indian palate.

A man named William Simcock, of Washington county, Pa., recently lost his wife in the morning—married his second wife before night, and followed the remains of his first wife, in company with the second, to the grave the day after.

A "boss" doctor in Olean, made a bet of twenty dollars that he could remove from any horse anything nature had not placed upon the beast—meaning ring-bone, spavin, &c. A wag took the bet, showed him a mortgage for one hundred and fifty dollars on a favorite horse, and pocketed the twenty dollars.

Prentice of the Louisville Journal, objects to the five minutes rule in the New York prayer meetings. He says, "imagine for instance, Old Bennett, of the Herald, confessing his sins in the ridiculous space of five minutes!"

DANGER FROM HOOPS.—The Peoria Transcript, says that, in the recent tornado in Illinois, "two ladies were blown away, and have not since been heard of. They probably wore hoops."

After asking your name in the state of Arkansas, the natives are in the habit of saying in a confidential tone: "Well, now, what yer yer name afore yer moved to these parts?"

It is stated that there are at least two thousand people, of both sexes, from other States, sojourning in Indiana and Illinois, for the express purpose of getting rid of their wives and husbands.

There is a horse in Rome, Oneida Co., which chews tobacco with a relish, and not only scorns wasting the juice by filthy expectation, but swallows quid and all.

Senator Cameron's Speech.

[The following brief preface to a motion in the Senate, two or three days since, is one of the most remarkable and forcible we have ever seen in the proceedings of that body. It is, in a few words, a most admirably condensed and sententious embodiment of the flood of thoughts which the great question it refers to presses upon us now. It is a speech which tens of thousands can well read, and the eminent speaker well said, at its close, that he was speaking to the petitioners and their associates, and speaking for them in so doing. This pithy and conclusive enforcement of the duty of the unfortunate workers in coal and iron to consider the question of political direction at the polls and not in vain petitions, will have more weight with those to whom it is especially addressed than any former argument emanating from the House or Senate.—*Philad. North American*.]

MR. CAMERON said:

I am requested to present a petition, signed by a large number of laboring men engaged in the manufacture of iron, in Pennsylvania. I receive a great many letters, daily, from persons of this class, and I will say here, what will save me the trouble of writing a great many letters. They think the Congress of the United States can relieve them from all their troubles. There never has been a time in the history of the iron business of Pennsylvania, when there was so much real distress among the laboring men of my State—the men who do the work, the men who go to the forge before daylight, and remain there long after the moon has risen—than there is at present. It is not a complaint now on the part of the capitalist. Men of capital, men of fortune, can take care of themselves. Capital can always take care of itself; labor, poverty, indigence and want, always need sympathy and protection.

These persons reside in the town of Norristown, on the Schuylkill river some twenty miles above Philadelphia. The river Schuylkill is traversed on both sides, by railroad, one extending some twenty or thirty miles, another one hundred miles. On the one side of the river is a canal. All these works have been made for the purpose of conveying coal and iron to the place of manufacture and sale. The county of Schuylkill, the great coal deposit of Pennsylvania, has a population of some 80,000 or 90,000 people, which has grown up within the last twenty-five years.

At this time the whole laboring population engaged in the iron and coal business of the whole country extending from Philadelphia to the mountains of Schuylkill county, are idle; boats are tied up; locomotives are, in a great measure, standing still, and laborers are running about hunting employment and hunting food.

These are the persons who complain; they think that Congress can relieve them. I have told them, and I have written to them, that they have the power in their own hands.

The laboring men of this country are powerful for good always. They do control when they think proper, and I think the time is coming when they will control the politics of this country. I tell them that before they can get common protection they must change the majority in the Senate—they must change the majority of the other House of Congress; and, above all they must change the occupant of the White House, who is the dispenser of this power which controls the legislation of the country. In place of gentlemen who sneer when we talk about protection they must send men here who know something of the wants, something of the interests, something of the usefulness of the laboring man.

Hitherto, they have not acted as if they cared for their own interests. While they talked about a tariff which would guard their labor from competition with the pauper labor of Europe, they would go to the elections under some ward leader and vote for men to represent them, here and elsewhere, who cared only for party drill, and who had no interest above party success. This system they must change, if they hope for success. I think the laboring men of Pennsylvania, at least, are now beginning to put their shoulders to the wheel, and I believe they will make such a noise in next October as will alarm the gentlemen all over the country who laugh at them.

The canals, railroads, and mining operations of this region of country, have cost more than a hundred millions of dollars; the furnaces and other works connected with the manufacture of iron, an enormous sum. The people interested in the iron and coal business, directly or indirectly, along the valley of the Schuylkill, amount to more than three hundred thousand souls. Since 1855, there has been a blight upon the business, growing out of the unwise legislation of Congress, which has really protected the iron of England, Russia and Sweden, and thus taken the labor and the bread from our own workmen.

This iron interest of Pennsylvania, in which these men are employed, commenced, in 1820, with a production of only 20,000 tons. In 1855, when it was up to its greatest extent, the production was a million tons of pig metal. When this pig metal is worked into the various uses in which iron is to be consumed, it amounts to very many millions of dollars.

The annual produce of coal in Schuylkill county alone, in 1855, amounted in value to some \$20,000,000. When it is known that it requires two tons of coal to make a ton of iron, you can imagine the number of persons who rely for their daily bread on the production of iron and coal. Iron, in its native mountains, is worth but 50 cents a ton; when it is worked into pig metal it ranges in price from \$20 to \$30, and sometimes to \$40 a ton; and when worked into various uses it frequently amounts to hundreds of dollars a ton.

I have said that these people have the power in their own hands. I am speaking to them now, and I wish them to exercise the power they have. I can not help them, much as I desire to do so, nor can any of their friends here; but when they go to work as men determined to succeed should do, I have no doubt they will get protection. The people in this valley and on the slope of the Schuylkill mountains have votes enough to change and control the politics of the Union; for as Pennsylvania goes, so goes the Union in all great elections; and their votes can at all times decide the politics of Pennsylvania. Let them exercise the power wisely, and they will no longer be without plenty of work and good prices. I move that this petition be referred to the Committee on Finance.

The New Game Law.

In the Jeffersonian of the 10th of June we published the new Game Law passed at the late session of the Legislature, but owing to material errors in the paper from which we copied it, its force and operation are considerably impaired. We therefore give below a correct copy of the law as it was passed, and approved by the Governor:—

An Act for the better preservation of Game and Insectivorous Birds, &c.

Section 1. *Be it enacted, &c.* That from and after the passage of this act, it shall not be lawful for any person within this commonwealth to shoot, kill, or in any way entrap or destroy, any blue bird, swallow, martin or any other insectivorous bird, at any season of the year, under the penalty of two dollars.

Section 2. That from and after the passage of this act, no person shall shoot, kill or otherwise destroy, any pheasant between the first day of January and the first day of September, or any woodcock, between the first day of January and the fourth day of July, or any partridge or rabbit between the first day of January and the first day of October, in the present year, and in each and every year thereafter under the penalty of five dollars for each and every offence.

Section 3. That no person shall buy or cause to be bought, or carry out of this State, for the purpose of supplying any private or public house, or market, any pheasant, partridge, woodcock or rabbit, unless the same shall have been shot or taken in the proper season, as provided for in this act under a penalty of five dollars for each and every offence.

Section 4. That no person shall at any time willfully destroy the eggs or nests of any birds mentioned in the different sections of this act, within this commonwealth, under a penalty of two dollars for each and every offence.

Section 5. That the possession of any person in this commonwealth, of any of the game and birds mentioned in the different sections of this act, shot, killed, or otherwise destroyed out of season as aforesaid, shall be *prima facie* evidence to convict under this act.

Section 6. That any person offending against any of the provisions of this act, and being thereof convicted before any alderman or justice of the peace aforesaid, or by the oath or affirmation of one or more witnesses, shall for every such offence, forfeit the fine or fines attached to the same, one half for the use of the county in which the complaint is made, and the other half to the informer; and if the offender shall refuse to pay the said forfeiture, he shall be committed to the jail of the proper county, for every such offence, for the space of two days, without bail or mainprize; *Provided, however*, That such conviction be made within sixty days after committing the offence.

Section 7. That any act or acts conflicting with this act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Approved April 21st, 1857.

LOCUSTS.—The seventeen year locusts, as Doctor Smith of Maryland, predicted have made their appearance in countless multitudes in the neighborhood of Vicksburg, Miss. Except for the incessant droning they keep up, they are said not to be troublesome.

"Paddy," says a joker, "why don't you get your ears cropped—they are entirely too long for a man!"

"And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened—they are too short for an ass."

"Does your razor take hold well?" asked an agonizing sufferer of the tonsorial operator.

"Yes," was the consoling reply, "it takes hold first rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."