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From the N. Y. Mercury.

JULES MONTRAL; OR, THE RANGERS' VENGEANCE.

Our camp-fire was built on the verge of a small strip of timber, not far from one of the upper banks of the Neuces.—There were five of us in all, Jack Travers, Juan Molina, two others, and myself. It had been reported that a band of the Camanches were about to hold a council with the Mexicans, on the right fork of the Neuces, and Gen. Sam Houston had despatched us to the quarter, to spy out the proceedings.

Our pipes had gone out, as well as our spirits; the last story had been told, and one of the un-named Rangers had stretched himself upon a log to sleep, when suddenly the breaking of a twig near us caused us to start up, our weapons ready for an enemy.

A moment, however, sufficed to show us that no danger threatened us; for by the light of the flickering camp-fire we could see, at the distance of twenty paces, the tall, gaunt figure of a pale face approaching, with a bold step, and a long rifle in his hand. As he came nearer, we could see that he wore the Ranger's uniform, with the exception of the regular equipments that made him one of us—his rifle and knife being his only weapons, and his shot-pouch and powder-horn being those of the ordinary back-woodsman. His head, too, was covered with a wolf-skin cap, instead of that of the army; and his long beard, and shaggy, uncombed hair did not savor much of the camp—little as that partook of civilized appearances. He had a keen black eye, which seemed too small for his other features, which were prominent and bony; and his stature was considerably over six feet, though his lank frame gave evidence of great strength. He seemed to have crossed the equatorial line of life; and a deep sadness, or sudden grief, seemed to have corrupted his brow into great veins of curdled blood.

We had recanted ourselves around the fire on discovering his race, and quietly took in his appearance as he approached. He paused when about three paces from us, and, setting down his rifle, he leaned his elbow upon the end of the barrel, and for a moment quietly surveyed us.

"Well, stranger, I hope your not offend at our 'pearance," said Jack Travers, after heaving his scrutiny as long as his phlegmatic temperament could allow.

"Perhaps," was the cool rejoinder of the stranger, uttered in a deep voice. "I have traveled far to-day, on the trail of the Camanche, and have not tasted food since last night's supper. Can you give me some?"

"Well, that's not very difficult in these parts, where game's plenty," returned Travers, eyeing him closely.

"I know; but I had the trail of the Indian watch, and had not time to pause and build a fire," replied the stranger, in the same deep, sad voice.

"Then you are welcome to all we have left," said Travers, turning to his knapsack.

Veni, come with some of our army biscuit, was soon set before him; and, taking a seat upon a log beside us, the stranger drew his hunting-knife, and went into the meal with that peculiar zest only experienced by the Western hunter, after a long day's trail. We watched him with quiet but eager satisfaction. But the curiosity of Travers soon overcame his patience, and he asked:

"Why do you follow the trail of the Camanches? I rather think it'd be a little more the 'stripe, as a Texan, to be mauling bullets for the other yaller devils on 'other side the Rio Grande."

The stranger lifted his small, dark eyes to those of Travers, and said:

"Perhaps I do, sometimes. Maybe Jack Travers hasn't forgot the Golden Pass and the night of the 15th of October."

Jack started back in surprise.

"Forget it!" he exclaimed, with animation. "Forget that night of terrible massacre, when scarcely a Texan was left to tell the tale! I will never forget it. But were you there? Your face seems familiar, and yet I cannot tell where I have seen it."

"I was there," said the other, in a thrilling tone. "I was at the Golden Pass on the 15th of October, that one Jules Montral fought by your side; and amid the carnage of the conflict, gave you a small locket and a lock of hair, saying that, if he fell and you survived, you would give that to a young girl who lived at a small rancho on the left fork of the Bravo, about twenty miles from its junction. Did you keep the promise you made?"

"I have not yet had an opportunity," said Travers, in confusion; "for we have been kept so busy that I have not been able to get in that quarter. Here is the locket." And he drew from his bosom a small gold locket, containing the likeness

of a beautiful girl, and a small lock of auburn hair.

The stranger seized it, as if it had been a prize of gold, and, pressing it to his lips, exclaimed, as a tear stole into his eye:

"Poor Adele! my child! You died, then, without hearing from!"

"And you, then, are Jules Montral!" said Travers, dashing away a tear from his rough cheek. "Explain what this all means."

"On one condition!" exclaimed the stranger, with sudden energy.

"Name it."

"That you and your men will join me at once, to follow on the trail of a party of Camanches."

"It is agreed—hal' comrades!"

We signified our assent, and the stranger, in a calm but rapid tone, proceeded as follows:

"My name, as you surmise, is Jules Montral, born of French parentage, in the snow-clad mountains of Canada East. In early life I was wedded to a beautiful girl who possessed every accomplishment and virtue of woman, and whom I loved with all the mad intensity of my nature.—Years of happiness followed, but I soon discovered that my wife's health, which was always delicate, began to rapidly decline. It became apparent that the affinities of our natures were antagonistic. I was strong, robust, and hardy, and her own a sensitive organization, and gradually wearing away.

"Perceiving this, and having heard rare descriptions of the genial climate and flowery landscapes of Texas, I resolved to transfer her from our Northern home to one which would probably tend to rejuvenate her failing health. The Great Master had blessed us with an only child—a young girl, who inherited her mother's constitutional frailty. We three bade adieu to home and kindred, and took up our quiet quarters in the humble rancho on the Bravo.

"Two years passed away, and with the last prairie bloom of November, my wife joined hands with the flowers, and passed away with them. I said that I loved her, comrades, and I did, as men seldom loves woman. I buried her upon a little knoll by the side of the stream, and through the long summer, myself and daughter—then twelve years old—scattered flowers over her resting place. In my lonely rancho I dwelt with my child, caring nothing for the world, nursing my desolate solitude.

"But no, I was not desolate; and I am wrong to say so. My child—my little Adele became all in all to me. I taught her lessons of life, each day, and watched her mind develop, with all the interest of the alchemist over his gold. But I must be brief. The war came on, and then, once more, I awoke from the lethargy into which I had fallen. I sympathized with the Texan cause, but on account of my child, I could not join the army for regular duty, and leave her alone in her defenceless home. But on every occasion in my power, I struck a blow for independence on my own hook.

"At last, when in the fall, matters became so desperate with the cause, I resolved to leave home for a short period and become a Ranger. Adele was now fourteen. On the night of the 15th of October, we were betrayed into the Golden Pass of the Sierra, by a false guide, and our little band was massacred. It was then that I gave you this locket, comrade Travers. In the struggle of the conflict, surrounded by Mexicans and Indians, I became separated from the rest, and was taken prisoner by the former.—For thirty-six days I was held in chains in the prison of San Angelo, Matamoros, from whence I escaped four days ago.—Last night, at midnight, I returned to my rancho; but, comrades—pardon my emotion—the rancho was a heap of smouldering embers, the red fire still flickering on the charred logs; and on the door-steps lay—the dead body of my fond Adele—the gore from the hatchet-around still soft upon her white forehead!"

"Death and fires!" cried Travers, springing to his feet, as the stranger concealed his face in his bony hands.

"Who did it?" cried Molina, savagely.

"The Camanches!" thundered the stranger, rising suddenly. "I tracked them through the blackness of the night, and the scorching sun of day; there are eleven of them, on foot, and traveling toward the north section of the Neuces. I have sworn that they should never reach their destination to tell their tale of crime; and, by the Great Master, I will keep my oath! Adele shall be avenged! Who joins me?"

"All!" was shouted by every lip.

"Then up and on the track!"

A moment after our knapsacks were swung over our shoulders, and each man, pausing for a moment to examine the conditions of his weapons, started after the stranger with celerity. The direction in which Jules Montral led us was precisely that which we should have taken on the following morning; as it was at once apparent that the Indians belonged to a southern section of the tribe, and were pursuing their way to the council-fire that was to be held with the Mexicans.

It was near midnight when Montral, who was in front some yards, gave an ominous: "Hist!"

"What scent?" asked Travers, as we all suddenly came to a halt.

"Our victims!" uttered the stranger, in

that same deep, terrible tone, which I had heard him first use.

I had never yet seen a night attack on an Indian camp, as performed by the Western Ranger; and curiosity, with excitement, was raised to the keenest susceptibility. Our leader got down upon his hands and knees, and crept thus up a small knoll that rose before us, where he remained for the space of several moments—his great wolf-skin cap in bold relief against the sky. Then he came back to us, and as we huddled about him he gave his orders.

"Their fire is nearly out!" he said, "and that indicates that their sentinel is probably asleep. Travers, you direct the men: I will go first; follow on your knees at a distance of twenty paces. I will take care of the sentinel, whether asleep or awake, and then fall on them. Be sure of your aims—not one must escape—remember!"

We allowed him to get the required distance ahead of us, when we slung our rifles over our backs, and following the example, descended to our hands and knees and crawled after him.

"Take care of the leaves and twigs!" whispered Travers. "Be as silent as death!"

The caution was scarcely necessary, for, like ourselves, the Indians had built their camp only a few miles from the prairie, in the wood, which was done to protect them from the night dew, which, at that season of the year, was very severe. But the Camanches had taken the precaution to erect a sort of barricade with logs on the side of the prairie, so as to almost entirely screen their fire from the observation of any one who might pass during their sleep. The barricade was about five feet high; and as we got opposite, the head of the sentinel could be seen just above it moving sufficiently to indicate that he was awake.

I could not now help wondering at the silent celerity with which Montral approached the barricade. Lying flat upon his breast, with only his head slightly raised, that he might watch the Indian, he crawled stealthily along, like a serpent, turning hither and thither to avoid some brush or clump of leaves—his great long arms resembling the huge claws of an alligator, as he crawls up on the sand. Every breath was hushed as he approached the logs. It was a moment of fearful suspense—of terrible anxiety. Slowly he raised himself up—we could see him stand his rifle against the logs, while yet on his knees—at last he stood erect, like the shadow of death, behind the unconscious Indian. And such he was, for in an instant, he dexterously threw his left arm around the Indian's mouth, and jerking his head quickly back over the log, he sheathed his long knife in his heart! There was no cry, no groan, not even the guttural sound of death, to give an alarm. He leaned over the logs, and let him drop silently on the ground.

As he was performing the last action, we crept silently toward the spot; but my heart sickened within me at the thought of the deed which we were about to commit. There was something terrible in thus shooting men in their sleep; for they were, I knew—foes to the cause which I had espoused—inhuman butchers of all of my race who fell in their war-path, or came within their power. But they were savages, and I claimed to be civilized.

As these thoughts were passing through my mind, we gradually drew near the barricade, when suddenly there was a crash, and looking up, I found that Montral, in lowering the Indian silently to prevent alarm, had pushed too heavily against the logs, and upset them. The Indians sprang to their feet with a yell!

"Your arms!" shouted Montral. "Fire!"

In an instant we obeyed. And then I thanked Heaven for the accident which had saved me from committing deliberate murder. The outlines of ten dusky bodies were deliberately drawn in the light of the smouldering fire—there was a loud report, and five of them went down—no rise no more! I saw Montral leap the logs, and seize another by the hair, as he buried his long knife in his side.—Travers and Molina sprang upon the barricade, followed by the rest of us.—There was a rapid commingling of shots—as our revolvers spoke their fate—and the four other braves fell, riddled with twenty bullets! The fight was over.—The vengeance was complete!

Jules Montral fell upon his knees, surrounded by the slain, and raising his bloody knife toward heaven, exclaimed: "Adele, thou art fearfully avenged! Thy blood is washed out in blood! Thy father has kept his oath!"

Then, springing to his feet, and glancing around upon us with his fiery eyes, he cried:

"Now, my friends, you have assisted me; it is but just that I should return the favor. Jules Montral has no longer a home or family, and henceforth I devote my soul, body and energy to the Lone Star of Texas, and the life of a Free Ranger!"

We shook his hand—there amid that scene of blood—and it seemed a solemn bidding. We spent the night in the Indian's camp, surrounded by our victims, but none slept.

Two days sufficed to give us all the information we desired, when we returned to headquarters, taking Jules Montral with us as a recruit. He did great service in the after struggle.

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

The following thrilling sketch is from an English Magazine:

"Father will have done the great chimney to night, won't he mother?" said little Tommy Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said that he hoped that all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered the mother, "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never liked the ending of those great chimneys; it is so risky for father to be last up."

"Oh, then, but, I'll go and seek him; and help him to give a shout afore he comes down," said Tom.

"And then, continued the mother, "if all goes on right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and into the country, and take our dinners and spend all the day long in the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him as he went merrily whistling down the street, and thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in; and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom with a light heart pursued his way to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him as he went merrily whistling down the street, and thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in; and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys, which in our manufacturing towns almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. The chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected, and as Tom shaded his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, looked up in search of his father, his heart almost sunk within him at the appalling sight. The scaffold was almost down, the men at the bottom were removing the beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone at the top.

He then looked around to see that everything was right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men below, answering him with a long loud cheer, little Tom shouting as loud as any of them. As their voices died away however, they heard a different sound, a cry of alarm and horror from above. The men looked around and coiled upon the ground, lay the rope, which before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down without remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough, or skillful enough to reach the top of the chimney, or if it could, it would hardly be safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seemed more and more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, and his senses failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day passed as industriously as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children in some way or other, and to-day, she had been harder at work than usual getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished her arrangements, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for the happy home, and for all the blessing of life, when Tom ran in.

His face was as white as ashes, and he could hardly get his words out: "Mother! mother!—he cannot get down!"

"Who lad? thy father!" asked the mother.

"They have forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom scarcely able to speak. The mother started up in horror, struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed, then pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd gathered around the foot of the chimney, stood quiet helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow.

"He says he'll throw himself down," "Thee munna do that, lad," cried the wife with a clear hopeful voice: "thee munna do that—Wait a bit. Take off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it and let down the thread with a bit of mortar.—Dost thou hear me Jim?"

The man made signs of assent; for it seemed as if he could not speak—and taking off his stocking, unravelled the worsted yarn, row after row. The people stood around in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of; and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting it. Tom held the ball of twine, while his mother tied

one end of it to the worsted thread.

"Now, pull it slowly," cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string until it reached her husband.—"Now hold the string fast and pull it up," cried she, and the string grew heavy and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened a thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and trembling rejoiced. The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right—but would her husband be able to make use of it? Would not the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for safety? She did not know the magical influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast had filled him—as if the little thread that carried him the hope of life once more had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her pure heart. She did not know that as she waited there, the words came over him, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God." She lifted her heart to God, for hope and strength, but could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God and rested on Him as on a rock.

There was a great shout. "He's safe, mother! he's safe!" cried Tom. "Thou hast saved my life, my Mary," said her husband, folding her in his arms.

"But what ails thee?" thou seemest more sorry than glad about it. But Mary could not speak, and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up she would have fallen to the ground—the sudden joy after such great fear had overcome her. "Tom, let thy mother lean on thy shoulder," said his father, and we will take her home." And in their happy home they poured forth thanks to God for his great goodness, and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and the nearness of the danger had brought them into God. And the holiday next day—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day.

Abduction of a Young Girl—A Mortar Case in Pennsylvania.

The following details of a most remarkable case of abduction, are given by the Tunkhannock (Pa.) Democrat, of a recent date:

Our village has been the scene of considerable excitement for some days past, in consequence of the sudden and mysterious disappearance, some two or three weeks since, of a young girl, aged about thirteen years, by the name of Catharine Langdon, residing in the family of Nelson Lee, proprietor of the American Hotel in this place, to whom she had been entrusted by her father, John Langdon, to rear up to womanhood. She has since by extraordinary efforts, been found and restored to her father and friends. The reported particulars of her absence, as given by herself, as near as we have been able to gather them, are as follows: It seems that Catharine was attending school on Monday, the 26th of December last, and was enticed away in company with a young Irish girl by the name of Sarah Shaughnessy, to the house of the Hon. R. R. Little, where another Irish girl by the name of Mary McGuire, was in waiting to receive her. Catharine was taken from thence to the house of Mrs. Coad, a widow lady where the Irish frequently hold "mass." The young girl being rather thinly clad, without clothing sufficient for a journey into the country, Mrs. Coad, she said, furnished her with a shawl, and she was taken from thence about a mile from the village, on the road leading from Tunkhannock to Laceyville, where she loitered in company with the two girls above mentioned, until one Wm. Collins, an Irishman, soon came along, as if by arrangement, and took her into his wagon and conveyed her to his home in the backwoods of Washington township, where no human being would ever have thought of looking, and there she was kept for nearly a week, under the instruction if she saw anybody approaching to secrete herself. From this place she was taken to Meshoppen village where the Catholic priest was holding mass, who took charge of her and conveyed her from thence to a place called a Convent in the township of Chococout, Susquehanna county, Pa.—distant about thirty miles—where she remained until accidentally recovered by her father a few days since.

Mr. Langdon, who resides some distance from town, hearing of the strange disappearance of his daughter, immediately made diligent search and inquiry for her. He proceeded to this Mary McGuire, who had been suspected of complicity in the affair, and extorted from her a confession of the whereabouts of his daughter, and immediately started in pursuit of her. Arriving within about two miles of the institution above mentioned he secured the services of two athletic men, and wended his way to the place pointed out to him by the said Mary McGuire. On arriving at the institution, he discovered his daughter in the yard, either playing or carrying wood, and the daughter immediately recognizing her father ran to him, saying, "there is my

father." The father immediately took his child into the sleigh and started at a rapid pace towards home, before any one had time to interfere with his progress.

The probabilities are that had not the father thus fortuitously discovered his child while in the yard before this institution, he never would have seen her more. She most likely would have been secreted, and removed from thence to some distant den of papal iniquity.

This case of abduction is somewhat similar to the Mortara case, which has created so much excitement in this and other countries, and calls loudly for redress.—Let every father take it home to himself, and say if he would not follow the parties engaged in such a crime to the bitter ends of the law.

A Good Text.

That was a strikingly intelligent person who called upon a sign painter to have a Sunday School procession banner painted and said—

"We're goin' to have a great tearin' time with our Fourth o' July Sunday School Celebration, and our folks wants a banner."

"Well," naturally enough responded the painter, "you ought to have one.—What will you have painted on it?"

"Well, I d'n know; we ort to have a text o' skripter painted onto it for a motto, hadn't we?"

"Yes; that's a very good idea; what shall it be?"

"Well, I thought this would be about as good as any, 'Be sure you're right and then go ahead!'"

Law Among the Hindoos.

A recent traveler gives us an account of a very curious mode of trying titles to land, as practiced in Hindoostan. It seems that the contesting parties, in certain cases of appeal dig two holes in the disputed piece of ground, in one of which the lawyer on either side puts one of his feet. Their positions being thus arranged, they are expected to remain there until one of them becomes tired, or is obliged to give out, from being stung by the insects; in which case the client of the exhausted advocate is defeated. A contemporary remarks, that the case is somewhat different in this country—as, here, the lawyers dig the pit, and it is the clients who put their feet into it. That's so.

Affecting Incident.

At the funeral of a little babe in New Sharon, Ct., a few days since, a touching incident occurred. The little one all beautifully robed for the grave, was laid in its coffin on the morning of the burial. The friends placed in its little hand a small bouquet of flowers, among which was an unopened rosebud of the "rose of Sharon." The lid was then placed upon the coffin, and the funeral services performed. When after the lapse of not more than two or three hours, the coffin was opened again, and the friends gathered around to look upon it for the last time, that had become a full blown rose while grasped in the cold hand of death!

Addition to the Duties of a Teacher.

The N. Y. Legislature got into the habit one session of passing bills by their titles, and a wag, taking advantage of the carelessness, assisted at the enactment of the following clause in a bill incorporating an educational institution:

"It shall be the duty of the faculty of said institution, on every Saturday evening, for the moral improvement of the pupils, to give them lessons in catechism and moral philosophy, to kiss all the girls, and spank all the boys."

According to the Medical Magazine, the blood of a horse is poison in the veins of a dog; the blood of a sheep is poison in the veins of a cat; but the blood of a horse will revive the fainting ass. From this it follows, that when transfusion is practiced on human being, human blood must be employed; and so employed, the practice is in some urgent cases not only safe, but forms the sole remedy.

The Salem (Mass.) Register says that during the late cold spell the earth and the ice cracked frequently with a loud report, and in one instance, a large lind tree on Olive street was split from the roots to the top of the trunk, with an explosion like a piece of ordnance.

The jury in the case of C. M. Donovan, the ex member of the Legislature, charged with committing an assault and battery, with intent to kill Joseph M. Church, a member from Philadelphia, returned a verdict, January 21st, of guilty of assault and battery only.

THE LARGEST YET.—Mr. John McGowan, of Union township, Berks county, slaughtered a hog this fall which weighed when dressed, 651 pounds. That's what may be termed "going the whole hog."—We have heard of nothing to equal it.

ASTONISHING LONGEVITY.—A negro died in the Poor House at Redfield, Ct., a few days ago, who was stolen from the coast of Africa, and was for many years a slave of Col. Dibble, of Danbury. On referring to the oldest inhabitants, it is believed that Jack, at the time of his decease, must have been 135 years old.