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## Murder in Sussex County, N. J.

John Craver, of Sandyston township, was brought here on Monday morning by constable John Drake, and placed in the County Jail, charged with the murder of Allen Skellinger, on Sunday afternoon last, in the eastern part of Sandyston township. The facts and circumstances attending the murder are substantially as follows:

A girl named Paugh (a sister of Allen Skellinger's wife) made her home at the house of deceased, and was occasionally employed there as a domestic. On Sunday morning last she went to the house of John Craver, one or two miles distant, and while there, a young man called and proposed that she should work for his father. The terms he offered being acceptable, she said that if Craver and his wife would accompany her, she would go to Skellinger's in the afternoon, and get her clothes, and return with them, and be ready to go with the young man when he should call for her. They consented; and Craver, thinking he might procure some game on the way, took his gun and dog with him. When near Mr. Skellinger's house, Craver and wife stopped, and let the girl go on alone. She went to the house, packed up a bundle of wearing apparel, and had just left the house, when Skellinger saw Craver and his wife not far from the house. He said that it would be improper for the girl to go with Craver, whose reputation was bad, and whose house was a resort for immoral persons. Mrs. S. at once saw the propriety of restraining her sister, and accordingly followed her. Coming up with her, she urged her to stay at home. Craver and his wife then came forward, and took a part in the conversation. Craver soon became violent, and threatening first to kick and afterwards to shoot Mrs. Skellinger. Hearing high words, Allen Skellinger, came out of the house with an infant in his arms, and walked in the direction of Craver, and told him he would not allow him to use such language to his wife at the same time ordering him to leave his premises. Craver refused to go, and swore that if Mr. S. attempted to force him off, he would shoot him. Skellinger immediately placed the infant on the grass, and advancing in front of Craver told him to "shoot and be damned." He had no weapon in his hands, nor did he make any hostile gesture. He advanced like one who had no faith in his adversary's threat, and was simply putting him to the test. But he was terribly deceived in the character of the desperado he confronted. Craver raised his gun, took sure aim, and fired the whole charge into his left breast. The unfortunate man pitched forward, and would have fallen against Craver, had not the latter pushed him aside. Whirling around, with his arms wildly flung out, he grasped his wife, who caught him in her arms, and led him gently sink to the ground.—And there, giving a few gasps, he died, not uttering a word after receiving the fatal charge. This occurred about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Turning from the bloody scene, Craver stalked away. About a mile distant, he entered the house of Martin Rotan, and told the latter in presence of his two sons, that he had shot and killed Allen Skellinger, being compelled to do so in self defence. Mr. Rotan could not credit the statement; but Craver reiterated it, and as a proof of the fact, showed where the blood of his victim had spouted upon his hands and clothing. Craver said further that he intended to go back to Skellinger's—a course which Mr. Rotan approved; and by way of making it sure, he and his sons tied him, and accompanied him to the scene of the murder.

In the evening, Messrs. Young and Hersh, Justices of the Peace, with many other citizens, repaired to the house of the murdered man, and a jury of inquest being impeled, testimony was taken, and a verdict rendered charging Craver, with the commission of the murder. He was placed in the hands of Constable Drake, who brought him to Newton and gave him into the custody of the Sheriff.

Craver is a stoutly built man of medium height, and about 30 years of age.—Skellinger was about 26 years old—of industrious habits, and enjoyed a good reputation among his neighbors.—Sussex Register, 20th.

"Sal," exclaimed Ebenezer to his dearly beloved, when he arrived in Boston with his bride on a wedding tour, "Sal get on your Sunday go-to-meetings and things, and let's take a perpendicular promenade round the precincts of this principality." "Well, Zeb," replied the fair bride, "I'll do nothing shorter. But can't you say your grammar and college edification? If you want me to slither around, and take a trot with you why in the salted Jerusalem don't you say so!"

Washington, Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1861.

## Another Reconnaissance.

To-day the Rebels had an opportunity to fight, which they didn't improve. General Smith's soldiers had a second lesson in war, and showed themselves apt scholars. Five thousand men under command of General Smith, moved toward Lewisville, on the road where the first reconnaissance was made, with one hundred wagons to be filled with forage taken, supports being left at various points as the column proceeded. The advance corps consisted of 3,000 men, with six pieces of artillery. They halted at the house of a physician, on an eminence, about a mile and a half from Lewisville. Two guns were planted to the right of the road, and four to the left, infantry supporting, and skirmishers thrown out on each flank.

From 9 1/2 o'clock a. m. till 3 o'clock p. m., our forces rested, the enemy making no sign, and our men busily loading the wagons with hay and corn belonging to Lewisville Rebels.

Shortly after 3 o'clock, movements were discovered in the woods. About a regiment appeared on our flank, and a heavy column in front—at least four regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and six pieces of artillery.

Notice was given to the supports, and Generals McCall and Porter were telegraphed to hold themselves in readiness. Presently the enemy opened with shot and shell. The first and second fell short. The third burst behind our line, wounding a private of Col Baker's regiment severely in the arm. The artillery of both Mott and Griffin opened fire. The first shell dropped among the bushes where a Rebel battery was planted.

After we had thrown twenty-six shot and shell the Rebels disappeared, both on the front and flank. They had declined to accept the gaze of battle they have been so long affecting to desire.

At 5 o'clock our forces returned to their positions with ninety odd wagonloads of hay, and one prisoner—Burke—an Irishman of Winchester, who mistook our pickets for theirs. He represents himself as an aid of Col. Stewart. No information was obtained from him.

Our men behaved admirably, and kept their positions undisturbed by the rebels' shells, eager to have them come on.

The expedition was ostensibly for forage, but really to see if the enemy meant fight, and also to try our men.

Gen. McClellan was not present during the affair, but was represented by Col. Keyes of his staff.

## How an old Gentleman was Swindled out of \$300.

An elderly gentleman of Newark was swindled out of \$300 in the following manner a day or two since:—

He was accosted by two persons, one representing himself as a well-to-do farmer, the other as a respectable gentleman and appearing as such, who said the former had recently sold the latter a farm, and was now desirous to sell some cattle; and that the latter would buy, but the farmer did not feel willing to sell them direct to the latter, as an uncle whose good will he was desirous to keep, deemed he had been overreached in the farm bargain, and would not like to have him sell the cattle to the same man.

However, they proposed to the gentleman to act as an agent, to purchase the cattle from the former, and then sell them to the latter, thus accomplishing the desired object. The latter unsuspectingly fell into the trap, and the three walked off together to one of our city banks, where the old gentleman drew his check for \$300 and paid it to the farmer. The latter returned him his thanks, saying he wanted to see the Bank President a minute, and asked his friend to go with the accommodating old gentleman and show him the cattle and also pay him the money. Both then went out together, the farmer leaving them, and had proceeded a short distance when the other man said, "He did not tell me which ones I was to take. I will go and ask him. You wait here a minute and I will return." So saying he disappeared, and of course did not return, leaving the old gentleman to wait for him in vain.

The transaction was the work of a few minutes; it appeared so plausible and so natural, that the old gentleman felt that he was doing a kindness to both the parties—as indeed he was, but at his cost in the sum of three hundred dollars!—Newark Advertiser.

## Grindstones at Retail.

Tradesmen are so often seriously annoyed by tedious customers, that they are not apt to enjoy any imposition of fun.

One day a wag entered a hardware store, and inquiring for grindstones, was taken to the back yard, where there were rows of the desired article ranged on either side. The day was drizzly, the rain pouring down silently but steadily. He examined a number, but none seemed to suit his purposes. One was too coarse in grain, another the opposite. At last, when he saw the salesman was getting somewhat damp and uncomfortable from exposure to the weather, he thought that he would bring matters to a finale; and, laying his hands on a pretty fair specimen, he inquired:—"How much do you charge a pound for this one?" "Well," replied the clerk, "I guess we can let you have that one at four cents a pound." "Well," returned Sam, "knock me off a pound and a half!"

## A Truant Husband Put in Limbo.

On the morning of the 20th inst., says the Albany Argus, a young man neatly dressed and pretty appearing woman, Mrs. Frank J. Thornton, arrived in Albany from New York, in search of her husband, who had abandoned her for a dancing girl named Sallie Mason.

Thornton was married about two years ago. He was employed at a sewing machine manufactory as shipping clerk, and earned a fair salary, sufficient, his wife says, to support them and their child comfortably. But it seems that a quiet and honorable life was not "fast" enough for him. One of his resorts was the Melodeon, in New York, where he soon became acquainted with the stage girls, among others Sallie Mason. Their intimacy ripened rapidly, but his salary was not sufficient to keep up two domestic establishments, and so he resorted to stealing. After a while he was detected, and about three months ago he was locked up in the Tombs on a charge of stealing nearly \$1,000 worth of property from his employer. The evidence of his guilt was conclusive, but through the unrelenting earnestness of his young wife he was permitted to turn state's evidence against the receiver of the goods, and thus escaped punishment.

While in prison he was frequently visited by Miss Mason, who took upon herself to act the part of a sister. Since his release he has occupied his time in paying close attention to her, to the neglect of his family. On Saturday, the 14th ult., on leaving his home, he generously gave his wife a penny, but as if conscience stricken, he still more generously sought some sewing for her, and actually brought to her a dozen shirts to be made at the starvation price of six cents a piece!—flaunting thus acquitted himself according to his views of duty to his wife and child, he sought out the jigg dancer, and the two repaired to Albany, Miss Mason seeking an engagement at one of the theatres, and he more than willing to live on her earnings.

Justice Parsons issued a warrant for the arrest of both. Miss Sallie was caught first, and soon after Mrs. Thornton, meeting her husband on the street, compelled him to accompany her to the police, where the warrant was served upon him. Of course he had nothing to say in exculpation, and he and his companion were sent to jail. Among other things found upon his person was his wife's watch and chain, which he had borrowed from her the day before he abandoned his house.

## Invention of the Spinning Jenny.

The following beautiful anecdote is related of Hargraves, the inventor of the Spinning Jenny:

The invention had long engaged his attention, when one day he was observed to drop suddenly upon his knees, and roll on the stone floor at full length. He lay with his face toward the floor, and made lines and circles with the end of a burnt stick. Then he sat upon a chair placed his head between his hands, his elbows on his knees, and gazed intently on the floor; then he sprang to his feet, and replied to some feeble question of his wife—who had not risen since the day she gave birth to a little stranger—by a loud assurance that he had it; and taking her in his starchy arms in the blankets, the baby in her arms, he lifted her out and held her over the black drawings on the floor. These he explained, and she joining a small, hopeful, happy laugh, with his high-toned assurance that she should never again toil at the spinning wheel—that he would never again "play," and have his loom standing for want of welf. She asked some questions, which he answered, after seating her in the arm chair, by laying her spinning wheel on his back, the horizontal spindle vertically, while he made the wheel revolve, and drew a roving of cotton from the spindle into an attenuated thread. "Our fortune is made," he said, speaking of his drawings on the floor.—"What will you call it?" asked his wife. "Call it! What an we call it after thyself, Jenny? They called the Spinning Jenny afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Stanhill Moor at the wheel. What if we call it 'Spinning Jenny'?"

When a peasant who had a miserable back horse who was absolutely of old age, resolved to destroy him. As he was riding him along the road, he met a jockey riding a superb full blooded Arabian horse.

"My friend," said the owner of the antiquated animal, "I'll bet you ten dollars I can do with my horse what you can't with yours."

"Done!" said the jockey.

The peasant quietly led his horse to the brink of the river and pushed him in.

"Now let's see you do that with your horse," he said.

The jockey preferred paying the ten dollars.

## The California Christian Advocate

states that a secessionist recently entered an eating-house at Martinez, and called for a "first-rate Jeff. Davis meal." In due course of time the waiter placed before him a large covered dish—"only that and nothing more." On removing the cover, Seeseb found snugly coiled up a hempen rope, with a slip-nose at one end. He left—had no appetite.

## Afraid of Snakes.

There is the greatest coward about snakes up in the Calhoun district, that lives in America. He came to the east last spring, and bought a farm, and for the first six months in the country, he hardly slept two hours a night. He had a fine patch of oats on his farm, but was afraid to eradle it. One day he concluded he'd take a look to see if there were any snakes in the patch; so he got his old horse, and after leading him through the gap, and laying up the fence to keep the hogs out, he took an old scythe snath in his hand to fight with in case of an attack, mounted his horse and struck out into the oats, holding up both legs as high as possible. He hadn't gone far when he saw a whaling big snake slipping along the oats after him. Away he went round the patch, and away went the snake, right along with him; sometimes on one side and sometimes on another, sometimes behind, and sometimes before. He couldn't get out of the lot because the fence was up, and as the snake kept constantly with him, there was no chance but to leave the old horse, and try to keep out of the way. He went it that way till every stalk of his oats was trampled down, and until the horse was just about dead, when he discovered that he had been running from the shadow of his scythe snath!

## A Horse Panic.

About three hundred government horses kept in an enclosure at St. Louis, became frightened by the breaking down of a slight fence, and made a stampede through the streets. They separated into two divisions, one rushing up and the other down the street. The papers give the following particulars:

"Five large Government wagons encountered one division not far from the spot where the stampede began. The wagons were a short distance apart, and all the drivers except the first escaped. The horses attached to the first wagon were knocked down and crushed to death. Two or three of those coming in sudden contact with the wagon were crushed and trampled to death by those behind them. Some springing with their full weight on the wagon, brought it to the ground, crushing the driver in a manner such as to occasion his death a few hours afterward. The second wagon was likewise smashed to pieces, a dead horse being here also found beside the wreck. Eight or ten horses were found dead at various short distances from the lumber yard where they started and two inside the yard. The fact that the stampede was kept up for a great distance, is proved by the fact of dead horses being picked up at a distance of two, three and four miles away from the yard. Nearly all the horses were recovered and taken back to the yard."

## The Rival Pilots.

The *Uncle Sam* was the largest boat of the day, and had two of the best pilots on the river. Between these two men—whom we will call Smith and Brown—there existed a bitter spirit of rivalry. The first engineer sided with Smith, the first pilot, and the second engineer with Brown.

One day, when the boat was leaving Natchez, Brown, who was steering, ran her a short distance down the stream in order to pass the town under a full head of steam. Just as she was abreast the town, the first engineer, who was working the boat, shut the steam nearly off; nor, would he put it on again until they finally, and very slowly passed the town. Brown saw the finger of Smith in his manoeuvres, and swore revenge. He got it.

On the next down trip a heavy fog arose at sunset; and Smith, who, at that time, abandoned the boat to Brown; ordered him to run the boat till nine o'clock, and then tie her up; to have steam kept up all night, and if the fog should lift, to call him.

"Tie the boat up!" said Brown. "I can run her in any such fog as there is to night. I'll run her till twelve, o'clock, and then tie her up, as you are afraid."

"I can run her any night and any where that you can," replied Smith, "and if you do move her till twelve, call me then. That's all."

Brown kept on for a time, but the fog grew heavier, and having made sure that his coadjutor was asleep, he rounded the boat to a wood yard, and tied up. His friend the second engineer, was on duty, and according to Brown's direction, the wheel was unshipped and the steam kept up.

At twelve, Brown went to the wheel again and sent a waiter to call Smith, who soon made his appearance, rubbing his eyes, and anything but pleased at the prospect before him.

"Hallo!" said Brown, "are you there? I have called you according to orders.—Now I think you had better tie up and turn in again or you will make a smash before morning."

Smith growled out that he was able to steer any boat in any fog, and took the wheel.—Brown went below.

There was a commode overhauling a P. rate.

When Percival commanded the United States brig *Dolphin*, many years ago, he one day overhauled a pirate brig at the east end of the Island of Tenerife. He had chased this vessel steadily for more than fifty hours, and was much exasperated when he finally came along side.—His men leaped aboard the pirate with great alacrity when led by their commander. With cutlasses flashing over their heads, they were about to plunge like demons into a crowd of villainous-looking scoundrels, when the shrill voice of Capt. Percival yelled out:

"A vast there, men! don't strike a blow." He then began: "Who commands this brig?" when a low-browed, villainous-looking mulatto stepped forward and replied, in broken English, "Him go shore wid mate in dat boat dare." Then, as his eyes flashed fire, he balanced a cocked pistol in his hand, with a very wicked and nervous finger on the trigger, and looked him in the face, saying, in a low, precise tone: "Now, my men, at the first lie I'll blow your brains out. Tell me where you came from."

The villain quailed as he stood beneath the gaze of the old white-headed skipper, and tremblingly replied, "From de Spanish Main—Laguayra."

"Your papers?"

"Gone shore wid cappen."

"And the name of the brig?" rejoined Percival, as he still moved the pistol up and down, and added, "cuidado, amigo, have a care!" as the scoundrel began to falter.

"Brig name?"

"Yes."

"She name—Junia?"

This was the last word he uttered. Percival's arm moved slowly up until the barrel of the weapon was level with his forehead, and the man was stretched dead on the deck. He then pulled out another pistol from his belt, and without changing a muscle of his determined face, beckoned to another of the gang, and in the same cold, sardonic, low, though audible tone, said in Spanish:

"A ball for every lie. Now, what is the true name of this craft?"

The man looked around to see if there were any way of evading the question by escape, while the click of the captain's pistol assailed his ears, and he hesitated no longer, but fell on his knees, and, crossing his breast, said:

"She is a slaver, called the *Clara*."

"Ah!" sighed Percival, "even the truth won't save such rascals, and you have once swapped the devil for a wick—an ounce of lead for a fathom of hemp."—Then, speaking to the boat's crew, he said: "Throw this yellow carcass overboard; and, leaning over the brig's rail, he shouted to the first lieutenant of his own ship to send a dozen marines and half a hundred handcuffs and as many fetters on board, for the pirates.

In a few moments the entire band were manacled. The following day the captain communicated with the Spanish authorities of Santa Cruz, as the vessel had anchored at the moment she was captured. Representations were also made to the English consul to procure the evidence necessary to the conviction of the crew. One of the miscreants contrived to jump overboard on the passage to Gibraltar; but the remainder, after a fair trial, were hanged by the necks until they were dead.

## A Well-Mixed Race.

There is now in Rochester, New York, a man aged 106 years, ancestry, together with his own progeny, will exhibit one of the strangest mixture of races ever heard of. His name is John Shenandoah O'Brien, and he was born in Boston, 1755. His father was an Irishman, and his mother an Indian of the Oneida tribe. When twelve years old, he was sent to France, and there educated as a physician. He returned to this country and served in the Revolutionary War; afterwards he went back to France, and there married the daughter of the Emperor of Morocco, by whom he had eight children; with her he lived in the United States for some time. He then married an American woman, descended from Teutonic line, and after her death married a negro, who was fifty years younger than himself, and by whom he had four children. In his children are united the blood of the Celts, the Teutons, the African, and the North American Indians.

## Spiritual.

At the Breewort House, N. Y., one evening, there was a dispute about the reality of Spiritualism, when a wag came forward, and said he had no doubt there was something in it, as he himself was a sort of medium. "How a medium?" inquired the landlord. "Why, replied, the wag, 'I can do a good many mysterious things for instance, I can make a bell ring without touching it.'" The landlord offered to bet he could not. The wag persisted, and said that he would lay twenty dollars that he could make at least a dozen of the bells in that room ring within twenty minutes, without moving from where he sat. "Done!" exclaimed the landlord, and the money was put up. The wag turned round in his seat, opened a closet, door, and turned off the gas from the upper part of the building. In less

## Commodore Percival Overhauling a P. rate.

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