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[From the Louisville Journal.]

The World!

Arm without any words!
Arm!
This is the time for words!
Arm! Arm!
Arm!
Arm ere it is too late!
Arm!
Arm or be desolate!
Arm! Arm!
Arm!
This is the trumpet-peal!
Arm!
For the old Commonwealth!
Arm! Arm!
Arm—Arm to meet the foe!
Arm!
Arm—he is coming—ho!
Arm! Arm!
Arm!
Arm for your mother, and march to defend her!
Arm!
Arm for the Commonwealth—Arm or surrender!
Arm!
Arm, Brothers—Arm's the word!
Arm! Arm!
Not a day to be deferred!
Arm! Arm!

Draining Rations.

There are some episodes in the life of a soldier provocative of laughter, and that serve to dispose in some measure the ennui of camp life. Not long ago a farmer, who did not reside so far from the camp of "the boys" as he wished he did, was accustomed to find every morning that several rows of potatoes had disappeared from his field. He bore it some time, but when the last half of his field of fine "kidneys" began to disappear, he began to think that sort of thing had gone far enough, and determined to stop it. Accordingly, he made a visit to camp early next morning, and amused himself by going around to see whether the soldiers were provided with good and whole some provisions. He had not proceeded far when he found a "boy" just serving up a fine dish of "kidneys" which looked marvellously like those that good wife brought to his own table. Halting, the following colloquy ensued:
"Have fine potatoes here, I see."
"Splendid! was the reply."
"Where do you get them?"
"Draw them!"
"Does the Government furnish potatoes in your rations?"
"Nary potato!"
"I thought you said you drew them."
"Did we just do that thing!"
"But how, if they are not included in your rations?"
"Easiest thing in the world! Won't you take some with us?" said the soldier, as he seated himself at the table opposite the smoking vegetables.
"Thank you! But will you oblige me by telling how you draw your potatoes, as they are not found by the commissary?"
"Nothing easier. Draw 'em by the tops mostly! Sometimes with a hoe if one is left in the field."
"Haul! Yes! I understand! Well see here! If you won't draw any more of mine, I will bring you a basket every morning, and draw them myself."
"Bully for you, old fellow!" was the cry, and three cheers and a tiger were given for farmer Lee. The covenant was entered into, and no one but the owner drew potatoes from the field afterward.
"Jim, I suppose you are a very good scholar!" "Not quite so good as I ought to be, Sam—why?" Because I just wanted to ask you a question."
"What is it, Sam?" "Have you ever studied arithmetic?" "Of course."
"Well, now, suppose that a man should buy a pair of chickens at twelve and a half cents a pound, and the chickens weighed seven pounds and a quarter, what would you think they'd come to?" "Was it in the morning?" "What has that to do with it?" "A great deal; because, if it was in the morning, and my wife bought 'em, I know exactly what they would come to." "What would they come to?" "A chicken pot pie and a mighty sudden disappearance." "Bah, I have no time for trifling."

Romance in Real Life.

We had almost believed that such singularly romantic and highly wrought stories as weekly appear in the *Ledger* were founded more upon fancy than fact, but after reading the extraordinary account of the doings of "Richard Guinness Hill, nephew of the celebrated banker and brewer of Dublin stout," as chronicled in late English papers, we have concluded to entertain a higher opinion in the future of those tales of "hunted lives."
The particulars of the affair, as laid before the magistrates at Rugby, present one of the most remarkable cases of fraud, duplicity and cruelty which probably ever occurred in England. It appears that Hill, who is about 32 years of age, and a man of gentlemanly bearing, a few years ago married a grand-daughter of Sir Francis Biddell, and protegee of Sir Biddell Courts. The interval between the time of marriage and the beginning of 1850, was passed by the happy pair in traveling, and without any apparent disturbance of their domestic felicity. In the early part of the above mentioned year, however, appeared a little stranger, for whose future welfare, Hill became desirous to provide in a manner not at all unusual except in those aforementioned harrowing tales. A few days after the birth of the child, Hill adopted a course to destroy its identity, with the presumed object of possessing himself of certain property devised by a will made by Mrs. Hill, giving the whole of her property, which was considerable, absolutely to her husband, in the event of no issue surviving her decease.
He first registered his child under a false name and description, and then induced his wife to consent to its being put out to nurse in London, to which place he proceeded, and on his return stated that he had procured a suitable person to take charge of it. The mother, believing her husband's representations, entrusted her child to the care of a girl fourteen years of age, the daughter of the woman who was in attendance upon her, who conveyed it by special train to the city, where she was met by Hill, who drove her to some portion of London, with which as a country girl, she was unacquainted, deposited a box containing the child's clothing, and then returned to the railway station, when they were met by two women to whom the child was given. Upon the return of the girl to Rugby she intimated to Mrs. Hill that the child had been put into the hands of improper persons. Hill, however, combated this assumption by assuring his wife that he was mistaken.
From time to time, Mrs. Hill expressed the greatest anxiety regarding the welfare of her child, but her husband always asserted that it was in proper hands, and was progressing most satisfactorily. This state of things continued for about two years, and at length Mrs. Hill told her husband that she insisted upon seeing her child. He refused to comply with her request; a serious altercation took place; and he ultimately subjected her to gross ill usage. Upon this a separation took place, but a short time subsequently, he made overtures to his wife to live with him again. She indignantly repelled his offers for a time, but at length promised to consider them favorably, provided he satisfied her as to what he had done with her infant. He informed her in return that it was dead; and she then demanded the register of its death, and pressed him upon this point. Being thus placed in a difficulty he altered his story, stating that the nurse in whose care he had placed the child had left England for Australia, he providing the passage money.
Mrs. Hill, still doubting the truth of his statement, placed the matter in the hands of her solicitor, who at once employed a detective officer to clear away the mystery which surrounded the case.
The officer ascertained that a child had made its appearance in a house in St. Giles, about the time of the disappearance of the child in question, and after much trouble succeeded in tracing its parentage to a filthy sley in Drury Lane. After searching various rooms, Brett the detective proceeded to a small apartment on the second floor. In one corner lay a man nearly naked, apparently in a dying state, and squatting all over the floor were several women in a most ragged and filthy condition. The whole place was in a dreadful state; the stench from the filth being almost overpowering. On the floor, in this horrible den, Brett discovered the hair to £14,000 a year, almost in a state of nudity, and covered with vermin and filth. No shoes were on his feet, and only one dirty rag enveloped the entire body. The toes were dreadfully seared with the impressions of wounds, no doubt inflicted by walking on stones, while the head and body generally showed unmistakable marks of negligence and ill usage. The house from bottom to top appeared to be occupied by prostitutes and beggars, and the officer only escaped with the child in safety by literally "paying" his way through the swarm of people who blocked up every means of egress.
Mrs. Andrews, in whose charge was the child, being arrested, the detective ascertained that on one Saturday she was standing in Windmill street, Haymarket, apparently selling songs and stanzas, but in reality begging, with her two children, one in arms and the other in the gutter by her side, when Hill, passing her, in a furtive manner slipped a bill into her hand. Having passed and re-pass-

ed several times, he beckoned her to follow him to a dark part of the street. She did so, and he then asked if she would take a child to nurse, telling her that she need only treat it as her own, or that she might, if able, dispose of it by placing it in some work-house or asylum. She promised to procure the advice of a friend, and made an appointment for the following night in the same place.
Hill kept the appointment, and at that meeting he agreed to give her £16 a year for taking care of the child, and told her to meet him at the same spot on the following Wednesday night, when he would take her to a place where she should receive the child. The latter appointment was also kept, but Mrs. Andrews was accompanied on this occasion by a woman named Mrs. Scott, alias Mary Ann Idle, who is at present undergoing twelve months imprisonment in Tothill Fields Prison for meeting a gentleman in the street. She added that all three went in a cab to the North-western railway station, in Euston Square, on the Wednesday night, where they received the child as stated by the girl. She related the conversation she had with the girl as to how the child had been treated at Rugby; she stated that her friend Scott, alias Idle, went with the prisoner to a beer shop near the station, and there received £15 from him for them to take the child away.
She also stated that when she received the child it was wrapped in a shawl, which she afterwards pledged. Brett redeemed the shawl, which was identified by Mrs. Hill. The officer also obtained a box, which Mrs. Hill also identified as being the one filled with baby linen, sent by her with the child; and it was worthy of mention that the prisoner had, with the object of still further destroying identity, cut out all the marks which had been inserted upon the infant's clothing. Mrs. Andrews further stated that when the prisoner gave her the child he told her that the mother was dead, and that he was a clerk going to travel on the continent; but he gave her neither name or address. She did not believe "all was right," and ultimately had the child registered in her maiden name, which was Farebrother. Brett tested the truth of that statement, and found an entry in the book of the registrar of St. Giles, to the effect that on the 29th of February, 1859, a child five weeks old had been registered in the name of Albert Farebrother—the name given to the prisoner by the woman who she received the child.
To further prove the identity of the child, Brett went to every house where Mrs. Andrews had lived in St. Giles, from the time the child left Rugby to the hour of its recovery, and he found her statement true in every particular. He ascertained that on one occasion, when Mrs. Andrews was sent to prison for begging, the child, with her own, was placed in St. Giles' Workhouse, where it remained until she regained her liberty, when she used it as before for the purpose of exciting the commiseration of the public in her begging expeditions. Scott, alias Idle, was seen in prison, and corroborated all the features of the case as detailed by Mrs. Andrews, alias Farebrother. Upon its recovery, unfortunately, owing to the neglect from starvation and cold, it was still under the careful attention of medical men, and its ultimate recovery was by no means certain. Upon the above facts being established Hill was arrested and held to bail for a further examination.—N. Y. Commercial.

Must Help Uncle Sam First.

A farmer in Wisconsin had a son who joined the 8th Regiment of that State without his father's consent. Several letters were written by the father to the son, while the regiment were in quarters at Camp Randall, for the purpose of persuading him to return. At last he wrote him that he must come—that he had a large amount of threshing to do—that he could not afford to hire help, if it were to be had, which was hardly possible, owing to the number of enlistments—and that he must return home and help him, even if he enlisted again afterward. The young man replied:
"DEAR FATHER: I can't go home at present. I should be very glad to help you, but Uncle Sam has got a mighty big job of threshing on hand than you have, and I'm bound to see him out of the woods first."
The Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth quotes that which purports to be the proceedings of a meeting of young ladies in Indiana, in which they declare against marrying stay-at-home young men and pledging themselves to receive only the addresses of soldiers, and makes this cruel comment:
We admire the spirit of these "pretty little devils," and hope that each of them will have a good husband, and, if possible, an editor. But, from the angelic manner in which our Kentucky girls "smile on" the Ohio and Indiana boys who have come over to defend our young men, we are afraid that the I. G.'s will have to take Home Guards, or do without a "hobby hobby" entirely.
Letters from the seat of war are of so much interest now, that we feel much indebted to a gentleman who has kindly loaned us the following. It was received from his son, who is a volunteer, "Dear Father—I am well—send me \$6."—Homesdale Democrat.

Demijohn Drill.

E. P. Hinds of the 8th Regiment, now stationed at Baltimore, in a letter to *The Maine Pioneer*, thus describes a new drill:
"Col. Marshall, our new commander, is a prompt and efficient officer. At dress-parade, two days since, he gave us what he called the 'demijohn drill.' Some one had been permitted to set up a tent inside our lines, and sell estables to the soldiers. This individual dared to sell rum, which made a few drunk and noisy. This drunkard maker was arrested by the Colonel's order, and taken into the guard-house. His liquor was also seized. He was drummed out to the tune of 'Rouge et March,' presenting a laughable appearance, with a bottle slung over each shoulder, a toddy stick in his rear, soldiers behind him with bayonets charged close to his rear. After this the sound of shattered glass told us that the demijohn was drilled, and the contents spilled."
During the last war with England, the "Irlandais," or 7th Foreign Regiment of the French line, endeavored to enter the army of the United States. In the petition of the officers to the President, they said: "The French Government received us and treated us with kindness, and 'tis with regret we have determined on leaving it, but at the same time 'tis with an extreme satisfaction that we propose to serve a State whose spirit of independence has raised it to the first rank among nations; its resistance to the tyranny of England shall be always engraved on the hearts of every real friend of liberty, but most particularly upon that of an Irishman." This is the spirit which now animates the legions of brave Hibernians who are rallying beneath the Stars and Stripes.

A Smart Old Man.

The pilot at Casumpes, Prince Edward Island, Pierre Galant by name, is eighty three years of age, though from his appearance and activity he would not be taken for more than sixty or sixty-five. He took the steamer Princess Royal into port on the occasion of the recent excursion. The old man has twenty-one children, the oldest sixty five years old, also a pilot, and the youngest three months old by the second wife. One of his sons has twenty three children, all by one wife.

Buckwheat Cakes.

Mix a quart of buckwheat flour with a pint of lukewarm milk, some prefer water; add a teaspoonful of yeast, and set in a warm place over night to rise. In the morning, if sour, add a teaspoonful of saleratus and a little salt. Bake as griddle-cakes, and butter them hot. These are nice for breakfast, or with butter and sugar for tea.

A Methodist preacher, whose hearers were in the habit of going to sleep over his preachings bought a tin whistle; and one Sunday, when he saw a goodly number under the solemnest influence, he drew forth his whistle, and blew a shrill shriek. In an instant, the whole congregation was awake, and upon their feet, staring at the minister, at one another, and wondering what in the name of human nature was to come next. "You're a set of smart specimens of humanity, ain't you?" said the divine whistler, as he slowly gazed around on the astonished assemblage. "When I preach the Gospel to you, you all go to sleep; but the moment I go to playing the devil, you're all wide awake, up and coming like a rush of hornets with a pole in their nests."

A Liar.

Among the many anecdotes of Buena Vista one beat all others. An Arkansas soldier being wounded asked an Irishman to take him off the field. The latter did so by assisting him to mount his horse the Irishman riding before. During the ride the wounded Arkansian had his head shot off by a cannon ball, unknown to his companion. Arriving at the Surgeon's quarters the Irishman was asked what he wanted.
I brought this man to have his leg dressed," said Pat.
"Why his head is off," said the surgeon.
"The bloody liar!" exclaimed Pat, looking behind him; "he told me he was only shot in the leg."
We have a boy at home, about three years old, who is a regular "shaver." One day he was trying to teach him his alphabet, and asked him what "B" stood for? "George," was his prompt answer. "No," we replied; "it stands for boy." "Well, ain't George a boy?" he asked, triumphantly.

"Pa," said a lad to his father, "I often read of people poor but honest; why don't they say something rich but honest?" "Tut, tut, my son," said the farmer, "nobody would believe them."

A lazy fellow begged alms, saying he could not find bread for his family.—"Nor I," said the industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

During an examination, a medical student being asked, "When does mortification ensue?" He replied, "When you pop the question, and are answered, 'No.'"

Our Country's Call.

"More men! More men!" is the cry from those who have in hand the putting down of this rebellion. Shall they have them? Here lies the only possible doubt about the issue of the struggle. It is settled that foreign nations will not interfere to our disadvantage. It is settled that there is to be no divided North, and that the Government can rely upon the support of the solid masses of all parties. It is settled that the Government still keeps its credit, and can command money to any necessary extent. It only remains to be settled whether soldiers can be procured in the numbers required.—The rebellion must yield to the superior forces. We have the superior population—three to one; but will that population supply us the superior force?
The question rests chiefly with the young men. "Young men for the war" is the accepted maxim in all nations.—Their physical vigor and endurance, their spirits and dash, particularly fit them for the field. The loyal States are very powerful in this class of population. They must contain at least two millions and a half of men between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five. A fifth part of this number, armed, drilled and disciplined, might sweep off this rebellion in six months. There never was a more urgent or a more sacred call. Every young man, who has a spark of manhood in his breast ought to give heed to it. The country in its danger has a right to the service of its stoutest arms, and he who can render such service and yet withhold it, is dishonored.
Never has there been in the history of the country, and never probably will there be again, such an opportunity for young men who desire a noble career.—War is the most stirring of all human doings—the sphere of action which calls out the grandest energies of our nature. In it, real superiority tells the quickest and the surest. In civil life, mere circumstance has a great deal to do in shaping a young man's destiny. If in trade, no diligence and no prudence can secure him from the constant vicissitudes of the commercial world. If in a profession, his speedy advancement depends greatly upon fortunate connection, and other influences quite independent of his real merits. Agriculture and the mechanic arts, however respectable in themselves, can hardly satisfy him who aspires to distinction. Politics, in these days of political degeneracy, present little inducement to the young man who relies upon his manhood; the chances are ten to one that chicanery would thwart him. But war, in its stern necessities, brings the young man quickly to the fairest of tests; and when it is once proved that he has the true steel in him, there is no rank which he may hope to reach. It is a matter of comparatively small consequence where he begins. No young private, however friendless or unknown, can exhibit superior intelligence and promptness in camp, and superior gallantry in the field, without attracting the notice of his superiors. Promotion is sure to come to him, because it is of vital interest to the entire army that it should be offered as efficiently as possible. He will not have to wait long, inasmuch as vacancies are constantly occurring both from the casualties of battle, and from the forced resignation of those whose unfitness has been proved. From the day he puts his foot into the ranks, the road to honor opens before him, broad and high; it is for him alone to fix his mark. Many of Napoleon's most famous marshals began their career as privates. It is the policy of our government to encourage the same sort of promotion. Our War Department has already given the pledge of it by leaving a considerable number of Lieutenancies vacant for the express purpose of supplying them with young men who shall prove their title to them by noble action in the rank and file. The places thus won will be far more honorable than any obtained by personal favor. Their very possession will be a testimonial of sterling qualities, that will in itself be a continual recommendation for yet further advancement. We hear of young men who fail to go into the service of their country simply because they failed to get the commissions they applied for. The military spirit—saying nothing of the patriotic—that can be thus dashed must be of a very poor sort. The very fact that these young are thus influenced to stay at home, is pretty good proof that they deserved to be disappointed. The man of real soldierly qualities would be kept back for no such reason. Every soldierly fibre in him would be stimulated to make good claim to what he had asked, and carve his way to a commission with his own good sword. So long as the ranks are open to him, he need rely upon no favors.
Not only military distinctions are to be won in the service to which the country now calls, but the chances for future civil preferment. There is no country in the world in which military gallantry is more honored than in this; and he who has once proved himself true and faithful to the flag of the republic in the storm of battle has a passport to the popular confidence that nothing else can give. It is certain that for the present generation the great majority of our offices of trust, from the presidency down, will be held by men who shall now peril their lives for the stars and stripes. The people will devote their trusts upon the tried soldiers, both because they are thoroughly tired of

professional politicians. No sordid, corrupt, faithless nature can belong to a true soldier, and the people instinctively feel it.
Every young man who seeks an honorable future, who cares to figure in the grandest drama of the century, who has spirit enough to feel that
"O'er crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name,"
who has soul enough to realize how sacred a thing is patriotism, should hasten to the help of his country in this its death struggle with hideous treason. Duty and glory alike urge it.—*The World*.
A Model Sentinel.
An anecdote is related of one of the citizen soldiers in the expedition of the Mæpherson Blues against the insurgent, in 1794, which is worthy of being recorded. The person referred to was a German by birth, of the name of Koeb, and was well known in his day as a large outdoor underwriter. He died some twenty years since in Paris, whither he had gone for the benefit of the climate, leaving a fortune estimated at \$1,200,000.—Mr. Koeb, like young Shaw, was a private in the Mæpherson Blues. It fell to his lot one night to be stationed sentinel over a baggage wagon. The weather was cold, raw, stormy and wet. This set the sentinel musing. After remaining on post half an hour, he was heard calling lustily "Corporal der gurtz! Corporal der gurtz!" The corporal came and inquired what was wanting. Koeb wished to be relieved for a few minutes, having something to say to Mæpherson. He was gratified, and in a few minutes stood in the presence of the General.
"Well, Mr. Koeb, what is your pleasure?" asked Mæpherson.
"Why, General, I wish to know what may be der value of dat wagon over which I am shetline!"
"How should I know, Koeb?"
"Well something approximative—not to pe particular."
"A thousand dollars, perhaps."
"Very well, General Mæpherson, I write a check for der monish, and den I will go to pets."
How to stop the Flow of Blood.
Housekeepers, mechanics and others, in handling knives, tools and other sharp instruments, very frequently receive severe cuts from which blood flows profusely, and oftentimes endangers life itself.—Blood may be made to cease to flow as follows: Take a fine dust of tea and bind it close to the wound; at all times accessible and easily obtained. After the blood ceases to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound.—Due regard to these instructions would save agitation of mind, and running for the surgeon, who would, probably make no better prescription if he was present.
Old Mrs. Harris was never regarded as a paragon of neatness; and if "cleanliness is next unto goldiness," as St. Paul asserts, it is to be feared that the old lady never attained to the latter state. Not only was she anything but neat herself, but showed a contempt for it in others. Speaking of neat people, one day, she remarked that her son Josiah was one of the most particular men in the world. "Why," said she, "he threw away a whole cup of coffee, the other morning, because it had a bed-bug in it."
The Easton Express says that a day or two ago a small boat arrived at that city from the Upper Delaware, loaded with nine hundred pounds of honey and beeswax, which the owner disposed of to the Eastonians. The bees at the head waters of the Delaware must be busy little bees indeed.
"I say, boy, is there anything to shoot about here?" inquired a sportsman of a boy he met. "Well," was the reply "nothing just about here; but the schoolmaster is down the hill yonder—you can pop him over."
You lost two legs in the army, you say; what did you gain by it?" asked a gentleman of a pensioner.
"Single blessedness, sir," he replied; "for after that, no woman would marry me."
A Chicago paper having said the secessionists were in league with hell, Prentice suggests that they are within less than a league of it.
A lady in Michigan, consoling her neighbor for the loss of her son, was answered in tears. "If Billy's grandmother is in Heaven, I know she will not see Billy abused."
Gen. Seigel, it is said, worked at an iron foundry in Cincinnati, when he first came to this country, for five dollars per week. There is where he learned to work in iron, which is now so well practiced by him.
A good one is told of a Quaker volunteer who was in a Virginia skirmish.—Coming into close quarters with a rebel, he remarked—"Friend, it is unfortunate, but these stunts just where I am going to shoot," and blazing away, down came the seceder.