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**A Musket Duel between Opposing Pickets.**

A Washington correspondent of the *Detroit Tribune* relates the following incident:

A good story is in circulation here, but which has not yet got into the papers—As it is too good to be lost, put it in shape for print, for the benefit of all whom it may concern.

One of the Michiganders being out on advanced picket duty, a few days ago, came in sight of a South Carolina rebel on similar duty, when the following dialogue and duel took place:

MICHIGAN.—"Hello, South Carolina, how are you to-day?"

SOUTH CAROLINA.—"Pretty well, thank you; how are all the Yankees?"

M.—"So, so. What's the news in Dixie?"

S. C.—"Nothing in particular, only we've got some rifles now that will outshoot your Yankee guns all hollow."

M.—"Don't believe that yarn. You resters brag too much. Cant fool your pap on that trigger."

S. C.—"Suppose you and I take a few private passes at each other to settle that little question. What say you?"

M.—"Agreed. Forty rods and three shots each."

The question then arose as to the preliminaries, &c., there being no parties present to act as seconds. These, however, were soon settled by South Carolina giving Michigan a gold dollar for the first three shots. The parties then took their positions, and South Carolina blazed away his three shots at Michigan, who stood erect and pointed out to South Carolina the direction each of his shots had taken. Michigan had escaped unhurt, and now came his turn to fire. South Carolina, to his credit be it said, stood erect and received Michigan's first shot in the thigh, which brought him down flat on the ground.

"Hello, old fellow, none of that," said Michigan, "no dodging the question—Stand up like a man will you! You owe me two more good shots and you must pay them, mind that, or no more bragging about chivalry!"

But South Carolina, having one leg broken by the Michigander's unerring Minnie musket, could not stand on both legs of his chivalry, and therefore squatted, and thus cheated our Michigander out of two good shots, and ended this funny and impromptu duel.

**A Post Office Customer.**

The Philadelphia *North American* is responsible for the following:

A Mississippian female approaches. She is short and angular, with a hatched shaped face and a hatched edged voice.

"Where's me letter?" is the abrupt question.

"What letter?" asks the clerk.

"Niver mind now: I want me three cents."

"What three cents?"

"The three cents I gey you to send my letter to New York."

"What do you want the three cents for then?"

"Because the letter never wint."

"And how do you know it never wint?"

"Because when my sister answered it, she said she never got it."

"How could she answer it, if she never got it?"

"Arrah, hold yer hed. Will yer give me the three cents, or won't ye?"

"No, ma'am, you must be crazy to ask it."

"Is it me crazy?"

"Certainly, crazy as a bedbug."

"Bad luck to ye, and is it the likes of you that dare call me a bedbug? Is there any other way of gittin' at ye except through this little widdy?" asked the now furious woman.

"No, ma'am no other way."

"Faith, it's lucky for you, thin. Ef there was, I'd come and welt you like an old shoe. But niver mind," continued the lady as she went away, "I'll tell me husband to night, and he'll dot the two eyes of ye, so he will."

**Look Out, Storekeepers.**

An exchange says: A law-suit interesting to husbands and dry goods dealers, was decided two weeks since at Buffalo, New York. A gentleman who refused to pay a bill of \$112 for rich dresses and knick-knacks, furnished his wife, was sued. The husband's defence was that he never ordered the articles, he never received them, and their purchase was extravagant for a woman married to a man in his circumstances. The jury considered the defence a sound one, and gave a verdict for the husband. Dry goods dealers must look out how they excite female vanity, and especially how they give credit for gay apparel.

Interesting from Hatteras Inlet.

**Great Storm and Flood.**

**THE ISLAND SUBMERGED.**

Tents, Shanties and Provisions Swept off.

GREAT DISTRESS AND PRIVATION.

Deplorable Condition of the 20th Indiana.

Special Cor. to the Tribune.

HATTERAS INLET, Nov. 2, 1861.

The land forces at this point are now in the midst of another engagement, which is of a more serious character than any of the conflicts that have yet taken place on this coast. It is a contest with the elements. A great deluge is upon us.—Last evening a gale sprang up, which continued to increase in fury every moment until morning, when it assumed the form of a perfect whirlwind, accompanied with rain, which fell in torrents. About 3 o'clock this morning, the waves from the ocean began to sweep over the island (half a mile wide) into the Sound, and before daylight these two bodies of water were united. Not a spot of land was to be seen. All the lower portion of the island, where Fort Hatteras and Clark are situated, was under water, and so sudden was the upheaving and so violent the storm, that all chances of escape were cut off before the morning light came. It was utterly impossible for any assistance to reach them from our fleet, so terrible was this Hatteras storm. And it was not until a breaker swept across the island, carrying men, tents, shanties, and every creeping thing with it, that the soldiers were aware of the presence of a great flood. Men were suddenly washed out of their beds and found all their clothes (what few had undressed) borne to the Sound. Live stock, such as pigs, chickens, horses, cattle, dogs, cats, and cooking utensils, lumber, driftwood, boxes, barrels, trunks, shanties, were carried forward together with men on them and in them, some jumping out of the windows, some cutting their way through the roof, others jumping off into the water, which, in many places, was over their heads in depth, and making for a box or barrel in order to reach the roof of a shanty still standing. Officers on horses were riding or swimming through this floating mass, giving orders to this floating army of men, who, with a gun in one hand and with the other hanging on to some kind of an object kept themselves above water. The most mournful sight of all, however, was to witness the moving of the sick, some of whom were in a dying condition before the storm came.—They were carried on cots from place to place on the shoulder; of men who were wading through water nearly neck deep. It was also a sad sight to witness such a destruction of property. At the wharf were all the Government property in store, a wholesale destruction took place.—Provisions of every kind were soon afloat—barrels of crackers, bread, sugar, pork, beef, molasses, beans, potatoes, fish, boxes of candles, soap, clothing, and in fact everything required for an army was seen to go with the flood, with the buildings containing them in a very dilapidated condition. The steamer Spaulding arrived the evening before with a large load of provisions, clothing, lumber, &c., and as good luck would have it, she was unable to land but a small portion of her cargo the night she came in. Unfortunately there was, however, some clothing landed for the 20th Indiana Regiment and officers were in great suspense. It was very evident that a new inlet below Fort Clark had been made during the night, which entirely cut off their escape; and as the waves were rushing into Fort Clark by 6 in the morning, it was apparent that all must meet with a watery grave if the water continued to rise at the same rate for two hours to come. Fortunately, the country was spared from hearing of such horrible tidings as was momentarily threatening the lives of these loyal soldiers. The storm began to abate by 7 a. m. in this morning, and by 9 o'clock a narrow ridge of sand beach was discovered above Fort Clark, which was hailed with wild delight by the 20th Indiana Regiment, who, but a few minutes before were making preparations to save themselves, if possible, from a fearful fate.—By noon the tide had gone down, and left quite a little spot for the half drowned and exhausted men to walk upon and build some campfires, which enabled them to cook a scanty meal from what few fragments of provisions had been rescued from the water. What a sight to behold! All was devastation and ruin; the entire camp was made desolate. Several feet of sand were taken from the surface of the island, leaving it in such a condition that it is sure to be under water as often as the tide comes up.

Between Fort Clark and Hatteras, a new inlet some six feet deep, was formed during the night, and now it is a vast sheet of water between the two forts.—Fort Hatteras now stands isolated from the land, and will be swept entirely away in the next severe storm, its sandy walls having already commenced to crumble.

In fact it is thought that the next great storm (which is liable to visit this region any day), will level both forts, Clark and Hatteras. I understand that the Confederates only built them for summer use, expecting they would be swept away before Spring, which accounts for using cheap material (sand and turf) with which these forts are constructed. This sweep-flood makes good the predictions of the predictions of the Confederates when we took possession of this treacherous and mysterious peninsula. They said we would be glad to abandon Hatteras Island when the winter storms came. It has been said all along by our most experienced military men, that a land force on Hatteras Island was entirely unnecessary, that a small fleet would effectually guard the inlet.

Camp Wool (where the 9th N. Y. V. are quartered), some three miles above Fort Hatteras, was also much damaged by this storm. Their large hospital, some sixty by forty feet, was carried away; the sick, however, were saved.—They lost nearly all their provisions, and many other stores. Camp Bailey, seven miles up the island, where Capt. Bailey, with a portion of the Indiana Regiment, is stationed, has, I learn, escaped with but little loss, they being on a higher point of land, which is strongly fortified. Six companies of this regiment left Fort Clark to day for Camp Bailey, leaving only three companies at Fort Clark, who, I learn, will also abandon this dilapidated and crumbling fortification on the morrow, and doubtless they will be followed by the regulars now stationed at Fort Hatteras. Camp Bailey, or Fort Bailey, is the best place on the island to make a stand and resist an attack from the enemy, which is momentarily expected. I do not believe that an army of twenty thousand could assail this position with any hope of success. The Confederates have been making ready all along to give us battle as soon as the winter storms came to their assistance.—They have been concentrating nearly all their forces in the State on Roanoke Island, some 50 miles above us, at the head of this island, with this intention. In case of an attack we shall be assisted by our fleet, which will be able to command the ocean side of the island, while the Confederates will, with their small fleet of gunboats, command the Sound, and have no gunboats which can enter the Sound, and you may expect to hear soon that a great battle has been fought on the island of Hatteras.

The 20th Indiana Regiment are certainly in a very destitute condition so far as clothing is concerned. This is the second attempt Government has made, since this regiment came to Hatteras, to supply them with clothes. About four weeks since their new overcoats were all taken with the tug Fauny. They had been suffering long and much for them. Now half of their new blankets, shirts and socks have been swept away by the flood before they were delivered. They have only one shirt each to their backs, and a Summer suit, furnished them by their State when first sworn into the service of the Government. They are obliged to go to their bed in their wet clothes, which are in the most filthy condition possible, not having been able to wash a garment for the want of a change. It is certainly the most melancholy sight I have beheld since the war broke out.—The prospects are that they will be in no better condition this winter if they remain here. They are now in a far more destitute condition, so far as clothes are concerned, than the poor inhabitants on this island, who have sent their worthy Chaplain, the Rev. N. M. Taylor, to the North, to obtain succor for them. The poor destitute people on the island (who will see sorrowful times before Spring) have offered to share their scanty and dilapidated clothing, which they need so much, with the 20th Indiana Regiment, so much worse is the condition of these patriotic soldiers from Indians than those starving and half naked Islanders.

The neck of land where the new light-house was to be erected, has been washed away. The schooner Bell, Capt. J. Q. Adams, arrived here some few weeks with all the materials ready made for this lighthouse, which is under the supervision of J. Martin Poole, a skillful mechanic and a prominent and worthy citizen of Wilmington, Delaware, whose loyalty none will question.

A Confederate fleet of small gun-boats, seven in number, made their appearance at noon to day, doubtless with the intention of watching our movements. One of the number came within three miles of Fort Hatteras, and sent two shells in the direction of our fleet, and then left on quick time. This is an every day occurrence on the part of the Rebel boats who are doubtless watching their chances to strike. I have taken refuge on board the schooner Bell, in order to write this letter, desiring a more steady position than a floating shanty can afford. The 20th Indiana Regiment will all be located at Fort Bailey by the 4th inst, where it is thought the water from the ocean cannot disturb them. No lives have been lost by this flood, though thousands were threatened.

**MAKING HONEY.**—Take ten pounds of sugar, dissolved in four pounds of water, two pounds of honey. When cooling, stir in ten drops of peppermint.

**The Fur Trade.**

The trade in Furs generally commences about the 1st of October, and at present the business is quite brisk among the numerous dealers throughout the city.—Mink sable and Siberian squirrel furs are those most in demand, and are considered most fashionable. Although the demand for this class of furs is very great, yet, owing to the great supply, and the facility with which they are obtained, the prices are moderate. The best quality of mink sable is found in Maine; it is also procured in the Hudson Bay regions, the Northwest, and found in small quantities in this State.

The most expensive of all furs is the Russian sable, which sells from \$500 to \$1,500 per set. This quality of fur is very scarce, and, besides, their exportation from Russia has been prohibited by the Emperor. Those that reach this country have been smuggled away. The Hudson Bay sable is also quite scarce and expensive, being sold as high as \$100 to \$600 per set.

The opossum and muskrat furs, found in great quantities, and are easily obtained. Fitch is but little in demand, although a few years since it was much sought after. Buffalo skins are obtained in Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and Northern Texas. Each year this animal becomes scarcer and before many years they will doubtless be extinct.—The animals are shot by the Indians and others, who sell the skins to traders. The hides are worth from three to twelve dollars a piece. The finest skins are greatly in demand by military officers, who use them instead of blankets, for which they are found far superior.

Most of the beaver skins bought by the dealers of this city are shipped to England, where they are used extensively for cloak linings. This animal is found among the Rocky Mountains and in the British dominions, and does not, as many suppose, decrease each year, although, it is said they push farther West. The quantity of beaver skins obtained this year is equally as great as has been procured for several years back. Very few are now found about Lake Superior, where a few years since they were found in great numbers.

The dealers in this and other cities resort to numerous tricks by which they can dye furs of a common quality, and give them the appearance of those more rare. The price of all furs varies according to their shades of color, and scarcity. This business is carried on to a great extent in this city, and although one of profit, yet involves considerable risk and outlay.—*Philadelphia Press.*

**An Old Trick Revived.**

At Boston, lately a fellow who pretended to be a Government agent to purchase horses, said to a greenhorn, that he wanted to buy a particular horse which was on sale, and would give \$110 for the animal. "Now," said he, "the fellow asks \$125 for the horse, and he knows me as a Government agent, and will not sell to me for a cent less than \$120. I know it is quite likely you can get the horse for \$100, and if so, you will make \$10, for I will give you \$110 cash." The bait took, and the greenhorn bought the horse for \$100. The pretended Government agent was then suddenly missing; and it turned out that he was the real owner of the horse and took this method of finding a purchaser. The real value of the horse was only thirty dollars.

Jeff. Davis has not always been opposed to coercion. When the Topeka Legislature presumed to exercise power in Kansas Territory, he left off thus: "The position of the insurgents is that of open rebellion against the laws and constitutional authorities, with such manifestations of a purpose to spread devastation over the land as no longer justifies further hesitation or indulgence. Patriotism and humanity alike require that rebellion should be promptly crushed."

Wasn't this monstrous! All the Topekaites wanted was to be let alone.

**New Jersey Banks.**

Thompson's Reporter of Saturday, makes the following notice of some of our New Jersey Banks, recently re-declared: The Egg Harbor Bank, N. J., has appointed an Agent for its redemption in Camden, and its notes are now redeemed there.

The Bank of New Jersey, New Brunswick, is redeeming its notes at its counter.

The Morris County Bank notes are in demand at 80 cents on the dollar.

**Gen. Lane's Style.**

A startling specimen of the obnoxious doings of "Jim Lane" is furnished in the St. Louis *Democrat's* despatches from Tipton. After using the contents of two rebels stores to relieve some Union families, whom the secessionists had robbed, General Jim called the citizens of Pleasant Hill together, beneath the glorious Union flag, and entertained them with a live American speech. Pointing to the ensign he had raised, he said to them: "That flag has been your protection, and shall be still. So long as it remains here you are safe; but if it is cut down, by the Eternal I will return and burn your town!" He then retired, with all his men. The affair occurred two weeks ago, and although the denials of Pleasant Hill are said to be about all-secessionists, that flag is still waving over the town!

**Romatic Story of an Old Lover.**

A California paper tells a singular story of a robbery in Stockton street, San Francisco, as follows: Samuel Matteson, a merchant, went to Sacramento on some business. The first night that he was absent from home, two burglars entered his residence and ransacked it. Mrs. Matteson heard them—in short, they boldly came into her room and opened her bureau drawers. She was much frightened and feigned to be asleep. One of the burglars finally came to the bed-side and held a dark lantern to her face. He then left the room with his mate, and soon after they both went out of the house.—Mrs. Matteson, after assuring herself that they had gone, went and called her servant girl, who slept in the attic. She was much surprised to find that nothing had been carried off by the burglars. A casket of jewelry was open on the bureau, but all had been left there, and her watch hung where she had placed it on retiring. Beside the casket she discovered a little roll of paper. She picked it up, and found that it enveloped a hard substance, that the hard substance was a ring, and that ring had been given to her many years before, and had been in her possession ever since. Half bewildered at the singular proceeding, she was about casting the scrap of paper from her, when her eye caught the marks of a pencil upon it. She carefully opened it and read:

"This ring, which was once mine, tells me in whose house I am. I did not know you were in California. You know I am an outlaw—the world knows it, and I do not care to deny it—but, fallen as I am, I cannot rob you, Maria. Forgive me, and God bless you."

HENRY.

This explained all. She read the scroll, and dropping upon her knees, prayed for him who had written it. And who was "Henry?" Ten years ago he loved that same Maria, when they both lived in Brooklyn, New York, and he would have made her his wife—for she told him she would be his—had he not taken to drink and gambling, and finally forged the name of his employer, for which he was given a home in Sing Sing. When he was worthy of her love, he gave her that ring, and she had kept it in remembrance of what he had said. This is the story of the ring. On the return of Mr. Matteson from Sacramento, the wife related the adventure, and showed him the note; but he is not jealous, nor has he attempted the arrest of the burglar.

**A Sign of a Poor Man.**

The Western Virginia correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, who is up among the mountains, speaks as follows of the people:

They are deplorably ignorant, without the pleasant simplicity of ordinary rusticity, and they are poor. Their little farms are pastures and meadows, with patches of corn, wheat and potatoes, not much larger than a ten pin alley. They export a few cattle, and considerable quantities of beeswax and honey.—Strange to say the expanding enterprise of hoop skirts has not yet affected their female vanity. Calico even is rare—How can a woman be happy without calico and the woman about Cross Lane and its neighborhood per-pire under cross barred linsey wolsley, unassisted by that voluptuous swell of the skirts which imparts so much grace to female apparel. Every family is thronged with its litter of tow heads, and by the way, a chatty little woman on the hill yonder, enlightened me by stating the curious physiological fact that "tow head young ones is a sign of a poor man. I should think so considering the number to the yard in these mountains."

When Colonel Jaekman was once dining with an Irish gentleman in New York, he said to him, while drinking wine, "You'll excuse me, Mr. Dwyer, if I should happen to make any disparaging remarks about your countrymen: I am apt to do so when merry with wine." "To be sure I will!" said Dwyer; "You will be quite excusable: at the same time let me beg that you will after forgiving me if I should happen to pitch in and floor you for that same—I'm apt to do it when I am merry, and hear my countrymen derided." The colonel was of course silent on Irishmen for the evening.

The beauties of spiritualism are shown in the case of two young married men of Searsburg, Vt., who left for California some year since and returned home recently to find their wives re-married, who having heard nothing from them since their departure, applied to a young lady spiritualist, who was very exact in describing to them the death and burial of their husbands, the date of the funeral, and the disease of which they died. Their wives supposing this to be reliable, re-married, and there was a funny time when the long absent husbands returned.

Mr. H. Roekafellow, of Philadelphia, the young man who lost an arm at Bull Run, and was captured and taken to Richmond, has been appointed by Gen. Cameron to a \$1,000 clerkship in the War Department. Mr. Roekafellow, it will be remembered, recently escaped from Richmond with the prisoners set free by the Rebels.

**GENERAL SCOTT.**

Gen. Scott resigns the command of the National Army, and has retired to private life laden with the honors of a long and brilliant career. This intelligence, though the step has been for some days anticipated, will affect with sadness all who read it—for all have long united in paying tribute to the bravery, skill, and patriotic devotion of the veteran chief, and to part from him is like bidding adieu to a valued friend.

The record of Gen. Scott's services is too fresh in the memory of the people to make necessary more than the most hasty recapitulation: He was born on the 13th of June, 1796 near Petersburg, Virginia. Educated for the law, he remained in that profession for about two years, and was then, in 1808, appointed a Captain of Artillery in the army. In 1812 he was made Lieutenant Colonel; Adjutant General, with rank of Colonel, in 1818; Colonel in the same year; Brigadier General in 1814; Brevet Major General for gallantry, in 1814; Major General and General in chief of the army in 1811; Brevet Lieutenant General in 1855.

His chief battles have been at Queens-town Heights, Fort George, Fort Erie, Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, various engagements in the Black Hawk wars, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, San Antonio, Chertusico, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, Mexico. He was taken prisoner at Queens-town, and severely wounded at Lundy's Lane. For his services in this battle and that of Chippewa he received from Congress a gold medal. For his gallantry in Mexico he was rewarded with the thanks of Congress; and, especially for the victories achieved in front of the city of Mexico, he received another gold medal. The crowning honor won by him from his country was the brevet rank of Lieutenant General, which was to date from the day on which Vera Cruz was captured.

In 1852 General Scott received the nomination for President at the Baltimore Whig Convention. In his letter accepting this nomination he said: "I should neither countenance nor tolerate any sedition, disorder, faction, or resistance to the laws or the Union, on any pretext, in any part of the land; and I should carry into the civil administration this one principle of military conduct—obedience to the legislative and judicial departments of Government, each in its constitutional sphere. He has, through his life, acted in accordance with this sentiment, and especially in his views touching the present rebellion he has been ever consistent.

Concerning Gen. Scott's skill as a commander, nothing need be said. There has never been any difference of opinion on that point. His campaigns have received high and enthusiastic praise from those whose approbation is scarce indeed, and his reputation will rest securely upon his labors in the field. The state of his health long since made him desire to be relieved from the arduous service of his command; but his patriotism held him at his post till he saw the National Capital in a position of security, and could deliver to his successor a National army well ordered and efficient, confident that with tranquility he could leave the destinies of his country in the keeping of its brave defenders.

The well merited honors done to the retiring General in Chief by the President and Cabinet will call forth a sincere response from all who prize the record, while the modesty and deep feeling evinced by the brief reply of the veteran will add to the sentiment of admiration which his character inspires in every heart. The highest wish which a true desire for Gen. Scott's happiness can frame is that he may live to see the day when this Union, once more free from internal strife, shall resume the pursuits of peace, and rejoice in undivided strength.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

**Poor Fellow.**

A Mr. Casey, who lives in Barrington, Illinois, recently made a complaint against the widow Manning. He testified that the amiable widow was "bound to marry him at all hazards." On one occasion she urged him to go with her and get married, and when he refused, she followed him home, and eluded bricks at him. Another time when he refused to go she threatened to "catch him some time and give him a d—l of a licking!" The pugnacious widow was arrested and held to bail.

**Not Dead, but Dead Drunk.**

In scouring the island (Santa Rosa) after the stampede of the rebels who attacked Billy Wilson's men, a dead officer was found—stone dead—with sword, revolver, &c., all complete. On examination no wound could be discovered, except one down the throat, which was redolent of "red eye" and an empty bottle by his side told the tale. He is now alive and well, a prisoner, and rejoices in the name of Captain John Davis of the Alabama Second Regiment, and is said to be a full cousin of Jeff. Davis.

**Enormous Export of Breadstuffs.**

During the week ending on the 13th inst., there were exported from New York to Europe 1,377,514 bushels of grain and 3,521 barrels of flour estimated to be worth two and a quarter million of dollars.