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**JOB PRINTING,**  
OF ALL KINDS,  
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

**HAST THOU A TALENT?**  
Hast thou a talent? improve it,  
Guard it with precious care—  
Never hide that precious gift,  
Or droop in dark despair,  
But up, arouse, prove to the world,  
That by rich talent given,  
Thou may'st not here reach thy reward,  
But it will bloom in Heaven.  
Hast thou a failing? despise it—  
Pluck from thy heart the weed,  
That chokes the good that there would flow,  
A bloom of plant indeed,  
Cast all aside that would degrade,  
Ne'er let it grow with thee.  
But be thou circumspect in life,  
As all men ought to be.  
Hast thou a virtue? foster it,  
With others let it grow,  
And walk the path of honesty,  
As all men ought to do.  
It may be hard and painful too,  
But do not look behind—  
Live thou on earth a goodly life,  
And die in peace of mind.

**Diphtheria.**  
An English physician, who says he has cured 1000 cases of diphtheria, recommends his treatment, which consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: Table salt two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup, which half fill with boiling water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two or four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient will swallow a little each time. Apply one ounce each of spirits of turpentine, sweet oil and aqua ammonia, mixed every four hours to the whole of the throat, and to the breast-bone, keeping flannel to the part.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, under date of last Monday, "A written communication was sent to the Secretary of War on Saturday last by a former member of the Maryland Legislature and a cousin of the Rebel General Lee, stating that during the battle of Antietam General Lee had his headquarters at his house; that on the night after the battle he sent a messenger into our lines to General McClellan, requesting an interview at his headquarters; that General McClellan, accompanied by some of his Staff, rode that night through the Rebel lines, and had a long interview with General Lee, who, among other things, informed McClellan that his army was crossing the Potomac. The writer has been subpoenaed before the Committee on the Conduct of the War."

A rumor of this interview was current shortly after the battle of Antietam. It went so far as to charge that Lee submitted to McClellan a proposition to join armies, march on Washington, depose Lincoln, and install McClellan as Dictator. This proposition, it was represented, McClellan considered six hours, hesitating what he would do. These reports emanated from such sources as to impart to them a higher degree of credibility. If the statement above is correct, the matter is likely to be sifted.

**The Reported Interview between Gen. Lee and McClellan.**

It is stated that the detectives who have had Waldron in charge have got from him a confession in writing, that he was drunk when he told the story of the interview between McClellan and Lee, and that he puts on John Barleycorn the entire blame of troubling the War Department and the War Committee to investigate the charge.

**Gen. Mead's Health.**  
Washington, Sat. March 12, 1864.

The Republican of yesterday regrets to learn that Major-Gen. Meade has not sufficiently recovered from his late attack of pneumonia to warrant his entering upon another campaign with the army of the Potomac. His physician advises him not to attempt such a thing, and there is little doubt he will yield to medical advice, and retire for a while from active service.

The Chicago Journal tells the following: "A couple were married at a hotel in this city yesterday, and left for Milwaukee in a state of bliss. Marriages are not rare events in Chicago we know very well; but in this case the parties had been married before. They were discovered, lived separately for some months, and finally concluded the best thing they could do would be to return to each other's arms."

Twenty-five thousand of the thirty thousand veterans of the army of the Potomac, whose term expires within nine months, have re-enlisted.

## THE PERSEVERING BACHELOR

Mr. Peter Robinson was a bachelor, stout and almost forty. Peter had never loved but once, and the adoration of his heart had been bestowed upon Miss Lucy Poppleton; but alas! Peter had failed to express his passion at the proper moment; or, in other words, had failed to come to time, and one day his heart was lacerated by receiving an envelop of cards, announcing that the delightful Lucy was about to become Mrs. Jimmerson Crooks.

It was a terrible blow to Peter, but he staggered up from it and still loved the object of his early passions—at a distance Mrs. Timmerson Crooks revelled in the delights of matrimony, leading Fashion, her husband, and Peter—at a distance—by the nose for five years, at the end of which time Mr. Jimmerson Crooks chose to depart for another sphere, leaving Mrs. Jimmerson alone to mourn her duty.

Once more Peter's heart sprang up from dust and ashes, and looked forward to the time when the allotted period of mourning should be over, and he could pour forth the pent up agonies of five years, and ask compensation in the hand of the fair widow. One year, thought Peter, is surely enough of time. I will give her one year. Month and month rolled away until he could stand it no longer. A sickish misgiving of the evils of delay drove him to precipitate the asking. When the tenth month came he sought the widow at home, and with all the ardor of a long pent up love poured forth his tale. The widow heard him—heard him calmly unto the very end, and then, with her delicately perfumed handkerchief pressed to her blushing cheeks told Peter that she had only the week before promised her hand to Dr. Stickleback and oh! why did not her dear friend speak before?

A second time was Peter's heart torn into minute fragments; a second time he was sent into the world to admire—at a distance.

Time sped on, and once more Peter began to encourage hope. Perhaps Stickleback might die; he certainly had an appetitic look; and sure enough Peter's perhaps turned out certainty, and Mrs. Doctor Theodosius Stickleback was once more a mourner. Peter had learned too bitterly the dangers of delay to suffer any such cause to stand this time between himself and success. He would not give the widow a year, nor yet ten months—nay, not even six; but the third month he would go to her with his tale of love deferred; and so he did. We must transcribe the widow's own words when the question was pepped:

"Oh! Mr. Robinson, why did you not come before? You know my esteem for you? You know that I would have set aside all other offers for you; but oh! how can I tell you—that only last evening I promised Captain Hawkins. Poor, dear, sweet Hawkins! he's your intimate friend I know; I've heard him speak so highly of you! Oh, why did you not speak before?"

And so Mrs. Doctor Theodosius Stickleback was transformed into Mrs. Jonathan Hawkins; and Peter was once more left to admire—at a distance.

Still Peter waited and hoped. Something might turn up, he argued, and then he would not allow himself to be too late and something did turn up, the something being nothing more or less than the redoubtable Captain, who turned up missing, having fallen overboard from the steamboat while out on a target excursion with his company, and sunk like a stone, owing undoubtedly, to the ponderous nature of his responsibilities.

The suddenness of this exit, as Peter argued, most certainly act with depressing force on the widow, and though he would not give her again time to recover and be admired, still etiquette demanded a little time to intervene. Accordingly when, upon the tenth day after the melancholy bereavement, Peter knocked at the widow's door, bent upon his errand of love, he rather chuckled to himself that he was taking time for the forelock. The business on which he came was quietly told, and once more the widow was in a torrent of tears.

"Oh, Mr. Robinson," she exclaimed, hiding her face in her caubric, "why are you so unfortunate, and why am I? You know my esteem for you, but you are too late. I am already engaged. You know Counselor Ketcham?—my poor, dear, dead and gone Hawkins' most intimate friend. He was with him, you know, when he was called away, and was the first to communicate to him the awful intelligence. He was such a comforter, and I have promised to have him this day two months."

This time Peter was crushed. He had no words to express his broken heartedness, but to rush from the house and go on as before, admiring at a distance.

It was months before Peter even offered to encourage hope, and even then it flickered. One day he was walking in despondent mood through one of the upper avenues, when he heard a sudden shout, and started. From a half-finished building just in front of him he saw, as he raised his eyes, a stout Milesian making gyrations in the air, from a height of three stories, in company with a coping stone weighing somewhat less than half a ton—the two having slipped together from a scaffolding at that height. He saw both Milesian and stone strike full upon the heads of two gentlemen passing, and the whole four were in an instant mixed in an inextricable heap. Like all the other spectators, Peter rushed to the rescue, only to behold, between horror and joy,

the last gasps of Counselor Ketcham and the gentleman who was walking with him, and the perfect safety of the Milesian and stone.

This time Peter would trust to no passing of time. Without an instant's delay, more than to satisfy himself that life was extinct, he hailed a passing hack, and then sped to the mansion of the widowed Mrs. Counselor Ketcham. In words of the most delicate and endearing Peter communicated his intelligence to the widow, and waited the result and then, between her sobs and tears, claimed her hand for the next set.

"Oh, Mr. Robinson," sobbed the widow, how can you ask me such a thing?—How could I know that you would be the first to bring me the news of my dear Ketcham's decease? You know how I esteem and respect you, but—I am already engaged!"

"Engaged!" shrieked Peter, to whom?"

"I promised," responded the widow, between her sobs, "I promised a month ago—that if anything happened—I would marry Col. Snapper."

"You did!" shouted Peter, his whole appearance changing in an instant from that of a fiend to a look of unbridled joy, "and who are you engaged to after that?"

"No one," sighed the widow, "Will you swear this?" said Peter.

"I swear it," responded the widow, solemnly.

"And will you marry me after Snapper is gone?"

"I will," said the widow.

"Do you swear it?" asked Peter fiercely.

"I swear it," said the widow, earnestly.

"Then you are mine, charming Lucy, for the stone that ushered the Counselor into the next world also took the Colonel. I saw it with my own eyes."

The next moment the widow was in Peter's arms, and they were married in a month.

## Seal Fishing off Newfoundland.

A fleet of three or four hundred vessels, chiefly brigs, goes out every spring about the 1st of March, from St. Johns, N. F., to engage in the business of catching seals. The field of operations is the floating ice that comes down from the North at that season. The men advance upon the fields of ice in couples—so that one may assist the other in case of accident. They keep to the iceward of the ship, else they might lose her, as indeed sometimes happens in the dense fogs.

About the 7th of March the young seals are found about the size of cats, mewing on the ice. They are not yet fit to be taken, but by lying in the sun and sucking the ice until about the middle of March they gain three or four inches of fat. Then commences the slaughter. The men walk up to the white coats, as the young seals are then called, and knock them over by striking them on the forehead with a long pole, stick them with a knife, cut them down the breast, and the carcass rolls out, leaving the skin and fat which are all the seal-catcher is after, the carcass being left on the ice.

Usually in about the last week in March, the seals begin to dip; they take to the water, and are then only to be captured by shooting from the boats. Old seals are invulnerable unless shot in the forehead, and nature has provided them with a means of defence even here, in the shape of a hood which they drop on occasions—hence their name "old hoods." So the season of catching them is but about three weeks in duration.

The men often go five or six miles from the ship on the floating ice. They get one-half the catch, sometimes making a good trip, at other times getting nothing. One spring a crew that were out three weeks and three days, shared \$135 a piece. A brig of 150 tons will take as a crew about forty men, who are provided by the merchant fitting out the vessel with a full supply of provisions, and all things necessary for the prosecution of the voyage, in return for which each man pays a small sum, called "berth money," and should the voyage prove unfortunate, the merchant has to stand the loss of the entire outfit. It is a dangerous occupation, for the brigs are liable to be crushed in the ice, though they are strongly built.

The fat of the seal, after being brought into port, is cut into small pieces, placed in large vats, and left to drain off to oil, which is an article of commerce. The skins are used for various purposes.

## A Nice Question.

The question has been asked why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go in the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves, while it is in every way correct for the ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves?

The Scientific American says:—"Stoves made of soapstone have been introduced at Quebec. They are said to throw out a mellow and more uniform heat than iron. The material of which they are made is very abundant in the mineral region south of the St. Lawrence."

If you are desirous of making a noise and raising rapidly in the world, engage to work in a powder mill, and never think of entering without a cigar in your mouth and hob nailed shoes on your feet. You will be astonished at the result.

## Narrative of an Escaped Prisoner.

Through the kindness of Mr. Hiram Brink we had the privilege and pleasure, at his residence, on Saturday last, of talking with one of the Union officers whose recent remarkable escape from the Libby Prison at Richmond, has excited so much interest throughout the country—throwing the rebel John Morgan's exploits entirely in the shade. We allude to Captain Charles Roman, of the 98th Illinois Volunteers, who was on his way West to visit his friends, intending after the expiration of a thirty days' furlough to rejoin his regiment.

Capt. R. is an unassuming, modest, intelligent young man, not yet twenty-five we should judge. Although looking quite well, and rapidly improving, he has not recovered from the effects of his recent terrible hardships and exposures. We have no time, nor space, to give the many interesting and thrilling incidents narrated by this gallant officer, and can only briefly allude to them.

He was captured on the 19th of last September, at the battle of Chickamauga, while acting as aid to General Whitaker—falling into an ambuscade while reconnoitering the enemy's position. His chivalric captors very coolly stripped him of hat, coat and boots—or rather exchanged the latter for an old pair of badly worn shoes. They also confiscated his watch and money, except a portion of it which he dextrously managed to slip from his wallet. They strongly threatened to hang him to the nearest tree, unless he would reveal the position of our troops; but he refused to give them the information. He, with the other prisoners, was in great peril, during the progress of the battle, from the frequent shells sent from our side. After the battle the prisoners were put in freight cars, and started for Atlanta. Watching his opportunity, he jumped from the train while in motion, and made for the woods, and endeavored to retrace his way towards the lines of the Union army. Becoming nearly starved, and very much exhausted, he made his way to a slave cabin, trusting to find true and true friends, who would render him assistance. Nor was he disappointed. With an unerring instinct, he was recognized by its occupants as a Union soldier—was refreshed and fed, furnished with a dilapidated hat, part of a blanket, and a pair of butternut colored Confederate pantaloons, and sent on his way rejoicing. And here, for the benefit of our Copperhead negro-hating friends, we will record that while Captain R. avoided the white inhabitants during all his journeyings, he always implicitly trusted the negro slaves, and never once had his trust betrayed.

He had not proceeded far, before he heard to his horror, at a distance, the bay of blood-hounds which had been put upon his track. This somewhat accelerated his steps, and coming upon a negro chopping wood, the slave suggested an expedient for turning the hounds from the scent. Quickly breaking off a quantity of pine boughs, he rubbed the soles of his shoes with them, and scattered them thickly about, telling Capt. R. to trample on them, and then push off in another direction, that when the dogs came to the spot, they would probably lose his track, and would very likely get on his (the negro's) trail and follow him—but being near his cabin, he could reach it before he could be overtaken. A blood-hound—such has been its training—when pursuing a white man, if the trail has been crossed, even at right angles, by a negro, will leave the first and go after the latter.

Capt. R. had not proceeded far before he heard, from their peculiar yelping, that the dogs had lost the scent of their prey. Two of the pack probably took after the negro; but very soon he heard the third coming in his direction. Coming up with him, the savage beast attempted to seize him, but only succeeded in grabbing the leg of his pantaloons. Having a stout, but a fortunate blow he stunned the hound, and by repeated blows soon despatched it. Fearing the other dogs might again find the trail, he did not stop to bury or scalp his dead rebel assailant. Pushing towards our lines, becoming nearly famished, he stopped at a house and asked for food. Being taken for a Confederate, the occupants were preparing a meal for him; but during the preparation, he discovered three rebel patrols coming up the road. He attempted to escape, but being discovered and overtaken, he gave himself up—just a week after escaping from the cars.

He was then taken to Richmond, and incarcerated in Libby Prison, where he was nearly starved, until the rebel authorities allowed the prisoners to receive boxes from home; after this they fared pretty well until recently, the rebels now refusing to deliver any more, confiscating the contents of the boxes, and putting them again on rebel rations of corn bread, MULE BEEF, etc., in very limited quantities.

He was one of the original number who conceived the idea of escaping by tunnelling under the street, and composed one of the digging party. His statement as to the means employed, the perseverance exhibited, the difficulties overcome, and the success which crowned their laborious and almost superhuman exertions, agree with the narration which has been so widely published, and read with such thrilling interest.

After emerging from the tunnel, in company with a comrade, Capt. R. pushed for the Chickabominy, which they

crossed on a tree, which had Providentially fallen across the stream. They travelled by night, through the swamps often up to their waists in the mud, breaking through the ice, and torn by briars, until they were nearly naked. They were obliged to lie still by day, and suffered terribly from hunger and cold. They received some food, however, from the ever faithful negroes, who stealthily contrived to find them and administer to their wants, and put them on the right course to avoid their pursuers. After incredible hardships, in about a week they came upon a company of Union scouts.—It is impossible to describe their emotions when they descried at a distance, from the thicket in which they were concealed, the ever glorious Stars and Stripes approaching. Although they had managed to retain some strength—sufficient to travel—yet the moment the relief reached them, they sank exhausted and powerless, unable to walk another step. After being generously cared for by Gen. Butler and the soldiers of his command, the party now numbering several, were sent on to Washington, where they were received and warmly welcomed by the President and authorities.

Nothing daunted by the terrible ordeal through which he has passed, Capt. Roman intends to give the rebels another opportunity to catch their prisoners if they can; with enthusiasm he again rejoins his comrades, and means to fight on until this unholy rebellion is subdued, the Government re-established, and the old flag again waves triumph and over every State of our Union. All honor to such a hero!

## "Put that Impudent Rascal Out."

While a congregation were collected at church on a certain occasion, an old, dark, hard featured, skin and bone individual was seen wending his way up the side aisle and taking his seat near the pulpit. The minister began his prayer by saying—

"Father of all, in every age, by saint and savage adored—"

"Pope!" said a low but clear voice near old hard-features.

The minister, after casting an indignant look in the direction of the voice continued—

"Whose throne sitteth on the adamantine hills of Paradise—"

"Milton!" again interrupted the voice.

The minister's lips quivered for a moment but recovering himself he continued—

"We thank thee, most gracious Father, that we are permitted once more to assemble in Thy name, while others, equally meritorious, but less favored, have been carried beyond that bourne from whence no traveller returns—"

"Shakespeare!" interrupted the voice. This was too much. "Put that impudent rascal out!" shouted the minister.

"Original!" ejaculated the voice, in the same calm but provoking manner.

## A Second Ulysses.

An old man of very acute physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought before the police court.—His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second handed in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business?"

"None; I am a traveler."

"A vagabond, perhaps."

"You are not far from wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travel without money, the former without brains."

"Where have you travelled?"

"All over the continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure, and much to laugh at."

"Humph! what do you commend?"

"A handsome woman who will stay at home; an eloquent preacher who will preach good sermons; a good writer that will not write too much; and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man who marries a girl for her fine clothing; a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands; and the people who elect a drunkard to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit."

He was dismissed.

## The School Master Needed.

The following advertisement was recently posted at a road-crossing in Kent Co., Del. It was copied literally by a curious collector of gems who was deluded into a journey of observation through that region:

"REWARD.—Lost or strayed from the Premise of the sub-Scriber, a sheep all over white, one Leg was black and half his body. All persons shall receive five dollars to bring him back. He was a she goat."

How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety spinster to her maid of all work. "Why," replied she, "the candles fell into some water and I put them into the oven to dry."

## The Mystery.

Two darkies had bought a quantity of pork in partnership; but Sam having no place to put his portion in, concluded to entrust the whole to Julius' keeping.—The next morning they met, when Sam said: "Good morning Julius, anything happened strange down in your vicinity, lately?"

"Yass, Sam; most strange thing happened to my house yesterday last night. All mystery—all mystery to me."

"Ah, Julius what was dat?"

"Well, Sam, I telt yer now. Dis mornin', I went down into de cellar for to get a piece ob hog for dis darkey's breakfast, and put my hand down into the brine and felt round, but no pork dare—all gone, couldn't tell what bevent of it; so I turned up the barl, an, Sam, true as preachin', de rats eat a hole clar troo de bottom ob de barl, and dragged de pork all out!"

Sam was petrified with astonishment; but presently said:

"Why didn't de brine run out ob de same hole?"

"Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery—dat's de mystery."

## Too much for his Money.

A native of the green isle of Erin called at one of our drug stores, the other day, with a prescription, the putting up of which he watched with great curiosity.

"What is that, any way?" asked the customer.

"This," said the obliging apothecary, "is tincture cermifuga recomsa and liniment of saponis, cantharides and opii."

A look of bewilderment changed to one of grave concern as the Irishman inquired "And what is the price?"

"Thirty seven cents," was the reply.

"Och, by jabers," said Patrick, "I thought two such names as that would cost me at least a dollar and a half."

## Deserters in Canada.

Friends of the Union cause from Canada have recently represented to the War Department that there are at least ten thousand deserters from the Union army now in Canada, willing and anxious to return to their regiments, and who do not ask expect bounties, but simply ask a pardon.—Most of them represent that they were induced to desert while at home on furlough by Copperhead politicians.

## Good Farmer.

"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?"

"O yes, massa fuss rare farmer—he make two crops in one year."

"How is that, Sambo?"

"Why, he sell all his hay in the fall, and makes money once; den in de spring he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for de want of de hay, and dat makes money twice."

"Say, Mr. Clerk, have you a good strong porter about the hotel?"

"Yes, sir, we have the strongest one in the State."

"Is he intelligent?"

"Quite intelligent for a porter."

"Do you consider him fearless—that is bold, courageous?"

"I know he is,—he wouldn't be afraid of Satan himself."

"Now, Mr. Clerk, if your porter is intelligent enough to find room No. 1,007, fearless enough to enter, and strong enough to get my trunk away from the bedbug, I would like to have him bring it down."

A good joke is perpetrated by a rebel prisoner captured at Chickamauga. The rebel was looking at one of our guns, and remarked that he "didn't think that the Yanks would use them big guns much longer." "Why not?" inquired the Federals, "Because," said he, "the Confederacy is getting so narrow that you'll fire clear over it, and hit your men on the other side."

A half famished fellow in the Southern States tells of a baker, whose loaves had been growing "smaller by degrees and beautifully less," who when going his rounds to serve customers stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed, "Who's there?" and was answered, "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread." "Well, you need not make such a fuss about it—put it through the keyhole!"

An Irishman recently said: "Ireland gave me a birth place, which was all she could give; England gave my father a dungeon; but America gave a good home, and she jabbers, I'm a Union man from the ground up—all the time."

"Have the jury agreed?" asked a judge of a Court attaché, whom he met upon the stairs with a bucket in his hand. "Yis," replied Patrick, "they have agreed to send out for a half gallon!"

## Arrest on a Charge of Forgery.

Thomas Story, Clerk in the Fifth Auditor's Office, has been arrested forging drafts of consuls for the relief of seamen in foreign ports, to the extent of about \$12,000.

Of all the dust thrown in the eyes, gold dust is the most blinding.