

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 23.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. NOVEMBER 10, 1864.

NO. 38.

## Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS.—Two dollars a year in advance—and if no paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.  
Advertisements of one square (eight lines) or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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## A Miraculous Escape.

Of all the miraculous escapes from death on the battle-field which have been recorded, that which we are about to relate is, we think, the most marvelous.

Calvin Aldus, of this city, who belongs to the 7th Maine regiment, was one of the storming party upon the rebel fortifications near Petersburg. As they were advancing, he received no less than fifteen bullets through his clothes, without, however, inflicting a scratch. As he mounted the rebel breastworks he was hit, the ball striking the skull and glancing off, and lying here no less than four charges were made back and forth over his body. Coming to his senses while the rebels held possession for the time being, and finding his position uncomfortable in consequence of lying across a gun, he attempted to remove it. The rebels seeing the motion and supposing he was getting at the gun to discharge it, fired upon him, one ball lodging in his shoulders, another making a severe flesh wound in his side, another passing through his thigh, and four more passing through different parts of his body.

Our forces again charged the battery and succeeded in holding it. Just as the rebels were retreating, however, one of them seeing that he was not dead, hit him on the head with a musket. He lay for some hours after our forces got possession, everybody supposing him to be dead. He finally revived again and was taken up and sent to the hospital. He was brought to Augusta with one of the first instalments of our wounded soldiers, and, one morning soon after was missing.

It appears that he escaped from the hospital, forged a pass to get to the front, and got as far as Baltimore, when being seen in an unfit condition by the surgeon, he was refused a pass and sent back.

He is now in Belfast, but bound to get back at the first opportunity. He is one of three brothers, sons of Mrs. H. M. Aldus, who have enlisted in the service.—*Belfast, Mr. Aye.*

## To stop potatoes rotting.

An agricultural exchange says: "An experienced agriculturist informs us that about six years ago he applied lime to potatoes that were partly rotten, and that it immediately arrested decay. Potatoes that were partly rotten when the lime was applied continued to rot, and were lost. Since then he has made it a common practice to apply slacked lime to his potatoes as he takes them up. He puts a thin layer of lime upon the floor where the potatoes are to be laid, and sprinkles some of it over them about every ten inches as they are put down. He considers this as perfectly protecting them from rotting, as he has never had a rotten potato since he has practiced it; and he believes also that potatoes thus used are rendered better by the acting of lime."—*Congregationalist.*

## Singular Affair.

The Fishkill Standard states that a week or two ago a horse belonging to J. S. Cromwell, of Fishkill Landing, dropped down dead in the road, while traveling. Upon opening the stomach of the animal, to ascertain, if possible, the cause of his death, a lizard about four inches in length, crept forth. This reptile was, no doubt, swallowed by the horse when it was very small, and had remained alive, growing larger and larger, eventually causing his death.

## How to have pure Cisterns.

This spring my cistern got quite filthy, and a great many angleworms in it, and could scarcely use the water. I procured a couple of live fish and put them in the cistern, and since that time it has been free from worms and dirt and smell. The fish will live and grow finely.

In the year 1780 a very dark day occurred, which was long remembered as "the dark day." A lady sent her son to Dr. Byles to see if he could tell her the cause of the obscurity. "My dear," was the answer to the messenger, "give my compliments to your mother, and tell her that I am as much in the dark as she is."

Thomas Winans is expected from England this fall, in his cigar-shaped steamer. He invented it at a cost of \$150,000. Some unknown wag suggests that he next invent a steamer in the shape of a chew of tobacco.

Charles Windeor, for the past 14 years paying teller of the Mercantile Bank of this city, on Saturday last disappeared, taking with him \$207,000 in currency and \$34,000 in gold, belonging to the bank. The bank officers offer a reward of \$20,000 for his apprehension and the recovery of the missing money. He is believed to have gone to Europe.—*Tribune.*

## Trial of the 20-inch Gun at Fort Hamilton.

The trial of the great gun at Fort Hamilton took place on Wednesday the 26th ult. This gun is the largest ever cast, and its success marks an era in history of heavy ordnance. In order that our readers may have some idea of the magnitude of the gun, we give its dimensions, etc.:

Weight of gun when first cast, 180,000 lbs.  
Weight of gun when finished, 116,497 lbs.  
Length of gun, 20 ft. 3 in.  
Diameter at breech, 5 ft. 4 in.  
Diameter at muzzle, 2 ft. 10 in.  
Length of carriage, 22 ft.  
Height of carriage, 8 ft.  
Weight of carriage, 36,000 lbs.  
Length of trunnions, 6 in.  
Diameter of trunnions, 18 in.

Notwithstanding this immense weight of metal, so nicely is its mechanism adjusted that eight men can do the entire service, loading, traversing, elevating, etc.

Brig.-Gen. Howe, experimental ordnance officer, and Major J. S. Rodman had the general direction, while the mechanical working of the gun was under the charge of Capt. R. Buffington, of Governor's Island.

Some delay was occasioned by the stoppage of the vent, which had to be cleared before anything further could be done.—To accomplish this, Mr. W. Metcalf, Superintendent of the Fort Pitt Foundry, where the gun was cast, went inside the gun, and remained there some fifteen minutes, hard at work with an auger, until, finally, all was clear. Two or three percussion caps were now snapped to try if all was right. A charge of fifty pounds of powder was next put in, but, proving insufficient to fill the chamber, it was withdrawn, and a charge of one hundred pounds substituted. This charge only gave a moderate report, and the recoil of the gun was less than one inch.

A bag of hay was next procured and inserted in the muzzle of the gun, and on this a 50 lb. cartridge was placed, and both rammed home. The ball, weighing 1,070 lbs., was next rolled in, the gun leveled point blank, and discharged, the ball striking the water some three quarters of a mile from shore and ricocheting five times, finally sunk at a distance of nearly a mile and a half.

Your reporter then, by an invitation of Mr. Matthews, went on board the steamer Helen Augusta, and steamed 2 miles from shore, to witness the effect of the shot. But we had miscalculated. The huge mass of metal, driven by 100 pounds of powder, with the gun at an elevation of 15 degrees, went whizzing over our heads, striking some four miles beyond us, throwing up a huge mass of water to a great height. This ended the business of the day.

The trial of the gun is not yet complete; but from the results so far no one doubts that it is a complete success. It has been christened the "Brother Jonathan."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## Retaliation in Missouri.

The invasion of Missouri by the Rebel Gen. Price, promises to be followed by a bloody sequel. A St. Louis correspondent says that all the Rebels whom Price has not carried off, who reside outside the County of St. Louis, and a few other populous localities, will have to suffer for the damage sustained by Union men.—There is no use in blinking this question or varnishing ideas with words to conceal what is generally conceded to be the attitude of this invasion. Union men who have fled from their homes will return and band together with their fellow sufferers, and, in the name of their murdered neighbors, wipe out every Rebel who remains. A half dozen Counties may be named where it is a safe thing to predict next New Year's day will not witness one Rebel alive out of fifty who now reside in their limits. The Union men believe that the Country is not large enough for traitors and themselves, and one or the other must be exterminated.—Is there a doubt which party will remain?

## Relief for our Prisoners.

It is stated that an agreement has been entered into between Gens. Grant and Lee which will greatly alleviate the sufferings of Union prisoners in the South. By the terms of this agreement, the details of which have not yet been definitely settled, we shall be permitted to send to the South, clothing, blankets and supplies for our prisoners in the hands of the Confederates; they, in return, being allowed to do the same by their prisoners in our hands. It is proposed that an officer on each side should be specially detailed and paroled to see to the faithful execution of the arrangement, and that the articles sent to the prisoners should be confined to articles of necessity and comfort, as clothing, blankets, meat, bread, coffee, sugar, pickles, vinegar and tobacco.

## How to Grow Peach Trees.

Mr. H. Payne, of Lockport, N. Y., says: "Plant the pits where you intend the trees to grow, and bud them there. I can get a longer, better and more productive tree at four years old, and one that will last as long again, as I can from a budded tree transplanted. There is no tree that suffers so much as the peach by transplanting. I know of a number of old peach trees that grew from the pits that were planted in 1805, that still bear the old red cheek rare ripe, and bid fair to live many years yet."

## A Technical Point Disposed of by the President.—A Lady Soldier.

We desire to record the incident which occurred at the Executive mansion on Tuesday last, which was witnessed by Hon. Charles Case, a member of the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, from the Tenth or Fort Wayne (Indiana) district, and from whose lips we have the following story: While calling upon the President on the day referred to, a modest young girl, apparently about twenty years of age, was ushered into the room in company with an orderly, bearing a letter from the Paymaster General's office, and in a few words she related her story. Born of poor, but honest parents, she resides in Jefferson township, Huntingdon county, Indiana. Her name was Mary E. Wise. At the beginning of the war her parents both died, and her only brother enlisted in the 34th Indiana Regiment. Being thus deprived of her protector and left entirely alone in the world, she determined to follow him. Procuring a disguise, she succeeded in being accepted as a private soldier, and through two long years of arduous services, during which the regiment engaged in several severe battles, among which was that of Stone river, she prevented the discovery of her sex, although she never failed to perform her duty as a soldier.

At the battle of Stone river she was wounded slightly in the arm, but recovered, and again entered the ranks without being detected. At the terrible charge of the regiments of Western troops, at Lookout Mountain, however, she was badly wounded in the breast, and all her secret was ascertained by the surgeon.—She was carefully nursed for some time, and as soon as she was able to travel was dismissed the service, and returned to her home in Indiana, having been so marked upon the arm as to render re-enlistment impossible. Five months' back pay was due her; but on application the paymaster declined to allow it, on the ground that there was nothing in the regulations that would permit him to pay a United States soldier of the female sex. Hence her visit to Washington and her calling upon the President. After patiently listening to her statement, the President, who was deeply interested, wrote a note to the paymaster General, saying that, as she had faithfully served as a soldier for two years, and received the pay as such for the greater part of the time, he could see no good reason why she was not entitled to the remainder, and therefore directed the payment of the balance, concluding with the assurance that, if hereafter it would be found to be contrary to the regulations, he himself would be responsible for the amount. The young lady retired, well pleased with her interview, and started for home in Indiana the next day, having fully accomplished the object of her visit.—*Washington Chronicle.*

## Indian Justice.

Many years ago, when a gentleman from the central part of New Hampshire was in the Pequaket country, attending to his property near the village of Fryeburg, a company of Indians from the Penobscot tribe came there for a temporary abode, and pitched their tents on an elevation near the Saco river. In passing to pick strawberries, and creeping to different parts of the patch that furnished the fruit. Her attitude struck him as singular; but he concluded she took that posture as the most convenient for the purpose.

On his return she had disappeared, and he supposed she had gone to sell berries. But as he approached the settlement, he observed the unusual sight of an Indian carrying a squaw on his back. A nearer view showed him the person whom he saw in the strawberry field. After having witnessed the occurrence several times, on inquiry of the Indians as to the cause of this action, one of them replied: "He had Indian. He drink much Sorcapee. He drunk, and Checpie (devil) get in him. Then he put squaw's feet in fire. They burn off." As he looked, he saw they were crippled and useless. The tribe resented the cruelty, and its council was about to decide on his immediate execution. But one of the elder and wiser of the number interposed his opinion, and gave this advice: "No shoot; make him live as long as squaw live; make him carry squaw when she want walk; when squaw die, then shoot."

The decision was in accordance with the counsel, and thus secured to the injured woman perpetual kind treatment from her husband. The fact of his own death as soon as she died, made him careful to preserve her health and life; and the punishment of bearing her as his constant burden, as well as the compelled attention to her welfare, formed a striking example of the retributive shrewdness of "Indian Justice."

There is an Irishman employed on the Great Eastern railway, who brags of having a watch that keeps correct time. He was heard to remark a few mornings since upon pulling out his watch, "If the sun ain't over the hill in a minit and a half, he will be late."

Two lovers, like the two halves of a divided bank note, however widely separated, always correspond with each other.

The proprietor of a hotel in this State, having lost a dog, offers the finder one dollar and a drink—if he will keep the dog.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

Governor Curtin's Proclamation.  
In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of the said Commonwealth.

## A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, It is the honored custom of Pennsylvania to set apart, on the recommendation of the Executive, a day for returning thanks to the Giver of all Good, the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls; now, therefore,

I, ANDREW G. CURTIN, Governor as aforesaid, do recommend that the people throughout the Commonwealth observe THURSDAY, the twenty-fourth day of November instant, as a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God,  
For the gathered fruits of the earth;  
For the continuance of health;  
For the prosperity of industry;  
For the preservation of good order and tranquility throughout our borders;  
For the victories which he has vouchsafed to us over armed traitors;  
And for the manifold blessings which he has heaped upon us, unworthy.

And that they do, moreover, humbly beseech Him to renew and increase His merciful favor toward us during the year to come, so that, rebellion being overthrown, peace may be restored to our distracted country, and, in every State, with grateful and loving accord, the incense of Praise and Thanksgiving may be offered by all the people unto His holy name.  
Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at Harrisburg, this second day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-ninth.

[L. S.] By the Governor:  
ELI SLIFER, Sec'y of the Commonwealth.

## Man Shot.

During the Democratic meeting at Belvidere, N. J., on Tuesday evening of last week, some altercation took place between Peter Quick and Jacob Spangenberg, which resulted in the latter shooting the former. As both were Democrats, the difficulty could not have been a political one. Spangenberg had a hearing before J. T. Kern Esq., who refused to release him on bail, and he was remitted to jail. Mr. Quick we learn is doing well. The report gotten up by the vicious, for effect, that Spangenberg was a Republican sent there to disturb the meeting, is utterly false; as he is a noisy Democrat!—*Intelligencer.*

## A Serious Charge.

An individual, named Andrew J. Smith route agent for the Post Office on the Beaver branch of the Lehigh Valley road, has been held to answer the charge of robbing the mail. The accused had a hearing before the U. S. Commissioner. The evidence showed that he had taken letters from the train, tore them open, and destroyed them, after taking the contents.

## A Silver Brick for the Christian Commission.

We were shown yesterday afternoon a valuable contribution from the citizens of Virginia City, Nevada Territory, to the United States Christian Commission. It consisted of a large ingot of silver, resembling a brick in form. It is twelve inches in length, four in breadth, and three in depth, and valued at \$2905 in currency. It is only a portion of the contributions of the residents of that post. On Monday \$1437 in currency was received from Portland, in the same territory.—Last week \$51,000 was received from the ladies of San Francisco, and an additional \$30,000 from that city and the Pacific coast. Large shipments of cordials, clothing, hospital stores, &c., have been sent by the Commission to the wounded of Sheridan's army.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

## A Heroic Deed.

In the battle of September 30th, there was a young man killed, a member of the Fifty-seventh Regiment, who used to live in Concord. His name was Broad. He was never in a battle before, as he had been connected with the ambulance train. He met his death in this way: There was a man struck by a solid shot, it cutting one of his legs nearly off. The poor fellow was bleeding to death, but if brought off would in all probability get well.—Broad was the only man who would volunteer to go out and fetch him in. It was almost certain death for any man; but, said Broad, "I have neither wife nor child to suffer if I am killed;" so out he went, and picked him up, put him on his shoulder and brought him in safely, though the bullets flew like hail around him.—He came in so promptly that we all thought he had escaped the bullets. But, alas! poor Broad was a wounded man.—He laid his burden on the ground, saying "I may have saved your life, but I have lost my own." He was shot through the bowels, and died very soon after. He was as brave a man as ever lived.

A Canadian paper says that all the refugees from the United States now in Canada are going to be ordered by the Governor-General to report immediately to the military authorities for duty in Her Majesty's service. That isn't a bad move on the part of the Governor-General.

## Extraordinary Sale of Blooded Stock.

On Tuesday last, in Baltimore, the blooded stock of the late William McDonald, proprietor of the celebrated Flora Temple, was brought to the hammer. Long before the sale commenced the grounds were crowded with vehicles of every description. It is estimated that at least 5,000 persons were assembled.

The most important features of the day was the sale of Mr. McDonald's stock of blooded racers, though some very handsome carriages, blooded dogs, and other sporting property was disposed of. The number of horses brought to the block was twenty-two, of which the following were the most remarkable:

The first animal brought out was Flora Temple, the Queen of the Turf, whose pedigree is well known throughout the sporting world. The animal, nearly nineteen years old, has won more than \$25,000 upon various courses, and was knocked down to Mr. George J. Presbury for \$8,000. Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, this was a bona fide sale. Before the sale it was stated in private circles that Mr. Bonner, of the New York Ledger, would bid \$15,000 for Flora.

Lady Sutton, bay mare, 15½ hands high, 5 years old, raised in Harford county by Colonel Sutton, out of a Morgan mare, and can trot in three minutes. Purchased by a gentleman from New York for \$800.

Henry Clay, sorrel, sired by the celebrated stallion Henry Clay, 15½ hands, and Dutchman, sorrel, part Canadian, 15½ hands; these are known as the Chicago team, and can trot in 2:36. Purchased by Mr. Lee Knight, of New York, for \$1,655.

Guilford, a gray stallion, 5 years old, sired by Revenue, dam imported gray Arabian; \$2,000 were offered for this colt when two years old, and refused. Purchased by Mr. A. W. Sandford, of New York, for \$1,300.

Lady Guilford, a sorrel filly, 4 years old sired by Revenue, dam imported gray Arabian, and considered one of the most promising colts in the country. Purchased by Mr. H. J. Jewett, of Baltimore, for \$650.

Enea, bay Arab mare, with colt 6 months old by her side; sired by Burlington, and the dam imported by Mr. McDonald from Arabia. Purchased by Mr. H. J. Jewett for \$550.

Saieda, gray Arab mare. This beautiful animal was also imported by the late owner from Arabia, and the cost of importing her and Enea was \$7,000.—Purchased by Mr. J. H. Rieman, of Baltimore, for \$675.

Burlington, Jr., dark iron gray stallion, 1 year old, sired by Burlington, dam Messenger mare, which has trotted in 2:50. Burlington was sired by George M. Patchen, dam Falmouth Eclipse. Purchased by the same gentleman for \$725.

Lizzy McDonald, a bay mare, with colt 6 months old by her side, sired by Burlington. The dam has trotted in public 2:37. Purchased by the same for \$1,350.

After the horses were sold the carriages were disposed of. A family barouche, nearly new, of superior finish, manufactured to order by Messrs Wood Brothers, of New York, bought by Mr. Johnson for \$825.

Passing over the long catalogue of robes, blankets, and rosettes, all of which commanded high prices, we came to a lot of fine elk. The Baltimore Park Commissioners were anxious to secure these beautiful animals, and bid as high as \$185 each for them, but Mr. H. H. Porter, of New York, offered \$1,000 for the lot, and they were knocked down to him. He states that he purchased them not for the New York Park, as was reported, but for Victor Emmanuel King of Sardinia.

A superior double-barrelled ducking gun, breech-loading, with oak case and leather cover, manufactured to order, by Parly of London, at a cost of \$2,000, was sold for \$1,325. This is supposed to be the most superior gun in the United States. Accompanying it were about 4,000 cartridges, and the patent brass implements for cutting and filling cartridges. Ten other ducking and bird guns also brought fair prices.

Two thorough broke pointers, said to be equal to any in the country, a perfect match, excited considerable attention on the part of the bidders, and they were finally knocked down at \$115 each. Two well broken water dogs sold for \$40.—The aggregate amount of sales was about \$30,300.

The military style of dress is to be the ladies' only wear, this coming season. They are to have tight sleeves, coat-tails, fatigue jackets, and even epaulets. In short they are to dress as nearly like the gentlemen as possible, provided the gentlemen be dressed of *la militaire*—the only exception being unmentionables.

A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house, but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

A mason in Limerick, Ireland, lately hammering a stone, chipped out what he supposed to be a lump of glass. It proved to be a diamond worth \$5,000.

Six to eight inches of snow fell at St. Louis on Thursday.

## A Strange Story from Russia.

A letter from St. Petersburg, in an English paper, mentions an extraordinary affair which lately occurred in the town of Orel, in Russia. A great local landowner had a large sum (forty-three thousand silver rubles) to receive through the police office of that town. On applying for the amount he was told that the money could not be handed over to him unless he presented the office with five thousand silver rubles. He refused, and immediately reported the case to St. Petersburg, and the money was paid over to him. But on the evening of the same day, as he was quietly smoking in his study, a loud ring was heard at the bell. The servant on opening the door was instantly pinioned, and four men, their faces covered with black crape, rushed into the room. The landowner asked them what they wanted; they plainly told him he must hand over his forty-three thousand rubles. With the greatest coolness he went over to his strong box, opened it, seized a revolver, which was laid on the top shelf, and shot two of the robbers dead, the other two immediately taking to their heels. He then sent for assistance, the police, &c., and on the crape being removed from the faces of the dead men they were recognized as the head of the police and his secretary. The body of the former has been removed to Nice for interment.

## Phil Sheridan.

As you walk over to the words of the Trenton Arms Company, you will observe, that at the point where the road leading to Hamilton Square comes into the White Horse road, another road forks off to the Arsenal, a few steps from the fork, on the Arsenal road, west side, stands an old two-story frame house, which, fifty years ago, was occupied by an Irish laborer named Patrick Sheridan. He was an unlettered, hard-working man, with a wife and large family of children to support—kind hearted when sober, but, when drunk—which happened about once a month—attacking wife and children with a vigor which scattered them as swiftly as if they were the rebels of Early in the Shenandoah Valley. Though very poor, were thoroughly honest, and the children grew up to take their places as citizens of the great Republic, according to their merit. The oldest son, Mr. Sheridan, became the owner of an extensive livery stable in South Eighth street, Philadelphia, where he accumulated wealth, social position and political influence. This, it is said, was "whirling the rebels out of the Valley of the Shenandoah, and who stands before the country to-day as one of the most successful generals and remarkable men of the age."—*Trenton Monitor.*

The devotion of the New England women to the Union cause during the present war will be no less conspicuous in history than that of their mothers of the Revolution. The Boston papers mention the case of a lady whose husband and only son enlisted early in the war.—The husband was killed, and the widow determined to give her means and her services to the Union cause. She went to the army to nurse the wounded soldiers, and on thirteen battle fields administered to their wants. Finally her son, the last of a family of four, was killed in battle, and, alone in the world, the last earthly tie severed, she prostrated his body and with it returned to Boston, disconsolate and alone. While conveying the body to her old home, some dastardly pickpocket robbed her of all the money she had in the world. What a lesson for those croakers who, having sacrificed nothing, sit in their easy chairs and prate about the hardships of war, as shown in their increased bills for luxuries they might well spare.

Just before General Russell received his death wound he was badly wounded in the arm, from which the blood was pouring profusely. The General still remained on his horse and was superintending the important movement that resulted in victory and saved our army. One of his officers rode up to him and said, "General, you should leave the field, see how your arm is bleeding!" The General replied, "Let it bleed, don't you see how we are driving them?"—These were the last words the General was known to utter, for almost instantly he was struck by a portion of a shell and fell dead.

## A Chance for Somebody.

A young lady advertises in the Cleveland Plaindealer for a young gentleman to act as an amanuensis. He must be able to write in cyphers, and when not thus engaged, he will be expected to read poetry with feelings, converse with ease and be able to play cribbage and backgammon. He must expect to be kissed when she is pleased, and cuffed when she is not; but as her temper is acknowledged to be good, there will probably be more kissing than cuffing.—There's a chance for somebody.

## Patriotic.

A fine old Irish gentleman, at Lynn, who did not own a flag, wishing to celebrate the Federal Victories, hung out his blue shirt and white one together, "wide de old woman's red petticoat," say: "Be jabers! I'll have the imblins out, anyhow."