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A Man who Voted for Washington Votes for Lincoln.

As this is almost certainly the only instance in which a voter for George Washington will again vote at a Presidential election, we print the following interesting account from *The Springfield (Mass.) Republican*.

To the Editor of the *Republican*:

Deacon John Phillips, of this town, who is one hundred and four years, four months and nine days old, appeared at the town hall and deposited his ballot for Presidential electors and State officers. He was brought in a carriage, and then conveyed into the hall in a chair supported by a platoon of soldiers, and received by the citizens of the town rising from their seats with uncovered heads, amid the tears and heartfelt emotion of all present. After resting for a moment, the venerable patriot expressed a desire to shake hands with all the returned soldiers.

Some thirteen soldiers then formed in line, when each one was introduced to the patriarch, and took him by the hand, with the announcement of the time each had served in the army. The last soldier introduced, Mr. King, an Irishman, said he had served the country three years, and had enlisted for three years more, and if that was not long enough to subdue the Rebellion he was ready for another three years. After this, three hearty cheers were given for the returned soldiers, and three rousing cheers by the whole assembly for the "old soldier of the Revolution."

Col. Edward Phillips, eldest son of the venerable deacon, now in his 80th year, then made an impromptu speech to the soldiers, in the course of which he said that he was the oldest man in town who was born in the town, and yet, said he, my father is here, and "still lives." The old gentleman was then presented with two sets of votes, one for Abraham Lincoln, and one for George B. McClellan, and requested before all present to take his choice, when he reached out his hand and in an audible and deep-toned bass voice, said, "I shall take the one for Abraham Lincoln."

The town then voted the Chairmen of the Selectmen present the ballot-box to the old gentleman, who took his ballot with both hands and deposited in the box, stating that he had voted for Washington for President, and had attended all the Presidential elections since, excepting that four years ago, when he was sick and did not attend.

The following preamble and resolutions were then presented to the town meeting, which were adopted by a unanimous vote:

Whereas, our very memorable and highly respected fellow-citizen, Dea. John Phillips, who is this day, one hundred and four years, four months and nine days old, and who yet retains his mental and physical faculties in a high degree—and

Whereas, he has traveled some two miles to attend this town meeting, and has deposited his ballot for Presidential electors and State, County and town officers, therefore

Resolved, That this be entered on the records of the town as a lasting memorial of his undying patriotism and devotion to country, and as an incident, perhaps, unparalleled in the annals of our Government.

Sturbridge, Mass., Nov. 8, 1864.

Drill for Single Volunteers.

Fall In—Love with some amiable and virtuous young woman on the first opportunity you may have.

Attention—Pay to her, assiduously and respectfully.

Right Face—popping the question, like a man, and she'll accept you.

Quick March—To her parents, and ask their consent.

Right Turn—With her to church, and go through the service of holy matrimony.

Halt—And reflect seriously for a few minutes, then determine to devote yourself entirely to your wife.

Right about Face—From the haunts that frequented when single, and prefer your own home.

Advance Arms—To your wife when out walking together, and don't let her walk three or four yards behind you.

Break Off—Billiard playing, betting, and staying out at night, if you wish to have a happy home.

Decided Pluck.
There is a man in Maine, the owner of a piece of cranline, who shows decided pluck. He says that when the minister was hugging and kissing his wife, he peeped through the crack of the door and saw it all; and as long as he has the spirit of a man remaining, he will peep on all such occasions.

"Ab, Sam, so you've been in trouble, have you?" "Yes, Jim, yes." "Well, well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shows us our better qualities." "Ab, but adversity didn't try me; it was an old wagabond of a Judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

THE CAPTURE OF THE FLORIDA.
One of the most daring Naval achievements on record.—A visit to the Kearsage.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

The news which we announced yesterday morning, that the arrival of the famous steamer Kearsage at this port had brought the intelligence of the capture in Brazilian waters by the Union gunboat Wachusett of the notorious Rebel cruiser Florida, sent a thrill of surprise and delight through the community even in the midst of the excitement and anxiety of presidential election day. The joyful news spread over the city like wildfire, and was the universal subject of discussion and of mutual congratulation, until the interests of the congressional and national elections seemed almost forgotten in comparison. One of our reporters paid a visit to the Kearsage during the day, and by the kind courtesy of her officers, Paymaster J. A. Smith being especially obliging, was enabled to obtain a detailed account of the singular affair in the bay of Bahia, comprising all the particulars which are accessible to the public.

The confederate war-steamer Florida arrived at Bahia, Bay of San Salvador, Brazil, October 5th, having captured and burned the bark Mondamon, from Rio, off Pernambuco, on the 28th of September. The United States steamer Wachusett, Captain Napoleon Collins, had been lying several days in the port of Bahia, and the Florida at first anchored in the offing. The Brazilian Admiral immediately sent her a message requesting her to come inside, which she did, anchoring in the midst of the Brazilian fleet, and close under the guns of one of the principal forts, which is located upon an island in the middle of the harbor.

Certain parties in Bahia, which is a commercial city of considerable importance, with one of the best harbors in the world, being interested in American affairs, bestirred themselves to bring about an engagement between the Wachusett and the Florida, firmly confident that the result of such an encounter would be another Union victory as complete as that won last summer in the British Channel. On the morning of the 6th of October they carried a challenge to Capt. Morris of the Florida, to move outside the limits of Brazilian jurisdiction and fight the Wachusett. The Rebel commander declined to receive the missive which the Brazilian residents had prepared, on account of some informality in its address. During the afternoon of the same day a Hungarian citizen living in Bahia, and sympathizing with our Government in its struggle with Rebellion, waited upon Capt. Morris, and endeavored to induce him to consent to an action between his ship and the Union gunboat, but without success. Capt. Morris, however, stated that if he happened to fall in with the Wachusett during a cruise, he should willingly engage in a contest with her, but that on no account would he consent to leave a safe harbor for the express purpose of having an engagement.

All efforts on the part of outside parties to bring on a naval battle in open water between the two vessels proving unavailing, Capt. Collins promptly took into consideration the other means which suggested themselves for riding the seas of the most dangerous enemy of our commerce. In the evening of the same day above-mentioned, Thursday, October 6, he called a council of his officers to debate the subject. An important element in the consideration was the fact that the convenient harbor of Bahia has three openings into the Atlantic, by any one of which the Florida could make her escape whenever the darkness of the night favored her purpose, without the possibility of one vessel preventing it. It is stated that the council of officers was also possessed of information that the Florida had repeatedly seized and burned American ships within three miles of the coast of Brazil, in defiance of every law of neutrality, without the slightest objection of any sort being made by the Brazilian authorities.

Taking into consideration all the facts in the case, the council advised, with but one dissenting vote among all the officers of the Wachusett, that the scheme proposed of seizing the rebel cruiser at her anchorage should be carried out. Capt. Collins immediately gave the orders for accomplishing the design agreed upon, saying, that with the very deepest regret he felt that the conduct of the Brazilian Government in permitting piracies within the shadows of its shores had made the step an imperatively necessary one. It may be remarked here that it was found, after the seizure of the Florida, that arrangements had been made for her escape from the harbor on the very next night, for a new career of depredation upon our shipping.

The preparations for the encounter were made with great celerity and complete secrecy, and at about three o'clock in the morning of Friday, October 7, the cables were slipped, and the Wachusett bore down upon the Rebel vessel under full head of steam. So little expectation was there of such a proceeding, that one half the officers and crew of the Florida, seventy in number, and including Captain Morris, were carousing on shore, and the remainder, having just returned from a similar absence, were in no condition to repel an assault. The Florida's officer of the deck supposed the collision which he saw to be imminent to be merely accidental, and cried out, "You will run into us, if you don't look out." The design of Capt. Collins was simply to strike the

Florida amidst her full steam on, crush in her side, and send her at once to the bottom beyond the possibility of causing further trouble to any one. The Wachusett however did not strike her adversary fairly, but hit her in the stern, carrying away the mizzen mast and main yard. The Florida was not seriously injured by the collision, but the broken spar fell across the awning over her hatchway in such a manner as to prevent her crew from getting on deck from below. The recoil which followed the shock carried the Wachusett back several yards. In the confusion which ensued several pistol shots were fired from both vessels, chiefly at random, and entirely without effect. Two of the guns of the Wachusett were also discharged by accident, according to one report, and as another version has it, by order of one of the Union lieutenants. The shots did not strike the Florida.

Capt. Collins of the Wachusett, immediately thundered out a demand to the Rebel craft: "Surrender, or I will blow you out of water." The lieutenant in charge of the Florida may be excused for considerable amazement, but had still presence of mind to reply: "Under the circumstances I surrender." Without the delay of an instant, dozens of gallant tars boarded the prize and made fast a hawser connecting her with their own vessel, and the Wachusett turned her course seaward, moving at the top of her speed and towing the Florida in her wake.

The fleet of Brazilian vessels, which entirely surrounded the little space of water on which the brief battle had been fought, was so situated that the two American steamers were obliged to pass under the stern of the largest in order to penetrate their line. The Wachusett was challenged, but did not deign a word of reply, and the Florida, when hailed and commanded to halt a moment after, replied that a pause was impossible, as she was towed by the vessel in front. The Brazilian's soon guessed the state of affairs, and in another moment or two the heavy guns of the fort, under the very muzzles of which the capture had been made, opened fire on the Wachusett, as she disappeared in the morning darkness. Three shots were fired after her, all passing harmlessly far above her pennant, and striking the water beyond.

To the reader it seems that all this must have taken a considerable time, but the testimony of a careful officer on the Wachusett, corroborated by the surgeon of the Florida, assures us that from the time the Wachusett first slipped her cable and steamed upon the Rebel cruiser to the moment when the echoes of the last gun from the Brazilian fortress had died away, was only twenty minutes by the watch. Certainly no page of history can show a more daring achievement, or one executed with more brilliant rapidity or more complete success.

The Brazilian commander in Bahia harbor acted with all the promptness which could have been expected, and in a few moments the dawn of day disclosed two vessels of the Brazilian fleet doing their utmost to pursue and overhaul the Wachusett and her prize. They were a heavy sloop of war and a small armed steamer, neither of them any match in point of speed for the handiwork of New England mechanics, and soon gave up the chase as the Union and Rebel steamers disappeared below the horizon.

Capt. Collins soon ordered the ships to heave to and examined his prize. He found that neither vessel was materially damaged by the collision, and that there had been no injury to life or limb from the confused firing which followed it. Twelve officers and fifty-eight men of the Florida's crew were captured, and all her stores, papers, records, etc., were found undisturbed in the cabin. The two vessels soon steamed for St. Thomas, arriving there on the 29th ult., and finding the Kearsage already in port. It was intended to keep the matter at Bahia a secret at St. Thomas, but it was accidentally revealed by a seaman of the Wachusett to one of the crew of the Kearsage, and some hints of it got wind in the town causing great excitement there. The Florida remained outside the bay, while the Wachusett entered to obtain coal.

Acting-Assistant Paymaster W. W. Williams of the Wachusett, Surgeon Charlton of the Florida, and six of the crew of the privateer, were transferred to the Kearsage, which sailed Oct. 31, and arrived here at midnight on Monday, as previously reported. Paymaster Williams being charged with dispatches for the Government, left by the earliest train yesterday morning for Washington. The Wachusett and Florida were to sail from St. Thomas on the 2d inst for New York where they may now be daily expected.

The crew of the Florida is composed of Englishmen, Irishmen, Germans, etc., and contains no citizens of the Rebel States. Among her officers, however, there are several Southerners. Surgeon Charlton, who is now on board the Kearsage, is a native of Georgia. He was before the war an officer in the United States Navy, and was stationed for several years in Chelsea. He has many acquaintances in Boston. He was here on the day of President Lincoln's first election, and left shortly after to tender his services to the Southern Confederacy. He is a gentleman in appearance and manner, and not reluctant to speak of the circumstances of his capture and the condition of our national affairs. He wears the full uniform of the Rebel naval service, of plain gray cloth, with the rank indicated by shoulder straps, as in the Union costume.

Surgeon Charlton expresses full confidence that his captivity will last for only a very limited period, believing that the whole affair will terminate as did the seizure of Mason and Slidell three years ago. If the demands which he thinks will be made by the Brazilian Government are disregarded by our authorities, he looks for an endorsement of the claims by the Governments of Great Britain, France and Spain, in such a manner as to compel compliance. The Rebel officers profess a complete indifference as to the result of yesterday's election. They say that the North entirely mistakes the universal sentiment of the South, which they affirm will never consent on any terms to a restoration of the Union. They declare an unshaken confidence in the ultimate triumph of their cause, placing their reliance on the intrinsic advantages of their position in a military point of view, moving constantly on interior lines. They argue that volunteering is entirely at an end in the North, and that the conscription cannot be enforced here, while the Rebel army is kept up to a fighting standard by steady recruiting, and has a reserve always on hand of three hundred thousand negroes capable of efficient military service.

Surgeon Charlton estimates that the Florida has steamed over forty thousand miles since she left Brest, not having spent ten days in port in nine months. During her career she has captured about forty American vessels.

The Kearsage has on board one or two prisoners taken from the Alabama last summer. She still bears upon her sides the marks of that desperate encounter, and will have to undergo a thorough overhauling and refitting during her stay in this port. She will probably go out of commission in a few days, and will receive new sails and be repaired in every part during the winter at the Charleston Navy Yard. Her cruise has lasted three years, and she has steamed about thirty thousand miles since she sailed on her maiden voyage from Portsmouth in 1861. She now lies just off the navy-yard, in full view of our wharves, where hundreds of people will flock to see the gallant little steamer that so nobly vanquished and destroyed, in romantic single combat, the freebooter which was for so long the terror of our mercantile marine. The officers and crew of the Kearsage, as is announced in another place, are to have a public reception to-morrow in Faneuil Hall, and we trust that they will receive such an ovation as will give them an adequate idea of the estimation in which their invaluable services are held by the merchants and the public generally of Boston and of the nation.

"Vot for I Pay."

The other day a Dutchman in Cincinnati was severely thrashed by his "vrow," and while smarting under the infliction, he complained to the mayor, and had his better half arrested for the outrage, whereupon she was fined three dollars and the costs, but she not having the money, her husband was called upon to fork over. Upon which he opened his eyes in great surprise, exclaiming:

"Vot for I pay? She rip me?"

The "statute" was explained to him, and he paid, but announced that hereafter his wife might wallop him as much as she pleased, but he would never again take steps to uphold the "majesty of the law."

Swallowed his Bounty Money.

A man, named Wright, who was accepted as a substitute for one of the drafted men in Baltimore, swallowed four one hundred dollar greenbacks, being the amount paid him as bounty money. He was compelled to take an emetic, which caused him to throw up the notes. His purpose was to secure the money and then run away. The notes were thoroughly cleaned, and placed to the credit of Wright, who, with the other substitutes, were taken to camp under guard, a wiser man, but none the better in feeling from to emetic powder.

The country will be rejoiced to learn that an agreement has been entered into between Gen. Grant and Lee which will greatly alleviate the sufferings of the Union prisoners 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 to their prisoners in our hands. It is proposed that an officer from each side should be specially detailed and paroled to see the faithful execution of the arrangement, and that the articles sent to prisoners should be confined to articles of necessity and comfort, as clothing, blankets, meat, bread, coffee, sugar, pickles, vinegar and tobacco.

We see it stated in Western papers that Congressman Voorhees's election is to be contested on the returns from Sullivan Precinct. It has been ascertained by taking the affidavits of Union men who voted, that not one-half of the Union votes were counted by the Democratic judges. In some other Precincts in the District, similar frauds were perpetrated. In some instances the judges took the ballot-boxes home with them at night, overhauled them at their leisure, and returned to the place of voting the next day to count out the ballots.

An Ossified Man.

There was a strange spectacle at the depot yesterday—a man, of whom accoutments were published, years ago, in newspapers in this country and in medical journals in England, who has been in a state of almost complete ossification for thirty years. His name is Valentine Peakins; he was born fifty-two years since in Henrietta, Monroe County, New York, but has been a resident for the last twelve years, of Mantua, Portage County, Ohio. At the age of eleven years he was thrown from a horse, and his knee was injured by the fall. From that time ossification set in, and the process made advancement, joint by joint, for fifteen years, when it had completed its work. He is thoroughly and totally ossified, with the exception that he can move two of his fingers, and make the slightest perceptible motion with one or two of his toes. He has not opened his jaws for more than thirty years, but still he can talk with ease.

Of course he has to be fed—the food being placed with his lips and left under the guidance of mother Nature, who mysteriously ensures its safe conduct into the stomach. He lies upon his side, upon a low bed or couch, which serves also as a litter, with his feet drawn up somewhat, and his right hand caught up near his shoulder; he lies thus all day long, shifting his position but once during twenty-four hours, when he is turned over to the other side. While he is thus completely ossified—a human block of limestone, as it were—his skin retains its normal character and condition, and discharges the functions perfectly, being, perhaps, more sensitive, however, to the touch of any object, as that of a fly or a hair, than is usually the case: When the light strikes the skin of his hands or face, it looks like marble of a yellowish tinge, brought up to the highest possible state of polish. He lies there on his couch like a recumbent statue.

His health is good; he has an excellent appetite, and lives withal hearty life.—One is naturally curious to know how his mind is occupied through all the dreary hours. He cannot read, for he has been totally blind for thirty years. Cut off from that source, he is necessarily cast back upon his memory, and he has a most wonderful development of his faculty. It is exceedingly tenacious. He remembers the most minute and apparently trifling incident or circumstance; has the entire past—every fact and event in his experience before him, piled up like strata, and summons at will, or as occasion requires, occurrences which have faded from the minds of his friends. His recollection of localities is wonderful.—Places that he had visited years ago, before struck with blindness, he can now identify as he rides along—so vivid a recollection has he of the relative position of things, as bridges, rivers, &c.

He is very expert at mathematical calculations, and can with great readiness give, for example, the number of square inches in an area the number of whose feet or rods is given him.

Of course it must be a world of work to take care of this helpless man, but his friends have cheerfully borne the sad burden for more than forty years. He has now gone to Painesville as a county charge.—*Cleveland Leader, 27th.*

Laborious but Useful.

Many serious railroad accidents occur from the weakening of the rails, especially in the winter, when the iron is made brittle by the extreme cold. But it is probable that in a majority of cases the rails break because they have been weakened by wear and tear, and that frequent and careful inspection would prevent many disastrous accidents. An exchange paper says:

"When Mr. Wm. J. McAlpine was the superintendent of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad he kept in books a record of every rail on the line, giving in brief terms its history; that is, the date of its insertion (ascertained along the whole line by constant inspection,) and its probable duration. For example: rail such a number, of mile, was good for ten days, another, needed renewing to-morrow, and so on. This was a labor, and it required system, care perseverance; but it was done, and it gave security to passengers. In Germany, wheels, after being used a certain time, are discarded, whether they show symptoms of weakness or not. There are roads in this country that have run ten or fifteen years without killing a single person. Others might be conducted with the same vigilance. Is it probable that, with due inspection, two catastrophes would occur in one week on one line of railroad?"

A Good Joke.

A Hackettstown correspondent (says the *Belvidere Intelligencer*), sends us the following, which he thinks too good to be lost, and we think so too:

A young lawyer was on the stump, blowing his horns for Gen. McClellan. Getting on in his eloquence, he spread himself and said: "I would that on the 8th day of next November, I might have the wings of a bird, and I would fly to every city and every village, to every town and every hamlet, to every mansion and every hut, and proclaim to every man, woman and child, George B. McClellan is President of these United States." At this point a youngster in the crowd sang out: "Dry up you old fool, you'd be shot for a *Shitepoke* before you flew a mile."

Feminine Curiosity.

A wag in the West says the following is true:
Worthy C.—is one of the best representatives of Young America that can be found in the fast city of Chicago. Standing on the steps of the Tremont a few evenings ago chatting with half a dozen of the "boys," their attention was attracted toward two young and evidently respectable ladies enjoying an evening promenade. "Bet drinks," says Worthy, "that I make those ladies follow and keep pace with me, whether I walk fast or slow, for the next ten minutes." The bet was taken by Charley H.—, and he was invited by Worthy to come along and see that all was fairly done. By this time the girls were passing, Worthy linked arms with Charley, and, apparently not seeing the ladies, stepped in the same direction, and directly in front of them, and just near enough to let them hear his harangue. "The wedding was to be at nine o'clock. The President, the Cabinet, all the foreign Ministers, and the *elite* of the city were expected to be present; and Bishop—, with half a dozen assisting clergymen, was to officiate." By this time the girls had overheard sufficient to enlist their earnest attention, and, almost unconsciously, were closely following the gentlemen. Worthy proscription of the (imaginary) wedding. The brides, bridesmaids, and the ladies present, with their dresses, jewelry, etc., were elaborately portrayed; and for nearly fifteen minutes did the girls follow in close and attentive pursuit, without regarding either the distance or direction of their promenade. Worthy, however, had gradually turned corners and crossed street until the Tremont was again attained, when the gentlemen joined their confederates; and the ladies passed on, in blissful ignorance of the cruel "sell" by which they had been so unmercifully victimized.

Of Carpets.

The Persian Turkish system of carpeting rooms is infinitely better and prettier than ours. The Persian carpets are exquisitely beautiful; their colors are brighter, the designs prettier, and they are far more durable than European and American carpets. They are made in strips usually between two and three yards long, and about one yard in breadth to go around the sides of a room, with a square carpet of any size preferred for the centre. They do not require to be nailed or fastened, and a sufficient number of them will of course carpet any room, however large or small. They have a very rich and grand appearance too. In summer they are easily taken up, beated rolled and put aside by a single manservant; and in the hot weather why should we not more generally imitate continental customs by painting or polishing our floors?—*Chambers' Journal.*

Extract from the Supplementary Report on the Conduct of the War—Examination of Gen. McClellan Continued.

Q. Where you in the Fall of 1864 a candidate for the Presidency?
A. I don't remember.
Q. Did you in the Fall of 1864 encourage any persons to vote for you for President?
A. I may have done so.
Q. Do you know whether any person voted for you for that office?
A. I didn't see it.
Q. Did you, during the period referred to, call for larger forces?
A. I don't remember. I may have done so. It would have been in accordance with my habits.

"A party of boys attempted to get up a torch-light procession in Gransville, the other day.—They filled a Government wagon with torpedoes, shooting crackers, sky rockets, and a brass band, followed by a lot of juveniles. At the start the band struck up, the mules ran off, the fireworks exploded in the wagon, the drum burst, the wheels came off, the boys and band fell out, the mules fell down, the horns were mashed, and the procession was pronounced a "big thing on wheels."

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock.

"I am going to Heaven, my son; I have been on the way eighteen years."

"Well, good bye, old fellow; if you have been traveling toward Heaven for eighteen years and got no nearer it than Arkansas, I'll take another route!"

A lawyer, somewhat disgusted at seeing a couple of Irishmen looking at a six-sided building which he occupied lifted up the window, put his head out and addressed them thus:

"What do you stand there for, like a pair of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?"

"Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinkin' so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy."

An old Irishman who had witnessed the effect of whiskey for many years past, said a barrel labeled whiskey contained a thousand songs and fifty fights.

A traveler coming up to an inn door, said; "Pray, friend, are you the master of this house?" "Yes, Sir," answered Boniface, "my wife has been dead these three weeks."