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Great Railroad Disaster.
The following account of a most terrible disaster was published in the Jersey City Daily Times on the 9th ult.

We have to record the most extensive and fatal casualty ever known in this country. Yesterday morning at an early hour a very large train left Orange, N. J., en route for the White House, Washington, D. C., under the charge of chief engineer George B. McClellan. It was expected to make the trip through in twelve hours. The train was very heavily laden with merchandise shipped by a New York Jew House, August Belmont agent. All the Copperheads in the country were passengers, besides a few innocent people who had been deluded into taking an excursion trip by the offer of a dead-head ticket. Horatio Seymour of New York was the conductor, assisted by Franklin Pierce, C. L. Vallandigham and Joel Parker. Ben Wood was appointed to hold the money received for fares and wore a hat band marked conspicuously 4-11-44.

For convenience and comfort the passengers were classified in the cars; the ladies under the charge of Robert C. Winthrop and Millard Fillmore; the short boys under John Van Buren and Capt. Rynders; the mountebanks and minstrels led by Jack Rogers and Marble, editor of the World, and the clergymen marshaled by the Very Reverend C. Chauncey Burr and H. J. Vanduyke. There were several cars that were intended to be attached to the train that did not make the connection—one from Canada with George N. Sanders conductor, and a roomy one from New York, filled with Gov. Seymour's "friends," were both detained by the unwarrantable interference of a man named Benjamin F. Butler, who came to New York last week to "stop a spell." The cars were gorgeously decorated with such elegant mottoes as the following:—"Butter has riz," "Abe Lincoln is a gorilla," "Little Mike's the fly be jabbers," "Niggers for slaves, Irishmen for our masters," "We are coming brother Jeff," "Let us change our base," "Here's your spaniels for you Massa Davis."

They moved out of the Orange depot early in the tone of Dixie, though the engineer hesitated, when the final moment of departure came, about stopping on the platform, and was at last only got on board by a little expedient of Fernando Wood, who pulled him into the train backwards by his coat tail. Engineer McClellan was dressed in the full rig of a Major-general, for which his Uncle Sam paid. He was very nervous, and remarked that he should prefer a gunboat to a ride on such a locomotive. This engine was a new one, built at Chicago last August, but on a plan designed by Benedict Arnold and subsequently improved by Aaron Burr and John C. Calhoun. It was built to the order of Jeff Davis and bore the engaging name of "Cessation," which was adopted as a slight change from the original designation "Secession." It occasioned a good deal of remark that hardly any soldiers took passage on the train. There were some men named Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, Hooker and Dix around, who very ungenerously expressed doubts as to the safety of the track, and the ability of the engineer, and it is supposed this prejudiced the "blue-coat" boys. Besides this, the conductor of the train refused to have an American flag on the engine, and the soldiers have a stubborn feeling of prejudice on that subject.

Notwithstanding these slight drawbacks the train moved off with the good wishes and cheers of all the rebel soldiers in Lee's army, all the British aristocrats, the pirate Semmes and his friends. From all that can be learned from the incoherent talk of the few survivors of the sad catastrophe, it appears that there was trouble from the very start. The engineer and his fireman Pendleton quarrelled all the trip about the method of firing up, and the conductors and the fare taker were constantly giving contradictory orders to the brakeman, and nervous conservative old gentlemen pulled frantically at the bell-rope, giving engineer McClellan no end of trouble. Just how the accident happened no one can tell now, but certain it is, that before the train got half way through, there was a shocking smash-up. The locomotive exploded, the cars were all piled up in fragments, the track torn up and such a multitude of passengers fatally injured that it is doubtful if their names can ever be ascertained. Some assert that an old Illinois joker, familiarly called Abe, caused the disaster by putting a rail on the track; others, that the fireman Pendleton let too much water out of the peace tank upon the fire in McClellan's boiler; others, that Vallandigham ran the train off the track by dropping on "O. A. K." stick of timber under the wheels; still others, that the engineer was frightened by suddenly discovering "a nigger in his wood-pile" on the tender, and overturned the locomotive by attempting to "change his base" too suddenly.

Whatever the cause, there is no doubt of the complete wreck of the whole train, and the sad fate of the excursionists. There are but slight fragments of the more distinguished persons that are recognizable. Ben Wood is missing altogether, except his 4-11-44 badge. Fernando was recognized by a copy of the statute of limitations in his trousers pocket; Horatio Seymour and Vallandigham were found locked fast in each other's arms and crushed under the weight of certain "dry goods boxes" that contained bogus soldiers' votes; Governor Parker was badly bruised and lost his eye-sight, so that he "can't see it" any more; Pendleton was pitched headlong into a nasty ditch filled with secession mud, which choked him, and as for the engineer, he was blown much higher than Gilderoy's kite and was so minutely pulverized that there is no ocular proof that any such man ever existed. The funeral of these excursionists will very soon be attended in Richmond, Va., by Jeff. Davis and all his cabinet, and it is currently reported that U. S. Grant may attend, not, however, as a mourner. There will be no more trains run on this road, as the company being made bankrupt by this calamity will immediately wind up its affairs. The Union line is, however, in good running order.

POSTSCRIPT.

The following Postscript was added by the Times some two or three days after the above was published:

Since our first report a few additional facts of interest have come to light. Upon clearing away the wreck a little, clue car marked New Jersey was found partially standing, but the south end of it was knocked into "smithereens." Jim Wall, when taken from under the platform, badly injured, but his tongue still running, was heard to mutter that this was "a—d—d sight worse than arbitrary arrest." Jack Rogers, who got out alive, though a little damaged, was frantically inquiring if Dan Holsman or any other friend had saved his silver quarter of a dollar for him! Friend Middleton was past all help, though Dr. Newell kindly offered his services, but George feebly gasped out that he "had enough of that!" Every Jerseyman in the South end of the car had gone crazy from the effect of the concussion and raved about stars.

A lot of Gov. Seymour's "friends" from New York, who had got into the Jersey car, succeeded in pulling Gen. Wright out with comparative little injury. A survey of the wreck of this car shows the utter impossibility of its ever being repaired or run again, and the fragments, together with a couple of rickety old platform cars labeled Delaware and Kentucky, which were not much damaged, are all that can be saved. They are to be given to Jim Brooks, who is expected to open a political junk shop where he will sell Know Nothing relics, McClellan Badges, fragments of the platform, and such odds and ends for the benefit of the few survivors. Horatio Seymour lingered in very painful agony until last night, and though all the drugs in the World were crammed into him in the hope of saving his life, it was of no use.

Artemus Ward announced that he will write "a truthful account or Seymour's profitable life and his untimely and striking end," for his next show and think it will "droll like a yoke of steers!" We cannot close this brief report without stating that it is said that when that fascinating old gorilla, "Old Abe," read our reports in Wednesday's paper, he said it reminded him of a little joke, but when himself reminded that the funeral was not over yet, he said he guessed he wouldn't tell it till the 4th of March next, which was likely to be an imposing occasion.

Characteristic.

During the last Winter an American citizen of African descent, came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the office of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy ensued.

"What's your name?"
"My name's Sam."
"Sam what?"
"No Sah; not Sam Watt. Ise just Sam."
"What's your other name?"
"I hasn't got no oder name, Sah, I're Sam—dat's all."
"What's your master's name?"
"Ies got no massa now; massa runned away—yah! Ise a free nigger now."
"Well, what's your father's and mother's name?"
"Ies got none, Sah—neber had none, Ies just Sam—aint nobody else."
"Haven't you any brothers and sisters?"
"No Sah! neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fader, no mudder, no massa—nothin' but Sam. When you see Sam you see all dare is of us."

A little girl was anticipating much pleasure from a picnic excursion, when, on the evening before the appointed day, her mother was seized with severe cramps in the stomach. After saying her evening prayer, she came to her mother's bedside, "Mamma, I have prayed that you may be well enough to-morrow to go to the picnic, but perhaps you had better take a little brandy."

Moses smote the rock with his rod, and a stream gushed forth. Smite a rock-hearted urchin, and two streams will gush out, one from each eye.

PROFESSOR MACK'S WIFE. OR, MARRYING A COOK.

Some years since, when I was in college, we had amongst our "faculty," a curious personage, whom every one regarded with considerable respect, and yet as a character *sui generis*. He had lived many years without a wife, and expected to live so always. Indeed as he was the professor of mathematics, the abstraction of his science forbade his indulging in the idea of getting married. To the female sex, therefore, he showed no other regard than common politeness required. His character was purely negative. Of course he was not popular with the ladies, and they kept themselves at a distance from him. But circumstances that often bring about a match in other cases, placed him in a peculiar dilemma. It seemed a whim that a necessity was laid upon him to get married. He was one of the faculty of the college,—all the other professors were married and obliged to entertain the distinguished visitors of the institution. He had always boarded. Of course it was not expected of him that he should ever give a party or dinner. But it began to be regarded as rather mean in him to shirk off this matter from year to year, and, well off as he was pecuniarily threw upon the other members of the faculty the cost and trouble of entertaining the special friends and patrons of the College. The question was, therefore frequently asked:

"Why doesn't the old miser entertain some of the distinguished visitors that visit us?"

Now our professor wasn't a miser at all and it often troubled him to think he was situated that he couldn't bear his part of the burden. And yet; what could he do? Must he get married? And if so, to whom? He had no special regard for any one in the vicinity of the college, and no one had any special regard for him. In his younger days he had seen at a school a young lady in the city of New York, in whom he had felt a peculiar interest. And of her he hadn't heard for years. Doubtless before this time she was married, or in her grave. Possibly, however, she was still living and waiting for him! Glorious thought! He was quite relieved at it, though, indeed, there might be no foundation for his relief. Nevertheless he could make due inquiry. Nor could he delay, for commencement day was at hand; only a few weeks off. It was his turn, or rather would be if he was married, to give the great dinner to the distinguished personages who would be present on the occasion. There would be the Governor of the State, and his lady,—the trustees of the Institution and their friends, and others of equal repute. But who should be master of ceremonies? And who should grace the table? He could square the circle perhaps, but such a circle as this, what could he do with it? If he were only married, what a helpmeet would his wife be at such a time. And yet, his wife must be a good looking, intelligent, and accomplished lady, otherwise the blank would be a blot!

Now there was a young lady in the neighborhood that the professor thought might answer. He had seen her at his boarding house, and spoke to her once or twice.

"But she may say no," and if she did, "where in creation," thought he "could I hide my head! And then what would become of the dining?" The Governor must have a dinner and he must have a wife. And hence he lay awake about it all night. At last the morning broke he cried out to himself, "Content! She will say no, will she! What then? Other men have lived through it, and I shall. If not, I shall have a clear conscience about the dinner, and a clear conscience is the main thing after all! I will write a note to Miss A. anyway. It may be she will regard it favorably." So the professor sat down and wrote a note to Miss A. "Stay a minute," said he to himself, "what will the Governor think of the Lady? She is handsome and polite, but can she converse? Can she entertain company?" "Doubtful," said he to himself, "very doubtful!" and so he tore up the note. Alas! for a man on the verge of matrimony! In an hour or two, however, the Professor called on the President and said:

"I should like to be absent a few days?"
"Ah!" said the President, "just at this time?"
"Yes, sir, I have my classes in readiness for the examination, and I wish to go to New York."
"Has any death occurred in the family," said the President.
"No, sir," said the Professor, "but I have a little matter of business that requires my immediate attention, and I thought it best to go."
"You have my best wishes," said the President, "and may you return safely and not alone."

The Professor almost smiled, but blushed rather than smiled, and left the President, and hastened to New York.

His first inquiry on his arrival there was for Miss Adaline G., the young lady whom he had seen some years before, at school, as he had mentioned.

"Why," said the respondent, "the family has been reduced, and she is a cook. Perhaps you don't know it, sir?"

"A cook!" said he, "that is just what I want!"

"Oh!" said the lady, "we thought you wanted something else possibly."

"No, I have been half starved to death

since I left New York, and I want some one to cook decently."

"Well, she can do that, for she scarcely has her equal in that line in this city.—Why, sir she is a cook, *par excellence*.

"And how does she look?"
"She is the handsomest cook in the city, too."

"Not quite that, I presume," said the Professor, "but is she intelligent?—I speak confidentially."

"Intelligent! She is, indeed—she can converse like an angel."

"And as to manners. Is she accomplished?"

"As graceful as an actress."

"Can I see her?"

"Yes; at eight o'clock this evening."

"Couldn't I see her before that hour?"

"I think that would be the most convenient time for her to call, and to see you. She will be engaged in her duties till then."

"I will wait then. Please to tell her that Professor Mack of Virginia, wishes to see her—an old acquaintance of hers."

"Shall I tell her that you wish to engage a cook?"

"You may tell her that I wish to see her," said the Professor.

"What name did you say?"

Professor Mack, of Virginia, if you please, madam."

"An everlasting long day was before him and he had nothing to do: not a problem to solve, except the one in hand, and that was one of doubtful solution."

Eight o'clock at last came, and the Professor called again to see the young lady.

"A cook, indeed!" said the Professor to himself; "she is a splendid woman fit to grace any parlor in the world!"

But how in creation should he make known his business? Poets, they say, begin in the middle of their story; but professors of mathematics, where do they begin?—

Finally, said the suitor, "Miss G., how would you like to go to Virginia?"

"To Virginia!" said she as if surprised.

"Are you not mistaken in the person whom you wished to see?"

"No, no," said he, "don't you remember when we both attended school in Franklin street?"

"Oh," said she, "it is George Mack—I remember you well; why I didn't know that you were alive!"

"And I have never forgotten you."

"Ah! indeed you are very kind to remember me so long! I thought that every one had forgotten me in my calamities!"

"People often think they are overlooked when trials overtake them; but it is for you to say that your present trials are at an end."

"Professor Mack! what do you mean? Why I am a mere—"

"If you have had reverses I have had successes, and have the means of making you comfortable in life."

"But you do not know my circumstances now, for I would not deceive you, George."

"It does not concern me what you are now, but what you are willing to be."

"But I have an aged mother, Professor."

"And I wish to have one; she can go, too."

Matters were soon arranged as to time, place, and ceremony, and this being over the party were off for Virginia—the Professor pleased that he had solved the matrimonial problem so easily, and the lady that she was no longer the world's bidding.

In the country of Virginia great ado is made for a newly married couple. Of course much was expected in the case of the Professor. But some "bird in the air" carried the story in advance, that Professor Mack had married a cook!

What lady then would call upon her?

What society could the F. E. V.'s of Virginia have with a cook! But the President advised his wife to call upon her out of decency at least. If the professor had married a cook, why, he didn't know any better. All that he knew was how to solve problems in mathematics. Besides, he might not have married a cook, or if he had he was well off in one respect—he could have a good table.

"Pshaw!" said the President's lady, "what does a person care about a table in comparison to caste in society?"

"Caste in society will do well enough," he replied, "but since we must eat to live, a well roasted turkey is better than a fried chicken, and a short biscuit than an ash-cake! And what does an epicure care for ceremony? A good cup of coffee is better."

You are no Virginian, husband, otherwise, you would never say that, for any body knows that nobility in a log cabin is better than a cook in a palace!"

"Well, call on the lady and see—theories are often good for nothing, whilst practice is the sum of perfection!"

The Presidentess called and was amazed—the cook was much her superior—and she felt it.

The other officer's ladies having heard that the President's wife had called on Mrs. Mack, were obliged according to custom to follow suit. They, too, were disappointed, for the New York lady hadn't lived in a city in vain. In mind, in manners, in accomplishments, she outranked them all! Besides, in respect to family she was not at all inferior—her father having had a fortune once and lost it.

Commencement day was now near at hand, and the great dining was to come off at the Professor's. Nor was Mrs. Mack at all disconcerted about it. She had seen a thing or two before, and was fully confident in her own ability, to meet the exigency.

When the time arrived all eyes were fixed on Mrs. Mack. How would she appear in the presence of the Governor of Virginia? How in the presence of the Professors and the President? And what sort of a table would she set, and how would she grace it? Could she go through it with dignity?

Of course all this was enough "to try men's souls," but Mrs. Mack was perfectly at home.

In antequette—in conversation—in the arrangement of all the circumstantial and in the formalities of the occasion she showed herself equal to the duties devolving upon her, and evidently interested the Governor very much by her powers of conversation. "What a charming lady," said he to his wife, "is Mrs. Mack! and what a table she has set! how well she graces it!"

"My dear husband," said she,—"Do you know she is a New York cook—why, she has been a mere servant for many years!"

"I know nothing about that," said he, "but if she has, I wish every other lady was a servant and a New York cook, too. We should have something to eat then my dear, besides fried chickens and ash-cakes."

"All men are not epicures, like you Governor."

"No—but if they were they would imitate the mathematical Professor, and go to New York to get a wife. A man would not be compelled then to go to a saloon to get a decent dinner! He could find one at home—now a great rarity!"

From Atlanta to Augusta, by railroad, is 171 miles. From Augusta, to Charleston, 137 miles. From Atlanta to Mason, 103 miles. From Macon to Savannah, 190 miles. From Augusta to Savannah, 132 miles. The country from Atlanta toward Augusta is quite rolling, and, in places, rocky, with plenty of small streams and springs, and abundance of woods and forage for an army. It is really a well settled farming country. There are but few swamps, and the roads generally are good. The only serious obstructions that the inhabitants could place in the way of an army would be the destruction of the bridges over the Savannah at Augusta. If they do that the army could turn its attention first upon Savannah instead of Charleston, or it could rebuild the bridge without any serious delay. The country between Augusta and Charleston is not as good as toward Atlanta. Part of it is inhabited by poor "sandhills," and part of it is very sparsely inhabited. From Branchville—the point where the rail-roads from Augusta and Columbia unite—to Charleston, 62 miles, the country is very flat, with a good deal of swamp, and in summer time is so miasmatic that settlements are sparse, though there are some large plantations, and when cotton was king, there were a great many slaves kept at work upon all the dry spots of this swampy region. It is not a bad one to march through in cool weather. It would be deadly in summer. Immediately around Charleston the land is very flat, sandy or swampy. The road from Augusta to Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, is "across the ridges," which are generally low sand hills, and over small streams, the borders of which are cultivated by small cotton planters, who keep a good deal of stock, and have plenty of grain and sweet potatoes. The Congaree River, at Columbia, is a respectable sized mill stream, nothing more, and so are the two Pedees, and if an army ever has to march from Augusta to Wilmington, it will find no serious obstructions in the way, except in time of high water, when every small stream overflows its low banks and covers a broad swamp. The whole way is a good country for an army to march and subsist in. The distance from Augusta to Columbia is about eighty miles, and from Columbia to Wilmington, N. C., about two hundred miles.—Some of the richest cotton planters of South Carolina are found along the rivers, which such a march would cross.

What to do if the Clothes take Fire.

Perhaps three persons out of four would rush right up to the burning individual, and begin to paw with their hands without any definite aim. It is useless to tell the victim to do this or that, or call for water. In fact it is generally best to say not a word, but seize a blanket from a bed or a cloak or any woollen fabric—if none is at hand take any woollen material—hold the corners as far apart as you can, stretch them out higher than your head, and running boldly to the person, make a motion of clasping in the arms, most about the shoulders. This instantly smother the fire and saves the face. The next instant throw the unfortunate person on the floor. This is an additional safety to the face and breath, and any remnant of flame can be put out more leisurely. The next instant immerse the burnt part in cold water, and all pain will cease with the rapidity of lightning. Now get some common flour, remove from the water, and cover the burned parts with an inch thickness of flour; if, possible, put the patient to bed, and do all that is possible to soothe until the physician arrives. Let the flour remain until it falls off itself, when a beautiful new skin will be found. Unless the burns are deep, no other application is needed. The dry flour for burns is the most admirable remedy ever proposed, and the information ought to be imparted to all. The principle of its action is, that like the water, it causes instant and perfect relief from pain by totally excluding the air from the injured parts. Spanish Whiting and cold water of a mushy consistency are preferred by some. Dredge on the flour until no more will stick, and cover with cotton batting.

The Origin of the Word "Quaker."

In this day of refinement and literary taste it is lamentable to see how ignorant many of the younger members of the Society of Friends are in relation to the rise, progress, and early history of our religious society. A somewhat striking instance, illustrative of this fact, came under the writer's immediate observation, a few evenings ago. At a social gathering at a Friend's house, one of the company, an Episcopalian lady, inquired of a Friend the origin of the term Quaker, and how it came to be applied to members of our society. Several of those present undertook to satisfy her inquiry. No one, however, could give a correct account, until the Friend at whose house we were assembled read from Hodgson's Historical Memoirs the following narrative, viz:

"In the year 1650, George Fox being at Derby at the time when there was a great lecture preached, he was led to make some communications to the people at the close. They heard him pretty quietly, but after Justice Bennet and other magistrates of the town. George Fox spoke boldly for the truth, exhorting them to look unto Christ within them as the great sanctifier, and not unto man, and bidding them, in the words of Holy Scripture, to tremble at the name of the Lord. Justice Bennet at this time derided him and his fellow-believers, calling them Quakers—a designation which has ever since been used by the world to distinguish us from other professors of religion."—Friend.

Hearts Are Trumps.

If there is one thing that I despise more than another, it is a man, who, making religion a cloak to hide them, commits sins without number.

Deacon G— was such a man. He was in every sense of the word—a "wolf in sheep's clothing." He would not only lie and cheat, but would play cards for money, with a few more of the same class as himself, drink liquor and swear like a "trooper."

One Sabbath at church, he fell asleep; the lateness of the hour at which he quit the card table preventing him from obtaining any rest the night before.

He was seated near the pulpit with his card playing companions of the night before. After sleeping nearly an hour, he slightly awoke, and dreaming, started up, and said

"Hearts are trumps, by thunder!"

"What did you say?" asked the minister who fancied he had not heard aright.

Deacon G— was now awake, and fearing to commit himself, remained silent, the big drops of sweat standing upon his forehead, for he had exposed his sins.

"I understood Brother G— to say,

"Let our hearts triumph!" said one of the card playing brethren, who belonged to the church, coming to the deacon's rescue. This explanation satisfied the minister, and kept the deacon from exposure.

Feeding Government Cattle.

The Baltimore American says: There are now in the fertile fields of the country adjacent to the suburbs of the city several thousand head of cattle, designated for the supply of the Army of the Potomac, which are being fattened before they meet their destined end. Yesterday we saw several thousand of them occupying a broad undulating surface of ground, of not less than twenty acres, passing through which were several large six-horse teams, heavily laden with hay, and upon the top were men, who, with pitchforks, were industriously engaged in throwing it board-cast on either side of the team. The cattle instinctively followed, and gobbled up their rations seemingly with great satisfaction. The herd alone, consisting of 1200 head, are valued at \$120,000.—The novel scene which the field presented thousands of persons to witness it.

An Astounded Deacon.

In the city of H— there resides a worthy deacon, blessed or cursed with a tall, gaunt figure, also with hands of enormous dimensions. He was strictly pious, never failing to ask a blessing not only when his own family dined but also at the servants' meals. On one occasion he employed a male servant who was entirely ignorant of the Deacon's religious propensities. He made his appearance shortly before the dining hour, and as soon as the bell sounded they started for the table, and without ceremony commenced devouring the good things. The deacon was horrified, and extended his hands, saying, "Pause, young man—pause!" The young man addressed raised his eyes significantly to the deacon's upraised hands, and replied, "Yes, and pretty good-sized paws, I should say!"

A drover in Cincinnati dropped a roll of money containing \$400, in greenbacks, a few days ago, which a cow, in his drive, picked up and swallowed. The animal was killed, the mass of bills taken from her stomach and cleaned, but only \$186 out of the \$400 were recovered in fit condition to use.