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THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

The death of the Old Year has been a favorite theme with the poets, and very naturally, too, for surely nothing could be more suggestive. But who has sang of it more musically than Tennyson, in the following verses?

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that snaps the mind,
For these that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kinder hand;
Ring in the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Good Night.

Downward sinks the setting sun,
Soft the evening shadows fall;
Light is flying,
Day is dying,
Darkness stealth over all.

Autumn garners in her stores—
Hastens on the fading year;
Leaves are dying,
Winds are sighing—
Whispering of the winter near!

Youth is vanished, manhood wanes,
Age its forward shadows throws;
Day is dying,
Years are flying,
Life runs onward to its close.

Long Dresses.

"We do not see one lady in ten walking the streets," says a venturesome contemporary, without a constant fidgeting with the long skirts of her dress. Some pin them up at regular spaces, giving them a very rumpled appearance; others wear "pages," or an elastic cord just below the waist, pulling up the dress just as our grandmothers used to do when they went to scrub the kitchen; or others frantically seize the side-breasts, holding them in front, having the appearance of a desperate determination of sitting down the first convenient opportunity. Some walk on, letting their dress hang, are suddenly brought upon the front breadth stumble, flounder, pull up, and try it again. Now all this could be avoided. Modesty and respect for the opinion of mankind demand a reformation in this matter. If ladies would only put a quarter of a yard less in the length of their dresses, they would save the amount the goods cost, and as much public observation—Home Journal.

Who Take our Petroleum.

Petroleum is shipped to almost every commercial port in Europe. Great Britain is the largest consumer of the product—the export from New York thither during last year being 6,275,000 gallons. France is next in importance, her import from New York having been 4,625,000 gallons, a large increase upon the receipts of 1863. The shipments to Antwerp have also been large, amounting to 4,140,000 gallons, against 2,662,000 gallons in 1863. Bremen has imported nearly one million gallons; Hamburg 1,176,000, and Rotterdam 433,000 gallons. The shipments to Cronstadt indicate a large growth in the demand in Russia—the export having increased from 88,000 gallons in 1863 to 400,000 gallons in 1864. The export to Genoa, Leghorn, Trieste, Lisbon and Australia, are also of considerable importance.

The Russian Government encourages marriage among its soldiers, provides the couple with a house, supports them, rears their children, but takes away all the boys at a tender age and sends them to military garrisons there to be trained for the army. There are 800,000 of this kind of soldiers in the Russian army.

AN UNMEANT REBUKE.

Charles Nelson had reached his thirty-fifth year, and at that age he found himself going down hill. He had once been one of the happiest mortals, and no blessing was wanted to complete the sum of his happiness. He had one of the best wives, and his children were intelligent and comely. He was a carpenter by trade, and no man could command better wages, and be more sure of work. If any man attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson must "boss" the job, and for miles around people sought him to work for them. But a change had come over his life. A demon had met him on his way, and he had turned back with the evil spirit. A new and experienced carpenter had been sent for by those who could no longer depend upon Nelson, and he had settled in the village, and now took Nelson's place.

On a back street, where the great trees threw their green branches over the way, stood a small cottage, which had been the pride of the inmates. Before it stretched a wide garden, but tall, rank grass grew up among the choking flowers, and the paling of the fence was broken in many places. The house itself had once been white, but it was dingy and dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned the windows, but now these had been taken off and sold. And the windows themselves bespoke poverty and neglect, for in many places the glass were gone, and shingles, rags and old hats had taken its place. A single look at the house and its companions told the story. It was the drunkard's home.

Within sat a woman yet in her early years of life and thought; she was still handsome to look upon, but the bloom had gone from her cheek, and the brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor Mary Nelson! Once she had been the happiest among the happy, but now none could be more miserable! Near her sat two children, both girls, and both beautiful in form and feature; but their garbs were all patched and worn, and their feet were shoeless. The eldest was thirteen years of age, her sister a few years younger. The mother was hearing them recite a grammar lesson, for she had resolved that her children should never grow up in ignorance. They could not attend the common school, for thoughtless children sneered at them, and made them the object of sport and ridicule; but in this respect they did not suffer, for their mother was well educated, and she devoted such time as she could spare for their instruction.

For more than two years Mary Nelson had earned all the money that had been used in the house. People hired her to wash, iron and sew for them, and besides the money paid, they gave her many articles of food and clothing. So she had lived on, and the only joys that dwelt with her now were teaching her children and paying to God.

Supper-time came, and Charles Nelson came reeling home. He had worked the day before at helping to move a building, and thus had earned money enough to find himself in rum for several days. As he stumbled into the house the children crouched close to their mother, and even she shrank away, for sometimes her husband was ugly when thus intoxicated. Oh! how that man had changed within two years! Once there was not a finer looking man in the town. In frame he had been tall, stout, compact, and perfectly formed, while his face bore the very best ideal of manly beauty. But all was changed now. His noble form was bent, his limbs shrunken and tremulous, and his face all bloated and disfigured. He was not the man who had once been the fond husband and doting father. The loving wife had prayed, and wept, and implored, but all to no purpose; the husband was bound to the drinking companions of the bar-room, and he would not break the bands.

That evening Mary Nelson ate no supper, for of all the food in the house, there was not more than enough for her husband and children; but when her husband had gone, she went out and picked a few berries, thus keeping her vital energies alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson sought the bar-room as soon as he rose but he was sick and faint, and the liquor would not revive him, for it would not stay on his stomach. He had drunk very deeply the night before, and felt miserable. At length, however, he managed to keep down a few glasses of hot sling, but the close atmosphere of the bar-room seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

The poor man had scarce enough to know that if he could sleep he should feel better, and he had just feeling enough to keep away from home; so he wandered not far from the village, and sank down by a stone wall and was soon in a profound slumber. When he awoke the sun was shining down hot upon him, and raising himself to sitting posture, he gazed about him. He was just on the point of rising, when his motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand. He looked through a chink in the wall, and just upon the other side he saw his two children picking berries, while a little further off were two more girls, the children of the carpenter who had lately moved into the village.

"Come Katie," said one of the latter girls to her companion, "let's go away from here, because if anybody should see

us with those girls, they'd think we played with 'em. Come."

"But the berries are so thick here," remonstrated the other.

"Never mind—we'll come out some time when these ragged, drunkard's girls are not here."

So the two favored ones went away, hand in hand, and Nelly and Nancy Nelson sat down upon the grass and cried.

"Don't cry, Nancy," said the eldest, throwing her arms around her sister's neck.

"But you are crying, Nelly."

"Oh, I can't help it," sobbed the stricken one.

"Why do they blame us?" murmured Nancy, gazing up into her sister's face.

"Oh, we are not to blame. We are good and kind, and loving, and we never hurt anybody. Oh, I wish somebody would love us; I should be so happy."

"And we are loved, Nancy. Only think of our noble mother. Who could love us as she does?"

"I know—I know, Nelly; but that ain't all. Why don't papa love us as he used to do? Don't you remember when he used to kiss us, and made us so happy? Oh, how I wish he could be so good to us once more. He is not—"

"—sh, sissy! don't say anything more. He may be good to us again; if he knew how we loved him, I know he would—"

And then I believe God is good, and will help us sometime, for mother prays to him every day."

"Yes," answered Nancy, "I know she does; and God must be our Father sometime."

"He is our Father now, sissy."

"I know it, and he must be all we shall have by-and-by, for don't you remember that mother told us that she might leave us one of these days? She said a cold dagger was upon her heart, and—"

"—sh! Don't, Nancy, you'll—"

The words were checked up with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together. At length they arose and went away, for they saw more children coming.

As soon as the little ones were out of sight, Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, his eyes were fixed upon a vacant point with an eager gaze.

"My God!" he gasped, "what a villain I am! Look at me now! What a state I am in, and what have I sacrificed to bring myself to it! And they love me yet and pray for me!"

He said no more, but for a few moments he stood with his hands still clenched, and his eyes fixed. At length his gaze was turned upward, and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his hands dropped by his side, and he started homeward.

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected to notice it not. He drew a shilling from his pocket—it was his last and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get him some porridge. The wife was startled by the tone in which this was spoken, for it sounded as in days gone by.

The porridge was made nice and nourishing, and Charles ate it all. He went to bed early, and early on the following day he was up. He asked his wife if she had milk and flour enough to make him another bowl of porridge.

"Yes, Charles," she said, "we have not touched it."

"Then, if you are willing, I should like some more."

The wife moved quickly about the work, and ere long the food was prepared. The husband ate it, and he felt better. He washed and dressed, and would have shaved had his hand been steady enough. He left his home and went at once to a man who had just commenced to frame a house.

"Mr. Manly," he said, addressing the man alluded to, "I have drank the last drop of alcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips. Ask no more questions, but believe me now while you see me true. Will you give me work?"

"Charles Nelson, are you in earnest?" asked Manly in surprise.

"So much so, sir, that were death to stand upon my right hand, and yonder bar-room upon my left, I would go with the grim messenger first."

"Then here is my house lying about us in rough timber and boards. I place it all in your hands, and shall look to you to finish it. While I can trust you can trust me. Come into my office, and you shall see the plan I have drawn."

We will not tell you how the stout man wept, nor how his noble friend shed tears to see him thus; but Charles Nelson took the plan, and having studied it awhile, he went out where the men were at work getting the timber together, and Mr. Manly introduced him as their master.

That day he worked but little, for he was not strong yet, but he arranged the timber, and gave directions for framing. At night he asked his employer if he dared trust him with a dollar.

"Why, you have earned three," returned Manly.

"And will you pay me three dollars a day?"

"If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, you will save me money at that."

The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but his looks spoke them for him and Manly understood them.

He received his three dollars, and on his way home stopped and bought first a basket, then three leaves of bread, a pound

of butter, some tea, sugar, and a piece of beefsteak, and he had just one dollar and seventy-five cents left. With this load he went home. It was some time before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at length he went in, and set the basket upon the table.

"Come, Mary," he said, "I have brought something home for supper—Here, Nelly, you take the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's and get two quarts of milk."

He handed the child a shilling as he spoke, and in a half-bewildered state she took the money and hurried away.

The wife started when she raised the cover of the basket, but she dared not speak. She moved about like one in a dream, and ever and anon she would cast a furtive glance at her husband. He had not been drinking—she knew it—and yet he had money enough to buy rum if he wanted it. What could it mean? Had her prayers been answered? Oh, how fervently she prayed then.

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nelson sat the table out. After supper Charles arose and said to his wife:

"I must go to Mr. Manly's office to help him arrange some plans for his new house but I will be at home early."

A pang shot through the wife's heart as she saw him turn away, but still she was far happier than she had been before for a long time. There was something in his manner that assured her and gave her hope.

Just as the clock struck nine, the well-known foot-fall was heard, strong and steady. The door opened, and Charles entered. His wife cast a quick, keen glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how he was changed for the better. He had been to the barber's and hatter's. Yet nothing was said on the all important subject—Charles wished to retire early, and his wife went with him. In the morning the husband arose first and built the fire—Mary had not slept long after midnight, having been kept awake by the tumultuous emotions that had started up in her bosom, and she awoke not so early as usual. But she came out just as the teakettle and potatoes began to boil, and breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten, Charles arose, put on his hat, and then turning to his wife, he said:

"What do you do to-day?"

"I must wash for Mrs. Bixby."

"Are you willing to obey me once more?"

"Oh, yes."

Then work for me to-day. Send word over to Mrs. Bixby that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar, and you do with it as you please. Buy something that will keep you busy for yourself and children."

Mr. Nelson turned towards the door, and his hand was upon the latch. He hesitated, and turned back. He did not speak, but he opened his arms, and his wife sank upon his bosom. He kissed her, and then gently placed her in a seat and left the house. When he went to his work that morning, he felt very well and happy. Mr. Manly was by to cheer him, and this he did by talking and acting as though Charles had never been unfortunate at all.

It was Saturday evening, and Nelson had been almost a week without rum. He had earned fifteen dollars, ten of which he had now in his pocket.

"Mary," he said, after the supper table had been cleared away, "here are ten dollars for you, and I want you to expend it in clothing for yourself and children. I have earned fifteen dollars during the last five days. I am to build Squire Manly's great house, and he pays me three dollars a day. A good job, isn't it?"

Mary looked up, her lips moved, but she could not speak a word. She struggled a few moments and then burst into tears. Her husband took her by the arm and drew her upon his lap, and then pressed her to his bosom.

"Mary," he whispered, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "you are not deceived. I am Charles Nelson once more, and will be while I live. Not by any act of mine shall another cloud cross your brow."

And then he told her the words he had heard the previous Monday, while he lay behind the wall.

"Never before," he said, "did I fully realize how low I had fallen, but the scales dropped from my eyes then as though some one had struck them off with a sledge. My soul started up to a stand point from which all the tempests of earth cannot move it. Your prayers are answered, my wife."

Time passed on, and the cottage assumed its garb of pure white, and its whole windows and green blinds. The roses in the garden smiled, and in every way did the improvement work. Once again was Mary Nelson among the happiest of the happy, and her children chose their own associates now.

An East Tennessee woman, a Union refugee and widow, aged twenty-one years, arrived at Cairo with eleven children, which she had since her marriage at the age of fifteen. Triplets three times and twins once, was the way this sum in vital arithmetic was performed.

A newly-married man down East says if he had an inch more happiness, he could not possibly live. His wife is obliged to roll him on the floor and pat him to keep him from being too happy.

The Settlers of Pitcairn Island.

From the Glasgow Herald.
The mutiny of the Bounty and the settlers of Pitcairn Island is a romance in real life which has exercised a peculiar charm over millions of readers. The origin of the settlement was so strange, and its subsequent history so extraordinary that few could read the history without interest, and fewer still could forget it afterward. It is pretty well known, we dare say, that in the year 1787 the Bounty, under the command of Captain Wm. Bligh, left England for Otaheite, with the view of obtaining for the benefit of the West India Islands a cargo of bread fruit and others plants, with which the island abounded.

While on the homeward voyage the crew mutinied, and having taken possession of the ship, the captain and seventeen companions were placed in an open boat, with a small quantity of provisions and fresh water and then left to shift for themselves on the wide ocean. For upwards of forty days these "castaways" were exposed to all the dangers of the deep, and with provisions so insufficient that each man was ultimately reduced to a fraction of food per day. But the courage and resolution of Captain Bligh never failed under the terrible circumstances, and although reduced to skeletons, he had the satisfaction of landing the whole of his fellow passengers alive at the Island of Timor, after completing a voyage of nearly four thousand miles across the Pacific ocean. Meanwhile the mutineers, headed by the lieutenant of the Bounty, Fletcher Christian, made sail for the Island of Otaheite, where they landed in safety. Soon afterwards they again set sail for parts unknown, accompanied by eighteen Otaheiteans—six men and twelve women—and for nearly eighteen years they were neither seen nor heard of by the rest of the world. They reached and took possession of Pitcairn Island, however, where, they were monarchs of all they surveyed, and that was not much, for the island was a little more than three miles in circumference.

In 1808 an American vessel touched at Pitcairn island, and reported the discovery of its inhabitants to the British government; but the wars of Napoleon were raging at the time, and the government had too much exciting work on hand to think of the condition of a few half savage people located on a rocky islet in the south seas. A great change, however, had taken place among the islanders during these eighteen years. All the Otaheitean men, and all but one of the mutineers, had either died naturally or were murdered by each other's hands. But a goodly number of children were born; these again married and multiplied, while the solitary remnant of the mutineers, named Adams, became a goodly living old man, and was regarded by the whole community as a patriarch. He was quite illiterate when he landed, and yet he managed to teach himself and his associates. He entered heart and soul into the work and so well did he accomplish his task that several unimpeachable authorities who visited the island declared that "perhaps the world had never seen so virtuous, amiable and religious a people."

They lived together, we were told, in perfect harmony and contentment; they were simple and natural in their habits, and they appeared to be altogether without guile; they were hospitable even beyond the limits of prudence, and they were patterns of conjugal and paternal affection. In course of time old Adams died, but the effects of his precept and example lived after him, and the new generation which has arisen on the island continued as free from vice and as full of religious fervor and good work as the old. But their numbers were rapidly increasing. They began to find themselves in difficulties for want of space, and fresh water; and when the population had increased to eighty-seven they were removed at their own request to Otaheite. Here, however, they found the world a very different world indeed from that of Pitcairn island. They were very soon disgusted with the levity and low morality of their relations and neighbors, and after a nine months' residence they chartered a vessel and returned to their old quiet home. From 1831 to 1835 they continued to live and make the most of life on Pitcairn island, but the want of sufficient space again presented difficulties which could not be overcome. In these circumstances they petitioned the British government for a grant of Norfolk island, which was about to be made a penal settlement. In the following year the request was granted, and the little colony were removed shortly afterwards to their new home.

The Pitcairn Islanders have remained on Norfolk island ever since; and it will no doubt be gratifying to their numerous friends in this country to learn, by advice brought by the last mail, that they are still increasing in numbers and prospering satisfactorily. In 1832 they were visited officially by Sir John Young, Governor of South Wales, whose report to the Duke of Newcastle has just been published in the Sydney papers. Sir John found them living in security and abundance—decently clad, regular attenders upon divine worship, and free from all those foul practices and baneful superstitions which render the occupants of too many of the lovely islands in the Pacific licentious and unhappy. They had increased in number to two hundred and eighty when Sir John Young visited the island.

and they had a magistrate of their own, elected by all men and women above eight years of age; but crime was utterly unknown among them. They had a clergyman and a schoolmaster paid by the home government, but there was neither a doctor nor a lawyer on the island. Ardent spirits were unknown; all were equal in fortune, in prospects, and positions, and they seemed to be altogether free from the jealousies and heart burnings, and the cares and sorrows which embitter life in any other part of the world. The island on which they lived was exceedingly beautiful and productive, and the land which they cultivated supplied them abundantly with potatoes and other crops. They had cattle, sheep, and pigs, by the hundred; flocks of turkey and wild fowl swarmed their groves; the sea around the island teemed with fish of different kinds, which were easily caught, and nothing seemed wanting to make Norfolk Island a paradise, its people the happiest on earth. They were certainly a peculiar people in almost every respect and are likely to remain so for some time to come, for strangers, unless with the consent of the governor, are not permitted to take up their residence on the island. They are therefore left in comparative ignorance of the world and its ways, and where ignorance, as in this instance, is bliss, it is surely folly to be wise.

Here we find the dreams of the most notable philanthropists fully realized, and apparently withstanding the effect of time. It is a community complete within itself, and blessed with comfort, contentment, and happiness, without titles or rank, riches or poverty, crime, viciousness of habits, luxury, greatness or grandeur. In short the Pitcairn islanders, in their new home in the South Seas, are decidedly one of the most interesting portions of the human race "where life," in the words of a late writer, "flows pleasantly on, and where the troubles and turmoil of the world are only heard as the echo of far distant thunder."

A Remarkable Case.
Mr Wm. L. Hopkins, or as he is more familiarly known, Gen. Hopkins is a well known resident of South Baltimore, has, for the past six months, been suffering the most intense agony from pains in his breast. The most learned physicians have attended him, but could afford him no relief, they failing to discover the character of his disease. A few days since, while Mr. Hopkins was musing about his chamber, he felt a pricking sensation about his left thigh, and upon searching for the cause, he discovered the point of a pin sticking through the flesh. The pin was removed and found to be corroded. Mr. Hopkins, upon removing the stranger, remembered that about the time he was taken sick, he had swallowed a pin while eating a fish ball at the Baley House, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad—Bal. Clipper.

Parade of Bounty Jumpers.
An Indianapolis paper gives the following description of a parade of bounty jumpers in that city a few days since:

"There were about a hundred and fifty in this squad of 'regulars' handcuffed together by twos, with a long rope running between each two through the entire length of the line, one end of which was made fast to a huge negro's left hand, while in his right he carried a large bell. On his breast he wore a large printed placard bearing the following inscription, 'Agency for Bounty Jumpers.' On the back of each of the others was a placard inscribed 'Bounty Jumper.' In this way they were marched through the principal streets of the city, the old dorky clanging his bell and the band bringing up the rear playing the 'Rogue's March.' The line was strongly guarded by infantry. Among these 'jumpers' was a man formerly on the police in that city, and another whose wife had offered twenty-five thousand dollars in gold to have her husband released, but Colonel Warner couldn't see it, not anything else but the 'jumpers' going to the front. The city had been overrun with such fellows for a long time, and Col. Warner was bound to break it up, and took this successful method of accomplishing it."

A Very Great Rasca!
Two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Thomas Jones, were fond of dropping into Mr. Smith's parlor and spending an hour or two with his only daughter, Mary. One evening, when Brown and Jones had discussed almost every topic, in his sweetest tones, struck out as follows: "Do you think, Mary, you could leave father and mother, this pleasant home, with all its ease and comforts, and emigrate to the far West with a young lawyer, who had but little besides his profession to depend upon, and with him search out a new home, which should be your joint duty to beautify and make delightful and happy, like this?" Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she whispered "I think I could, Archy." "Well," said he, "there's Tom Jones, who's going to emigrate and wants to get a wife: fit mention it to him."

\$250,000 worth of watch springs may be produced from a bar of iron originally valued at \$5.

A reading room in Richmond, supplied with the northern papers, charges 55 per day for admission.