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## JOB PRINTING,

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From the St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.

## A Sad History.

We lately met a young and interesting girl at the house of an acquaintance who told us a tale of wrong and suffering that would furnish material for a good sized novel.

One year ago this young lady left her home in Pennsylvania—a home where all the luxuries of life were at her command. Her parents were indulgent, and she, an only child, was loved with all the fondness of true and parental affection. No wish of hers remained ungratified, for she was the idol of those parents, and the light of the home made desolate by an act which will forever cast its shadows on her heart.

In February, 1864, she became acquainted with a Mormon preacher, who painted her in glowing terms the glories of Utah and the Mormon religion. He told her of the beautiful valleys of Utah, fortified on all sides by giant mountains, whose peaks, burnished by eternal snows, looked down upon the valleys of perpetual greens peopled by God's own chosen kindred, who were free as the mountain torrent, that leap the rocks of the lofty Timpanogas range. He told her of the content and peace reigning among the saints, and assured her that the Mormons were God's own peculiar people, and so worked upon her imagination that she finally consented to leave friends, family, and all the endearments of home, and go with him to the Valley of the Saints.

Arriving at Chicago he forced her to marry him, the ceremony being performed by a mock priest, without record or license. On the last of April she left Wyoming, Nebraska, with a Mormon train, for the land of promise, and finally arrived in the city of the Saints. Here she found that her husband had four other wives, who regarded her with no tender emotions, but heaped abuse and contumely upon her head.

After a few months her liege lord told her he had concluded to send her to another, who had taken a great fancy to her; that his other wives were jealous, and were determined his last wife should live with him no longer.

She declared that she would die before she would be thus put away and forced to live as the wife of a man with whom she had no acquaintance, and had seen but once in her life. Her husband told her it was Brigham Young's order and she must do so or lose her life. Determined not to be thus sacrificed, she started to run away with the intention of making her way to Camp Breckinridge, in Cedar Valley, then garrisoned by United States troops, and claim protection there. She started on foot and, after traveling about ten miles, was caught and brought back, placed in a dungeon, or rather a cellar, and kept there a month, with just enough food to sustain life. The man with whom she refused to live frequently visited her, and besought her to change her resolution in order to save her life.

Through force of circumstances she at last yielded, and was duly installed in his family, as the sixth wife. Here she found as before, the jealousies and quarrels arising were intolerable, and she again determined to escape or die in the attempt. This time she succeeded in reaching the headquarters of Gen. Connor, to whom she told her tale of suffering. The General sent her through to the States with a government train bound for Fort Kearney, which place she reached early last week.

She leaves this city to-night, a repentant sorrowful child, for her home in Pennsylvania—that home which she was persuaded to desert through the misrepresentation and wiles of a crafty scoundrel. What joy and gladness will swell up from the hearts of those parents, when they again behold the one they believed lost to them forever. We drop the veil. Reader this is not an isolated case, but an every day occurrence in this busy sinful world.

## The Story of a Tree.

A correspondent with the army before Petersburg tells a curious story of a large pine tree, which has long stood midway between the Union and Rebel pickets, at a point where the lines are only twenty-five yards apart. The trees neutral position long protected it from destruction, but scarcity of fuel suggested a compromise, and it was agreed that it should be cut down, and that both claimants should divide its wood. A delegate from each picket line accordingly went forth to the task, and by the vigorous axes of both the trunk was soon leveled to the earth. Then arose an animated debate as to which of the soldiers should have the butt and which the branches. Words were not conclusive enough to decide the question, and were soon changed to blows. A brisk and bloodless combat ensued, in which the Union man proved the most skillful pugilist, and the victor triumphantly carried to his camp-fire the largest end of the log.

A Richmond paper mildly remonstrates against ten dollars a quart for skimmed milk.

## Nasby and the Draft.

Petroleum V. Nasby gives the following cogent reasons why he should not be drafted:

I see in the papers last nite, that the Government has instituted a draft, and that in a few weeks hundreds of thousands of peaceable citizens will be dragged to the tented field. I know not what others may do, but ez fer me I can't go.— Upon a rigid examination uv my fizzle man, I find it wood be wuz nor madnes for me 2 undertake a campane, to wit:

1. I'm bald headed, and hev ben obliged to ware a wig these 22 years.
2. I hev dandruff in wat scanty hair still is round my venerable temples.
3. I hev a chronic katarr.
4. I hev lost, since Stanton's order to draft, the use of one eye entirely, and have chronic inflammation in the other.
5. My teeth is all unsound, my palit aint eggsetly rite, and I hed broncheitis 31 years last Joon. At present I hev a kof, the paroxisms uv which is fritful 2 behold.
7. I am afflicted with chronic diarrar and kostiveness. The money I hev paid for Jauneses karminnativ balsam and pills wood astonish almost enybody.
8. I am rupchured in 9 places, and am entirely enveloped with trusses.
9. I hev varykose vanos, hev a white swelling on wun leg and a fever sore on the other—also one leg is shorter than tother, though I handle it so expert that nobody never noticed it.
10. I hev korns and bunyans on both feet, which wood prevent me from marchin.

I don't suppose that my political opinion which are forriest the prosecution of this unconstitoshuel war, wood hev any wat with a draftin osifer, but the above named reasons why I can't go, will, I unaik no doubt be sufficient.

## PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

SAINT'S REST, (which iz the state of noo gersy,) Jan. 15, 1865.

'The wagis uv sin is deth.' Sieh is the substans uv a passage uv Skripter, which since mi exile 2 this loonly shoar hez bin my solis. How troo the remark; how fertily hez it bin realized.

The ashent Dimokrisy owned this Gvment, and mite hev hed it to-day. But then the waz a eyechus set. Tha did'n run after harlots. Jaxon and Benton, and Silas Write, and sich men, how wuz men and kept us strate. But when tha went to there respective rewards, another klass uv men okkiped us. Jim Bookanon and Jeff. Davis tuk hold uv the Dimykratic kite, tore off its time-honored tale Ekal Rites, and substituted Slavery.— The result iz b4 the world. Dimokrisy iz in the mud, and the Apilishinists hev the Post offices, Alars!

In the olden times we used to heer this song:

"How the car uv emansipashin  
Iz rollin grandly thru the nashun,"  
I've seen that car, and its on two wheels  
and cariez balls from G 2 5 hundred  
pounds in wate. Sherman rode in 2 Sa-  
vanner's other da.

The harder the wurk yoo dew fer the devil the more deth yoo git fer wagis.— We labored faithfully in the servis uv slavery. We dismiss our consenses, went back on our recurd, swore black wuz white and vicy, even going so far ez 2 go in 2 wars 2 perpetoate it. What iz the result?

Liukin has abolisht it bi proklamation. His blooketed hirelians hev abolisht it, niggers and all, wherever tha hev gone, and tha maid sum rather extensive toors. And finally the Koufედrisy, which wuz institooted 2 presarv it, is perposin to throw it overboard ez the prise uv recog-  
nition, and this tha dew without stoppin 2 enquire wat iz tow becum uv us northern dimokrats who hev tied ourselves 2 it.

So reeklis sailers flung overboard a prise lis cargo 2 sav a worthless bulck. So Joner wuz hindered in 2 the billin waves 2 sav a set uv mariners who wuz not profits.

Wood o-wood that I, like him cood be goobled up by sum frendly wale, who wud, in doo time, vomit me out on dry land.

Ez fer me I'm dun. I'm a anti-slavery man from this time out. Mi consense won't allow me 2 support it no longer, and besides it don't pay. Ez the sole servin leader uv the Dimokrisy, I shell immejately ishoo a sorkler instructin uv'em 2 maik this change of front.

## PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Lait Paster uv the Chuch uv the Noo Dispensashen.

A released comrade of Seneca Marble of Bucks county, who died in a Georgia prison pen of sheer starvation, says that when weak and wan with life waning away from hunger unsatisfied, he piteously exclaimed in words of poignant grief "Oh if I only could get to my father's swill barrel!" and died. That sentence holds a volume of misery.

General Lee calls upon Providence to come to his aid. But Providence is busy on the other side just now. And Providence doesn't think it a good rule to work both ways.—Loy Jour.

In the countries around Buenos Ayres, four million cattle are killed every year for their hides. Each animal yields about a hundred and fifty pounds of dried beef; hence the enormous quantity wasted may be easily calculated.

## Indignation Superinduced by Petroleum.

The other day I came across a Western Congressman who appeared to be in high state of indignation at something or other and in response to an inquiry as to what was the matter with him, he unbosomed himself as follows:

"It's enough to make anybody mad, just to think of it. I just now met a fellow that I used to know out West as a poor journeyman carpenter, and a botch at that. He couldn't earn his salt, except at the meanest kind of mending and patching. I thought as I saw him coming up the avenue, dressed to kill, with a great big watch-chain hanging out of his vest and a diamond ring on nearly every finger—I really thought the fellow had been robbing somebody, for when I saw him before he looked as if he really needed somebody's cast off clothes to cover his nakedness.

"I told him I was glad to see him, and congratulated him on his healthy appearance. Then said I to him, 'Jim, what have you been doing since I saw you last, a good while ago?' He fingered his watch-chain a while, and looking at me, said coolly, 'I've been in business in Western Pennsylvania.' 'What kind?' said I. 'In the oil business,' said he. 'Ah, indeed,' said I. 'I suppose, then, you've done pretty well.' I expected to hear him say yes, that he had done very well had made forty or something that way; but instead of that, he says to me. 'Well, no, I haven't done very well; I've only made \$50,000, but I think I will do better next spring.'

This was the culminating point of the Congressman's indignation—the impudence of the carpenter, thinking he had done well at \$50,000, when a few months ago he was looking for jobs at a dollar a day, and couldn't get them. And all on account of 'ole.—Cincinnati Commercial

## An Ingenious Scoundrel.

We yesterday learned from a gentleman in this city, of the following outrage perpetrated in Mechanicsburg last week: A well dressed and honest seeming fellow, whose name has not been obtained, called at the residence of Mr. Elkin, a merchant in that city, about 11 o'clock on the night mentioned, and with tear moistened eye and damp handkerchief, which was frequently used in the direction of his ocular organs, pitifully requested Mr. E. to go with him to his (Mr. E.'s) store, in another part of the town, and sell him a shroud for the burial of his deceased and only brother.

Mr. E., touched by the fellow's grief, and ever willing to perform any act of humanity, put on his overcoat, felt in his pocket for the key of his store, and discovering it to be there, started off with the stranger to sell him a shroud. Tears were shed by one, and words of consolation were breathed in a sympathetic voice by the other as they passed down the street arm in arm. The store at length was reached, the key was inserted in the lock, the door yielded, and the two men entered.

Mr. Elkin found a match, lit a candle, and proceeded to measure off the pattern for a shroud. His bereaved customer, in the midst of his lamentations, suddenly gave a most startling whistle; the door opened again, as at the very utterance of a magic sound, and in bolted two ruffians, who, together with the third, who had played his part so well, drew pistols on the obliging Mr. E., and kept him silent and secure until they helped themselves to his goods and safely made their escape with the plunder. This ungenerous outlaw and his two associates, have not been heard of since the perpetration of the above outrage, notwithstanding the efforts of the officers of this city.—Springfield (Ill.) Register.

"Axe grinding" is a term borrowed from one of the most charming stories told by Benjamin Franklin. A little boy going to school was accosted by a man carrying an axe. The man calls the boy all kinds of pretty and endearing names and induced him to enter a yard where there is a grind-stone.

"Now, my pretty little fellow," says the man with the axe, "only turn that handle and you'll see something pretty." The boy turns and the man pours water over it until the axe is ground. Straightway he turns with strident voice and fierce gesture on the boy: "You abandoned little miscreant," he cries, "what do you mean by playing truant from school? You deserve a good thrashing. Get ye gone, sirrah, this instant!" Adds Franklin, "when any body flattered me I always thought he had an axe to grind.

Park Goodwin, at a meeting held in New York, recently, said:

"Europe says we are too slow. I remember that the great Wellington took six years to drive Napoleon out of Spain, a country as great as Virginia, and then he retired because of reverses elsewhere. Four nations took two years to occupy the Crimea, a country as large as New Jersey. England took eighteen months to suppress the Sepoy rebellion, about as great an undertaking as to put down a rebellion among the negroes of a South Carolina county. France has in more than a year succeeded in getting only about one hundred and eighty miles into Mexico, where she holds a very insecure position. We think that England had better look at home before criticising the movements of armies."

## The Oldest Man in the World.

We will not assert that the oldest of living men is a resident of Wisconsin, but we challenge any other State or country to produce a man or woman who has attained the age reached by Joseph Crele, now residing in the town of Caledonia, Columbia county, in this State.

During the French Revolution one Jean Claud Jacob, a member of the National Assembly, was called the "Dean of the human species, the eldest of men."— On his smeared worn face were ploughed the furrows of one hundred and twenty years. But our "Dean of the human species" is nearly twenty years older than Claud Jacob, who did not complete his one hundred and twenty-first year.

Joseph Crele was born in Detroit, of French parents. The record of his baptism to the Catholic church of that city shows that he is now 159 years of age.— He has been a resident of Wisconsin for about a century. Whenever mention is made of the earliest inhabitant, there need be no question as to the person.— Joseph Crele is undoubtedly the man.— He was first married in New Orleans, 109 years ago. Some years after he settled at Prairie du Chien, while Wisconsin was yet a province of France. Before the Revolutionary war he was employed to carry letters between Prairie du Chien and Green Bay. It is but a few years since that he was called as a witness in the Circuit Court, in a case involving the title to a certain real estate at Prairie du Chien, to give testimony in relation to events that transpired eighty years before. He now resides with a daughter, by his third wife, who is over seventy years of age.

The residence of the family is only four or five miles out of Portage City. From citizens of that place we learn that the old man is still active, is able to chop wood, and to walk several miles. He speaks English quite imperfectly, but converses fluently in the French language. He stoops a little under the burden of years, but not more than many men of seventy. In person he is rather above the medium height, spare in flesh, but showing evidences of having been in his prime a man of sinewy strength.— Concerning his habits, a subject of much interest in connection with an instance of such longevity, we have been able to learn but little, except that he is an inveterate smoker.

A very good daguerrotype picture of him taken in 1856, may be seen at the rooms of the State Historical society.— Wisconsin Journal.

## How to Prevent a Divorce.

When the senior Jonathan Trumbull was Governor of Connecticut, a gentleman called at his house, requesting to see his excellency in private. Accordingly he was shown into his sanctum sanctorum, and the Governor came forward to meet Squire W., saying—  
"Good morning, sir; I am glad to see you."

W. returned the salutation, saying as he did so—  
"I have called to see you on a very unpleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, sir?"

The Governor sat a few moments in deep thought, and then turning to Squire W., said:  
"How did you treat Mrs. W. when you were courting her, and how did you feel toward her at the time of your marriage?"

Squire W. replied—  
"I treated her as kindly as I could, for I loved her dearly at the time."  
"Well," said the Governor, "go home and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married her.— Do this, in the fear of God, for one year, and tell me the result."

The Governor then said—  
"Let us pray."  
They bowed in prayer and separated. When a year had passed away, Squire W. called again to see the Governor, and, grasping his hand, said—  
"I have called to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when we were first married. I cannot be grateful enough for your counsel!"

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. W., and hope you will continue to treat your wife thus long as you live."  
The result was that Squire W. and wife lived happily together till the end of life. It is useless to ask those who are thinking of separation in these days to go and do likewise.

## A Curious Centre Table.

A Milwaukee mechanic has presented to President Lincoln a handsome centre table, of octagonal form, which is composed of about twenty thousand different pieces of wood. The top has a beautiful and graceful border, made of black walnut and white holly, about three and a half inches wide. Within this are perfect representations of our most beautiful birds, faithful likenesses of Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, and Butler, baskets of the rarest flowers and fruits, and other designs in most excellent taste. Six months' labor was required to complete it, and it is valued at \$1,000. The same person presented Mrs. Lincoln with a work-stand which he got up with similar elaborateness. It contains one thousand pieces, is finished with every conceivable convenience, and cost two months of patient labor.

## The Victims of Rebel Cruelty.

The Wilmington N. C. correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes of rebel cruelty to Union prisoners as follows:  
"Everywhere in the lower part of the city the eye is afflicted with the sight of skeletons arrayed in every sort of uncouth garb. You look at their strange, unnatural faces, and wonder whether these are the visages of living men, or not rather parchment skins tightly drawn over a fleshless skull. Their eyes are sunken, and you scarcely see that they have vision. They are often hatless, and you will see the head of a young man or boy as bald as an old man's pate. A few weak straggling hairs are all that suffering has left, or that starved nature has been able to sustain. These poor beings, when they are strong enough to creep about, wander a little way from their hospitals and sun themselves upon cellar doors, and lie upon brick pavements. In the hospitals are men with wounds on which worms breed and feed upon the living flesh. You see men whose toes have been eaten into by maggots till the joints have dropped off. These men have their feet bound up in rags, and hobble slowly along supporting their faltering footsteps by rusted sticks. You would suppose that these men had reached the very pit of human misery, but if you converse with them they will tell you that they are happy. They have been in the hands of inhuman creatures, men without hearts, almost without souls; now they are with their friends they are happy. They have been most foully maltreated and starved; now they are tenderly cared for and fed. Home is beckoning to them. The liberated prisoner only waits for health and strength, which hope will soon breathe into his veins, and then he will be in an earthly paradise—home.

## Short as Pie Crust.

A gentleman who had a good stock of goods with which he wanted to open trade in a Southern city, wrote to Gen. Sherman soon after the occupation of Savannah, for permission to open a store there. He received the following answer: "No. W. T. Sherman, Major-General." The enterprising merchant did not open his store, but he preserves the letter as a valuable memento.

## Caution to the Public.

There was, "once upon a time," an old pilferer Down East, on whom all thefts, far and near, were at once charged, when any loss was discovered. The old fellow bore the universal "onus" patiently for a time, but finding that in some instances he was suffering for the sins of others, he issued a Caution to the Public in the usual form:

"I hereby forbid all persons, from this date, to steal on my account and risk. I am no longer accountable for their trespasses, as I have more than I can account for of my own."

## A Boy's Prayer.

A Presbyterian clergyman in Northern New York had two smart boys, just old enough to have inquiring minds, but not to discern the reason of things. They were taught to pray, and the efficiency and need of prayer were daily impressed upon them. Both boys had a patch of "tucket" or "pop" corn in the garden and the growing blades were watched with intense interest, a small reward being held out to stimulate their industry. One day the father walking near the path, heard the voice of the youngest solemnly engaged in prayer, and drawing near listened to the following petition: "O Lord, make my corn grow great big corn, but make brother Sam's grow all little nubbins!"

## First Oil Discovery.

It is related of Jonah when he took up quarters in the whale's belly, he wrote to his father to come down immediately, as he had discovered a splendid opening for the oil business. The next day he telegraphed the old gentleman as follows: "Father, don't come I'm badly sucked in. Plenty of oil, but no market!" This is the first of fishal account that profane historians give us of the oil business.

## New Way of Paying Old Debts.

In the Norwegian mines a singular custom is observed in paying the weekly wages of the men. They all present themselves on Saturday evening to the Inspector, who, having settled accounts with each, bids him turn round, and writes in white chalk upon his black back the sum due to him. Thus numbered, the man goes to the cashier, who also turns him round to look at the figures, and pays him without having a word to say.

The Lowell (Mass.) Courier states, as a strange fact, that a few months ago an old gentleman fell dead in the highway of a town or city of this State, on whose person was found twenty or thirty thousand dollars in bills on one bank—many of them much worn and mutilated. They were offered at the bank, and the officers were obliged to call a meeting of the directors, in order to ascertain (so old were some of them) if the bank had ever made any such issues.

Negroes are coming into Newbern in droves frightened by the prospect of being drawn into the rebel armies. They say if they must fight they will fight for the North.

An individual who owned a small tavern near the field of Waterloo, the scene of the last great action of Napoleon, was frequently questioned as to whether he did not possess some relics of the battle, and as in invariably and honestly answered in the negative.

But he was very poor, and one day while lamenting to a neighbor not only his poverty, but the annoyance to which travelers subjected him, his friend cut him short with:

"Well, make one help the other, Make some relics!"

"But what can I do?" inquired the poor man.

"Tell them that Napoleon or Wellington entered your shop during the battle, and sat down on that chair."  
Not long after an English tourist entered the tavern, and enquiring for relics, was told the chair story. The chair was bought at an incredible price. The next comer was informed that Wellington had taken a drink, and the "Wellington tumbler" was accordingly sold. The third "arrival gazed with breathless wonder at the nail on which Bonaparte had hung up his hat. The fourth purchased the door posts between which he had entered; and the fifth became the happy purchaser of the floor on which he had trodden.

At the last advices the fortunate tavern keeper had not a roof to cover his head, and was sitting on a bag of gold in the centre of a deep pit, formed by selling the earth on which the house had stood.

Mr. Fox, the celebrated orator, was once told by a lady whom he visited, "that she did not care three skips of a louse for him." He immediately took out his pencil and wrote the following lines:

"A lady has told me, in her own house, that she cares not for me three skips of a louse! I forgive the dear creature for what she said, since a woman will talk of what runs in her head."

The Normans have commenced cutting a canal of a magnitude far exceeding anything of the kind ever undertaken in the Territory before, for the two-fold purpose of irrigation and navigation. Starting near the boundaries of Utah and Salt Lake counties, it will wind its way along the eastern side of the valley, watering the land on its course, including a very considerable tract yet unbroken, and reaching a terminus in that city, a short distance south and west of where the artesian well is being sunk; entire length being over thirty-two miles.

Upon the occasion of Gen. Sherman's approach to Charleston, the Charleston Mercury raved, and raged, and swaggered, and blustered, and bullied, and defied, and cursed, and swore, and—skeddaddled.—Louisville Journal.

A young lady was told by a married lady that she had better precipitate herself off the Niagara Falls onto the basin beneath than marry. The young lady replied, "I would, if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom."

Peace makes plenty plenty makes pride, pride breeds quarrel, and quarrel brings war; war brings spoil, and spoil poverty patience, and patience peace.

A paragraph is going the rounds, to the effect that "since the 1st of February, all receipts of whatever amount must have on a two-cent stamp," &c. This is incorrect. No change has been made in the law, and only receipts for \$20 or over need the stamp.

The Plattville (Wis.) Witness, notes the return home of Miss Georgiana Peterman, who has been two years a drummer in the Seventh Wisconsin Regiment. She lives in Ellenboro, is about twenty years old, wears soldier clothes, and is quiet and reserved.

That was a smart youngster who, bearing his mother remark that she was fond of music, exclaimed, "Then why don't you buy me a drum?"

A male native of Michigan is now denominated a Michigander, while his female mate is called a Michigoose.

The Indians in Wisconsin, who have just received their annuities, call the fractional currency "papoose money."

The Empress Eugenie figured at a late reception with diamonds worth three millions and a half in her hair.

The population of Paris this year is 1,667,841, exclusive of a garrison of 28,300 men.

The Delaware canal is so damaged that it will take from four to six weeks to repair it.

The Persians, as ancient writers inform us, used to teach their sons to ride, pay their debts, and tell the truth. This was a long time ago.

Woman can keep a secret, but it generally takes a good many of them to do it.