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JOB PRINTING,

OF ALL KINDS, Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

(The following poem from the London Punch is really the best that has been published on the saddest subject, yet the greatest character in our history. Its rebuke of the hypocrisy of his traducers, who were so loud in expressions of grief, is overwhelming.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shuffling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonaire,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this kind of prince's peer,
The rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head, and heart and hand—
As one who knows where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor trampler with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might.

The unbroken forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks.

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train,
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years' ill-fate,
ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers.

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood.

A felon had, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-labored limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumphs came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Jeff Davis and Robt Lee.

Jeff. Davis and Lee thought they could see
In Richmond such a matter
Of forts and ditch, that gainst the which,
The Yanks in vain might batter.

But General Grant, who knows no "cant,"
So banged the rebel anvil,
That Lee broke down, and Jeff. left town
And ran away to Danville.

Brave as a bear, he promised there,
In royal proclamations,
He yet would win and stand within
The family of nations.

Alas! Alack! Within a crack—
(Ye stars and garters save us!)
The man was spied standing inside
The skirts of Mrs. Davis!

On an evening preceding Thanks giving
many years ago, two students left the
college, with the most foul intent of pro-
curing some of the Doctor's fine chickens,
that roosted on a tree adjoining the house.

When they arrived at the spot, one ascend-
ing the tree, while the other stood with a
bag ready to receive the plunder. It so hap-
pened that the Doctor himself had just left
the house, with the view of securing the same
chickens for his Thanksgiving dinner. The
rogue under the tree hearing some one ap-
proaching, immediately crept away, without
notifying his companion among the branches.

The Doctor came up silently, and was im-
mediately saluted from above as follows:
"Are you ready?"
"Yes," responded the Doctor, disem-
bling his voice as much as possible.

The other immediately laying his hands
on the old rooster, exclaimed:
"Here's old Prex, will you have him?"
"Pass him along," was the reply, and he
was soon in the Doctor's bag.

"Here's marm Prex," said the all un-
conscious student, grabbing a fine old hen,
"will you have her?"
"Yes," again responded the Doctor.

"Here's son John, will you have him?"
"Here's daughter Sal, take her?" and
so on until he had gone regularly through
with the Doctor's family and chickens.

The old man walked off in one direc-
tion with the plunder, while the student,
well satisfied with his night's work, came
down and streaked it for the college.—
Great was his astonishment to learn from
his companion that he had not got any
chickens, and if he gave them to any one
it must have been to Dr. Nott. Ex-
pulsions, fines, and disgrace was upper-
most in their thoughts until the next
forenoon, when both received a polite
invitation from their President, request-
ing the presence of their company to a
Thanksgiving dinner. To decline was
impossible, so with hearts full of anxiety
for the result, they wended their way to
the house, where they were pleasantly re-
ceived by the old gentleman, and with a
large party soon around the festive
board. After asking a blessing, the Doctor
arose from his seat, and taking the carving
knife turned with a smile to the rogues
and said: "Young gentlemen, here's old
Prex, and marm Prex, son John, & daughter
Sal," at the same time touching the respec-
tive chickens; "to which will you be helped?"
The mortification of the students may be
imagined.

A Rough Bedfellow.

A man in Arkansas, who had been
drinking till late at night, started for
home in a state of sweet obliviousness.—
Upon reaching his own premises he was
too far gone to discover any door to the
domicile he was wont to inhabit, and there-
fore laid himself down in a shed which
was a favorite rendezvous for the hogs.—
They happened to be out when the new
comer arrived. The weather being rather
cold, they, in the utmost kindness, and
with truest hospitality, gave their
biped companion the middle of the bed,
some lying on either side of him, and
others acting the part of quilt. Their
warmth prevented him from being in-
jured by exposure. Towards morning
he awoke. Finding himself comfortable,
in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts,
he supposed himself enjoying the accom-
modation of a tavern, in company with
other gentlemen. He reached out with
his hand, and catching hold of the stiff
bristles of a hog, he exclaimed—"Hallo, my
good friend, you've got a d— of a
beard! When did you shave last?"

Bugs. Housekeepers who are not desir-
ous of being carried out of the world by
bugs, will be glad to learn that they can-
not stand hot alum water. Take two
pounds of alum; bruise it, and reduce it
to powder; dissolve it in three quarts of
water; let it remain in a warm place till
the alum is dissolved. The alum water
is to be applied by means of a brush to
every joint and crevice in the floor.—
Whitewash the ceiling, putting in plenty
of alum, and there will be an end to their
dropping thence.

Interchangeable terms—Petroleum for
the itch and the itch for petroleum.

Spicy Soldiers. Hot, fiery fellows
are our soldiers—peppered while in the
service, and mustered out of it.

What is the difference between a
drummer-boy and a pound of meat?
Ans.—One weighs a pound, and the other
pounds away.

INCIDENT IN NAPOLEAN'S ARMY.

Anthony Martel was a brave young
soldier as ever bore arms on a battle field.
He was a general favorite in his regiment.
He loved his country, and a maiden, Cade-
line, who was considered the prettiest in
Visselle, and many were the hearts that
beat with love and joy when the fair Cade-
line turned her beautiful eyes upon them,
and returned their salutations with a win-
ning smile. There was not a brave soldier
in the whole regiment, but would have
been proud to shed his last drop of blood
to resent an insult to the bright star
of Visselle. Many were they who wor-
shipped at her shrine, but there was only
one who received any return to their pas-
sion, and he was the gallant Anthony
Martel.

The Colonel of the regiment to which
he belonged, was a man of violent, insol-
ent passion and overbearing in the ex-
treme to his subordinates; and was as un-
iversally hated as Martel was loved.

On several occasions he had made in-
famous proposals to Cadeline which she
had resented with scorn, but still he be-
came importunate until finding himself
baffled in all his endeavors, he determined
to adopt a new procedure, hoping to be
more successful in his designs. Accord-
ingly, he called on Cadeline when she
was alone, and made an apology for his
former rudeness, and asked forgiveness,
which she readily granted, presuming
that he would not trouble her any fur-
ther, but in this she was disappointed, for
he immediately made new overtures of
love to her, promising if she would listen
to his suit he would load her with pres-
ents, and also make her his bride. But
all the flattering inducements had no ef-
fect upon her, for she was true to her first
love.

"Consider, Cadeline, my rank and sta-
tion, and then your position would be
higher than the proudest lady in the village
besides, you shall have the attendants and
all the luxury and refinement that wealth
can furnish."

"Ah, Colonel Livillier, what would
these gifts be without the heart?" said
Cadeline.

"You would soon learn to love me,"
said the Colonel.

"No, Colonel, I never loved but one."
"Then why not love me?"
"Because I already love another."

"Indeed, my fair charmer," said the
Colonel ironically, "may I be permitted
to ask the name of the gallant?"

"Anthony Martel," was the innocent
reply.

"What a common soldier—a hireling
for a rival! By Heavens!" he exclaimed
in a terrible passion, "unless you instan-
tly accept my suit and reject the beggarly
churl, I will have him shot like a dog for
his audacious presumption, and I will
give you but a moment to decide his fate."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Cadeline, "he is
guilty of no crime, and has never injured
you."

"Has he not dared to supplant a Colonel
in the French army, and he is only a sol-
dier?"

"Nay, Col. I loved him ere I saw you.
He is generous, noble, and would injure
no one."

"Do not lose time in idle words; con-
sent to be mine, or ere the morning sun
has risen, his heart shall cease to beat!"

"Oh heavens, spare him!" said Cade-
line, in anguish.

"You plead in vain."
"Give me but a single day to decide."
"Not an hour."

At this moment a majestic form cast
its shadow in the outer doorway, but it
was observed by neither of the persons
within the room, so absorbed were they
in their own affairs. Stepping aside so
so as to be unseen, the stranger remained
a spectator to all.

"I implore you to let me speak to An-
thony before I give you any answer."
"Not a word to him; therefore instan-
tly consent to become my wife or sign the
death warrant of Martel."

"Inhuman monster! I would rather
die a thousand deaths than to be your
wife—even if you were the proud Emper-
or of France. Anthony fears no death,
and he would rather give away his life
than have me prove false to him."

"Mad girl! you are in my power and I
will use you as I please, since you have
so insultingly spoke."
"Never!"

"Dare you defy me to my face? Thus
ten, let me prove my words by snatching
a breath of sweet fragrance of your scorn-
ful lips."
And clasp his arms around the form
of Cadeline, Livillier endeavored to put
his threat into execution.

"Help, mercy!" exclaimed she.

At this moment the report of a pistol
in the hands of the stranger we have al-
ready mentioned, was heard, and the bul-
let shattered the arm of the aggressor,
rendering him powerless. But whence
the shot came, both were unable to tell,
for no sooner was the weapon discharged,
than the deliverer disappeared, and An-
thony Martel rushed into the room by
another door. Observing the wild ap-
pearance of Cadeline breaking from the
arms of the Colonel, in an instant he di-
vined the whole, and with a powerful
blow he laid the intruder at his feet.

On the following morning an unusual
activity among the officers told that some-
thing of more than ordinary importance
was to take place, as each one hastened to
the quarters of the commandant, though
a court martial is no very unusual thing,
yet it is sufficiently rare to attract atten-
tion in camp.

Soon the quick roll of the drum told
that the court had convened and was ready
to try a criminal. Within a spacious
tent, was gathered a large number of of-
ficers in full uniform.

Seated on a raised platform was Gener-
al Lovick, acting as judge. Another roll
of the drum announced the entrance of
the prisoner.

"Of what is this man charged?" asked
the judge.

"Of attempting to destroy the life of
his superior officer, Col. Lavillier," said
the advocate.

"And where is the accuser?" continued
the court.

"Here, may it please your excellency,"
replied the Colonel, whose arm was done
up in a sling.

"How came Martel to attempt your
life?"

"I know not," said Lavillier.
"What provoked the insult?"
"A conversation with a young girl with
whom the prisoner is acquainted."

"Is that all?"
It is, your excellency."
After a short consultation with the oth-
er officers, the Judge turned to the pris-
oner and thus addressed him:

"Anthony Martel, you have been found
guilty of an attempt to murder a superior
officer of the French Army, the punish-
ment of which is death. What have you
to say that you should not suffer the ex-
treme penalty of the law which you have
offended?"

Martel, who stood as though uncon-
scious till now, raised his manly form; he
bent his eyes searchingly upon the Col-
onel, and said in a firm voice:

"Your excellency, I am aware that my
vindication which I make, will be of no
avail, but being permitted, I will speak
the truth, that my fellow soldiers may
know that I die innocent of the charge
brought against me. I did not fire upon
Colonel Lavillier, and had no weapon
when arrested. At the moment I en-
tered the dwelling of Cadeline, I found
her struggling in his arms. I stopped not
to inquire his rank, but struck him with
my doubled fist to the floor. This is all
I have done, and had it been the Emperor
himself in his place, I would have done
likewise. For the duty of a true soldier
is to protect the innocent and defenceless.
I am willing to die—but my death shall
not be unavenged, for the grass will not
have covered my grave before my com-
rades shall have found the heart of my
murderer, for there is not one who will
shrink when the hour comes. I am ready—
pass your sentence."

"Martel, your language does not be-
come a man who is on the threshold of
eternity."
"Truth becomes a man at all times,"
replied Anthony.

Colonel Lavillier, during the time the
prisoner was speaking, seemed greatly
excited, and turned pale; he knew that
Martel was a great favorite in the regim-
ent, and he feared his own life was in
danger.

"Anthony Martel," said the Judge,
"the sentence of the court is, that you be
shot by twelve of your comrades."

Again the roll of the drum told that
the case had been decided, and they were
about to conduct the prisoner to his quar-
ters, when a young girl rushed past the
guard into the tent, and prostrating her-
self at the feet of the presiding officer,
exclaimed:

"He is innocent! spare him! he did
shoot Colonel Lavillier."
As the tears flowed down her beautiful
face every heart was touched with pity
save one. He stood unmoved by suppli-
cations. The Judge informed her that it
was impossible for him to alter the sen-
tence of the court, that the only hope
was left her was in Col. Lavillier, who
was the injured party, who had power to
ask for his pardon or recommend him to
mercy.

In vain Cadeline pleaded with him; he
was inexorable, and she was borne sense-
less from his tent.

On the following morning a little be-
fore sunrise, some soldiers were busily
engaged in placing red flags at short in-
tervals on a beautiful plain not far from
the camp. No sooner had this been ac-
complished than the muffled drum and
band playing the dead march was heard.

A company of soldiers drew near, accom-
panied by a large number of officers, who
came to witness the punishment of death.
Anthony Martel was walking with a firm
step to meet his doom! Arriving at the
spot designated for him to die, he was
calm and unmoved at the approaching
crisis. Twelve of his fellow soldiers were
brought into line. Every movement
showed their unwillingness to perform
the odious duty which had been assigned
to them.

All being arranged, the commandant
walked up to Martel, and taking him by
the hand he shook it warmly. Bidding
him farewell he gave him permission to
address his companion in arms.

This mark of kindness moved the con-
demned man, and a tear started to his
eye, but luckily regaining his composure
he addressed those who were to lay him
low in death.

"Comrades, I have come here to die
like a man and a soldier; I am guilty of
no crime; I have never dishonored my
country or regiment; I have fought by
your side in the thickest of battle, when
the guns of the enemy poured hot lead
into our ranks, and swept our brave coun-
trymen like chaff before the whirlwind.
But you can all affirm that I did not quail
or falter when the grim monster stared
me in the face. And should I tremble
now when I am to die by the hands of
my beloved comrades? No. I consider
it an honor, and the last sound that will
ever greet my ears will be the glorious
dying music of your own true guns when
I fall. I know you will not suffer my
ashes to go unavenged. Let not your
hand tremble, but with a firm steady
hand, level your pieces to my breast, when
I give the word fire, for I would have the
mark of every man, if you love me.—
Comrades, farewell! and may we meet
where the warrior rests from his battles
and his victories."

The soldiers brought their pieces to
their shoulders, but stopped as the fran-
tic Cadeline rushed into the arms of her
lover.

"Oh, Anthony! you must not die.—
Col. Lavillier will have mercy, he can
not be so cruel as to murder you."

"Cadeline, there is no hope, I am pre-
pared to die, but this meeting unnerves
me. I could have wished you had been
spared this scene, but calm yourself and
do not weep, when I am gone. You will
not want for defenders, for my regiment
will go hard with him who dares to insult
Cadeline, be his rank what it may."

"Commandant," said Col. Lavillier in
an impatient tone, "it is past the time or-
dered for the execution; separate them
and perform your duty."

With difficulty Cadeline was torn from
the embrace of Martel, and conveyed a
distance from the foot.

The word ready was given, and quick-
ly followed by the second command pre-
sent arms, and the third and last fatal
word fire was on the lips of the comman-
dant, when a stern voice from a person
who stood a short distance apart, closely
muffled up, gave the command to recover
arms.

So suddenly was the order, that every
eye was turned to the person who had
thus dared unceremoniously to counter-
mand an order so important an occasion.

"Order that man under arrest," said
Col. Lavillier.

As the person approached rapidly to
where he stood, throwing the cloak from
his face, the astonished officer beheld in
him Field Marshal Macdonald.

"Will Col. Lavillier inform me for what
crime the culprit suffers?"

"For an attempt on my life with a pis-
tol," was the answer.

"Are you sure he is the guilty one?"
"Yes."
"Will you not pardon him?"
"It has been decided by a court mar-
tial that he shall die."

"Still you have the same power to par-
don him."
"I decline all interference in the course
of justice," said he.

"I do not," said Macdonald, "therefore
I stop the execution. Anthony Martel
is not guilty."

"May I ask your excellency who is?"
said Lavillier, with an uneasy air.

"I am," said Macdonald.
"Will you please to explain to me this
mystery?"

"I will. Having business of import-
ance with you on the evening of the as-
sault, I called at your head quarters, and
found you not. On inquiry I learned the
direction you had taken, and followed
in pursuit. Finding that you had entered
Cadeline's cottage, I arrived just in
time to be an unobserved witness of your
villainy, and the ball which only shat-
tered your arm, was fired by me, and had
it not been for endangering the life of the
girl, it would have reached your heart.

Colonel Martel, I greet you in behalf
of the Emperor, to whom I have related
your case, and who has been pleased to
confer this honor and title upon you.—
Col. Lavillier your sword; henceforth
you are no longer an officer in the grand
army, and now take Martel's place and
receive the guns that a moment ago were
aimed at the breast of an innocent man?"

Every heart beat with joy at the sud-
den change. Poor Lavillier trembling
with fear and shame, was led to the red
flag. Again the fearful orders were given
but the heart of the culprit sank with-
in him, and he implored for mercy.

"How can you ask for that which but
a few moments since you refused an in-
nocent man?"

"I own my fault," was the reply.
"Then I refer you to Col. Martel, who
has full power to pardon you or not, as
he thinks proper," said Macdonald.

"Col. Martel," said the disgraced man,
"dare I hope for mercy?"
"I grant you a full and unconditional
pardon. You are at liberty," was the
willing reply of Martel, "and do not for-
get to show mercy that you may receive
the same."

Cadeline Dupee. And many were the
presents and keepsakes the happy pair re-
ceived from the regiment, who loved
their brave and generous commander.

Josh Billings on Courting.
Courting is a luxury. It is ice water.
It is the pla spell of the sole. The man
who has never courted has lived in vane.
He has been; a blind man among land-
scapes and water-scapes; he has bit a
deaf man in the land of hand organs, and
bit the side of murmuring canals.

Courting is like 2 little springs of wa-
ter that start out from under a rock at the
foot of a mountain, and runs down hill
side by side, singing and dancing and
spattering each other, eddying and forth-
ing and kaskading, now full of shadder, till bim-
by the june, then tha go slow. I am in
favor of long courting; it gives the parties
a chance to find out each other's
trump cards, it is good exercise, and is
just as innocent as 2 domino lambs.

Courting is like strawberries and cream
—wants to be did slow, then you git the
flavor. I have saw folks git acquainted,
fall in luv, git married, settle down, and
git tew work in three weeks from date.
This iz jist the way sum folks learn a
trade—accounts for the grate number ov
almitey mean mechanics we hav and
poor jobs tha turn out.

Perhaps it iz best if I shud state sum
good advice to young men who are about
to court and with a final view to matrim-
ony, ax it was.

In the fast phase, yung man, yu want
to git yure system awl rite, and then
find a yung woman who is willing tew
be courted on the square. The next
thing iz tew find out how old she iz,
which you can dew bi askin her, and she
will sa that she iz 16 years old, and this
you will find won't be far from out of
the wa.

The next best thing iz to begin mod-
erate: sa onse every nite in the week
for the fast six months, increasing the
dose as the patient seems to require.

It iz a fast rate yu tew court the girl's
mother a lettle on the start, fur there iz
one thing a woman never despises, and
that is a lettle good courting, if it iz dun
on the square. After the fast year you
will begin to be well acquainted and will
like the bizzines.

There iz 1 thing I alwas advise, and
that iz, not swop fotografs oftener than
once in ten days, unless you forget how
the gal looks.

Okasionally yu want tew look sorry
and draw in yure wind as if you had pain;
this will set the gal tu teezing yu tew
find out what ails yu.

Evening meetings are a good thing tew
tend. It will keep yure religion in tune;
and then if yure gal happens tew be
thare bi accident, she kan ask you tew
go home with her.

As a general thing I wouldn't brag on
uiter gals much when yu was courtin. It
mite look as tho yu kan tew much.

If yu will court three years in this
way, awl the time on the square, if yu
don't sa it iz a lettle the slickest time in
yure life, yu kan git measured for a hat
at my expense, and pay for it.

Don't court for mune, nur booty, nur
relashuns! these things are jist about as
the kerosene ile refining bizzines, liable
tew git tout of repair and bust at enney
minnit. Court a gal fur fun, fur the luv
you bear her, fur the virtue and bizzines
there iz in her; court her fur a wife or
mother; court her az yu would court a
farm fur the strength of the sile, and the
strength of the ile, and perfectshun ov
the title; court her as tho she want a fule
and you a nuther; court her in the
kitchen and in the parlor, over the wash
tub and at the pianner; court this wa
yung man, and if y