

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 24.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA JULY 20, 1865.

NO. 20.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements of one square (eight lines) or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOB PRINTING,

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

I'LL BE TRUE.

By the golden summer air,
By the rose and lily rare,
By the beauty everywhere,
Do I swear that I'll be true,
For the love I bear to you.

In the silence of the night,
When the stars are glowing bright,
When the moon's soft silvery light
Beams upon my weary sight,
Then to you will I be true,
For the love I bear to you.

When the storms are threatening loud,
And there's danger in the cloud,
When with years my form is bowed,
And my life with cares endowed,
Then I'll be true,
To myself, my love, and you.

All the years my life shall know,
Bring their riches joy or woe,
When with years my form is bowed,
And my life with cares endowed,
Then I'll love and I'll be true,
To myself, my love, and you.

All the years my life shall know
Bring their riches joy or woe,
When my hair is white as snow,
With the years that come and go,
Then and always I'll be true,
Then and always love but you.

"Woman's Rights" which Have Been Overlooked.

It is a woman's right to have her home in order whenever her husband returns from business. It is a woman's right to be kind and forbearing whenever her husband is annoyed. It is a woman's right to examine her husband's linen, and see that it wants neither mending nor buttons. It is a woman's right to be satisfied with her old dresses until her husband can afford to get her new ones. It is a woman's right to be content when her husband declares he is unable to take her to the country. It is a woman's right to nurse her children instead of leaving it to a maid. It is a woman's right to get her daughters married—happily, or not at all. It is a woman's right to feel pleased, though her husband bring a friend unexpectedly to dinner. It is a woman's right to be content with her own garments without encroaching on those of her husband. And, finally, it is a woman's right to remain a woman without endeavoring to be a man.

Longevity of Soldiers.

We find the following statistic in an old copy of a newspaper. We publish it just now, as evidence that, where the constitution is strong, the hardships of camp life do not shorten life: "Many soldiers and officers of the Revolutionary War died at an advanced age. The hardships they underwent in that contest gave them iron constitutions. John Lask, who died in Tennessee in 1838, at the age of one hundred and four years, had been a soldier in the old French War, at the battle of Abraham's Plains, Quebec, Canada East, where Gen. Wolfe died victorious. He also went through the Continental War. James Stafford died at Allentown, New Jersey, aged one hundred and two. He was a midshipman in the Alliance frigate. Anthony Van Pell, who died in New York city, in 1830, was beyond doubt, the oldest person dying in that year. He was in the one hundred and thirteenth year of his age. Arron Burr died at an advanced age, and many other Revolutionary heroes whom it is needless to mention here." Our General Scott, the hero of many battles, is in his seventy-ninth year.

Spottsylvania.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, who lately visited the battle-field of Spottsylvania, says: "Ghastliest of all ghastly sights upon this bloody field are the skeletons of dead men broadcast over the land—the nation's seed, planted willingly for a glorious harvest of Union and peace—but never covered from sight. Within a circle of one hundred and fifty yards, where an unsuccessful assault was made upon the enemy's works. I counted fifty skulls, polished by time, reflecting grimly the rays of the sun, as they fell carelessly upon the last memorial of man. That these remained was doubtless due to the fact that both armies moved away immediately after fighting, and have never occupied the spot. But what must be thought of the farmers who left these dreadful souvenirs here on their grounds. I saw one plowing on the same field where lay a skeleton, and he coolly told me that when he came to it he supposed he would bury it. 'Tis a pity for human nature that such people should live."

The Darkey who greased his feet so that he could not make a noise when he went to steal chickens, slipped from the hen-roost into the custody of the owner. He gave, as reason for his being there, "Dat he cum der to see ef de chickens slepted with dere eyes open." He was scopped.

THE PERSIMONIOUS CLERK.

"Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes—An empty pocket's the worst of crimes."

"Weston," said Mr. Dayton, to one of his clerks, as they were alone in the spacious counting room, which was attached to a large store of which Mr. Dayton was proprietor, "give me leave to say that I do not think you dress sufficient genteel to appear as a clerk in a fashionable store."

A deep blush suffused the face of the young man, and in spite of his endeavors to repress it, a tear glistened in his full black eyes.

"Did not I know that your salary was sufficient to procure more genteel habiliments I would increase it." "My salary is amply large, sir," replied Weston, with a mortified air, but with that proud independence of feeling of which every poverty had not been able to divest him.

"Oblige me, then, by changing your apparel and presenting a different appearance in the future. You are wanted in the store." Weston turned and left his employer, who muttered to himself, as he took up his paper, "how I detest those parsimonious fellows." Mr. Dayton was a man of immense wealth. He was a widower and had but one child, a daughter, who was the pride of his declining years. She was good as an angel and as beautiful as she was good. She was simple in her tastes and appearance. Such was Laura Dayton when Weston May first became an inmate of her father's house and what wonder was it that he soon learned to love her with a deep and ardent affection. Though their tongues never gave utterance to what their hearts felt, yet the language of their eyes was too plain to be mistaken. Weston was the very soul of honor, and although he perceived with pleasure, that he was not distasteful to her, still he felt that he must conquer the passion which glowed in his heart.

"I must not win her heart," he said to himself; "I am penniless, and her father would never consent to our union." Thus he reasoned, and thus he manfully endeavored to subdue, what he considered an ill-fated passion. Laura had many suitors and some who were worthy of her, but she refused all their overtures with decisive yet gentle firmness.

Her father wondered at her conduct, but would not strive to alter her inclinations. He was in the decline of life, and wished to see her happily settled ere he departed from this world. It was long before he surmised that young Weston was the cause of her indifference to others. The pleasure which she took in hearing him praised, the blush which mantled her face when their eyes met, served to convince the old gentleman that they took more than common interest in each other. He forbore to make any remarks upon the subject and was not so displeased at the thought as Weston had imagined he would be.

Weston May had now been three years in his employ. Mr. Dayton knew nothing of his family; but his strict integrity, good morals, and pleasing manner conspired to make him esteem him highly. He placed unbounded confidence in him. He wished him to dress as well as others, and had often wondered at his scantiness of his wardrobe; for although Weston dressed with the most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost threadbare, which Mr. Dayton thought proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and accordingly he addressed him upon the subject as before related. Soon after this conversation, Mr. Dayton left home on business. As he was riding through a pretty village, he alighted at the door of a cottage and requested a drink of water. The mistress, with an ease and politeness which told that she had not always been the humble cottager, invited him to enter. He complied, and a scene of poverty and neatness met his gaze which he had never before witnessed. The furniture consisting of nothing more than was actually necessary, was so clean and neat, that it cast an air of comfort all around. A venerable old man sat by the window with his staff in his hand. His clothes were whole but so patched that they seemed a counterpart of Joseph's coat of many colors.

"This is your father, I presume," said he, addressing her.

"It is, sir."

"He seems quite aged."

"He is in his eighty-third year, and has survived all his children but myself."

"Have you always resided here?"

"No sir; my husband was once wealthy, but endorsing ruined him, and we are reduced to this state. He soon after died and two of my children followed him."

"Have you any children living?"

"One, sir, who is my only support.—My own health is so feeble that I cannot do much, and father being blind and deaf, needs a good deal of attention. My son will not tell me how much his salary is, but I am sure he sends me all of it."

"Then he is not at home?"

"No sir, he is a clerk in New York."

"Indeed! Pray what is his name?"

"Weston May." "Is it possible, Why, he is my clerk. I left him in charge of my store only two weeks ago."

"Explanation followed, and Mr. Dayton soon left proposing to call some other time."

"Noble fellow," said he mentally, as he was riding slowly along, ruminating upon the call. "Noble fellow. I believe he loves my girl, and he may have her

and part of my money, too. Let me see," here he fell into a thinking mood and by the time he reached home he formed a plan which he determined to execute.

"How it terminated we shall see. Full of his new plan, he entered the breakfast room where Laura was awaiting his appearance.

"So Weston is going to England," said he carelessly.

"Sir!" said Laura, dropping her coffee cup; "going to England?"

"To be sure; what of it my child?"

"Nothing—only—I—we shall be rather lonesome," replied she, vainly endeavoring to repress her tears.

"Come, come, Laura, tell me, do you love Weston? You never deceived me, don't do it now."

"No; well I—I love him most sincerely."

"I thought so! I thought so," replied he, as he left the room.

"Weston," said he, as he entered his store, "you expect to go into the country shortly do you?"

"Yes, sir, in about four weeks."

"If it would not be inconvenient I wish you would defer it a few weeks longer," said Mr. Dayton.

"I will, sir, with pleasure, if it will oblige you."

"It will oblige me greatly, for Laura is to be married in about six weeks, and I wish you to attend the wedding."

"Laura married!" said Weston, starting as if shot; "Laura married?"

"To be sure. What ails the boy?"

"Nothing sir, only it was rather sudden—unexpected."

"It is rather sudden, but I am an old man and wish to see her have a protector before I die. I am glad you can stay to the wedding."

"Indeed, sir, I cannot stay," said Weston forgetting what he had just said.

"You cannot! Why you just now said you would."

The Routes to Montana and Idaho.

Correspondence of N. Y. Tribune.

To one inquiring the way to these regions three distinct routes present themselves: the first is by steamer from New York to San Francisco; to Placerville and by overland stage to Salt Lake City, about 658 miles, from which point there is a stage line to Virginia City and Banock City, which are about 500 miles north from Salt Lake, or if the destination be the Boisee mines, or Idaho, the traveler will find the route from the north via Nevada, where at a place called Star City, a wagon road turns toward the south-west when near to Idaho, and continues thence to the Boisee district.

For those setting out from the seaboard, and from the interior, this will prove the easiest and cheapest if not the most expeditious way. The next route is by the overland stage from Atchinson, Kansas, or from Omaha, Nebraska, to Salt Lake and Montana. The distance to Salt Lake is 1,255 miles, and to Virginia City 500 miles further, requiring at least 17 days & nights continuous travel in a coach generally crowded to its utmost capacity, with only 25 pounds of baggage allowed to each passenger, except by paying \$1 50 for every additional pound.

The stage fare to Virginia City is \$600; the price of meals on the way is from \$1 to \$5 each. These high rates, more than double what they were a year ago, are in consequence of the troubles with the Indians, who for a time completely broke up the line between the Missouri River and the mountains. Even now an escort of soldiers is sometimes found to be necessary, though it is very rare that the Indians have ventured to attack one of the coaches which are always filled with enough well armed men to make a stout defense. Their depredations are rather upon the defenseless stations of the stage line, which they have at times destroyed with the supplies of hay collected for the stock.

The other route is from St. Louis by steam boat up the Missouri River to Fort Benton, and thence overland 280 miles to Virginia City. Healthy passenger boats commenced only last year to run through this long route of 3,175 miles; there are now about 20 employed, 12 of which had left St. Louis before the first of May. Each boat carries from 40 to more than 100 passengers and from 300 to 400 tons of freight. Drawing not more than four and a-half to five feet of water they ascend the river with tolerably safety taking advantage of the spring freshets caused by the melting of the snows on the mountains, and which raises the upper portions of the river the latter part of May and early part of June. These boats take up an immense amount of supplies for the mines and also of machinery for which they charge from 3 to 10 cents per pound; from Fort Benton to the mines, it is probably as much more.

The charge for passage on the boat is \$200 which pays for state-room and board. The time spent on the river may be from 40 to 60 days, but this may be lessened by meeting the boat at one of the upper towns on the river. Stages run as far up the river as Fort Randall, leaving Sioux City three times a week.

The distance thus saved on the river is 1,285 miles. One might leave New York a week after the boat had left St. Louis with perfect confidence of overtaking her if not at Sioux City then at Fort Randall; for the river is so circuitous in its long bends that the stage goes as far in one day as the boat makes up stream in two or three days.

The last time these boats, always heavily laden require to reach Sioux City, 1,010 miles from St. Louis, is ten days, but the writer has waited there a week longer than this, and has known the boats to be more than three weeks in making a trip to this point.

The quickest route to Sioux City is not easily found, there being no advertisement of it in the newspapers, nor in Appleton's Railway Guide. By the Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska Railway, called in that work the Chicago and North-western Railway, one may leave Chicago in the evening and reach Boonesborough, Iowa the next day, and proceed at once by stage to Sioux City, arriving there in three days from Chicago. Not knowing of this route the writer went to Dubuque, and taking the railway to Cedar Falls on Monday morning, and proceeding thence by stage with all expedition, did not reach till Saturday evening.

The stages nearly all the way have only two horses, with load enough for six. This railway from Chicago crossing the Mississippi river at Clinton, Iowa, promises to be the first, passing through this State to the Missouri river, and your train stops, making the first communication with the Pacific railway at Omaha. It is likely to acquire new importance by the development of the Missouri river, and all the Northwestern Territories. Whenever shipments can be made to a high point on the Missouri by railway steamboats will no longer be required to descend to St. Louis, but will receive their freight and passengers above, and save at last one third of the tedious voyage. From Fort Benton which is the head of navigation a little below the great Falls of the Missouri, a good road passes through the mountains toward the South west, and branches off to the various settlements and towns "of cities" of Montana and Idaho. Stages are already running on this route, or soon will be, and many wagon trains are employed in transporting

freight. Horses and mules are plenty at Fort Benton, as they generally are throughout the Indian Territories. The Indians in Montana and Idaho are not at present troublesome, and on the river they have rarely been known to molest a steamer. For about 150 miles above Fort Rice the river passes through a quarter in which some tribes of Dakotas are at war with the whites.

The boats go well prepared to repel assaults which the Indians might make during the stops for cutting and taking in supplies of wood. At night the boats anchor in the stream. There are a number of forts in the river, which are well garrisoned, and several military expeditions are now fitting out at Sioux City with the object of escorting trains across the country to the mining regions, and at the same time they will test the practicability of some proposed new wagon routes. Thus the means of access to the most remote portions of our territories are being improved and made known, while the wonderful developments of the vast wealth stored in these are constantly stimulating us to push forward our railways, and bring these regions into direct communication with the Atlantic States, and these at the same time when the States upon the Pacific.

Distinguished Visitors.

The country seems to be unusually favored this year with visitations from various delegations of worms, bugs, flies, grasshoppers and other species of animated nature troublesome and injurious.

A gentleman handed into our office a day or two ago a bunch of leaves of a plum tree, which was entirely covered with grubs eating the leaves, and which have destroyed many of the apple and pear trees. The measuring worm has been the nuisance of the season among our city trees. In Syracuse, N. Y., they have the seventeen years locusts. At Sioux City the grasshoppers are eating up everything. Gen. Sally says they eat holes into his wagon covers and the tarpaulins which cover his stores, and even attack the men in their sleep, and leaves them bleeding from their bites. In Illinois the chinch bugs have been so bad that a farmer surrounded his corn field with a barrier of pine boards, covered with coal tar, outside of which defence he had deep holes dug in earth, into which the bugs tumbled in from the tarred boards. He says he got from thirty to forty bushels per day, and carried them off by the wagon-load. Compared with this the measuring worms are harmless, as great a nuisance as we think them. The early and hot summer seems to have been as prolific in the animal as in the vegetable life, and probably are bound together in the same chain of causes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

How to Make Pencil Writing Indelible.

A correspondent of an agricultural paper gives the following information, which may be of interest to some of our readers: "A great many valuable letters and other writings are written in pencil. This is particularly the case with letters of our soldiers sent home from the army. The following simple process will make lead pencil writing or drawing as indelible as if done with ink. Lay the writing in a shallow dish and pour skimmed milk upon it. Any spots not wet at first may have the milk placed lightly upon them with a feather. When the paper is wet over with milk, take it up and let the milk drain off, and wipe off with the feather, the drops which collect on the lower edge. Dry it carefully and it will be found to be perfectly indelible. It cannot be removed even with India rubber. It is an old receipt, and a good one."

Russian Railways and American Mechanics.

The Baltimore Sun says: Mr. Thomas Winans and his brothers, who for the past few years have been residing in the vicinity of Lincoln, have recently entered into a contract with the Emperor of Russia for the running and putting in order of the railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow, one of the greatest works of the kind in Europe, and which was originally built and stocked by them. Since the retirement of these gentlemen from the management of the road, some years since, its affairs have been in the hands of a French company, but not giving entire satisfaction to the Russian Government, the Messrs. Winans have again been sought out to manage it. The new contract is for eight years and they are to receive eight millions of roubles per annum for the work—a round being worth seventy-five cents in American currency.

Internal Revenue Decision.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has made the following decision:— "Proprietors of a Race Course Liable to License Tax. Where an entrance fee is demanded of spectators at a race course, the proprietor should take license under the second paragraph of article 33, section 79, of the act of June 30, 1864. The Commissioner has also decided that, where a person keeps a horse, the use of which is necessary to the prosecution of his business, the expense of keeping the horse, including feed, &c., may be deducted from income. When the horse is used partly for business producing income, and partly for pleasure, so much of the expense for keeping the horse as is clearly referable to productive labor may be deducted.

Of Queen Victoria's eight grand children six are boys.

Judge Davis the administrator of President Lincoln's estate values it to be worth \$76,000 consisting chiefly of U. S. Bonds.

Provoking—to dream that you find lots of money, and then wake up and have yourself an editor.

The Cleveland Leader says that the grain and grass crops in Ohio have never been finer, and the harvest will be nearly or quite a fortnight earlier than usual.

England never yet mustered one army of 100,000 men. She has more than that number, but they are scattered all over the earth.

Brigham young has "counselled" all the faithful of Mormon city to shoot down any "Gentile" seen walking with a Mormon female.

The new three cent pieces are composed of 74 per cent copper and 20 per cent nickel, which makes a very hard alloy.—It takes 254 pieces to make a pound, and they cost the government just half a cent apiece.

The New York Times says that there are 495,592 persons living in the crowded tenement houses in New York, and 100,000 more in attics, lofts, &c. They are packed in at the rate of 240,000 to the square mile.

That was a queer freak the lightning took at a store in Rockville, Connecticut, last week. It entered at the door in a vivid flash, which actually lit an oil lamp and left it burning, without leaving any other visible marks of its passage.

What strange things some girls are I Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman can spare any of her girls; but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the very chance of working a life time for board and clothes.

A ten years old Sunday school boy was asked by his teacher, not long since, what the phylacteries of the Pharisees were.—"Broad hems, such as ladies wear on their dresses," was the reply. "But the Pharisees didn't wear them for the same reason that ladies do, did they?" "O yes," was the wicked answer, "to be seen of men."

Lieutenant General Winfield Scott completed the seventy-ninth year of his age on the 13th, and in honor of the event and the distinguished chieftain, a number of his friends and admirers at West Point proceeded to his lodgings and serenaded him.

Caterpillars.

Coal oil is a cheap, speedy and certain death to this destructive Worm. A few drops dropped in their nest when the "swarm" is in will do the work. Farmers and fruit growers should know this; and they should also know that a fruit tree can no more bear fruit stripped of its leaves, than a man can breathe without lungs.

A Funny War Incident.

When Sheridan's soldiers scalded the rebel works at Fisher's Hill, an Irishman named John Quinlan was in the van, and instantly sprang astraddle a rebel cannon, shouting, "My gun, I've captured ye, be jabers!" The next moment he rolled off, clapping his hands to his seat of honor, and bellowed, "Och, howly, mother of Moses! an' sure it's red hot!" The gun had been fired so often, and with such rapidity, that it had become hot enough to roast a salamander, and Quinlan lost a patch from the seat of his unmentionables.

The "relie" fever has caused considerable damage to portions of Ford's Theatre in Washington, where Booth killed Mr. Lincoln. That portion of the stage carpet upon which Booth leaped from the President's box has been cut away for a diameter of four feet. The latest manifestation of the relie fever is that of a visitor who went into the saloon attached to the theatre, and asked the bar-tender: "Have you the same bottle on hand out of which Booth drank on the night of the assassination?" "Yes sir." "And the same brandy in it?" "Yes sir." "Can I have a drink of that same brandy out of the same bottle?" "Yes, sir." "Let's have it." The visitor tastes the brandy, makes a wry face and continues: "And that's the same brandy that Booth drank?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I don't wonder that he killed the President. A drink of that brandy would make a man kill his grandmother."

The Length of the War.

If we count from the firing on Fort Sumter, the war lasted a few days over four years and one month; but if we count from the secession of South Carolina, as we should, it lasted four years and five months. During that long and wearisome, though exciting time, we made history at a tremendous rate, writing in blood red letters and illustrating it with hundreds of thousands of graves. The number of deaths on our side, from all causes, is estimated at 425,000. The number on the rebel side is more than half as large as this number; so that the war has led to the deaths of half a million of fighting men, and no one knows to the loss of how much life of other kinds.