

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 24.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA AUGUST 24, 1865.

NO. 25.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if no paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.
No paper discontinued until all arrears 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.

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EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Sing again the song you sung
When we were together—
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the same song o'er and o'er,
Though I know that never more
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.

Is there a heart that never sighed?
Is there a tongue that never lied?
Is there an eye that never blinked?
Is there a man that never drank?

Is there a woman that never faints?
Or is there one that never paints?
If so, then heart and tongue and eye
Must tell a most confounded lie.

Funeral of a Bee.

A correspondent of the Glasgow Herald is the voucher for the following: "On Sunday morning last while walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing betwixt them the body of a defunct comrade, with which they flew for a distance of ten yards. We followed them closely and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk, the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downwards, to the earth, and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed against it two stones, doubtless in memoriam. Their task being ended, they paused for about a minute, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and they flew away."

Our Hair.

Dr. Dio Lewis has the following suggestion in relation to preserving the hair:
God covered the skull with hair, some people shave it off. Mischievous practice. It exposes the throat and lungs—the eyes likewise, say wise physiologists. Men become bald. Why? Because they wear close hats and caps. Women are never bald except by disease. They do not wear close hats and caps. Men never lose a hair below where the hat touches the head, not if they have been bald twenty years. The close hat holds the heat and perspiration. Thereby the air glands become weak; the hair falls off. What will restore it? Nothing after the scalp becomes shiny. But in process of falling out, or recently lost, the following is the best: Wash the head with soft cold water freely once or twice a day. Wear a thoroughly ventilated hat. This is the best means to arrest the loss, and restore what is susceptible of restoration.

C. S. A., the boneted initials of the late so-called "Confederate States of America," according to a late translation, mean, "Crimineum Skirtum Abquatulum."

It is now evident that "C. S. A.," the name of Jeff. Davis's wished-for Confederacy, means Can't Secede Again.

Many rebels residing abroad are applying to United States Ministers and Consuls to take the oath of allegiance.

The number of freight cars on the Erie Road exceeds 12,000 and the number of locomotives 350.

Hon. Simon Cameron has received the degree of "L. L. D." from the University of Lewisburg, Pa.

Philadelphia furnished 93,323 men to put down the rebellion, at an expense of \$8,000,000.

A woman in Rochester tied a stone to her child's neck, threw it into the canal and watched it struggle and drown.

Fifteen thousand Polish exiles are making arrangements with the Swiss Government for transportation to the United States.

A woman is in prison in England for burning her child's eye out with a red hot skewer.

There are over 150 applicants for a share of the reward offered for the capture of Booth and his associates.

Oregon yielded eight millions of gold dust last year.

The easiest thing a negro to do—keep dark.

Gen. Burnside has gone into business in Rhode Island.

Nine persons are in jail for homicide in Luzerne county.

In sixteen years emigrants to this country have sent home \$65,000,000.

DEAF SMITH, THE TEXAN SPY.

About two years after the Mexican revolution, a difficulty occurred between the new government and a portion of the people, which threatened the most serious consequences—even the bloodshed and horrors of civil war. Briefly, the cause of this—The constitution had fixed the city of Austin as the permanent capital where the public archives were kept, with the reservation, however, of a power in the President to order their temporary removal, in case of danger from the inroads of a foreign enemy, or the force of a sudden insurrection.

Conceiving that the exceptional emergency had arrived, as the Camanches frequently committed ravages within sight of the capital itself, Houston, who then resided at Washington, on the Brazos, dispatched an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the State records to the latter place, which he declared to be pro tempore, the seat of Government.

It is impossible to describe the stormy excitement which followed the promulgation of this fiat raised in Austin. The keepers of hotels, boarding-houses, groceries and fano banks were thunderstruck, maddened to frenzy, for the measure would be a death-blow to their prosperity in business, and accordingly, they determined at once to take the necessary steps to avert the danger, by opposing the execution of Houston's mandate. They called a mass meeting of the citizens and farmers of the circumjacent country, who were all more or less interested in the question; and after many fiery speeches against the asserted tyranny of the administration, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the removal of the archives by open and armed resistance. To that end they organized four hundred men, one moiety of whom, relieving the other at regular periods of duty, should keep constant guard around the State house until the peril passed by. The commander of this force was one Col. Morton, who had achieved considerable renown in the war for independence, and had still more recently displayed desperate bravery in two desperate duels, in both of which he nearly cut his antagonists to pieces with the bowie-knife. Indeed, from the notoriety of his character for revenge, as well as for courage, it was thought that President Houston would renounce his purpose touching the archives, so soon as he should learn who was the leader of the opposition.

Morton, on his part, whose vanity fully equalled his personal prowess, encouraged and justified the prevailing opinion by his boastful threats. He swore that if the President did succeed in removing the records by the march of an overpowering force, he would then himself hunt him down like a wolf, and shoot with little ceremony, or stab him in his bed, or waylay him in his walks of recreation.—He even wrote the hero of San Jacinto to the effect. The latter replied in a note of laconic brevity:

"If the people of Austin do not send the archives, I shall certainly come and take them; and if Col. Morton can kill me he is welcome to my ear-cap."

On the reception of this answer the guard was doubled around the State house. Chosen sentinels were stationed along the road leading to the capitol, the military paraded the streets from morning till night, and a select caucus held permanent session in the city hall. In short, everything betokened a coming tempest.

One day, while matters were in this precarious condition, the caucus at the city hall was surprised by the sudden appearance of a stranger, whose mode of entering was as extraordinary as his looks and dress. He did not knock at the closed door; he did not seek admission there at all; but climbing unseen a small bushy topped oak, which grew beside the wall, he leaped without sound or warning through a lofty window. He was clothed altogether in buckskin, carried a long and heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the bottom of his left suspender a large bowie-knife, and had in his leather belt a couple of pistols half the length of his gun. He was tall, straight as an arrow, active as a panther in his movements, with dark complexion, and luxuriant jetty hair, with a severe, iron countenance, that seemed never to have smiled, and the eyes of intense vivid black, wild and rolling, and piercing as the point of a dagger. His strange advent inspired a thrill of involuntary fear and many present unconsciously grasped the handles of their side-arms.

"Who are you, that you thus presume to intrude amongst gentlemen without invitation?" demanded Col. Morton ferociously, essaying to cow down the stranger with his eye.

The latter returned his stare with compound interest, and laid his long bony finger on his lip as a sign—but of what the spectators could not imagine.

"Who are you?" "Speak or I will cut an answer out of your heart!" shouted Morton, almost distracted with rage by the cool, sneering gaze of the other, who now removed his finger from his lip and laid it on the hilt of his monstrous knife.

The fiery colonel then drew his charger and was in the act of advancing upon the stranger, when several caught and held him back, remonstrating.

"Let him alone, Morton, for God's sake. Do you not perceive he is crazy?" At the moment Judge Webb, a man of shrewd intellect and courteous manners

stepped forward and addressed the intruder in the most respectful manner:

"My good friend, I presume you have made a mistake in the house. This is a private meeting, were none but members admitted."

The stranger did not appear to comprehend the mild and depreciatory manner. His rigid features relaxed, and moving to a table in the center of the hall, where there were materials for writing, he seized a pen and traced one line: "I am deaf." He then held it up before the spectators, as a sort of apology for his own want of politeness.

Judge Webb took this paper and wrote a question: "Dear sir—Will you be so obliging as to inform us what is your business with the present meeting?"

The other responded by delivering a letter inscribed on the back. "To the citizens of Austin." They broke the seal and read it aloud. It was from Houston and showed the usual terse brevity of his style:

"Fellow Citizens:—Though in error, and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three more days to decide whether or you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision."

SAN HOUSTON.
After reading, the deaf man waited a few seconds, as if for a reply, and then turned to leave the hall, when Colonel Morton interposed and sternly beckoned him back to the table. The stranger obeyed, and Morton wrote: "You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening looks ten minutes ago; are you brave enough now to give me satisfaction?"

The stranger penned his reply: "I am at your service!"

Morton wrote again: "Who will be your second?"

The stranger replied: "I am too generous to seek an advantage, and too brave to fear any on the part of others; therefore, I never need the aid of a second."

Morton penned:—"Name your terms."

The stranger penned without a moment's hesitation:—"Time, sunset this evening; place, the left bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons, rifles; and distance, a hundred yards. Do not fail to be in time!"

He took three steps across the room, and disappeared through the window, as he had entered.

"What!" exclaimed Judge Webb, "is it possible, Colonel Morton, that you intend to fight that man? He is a mute if not a maniac. Such a meeting I fear would tarnish your laurels."

"You are mistaken," replied Morton, with a smile; "that mute is a hero, whose fame stands in the records of a dozen battles, and at least half as many bloody duels. Besides he is the favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him I think it will tempt the President to retract his vows against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You know the man then. Who is he? Who is he?" asked twenty voices together.

"Deaf Smith," answered Morton coolly.

"Why, no; that cannot be. Deaf Smith was slain at San Jacinto, remarked Judge Webb.

"Then, again, your honor is mistaken," said Morton. "The story of Deaf Smith's death was a mere fiction, got up by Houston to save the life of his favorite from the sworn vengeance of certain Texans, on whose conduct he had acted as a spy. I fathomed the article twelve months since."

"If what you say be true; you are a mad man yourself?" exclaimed Miss Webb.—"Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has often brought down rangers in their most rapid flight, and killed Camanches and Mexicans at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards!"

"Say no more," answered Colonel Morton, in tones of deep determination; "the thing is already settled. I have agreed to meet him. There can be no disgrace in falling before such a shot, and if I succeed my triumph will confer the greater glory!"

Such was the general habit of thought and feeling prevalent throughout Texas at that period.

Towards evening a vast crowd assembled at the place appointed to witness the hostile meeting; and so great was the popular recklessness as to affairs of the sort, that a numerous and considerable sum was wagered on the result. At length the red orb of western twilight covered it all with crimson and gold, and filling the air with a flood of burning fire; and then the two mortal antagonists, armed with long ponderous rifles, took their stations back to back, and at a preconcerted signal—the waving of a white handkerchief—walked slowly and steadily in opposite directions, counting their steps until each had fifty. They both completed the given number about the same instant and then they wheeled, and as the distance was great, both paused for some moments—long enough for the holders to flash their eyes from one to another, and mark the contrast betwixt them. The face of Col. Morton was calm and smiling, but the smile it bore had a most murderous meaning. On the contrary, the countenance of Deaf Smith was stern and passionless as ever. A side view of his features might have been mistaken for a profile done in cast iron. The one tone, was dressed in the richest cloth, the other in smoke-tinted leather. But that made no difference in Texas then;

for the heirs of heroic courage were considered peers—the class of inferiors embraced none but cowards.

Presently two rifles exploded with simultaneous roars. Col. Morton gave a prodigious bound upwards, and dropped to the earth a corpse. Deaf Smith stood erect, and immediately began to reload his rifle; and then having finished his brief task, he hastened away into the adjacent forest.

Three days afterwards, Gen. Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten more men, appeared in Austin, and without further opposition removed the State papers.

The history of the hero of the foregoing anecdote, was one of the most extraordinary ever known in the West. He made his advent in Texas at an early period, and continued to reside there until his death, which happened some two years ago, but though he had warm personal friends, no one could ever learn either the land of his birth or a single gleam of his previous biography. When questioned on the subject, he laid his finger on his lip; and if pressed more urgently his brow wrinkled, and his dark eye seemed to shoot sparks of livid fire. He could write with astonishing correctness and facility, considering his situation; and although denied the exquisite and priceless advantage of the sense of hearing, nature had given him ample compensation, by an eye quick and far-seeing as an eagle's, and a smell keen and incredible as that of a raven. He could discover objects moving miles away in the far off prairies, when others could perceive nothing but earth and sky; and the Rangers used to declare that he could catch the scent of a Mexican or Indian at as great a distance as a buzzard could distinguish the odor of a dead carcass.

It was these qualities which fitted him so well for a spy, in which capacity he rendered invaluable service to Houston's army during the war of Independence. He always went alone, and generally obtained the information desired. His habits in private life were equally singular. He never could be persuaded to sleep under the roof of a house, or to use a tent cloth. Wrapped in his blanket, he loved to lie out in the open air, under the blue canopy of pure ether, and count the stars or gaze with a yearning look at the melancholy moon. When not employed as a spy or guide, he subsisted by hunting, being often absent months together in the wilderness. He was a genuine son of nature, a grown up child of the woods and prairie, which he worshipped as a sort of Pagan adoration. Excluded by his infirmities from a cordial fellowship with his kind, he made the inanimate things of the earth his friends, and entered by the heart's own adoption into brotherhood with the luminaries of heaven. Wherever there was land or water barren mountains or tangled brakes of wild waving cane, there was Deaf Smith's home, and there he was happy; but in the streets of grand cities, in all the great thoroughfares of men, wherever there was flattery or fawning, base, cunning or craven fear, there was Deaf Smith an alien and an exile.

Strange soul!—he hath departed on the long journey, away among those high bright stars which were his night lamp; and he has either solved or ceased to ponder the deep mystery of the magic word "life." He is dead—therefore let his errors rest in oblivion and his virtues be remembered with hope.

Curious Predictions.

In 1853 a pamphlet was published in Germany, purporting to be a series of prophecies made by Mademoiselle Lenormand, in whose predictions the first Napoleon placed great reliance. They were—1st, that in 1853 a war would break out between England and France on the one part, and Russia; 2d, that when peace was restored, a war would follow between England and India; 3d, that a great migration would then take place from Germany to the United States; 4th, that a civil war would rage four years in the United States, to be succeeded by an era of remarkable prosperity; 5th, that about the time of its close, a fearful sickness, commencing in Russia, would extend across the Baltic, desolate Germany, cause immense mortality in England, and thence simultaneously spread to the east and to the west. So far all has come true, and the unfulfilled seems hastening.

On the day of the President's funeral a bronzed and weather-beaten soldier, anxious to obtain a better view of the procession, happened to step before a party of ladies and gentlemen. One of the gentlemen nudged him on the elbow, at the same time observing "Excuse me, sir, you are right in front of us." Bowing handsomely in return, the soldier replied, "That is nothing remarkable for me, sir; I've been in front of you for four years."

The Provost Marshal of Lynchburg, Va., compels the butchers to bring the hides and horns of the animals they kill for market, and expose them at their stalls along with the meat. This is done in order that cattle or sheep which have been stolen from the rightful owners, and sold to them, may be identified and the thief traced.

Some people think that the beast with ten horns, in Revelations, is intended to represent the sin of drunkenness.

A Rich Marriage Ceremony.

The following description of a marriage in Illinois, by a newly appointed Justice of the Peace, who is something of a wag, is taken (says the Jersey City Times), verbatim from a letter written to a friend in this city. He says:

Having been appointed to the desirable "posish" of Justice of the Peace, I was accosted on the 5th day of July, by a sleek-looking young man, and in silvery tones, requested to proceed to a neighboring hotel, as he wished to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony. Here was a "squelcher." I had never done anything of the kind, had no books or forms; yet I was determined to do things up strong, and in a legal manner, so I proceeded to the hotel, bearing in my arms one copy of the Revised Statutes, one ditto Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, one copy large size Bible, a small copy of the creed and articles of Faith of the Congregational Church, one copy of Pope's Essay on Man, and a sectional part of the map where the victim lived. Having placed a table in the middle of the room, and seated myself behind it, I, in trumpet tones, called the case. With that the young man and woman, with great alacrity, stepped up before me. Having sworn them on the dictionary to answer well and truly all the questions I was about to ask, I proceeded. I told the young man that, being an entire stranger, I should have to ask him to give bail for the costs. Having heard this so frequently in Court, I thought it indispensable. He answered if I meant the fee for performing the ceremony, he would deposit it then and there. As I did not know exactly what I did mean, I magnanimously waived that portion of the ceremony. I then told him it would be necessary to give bail to keep the peace. This he said he was willing to do when he arrived at home, and I then waived that point also.

Having established to my satisfaction that they wanted to get married, and that they were old enough to enter into that blessed state, I proceeded to tie the knot. I asked him if he was willing to take that woman to be his wife. He said he was. I told him that I did not require haste in the answer, that he might reflect for a few minutes if he wished. I told him she looked like a girl, and I had no doubt she was, but if the sequel proved that he had been taken in, I did not want to be held responsible. I said he must love, honor and obey her as long as she lived. He must not be "snappy" around the house, nor spit tobacco juice on the floor, all of which he promised faithfully to heed.

"Now," said I, "Georgiana," (her name was Georgiana), "you hear what Humphrey says. Do you accept the invitation to become his wife; will you be lenient towards his faults, and cherish his virtue; will you never be guilty of throwing furniture at his head for slight offences, and will you get three meals a day without grumbling?" She said she would. I asked them if they believed in the commandments, and they said they did. Having read the creed and articles of faith, as aforesaid, I exclaimed, "Humphrey, take her, she is yours; I cannot withhold my consent." "Georgiana, when safe in the arms of your Humphrey, you can defy the scoffs and jeers of the world."

I then read a little from the "Essay on Man," including that passage, "Man wants but little here below, but wants that little long." As a finale to the scene, I delivered the following exhortation: "Go in peace, sin no more."

The generous Humphrey having placed a fifty cent check in my unwilling palm, I bade the happy pair a final adieu.

Give the Children Fresh Air.

Some parents make the great mistake of keeping their children indoors during cold weather. Such a practice is pernicious in many respects. It enfeebles the bodies of children, and renders them peculiarly liable to be attacked by colds and coughs. A child should have its feet well shod with socks and boots, its body well wrapped in warm clothing, its head and ears securely protected from the cold; and then be let loose to play in the keen, bracing, winter air. By this means its body will become robust, and its spirits be kept bright and cheerful; whereas, if a child be shut up in the house, it will become fretful and feverish, and perhaps wind up with a severe attack of illness.

Remarkable March of a Cow.

A cow belonging to Gen. Sherman's mass, went with Sherman's army all the way from Atlanta to Savannah; thence to Goldsboro, Raleigh, Richmond, and to Washington where she now is at the Soldiers' Home. During all the marches she gave a gallon of milk a day. Total number of miles traveled since Nov. 16, 1864, to May 19, 1,220. She is now in excellent condition, and gives one and one quarter gallons rich milk a day. The National Republican says: "It is perhaps needless to add that this veteran bovine 'bummer' and her lacteal products will be well cared for and appreciated at the Soldiers' Home."

An old fellow out in Wayne County, who has "advertised" his wife six or seven times, had the assurance; recently, to ask the genial editor of the Lyons Republican to print the customary advertisement for half price, in consideration of his being "a regular customer."

Up A Tree.

Artemus Aristotle's patriotism broke out demonstratively upon his receipt of the news of the fall of Richmond. He'd have the biggest star-spangled banner and the tallest flag-staff in Berks County—that's what he would, and he told Aunt Hannah so.

So Arte rushed down to Philadelphia by express train, purchased a forty feet flag, and rushed home again by next express. Then Arte set about achieving the longest liberty pole in Berks, out of a straight hundred and sixty feet—more or less—pine tree, standing on a knoll back of the house. With the big bunting lashed about his shoulders, and armed with a hatchet, he up-ended the long hayload against the pine, scrambled in among the lower branches, and began cutting his course upwards, trimming close to the trunk every knot and branch as he progressed.

Having cut his way to the tip-top of the tall pine, Arte flung his flag to the breeze, lashed it hard and fast to the staff, hurred lustily for Grant, "tigered" for Sheridan, and then made the discovery that he had cut off his retreat.—There he was, a hundred and fifty feet up in the air, and every individual thing that he could have climbed down by, cut off smooth. Arte's enthusiasm collapsed in a second, and he hailed the house.

"Hannah! O—Hannah! I say—Hannah!—Come out here."

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