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

SCANDAL ON THE BRAIN.

Of all the many maladies,
And many human ills,
That rack the frame and fire the blood,
In spite of drugs and pills:
The one that takes the deepest root,
And gives the greatest pain,
And makes the patient venomous,
Is "Scandal on the brain."
Chorus—Blighting, biling, trying, prying,
Seeking spot and stain,
Those are sure and rabid signs,
Of "Scandal on the brain."
There's Miss Fitz-Pry, the dear good soul!
She never thinks of self;
But keeps a record of her friends,
Quite handy on the shelf!
And when she's nothing else to do,
She takes the volume down,
And enters all the scraps and bits
Of gossip round the town,
Some people dress and go to church,
With faces long and prim;
And meekly says the morning prayers,
And sing the Sunday Hymn!
But just as soon as church is out,
Some shady nook they gain,
To ease their minds, and treat their friends
To "Scandal on the brain."
Says Dean to Mote, oh, have you heard
The strange and shocking news,
How Mr. Miff and Mrs. Miff
Have taken separate pews?
And how the arate Patience Gale
Was seen—now don't you tell—
Out walking with a married man:
I know him very well.
And then there's so much horrid talk
About that Nancy Boggs;
They say she really went to ride
With Ebenezer Noggs;
And when the young man started off
To leave the forward Miss,
The neighbors heard a faint report,
It must have been a kiss!
Now, don't you think, last Monday night,
When I went out to walk,
I met Ned Huntley's wife and we
Had such a splendid talk!
She told me all about the Fair,
And I told her, you see,
The awful case about the Flints,
That live at No. 3.
And then you'll find, where'er you go,
That some will talk and pry,
And seek to have a finger in
Some other body's pie!
But never mind, they're sure to feel
Themselves the sharpest pain,
When suffering with the dread disease,
Of "Scandal on the brain."

The following touching poem was picked up in a Rebel Camp in Georgia:
I laid four dollars on the board,
I bet them wun by wun,
The farrer dexter got my checks,
Till I at last had none.
Let every gay young gamboleer
Of cut throat games beware
And only play with gentlemen
Who spread upon the squar.

A Vision.

A lady who had been quite sick, sends to the Hartford Times an account of a vision which she had upon her sick bed, from which the Times gives this extract:
"Oh, how interesting. How happy I was on that sick-bed; as I lay half asleep and half awake, I fancied myself in Paradise, lying upon a bed of roses, listening to heavenly music. It was a fine morning; the birds were singing in the trees around my humble dwelling. I awoke saying, 'I hear the birds singing in Paradise.' 'No, you don't,' said the female friend who was sitting by my bedside, 'it is that singing I gave you!'"

A Strong Story.

It is recorded that a soap peddler was recently caught at sea during a violent storm, when he saved his life by taking a cake of soap and washing himself ashore. The soap of the story, must have been made from strong lic.

A New York merchant, living in Nineteenth Street, discovered the other day, that he had lived for two years in the same block with his brother, whom he had not seen for twelve years.

A singular echo is said to reverberate around a great many petroleum wells. It says, "Bit-you-men!"

Large Custom Receipts.

The customs receipts for October reach the unprecedented amount of ten millions in gold.

From the N. American and U. S. Gazette.

KITTANNY HOUSE,

DEL. WATER GAP, Oct. 17, 1865.
This delightful retreat is even more beautiful in the "sad melancholy days" of autumn than amid the sweltering of the summer solstice. The changing foliage as bright and beautiful beyond the power of descriptive language. In these warm and glorious October days, with cloudless sky and genial atmosphere, how inexpressibly great the relief to flee the crowded city and climb these gloriously tinted mountains, or drive through these quiet and fertile valleys amid scenes in the highest degree picturesque.

The Gap has been so often described in your columns that most readers are familiar with its general features. To those, however, who have visited it for nearly thirty years, (as one of your prominent citizens, now here with his family, has done,) new attractions constantly open before them. If as a summer resort it is considered equal to any, surely as an autumnal retreat, where the invalid or pleasure-seeker may come to renew life for the rigors of winter, no place within the whole compass of my knowledge can at all equal the Delaware Water Gap.—The atmosphere is peculiarly pure and invigorating. As a physician, I can recommend a visit to this locality for delicate persons as one presenting almost certain promises of relief.

A portion of the company now pleasantly sojourning here treated themselves to-day to an excursion somewhat different from climbing Mount Minei, Prospect Rock, the Indian Ladder, or even reveling at that crystal fount, Rebecca's Well, or that still more beautiful spot, Caldero Falls. They visited and explored an Indian cemetery, where those who lived and loved, warred and hunted, in long anterior days, have lain in quiet and until recently, undisturbed repose.

The site of this early cemetery is on the point of an elevated diluvial plain above the mouth of Broadhead's creek.—The plateau is about ninety feet above the river level, and embraces perhaps four acres. The view is very fine, commanding the Delaware, Shawnee Island, Cherry Valley, and the superb scenery along the outlying arms of the grand old Kittanny. The nomadic tribes who occupied these beautiful and fertile valleys exhibited faultless taste in selecting the spot they did for the repose of their kindred.

Of the wild tribes who once plied the light canoe on the Maccerskittang, and hunted their game along the Meenesink, we have positive information of the Shawanees and Lenni Lennapes, or Delawares. The tawny warriors—titans of a dark and mystic race—have left here the impress of their great and imperishable names. Mountain, valley, river and purling brook bear the record of many a stalwart hero.

Various localities of interest are pointed out as the sites of Indian villages and burial grounds; but of what particular tribe or nation not even tradition or legendary song can tell. One of these early cemeteries has long been regarded with interest by visitors to the Gap and residents of the neighborhood. In vain, however, did those desirous of exploring it apply for permission to the proprietor of the soil. But the love of gain proved stronger than dread of superstitions awe, and a few years since certain parties met, not having the fear of Mr. Zimmerman or ghouls or goblins before their eyes, under the cover of night and a dense young forest, perpetrated that which men of science had ineffectually attempted.—The night despoilers had roughly but surely done the work of exhumation in several of these interesting memorials of the dead. The parties who had despoiled the graves were actuated by a single motive—gain. They hoped to secure valuable relics, which could be sold to curiosity gathens from the cities. Some of these ill-got gains were offered to gentlemen of intelligence and probity whom I have seen, who declined to purchase.—Others, however, in quest of "curiosities" did buy. It may not positively be known what articles have been taken from the despoiled graves, I have been informed that among the articles found was a finely wrought stone pipe.

With this digression, I will give a brief account of our operations to-day. We found the cemetery composed of numerous "graves" in close proximity to one another. These were scarcely distinguishable, so slight is the elevation.—Each grave is encircled by a trench, and a group of some half a dozen had evidently been surrounded by a gravel ditch.—The circumvallation was quite distinct. Selecting an undisturbed spot, we put a couple of stout men to work. Removing the soil, we were convinced human agency had been at work. Instead of the gravel which marks the diluvial, we found a coarse yellow sand, intermingled with clay. At the depth of about two and a half feet, we found anula, or some other parts of a human frame. The skeleton was in tolerable preservation, with the exception of a portion of the right superior maxillary, which appeared missing.—The teeth are in good preservation, but much worn by the use of maize. The sections indicate a person of about middle age. The frame was large, and doubtless that of a male. The mode of burial had been by inhumation; placing the body in a recumbent posture, extending from

east to west, the face looking eastward.—A slight cist had been excavated, which received the body free from cement or stone encasement, and having placed with it the few personal articles which ornamented it in life, a careful covering of sand was made to the height of the cist, and terminating in a small tumulus.—The sand had evidently been carried from the river's beach, as it is not found at a nearer point. This is a peculiarity, and worth attention. Respect for the dead would not permit him to be buried in the coarse gravel of the plain where the graves are located.

Of the articles of personal adornment recovered were parts of two metallic ornaments, brooches or ear-drops, found in close proximity to the head. They are an alloy, pewter perhaps, circular in form and two inches in diameter. Also two spiral wire sprigs of brass, one inch in length and half an inch in diameter, and three or four shell beads, one quite large. These are by far the most valuable and interesting relics recovered, as they are purely aboriginal, while the metallic articles are of European fabrication. In addition to those discovered was the rude form of a pocket knife, but so oxidized as to be almost undistinguishable. Of course these articles, with the exception of the bone beads, are of white man's manufacture, and utterly valueless to the archaeologist. The occupant of this humble tomb lived after interviews had been established between the whites and Indians. This discovery dispelled all illusions of great antiquity. It was interesting, however, as showing the mode of burial practised by the wild tribes who roamed these periods of settlement by the whites. Such discoveries are valuable to science, and the gentlemen who made the researches considered themselves amply remunerated for their trouble.

The cranium is worthy the attention of ethnologists. It is properly orthognathous, resembling the round headed Calmuck, figured by Huxley. The forehead is tolerable full, the zygomatic processes prominent, but not the maxillary and orbital conformations which distinguish the common Indian. These indications, with a fair facial angle, might raise a doubt with some as to the true character of the person buried were it not for counterbalancing proofs. Part of the right superior maxillary being gone, it is somewhat difficult to determine how much of a pronothous from there may be, which in an almost unvarying characteristic of all Nomadic races. I write these hasty notes without having given the skull a careful examination. Perhaps further examination may support some additional facts.—It is in possession of my friend L. W. Brodhead, Esq. proprietor of the Kittanny House, and will constitute a feature in his collection of antiquities for this locality. To Mr. B. the public are mainly indebted for these explorations.—He is a gentleman of taste, judgment and refinement.

This is a region of much interest to the student in archaeology. It is a field rich in minor remains of aboriginal art. I desire to be explicit. The classes of remains are found in the Delaware and subordinate valleys; those representing the stone age, and the more recent as developed by to-day's researches. Not a single article belonging to the stone age was found in the tomb opened to-day, unless we except the bone bead—bone and stone going together in the first era of man's progress toward civilization. The stone implements, ornaments, &c. found along the Delaware are exceedingly rude, and show the people who used them but little advanced. The terra cotta, as represented by the fragments which I have seen, show a low state of the feticle art.—No specimens of the bronze age have been discovered. A few laminated pieces of copper, and a single axe of the same metal, have been found. A letter from an early citizen of Easton to John Hiecholder, the Moravian missionary, in 1811, referring to an Indian grave on the border of a lake on the summit of Kittanny mountain, mentions a "brass kettle" as among the contents. This, like the metallic articles taken from the grave examined to-day, was undoubtedly of white man's fabrication.

That the earlier occupants of the plain, on which are the graves alluded to, possessed stone implements and instruments, there is scarcely a doubt. Some arrow heads and an abundant supply of flint spades have been found on the plain and near the burial ground. Further research, which it is contemplated to make, may develop valuable results. W. De H.

Appointed.

John H. Taggart was today appointed Collector of the First Internal Revenue District of Pennsylvania, vice J. B. Harding, deceased. Col. Taggart, since his withdrawal from the army, has been in charge of the Washington office of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

How to Cure a Felon.

As we often see friends suffering with this very troublesome disease, we copy the following from an exchange, which is highly recommended as a cure for it:—"As soon as the part begins to swell, get the tincture of lobelia, and wrap the part affected with cloth saturated thoroughly with this tincture, and the felon is dead. An old physician says he has known it cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in season."

THE BORDER HEROINE.

Some years ago, before the State of Arkansas was so densely populated as now, and when the mails from Little Rock to the eastern borders were carried on horseback, there lived a few miles above Horsehead, a stout pioneer named Jacob Burnap. His wife, Polly, and one child, nine years old, made up his family. His chief business was hunting, and his unerring rifle never failed to supply his board and something over. His nearest neighbor was fifteen miles off so he was little troubled with prying visitors. It was in the early spring that Jacob started down the river with a boat load of furs and skins. He left Polly in charge of the premises, and he left with her, too, a light rifle and brace of pistols. She now how to use the rifle, for never was she happier than when her husband patted her on the shoulder and said:—"Nobly done, Polly, my dear; I could not have made a better shot myself." And he had occasion to say this with truth, too.

Jacob Burnap had been gone four days, when towards evening a horseman rode up to the hunter's door. He was a small muscular man, some forty years of age and seemed inured to all hardships. As he sprang from his saddle, Polly made her appearance.

"Ah, Polly, once more here," the newcomer said, as he drew a well filled pair of saddle bags from the back of his fatigued beast.

"Yes, and I am glad to see you. Jacob has been gone four days, and time is getting heavy."

"Jacob gone? Where?"

"Down the river with a load of furs."

"Oh, yes. Well you shall have the company of Lant Morton for one night at least; so for the next twelve hours you'll be safe."

"Oh—I feel safe enough," returned the woman quickly only a little lonesome. Thus speaking, Morton threw his saddle bags into the cabin and led his horse around to a low shed where he made the animal fast and fed him.

After this he returned to the dwelling and entered, and was soon discussing the events of the time over an ample supper. His hostess had told him all that had transpired in the neighborhood since his last visit, and the visitor gave her all the news of the eastern valley. Lant Morton had been mail carrier upon that route for several years, and not once had he passed to and fro without spending a night in Jacob Burnap's. In fact he was about the only regular visitor at the hunter's cabin, and although the intervals between his visits were long, yet he seemed almost a fixture to the place. Polly Burnap, just in the bloom of womanhood, knew his gentle, generous, noble character, so she felt perfectly free and at home in his presence.

"Is it known on the route that your load is valuable?" asked Polly.

"I think not—though it may be. Still I am well armed, and I fancy it would be a tough job for any one to tackle old Morton."

"A man was robbed on the creek a few days ago."

"And the robbers have fled," added Morton carelessly, as he threw his mail bags over him.

Morton went to bed at nine o'clock, as he was tired from his long ride. Polly had work to do, having neglected it while talking to her guest, so when she had seen him safe to rest in the bed she drew her basket to a little table where the candle was and went to work upon some clothing for her child was soundly sleeping in the corner.

The old German clock upon the wall, with its great weight and wind strings all exposed, had struck ten ere Polly arose from her work. She had just pushed the basket beneath the table when the front door opened and two men entered. They were in their stockings, their shoes having been left outside.

"Hush!" uttered the foremost intruder.

"Speak but one word above a whisper and you die in a moment."

Polly recovered from her quick terror and looked up. She saw two stout wicked ugly looking men, one of whom held a cocked pistol towards her. With a quickness of perception natural to her, she knew the pistol would not be fired if she held her peace, as that would make more noise than she could make, and further—she recognized in the foremost a notorious villain, who bore the name of Dick Gallus.

She had never seen him before, but the minute description her husband had given of the man, led her to know him and positively too, for one big scar on the left cheek was marked enough.

"But I can call him, good sirs," reasoned the woman calmly, though there was alarm in her soul.

"Call him! call!" growled the villain with a fierce oath. You call him, and you will be called to another world. Quick, show us the way.

The mild eye that could aim an unerring ring bullet at the forest beast, did not even betray the thoughts of the woman's soul, nor did a look tell her meaning.—She was very pale but did not tremble.

"This way, sirs," she whispered.

And as she spoke she turned towards the door of the little bed room pantry.—She did not open it till both the men were close behind her.

"Don't you hear him breathe?"

"Yes returned both villains." And they did hear breathing but it was of the child close at hand.

As they thus answered her, she threw the door open—it opened inward. The men saw a dark void, but they pressed forward. In an instant Polly Burnap leaped back. Gallus upon his heels.—With all her power the noble woman threw herself against the rear man and the next moment both the robbers lay sprawling on the cellar bottom.

This had been the door opening to the deep excavation, and the only means of access was by a perpendicular ladder.—Could this have been moved, Polly would have pulled it up immediately, but it was spiked to its place, and she must let it remain. To close the door would be useless, for she had not ready means to fasten it. So she did what she had resolved upon from the first; she sprang to the fire place and caught the trusty rifle, and having cocked it she moved toward the open door. She heard the curses of the villains as they reached the ladder, and she soon knew that one of them had found it.

"Back she cried, as she saw a head above the threshold. The candle upon the table threw but a dim light upon the spot, but it was sufficient.

She saw the robber raise a pistol. She had a husband—a child—and had set herself to save the carrier. With these thoughts dashing through her mind she pulled the trigger. A sharp report went ringing through the house, and its echo was a deep groan from the cellar bottom.

Ere the second robber could show himself Morton came rushing into the room with a pistol in each hand.

"What is it?" he cried.

"There! There!" gasped Polly, pointing to the door way, where a savage looking face had just presented itself.

Lant Morton had been too much used to danger to waste time in conjecture, and immediately shot the villain dead, who fell with a heavy sound upon the cellar.

"Are there any more?" he asked, cocking his pistol.

"And so you meant to save me?" remarked the carrier, as Polly hesitated.

"Yes, yes—I did. Yes that was it."

And as soon as the noble woman had sufficiently recovered, she told him the whole story.

Morton expressed his thoughts as best he could; but after all, the moisture of his light eye, the changing of his countenance, and very lack of language told her more than words could have done.

After due deliberation it was decided that the bodies should remain there until morning. So the cellar door was shut, the front door bolted, and they prepared to retire; but for the rest of the night Morton made his bed upon the floor of the large room.

In the morning just as the carrier was dressed there was a rap on door accompanied by a voice he knew full well. He hastened to open the door and gave entrance to Jacob Burnap. The hunter had met a party of traders at Lewisburg, and disposed of all his skins to them, thus finishing his journey six days earlier than he had anticipated.

Polly was soon upon her husband's bosom, and when he had told her his own story, Morton gave him the adventure. Jacob was at first incredulous, but when he had seen the bodies he was satisfied.

"Polly, my jewel," he said, placing his arm around her neck, I am proud of you. I love you more and more, for every day I find more to love. And then turning to Morton he added:

"What do you think of such a wife?"

"Ah," returned the guest, with deep feeling, "if poor Lant Morton had such a wife he wouldn't be mail carrier."

When Morton left he was directed to stop at the first settlement and state to the officers what had happened, and he promised to do so. He once more blessed the brave woman who saved his life, and then set out. Late in the afternoon two officers arrived at the cabin, and when they were shown the bodies, at once proceeded to remove them. And ere a week had passed, whole settlements blessed the Border Heroine for the work she had done.

Internal Revenue.

The receipts at the Internal Revenue Bureau for the months ending yesterday, amounted to \$30,475,982 05, being an average per diem of \$982 515 58. The receipts to day amounted to \$2,100,635.

At a church collection for missions, the preacher said: "My christian brethren, let me caution those of you who put in buttons, not to break off the eyes. It spoils them for use, and they will not pass among the heathen for coins."

Indian Eloquence.

The celebrated speech of Logan, given by Mr. Jefferson, has often been quoted for its pathos; and the speeches of Red Jacket, Farmer's Brother, and Cornplanter, are still esteemed models in their way. Those, however, who suppose that pathetic appeals have ceased with the lives of these orators, will perhaps think differently upon reading the following touching appeal addressed to Colonel Solla, by a Comanche chief, at the recent council at Fort Smith:

"Brother, my shirt, you see, is all in rags. When I return to my tribe and say to them, 'I have been among my friends; they will not believe me, if I return in this ragged shirt. My wife and daughter will ask, 'Where is the colico your friends gave you?' Brother, what shall I say about this when I return to my people?"

The answer to this appeal is said to have been as satisfactory as the most sanguine hopes of the chief could have expected.

A Farmer Without Arms.

W. M. Beaumont, of Onondaga county, New York, sends to the *American Agriculturist* an interesting account of a farmer he formerly knew, who was born without arms:

Instead of appealing to the charitable for support he commenced early to help himself. His first property was a hen and chickens, next a pet lamb, and afterwards a shaggy colt. He took good care of these, and increased his stock a little at a time until he became a prosperous farmer. Having no hands, he learned to his toes, which were longer than common. His legs were very flexible, and by practice he was enabled to perform most operations with ease. He put on and took off his own clothing, shaved and fed himself, milked his own cows, and took part in most labors of the farm. He was a terror to evil doers, whom he could punish with severity. He was powerfully built, and possessed of great strength in the head and shoulders. He would butt like a ram, or seize an offending urchin with his teeth and shake him with bull-dog tenacity. He died at the age of seventy, leaving a large family—having been married three times.

Sharp boys evidently grow in Wapello County, Iowa. The *Courier* gives a specimen brick. It says:

"A few days ago a young schoolmistress in this county was taking down the names and ages of her scholars, at the commencement of the term. She asked a little white-headed boy, 'Bub, how old are you?' 'Ha! My name ain't Bub, it's John.' 'Well,' said the schoolmistress, 'what is the rest of your name?' 'Why, that's all the name I've got—jist John.' 'Well what is your father's name?' 'You needn't put pap's name down, he ain't comen to school any; he's too big to go to school.' 'Well, how old are you?' 'I ain't old at all, I'm young.'"

Printer Wanted.

A Southern journal contains the following advertisement: "Wanted, at this office, a journeyman printer—one who can do press and job work, is a good Union man, believes in the existence of a God, and don't drink wiskey. To such a man steady employment and good wages will be paid."

Tom is a Michiganander who is a decided genius in his own way, and sees the funny side of life as well as any other man. Being at dinner at a hotel once, he called for a plate of mock turtle soup, which was down on the bill of fare. Something in the contents of his dish when it came caused him to investigate it closely for a moment, and then call the waiter, when the following conversation ensued:

"What kind of soup did you say this was, waiter?"

"Mock turtle, Sah."

"You are mistaken entirely; it is real turtle, I should say. Isn't that a turtle?" pointing as he spoke to a defunct cockroach of creditable dimensions which was floating on the top of the soup.

In these times of defalcations by bankers and bank-tellers, the following is to the point:

In Chicago the general agent of a well known firm of Reesper manufacturers is not noted for wearing clothes above his business, which amounts to some hundreds of thousands; and having a draft of a thousand dollars to collect of one of the banks, he was desired by the well dressed and polite teller to bring some one who was known to both parties to identify him. Said the general agent, "Do I look like a rogue?"

"No," said the teller; "but your clothes don't look as if you were in the habit of handling so much money."

"Well," said the agent, "they are paid for—are yours?"

There is a man two miles and half below Newburgh, N. Y., at a place called New Windsor, who was born Aug. 15th, 1751. His name is McCormick. He came to this country in 1846, from Ireland, and is now in his 115th year. He was a rebel in 1795, and has two wounds in his leg. He is well and hearty with the exception of poor eye sight.

During September 23,409 foreign immigrants arrived in New York, an increase over the same month in 1864 of 10,375.