

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 24.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA DECEMBER 7, 1865.

NO. 30.

## 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. Single copies, ten cents. All advertisements are charged at the rate of one square of eight lines for the first week, and one square of six lines for each additional week, 30 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

## JOB PRINTING.

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

## HOPE.

Though thick darkness gloom before us,  
And a thousand tempests blend,  
Hope's bright rainbow bending o'er us,  
Tells us that the storm will end;  
Cheating life of half its sorrow,  
Chasing half its ills away,  
With the solace that to-morrow  
Will be brighter than to-day!  
Radiant stars! shine on forever  
In the future's distant skies;  
Further down life's rapid river—  
There the land of promises lies.  
On we glide, of glory dreaming,  
Pride and pleasure at the helm;  
Ever art thou brightly gleaming  
O'er that dim and distant realm!  
Thou art as false and fleeting  
As the phantoms of the glen!  
Still pursued, yet still retreating—  
Cheating all the race of men  
Yet not one of them would barter  
That celestial smile of thine,  
For the glory-giving charter  
Of Golconda's richest mine.  
When the homeless stranger, sighing  
O'er the last, last sand of life,  
On the strength of God relying,  
Nerves him for the final strife,  
Hell may all its legions rally—  
Fiends may startle or allure—  
If thou lightest Death's dark valley,  
He shall tread its gloom secure!

## GOING TO SLEEP.

The light is fading down the sky,  
The shadows grow and multiply,  
I hear the thrushes' evening song:  
But I have borne with toil and wrong  
So long, so long!  
Dim dreams my drowsy senses down;  
So darling, kiss my eyelids down!  
My life's brief spring went wasted by;  
My summer ended fruitlessly;  
I learned to hunger, strive and wait;  
I found you, love—oh, happy fate—  
So late, so late!  
Now all my fields are turning brown;  
So darling, kiss my eyelids down!  
Oh, blessed sleep! oh, perfect rest!  
Thus pillowd on your faithful breast;  
Nor life our death is wholly dear,  
O tender heart, since you are here,  
So dear, so dear!  
Sweet love, my soul's sufficient crown!  
Now, darling, kiss my eyelids down!

California raises 7,000,000 pounds of wool per year.

The Union candidates are elected in every country in Maryland.

The tobacco crop in the Connecticut valley this year will be worth \$6,000,000.

Water impregnated with iron is said to have stopped the cattle plague in Poland.

There are \$3,500,000 worth of boots and shoes manufactured for the trade in Chicago a year.

The superior court at Springfield, Mass., has decided that a man can sue for money lost in gambling and recover it, and there is a flutter among the "sports" there in consequence.

Among the latest wonders in the animal world is a talking dog which has been brought out in Springfield, Mass. He can say "Good morning," "How do you do?" and many other things as a human being.

"Now, children, who loves all men?" asked a School Inspector. The question was hardly put before a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly, "All women."

The following is a verdict on a negro jury: "We, the undersigned, being a corner's jury to sit on the body of de nigger Sambo, now dead and gone afore us, hab been sittin' on de said nigger afore said, and he did on de night ob de fustenth of November come to def by fallin' from de bridge ober de river in de said river, whar we find he was subsequently drown, and afterwards washed on de river side, whar we s'pose he was frocen to def."

A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep one morning before he fairly commenced, after preaching a few minutes, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, this isn't fair; it ain't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and then if I ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't do it before I get commenced; give a man a chance."

## HOW THE FIRST N. JERSEY FOUGHT AT BRANDY STATION.

"It was the prettiest cavalry fight that you ever saw," said the Adjutant, stretching his legs and lighting a fresh cigar. "It was just my luck to lose it." I answered, "Here have I been lying, growling and grumbling while you fellows have been distinguishing yourselves. It was miserable to be taken just when the army got in motion, and still worse not to hear a word of what was going on. I almost wished that we had been a 'news-paper' regiment, so that I could learn something about our share in that day's work. Be a good fellow and play reporter for my benefit. Freshen haws, as the nautical novelists say, and begin." "Well, we were lying at Warrenton Junction, making ourselves as comfortable as possible after the raid, when, on the morning of the 8th of June, the whole division was ordered out in the very lightest marching order. That night we lay close at Kelly's Ford in column of battalions, the men holding their horses as they slept, and no fires being lighted. "At four o'clock on the morning of the 9th we were again in motion, and got across the Ford without interruption or discovery. Yorke, with the third squadron, was in advance, and as we moved he managed so well that he bagged every picket on the road. Thus we got almost upon the rebel camp before we were discovered. We rode right into Jones's Brigade, the First New Jersey and First Pennsylvania charging together, and before they had recovered from the alarm we had a hundred and fifty prisoners. The rebels were then forming thick upon the hill side by the station, and they had a battery playing upon us like fun. Martin's New York battery on our side galloped into position and began to answer them. Then Wyndham formed his whole brigade for a charge, except a squadron of First Maryland, left to support the battery. Our boys went in splendidly, keeping well together and making straight for the rebel battery on the hill behind the station. Wyndham himself rode on the right, and Broderick charged more towards the left, and with a yell we were on them. We were only two hundred and eighty strong, and front of us was White's Battalion of five hundred. No matter for that. As we dashed fiercely into them sabre in hand they broke like a wave on the bows of a ship, and over and through them we went sabring as we went. We could not stop to take prisoners, for there in front of us were the Twelfth Virginia, six hundred men, riding down to support White. They came up splendidly, looking steeper than we did ourselves after the shock of the first charge. I do not know whether Wyndham was still with us, or if he had gone to another regiment; but there was Broderick looking full of fight, his blue eyes in a blaze, and his sabre clenched, riding well in front. It seemed but an instant before the rebels were scattered in every direction, trying now and then to rally in small parties, but never daring to await our approach. Now there were the guns plain before us. We caught one gun before they could move it, and were dashing after others when I heard Broderick shouting in a stormy voice. The fragments of White's battalion had gathered together toward the left of the field and were charging in our rear. At the same time two fresh regiments, the Eleventh Virginia and another, were coming down on our front. Instead of dashing at White's men the First Maryland wavered and broke, and then we were charged at the same time front and rear. We were broken of course, by the mere weight of the attacking force, but breaking them up too, the whole field was covered with small squads of fighting men. I saw Broderick ride in with a cheer and open a way for the men. His horse went down in the melee; but little Wood, the bugler of Co. G, sprang down and gave him his animal, setting off to catch another. A rebel rode at the bugler and succeeded in getting his arms before help came. As Wood still went after a horse another fellow rode at him. The boy happened at that moment to see a carbine where it had been dropped after firing. He picked up the empty weapon, aimed it at the horseman, made him dismount, give up his arms, and start for the rear. Then he went in again. None of us thought anything of two to one odds, as long as we had a chance to ride at them. It was only when we got so entangled that we had to fight hand to hand that their numbers told heavily. It was in such a place that I lost sight of Broderick. The troop horse that he was riding was not strong enough to ride through a knot of men, so that he could fight them. He struck one so heavily that he was stunned by the blow, but his horse was swerving to one side he escaped the blow from another, and warding off the thrust of a third, managed to take him with his point across the forehead; just as he did so, however, his sabre, getting tangled with the rebel's, was jerked from his hand. He always carried a pistol in his boot. Pulling that out, he fired into the crowd and put spurs to his horse. The bullet hit a horse in front of him which fell. His own charger rose as it stumbled, and as it did Broderick himself fell, from a shot fired within arm's length of him and a sabre stroke upon his side. "I saw all this as a man sees things at such times, and am not positive even that it occurred as I thought I saw it; for I was in the midst of confusion, and only caught things around by passing glimpses. You see I was myself having as much as I could do. The crowd with whom Broderick was engaged was a little distance from me; and I had just wheeled to ride up to his help when two fellows put at me. The first one fired at me missed. Before he could again cock his revolver I succeeded in closing with him. My sabre took him just in the neck, and must have cut the jugular. The blood rushed out in a black-looking stream; he gave a horrible yell and fell over the side of the horse, which galloped away. Then I gathered up my reins, spurred my horse and went at the other one. I was riding that old black horse that used to belong to the signal sergeant, and it was in fine condition. As I drove in the spurs it gave a high leap. That plunge saved my life. The rebel had a steady aim at me; but the ball went through the black horse's brain. His feet never touched ground again. With a convulsive contraction of all his muscles the black turned over in the air, and fell on his head and side stone dead, pitching me twenty feet. I lighted on my pistol, the butt forcing itself for into my side; my sabre sprang out of my hand, and I lay, with my arms and legs all abroad, stretched out like a dead man. It seemed to me to have been an age before I began painfully to come to myself; but it could not have been many minutes. Every nerve was shaking; there was a terrible pain in my head, and a numbness through my side which was even worse. Fighting was still going on around me, and my first impulse was to get hold of my sword. I crawled to it and sank down as I grasped it once more. That was only for a moment, for a rebel soldier seeing me move rode at me. The presence of danger aroused me, and I managed to get to my horse, behind which I sank, resting my pistol on the saddle and so contrived to get an aim. As soon as the fellow saw that, he turned off without attacking me. I was now able to stand and walk; so holding my pistol in one hand and my sabre in the other, I made across the fields to where our battery was posted, and shooting others. Nobody managed to hit me through the whole fight. When I got up to the battery I found Wood there. He sagged out to me to wait and he would get me a horse. One of the men who had just taken one, was going past, so Wood stopped him and got it for me. At that moment White's battalion and some other troops charged at the battery. The squadron of the First Maryland, who were supporting it, met the charge well as far as their numbers went; but were, of course, flanked on both sides by the heavy odds. All of our men who were free came swarming up the hill, and the cavalry were fighting over and around the guns. In spite of the confusion, and even while their comrades at the same gun were being sabred, the men at that battery kept to their duty. They did not even look up or around, but kept up their fire with unwavering steadiness. There was one rebel, on a splendid horse, who sabred three gunners while I was chasing him. He wheeled in and out, would dart away and then come sweeping back and cut down another man in a manner that seemed almost supernatural. We at last succeeded in driving him away, but we could not catch or shoot him, and he got off without a scratch. "In the meantime the fight was going on elsewhere. Kilpatrick's Brigade on our right. The Second New York did not behave as well as it has sometimes done since, and the loss of it weakened us a great deal. The Tenth New York though went in well, and First Maine did splendidly, as it always does. In spite of their superior numbers (Stuart had a day or two before reviewed thirty thousand cavalry at Culpeper, according to the account of rebel officers) we beat them heavily, and would have routed them completely if Duffie's Brigade had come up. He, however, was engaged with two or three hundred men on the left; and the aid-de-camp sent to him with orders was wounded and taken prisoner, and he is not the sort of a man to find out the critical points in a fight of his own accord. "So now, they bringing up still more reserves, and a whole division of theirs coming on the field, we began to fall back. We had used them up so severely that they could not press us very close, except in the neighborhood of where the Second New York charged. There some of our men had as much as they could do to get out, and the battery had to leave three of its guns. We formed in the woods between a quarter and a half a mile off the field, another moved back to the left of Buford, who was in retreat toward Beverly's Ford, Hart and Wynkoop tried hard to cover the guns that were lost, but they had too few men, and so had to leave them. The rebels were terribly punished. By their own confession they lost three times as many as we did. In our regiment almost every soldier must have settled his man. Sergeant Craig, of Company K, I believed killed three. Slate, of the same Company, also went above the average. But we lost terribly. Sixty enlisted men of the First New Jersey were killed, wounded, or missing. Col. Wyndham was wounded but kept his saddle. Lieutenant Colonel Broderick and Major Shelmore were killed; Lieutenant Brooks was wounded; Captain Sawyer and Lieutenant Crocker were taken prisoners; and I, too, see, have to come in at last and rest. "I have spun you a pretty long yarn, and you must feel pretty tired; but when

memory of the fight comes over me, I get almost as enthusiastic and excited as when it was going on. Of course I have had to be egotistical, and tell you what occurred to myself, as that was the most intensely interesting to me; but I do not want you to fancy that I did any better or fought any harder than the others. In fact, I know the most of the others did a good deal more than I did; but not having seen it, of course I could not describe their share of the fight quite so well as that which occurred in my own neighborhood and to my own person. "Now I am going to bid you good night. I have talked more than is good for me, and you have listened as much as is good for you. To-morrow I will come and tell you something about what we did around Aldie and Upperville."

## An Unfashionable Old Fellow.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette tells the following anecdote of Gen. Spinner, the Treasurer of the United States: "The simple-hearted old fellow is unfashionable, in that he cannot forget that there has been a war. A repentant Alabamian reached his hand across the table to him the other day, at dinner: 'Don't you remember me, General? I used to sit with you in Congress down to 1860.' 'I remember you well enough. You stayed here a good while after 1860, walked through all our camps, and saw altogether too much before you left. If you were going to be a traitor you might have had the grace to go a little earlier, so that your old friends shouldn't be compelled to suspect you of being a spy.' 'But, General, no man regretted this thing more than I did.' 'Why in the name of manhood, didn't you stand up against it? But no, you had to go with your State, and get office under the government of traitors! and now you come up to this mudsill, Andy Johnson, to be pardoned. I'd hang you, that's what I'd do with you, old friend as you are!'"

## Sick of a Fever.

A Wisconsin man, stopping at the Astor House, New York, tells the following: On Sunday, being desirous of hearing several of the more famous pulpit orators of the metropolis, he went in the morning to Dr. Chapin's Church, but heard a stranger preach from the text, 'But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever.' In the afternoon he went to Beecher's church, and heard the same discourse from the same preacher. Going in the evening to Dr. Osgood's church, he found the same clergyman and the same theme—'Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever.' The next day the patient hearer of the thrice told discourse was crossing to Brooklyn in a ferry-boat, when the alarm-bell in the Park agitated the air with its great shocks of sound, and a man behind him inquired why that bell was tolling. Looking up, he saw the now familiar face of the preacher, and was prompt to reply: 'I think Simon's wife's mother must be dead; I heard three times yesterday that she was sick of a fever.'

## Useful Discovery.

An important discovery was recently made in Copley, Medina County, Ohio. Mr. Vial, and his son, and another person, were digging a well, and his son, having gone down first, was prostrated on breathing the noxious vapor or 'damps' below. His father, descending to his relief fell also. The third started for a physician. In the meantime, several ladies assembled at the place, and one threw down a pail of water, most of which fell on the face of Mr. V., who caught breath, rose, seized the senseless body of his son, got into the tub, and was drawn up by the ladies. Water was immediately applied to the young man, which in a short time produced symptoms of returning life. Mr. Vial in a few hours attained his usual health and strength, and the young man by medical aid had so far recovered as to be able to work out the succeeding day. The experiment of letting down a candle was then tried, which went out at the depth of six feet from the top of the well. A live chicken was also let down, and at the depth of six feet, animation became suspended, but by pouring down water upon it, life was immediately restored. From the experiments, it appears that on inhaling the gas (which is the same as produced by a kettle of burning coals) life is suspended only, and that the application of water will restore it, either by conveying atmospheric air contained in the water, to the sufferer, or from some other cause.

## Deserved a Job.

A gentleman from the rural district recently accompanied his son a delicate youth of about two hundred pounds to the Portsmouth Navy Yard, to solicit for him a job of work. The boy having served three years or more in the army, was therefore entitled to preference over those who have been doing their fighting 'at home.' The father accordingly presented himself to the proper authorities, when the following dialogue ensued: "What claim do you present, sir?" "What?" "Has the young man been in the army, or elsewhere served his country?" "Yes, sir; and he's a big fighter, tew. He killed every rebel he came across, licked any quantity of Copperheads, and when he got home he licked me and the old woman and all the young ones. If he don't deserve a job, nobody never did!" And he got it.

## THE WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS.

It is Restored at the North. THE SOUTH NOT GRANTED ITS PRIVILEGES.

## PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30, 1865. The following proclamation has just been issued by the President of the United States of America: WHEREAS, By the proclamation of the President of the United States of the fifteenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus in certain cases therein set forth was suspended throughout the United States; and WHEREAS, The reasons for that suspension may be regarded as having closed in some of the States and Territories; Now, therefore, be it known that I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim and declare that the suspension aforesaid, and all other proclamations and orders suspending the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus in the States and Territories of the United States, are revoked and annulled, excepting as to the States of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, the District of Columbia, the Territories of New-Mexico and Arizona. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington the first day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America the ninetieth. ANDREW JOHNSON. By the President: WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Sec. of State.

## The New Counterfeit Fifty Cent Currency—How to Detect it.

The most recent of the counterfeit fifty cent notes are so well executed that they are likely to deceive even the best 'experts.' The following information will be found useful in aiding our readers to detect them: The counterfeit is about an eighth of an inch shorter than the genuine. The words 'United States,' in the counterfeit are not so clearly defined as in the genuine. In the counterfeit it is more heavily engraved. Under the word 'and' in the right upper corner there is a flourish in the counterfeit. The last defect is one of the simplest means of detecting the bogus notes.

## Hard on Crinoline.

A country 'chap,' who recently visited San-Francisco for the first time, gives his views of the ladies in this way: "Somewhars in every circumference of silk and velvet that wriggles along there's allers a woman, I suppose; but how much of the holler is filled in with meat, and how much is gammon, the spectator dun no. A feller marries a site, and finds, when it cums to the pint, that he has nuthin' in his arms but a regular anatomy. Ef men is gay descevers, what is tobe said of the female that dresses for a hundred and forty weight, but hasn't recely got as much fat on her as would grease a griddle—all the apparent plumpness consisting of cotton and whale bone.

A young New York lawyer was ejected from Wallack's Theatre for improper behaviour, and appealed to the courts, which settled this principle—an important one for young men to consider. The court decided—

"That an individual on entering an assemblage surrendered a good deal of his personal liberty; that it was a part of his contract to keep perfectly quiet; that the right of an audience to perfect silence was as distinct as of an individual to personal liberty; and that any unnecessary infringement of it could as properly be taken cognizance of in the one case as in the other."

A novel official document was received at the Indian Bureau, Washington, recently. It is a tabular analysis of the cost per head to the government of 'killing Indians and squaws.' On the Western plains the average cost of killing an Indian has been about five hundred thousand dollars, while for a squaw the cost is nearly two million dollars.

After whipping and coaxing had failed to induce a horse to move, the gentleman who was driving, or trying to, gave up. Then a cartman went to him, saying, 'if you please, sir, I'll make him go.' The privilege was granted, and going up to the gutter, he took up a handful of mud and rubbed it upon the nose of the horse, whereupon the horse started without trouble. The cartman accounted for the effect, saying, 'O, sir, it gives him a new idea.'

The Lehigh Navigation and the Lehigh Railroad Companies are having a fierce quarrel at White Haven. The Lehigh Valley Company have thrown all the obstructions possible in the way of the Navigation Company's new road, from Penn Haven down; and in the quarrel, the rivals are smashing locomotives, accidentally switching coal trains from the road and running them into the river. The quarrel has grown out of the desire of each company to monopolize the carrying trade of the Wyoming coal field.

## The Man who Owns Huddersfield.

The English papers state Lady Gwendoline H. Maur, the young and lovely daughter of the Duke of Somerset, has just been married to Sir J. Ramsden, has Young Yorkshire Baronet, who owns the land on which every house in Huddersfield is built, save one. Sir John has offered fabulous sums for the property, but in vain. The land belongs to an old Quaker, and on Sir John offering to purchase it from him he replied: "When strangers ask thee to whom the town of Huddersfield belongs, thou say that it belongs to thee and me." The Baronet offered to give the owner as many sovereigns for the land as would cover the property, when the Quaker inquired, "Wilt thou place them edgewise?" It is perhaps needless for us to state, that the Baronet declined placing them edgewise, and the ownership of the town of Huddersfield is therefore still divided between Sir John Ramsden and the Quaker.

The Ottawa (Ill. Free Trader) exposes the schemes of a party of oil speculators who roam the country prospecting for oil. They approach a farmer, tell him of the probability of oil upon his farm, that a fortune is within his grasp, &c. They will want to enter into a contract with him to sink a well within six months that shall produce forty barrels of oil per day, that each shall have a share of the oil, that he (the farmer) shall give them his note for one or two thousand dollars, as the case may be, not to be paid, however, unless oil is struck as per contract.—They therefore take this plain promissory note, unqualified, and leave him to dream of oil and greenbacks "to come," while the "operators" go to the bank and sell his note. Some five or six thousand dollars' worth of these notes are now in the banks in Ottawa.

Pit Hole seems to be in a bad way as to the title to the ground on which it stands. It seems that in 1836 a treaty was made with the Indian chief Corplanter, by which he reserved the spot on which Pit Hole stands, but afterwards sold it for \$270, to some white speculator. Corplanter proceeded down the creek to Pitsburg, where he found \$200 of his money was counterfeit, and, a good Indian, he spent the \$70 and returned, demanding good money for his counterfeit or the surrender of the title deed.—The deeds were given up on the payments of the \$70; but in the meantime the deed had been recorded, and the Indian, not knowing the effect of that did not take the precaution to get the title transferred to him on the records and so the question now is how that difficulty is to be obviated.

It is pretty generally known among the "inner circles" at Washington, that Secretary Stanton has no great love for music—that, in fact like bluff old Dr. Johnson, whom he in other respects resembles, the Secretary of War considers it a great bore; it is also known that Secretary Wells, who, along with other infirmities of extreme age, is said to be quite deaf, affects a great fondness for the "divine art." It is also known that while a professor of music in Washington was trying to get up a series of subscription concerts in that city last winter, he called upon Mr. Stanton to get him to subscribe, and mentioned as an inducement thereto, that the Secretary of the Navy had already put his name down. "Oh," replied the bluff head of the war department.—"If I were as deaf as the Secretary of the Navy, I would subscribe, too!"

How Many. A mining man, who had just passed her teens, went into a store in a small village in this country, and called for some home. "How many will you have, Miss?" "A pair, sir, if you please." The accommodating clerk immediately started up two flight of stairs, and soon brought down two hoese stout enough to dig all the potatoes in the State, and asked her if 'them would do.'

## How a Hog Sweats.

Not like a horse or a man, but through his forelegs. There is a spot on each leg, just below the knee, in the form of a sieve, through this the sweat passes off. And it is necessary that it is kept open.—If it gets closed as is sometimes the case, the hog will get sick; he will appear stiff and cramped—and unless he gets relief, it will go hard with him.—To cure him simply open the pores.—This is done by rubbing the spot with a corn-cob, and washing it with warm water.—Rural World.

"When are you going to commence the pork business?" asked a person of another who had a sty on his eye. "Explain yourself, sir," said the afflicted gentleman. "Why I see that you have your sty quite ready." "True, was the reply," and I've one hog in my eye now."

An editor got shaved in a barber's shop recently, and offered the darkey a dime, which he refused; because, said he, "I understand dat you are an editor!"—"Well! what of that?" "We neber charge editors nouffin." "But such liberality will ruin you." "Oh, neber mind, we make it up off de gemmen."