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## Amusing Epitaphs.

The following is from a graveyard in Massachusetts:

"Here lies The bodies of John and Lucy Leaven, Killed by lightning sent from Heaven, In 1777."

In St. Mary's churchyard, Whitless, England, is the following:

"Here lies the bodies of Elizabeth Addison, Her son, And old Roger to come."

"Old Roger" was her husband, it seems, and nearly twenty years afterward, when a traveller visited the place, was still living, but had not yet "come."

The following, we are told, may be seen conspicuously inscribed on a board stuck up on a dogwood tree, on the banks of Benson Creek, in one of the western States:

"Beneath this tree lies young Billy Kunningham, Who was butted to death by our old bob-tail ram."

The old ram, B damn, To another world was sent, The cars over him done went."

Youngster, spare that girl! Kis not those lips so neck! Unruffled let the fair lock curl, Upon the Maiden's cheek! Believe her quite a saint; Her looks are all divine, Her rosy hue is paint! Her form is—crimoline.

NOT SO SLOW.—The editor of the *Polo Transcript* is "one of em." In a late issue he gets off the following:

"ANOTHER EDITOR DEAD.—Wm. Fisk, esq., editor of the *Mendota Press* is dead. Mr. F. was a poet of no mean pretensions as our readers will testify from the specimens we have given them. From some reason or other Mr. Fisk did not like our views upon the merits of his poetry and so cut us from his exchange list. We, however, continued to send him the *Transcript* and yesterday it was returned to this office marked, 'send this paper to hell.' This was the first intimation we had of Mr. F.'s death, and we suppose he left word with his son to send his exchanges to his new abode."

Rabbi Eliezer said, "Turn to God one day before your death." His disciples said, "How can a man know the day of his death?" He answered them, "Therefore should you turn to God to day. Perhaps you may die to-morrow; thus, every day would be employed in turning to Him."

A late writer says that a woman has no generosity toward her own sex. Who ever knew one woman to go security for another woman's house rent?

There is a singular individual parading the city of N. York with a lightning rod attached to him, which he thinks necessary for his protection. It is fixed on the top of his hat, having three prongs projecting above, and thence descends along his back, the lower end being bent out to carry the electric fluid away from him to the ground.

The election in the seventh Congressional district, of Mass., to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Gov. Banks resulted in the choice of D. W. Gooch, the Republican candidate, by 2000 plurality.

Near the depot yesterday, were several Irishmen. Thinking to quiz them a gentleman shouted to one:

"Has the railroad got in?"

"One ind has sir," was the prompt reply.

Troubles are like babies, they o grow bigger by nursing.

## THE BRIDAL EVE.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

One summer night, the blaze of many lights streaming from the windows of an old mansion, perched yonder among the rocks and woods, flashed far over the waters of lake Champlain.

In a quiet and comfortable chamber of that mansion, a party of British officers, sitting around a table spread with wines and viands, discussed a topic of some interest, if it was not the most important in the world, while the tread of the dancers shook the floor of the adjoining room.

Yes, while all was gaiety and dance and music in the largest hall of the old mansion, whose hundred lights glanced over the waters of Champlain—here in the quiet room, with the cool evening breeze blowing in their faces through the open windows, here the party of British officers had assembled to discuss their wines and their favorite topic.

The topic was—the comparative beauty of the women of the world.

"As for me," said a handsome young Ensign, "I will match the voluptuous forms and dark eyes of Italy, against the beauties of all the world!"

"And I," said a bronzed old veteran, who had risen to the Colonelcy by his long service and hard fighting; "and I have a pretty lass of a daughter there in England, whose blue eyes and flaxen hair would shame your tragic beauties of Italy into very ugliness."

"I have served in India, as you all must know," who sat next to the veteran, "and I never saw painting or statue, much less living woman half so lovely as some of those Hindoo maidens," bending down by the light of torches over the dark waters of the Ganges."

And thus, one after another, Ensign Colonel and Major, had given their opinions, until the young American Refugee, yonder at the foot of the table, is left to decide the argument. That American—for I blush to say it—hand-ome young fellow as he is, with a face full of manly beauty, blue deep eyes, ruddy cheeks and glossy brown hair, that American is a Refugee, and a Captain in the British army. He wore the handsome scarlet coat the glittering epaulettes, lace ruffles on his bosom and around his wrists.

"Come, Captain, pass the wine this way," shouted the ensign; "pass the wine and decide this great question! Which are the most beautiful, the red cheeks of Merry England, the dark eyes of Italy, or the graceful forms of Hindoostan?"

The Captain hesitated for a moment, and the tossing of a bumper of old Madeira, somewhat flushed as he was with wine replied:

"Nould you three models of beauty, your Italian Queen, your Hindoo nymph and the English maiden into one, and to their charms a thousand graces of color and texture, and I would not compare this perfection of loveliness, for a single, with the wild artless beauty of—an American beauty."

The laugh of the three officers, for a moment, drowned the echo of the dance in the next room.

"Compare his American milk-maid with the women of Italy,"

"Or the lass of England!"

"Or the graceful Hindoo girl!"

The laughing scorn of the British officers stung the handsome Refugee to the quick.

"Hark ye," he cried, half rising from his seat with a flushed brow, but a deep and deliberate voice; "to-morrow I marry a wife; an American girl! To-night at midnight, too, that an American girl will join the dance in the next room. You shall see her—you shall judge for yourselves!—Whether the American woman is not the most beautiful in the world!"

There was something in the manner of the young Refugee more than in the nature of his information, that arrested the attention of his brother officers. For a moment they were silent.

"We have heard something of your marriage," said the young Ensign, "but we did not think it would occur so suddenly. Only think of it—to-morrow you will be gone—settled—verdict brought in—sentence passed—a man! But tell me! How will your lady-love be brought to this house? I thought she resided within the rebel lines?"

"She comes reside there! But I have sent a friendly Indian chief—on whom I can place the utmost dependence—to bring her from her present home at dead of night through the forest, to this mansion. He is to return by twelve; it is now half-past eleven."

"Friendly Indian," echoed the old veteran Colonel, "rather an old guard for a pretty woman. Quite an original idea of a Duenna, I vow!"

"And you will match this lady against all the world, for beauty?"

"Yes, and if you do not agree with me, this hundred guineas which I lay upon the table, shall serve our mess, for wines, for a month to come! But if you do agree with me—as without a doubt you will—then you are to replace this gold with a hundred guineas of your own."

"Agreed! It is a wager!" chorused the Colonel and the other two officers.

And in that moment—while the doorway was thronged with fair ladies and gay officers attracted from the next room by the debate—as the Refugee stood, with one hand resting upon the little pile of gold, his ruddy face grew suddenly pale as a shroud, his blue eyes dilated,

until they were encircled by a line of white enamel, he remained there as if frozen to stone.

"Why, Captain, what is the matter," cried the Colonel, starting up in alarm.—"Do you see a ghost, that you stand gazing there at the blank wall?"

The other officers, starting up in alarm also asked the cause of this singular demeanor, but still, for the space of a minute or more, the Refugee Captain stood there, more like a dead man, suddenly recalled to life, than a living being.

The moment passed, he sat down with a cold shiver, made a strong effort as if to command his reason; then gave utterance to a forced laugh.

"Ha, ha! See how I've frightened you!" he said—and then mingled that cold, unnatural hollow laugh.

"And yet, half an hour from that time he freely confessed the nature of the horrid picture which he had seen drawn on that blank wainscoted wall, as if by some supernatural hand.

But now with the wine cup in his hand, he turned from one comrade to another, uttering some forced jest, or looking towards the doorway crowded by officers and ladies, he gaily invited them to share in his remarkable argument. Which were the most beautiful women in the world?

As he spoke the hour struck twelve o'clock was there, and with it a footstep, and then a bold Indian surging through the throng of ladies, thronging yonder doorway.

Stoically, his arms folded on his war blanket, a look of calm stoicism on his dusky brown, the Indian advanced along the room, and stood at the head of the table. There was no lady with him!

Where is the fair girl? She who is to be the bride to-morrow? Perhaps the Indian has left her in the next room, or in one of the other halls of the old mansion, or perhaps—but the thought is a foolish one—she has refused to obey the lover's request—refused to come to him."

There was something awful in her deep-silence that reigned through the room as the solitary Indian stood there at the head of the table, gazing silently in the lover's face.

"Where is she?" at last gasped the Refugee. "She has not refused to come! Tell me, has any accident befallen her by the way? I know the forest is dark, and the wild path most difficult—tell me—Where is the lady for whom I sent you into the rebel lines?"

For a moment, as the strange horror of that lover's face was before him, the Indian was silent. Then as his answer seemed troubling on his lips, the ladies in yonder doorway, the officers from the ball-room, and the party round the table formed a group around the two central figures—the Indian, standing at the head of the table, his arms folded in his war-blanket—the young officer half rising from his seat, his lips parted, his face ashy, his clenched hand resting on the dark Mahogany of the table.

The Indian answered first by an action then by a word.

First action: Slowly drawing his right hand from his war blanket, he held it in the light. The right hand clutched with blood-stained fingers, a bleeding scalp, and long glossy ringlets of beautiful black hair!

Then the word: "Young warrior sent the red man for the scalp of the pale-faced squaw! Here it is!"

Yes—the rude savage had mistaken his message! Instead of bringing the bride to her lover's arms, he had gone on his way, determined to bring the scalp of the victim to the grasp of her pale face enemy.

Not even a groan disturbed the silence of that dreadful moment. Look there! The lover rises, pressed that hair—so black, so glossy and so beautiful—to his heart, and then—as though a heavy weight falling on his heart had crashed him—fell with one dead sound on the hard floor.

He lay there—stiff, and pale, and cold—his clenched right hand clutched the bloody scalp and the long dark hair falling in glossy tresses over the floor! This was his bridal eve!

Now tell me my friends, you who have heard some silly and ignorant pretender, pitifully complain of the destitution of Legend, Poetry, Romance, which characterizes our National History—tell me, did you ever read a tradition of England, or France, or Italy, or Spain, or any land under the Heavens, that might in point of awful tragedy, compare with the simple History of David Jones and Jane McGee? For it is but a scene from this narrative, with which you have all been familiar from childhood that I have given you.

When the bridegroom, flung there on the floor, with the bloody scalp and long dark tresses in his hands, arose again to terrible consciousness of life—those words trembled from his lips in a faint and husky whisper.

"Do you remember how, half an hour ago I stood there—by the table—silent and pale and horror-stricken—while you all started up around me, asking me what horrid sight I saw? Then, oh then, I beheld the horrid scene—that home, yonder by the Hudson river, mounting to Heaven in the smoke and flames! The red forms of Indians going to and fro, a mad flame and smoke—tomahawk and torch in hand! There amid the dead bodies and smoking embers, I beheld her

form—my bride for whom I had sent the messenger, kneeling, pleading for mercy, even as the tomahawk crashed into her brain."

He sank senseless, again still clutched that terrible memorial, the bloody scalp and long black hair!

That was an awful bridal Eve.

## THE OLD SUCKER.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

"I say, Mr. Conductor, when will the next express train go to St. Louis?"

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes, tonight, sir," was the gentlemanly reply to the rough question.

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes!—Go to Texas! Why, it's ten this very minute. I'll bet my boots against a jack-knife the morning express is off."

"Yes, sir, it has been gone half an hour. 'Why in nature' didn't you get us here sooner? Fourteen hours in Chicago is nuff to break a feller all to smash. Fourteen hours in Chicago, puffin' and blowin'—I've been told they keep a regular six hundred hogs steam power all the while a running, to blow themselves up with, and pick the pockets of every traveler to pay the firemen and engineers."

"Wal, I guess I can stand it; I've a twenty that's never been broke and I guess that will put me through. Why didn't you fire up, old brig—give your old boss another peek of oats! I tell ye, this fourteen hours will knock my calculations all into the middle of next week."

"Very sorry, sir—we've done our best but as we are not clerks of the weather, I hope you will not lay your misfortune to our account. Snowdrifts and the thermometer sixteen below zero are enemies we can't really overcome."

"That's a fact," said the first speaker, with a broad emphasis, and a good natured forgiving smile. "Fourteen hours in Chicago!"

The stentorian voice, sounding like a trumpet, had aroused every sleeper from a clypean dream into which he might have fallen after his long, tedious, cold night's travel. Every head was turned, every eye was fixed on the man who had broken the silence. He was standing by the stove warming his boots. To have warmed his feet through such a mass of cowhide and sole-leather would have been a fourteen hours' operation. Six feet four or five inches he stood in those boots, with shoulders cased in a fur coat, that looked more like bearing up a world than you will meet with ordinarily in half a lifetime. His head Websterian, his shaggy hair black as jet, his whiskers to match, his dark piercing eye, and his jaws eternally roving with a rousing quip between them, with a smile of good humor, notwithstanding his seeming impatience, attracted every one's attention.

"Fourteen hours in Chicago, eh? Wal I can stand it if the rest can; if twenty dollars won't carry me through, I'll borrow of my friends. I've got the thing—that'll bring em."

He thrust his hand, a little less in size than a common spade, down into the cavernous depths of his pockets and brought it up full as it could hold of twenty dollar pieces.

"Don't yer think I can stand these ere Chicagoers for one fourteen hours?"

A nod of assent from three or four and a smile of curiosity from the rest, answered his question in the affirmative.

"You must have been in luck, stranger," said an envious looking little man. "You have more than your share of gold."

"I have, eh? Wal, I reckon not. I came honestly by it. That's fact. And there's them living who can remember this child when he went round the prairie trapping prairie hens and the like to get him a pair of shoes to keep the massagers from biting my toes; I've hung myself up more nor one night in the timber, to keep out of the ways of the wild varnents; best sleeping in the world, in the crotch of a tree top! Now, I reckon you wouldn't believe it, but I've gone all winter without a shoe on my foot and lived on wild game, when I could fetch it. That's a fact!"

"Didn't stunt your growth," said a voice near.

"Not a bit of it. It brought me up right. These prairies are so wonderfully roomy. I thought one spell I would let myself out entirely, but me and mother held a caucus, and decided that she was getting old and blind like, and it tuk too long and cost too much to sow up the legs of my trousers, so I put a stop to it, and concluded that six foot five would do for a feller that couldn't afford the expensive luxury of a wife to make breeches for him. It was only the love for my mother that stopped my growth. If I had an idea of a sewing machine, there's no telling what I might have done."

"You have so many gold pieces in your pocket, you can afford to get your trousers made now. Why don't you and your mother hold another caucus, and see what you can do? If she would let you expand yourself, you might sell out to Barnum and make a fortune traveling with Tom Thumb, and take the old woman along."

"Stranger, said the rough, great man, and his whole face loomed up with a mingled expression of pain and pride; "stranger, I spoke a word here I didn't mean to; a slightly word, like, about my pocket. I would give all the gold in my pocket to bring her back for one hour, to look upon this country as it is now. She had her cabin here when Chicagoer was

nowhere; here she raised her boys—she couldn't give them larkin, but she taught us better things than books can give; to be honest, useful and industrious. She taught us to be faithful and true; to stand by a friend and be generous to an enemy. It's thirty years, stranger, since we dug her grave by the lake side with our own hands; and with many a tear and sob turned ourselves away from the cabin where we had been raised—the Indians had killed our father long before, and we'd nothin' to keep us—and so we went to seek our fortune. My brother he took down there to St. Louis, and I got married down there some'ers; and I just went where the wind blowed, and when I'd scraped money enough together, I came back and bought a few acres of land around my mother's old cabin, for the place where I laid her bones was sacred like. Wal, in course of time it turned right up in the middle of Chicagoer. I couldn't stand that—I loved my old mother o' too well that the omnibusses rattle over her grave, so I come back about fifteen years ago, and quietly moved her away to the buryin'-ground; and then I went back to Texas, and wrote to an agent afterwards to sell my land. What cost a few hundred dollars to begin on, I sold for over forty thousand—and if I'd kept it till now 't would have been worth ten times that—but I got enough for it. I soon turned that forty into eighty thousand, and that into twice as much, and so on, till I don't know nor care what I'm worth. I work hard, am the same rough customer; remember every day of my life what my mother taught me; never drink nor fight,—wish I didn't swear nor chew; but them's got to be kind o' second nature like, and the only thing that troubles me is money—haven't got no wife nor children, and I'm going now to hunt up my brother and his folks. If his boys is clever and industrious, and ain't ashamed of my big boots and old fashioned ways, and his gals is young women and not ladies; if they heed their mother, and don't put on more'n two frocks a day, I'll make 'em rich, every one on 'em."

"Now, gentlemen, 'taint often I'm led to tell on myself this fashion. But these old places, where trapped when I was a boy, make me feel like a child again—and I just felt like telling these youngsters here about the changes and changes a feller may meet in life if he only tries to make the most of himself."

"But, boys," said he, turning to a party of young men. "There's something better than money. Get education, and mind your mother. Foller out all her counsels; never do anything that will make you ashamed to meet her in heaven."

All this passed while waiting to wood just out of Chicago. The great man was swelling with emotions called up from the dark shadows of the past; his big rough foot heaved like a great billow upon the ocean. Tears sprung to his deep set earnest eyes—swelled up to the brim—and swam round asking to be let fall as tributes to the love of the past. But he choked them down, and humming a snatch of an old ballad, he thrust his hands down into his pockets, walked back to the end of the car, pulled his gigantic collar of his shaggy coat up around his ears, buttoned it close, and leaned back against the window in silence.

The ears rattled on. What a mind was there; what a giant intellect, sleeping, buried away from light and usefulness by a rubbish of prejudice, and habit and custom—doing but half work for want of culture.

"A mute inglorious Milton," or rather Webster, going about the world, struggling with his own soul, yet bound by chains of ignorance, which precluded his doing but a moiety of good it lay in his power to do.

All the way through our long tedious journey he had been on the watch to do good. He gave up his seat by the fire to an Irish woman and her child, and took one further back; soon a young girl seated herself by his side, and as the night hours wore on she nodded wearily; he rose, spread his beautiful leopard skin with its soft rich lining, on the seat, made a pillow of his carpet bag, and insisted that she should lie down and sleep.

"What will you do?" said she naively.

"Never mind me—I can stand up and sleep like a buffalo; I'm used to it."

A little boy, pulled up from a sound nap to give place to newcomers, was preoccupied and made quit by a handful of chestnuts and a glowing bit of candy out of the man's pocket.—When he left the cars for refreshment, he brought back his hand full of pies, and distributed them among the weary group. A mother and seven little children, the eldest not eleven years old, whose husband and father left the cars at every stopping place, and returned more stupid and beastly each time, soiling the little tired ones with thick tongue and glaring his furious red eyes upon the poor grieved victim of a wife, like a tiger upon its prey, because she did not keep the young ones still, they would disturb everybody. No bite of refreshment, no exhilarating draught, no rest from that fat cross baby, came to her all the long night, save when the big man stretched out his great hands and took her baby boy for an hour, and let him play with his splendid watch to keep him quiet.

"I'll give ye a thousand dollars for him,"

said he, as he handed him back to her arms.

"You may have the whole lot for that," answered the drunken father, with a swine-like grunt.

"It's a bargain," said the big man, 'providin' the mother is willin'."

"Indeed, sir, it's not the one of them can be had for money, was the quiet yet determined response of the mother's heart."

How kindly he helped her off the cars when at the break of day, they came to their journey's end.

That all night had he been attracting the attention of the waking ones in the cars. But this kindness and rough politeness would soon have been forgotten by the mass of the passengers, had he not stamped it upon our memories with his gold.

"I wonder who he is? Where did he get in? What an interesting character. Education would spoil him. What rich fur!

"He's some great man ino'g."

Such were a few of the queries that passed from lip to lip. But there came no answer; for he who alone could have answered sat crouched in his fur coat, seeming unconscious of all but his own deep thoughts.

"Chicago!" shouted the brakeman, and in an instant all was confusion, and our hero was lost in the crowd. The next we saw him was at the baggage stand, looking up a hand box for a sweet-looking country girl, who was going to learn the milliner's trade in the city. As we passed to our carriage, we discovered him again, holding an old man by one hand, while he grasped the shoulder of the conductor of another train with the other, seeking for the deaf, gray-haired sire the right information as to the route he should take to get to his 'darter,' who lived near Muscatine, Iowa.

"God bless him for his good deeds! was our ejaculation as we whirled around the corner. May his shadow never grow less, nor the gold in his pocket diminish, for in his unnumbered charities and mercies, dropped so unostentatiously here and there, he is perhaps doing more good in his day and generation, than he who donates thousands to build charitable institutions to his own name.

Oh how much the world needs great hearts—that are able to comprehend little things!—and yet how often it happens that the learned, the wise, and the rich outgrow the everyday wants of humanity, and feeling within themselves the power to move mightily, pass by the humble duties that would make a thousand hearts leap for joy, and push on looking for some wrong to right, some great sorrow to be soothed, some great giant work to be accomplished; and failing to find the great work, live and die incarcerated in their own selfishness, and do nothing at all.

This rough man's nature seemed the nature of the little child. His quick eye saw at a glance, his great heart warmed, and his great hand executed his little works of charity—so small that one would have expected to see them slip through his fingers unaccomplished—yet they were done. The recording angel will have a longer column to set down to his account of deeds well done than all the rest of the passengers of that crowded car on that long tedious stormy night in January, 1857.

## Moths in Carpets—Another Remedy.

An experienced housekeeper who reads THE TRIBUNE says: "Camphor will not stop the ravages of moths after they commenced eating. Then they pay no regard to the presence of camphor, cedar or tobacco—in fact I rather think they enjoy the latter, if anything else than humanity can. Nor will the dreaded and inconceivable taking up and beating always insure success, for I tried it faithfully, and while nailing it down found several of the worms alive and kicking! that had remained under the pile unharmed. I conquered them wholly in this way: I took a coarse crash towel and wrung it out of clean water and spread it smoothly on the carpet, then ironed it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on all suspected places, and those least used. It does not injure the pile or color of the carpet in the least, as it is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents; and they do the work effectually on worms and eggs. Then the camphor will doubtless prevent future depredations of the miller."

## Siam Etiquette.

When the Siamese ambassadors were recently presented to Queen Victoria, they threw themselves on their hands and knees, and went the whole length of the room on all fours, and the principal ambassadors laid his chin on the step of the throne and read his address in that position, and after the formalities they all backed out in the same awkward style. The royal gravity was sorely tried by the ridiculous spectacle. When the distinguished foreigners were invited to a lunch in one of the state apartments they all pulled out their pipes and filled the hall with a cloud of smoke, to the great horror of the court and the disgust of the Queen, who abominates the weed.

Gold is universally worshipped without a single exception; and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.