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## Infant's Food.—What a baby Costs a year.

When it is necessary to feed infants artificially, and cow's milk is used, it should be first boiled, then skimmed, then sweetened a little with sugar, and next a little salt added, not enough to give it a saltish taste; milk thus prepared will not only prevent the indigestion and consequent sudity, flatulence, colic, diarrhoea, &c., from which suckling children suffer so much, but will actually cure them.

A hearty infant will swallow, during the first year of its life, fourteen hundred pounds of milk, in which are twenty-one pounds of cheese, thirty pounds of butter, and a hundred and twelve pounds of sugar. At six cents a quart, with the necessary sweetening, each "dear" little creature costs, for food alone, fifty dollars for the first year.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The Springfield Republican says that a piquant correspondence has just passed between two clergymen, in a city where considerable religious awakening has taken place. In substance the correspondence ran as follows:

*Baptist to Methodist clergyman.*

Dear Brother—I shall baptize some converts to-morrow; if any of your converts prefer to be baptized in our mode, I shall be happy to baptize them as candidates for your church.

*Methodist to Baptist clergyman.*

Dear Brother—Yours received. I prefer to wash my own sheep.

The Buffalo Courier says the greatest cave in the country is one located in Kentucky. This may be true now, but it will not be true three years hence. In 1860 the greatest cave seen in the United States will be the "cave" of the Leocomptonites, produced by Old Buehanna and the ballot-box stuffers.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

**CURIOUS WILL.**—The will of Governor Blatchett, of Plymouth, proved in 1783, contains the following singular clause:

"I desire my body to be kept so long as it may not be offensive, and that one of my toes or fingers may be cut off to secure a certainty of my being dead. I further request my dear wife, that as she has been troubled with one fool she will not think of marrying a second."

An assembled family, as the legacy to each was read aloud, sobbed and wished that the father had lived to enjoy his own fortune. At last came the bequest to his heir: "I give my eldest son Tom a shilling to buy a rope to hang himself with."

"Would to God," said Tom, sobbing like the rest, "that my poor father had lived to enjoy it himself!"

**THE SECT HE BELONGED TO.**—"Sir," said a little blistering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other, "but to judge from your size and appearance, I should think you belonged to the class generally called in sect."

A store-keeper not a hundred miles from Boston, recently received from a respectable family the following order for a few articles in his line: Two ounces of tinker of rubarb. Two pounds cotten batens. Won pound of good brown shugger.

## EMILY ASHTON, OR THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.

BY FRANK LESLIE.

"As unto the bow the cord is, So unto man is woman, Though she bend him, she obeys him, Though she draws him, yet she follows, Useless each without the other!"

Hiawatha.

"You won't go out to-night, William, will you?" pleaded the young wife, resting her hand on his chair, as she stooped to kiss the noble brow of her husband.

"And why not to-night, my dear?" said he, tenderly pressing her hand.

"O, because I'm so lonely when you are absent—the time seems so long; then you were going to read 'The World before the Flood,' this evening, don't you remember? I have become quite interested in young Javan, and am anxious to learn more of him."

"Ah! but I leave you to enjoy Javan's society alone, will that not compensate for my absence?"

"No, indeed, William, it requires your voice to make it life-like, and explanation to make it more interesting."

"And will not to-morrow evening answer as well?"

"Certainly, for Javan, but—and her blue eyes moistened, 'it is your society I would seek.'"

"But my dear, I have made an engagement with—"

"With Emily, to 'love, cherish—'"

"Not obey her," said he, smiling. "Oh no, she does not wish that."

"But really, Emily dear, I have made a promise which I must fulfill."

"A bad promise is better broken than kept, you know," said Emily.

"Yes, I remember the adage, but you know William Ashton's word is sacred, once given—always kept." There was a deeper meaning in his looks and tone than his words expressed. Emily was silent, for she knew he had ever been kind and true to her, and she was unwilling to cause him pain by opposing his wishes.

"I must go to-night, Emily, dearest, but to-morrow evening will be yours, and he rose to leave."

"You will not be absent long, will you?" said she, laying her hand on his arm.

"Not very; pleasant evening to you and Javan," said he, with a smile and parting kiss.

As the door closed on his retreating form Emily bent over the cradle of her sleeping babe, smoothed his pillows, tucked his little blanket, parted his soft hair, and commenced singing a slow lullaby. Presently she rose, and taking a book from the shelf, seated herself to read—

But evidently her thoughts wandered, for her hands rested listlessly in the leaves and her eyes were watching the fantastic shapes flitting among the glowing coals. She was thinking of the past, the days of sunny childhood, when she roved, careless and happy, over the hills and valleys of her father's broad home lands; of youth whose threshold she had harpily crossed, and the cup of friendship and love whose cool-refreshing draughts she had quaffed in ecstasy. She thought of the winning smile and love lit eye, the manly form and noble heart that had wooed and won her wayward love; and as she mused, fancied her love somewhat changed.

It might be all fancy, yet her suspicions were excited, and she could not but compare the past with the present.—Certainly her society had less charm for him than formerly; she thought—she feared he loved the club room and his gay companions better than the quiet of home. Nor could she fail to note his restless eye, flushed cheek, and occasional strange manner, and the conviction fastened on her heart, that at times his lips were polluted and his brain excited by the wine cup.

Yet it could not be possible thought she—her husband's heart was too noble to stoop so low? No, she would banish the thought forever. And she again bent her eyes upon the open volume.

The little sleeper grew restless; Emily turned him to his cradle, and soothed him by her singing.

entered' and, staggering towards the sofa, threw himself upon it, and closed his eyes in slumber.

All her fears were indeed confirmed; she started back in horror!

"O God! is it possible!" she exclaimed; 'am I awake or dreaming?'

Timidly approaching as if afraid a fiend-like voice would bid her begone, she attempted to remove the dripping garment, but her strength failed. At length she succeeded, and, throwing a shawl over him, sat down by his side.

Pausing the wet looks from his broad brow, she stooped to kiss his lips—those lips polluted and wreathing with the fumes of the wine cup—those lips which had uttered only kindness, breathed only love.

Poor Emily! Bitter were her thoughts as she kept her lone vigils over the unconscious slumberer. Little did he know the agony of those hours—little comprehend the love which watched over him. It was the first time she had ever watched over him. It was the first time she had ever beheld him thus; so sudden the shock, so unexpected, and she with the unconscious lithe one left alone—in fearful suspense—awful reality!

When William Ashton awoke to consciousness he was an altered man. Like Sampson of old, he had laid his head in a woman's lap—given the locks of his manhood to her keeping—would she betray him? She had beheld his disgrace—would she desert him? His peculiarly sensitive nature was keenly alive to the least sense of impropriety, and once disgraced, he felt disgraced forever. He lost his manly dignity, his noble bearing!

Instead of rousing from his lethargy, flinging aside the tempter's grasp, and sprouting temptation, for his own, his wife and little one's sake, from that day his steps tended downward, nor could patient endurance, heroic sacrifice stay them.

O man! once fallen, that thou shouldst sink still lower, nor strive to regain thy manhood! Yet with all the love of her sympathetic nature, with all patience and grace did the affectionate wife watch and pray for the coming of her better days, and when loosed from his self-forged chains, he should rise a new man, strong in body, mighty in spirit.

CHAPTER II.

It was one of those lovely autumnal days, of such holy dimness, such dreamy softness, that rests like a halo on the brow of nature, that Emily taking her work—a slipper she was embroidering for her husband—sought the wide vine-covered verandah, and seating herself in a rustic arm chair, looked out upon the lovely landscape.

No sound save the drowsy hum of a listless fly or the occasional rustle of the vine leaves, disturbed the stillness of her retreat.

The frost-king had already clad his loyal subjects in their robes of departing and the forest trees regally stood in their many hued livery, or carelessly nodded their plumes on the passing breeze.

Broad fields of golden grain waved in gentle undulations and beyond, the placid waves of a noble river, with its snowy sails sparkling in the sunlight. Nearer were their own beautiful grounds, tastefully arranged, and ornamented with shrubbery, and the smooth shaven lawn along whose flowery paths little Willie was drawn by his faithful nurse. On one side was a limped stream, tributary of the deep waters beyond and leading to its pebbly margin, the rustic arbor where in days gone were renewed these holy vows, plighting of love and fidelity, where were dreamed visions of futurity too airy in structure, too delicate in color to withstand the warring elements of life. O, how fondly did her eyes rest on that holy spot, how vividly did memory recall each noble aspiration, each holy resolve; and as she thought of the past and present, a sigh escaped her, and a burning tear dropping on the half-finished slipper, rested on a delicate white rose, leaving an indelible stain.

"How like my life," she murmured, gazing at the embroidery—"tear stained, long ere it is completed."

She was interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps, and looking up, beheld the stern form of her father.

"You are welcome father, though this visit is unexpected," said Emily, raising to meet him, and smiling through her ill-concealed tears.

"As unexpected to me as yourself, perhaps," said he hastily. "I have come," he exclaimed abruptly, "to offer you and your boy a home."

Emily trembling grasped a frail tress and sank into her seat.

"Father what can you mean?" she gasped with bloodless lips.

"Mean," said he sternly. "I mean what I say. Haven't you heard? Has he not told you?"

"Heard? who? what?" she said in breathless suspense.

"Haven't your husband told you of his failure, recklessness, destitution, and your poverty?"

"Not a word," said she, somewhat recovered.

your husband, your William is a contemptible villain, a drunkard, a gambler, and you are homeless."

"O, no father," said she with clasped hands and fearless eyes, "you are not in earnest, it is not true!"

"It is true, my child," said he, somewhat tenderly, "too true, and I have come for you and your little one."

"Have you seen William," she inquired.

"Yes."

"What said he?"

"Say; he said he would remove to a small place with you and Willie. I told him he would do no such thing; he was not worthy of your love and society, and the latter he should not have, for I would take care of you."

At that moment they were joined by William himself. Pale, haggard and dejected, he approached like one conscious of his own infamy. His father-in-law rose, sternly confronting him, and Emily seizing his hand would have fallen, but he supported her, and gently led her to her room.

"You know all?" he asked, when she had regained her strength.

"All, William, all," she responded.

"And what will you do?"

"Do, William!" she said with a look full of meaning, a smile through her tears, like sunshine seen through rain drops, "do what my husband thinks best."

"And you are not going home with me?" said her father.

"Unless my husband desires it," she replied firmly.

"Do you mean," said her father, furiously, "to refuse a home of wealth, and a father's care, for a hovel of poverty, and a graceless husband?"

Emily looked at her husband; once he would have felled the infuriated man—father though he was—to the earth, but now that arm was palsied, that intellect dimmed by dissipation.

"Father," said she, "shall I not leave all for my husband?"

"Not for an unworthy one," said he.

"But he may yet be all my fond heart can wish."

What knewest thou O wife whether thou shalt save thy husband?

"Not indeed unaided by Heaven's blessing; but does not Paul say, before that, yet not Paul, but the Lord, 'Let not the wife depart from her husband.' 'Never! said she clasping her husband's hand—"

"Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God—Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me!"

"O, my God," exclaimed the conscience-stricken man, "I am unworthy the last of thy blessings, and thou hast given me the greatest. Forgive me, my wife, dear noble Emily, forgive me, for I have erred."

"She is mine," said he to her father, "mine forever, and ought but death shall part us."

"O," said she, her eyes glistening with tears, "and ours has been a rich reward. Beautiful, indeed," she continued, "is the warm gushing spring, with its unfolding leaves and opening buds, like the spring time of love; but more beautiful far, the maturity of summer, when cleansed from all earth strains, refreshed nature in her purity offers silent, but all pervading incense to the great Creator."

"Yes," said her husband tenderly, "and I thank God for the means that have thus far accomplished the end; and let us pray that the autumn of our life be rich and abundant in its fruits; and as the winter of age silently folds its white robes about, exhausted nature may calmly rest in the hope of immortality."

Henry Fourth and the Gardener's Daughter.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

I know not, in truth, how it has happened, but certain it is, that a great portion of the inhabitants of Pau have a very strong resemblance to Henry Quatre—

One night indeed say, here, that he was the father of his people, at least, there is a great family likeness. However, the Bernais, are both fond and proud of him. All the shop windows are full of portraits of the warm-hearted monarch, and very often is added with that of poor Fleurette, the gardener's daughter. She was the first object of his love. He was very young, when one of the princes of his family passing through Pau, accompanied him to the archery ground. There were many of the youths of the neighborhood shooting for the prize, which was a bouquet of flowers fastened on the butt; and many a Bernais girl looking on and hoping that her lover would be the winner. Among others was Fleurette and her father, the old gardener of the chateau. She was a lovely, simple, country girl, and the young prince, scarcely less simple than herself, felt strongly attracted towards the gardener's daughter. Apparently, it was without any design that he first began to speak to her, but charm grew upon him; insensibly his language became more ardent, and then first began that sort of undefined courtship, which has from thence-forward been called 'Conter Fleurette.' He was so occupied, it seems that he did not even perceive that all the rest had missed the mark, till his cousin turned, saying to him, 'Shoot Henri; shoot Henri!' and gave him the bow. His arrow did not miss, and at once lodged in the bouquet which was no sooner won than was given to Fleurette.

What were the use of telling a long story about an every day matter? Henri loved and was loved in return; but Fleurette was a country girl, and her lover was a prince. It is easy to imagine all the stages of the business. She commenced by admiring him as her Prince; as such, too, she was flattered and pleased by his attention. She began to think less of the rank and more of her lover.—She forgot the rank altogether, but he himself became more dear. She loved him not as a prince, but as a man, and yielded as a woman. And then all the golden dreams of hope and passion came hovering around her. She never fancied such a thing as broken faith.—She never thought that the prince could betray. She never believed that Henri's heart would change. He would love her, and she would love him, until their lives did end. His glory would be happiness.

Thus it went on from day to day; every evening he stole away from the castle to meet her. There was a pleasure in the scenery though all the world knew how matters went; and when one asked where the prince was gone, the reply was, 'Conter Fleurette.'

At length it so happened, that among other guests at the chateau was a fair girl whose rank and beauty gave Fleurette some pangs. The world said that Henri was to receive her hand; and the careless tongue of fame kept ringing it in Fleurette's ears till her cheek began to turn pale, and she often wandered into the woods to think in solitude. One fair day, while she was thus employed, the prince and her rival passed before her.—She could no longer doubt, for Henri held her hand, and there was an ardor in his eyes, and a tenderness in manner, which Fleurette had wished, and hoped, and believed, were never shown to any but herself.

The hour of the meeting came; and Henri stole from the palace to the place of rendezvous. It was close to the spring which falling from the rock, had formed a deep basin for itself below; and round about, the trees had grown up, nourished by its waters; as if in gratitude bent down over the clear still pool, hiding it from the rays of the obtrusive sun.

Henri waited—all was calm, and still, and silent; but there was no Fleurette.—He grew anxious, alarmed—perhaps his heart smote him. He walked rapidly backward and forward, when suddenly he saw a scrap of paper lying in his path. He hurried back to the castle, opened it, and read, "You have passed near me."

The Prince's agitation called instant inquiry upon. But all mystery, all concealment was now over; an agony of fear and doubt had taken possession of his mind; and calling loudly to aid in search for Fleurette, he hurried from the chateau. Servants followed with lights, and soon found the unhappy girl, whose sorrow had been short, though keen. She had chosen the wild basin, the spot near which

had so often been the scene of her happiness, now to be her grave. Her heart had never loved but once, and broke to find that love betrayed.

Henri was nearly frantic, but remorse was now in vain. Her father, too, who was left in the world alone—the tale had reached him, and he came to where his poor child lay. His eye first fell upon her lover; he clasped his hands, while agony and wrath struggled in his hard bosom. "Oh that thou wert not my Prince!" and he cast himself down beside her.

It was long ere Henri forgot Fleurette; perhaps he never forgot her, for that first passion which sheds a new light upon our being—the brightest thing our youth has ever known—hangs fondly round remembrance, and yields neither to years nor sorrows. Time softens it; but memory hallows it; and on the tomb raised in our heart to past affection, is given an inscription which nothing can erase.—"To the brightest friend of our youth, Early Love—so runs the epitaph, 'this sepulchre is given by experience, Memory, and Regret.' Hope too would have added her name; but her eyes were dim with tears.

New way of Paying a Subscription.

A correspondent of the *Lagrange Whig* gives the following amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take the papers. The lesson is worth pondering by a good many men we "wot of."

"You have hens at home of course,—Well, I will send you my paper one year, for the proceeds of a single hen for one season; merely the proceeds. It seems trifling, preposterous, to imagine the products of a single hen will pay the subscription; perhaps it won't, but I make the offer."

"Done!" exclaimed Farmer B; "I agree to it," and appealed to me as a witness to the affair.

The farmer went off apparently much elated with his conquest; the editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled around, and the world revolved on its axis, and the sun moved in its orbit as it formerly did; the farmer received his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information from it. He not only knew the affairs of his own country, but became conversant upon leading topics of the day, and the political and financial convulsions of the times. His children delighted, too, in perusing the contents of their weekly visitor. In short he said, "he was surprised at the progress of himself and family in general information."

Some time in the month of September, I happened up again in the office, when who should enter but our old friend Farmer B.

"How do you do Mr. B.?" said the editor, extending his hand, and his countenance lit up with a bland smile; "take a chair, sir, and be seated; fine weather we have."

"Yes, sir, quite fine indeed," he answered, shaking the proffered "paw" of the editor; and then a short silence ensued during which our friend B. hitched his chair backward and forward, twirled his thumbs abstractedly, and spit profusely. Starting up quickly, he said, addressing the editor, "Mr. D. I have brought you the proceeds of that hen."

It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could hardly keep my risibles down.

When at the wagon, the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the products of the hen, which on being counted, amounted to eighteen pullets, worth a shilling each, and a number of dozen eggs, making in the aggregate, at the least calculation, \$2 50, one dollar more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he, "of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it too. I don't miss this from my roost, yet I have paid for a year's subscription, and have a dollar over. All folly, sir; there is no man but can take a paper; it's charity, you know, commences at home."

"But," resumed the editor, "I will pay for what is over the subscription. I did not intend this as a means of profit, but rather to convince you. I will pay for—"

"Not a bit of it, sir; a bargain is a bargain, and I am already paid, sir—doubly paid, sir. And whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, I will relate to him the history. Good-day, gentlemen."

The wheat crop in the different parts of Tennessee looks unusually fine and promising. The crop is as forward as it has ever been known in March, and it is growing beautifully.

One of our Western editors, speaking of a large and fat contemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay.

"I suspect I am," said the fat man, from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

A Pennsylvania editor says—"Somebody brought one bottle of sour water into our office, with the request to notice it as lemon beer. If Eau was green enough to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we will tell a four shilling lie for five cents."