

THE JEFFERSONIAN

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

VOL 18. STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. AUGUST 5, 1858. NO. 33

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor. If advertisements of one square (ten lines) or less, one or three insertions, \$1.00. Each additional insertion, 25 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

It was a gloomy room, in a crowded tenement house, low, narrow, and unwholesome; and a pale-faced child was its only inmate. She was a confirmed invalid—you might trace that in her hollow cheeks and the strange unnatural lustre of her large blue eyes—the flame of life was burning low on the altar of her childish being; yet here she was alone. The old arm-chair in which she reclined, with one or two pillows, and a rude pine box, was the sole support of her tiny blue-veined feet. There was no carpet on the mouldering floor, and in more than one place doors had yielded to the remorseless hand of decay, and presented a most dilapidated aspect. Yet all the scanty furniture was arranged as neatly as possible, and there was even some faint attempt at taste, as in a bit of gaily colored china spread over the child's foot-stool, and a solitary flower in the window-seat, where the sublimis could touch its emerald leaves.

That flower; it had been poor Katy's companion long. Its royal beauty and luxuriance seemed strangely out of place in the squalid, low-ceiled room; yet it grew and flourished as if in the velvet sod of Bonden's stream. And little Katy lay back in her comfortable chair, and looked at the splendid rose which quivered like a ruby drop among the leaves, and watched the sunlight writing its golden message on the crimson folds of the blossom, with a vague feeling of wonder.

It was so strange that the radiant sun, whose glory lay on marble pillars and stately dwellings far away, should come to peep into her lonely, lonely room.

"Is that you, Jamie?" said she softly, as the door opened, and a boy of twelve came in.

"Yes. Do you feel any better, Katy? Are you tired of being alone?" And the boy looked tenderly into her blue eyes, and parted the auburn hair from her forehead with a loving touch.

"Not very, but there is such an aching around my heart, and sometimes it seems all on fire. How cool your hands feel, Jamie!"

"Never mind, Katy, I've been sawing wood, and have earned a whole quarter and am going to lay it out in apples and oranges, to sell down town. I'll make a mint of money, and then won't we have a good supper when mother comes home from work? I shouldn't wonder if you had a bit of cake and a bunch of grapes over and above the medicine the dispensary doctor ordered for you."

Katy smiled and shook her head, as if depreciating this piece of extravagance.

"Yes we will, Katy," resumed her brother; "taint often that we taste anything but dry bread and cheese, and I haven't forgotten it is your birthday, sister—your ten years old to day. Besides you need something to put a shade of color into these cheeks; the doctor said you must have something to tempt your appetite." He bent down to kiss the marble forehead as he spoke.

"How lovely that rose is, to be sure!—It is almost as good as company to you, Katy, isn't it? Are you willing I should leave you alone for a little while, dear?"

"Yes, Jamie, I don't mind it much," she answered, with a deep, weary sigh, "but be back as soon as possible, please."

And the wistful hollow eyes watched him from the room with that earnest, staring look that we only find beneath the shadow of death.

Down at the piers all was confusion and uproar—busy passengers hurrying from newly arrived boats—turbid waters dashing and rolling against mossy posts, swaying crowds and loud dissonant voices created a small bedlam around the docks, and little Jamie wandered around with his head of fruit, feeling very lonely and bewildered. He had piled up the golden oranges with their sunniest side upwards; he had polished the red checked apples until they shone like mirrors, yet nobody stopped to buy.

"Carriage sir!" "Take you to the Astor House!" "Up Broadway in a twinkling, ma'am!" "Here's your Herald, Tribune and Times. Latest steamer from Europe! Have a paper, sir!"

Poor Jamie! amid all this tumult, what chance has he of being noticed? He had picked out the bunch of grapes that he intended for Katy, in Taylor's window, as he came by—a plump, apple-like bunch dangling from a crimson thread, where the sunshine lay full on the purple bloom and amethyst shadows lurked among its fulness of fruitage. Just at present the tempting morsel seemed very far off to Jamie's imagination.

Determined not to give way without vigorous effort, however, Jamie stepped boldly forward to the first person he saw, and held up his wares with a modest, "Buy an orange sir!"

Now, as ill-fortune would have it, this possible customer, was a fat, ill-tempered purty, old man, whose color had just been inflamed to fever heat, by the inadvertent descent of a heavy nailed boot heel on his favorite corn. At all times he considered orange boys a nuisance, but just now his slender quota of patience was entirely exhausted. He aimed a muttered oath and a furious blow at the fair-haired boy, and rushed past, to catch a retreating omnibus.

Jamie sprang aside just in time to escape the brutal blow, but it descended full upon his stock in trade, scattering the apples and oranges far and wide!—He was standing close to the pier and most of the fruit fell into the water, where it went bobbing up and down with the tide, in a most tantalizing manner. A few apples rolled under the feet of the crowd but it was impossible to secure them again.

Jamie's first sensation was that of indignant wrath; the road rushed in angry torrents to his cheek and brow, and he shook his small fist impotently in the direction which the fat man had taken!—But in an instant a feeling of forlorn wretchedness came over him—no tempting bit of cake—no purple grapes for poor Katy, perhaps not even a supper, for he knew that his mother's wages must go towards the rent of the room. They depended entirely on his exertion for their evening meal, and the sun was declining in the west already.

The reflection was too much for his boyish heart, and he was sobbing violently, when a gentle hand was laid on his shoulder. He started up, and before him stood a pleasant gentleman, who had watched the whole transaction.

"There, my boy," he said, laying a silver dollar in the boy's hand, "that will set you up again. No thanks; the money was intended for a piece of extravagance, and I choose to use it thus. But remember this my boy; don't stop to rub your bruises, but pick yourself up and start again!"

Jamie thought the smile with which this was said, the pleasantest and kindest expression that ever brightened a human face; but ere he could stammer out his thanks, the gentleman was gone.

The boy started for home with a light and joyous heart, stopping to purchase the cherished morsels of fruit and cake on his way. The gentleman walked leisurely up Broadway. Seeing in a book-store the title of a newly published work that he had much desired to read, his footsteps turned involuntarily in that direction, but in an instant he went on, buttoning up his pockets, and murmuring to himself with a smile, "Can't afford it; one luxury in a day ought to be enough! There was a vast difference between the man and the child, in their capacities for enjoyments, but both were happy that night."

The supper was a joyful ceremony in the garret room that evening. The grapes pleased Kate's delicate taste to a charm, and the story of the dollar was listened to with interest.

"I wish I could see that gentleman," said the child, earnestly; "I would give him my beautiful rose, if he liked flowers."

She seemed strangely beautiful that night, her head resting on her brother's shoulder, while Jamie fed her with the juicy berries, one by one, as a bird might feed its young.

"Why, how bright the color in your cheek is," cried Jamie; "I believe you have been stealing the red shadows from your favorite rose. Mother I am sure Katy will get well."

The next morning, while yet the golden spear of sunshine was in rest among the purple hills Katy died.

The moss of twenty years had gathered upon Katy's headstone—the violets of twenty years had blossomed over her grave, and it was a glorious autumn day, whose light streamed along the busy thoroughfare, and shone on the magnificent marble erection devoted to the extensive operation of the Bank of K—

A splendid carriage cushioned with velvet and glittering brightly in the sunshine, was drawn up opposite the door waiting to take the great banker to his palatial home.

The spirited horse, foaming and prancing, could hardly be curbed, and the driver looked wonderingly towards the door, and marvelled why his usually punctual master did not come.

Mr. Arnet stood in a little office opening from the main bank, where the long rows of clerks were bending over their desks. He had been looking over a little pocket book, which he always carried about him, for some note or bill; and as he turned its pages, a bit of folded paper dropped out.

The banker opened it, and although twenty years had deadened the edge of his sorrow, the tears rushed to his eyes as they fell on the contents. A pencil sketch, rude and unfinished of a meek-browed child—a lock of soft, brown hair, and that perfumed dust of crimson rose—these were dearer to the banker than his vaults of gold.

As he looked at them, a tremulous voice without arrested his ear.

"I would be glad if you would buy gentlemen, for my need is very great.—I have a sickly daughter at home, who must be fed."

"Be off about your business," was the sharp rejoinder. "I won't let you in.—"

Don't you see you are not wanted here?"

The voice seemed to strike a responsive chord in the rich man's heart; surely he had heard its mild tones before. He partially opened the door and called out sternly:

"Mr. Waters, show the gentleman in, if you please."

The abashed clerk obeyed, not without surprise, and the bowed old man, with his heavy basket of strawberries, came humbly into the private room of the great banker.

"Will you take a chair?" politely inquired Mr. Arnet, moving forward a luxurious *fauiteuil*.

The old man took off his hat apologetically.

"Sir, I fear that I intrude on your valuable time. If you would buy some of my fruit—necessity, you know is strong, and my poverty is extreme. I was not always in such a position."

Mr. Arnet watched the proud turn of that gray head, with a singular smile; then sitting down to his desk, he wrote off a check and handed it across the table.

"One thousand dollars!" faltered the old man as he read, turning red and white in a breath. He held it towards the banker.

"Sir, I hoped you were too much of a gentleman to make sport of age and distress. Is there anything for you to jest about in my want?"

"Not at all, sir. You spoke of a sickly daughter. I have a cottage vacant, just outside of the city, with a fountain, grounds and an observatory. If you and your daughter will occupy it, rent free, I shall be very glad to have you take care of it for me."

The old man stood white and breathless, as in a dream. In a moment his hand was taken in the clasp of the great banker.

"My friend, my benefactor, you have forgotten me, but my youthful memory is stronger than yours. Is it possible that you have no remembrance of me?"

The old man shook his head.

"Yet it is folly to expect it, when I am so changed. Listen sir," he resumed, with a bright earnest smile: "have you any recollection of a forlorn boy, on a crowded pier, whose little all was scattered by a rude blow? Have you forgotten his distress? Have you forgotten that a kind and generous stranger stopped to comfort him, not only by money, but by cheering words?"

"Is it possible?" stammered out the old man.

"Yes, it is possible; I am that forlorn boy. Your money, which that night supplied my dying sister with luxuries and pleasures, proved the stepping stone to my princely wealth. Sir, I was a ragged, friendless boy, but my heart treasured up your kind words as priceless jewels; and now the time has come when I may, in some measure, repay them with interest."

The old man moved his pale lips as though he would speak; but the banker resumed instantly:

"I am alone in the world; my mother is dead, and my little sister, whose last words were of your kindness, has gone, years ago, to her eternal home. I owe everything to you; and now I have a favor to ask."

"A favor, and of me?"

"That you will henceforth allow me to provide for you, and consider me as your son. My carriage is at the door, and will take you wheresoever you may choose to go. But a moment first."

He took a tiny volume from his breast, which was bound in faded velvet, with claspings of tarnished gilt.

"This book was my dead sister's Bible; it lay on her pillow when she died, and since that hour it has been my constant companion. There is a passage here that has ever been present to my mind since your kind deed gave hope and courage to my life."

He opened the volume, and through a soft mist of grateful tears, the old man read the Scripture words:

"*Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.*"

From St. Joseph Valley Register.

DEAD OPEN AND SHUT.

The way they Play in Arkansas.

BY TOM HARRINGTON.

Few who have traveled much on the broad Mississippi at an early day, but what have heard with dread the name of General William Montgomery, and none but knew of the landing called 'Montgomery's Point,' which for its location and some peculiar advantages was hard to be excelled. Montgomery himself, was a shrewd, quick witted, low bred fellow, who in roguish exploits was seldom if ever equaled. He was the terror of the South, to all who knew him, and as a sportsman, gambler, &c., was as notorious as the celebrated Captain Kidd as a pirate.

The General was said to have many redeeming qualities in his gaming transactions, which might be classed as follows:

First—If he found a man naked he clothed him. If he was hungry he fed him.

Second—If he was thirsty and poor, he gave him drink, and advised him to leave for some more salubrious climate.

And last, though not least, if he was thirsty and rich, he made him drink and then robbed him.

His notorious life was the cause of all gamblers yielding to his nefarious designs

who chanced to fall in with him, and whatever the general said must of course be right, as none dared to gainsay him.

It was about the time when his notoriety had gained its height, that a French gentleman, accompanied by a huge Yankee, arrived at the 'Point,' on their way to the head waters of the Arkansas river, and as there was no other hotel in the place put up with the General.

Application being made to him for conveyance he advised them to defer their journey for a few days, as he thought the prospect of high water was in their favor. This proposition was by no means a welcome one to Jonathan, who had heard of the desperate character of their host, and said he would rather make a pack-horse of himself than remain. The Frenchman assured him likewise that his business was very urgent—that he must go, on foot even, if there were no other conveyance.

The general was not pleased with the determined obstinacy of the two, but could not well hit upon a plan to detain them by their own consent, so he finally agreed to take them through on horse back, as far as Fort Smith. The horses were accordingly equipped, and the General with his negro, the Frenchman, and the Yankee, at length set out, making quite a respectable caravan for the Arkansas wilderness.

Ere they mounted, however, the General began running his soft swader on the Yankee about the many advantages he possessed over the multitudes of the Southern people, which were no other than being sufficient in strength to answer as his own pack-horse, and he, though he might have bushels of wooden nutmegs and horn gun-flints, to pack through the State, he could always accommodate himself.

The Yankee felt somewhat chagrined at the insinuation, for fear that the Frenchman might consider him a man of that character. After their leaving, the General still caused Jonathan no small uneasiness by his constant attacks on nativity, &c. The Frenchman soon discovered the annoyance the General was giving the Yankee, and insisted that he was too hard in accusing his honest friend of having to do with anything of so base a character. At this the General laughed, and told him his accusations were by no means erroneous. The Yankee ground his teeth, and remarked—

"It's tarred well for you that I aint at him, for if I was I'd give it to ye, darn quick tew."

"Don't you see," said the general, turning to the Frenchman with an insinuating glance, "Monsieur believes it too true to be a joke."

At this the Frenchman assured the six feet down Easter that the General only jested.

"You are much mistaken," said the General, as if you had burnt your finger. I never accuse a man but what I am willing to back my accusation with my money; and will bet you a hundred dollars, that to search the Yankee's saddle-bags, you will find at least one or two hundred horn gun-flints, and as many wooden nutmegs.

"I will bette you five hundred dollars," said the Frenchman, "that my friend carry no wooden nutmegs for horn gun-flints in his own little saddlebag."

"I take all such bets," replied the General turning to Cuffy, who was showing his ivory, and placing the above named sum in his hand. This was immediately covered by the Frenchman, while the Yankee dismounted and prepared to settle the matter by unloading his saddle-bags.

For some moments all gathered around in breathless silence, when the Yankee to his utter astonishment drew forth the above named articles.

"Well, you see I have won," continued the General, while Cuffy roared and capered about with delight, showing the whole breadth of his whites, his eyes opened to an extraordinary magnitude, and his nose flattened like a viper, crying—

"You don't catch de General dis ar time gosh amighty! wid dem ar horn gun flints."

"What have you to do with it, you tarred black nigger?" cried Jonathan, turning to him with a furious look.

"Why, you see, I is de general's aide-de-camp in holding the stake in dis ar special game; at the same time he chucked them over to his master with a chuckling laugh."

The losing party saw the deception of the trick, and appeared doubly anxious to facilitate their journey.

The General was none the less merry for having won their money, and occasionally laughed over it, saying he had merely made his expenses, whereas he ought to have made several thousand dollars.

The Frenchman sighed, and said he thought it 'von vaise expensive country.' The General however assured him that he should have a chance of winning back his money, as soon as he should feel disposed, by any game he or his down east friend should see proper to select.

Monsieur said he only knew one, which was the French game of *Vingt-et-uns*, or twenty-one.

The General replied that it was one of his strongest games; and that so soon as they could make themselves comfortably situated as to their lodgings, they would have a friendly touch of it.

Arrived at a hotel where they intended to pass the night, the Frenchman and his companion, having determined not to proceed any further with the General, stating their intentions known to him—waded as a reason, that a friend whom they sought was on a tour to the South, and that on the first opportunity they should embark on a boat for Natchez.

The General said he thought they would have a pleasant trip, and that he would dispatch his servant home with his horses and accompany them. This was certainly anything but agreeable, but as there was no help for it, our traveling friends thought proper to assent.

The water at this time being low, it was proposed by the General that a small flat boat should be procured, which would be very advantageous, and he and the Frenchman could play at their favorite game of twenty-one, while the down east and the landlord, whom the General persuaded to go along, should manage the boat.

This accordingly being acceded to, the boat was soon under weigh. Scarcely had they left the shore ere the General, eager for the game, gave the Frenchman a hint to that effect, and they were soon in full blast—the Frenchman taking the deal, the General betting high and losing. Night setting in, they concluded to lay to and dispense with the game until morning.

The next day, while laying at the shore they resumed their play—the General still losing the most important bets. At last he proposed a new change of deal.—Monsieur assured him he could only play his game one way, and that was to deal. Again they played on for a time, when the General appearing to get out of patience, insisted the game should be changed, as he was over one thousand dollars the loser.

Monsieur thought it an unfair request, as he had frequently said he knew no oter game.

The General still pressed his suit and said he was willing to leave it to their host, whether it was not right he should give him a chance to win back his money.—The host being a staunch friend of the General, of course decided in his favor.

the General, nerved him to the sticking point, which was made manifest by his saying—

"I guess I'm just about as ready as I over will be, General—so how much do you think I ought to bet? Don't be getting it too high now, cause, you see General, you have to bet me two to one."

"Oh, that matters not, my dear fellow," said the General, "we Arkansas Generals only play for amusement; so merely to make the game interesting, my lark, I will try you with two thousand pollars."

"Wall, General, seein' it's you, and on ly for amusement, dew jest lay down them 'ar four thousand dollas of yours and I'll try and raise the half on't."

The general accordingly laid down his four thousand dollars on the boat while the Yankee placed the two thousand dollars in companionship.

Now Mr. General, said Jonathan, 'jest hide them 'ar hands o' yours, and speak it out plain so that I shan't make no mistake.'

The General cast his eyes towards the landlord, winked, placed his hands behind him, then in a low distinct voice, said—

"Open or shut?"

The Yankee looked at him steadily for some moments, without moving a muscle of his face, as tho' by some intuition, he was about to divine the certain position of his hands—when, with a motion as quick as lightning, he drove his branny fist slap between the General's eyes, which laid him prostrate on the deck.

"Open! by gosh!" cried the Yankee, as he saw the other's hands flying through the air, at the same time snatching the money, cramming it into his pocket, and hurrying the straightened body of the General on the shore then giving the boat a sudden shove by means of a pole, he and his French Companion, to the great discomfort of their enemies, were soon gliding down the stream.

"Fire!" roared the General, at the top of his lungs, as soon as he could regain his feet and turn to his host—'fire! I tell you—you stupid fool!—blow out that infernal Yankee's brains—he's not fit for dogs meat!"

The frightened host endeavored to obey, but it was no go—the more he tried to shoot, the more he couldn't—while to complete their chagrin and add to their vexation, the voice of the Yankee in the real nasal twang, was heard calling out—

"I say, General, this 'ere's pally considerable kind of a slick game of amusement, aint it? Tell that 'ar chap on the stump to blaze away—keep tellin' him so—horn gun flints are real slick things to shoot with aint they, General?"

"I give it up," said the General, with an oath; "that cursed Yankee has beat my game 'dead open and shut,' by loading my gun with wooden nutmegs and putting in a horn flint."

"I say, General," called out the Yankee, with a hearty laugh—placing his thumb to his nose, and giving his fingers a few extra flourishes—"I say, General, few give my respects to that nigger of yours and don't get to playing that 'dead open and shut' with a Yankee again; and he added to the flourish of his fingers by giving his other arm the motion of a crank and keeping time by moving his right foot up and down as long as he was in sight."

Until the day of the General's death no severer chastisement could have been inflicted upon him than to have simply said—"horn flints," wooden nutmegs," big Yankees," French gentleman," or 'dead open and shut.'

Re-Shingling Old Roofs.

I am fully convinced that thousands of dollars might be saved in our country every year by generally pursuing the following method:

Whenever a roof begins to leak, and you wish to re-shingle it, do not take off the old shingles; put the new shingles on the top of the old ones; but make use of six-penny nails in place of four-penny or penny nails. The advantage of this method will consist in the following particulars:

1. You will save the expense of removing the shingles.

2. The building will not be exposed to wet, in case of rain before it is finished.

3. The roof will be much warmer and tighter.

4. Neither snow nor rain can beat under the butts of the shingles, by heavy winds.

5. The roof will last good full one-third longer.

I have tried this plan and find it has these advantages.

It takes no more shingles, no more nails in number, only a little longer ones, and no more time to put them on, and, if done in a workmanlike manner, will look as well as if single. But it should be done before the old shingles are too much decayed. All the moss (if any) should be removed, or swept off with a stiff broom, before putting on the new shingles.—*Correspondent of the National Era.*

YOUTHFUL BLACKLEG.—The Hartford Times says that a child was born in that city last month, whose right leg, from about two inches below the hip joint downwards, including the foot, is entirely black.