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IT ISN'T ALL IN BRINGING UP.

It is isn't all in "bringing up,"
Let folks say what they will;
To silver scour a pewter cup—
It will be pewter still.
E'en he of old, wise Solomon,
Who said "train up a child,"
If I mistake not, had a son
Proved rattle-brained and wild.

A man of mark, who fain would pass
For lord of sea and land,
May leave the training of a son,
And bring him up full grand;
May give him all the wealth of love,
Of college and of school,
But after all, may make no more
Than just a decent fool.

Another raised by P. nury
Upon her bitter bread,
Whose road to knowledge is like that
The good to Heaven must tread.
He's got a spark of Nature's light,
He'll fan it to a flame,
Till in its burning letters bright
The world may read his name.

If it were all in "bringing up,"
In counsel and restraint,
Some rascals had been honest men—
I'd been myself a saint.
Of it isn't all in bringing up,
Let folks say what they will;
Neglect may dim a silver cup—
It will be silver still.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

A Sketch for Hazard-Seekers.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

James Lanning was a mechanic—a young honest man, whose highest ambition was to gain a comfortable home for himself and wife, and to be thought well of by his neighbors. He had built himself a house, and there still remained upon it a mortgage of five hundred dollars; but this sum he hoped to pay in a few years if he only had his health. He had calculated exactly how long it would take him to clear off his incumbrance, and he went to work with his eyes open.

One evening James came home to his supper more thoughtful than usual. His young wife noticed his manner, and she inquired its cause.

"What is it, James?" she kindly asked.

"Why, I never saw you look so solor before."

"Well, I'll tell you, Hannah," returned the young man, with a slight hesitation in his manner. "I have been thinking that I should buy a lottery ticket."

Hannah Lanning did not answer immediately. She looked down and soothed the silken hair of her babe, which was chirping like a little robin in her arms, and the shades of her handsome features showed that she was taking time to think.

"How much will it cost?" she at length asked, looking half timidly up into her husband's face.

"Twenty dollars," returned James, trying to assume a confidence which he did not feel.

"And have you made up your mind to buy it?"

"Well, I think I shall. What do you think about it?"

"If you should ask my advice, James, I should say, do not buy it."

"But why not?"

"For many reasons," returned the wife, in a trembling tone. She would not offend her husband, and she shrank from giving him advice which he might not follow. "In the first place, I think the whole scheme of lotteries is a bad one; and then you have no money to risk."

"But just look at the prizes," said James, drawing a "scheme" from his pocket. Here is one prize of twenty thousand dollars, another of ten thousand, another of five thousand, and so on. Something tells me that if I buy a ticket I shall draw a large prize. And then just think, Hannah, how easily I could pay all up for my mortgage, and have perhaps a good handsome sum left."

"Surely, there is nothing dishonest in drawing a prize in a lottery."

"I think there is," kindly, but emphatically, returned the wife. "All games of hazard, where money is at stake, are dishonest. Were you to draw a prize of twenty thousand dollars, you would rob a thousand men of twenty dollars each; or at least you would take from them money for which you returned them no equivalent. Is it not gambling in every sense of the word?"

"O, no; you look upon the matter in too strong a light."

"Perhaps I do; but yet so it looks to me. What you may draw some one else must lose; and perhaps it may be some one who can afford it no better than you can. I wouldn't buy the ticket, James. Let us live on the products of our honest gains, and we shall be happier."

James Lanning was uneasy. He had no answer for his wife's arguments; at least, no answer that could spring from his moral convictions, and he let the matter drop. But the young man could not drive the syren from his heart. All the next day his head was full of prizes, and while he was at work, he kept muttering over to himself, "Twenty thousand dollars," "Ten thousand dollars," "Five thousand dollars," and so on. When he went home the next night, he was almost unhappy with the nervous anxiety into which he had thrown himself.

The tempter had grasped him firmly, and whenever he thought of the lottery, he saw nothing but piles of gold and silver. In short, James Lanning had made up his mind that he would buy the ticket. He went to the little box where he had already a hundred and twenty dollars laid up towards paying off the mortgage from his house. The lock clicked with a startling sound, and when he threw back the cover, he hesitated. He looked at his wife and he saw that she was sad.

"O, I'm sure I shall draw a prize," he said with a faint, fading smile.

He took four half eagles from the box, and put them into his pocket. His wife said nothing. She played with her babe to hide her sadness, for she did not wish to say any more on the subject. She had seen that little pile of gold gradually accumulating, and both she and her husband had been happy in anticipating the day when the pretty cottage would be all their own. But when she saw those four pieces of gold taken away from the store, she felt a foreshadowing of evil.

She might have spoken again against the movement, but she saw that her husband was sorely tender on the subject, and she let the affair go to the hands of fate.

A week elapsed from the time that James bought his ticket to the drawing of the lottery, and during that time the young man had not a moment of real enjoyment. He was alternating between hope and fear, and his mind was constantly on the stretch.

At length the day arrived. James went to the office, and found that the drawing had taken place, and that the list of prizes had been made out. He seized the list and turned away so that those who stood around should not see his face. He read the list through, but he searched for his number in vain. It was not there. He had drawn a blank! He left the office an unhappy man. Those twenty dollars which he had lost had been the savings of two months of hard labor, and he felt their loss most keenly.

When he returned home that night he told his wife that he had lost. She found no fault with him. She only kissed him, and told him that the lesson was a good one, even though it had been dearly bought.

But James Lanning was not satisfied. He brooded over his loss with a bitter spirit, and at length the thought came to him that he might yet draw a prize! He wished that he had not bought the first ticket, and he thought that if he could only get back his twenty dollars he would buy no more; but he could not rest under his loss. He was determined to make one more trial, and he did so. This time he purchased the ticket without his wife's knowledge. The result was the same as before. He drew a blank!

"Forty dollars!" was a sentence that dwelt fearfully upon the young mechanic's lips. "O, I must draw a prize. I must make up what I have lost! Let me once do that, and I'll buy no more tickets."

Another twenty dollars was taken from the little bank, another ticket was bought, another blank was drawn! At the end of three months the little bank was empty, and James Lanning had the last ticket in his pocket. Ah, how earnestly he prayed that that ticket might draw him a prize. He had become pale and careworn, and his wife, poor, confiding soul, thought he only repined because he had lost twenty dollars. When she would try to cheer him he would laugh and try to make the matter light.

"James," said his wife to him one day—"it was the day before that on which the lottery was drawn in which he held the sixth ticket.—Mr. Rowse has been here to-day after his semi-annual interest. I told him you would see him to-morrow."

"Yes, I will," said James, in a faint tone. "Yes, to-morrow I shall pay him."

Young Lanning thought of the lottery, and of the prize. This was his sixth trial, and he felt sure that he should draw.

The morrow came, and when James Lanning returned to his home at night he was penniless! All his golden visions

had faded away, and he was left in darkness and misery.

"James, have you paid Mr. Rowse his interest yet?" asked Hannah.

"The young man leaned his head upon his hands and groaned aloud.

"For Heaven's sake, James, what has happened!" cried the startled wife, springing to the side of her husband, and twining her arm about his neck.

"The young man looked up with a wild, haggard expression. His lips were bloodless, and his features were all stricken with a death-hue.

"What is it?" "O, what!" murmured the wife.

"Go look in our box—our little bank!" groaned the poor man.

Hannah hastened away, and when she returned she bore the empty box in her hand.

"Robbed!" she gasped, as she sank trembling down by her husband's side.

"Yes, Hannah," whispered the husband, "I—I have robbed you."

The stricken wife gazed upon her husband with a vacant look, for at first she did not comprehend; but she remembered his behavior for weeks back; she remembered how he murmured in his sleep of lotteries and tickets, of blanks and prizes, and gradually the truth broke in upon her.

"I have done it all, Hannah!" hoarsely whispered the condemned man, when he saw that his wife had guessed the truth. "All has gone for lottery tickets. The Demon tempter lured me—he held up glittering gold in his hand, but he gave me none of it. O, do not chide me!—You know not what I have suffered—what hours of agony I have passed—and you cannot know how cold is my heart now. O, my wife, would to God I had listened to you!"

"—sh!" calmly whispered the faithful wife, as she drew her hand across her husband's heated brow. "Mourn not for what is lost. I will not chide thee. It is hard thus for you to lose your scanty earnings, but there might be many calamities worse than that. Courage, James; we will soon forget it."

"And Mr. Rowse will foreclose the mortgage. You will be homeless," murmured young Lanning, in broken accents.

"No, I will see him. I will see him.—I will see that all is safe in that quarter added Hannah.

At that moment the babe awoke, and the gentle mother was called to care for it. On the next day, at noon, Hannah Lanning gave her husband a receipt for fifteen dollars from Mr. Rowse.

"Here," said she, "the interest is paid. Now let us forget all that has passed, and commence again."

"But how—what has paid this?" asked James, gazing first upon the receipt, and then upon his wife.

"Never mind."

"Ah, but I must mind. Tell me, Hannah."

"Well, I have sold my gold watch."

"But I can buy it back again.—The man will not part with it, if I want it.—But I don't want it, James, till we are able. Perhaps I shall never want it. You must not chide me, for never did I derive one iota of the pleasure from its possession that I now feel in the result of its disposal."

James Lanning clasped his wife to his bosom, and he murmured a prayer, and in that prayer there was a pledge.

Two years passed away, and during that time James Lanning lost not a single day from his work. He was as punctual as the sun, and the result was sure.

It was late one Saturday evening when he came home. After supper he drew a paper from his pocket and laid it upon the table.

"There, Hannah," said he, while a noble pride beamed in every feature, "that is my mortgage. I've paid it—every cent. This house is ours—it is our own house. I've bought it with dollars, every one of which has been honestly earned by the sweat of my brow. I am happy now."

Hannah Lanning saw that her husband had opened his arms, and she sat down upon his knee, and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"O, blessed moment!" she murmured.

"Yes, it is a blessed moment," responded the husband. "Do you remember, Hannah, the hour of bitterness that we saw two years ago?"

The wife shuddered, but she made no reply.

"Ah," continued the young man, "I have never forgotten that bitter lesson; and even now I tremble when I think how fatally I was deceived by the tempter that has lured thousands to destruction."

"But its terror is lost in this happy moment," said Hannah, looking up with a smile.

"Its terror may be lost, resumed James, "but its lesson must never be forgotten.—Ah, the luring lottery-ticket has a dark side—a side which few see until they feel it."

"And are not all its sides dark?" softly asked the wife. "If there is any brightness about it, it is only the glare of the fatal ignis-fatua, which can only lead the wayward traveler into danger and disquiet."

"You are right, my dear wife. You were right at first. Ah," he continued, as he drew the faithful being more closely to his bosom, "if husband's would oftener obey the tender dictates of the loving

wife, there would be far less of misery in the world than there is now."

What Cigars are Made of.

The New York correspondent of the *Seoharie Republican*, who, it may be presumed, is domiciled in the neighborhood of the Custom-house, gives the following revelation of the component materials of "real Havanas." We copy it for the benefit of those who inhale, or suppose they inhale, the fragrant weed. It shows the doubt which hangs over not only what we drink, but also what we smoke: "Talking of cigars, I was told by a government appraiser a few days since, the following true story in connection with the cigar trade of this city: A large German importing house had received an invoice of foreign cigars, which were appraised by the custom officers at three dollars per thousand. The importers were dissatisfied, and asked for a re-appraisal, which was granted; and under the most positive evidence, supported by the oath of the dealers, the cigars were admitted at a valuation \$1.50 per thousand. Now the evidence alluded to was this—that not a particle of tobacco entered into the composition of said cigars but they were wholly composed of oak and other leaves soaked in a strong tobacco lye. I understand that large quantities of these 'real Havanas' find their way into the interior, and from some experience I have had in that line, I am inclined to believe that a few specimens might be found even among the primitive society of 'Old Seoharie.'"

How Two Wrongs Make a Right.

A gentleman at Saratoga the other day, was illustrating his argument by the maxim—"Two wrongs don't make a right."

"Sometimes they do," interposed a seedy looking bystander, with a down cast nasal twang; "they did with me once."

"How was that?" asked the other—"It was not according to 'Gunter.'"

"Can't help that; there was a fellow passed upon me once a one dollar bill, and it was a counterfeit. Wasn't that wrong?" "Certainly it was wrong, if he knew it to be a counterfeit."

"Wal, expect he did; I did, any way, when I passed it onto another chap. Neow, wasn't that wrong?" "Wrong!—of course, very wrong."

"Wal, it made me all right!" was the triumphant rejoinder. "So two wrongs does make a right, sometimes!" "The argument" ended by this precious illustration.

UNCHARITABLE GOAT.—A rich but eccentric old growler, who resides in the Fifth avenue, was lately called upon to subscribe towards building a church for the poor. The old fellow, having been a high liver, was now enduring an exasperating attack of the gout. He took the subscription book and looked at it anxiously; then hastily limping across the floor two or three times, ended by thrusting the book back into the hand of the solicitor of charity, saying, as he did so, "No!—won't give a red cent; there ain't half as many people go to h—ll now as had ought to!"

A FAMILY CONFR.—"Father, look a here. Wat's the reason that you and mother is allers quarrellin'?"

"Silence, sir! Do you know what you are talking about?"

"Yes, siree, I do. I was just wonderin' wot you'd do of you had as many wives as Solomon."

"Bah! I go to bed."

"Oh ya-a-a, it is werry well to say go to bed. Solomon had more'n seven hundred wives, all of 'em liven' in the same house, a satin together, and never had nary fight. Ya-a ah!"

How YOUNG BIRDS ESCAPE FROM THEIR SHELLS.—The popular belief that the young birds are assisted by their parents in escaping from the shell receives the following correction in a work recently published, entitled "A Popular History of British Birds' Eggs," by R. Lushley:—"The operation of leaving the shell is a very beautiful one, and exhibits very markedly the wisdom and contrivance of the Creator. The beak is furnished with a bony point, which afterwards drops off. This is protruded through the shell. By means of its feet as levers, the animal then turns itself a little, till by degrees the whole top of the large end is out very cleanly off, and a passage is opened for the imprioued chick to go free."

A TWO FACED BOY.—The *Texas Item* says that there is a remarkable negro boy in Polk County. He has two faces in opposite parts of the head, with mouth, nose and chin, so full and perfect that it is impossible to tell which is the front face, when the body is hid from view.—He is about six years of age, healthy, of a very sound mind, runs and plays among other children, with as much sprightliness as could be expected from one of his age.

The Incendiary Saw-Mill.

The Montgomery (Alabama) *Mail* is responsible for the following:—a short yarn was spun to us last evening, concerning the experiments in milling or a couple of friends of ours, now or lately sojourning for health and pleasure at the Talladega Springs. It is unnecessary to give the names of these gentlemen, but for convenience we will call them, respectively, John and Joel. They, it may be remarked, have great similarity of taste, and among other penchants, are very fond of fishing; and everybody knows that the vicinity of Talladega Springs offers fine opportunity to the skillful knight of the fly.

Thus John and Joel—there being no religious service at the Springs that day—went out, Sunday before last, to the mill of Mr. P., a mile or two down the creek, with a view to a dinner of small trout and bream. With them went their invited guest, Mr. Smith, and "Miles" took them down a bottle or two of wine.

The party was snug; the wind was propitious; and the fish altogether amiable. A cosy, nice dinner of brown and crisp mountain fish was soon washed down with a few glasses of champagne; and then cigars were lit. As the smoke curled languidly about their noses, Satan, (who was invisibly present, without an invitation,) suggested to John, that that mill was a "slow coach," and couldn't cut much lumber; and John expressed the same opinion to Joel. Joel thought differently, and so did Smith.

"Let's try her," said John.

"Agreed," said Joel and Smith.

It was short work; a large pine log lay at right angles across the carriage of the mill; and was agreed to "let her rip" through this. Accordingly, the gate was raised and immediately the stillness of "the grand old woods" was broken by the rapid sharp strokes of the saw. In a minute the log was brought up and the saw went rapidly through.

"Now stop her," said Joel—and Smith and John essayed to do so.

But the mill wouldn't be stopped, but went clattering away, as hard as ever!

"Stop her, John, or by the Lord she'll split herself in two," shouted Joel. But all the fixtures were obstinate, and refused to yield to the exertions of John and Joel.

Presently the carriage presented some metallic obstruction to the passage of the saw, but "true as steel," it went against the obstruction—and then the teeth flew. [Some pieces of mill iron had been left upon the carriage way.] But yet it ceased not—up and down! up and down! the true steel to the dull east iron, until suddenly a small flame broke out among the dust and splinters near the point of contact.

"Great God, John," said Joel; "the infernal machine is on fire. What shall we do?"

"Run down to the creek and bring up your hat full of water," said John. Joel looked affectionately at his handsome wife which he always kept neatly brushed, but submitting to a dire necessity he straightway made it a fire bucket, and commenced fighting the flames. John and Smith's straws were unavailable; nevertheless, they did all those wild, inconsiderate things which most persons will do, in case of fire, when there is no possibility of doing any good.

Still that toothless saw ripped on, singing a demon song as it scraped against the dull east iron. And the fire kept gaining a little. Joel labored faithfully, and every two minutes brought up his hat full of water and threw it upon the fire. John stood despairingly leaning against a post in the mill, and hallooed to his friend as he seemed to pause at the brink of the stream—

"Another hat full, Joel, for God's sake! The infernal thing will cost us at least \$1,200 a piece if it burns!"

"Besides my hat," said Joel; but he brought the water and poured it on.

On went the devilish saw, raking, rasping, and tearing itself to pieces.

At this juncture, Mr. P., the owner of the mill, having seen the smoke, came down to the mill, and with great difficulty the mill was stopped and the fire put out. Joel was grievously "blown" with carrying water in his hat, and John was quite used up with excitement, while Smith was breathless from his exertions at some lever which he supposed might have some influence in quitting the demon saw.

"Gentlemen," said the proprietor, very politely, "it is easy enough to see why you couldn't stop the saw after you set it going. This mill has some new arrangements which I can easily explain—"

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. P.," said John, "no explanation on that point! It's the first mill I ever set a going and I shall never start another! Just send us your bill for the damages, and let's say no more about it."

The "boys" paid \$60 for not knowing how to stop a saw, and that night John in a feverish sleep, (he has that blessing, chills and fever,) shouted to his roommate—"one more hat full, Joel!"

They tell a story about a man out west who had a hair lip, upon which he performed an operation himself, by inserting into the opening a piece of chicken flesh—it adhered and filled up the space admirably. This was well enough, until, in compliance with the prevailing fashion, he attempted to raise moustaches, when on one side grew hair and on the other feathers.

An old lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was his only fault. "Fault, madam," said one, "how do you call that a fault?" "Why, because there are different ways of eating them, sir. My husband takes them in brandy."

The Comet.

The comet which is now visible in the north-west region of the heavens a short time after sunset, was first discovered on the 24 of June last, by Prof. Donati, in Florence, Italy. It was also discovered by Henry M Parkhurst, eq. of Perth-Amboy, New Jersey, June 29. A very striking characteristic of this comet was, when first discovered, its extremely slow motion. The great distance of the comet and the direction of its motion, as seen from the earth, combined to render its apparent geocentric motion very small. In consequence of its slowness of motion, its period of visibility will be very great. It has already been visible through a telescope for nearly two months and a half, and it will probably remain in sight for a considerable length of time yet. The head, or *star* of the comet, appears about equal to a star of the second magnitude; and as it has not yet reached the perihelion (that point nearest to the sun) of its orbit, it will yet be considerably brighter, and present a splendid appearance. Its tail is viewed with a small telescope magnifying about eight times, was about 4 or 5 degs. in length on Sunday evening, the 12th of September. It is a well-known fact, however, that the tail has a much greater length immediately after the perihelion passage than at any other time; and hence we may expect that its length will be much more considerable than at present.

This is the fifth comet discovered since the beginning of 1858, the first of which was discovered on the 4th of January; but as the first four will form the subject for another article, we will say no more about them here.

The comet now visible will pass its perihelion—according to the elements of Mr. George Searle, Assistant at the Dudley Observatory—on the 13th of September. The parabolic elements of a comet's orbit are six in number, namely: time of perihelion passage, longitude of the perihelion, longitude of the ascending node, inclination of the plane of its orbit to the plane of the ecliptic, the perihelion distance, and the direction of its motion. If the motion be in the same direction around the sun as the motion of the planets, it is said to be direct; if in the opposite direction, retrograde.

The longitude of the perihelion of this comet is about 30 deg., and of the ascending node about 166 deg. The inclination is about 68 deg. The perihelion distance is about 40,000,000 miles, or a little greater than the mean distance of Mercury from the Sun. Its motion is retrograde, so that its apparent motion is from right to left, as seen at this time. The velocity of the comet, when at its perihelion, will be about 150,000 miles per hour.—Its distance from the Earth at this time, roughly estimated, is about 87,000,000 miles. Its tail is at least 6,000,000 miles in length.

Several parabolic elements have been computed, but as these differ considerably from each other it is thought, with much probability, that the comet moves in an ellipse of moderate eccentricity, and hence that its time of revolution around the sun is not very great. The elements correspond with those of the first comet of 1827, and with those of 1761. This will make the period of revolution about 31 years. The period of 63 years comprehended between 1764 and 1827 will embrace two returns to its perihelion. The difference of half a year is within the limits of perturbation. This will make its return, previous to 1827, in 1795. If this be its true period, its next return may be expected about 1889 or 1890. Time will soon determine these questions. With this period its mean distance from the sun will be about the same as that of Saturn; and when it is in the aphelion (greatest distance from the sun) of its orbit, it will be about the mean distance of Uranus.

DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

Perry City, N. Y., Sept. 13.

P. S.—The best view of the comet can be had in the morning, about 3½ or 4 o'clock. The direction of its tail points toward the north polar star.

Running back two periods from 1764 to 1702, we find the recorded appearance of a comet visible to the naked eye. We also find one in 1672, one period back.

D. T.

Jim H., out west tells a good yarn about a "shell bark lawyer." His client was up on two small charges, "frivolous charges," as shell bark designated them, (forging a note of hand and stealing a horse.) On running his eye over the jury he didn't like their looks, so he prepared an affidavit for continuance, setting forth the absence in Alabama of a principal witness. He read it in a whisper to the prisoner, who, shaking his head, said, "Squire, I can't swear to that ar dokymint." "Why?" "Kase hit haint true." Old shell inflated and exploded loud enough to be heard throughout the room. "What! forge a note, an' steal a horse, an' can't swear to a lie! D—n such infernal fools." And he left the conscientious one to his fate.

STRANGE INCIDENT.—A husbandman in the village of St. Omer, in France, recently killed a hog, in the stomach of which was discovered a silver watch and chain, that was lost two months before, and which belonged to a servant of the house. The timepiece—being of hunting pattern, well encased—was found black as coal.