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FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN.
Four and One.
BY A. B. CURRIE.
Ella four and Lola one,
Full of frolic, life and fun—
Number Four can skip and run,
And she her advantage knows,
Chatting, singing, as she goes,
What little One by gesture shows.

Now they watch the door and street,
Viewing anxiously to greet
The first echo from my feet;
Never did a conquering king
Know such hearty welcoming
As my little Numbers bring.

Number Four is on my knee,
Hugging, kissing, loving me—
Little One sits posturingly,
With her hand across her eyes,
Heaving little touching sighs,
Not to ripen into cries.

They are both upon my knee,
Laughing, playing merrily,
Childhood's sweet hilarity:
Sharing equal in their bliss,
Their unbounded happiness—
Mine comes not much short of this.
Del. Water Gap, Christmas, 1858.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.
BY HORATIO ADGER, JR.

HEAVILY, heavily fell the snow, covering the dark brown earth already hardened by the frost, with a pure white covering. As the rain falls alike upon the just and upon the unjust, so to the snow, God's kindred messenger, knows no distinction of persons, visiting all alike, forgetting none, and passing by none.

In one of the principal streets of New York stood a boy of some twelve years.—His clothing was poor, and too scanty to afford a sufficient protection against the inclemency of the season. Through the visor of his cap, which had become detached in the middle, having a connection only at two extremities, might be seen his rich brown hair. Notwithstanding the drawback of his coarse and ill-fitting attire, it was evident that he possessed a more than ordinary share of boyish beauty. But just at present his brow is overcast with a shade of anxiety and his frame trembles with the cold from which he is so insufficiently shielded.

It is a handsome street, that in which he is standing. On either side he beholds the residences of those on whom Fortune has showered her favors. Bright lights gleam from the parlor windows, and shouts of mirth and laughter ring out upon the night. All is joy and brightness and festivity within those palace homes. The show flakes fell idly against the window panes. They cannot chill the hearts within, nor place a bar upon their enjoyment, for this is Christmas eve, long awaited, at length arrived. Christmas eve, around which so many youthful anticipations cluster, has enjoyments peculiarly its own over which the elements, however boisterous, have no control. Yet to some, Christmas eve brings more sorrow than enjoyment, serving only to heighten the contrast between present poverty and discomfort and past affluence.

But all this time we have left our little hero shivering in the street. Cold and uncomfortable as he was, as well as anxious in mind, for he had lost his way, and knew not how to find it again, he could not help forgetting his situation for the time in witnessing the scene which met his eye, as for a moment he stood in front of a handsome residence on the south side of the street.—The curtains were drawn aside, so that by supporting himself on the railing he had an unobstructed view of the scene within.

It was a spacious parlor, furnished in a style elegant but not ostentatious. In the centre of the apartment was a Christmas tree, brilliant with tapers, which were gleaming from every branch and twig. Gifts of various kinds were hung upon the tree, around which were gathered a group of three children, respectively of eight, six and four years. The eldest was a winsome fairy, with sparkling eyes and dancing feet. The others were boys, who were making the most of this rare opportunity of sitting up after 9 o'clock. At a little distance stood Mr. Dinsmoor and his wife, gazing with unalloyed enjoyment at the happiness of their children.

While Lizzie was indulging in expressions of delight at the superb wax doll which St. Nicholas had so generously provided, her attention was for a moment drawn to the window, through which she distinctly saw the figure of our hero, who as we have said, had in his eagerness

raised himself upon the railing outside, in order to obtain a better view. She uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, mother, there's a boy looking in at the window. Just look at him."

Mrs. Dinsmoor looked in the direction indicated, and saw the little boy, without his perceiving that attention had been drawn towards him.

"Some poor boy," she remarked to her husband, in a compassionate tone, "who loses for a moment the sensation of his own discomfort in witnessing our happiness. See how eagerly he looks at the tree, which no doubt appears like something marvelous to him."

"Why can't you let him come in?" asked Lizzie, eagerly. "He must be very cold out there, with the snow flakes falling upon him. Perhaps he would like to see our tree near too."

"Very well and kindly thought of, my little girl," said Mr. Dinsmoor, placing his hand for a moment upon her clustering locks. "I will follow your suggestion, but I must do it carefully, or he may be frightened and run away before he knows what are our intentions."

So speaking, Mr. Dinsmoor moved cautiously to the front door and opened it suddenly. The boy, startled by the sound, turned towards Mr. Dinsmoor with a frightened air, as if fearing that he would be suspected of some improper motive.

"Indeed, sir," said he, earnestly, "I didn't mean any harm, but it looked so bright and cheerful inside that I couldn't help looking in."

"You have done nothing wrong, my boy," said Mr. Dinsmoor, kindly. "But you must be cold here; come in, and you will have a chance to see more comfortably than you now do."

The boy looked a little doubtful, for to him, neglected as he had been by the rich and prosperous all his life, it was very difficult to imagine that he was actually invited to enter the imposing mansion before him as a guest. Perhaps Mr. Dinsmoor divined his doubts, for he continued:

"Come, you must not refuse the invitation. There are some little people inside who would be very much disappointed if you should, since it was they who commissioned me to invite you."

"I am sure sir, I am very much obliged both to them and to you," said the boy, gratefully, advancing towards Mr. Dinsmoor, of whom he had lost whatever little distrust he had at first felt.

A moment afterwards and the boy stepped into the spacious parlor. To him, whose home offered few attractions and few comforts, the scene which spread before him might well seem a scene of enchantment.

"Lizzie," said Mr. Dinsmoor, "come forward and welcome your guest. I would introduce him to you, but unluckily I do not know his name."

"My name is Willie—Willie Grant," was the boy's reply.

"Then, Willie Grant, this is Miss Lizzie Dinsmoor, who is, I am sure, glad to see you, since it was at her request that I invited you to enter."

Willie raised his eyes timidly, and bent them for a moment on the singularly beautiful child, who had come forward and frankly placed her hand in his.

There is something irresistible in the witchery of beauty, and Willie felt a warm glow crimsoning his cheeks, as, for a moment forgetful of everything else, he bent his eye earnestly upon Lizzie. Then another feeling came over him, and with a look of shame at his scanty and ill-fitting garments, he dropped her hand and involuntarily shrank back, as if seeking to screen them from sight.

Perceiving the movement, and guessing its cause, Mr. Dinsmoor, with a view to dissipate these feelings, led Harry and Charlie, the younger boys, and told them to make acquaintance with Willie. With loud shouts of delight they displayed the various gifts which St. Nicholas had brought them, and challenged his admiration.

Everything was new to Willie. His childhood had not been smitten upon by fortune, and the costly toys exhibited elicited quite as much admiration as they could desire.

Occupied in this way, his constraint gradually wore off to such a degree that he assisted Charlie and Harry in trying their new toys. Soon, however, the recollection that it was growing late, and that he had yet to find his way home, came to him, and taking his old hat he said to Mr. Dinsmoor, in an embarrassed manner:

"My mother will be expecting me home and I should already have been there but that I lost my way, and happened to look in at your window, and you were so kind as to let me come in—"

"Where does your mother live, my little fellow?" asked Mr. Dinsmoor.

"On—Street."
"O, that is not far off, I will myself show you the way, if you will remain a few minutes longer."
Mr. Dinsmoor rang the bell and ordered a plate of cake and apples, as he conjectured they would not be unacceptable to his little visitor.

"Yes, my darling. Have you anything to give him?"

"I thought, mother, perhaps you would let me give him my five dollar gold piece. I think that would be better than any playthings. May I give it?"

"Yes, my child, if you are really willing. But are you quite sure that you will not regret it afterwards?"

"Yes, mother," and Lizzie ran lightly to the little box where she kept her treasure, and brought it forth and placed it in Willie's hand.

"That is your Christmas present," said she gaily.

Willie looked in surprise.

"Do you mean it for me?" he asked in a half bewildered tone.

"Yes, if you like it."

"I thank you very much for your kindness," said Willie earnestly, "and I will always remember it."

There was something in the boy's earnest tone which Lizzie felt as an ample recompense for the little sacrifice she had made. Mr. Dinsmoor fulfilled his promise and walked with Willie as far as the street in which he lived, when, feeling sure that he could no longer mistake his way, he left him.

Mr. Dinsmoor, whom we have introduced to our readers, was a prosperous merchant and counted his wealth by hundreds of thousands. Fortunately his disposition was liberal, and he made the poor sharers with him in the gifts which fortune had so liberally showered upon him.

Notwithstanding the good use which he made of his wealth, he was fated to experience reverses—resulting not from his own mismanagement, but from a general commercial panic which all at once involved in ruin many whose fortunes were large and whose credit was long established. In a word, Mr. Dinsmoor failed.

Eleven years had rolled by since the Christmas night on which our story opens. Lizzie had not belied the promise of her girlhood, but had developed into a radiant beautiful girl. Already her hand had been sought in marriage, but as yet she had seen no one whom she could look at with that affection, without which marriage would be a mockery.

Charlie and Harry, too. Eleven years had changed them not a little. Even boys of four and six had become fine manly youths of fifteen and seventeen.—The eldest had entered college. Harry, however, who was by no means studious, had entered his father's counting-room.

That was a sorrowful night, on which Mr. Dinsmoor made known to his affected wife the bankruptcy which was inevitable. Still sadder, if possible, was the sale which it enforced of the house which they had so long occupied, the furniture which had become endeared to them by memory and association, and the harsh interruption which loss of fortune put to all their treasured schemes.

"My poor boy," said Mrs. Dinsmoor, sorrowfully, as she placed her hand carressingly on the brown locks of Charlie, the eldest of the two boys. "It will be a hard sacrifice for you to leave the studies to which you are so much attached, and enter a store, as you will be obliged to do."

"Ab, I had not thought of that," murmured Charlie. "It will indeed be a sacrifice, but, mother, I would not care for that if you could only be spared the trials to which you will be exposed from poverty."

"Thank you for your consideration, my child; but do not fear that I shall not accommodate myself to it. It is a heavy trial, but we must try to think that it will ultimately eventuate in our good."

At the auction of Mr. Dinsmoor's house and furniture, the whole property, without exception, was knocked off to a young man who seemed apparently of twenty-two or three years of age. He was able to secure it at a price much beneath its real value, for times were hard and money scarce, so that he had but a few competitors. Mr. Dinsmoor did not fear his name and the pressure of sad thoughts prevented his making the inquiry.

Possession was to be given in one week. Meanwhile Mr. Dinsmoor sought out a small house in an obscure part of the town, which in point of elegance and convenience formed a complete contrast to the one he had formerly occupied. He felt, however, that it would be all his scanty salary as clerk (for he had secured a situation in that capacity) would enable him to afford.

Lizzie looked with a rueful face at the piano, as a dear friend, from whom she must henceforth be separated, it being quite too costly a piece of furniture to be retained in their reduced circumstances. Her proficiency in music, for which she had great taste, made her regret doubly, since she might with it have added to the resources of the family by giving music lessons.

On the last evening in which they were to remain in the old house, their sad thoughts were broken in upon by a ring at the bell.

"Can they not leave us to enjoy the last evening in quiet?" said Charles half petulantly.

"I shall be prepared to leave to-morrow."

"I shall be better satisfied if you will remain," said the young man, bowing.

"How do you mean?"

"Simply that as this house and furniture are now mine to do with as I like, I choose to restore you the latter, and offer you the use of the former, rent free, as long as you choose to occupy it."

"Who then are you," asked Mr. Dinsmoor, in increasing surprise, "who can be so kind to utter strangers with no claim upon you?"

"You are mistaken. You have a claim upon me. Shall I tell you what it is?—Eleven years ago to-morrow, for to-morrow is Christmas day, a poor boy who had known none of the luxuries and but few of the comforts of life, stood in the street. His mind was ill at ease, for he had lost his way. But as he walked on, he beheld a blaze of light issuing from a window, and was attracted by curiosity to be looked in. Around a Christmas tree brilliant with light, a happy group were assembled. As he stood gazing in, he heard the front door open, and a gentleman came out and invited him to enter. He did so, and the words of kindness and the Christmas gift with which he departed have not left his remembrance. Seven years passed, and the boy's fortune changed. An uncle, long supposed to be dead, found him out and when he actually died, left him the heir of a large amount of wealth. Need I say that I am that boy, and my name is Willie Grant?"

The reader's imagination can easily supply the rest. Provided with capital by his young friend, Dinsmoor again embarked in business, and this time nothing occurred to check his prosperity. Charlie did not leave college, nor did Lizzie lose her piano. She gained a husband, however, and had no reason to regret the train of events which issued from her Christmas gift.

CHARLEY.

It was a cold, dull evening, late in the fall, and it had been raining dimly all the day. Charley had been pressing his little red nose against the window pane, looking at the troubled pools before the door, and wondering if the sky were sorry that the beautiful leaves had fallen, that the trees were all black and bare, and the bright flowers had died in their beds.

At last he turned sighing away from the window, and came to his mother, who was sitting every sadly by the fire, but he knew they could not have any more, for since his father had moved to the West he had been very much changed, and no longer seemed to have money to buy anything.

After sitting awhile with his head upon his little palm, Charley began—

"Mother, I mean to do a great deal for you when I am a little older; you shall have a warm fire, and something very good to eat, every day."

His mother smiled when she heard Charley's sweet voice, for he was her only child, and wished always to please her. So she said gently—

"What will you do, Charley, and when will you be old enough?"

"Oh, mother! you want some one to help you so much that I think God will let me grow very fast. I shall be six years old next week, and perhaps I shall be old enough then. I mean to begin to work on my birthday. 'But,' added he half doubtingly, 'if I should not be big enough, and you can't have nothing to eat—perhaps I will sell Rover.'"

Here his voice trembled a little and he stooped to caress the shaggy hide of his favorite—a young Newfoundland, brought from his loved Eastern home. Just then a heavy, uncertain step was heard, and Charley's bright lips grew pale.

"Is it father?" said he inquiringly.

"Yes," sighed his mother, "I wish you were in bed, Charley."

The door opened, and there entered a man, with his hair disordered, and blood shot eyes.

"What are you doing here, you young rascal!" cried he, angrily, "to bed with you this minute!"

Charley tremblingly prepared to obey, but poor, unfortunate Rover, happening to be too near the fire, received a heavy kick, and was sent with a mournful howl to the other end of the room. Charley's spirit was aroused.

"O, father, do not kick poor Rover, he did not know—"

towards the door leading to the little damp vault under the rude dwelling, and as Charley's mother staggered half fainting against the wall, she saw his sweet blue eyes very large and wild with dread, and heard his imploring voice—

"I am very sorry; don't shut me up in the dark, not in the dark, dear father."

But he unclasped his little clinging hands and shut and locked the door.

Poor Charley—he sat trembling upon the cold floor, and heard his mother's sad voice, and his father's angry words, till at last all was still, and he thought they slept, though it was strange that mother could leave him alone. He did not know that she lay insensible from the effect of a blow by his brutal father, before starting to spend the night at the tavern.

It was very dark down in that damp cellar and Charley always loved to see a light somewhere; but he was a brave little fellow, and to pass the time away, and to give him pleasant thoughts, he sang very loudly a part of his little hymn:

"He who spread out the sky,
That broad blue canopy—
Who made the glorious sun,
The moon to shine by night,
The stars with eyes so bright,
He loves thee little one!"

repeated the last line with great emphasis, to encourage himself.

"He loves thee little one."

And Charley's mother, half recovering from her strange stupor—smiled, for she thought she heard the far echoes of some angel choir, and she dreamed of heaven. But poor Charley did not dare sleep, for in the midst of his singing he heard a very strange noise, and his brave little heart began to beat. But he said to himself courageously: "It's a rat, Charley—I know it's a rat," but his lips quivered sadly. Soon there was a long, low growl, and Charley clasped his little hands and prayed: "O God, if that is a lion or a bear, do shut up its mouth and make him stay the other side of the cellar; don't let it eat me!" But not it was poor Rover, who had discovered that Charley was there, and finding a hole through which to thrust his dear, faithful nose, was trying to tell him that he sympathized with him. So Charley very gladly crawled over as near Rover as he could, and laying his curly head upon the ground, overcome with weariness, he slept. When Charley's mother was conscious enough to remember all that happened, she tried to raise and release her little boy; but when she had dragged herself to the door, she had no strength to burst the lock and so sat helpless and miserable till morning. In the first gray dawn, her husband came sullenly home, and throwing her the key, told her to "bring the rascal up, if he could behave."

When Charley was aroused from the troubled sleep, he was too stiff and sore to walk, and he was carried up and placed upon his little bed. All day long he seemed in pain, and at night a heavy fever set in. His cheeks glowed brightly and a wild light gleamed in his troubled eyes. A few days past, and it was Charley's birthday, but he did not know it. He was talking—talking all the time—but his mother wept to hear him; and his now sober father, as he stood by his bed, was filled with remorse. Sometimes Charley would beg not to be left in the dark, sometimes he would fancy some terrible animal near him, and call to his mother in an agony of terror; and sometimes, in his delirium, he would hold long talk with Rover. Then the poor dog, who lay by his bedside, would lift his long shaggy ears, and with eyes full of distress give a long, mournful whine. It was raining too, and Charley seemed to know it and be troubled.

But at last he slept, when he awoke it was late in the evening. Charley turned his languid eyes, and smiled to see his patient, loving mother beside him.

"Does it rain now?" he asked faintly, as she clasped him in her arms.

"No, dear Charley."

"May I see the stars then?" and she carried him to the window.

It was a beautiful sight after storm and Charley gave a long sigh of pleasure.—After gazing a long time upon the brilliant sky, he said softly:

"If any one should die to-night, mother, it would be very bright all the way to heaven." Then he folded his fair little palms, and the long lashes dropped wearily upon his pale cheeks.

"He is very tired and sleeps again!"—said his mother.

But old Aunt Katy, who stood near, took in her wrinkled hand one slender wrist and found it pulseless, and said, weeping:

"Would I were in thy place, sleep lamb for thy happy little spirit has gone home and far beyond the stars, the pure in heart has had its long desire, and is looking upon God."

Charley's father took a solemn vow over the motionless form of his little son, and from that bitter hour was a changed and better man, striving ever to comfort his broken hearted wife, who never again received such kind words from lip or hand of her husband.

But Rover mourned and pined daily, and the snows of early winter found him dead upon Charley's grave.—N. Y. Ev.

ORIGINAL DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

(From the German Farmer.)

To make a boiled Indian Meal Pudding.
Take one quart of buttermilk, two eggs, one tea-spoonful of soda; add meal enough to make a thick batter, tie it tightly in a bag, drop it into a kettle of boiling water and let it boil one hour. Eat it with sauce to suit the taste.

For a baked Fudding.
Set to boiling one quart of sweet milk; then add two eggs well beaten, with three table-spoonfuls of Indian meal and one of flour; bake it three quarters of an hour. Serve with cream and sugar.

A nice Dish of Baked Beans.
Parboil half an hour, adding a little soda; then pour off the water and rinse them; add one quart of water and let them boil an hour, adding a tea-spoonful of sugar to every quart of beans; then put them in a baking dish and let them brown nicely.

Soft Ginger Cake.
Three cups flour, one cup melted butter, two cups molasses, four eggs, one tea-spoon of ginger, one tea-spoon saleratus; beat well.

Another Ginger Cake.
Put one table-spoonful of butter in a tea-cup, with two table-spoons of lopped milk, nearly fill the tea-cup with molasses, or quite fill it if you like it very sweet; add one tea-spoon of saleratus, half a table-spoon of ginger, and two and a half tea-spoons of flour. Twice this measure makes a nice cake.

To Remove Grease from Books.
Lay upon the spot a little magesia or powdered chalk, and under it the same; set it on a warm flat-iron, and as soon as the grease is melted it will be all absorbed and leave the paper clean.

The Heart in the Wrong Place.
A Cincinnati paper states that a day or two ago a man died who had been for some months an inmate of one of the hospitals of that city, and whose disease has exhibited such peculiar and unknown symptoms to baffles the greatest skill of the best physicians. Under the circumstances it was deemed advisable to make post mortem examination, when it was found that in the diaphragm was a large hole, and that the intestines had been forced up, and had pressed the heart from its natural position over to the right side of his body, where it had performed its functions for several years; the man himself having been prevented from his daily labor only for the last two years. There are many people in every community whose hearts are not in the right place although they seem to perform their physical functions without derangement.

A Man Suddenly Struck Dumb.
We saw in the city on Saturday morning last, a Mr. Muchmore, a young farmer of Butler Co., who is the victim of a sudden and remarkable loss of speech.—It seems that about a week ago, while in the full enjoyment of health, with no ailment whatever, he suddenly lost all power of speech. He could not utter a word. He has not suffered in the least with a disease of the throat, nor was he at the time, nor is he since troubled with any sickness whatever. Indeed, with this single affliction, he is enjoying perfect health. The last day or two he has been able occasionally to utter a slight whisper which may be understood. He is in hopes that this is the forerunner of the restoration of his voice. It is a most singular case throughout.—Cincin. Daily Times.

This country is fast becoming noted for its toadyism. To enumerate the different ways in which this feeling shows itself is needless. The fact is potent to the eyes of every man who walks our streets. Good clothes and plenty of money everywhere command a deference and respect which is denied to honest toil and the hat is often raised to puppies in broadcloth, that remain firmly seated in the presence of God's noblest work, an honest man. Illustrations of the fact, that soft hands and empty heads are thought preferable to brains and industry come within our notice every day as we pass along our streets.

Charms.
An enterprising jeweler in Washington has found and cut up that brick which Montgomery of Pennsylvania shied at the leg of English of Indiana, into the most delightful "charms" to adorn the watchchains of the sporting fraternity.—Another, not to be outdone in metropolitan taste and skill, has had English's silvered cane picked up, brought in and carved into beautiful rings for Christmas presents.

He who hates his neighbor is miserable himself, and makes all around him feel miserable.

A young carpenter having been told that "the course of true love never did run smooth," took his plane under his arm when he went courting.

Mrs. Partington speaking of the rapid manner in which evil deeds are perpetrated, said that it only requires two seconds to fight a duel.

D. D. G. M.—Hon. J. M. Porter, of Easton, has been appointed by the Grand Lodge of A. Y. M. of Pennsylvania, District Deputy Grand Master for the counties of Northampton and Lehigh.