

THE JEFFERSONIAN

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

VOL. 18.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. APRIL 7, 1859.

NO. 15.

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.

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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CARRIE ARMAND.

BY C. MONTGOMERY.

Think not beloved, time can break
The spell around us cast;
Or absence from our bosom take
The memory of the past.
My love is not that silver mist,
From summer blooms by sunbeams kissed,
Too fugitive to fast;
A fadeless flower it still retains,
The brightness to its earlier stains.

ANONYMOUS.

How shall I describe thee, Carrie Armand! Beautiful, bewitchingly beautiful thou art, with thy soft beautiful eyes, and golden curls, clustering round a face of angelic beauty. Beautiful creature! who can describe that living intelligence that compels the beholder to look! to recollect even the day-dreams. And in distant lands to see thee in the visions of the night!—To wake and find thee gone, though fixed forever in the memory.

Sweet Carrie Armand thou art a being to worship and to love. There is a dreamy sweetness in thy countenance—a mystery in the profound sensibility of thy nature, that fascinates beyond a measure.

Art thou gay! thy beautiful eyes are filled with brightness—thy lovely countenance becomes radiant with smiles—thy thrilling voice is turned to highest mirth, while the gladness that fills thy heart overflows, as does light from the sun, imparting to all around its genial warmth. Truly thou art the lily of Avondale, thy bright valley home; and never fairer lily lifted its sweet head beside meandering stream, or in secluded glen. Come with me to the shade of that old forest that waves its leafy boughs in the summer breeze.

Leaning against the huge trunk of a towering sycamore is Carrie Armand—The playful zephyrs are nestling amid her soft curls and coquetting with the wreath of bright autumn leaves that bind them from off her brow.

Her white robe of fleecy muslin falls in graceful folds around a form of the most perfect symmetry, and a straw hat with its silken strings of cerulean blue hangs upon her round arm. A faint rose color gleams upon her cheek, and the beautiful bouquet of wild flowers she has gathered, is spangling the earth with a variety of soft, and lovely hues, torn in apparent unconsciousness, by that fair hand.

Before her stands a young man of some three and twenty. He is possessed of a slight but elegant figure; and there is a world of melancholy beauty in that pale face, with those dark, lustrous eyes, and marble brow.

One by one the delicate petals continue falling to the ground.

"Why Carrie! Why do you spoil that exquisite bouquet that you so carefully culled? May I keep this, Carrie?" said the young man as he gathered the torn and scattered leaves, and placed them in his bosom.

"Oh they are faded—you shall have something prettier," she replied, taking from her hair a white rosebud half unfolded.

"I will look at this when alone, and think of a far lovelier flower," said he, taking it and earnestly pressing the hand that gave it, while those dark eyes beamed upon the young girl, with a light so eloquent with love and truth that her heart beat with new and undefined emotions.

"You will not forget me entirely, when I am gone, Carrie?" said the young man in a sad tone.

"Forget you, Earnest?" replied the fair girl, quickly; "oh never."

"Bless you! bless you for those words, he answered."

"But time flies, and the long shadows of the trees tell me that I must depart."

"So soon, Earnest," said Carrie Armand, sadly. "But will you not sometimes think of Avondale?" "And of thee, Carrie," interrupted her companion.

"Yes; never shall I forget the blissful hours that I have passed in this quiet valley, and wherever I go, the vision of a beautiful face will ever haunt me.—Farewell, Carrie."

He took her hand held it between his own; and gazed earnestly upon that sweet face and downcast eyes.

"Farewell," murmured the young girl, in a voice barely audible.

"Adieu, sweet Avondale. Shall I never again listen to the music of thy purring streams, or linger beneath the shade of these old trees?"

He pressed the little hand fervently to his lips, and the next moment he was gone.

Carrie Armand sank down upon the earth and burst into a flood of passionate tears.

What eared she for the music of the birds; or the rustling of the winds around her! She without confessing or receiving the avowal of love that dwelt in the

hearts of both. Gone—perhaps, for ever! The sun had long since sunk to rest, and the shades of night were falling, ere she rose from that damp earth, and pursued her way homeward. Earnest was gone; and her bright and blissful dream was over!

In the splendid dressing room of a city mansion are two young girls. One is standing before the full length mirror, surveying her form attired for an evening party. She is very beautiful, and there is a certain high-bred air visible in every movement of her graceful person.

Her robe of pale blue velvet, with its berthe of rich Brussels lace falling around the sloping shoulders, is in admirable keeping with her delicate loveliness; while the diamonds that gleam amid the braids of her dark hair, upon her arched neck and polished arms, are not more brilliant than the light of those large melting eyes.

Leaning against the elegantly carved Italian marble mantle, is a sylph-like form; her brow shaded by her little hand. The low, silvery chimes of a French clock awake her from a reverie. She lifts her head.

We have seen that sunny face before, on a bright autumn day, in the old woods of Avondale. She is arrayed in no costly velvets or sparkling jewels; but a garment of gossamer floats about her form, and wreaths of bright leaves and snow buds is twined amid her golden curls.

She is as beautiful, as a child as ever; but a softer, more subdued light beams in her eye, while her manners are more gentle, and perhaps somewhat more pensive than before. Dear Carrie Armand!

"How beautiful you are, sweet cousin!" said she, as she gazed upon the dazzling loveliness of Ida Macaulay.

The young creature turned from the gilded mirror, and twining her arms about the speaker, pressed a kiss upon her stainless brow.

"Darling Carrie," she murmured, "thy witching loveliness will win all hearts tonight; for even Clifton Macaulay, my haughty, fastidious brother has owned its power—and he loves thee, Carrie, my sweet, wild flower! loves thee, with a devotion of which I thought his cold nature incapable."

"Oh! say not so, dear Ida," gasped Carrie Armand. "I can never be ought to him."

Ida Macaulay marked not the blanched cheek of the trembling girl to whom she was so gaily speaking, but throwing her rich furs around, they descended to the drawing-room, where Clifton was awaiting them.

The blinds were closely drawn to exclude the frosty air, and they rolled away, to see a scene of mirth and revelry.

The magnificent rooms of Mr. Crafton presented an appearance of unusual gaiety and elegance. A very part of the vast apartments was bathed, as it were, in a flood of rosy splendor. A band of music poured forth continued strains of the most enchanting harmony; and the air was laden with the incense of a thousand flowers of every hue.

The dancing had ceased for a moment, as Clifton with his sister and Carrie Armand entered the saloon.

Every eye was turned upon them, but the reigning belle of the last two seasons passed unnoticed, as her cousin moved gracefully along.

Who is she! who is she! passed from lip to lip.

"Beautiful! divine!" whispered the gentlemen.

The flash upon the young girl's cheek deepened as these praises fell upon her ear, and with downcast eyes passed on to the upper saloon. The music again sounded, and the floor was rapidly filled with dancers.

Suddenly a familiar voice attracted her attention. She turned and beheld Ida led away to join the dancers. The band struck up one of Strauss' most inspiring waltzes.

Round and round floated the charmed circle and Carrie beheld the queen-like form of Ida encircled by the arm of Earnest Fairfax! Her breath fanned his cheek, and his dark eyes were bent upon that face radiant with its own beauty.—Poor Carrie! a faintness came over her as she gazed.

Yet what was Earnest Fairfax to her? May be she was entirely forgotten. She raised her head proudly, and smiling on Clifton Macaulay, she suffered him to draw her gently among the waltzers.

Many were the eyes that followed that form, for the soft enchanting grace with which she moved, fascinated the beholder.

Faster played the music. Faster tripped the fairy feet. The dancers almost flew. Carrie saw that Ida and her partner had withdrawn from the floor and were standing in the recess of a deep window. She felt that his eyes were upon her, and a thrill of joy pervaded her frame.

Like a Peri she moved—she scarcely touched the floor. At last the music ceased. Clifton led her to a divan, and seating himself beside her, fanned her flushed brow.

"Carrie," said a sweet voice. She looked up. There stood Ida, and by her side was Earnest Fairfax, his beautiful dark eyes bent full upon her face.

"Miss Armand, Mr. Fairfax, said Ida, in her easy careless manner.

"Carrie," said that well remembered voice, and the half extended hand was warmly grasped and—retained.

"Earnest," murmured the sweet girl.

She replied not, and he continued.—"Once more do I behold the little valley of Avondale, and the leafy boughs of that old sycamore. Oh! Carrie, have you forgotten that bright autumn—Clifton and his sister exchanged glances. He arose and drawing her arm within his own, they turned away. But their departure was not noticed either by Earnest Fairfax, or Carrie Armand. The hours wore on—midnight came. Those brilliant strains of inspiring music were at their height.

"Will you dance, Carrie?" said Earnest Fairfax and they glided in among the waltzers.

Clifton Macaulay stood apart from the gay revellers, in moody silence, watching every motion of Carrie Armand. He had loved the sweet girl, with a wild passionate love, but a love that he knew was hopeless. She was but a bright vision that crossed his path to leave it gloomier than before.

He turned from her, and his gaze fell, with a brother's pride, upon the beautiful Ida, who seemed that night to be in her gayest and mildest mood, followed, admired and caressed by all.

Carrie Armand eared but for the homage of one fond, trusting heart. Ida Macaulay would have scores of worshippers at her feet.

Morning had dawned in the grey east ere the cousins sought their pillow. One to dream of new conquests and golden tinted prospects of a splendid future; the other, to dream of her home, sweet Avondale, with its purring streams, its singing birds—and Earnest!

How, long years before, they had stood beneath the old sycamore, on that bright autumn day, when the sun shone, and the winds gently kissed the leaves. How he placed in his bosom her parting gift, that he had since guarded so graciously.

Sleep on, sweet one. May the angels guard thy slumbers.

The last rays of the setting sun are streaming with all their effulgence thro' the stained windows of the little chapel of Avondale, and resting lovingly upon the sunny tresses of the fair being at the altar. Her white veil floats like a mist around her form, clad in snowy robes, and the bright wreaths of autumn leaves have given place to dewy orange blossoms.

By her side is a noble and familiar figure, and he meets the love look of those gentle eyes with joy unutterable. The white words hover upon the tongue of the holy-robbed priest, soft responses come from the lips of those to whom he has spoken, and sweet Carrie Armand, the lily of Avondale is the bride of Earnest Fairfax.

Matrimonial Bliss.

"It is folly for girls to expect to be happy without marriage. Every woman was made for a mother; consequently, children are necessary to their peace of mind as health is. If you wish to behold melancholy and indigestion, look at an old maid; if you would take a peep at sunshine, look in the face of a young mother."

"Now I won't stand that," replied my aunt, "I'm an old maid myself, and neither melancholy nor indigestible. My peace of mind I'm going to give you in a minute. I never would touch a baby during my existence, except with a pair of tongs. Young mothers and sunshine, indeed! Why they are worn to fiddle-strings before they are five-and-twenty—when an old lover steps in and sees his grandmother instead of the little Mary who used to make him feel as if he would crawl out of the toes of his boots. Yes, my mind is quite made up in regard to matrimony. But as to babes—sometimes I think, and then again I don't know—on the whole I consider them a decided humbug. It is a one-sided partnership, this marriage. The wife casts up all the accounts. The husband gets up and pays debts to the looking-glass; curls his fine head of hair, puts on an immaculate shirt bosom; ties an excruciating cravat; sprinkles his handkerchief with cologne; stows away a French roll, an egg, and a cup of coffee; gets into an omnibus; looks slanting at the pretty girls, and makes love between the pauses of business in the afternoon. The wife must hermetically seal the windows and shut out the fresh air, and sits down gasping at the table, more dead than alive, to finish her breakfast; Tom's spilla a cup of hot coffee down his bosom; Juliana has torn off the strings of her bonnet; James wants his geography covered; Eliza can't find her satchel; the butcher wants to know if she'd like a joint of mutton; the milkman wants his money; the ice man wants to speak to her just a minute; the baby swallows a bean; the husband sends a boy from the store to say that his partner will dine with them; the cook leaves to go to her sister's dead baby's wake and the husband's thin coat must be ironed before noon. Sunshine and young mothers! Where's my smelling bottle?"

TIT FOR TAT.—There was recently a duel at Nopoleon, Ark., between a doctor and a tailor, in which the doctor shot the tailor in the leg, and the latter's ball went through the lower extremity of the doctor's coat. They were made friends on the ground—the doctor agreeing to dress the tailor's leg, and the tailor to mend the doctor's coat tail.

ROBBING A PEACH ORCHARD.

In a newly settled town out west, there resided no more than three years ago, an old farmer, who was notorious for his penury, and his disposition for saving and turning everything into money. At the time at which our story commences, old deacon Newcomb was the only man in the vicinity who raised peaches, which were a very scarce article, owing to the newness of the country. It so happened that the deacon had an abundance of these, as his young trees were just in their prime; but not a single peach did his neighbors taste unless paid for in advance.

The penuriousness on the part of the old gentleman excited the malicious propensities of many of the young men in the neighborhood, and they resolved to have a taste of the forbidden fruit, at all events. At that time, and in part of the country, fruit stealing was not a very grave offence, but was looked upon as a mere practical joke, and it was laughed at in proportion with the success of the trespassers in committing their depredations.

Consequently, the young men, while they coveted the old deacon's fruit, and despised his meanness, resolved without a single scruple of conscience, to go themselves.

There were only a half dozen privy to the plot, and soon had everything satisfactorily arranged for carrying it into effect.

The whole six had agreed to meet at the town tavern between the hours of nine and ten in the evening, in order to be ready to commence their operations at ten precisely, which was just the time appointed for the setting out from the town tavern.

Among the conspirators was one Ned Harvey, a bold, hot headed, humorous fellow, who it may be premised, was an imitator of the deacon. Harvey was the soul of the party, but owing to some severe practical jokes which he had perpetrated at the expense of his companions, they wished on the present occasion, to put a trick upon him. There they were none witty enough to invent, but accident afforded them a plea.

It happened that the party was assembled at the tavern on the night appointed at a quarter of ten, with the exception of Harvey.

"What are all of us waiting for," said one, "Ned Harvey?"

"Ned is behind."

"No he ain't, don't you see it isn't time yet!"

"Ten is the hour."

"You are right. I have a proposition boys."

"What is it?"

"Give him the slip."

"And go without him!"

"Exactly."

"A splendid idea."

"A fine joke."

"Good."

The whole party accordingly silently left the tavern and disappeared in the direction of old deacon Newcomb's orchard.

Five minutes after Ned Harvey came in—surprised at not finding his companions, whom he had supposed would be for the most part assembled, he looked at the clock then his watch, and finally inquired of the bar tender if he had the correct time.

"It wants eight minutes to ten," he answered.

Harvey sat down and remained quiet just eight minutes, when the hour had arrived at which his companions had promised to be assembled, he began to suspect foul play, and speaking to a man said: "Has Dick W. been here to-night?"

"Yes."

"And Charley B.?"

"Yes."

"And Bill G.?"

"Yes. They left here before you came. Ned L. and Frank A. were with them."

Harvey bit his lips—he saw through the entire plot, and he asked himself, "How the deuce can I come up to the rascals!"

An idea struck him, and he rubbed his hands together and chuckled audibly. He left the tavern in hot haste, and proceeded home in high glee. He already felt his own triumph complete, and his companions the victims of their own treachery. Instead of alarming deacon Newcomb, he resolved to play the part of the deacon himself.

The night was exactly dark enough to forward his design; although there was a moon the sky was cloudy, and the light of the night queen was obscured.

Harvey procured an old hat similar to the one that deacon Newcomb wore, pulled it over his eyes, and disguised himself more effectually by exchanging his jacket for an old frock coat, which bore a striking resemblance to the one the old deacon was seen frequently to have on. Provided with this disguise, and being possessed, as we stated before, of wonderful powers of mimicry, he had no doubt of his ability to counterfeit the deacon so closely that his companions would not discover the cheat.

Having armed himself with a strong whip, Ned set out to surprise the trespassers at their work of darkness. He was not long in reaching the orchard, and not many minutes had elapsed before he discovered where all his companions were.

Four of them were sitting upon the grass near the fence, and directly under one of the finest peach trees on the old man's premises. They were enjoying a

very delightful treat on the luscious fruit which one of the trespassers was shaking from the tree into which he had climbed.

"Stolen kisses are sweet, and so are the stolen peaches, I should judge," muttered Ned Harvey, as he crept stealthily towards his companions along by the fence.

He was so near that he could overhear their conversation and stopped to listen.

"That is what I should call decidedly rich," exclaimed Dick, swallowing a ripe mellow peach.

"What delicious rare-ripen," whispered Charley.

"Excellent."

"Delicious."

"But it's not so good as the joke," said Bill.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Frank, up in the tree.

"Ha, ha, ha, ain't it a rich joke. It tells beautifully on the old man," echoed Charley.

"And pays up Ned Harvey, too!" exclaimed one. "Didn't we give him a slip nicely?"

"Yes. But I guess he'll expose us," said Bill.

"Never fear. Ned Harvey ain't the chap to do no such mean trick as that. But wouldn't he be worked, if he knew how we were enjoying ourselves without his precious company," returned Charley.

"Wouldn't he though?" said Ned to himself.

"And wouldn't it start that old deacon," laughed Dick W. "if one should tell how we are enjoying ourselves at his expense."

"Ha, ha, ha, laughed the whole company."

"Have you filled the bag?" demanded Frank.

"Yes, and all of our stomachs in the bag."

"Then I am coming down to get my share."

"Now is my time," thought Ned.

It is impossible to describe the consternation of his treacherous friends, as he sprang upon them. Disturbed so unexpectedly and suddenly in the quiet enjoyment of the stolen fruit, they knew not where to turn, but ran against each other with such force as to knock each other down while frightened. Frank pitched headlong down among his fallen companions.

"Here, are you?" cried Ned, imitating the old deacon's voice. "Ah, you great thieves rascals. I've caught you at it this time, and I'll give you all peaches enough."

So saying, Ned used his heavy whip with all his force, striking the trespassers on their heads, and across their faces, knocking them down as fast as they got up and attempted to run. At last they scrambled away, he chased them, and biting first one and then the others, and screaming in the old deacon's voice—

"Oh, you villainous whelps! I'll learn you to steal peaches out of my orchard. I'll learn you, ungodly, thieving rascals."

At length thinking that he had punished them severely enough for the treachery, Ned appeared to give up the chase, while his companions hid in the fence; but instead of leaving them thus, he dropped down upon his hands and knees and crept along towards them under the fence, in order to hear what they said.

"Bill," said one.

"What?"

"Where are you?"

"Here in the corner of the fence, with Dick."

"Ain't you dead?"

"No, but I should have been if he had bit me once more on the head as he did twice."

"He has almost broke my neck," said a timid voice from another corner of the fence.

"He has drawn the blood up my face," said Charley, "and his unmerciful sharp lash has left a ridge on one of my fingers."

"He made me see a whole constellation of stars," whispered Frank. "Besides, I guess that I broke my neck in as many as seven places the time I fell from the tree."

"Darn his picture," now growled out Dick. "His whip didn't hurt much until he knocked down, and then I thought that old Satan himself had struck me."

"Who would think the old fellow could run so."

Harvey listened to this conversation and much more of the same sort, until Frank, who had the consolation of thinking he had not eaten a single peach, started off, telling his companions that if they wanted the which they had left under the tree, they might get it, provided old Newcomb had not already taken care of it. They concluded not to go after it, but withdrew from the field of their defeat altogether, leaving Harvey to laugh at the joke he had played, and to enjoy a hearty meal on the peaches he found ready collected in the bag.

Having satisfied his appetite on the delicious fruit, he left the bag and remaining contents for he told man and then he went home.

Ned Harvey intended to keep this affair to himself, fearing the revenge of his companions, but when the deacon reported that he had found a bag of peaches under one of his trees, and talked of the trespassers in such a way that the trespassers knew that he had nothing to do with the logging of them so soundly, their sus-

picious rested at once upon Ned Harvey.

Finding this to be the case, Ned immediately proclaimed the joke about the neighborhood, and related the affair with such exaggerations as served to show up his comrades in the most ridiculous light possible.

The traitors were emphatically used up. The ridicule was worse than the punishment they suffered. Everybody twitted, and even the deacon, forgiving them the peaches they had eaten, chuckled over the joke of "Robbing a Peach Orchard."

The Lost Balloonist.

If the accounts in the Western papers may be relied upon, Thurston, the lost aeronaut's body, was found about six or seven miles from Toledo city by a little boy. A party of men proceeded to the spot, and the Toledo Blade says—

"There were portions of a human body, without doubt, scattered around near the tree; and imbedded in the earth, was found the jaw bone broken, and matted hair partly in the earth. About two rods from the tree was found one of the boots of the person containing a foot nearly perfect, but much decomposed, and a portion of the shin bone with flesh adhering to it. The boot had been gnawed, and evidently the flesh had been eaten by hogs or wild animals. The other boot was found near by. Portions of the spine were also found scattered about, and several of the nails, teeth, &c., and parts of the skull were lying near. The clothes were, however, the means of identifying the body; they being not so much destroyed but that their texture could be discovered. The pants were of a small check or plaid pattern. The shirt was considerably rotten. The coat seemed to be of snuff color, and a black silk handkerchief was found, tied as it was on the neck. In the pockets of the clothing was found a Lepine silver watch, jack knife, and a buckskin purse, containing \$1 36 in money. A pair of gloves were found in one of the coat pockets, and in another a letter and several cards. The latter after drying, was readable, and was found to be directed to Mr. Thurston. It was from a Philadelphia house, in reply to some inquiries he had made about silk for a balloon.

From the cards, letters and memoranda, it is rendered, if not certain extremely probable that the body there scattered about was that of Mr. Thurston last seen near Knights Station on the 16th of September last, when carried away by the escaped balloon—dashed to pieces, and those pieces, gnawed by animals in that secluded tick.

It will be remembered that Mr. Thurston was seated on the valve, clasping the silk with his arms when last seen. When the balloon was found at West Tilbury, Canada, the disc of the valve was torn off, three-fourths of the way around. When at the great height at which the little boy thought that immense balloon was a kite, almost out of sight, the silk around the valve must have given way, precipitating Thurston to the earth. The calculations of his friends, based upon his probable powers of endurance, led the search far beyond where his mutilated remains lay.

The wood was frequented during the past winter by rabbit hunters, and Mr. Miner had hauled wood near by the thicket, but the wet nature of the ground around the knoll, and the thick brushwood, naturally turned aside all passers by.

The balloon ascended from Adrian at 9 o'clock on the 16th of September last, with Mr. Banister and Thurston in it; it descended on the farm of Mr. J. Dings, in Ogden, near Knight's Station, at about 10 o'clock, and the escape occurred at about 10 1/2 o'clock, owing to the removal of the car ropes and other weights, while Mr. Thurston was trying to open the valve—when, as bystanders expressed it, the balloon bounded up "like a rocket," carrying Mr. Thurston as above stated. It must have been within twenty or thirty minutes of this time that the valve gave way, and he fell."

Plant Trees.

PLANT trees for yourselves, your children, your neighbors, and generations to come. Plant trees for orchards of luscious fruits. Plant trees around your dwelling, and by the roadside; it will make home more pleasant and happy.

Don't ask yourself if it will pay three or six per cent. a month for the first or second year. If trees are planted and cared for, they will soon pay even more than money at six per cent. a month.

They will pay in luscious fruits and rich foliage. They will improve the appearance of your farms and dwellings.—Don't delay planting trees, for "procrastination is the thief of time." It will not only steal your time, but it will cheat you out of many a basket of rich fruit.

Don't delay because your means of territory are small. Plant a few; give them good culture, and they will soon richly repay you with a bountiful harvest. Don't delay because somebody has got a big orchard, and fruit will be so cheap that it won't sell for anything.

Good fruit will pay, and it will always pay, besides giving health and happiness to thousands.

Plant trees, vines, and flowers! Live as though life was worth having! Where can we be more happy than under our "own fig tree, with no one to molest or make us afraid."

Contagious—weddings and talking.