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TOO LATE.
FROM MRS. SEATON'S JOURNAL.

I sit alone. As my thoughts go back to my mournful Past, this burden falls wittingly along every chord they strike—“Too Late!” “Too Late!”

It is as if a demon had pursued me all my life, continually dogging my footsteps, with watchful malice precluding the consummation of every hope, shutting out all opportunity for expiation of my grievous faults; barring from my path the sunlight of love; coming between me and a mother's forgiveness, a father's blessing, a husband's dying reconciliation; depriving me of the last glance of my boy's glorious eyes, and, at last, of the feeble radiance of expiring happiness, that might have gilded my later days. Pray heaven that I may not, at the last, find that, also, for repentance and pardon I have been too late!

Very soon my lonely life will end at the tomb. For days I have been busily setting my house in order for the great change; making all ready for those who will only await my death to step into the inheritance of those fair acres, my ancestral mansion and domain.

In doing this I have examined all my long accumulated hoards of papers, and records of my life, and its sufferings and disappointments. Among them I have found the pile of clasped books that contain the journal of my earlier days. It brings my history down to the time when the book in which, for the last score of years, I have noted the far apart incidents of my desolate, and monotonous, and childless widowhood was commenced. From these, dear friend, I have drawn the painful narrations which I have here set down for your perusal when I am no more. Everywhere you will hear the wail of my life-burden—too late! too late!

June 10th, 17—. To-day I am fifteen. It is my birth-day. This morning, when I arose, I looked in my mirror and saw a fresh, rosy face, sparkling eyes, red lips, too full and putting, perhaps, with white teeth gleaming through them, as I smiled in salutation of my own “double.” I was a long time arranging my curls, for I would not let my maid, Alice, lay her hands upon them. She makes them feel stiff and formal, and papa does not like them thus. His little wished to please him on her birth-day.

I was so long that I could not go to mamma's room before breakfast. Papa kissed me fondly, blessed me, and then put into my hand the tiniest watch, shining with soft pearls that are set around its outer edge. It was very good in papa to give me that.

He asked me to accompany him on his ride, but before I ran to mamma's room. She looked very faint and ill, but she smiled sweetly and kissed me, oh, so fondly, as she said—

“Bless you, my own, own darling!” Then she held me very close to her bosom, and I felt warm tears falling softly on my neck.

“My darling will stay with me this morning, will she not?” she said at last, in her sweet, feeble tones.

But at that instant I heard the horses brought round, and drew myself hastily from her clinging arms.

“I am going to ride with papa,” I said abruptly, and though I kissed her cheek, I fear it was but coldly, for as I left the room I saw her looking sadly, almost reproachfully, after me.

Papa left me at General Mount's, where we called to spend the day with dear Jeannette. It has been a very happy day, and Gerald Mount and his sister rode home with me an hour ago. I went to mamma's door, but the nurse came out and told me, in a whisper, that she was very ill, and must not be disturbed. She is often thus, but I am very sorry she could not see me to night, for I have been sad all day, in the midst of my pleasure, because I was so willful and unkind to her. I wanted much to ask her to forgive me, and to feel her kiss on my brow before I slept. But to-morrow morning I will go early to express my sorrow and seek her pardon.

June 20th.—For nine days I have been motherless; and since that fatal hour that saw me an orphan I had no heart to write here. The morning on which I hoped to ask my mother's pardon for my unkindness saw me hanging over her senseless corpse. I was roused in the night by a summons to her room. Alas! when I arrived there she no longer knew me. Inensible and speechless, she was rapidly breathing away her life. In vain I watched and prayed for one look or sign of pardon. She died without ever knowing my remorse, my prayers for pardon, my sorrow and regret were all too late! Never will the memory of that scene, my agony and fearful, impotent grief pass from me. I was borne sense-

less to my room, and days elapsed ere I again quitted it.

September 8th.—Gerald Mount is at home again. How proud and handsome he looked as he rode up this morning and dismounted at our door. I shrunk back that he might not see me. He had not looked upon my face since that fearful disease robbed me of all my beauty, and I dreaded his start of surprise—his efforts to hide all token of his disappointment. But he was evidently prepared for the change. Jeannette has told him all. His manner was kind and friendly in the extreme, quite brotherly, in fact—That is right; but it destroys the hope that for three years I have been, almost unknown to myself, building up. We have not met before since that sad time of my mother's death, when he was my comforter and friend, and the girl of fifteen relied upon the lad of nineteen as a brother, though the feelings that then sprang up in my breast were warmer far, I fear, than those of sisterly affection.

I had no right to hope that he would care for me now, and he does not. But to-morrow his mother's ball takes place, and then I shall learn how he regards me. If he pays me marked attention, I shall know that he loves in spite of my plain face.

September 9th.—It is over! Gerald scarcely noticed me after the first salutations were passed, but devoted himself to a very beautiful girl, who, I learn, is visiting Jeannette, the sister of one of his college friends. He evidently loves her. I saw it; and though later in the evening he asked me to dance, and looked painful when I spoke of an engagement, and lingered beside me until my partner came to claim me, yet I doubt not it was all from pity, for I had silent and alone almost the entire evening, and he felt that some little attention was due me.

So I felt sure, and afraid lest what I felt should become apparent, I smiled and flirted with Colonel Seaton, and made myself so agreeable to him that I was not surprised when, at the close of the dance, he drew me away to the deserted music room, on the pretence of finding cool air there.

Colonel Seaton has long admired me, in spite of my lost beauty, and I was not totally unprepared for what followed—a declaration of love, and an offer of his heart and hand. I have sealed my fate and Gerald Mount—hall never shall never say that I waited for him, to be jilted by loss of beauty.

Evening.—Thus much had I written when word was brought me that Colonel Seaton awaited me in the drawing-room. I went to him at once, not with too much haste, nor with shy delay. I was calm and cool, he profuse in his thanks for my condescension and his expressions of the sense of honor conferred upon him. He had been with my father, obtained his consent to our marriage, and the affair is now definitely arranged. In a month we are to be married.

Yes, in a month I shall stand before the altar a purpureus—for I do not love the man to whom I shall there vow lifelong affection and fidelity. Alas! is there no escape! Must I wear the yoke my own hands have riveted! And I might have been so happy! But now it is too late!

Gerald loves me—has loved me always, and longed to be with me last evening but was forced to devote himself to his sister's guest, an utter stranger to all present. Oh, miserable me! Wretched exceedingly that my own lips have sealed my fate!

Scarcely had Colonel Seaton left me when Gerald came. Flushed with hope and love, he poured out his heart's secret, and sinking at my feet told me all and besought me to become his wife. I sat as if frozen to stone. Not until he was silent and waiting for my answer could I summon voice to speak. Then, remembering the man whose promised wife I was, I spoke the words that sealed my fate, coldly, calmly, I believe, turning my pale face away, and driving back the tears and shrieks that would have burst forth. Then, with the same freezing calmness, I went from the room, and left there the only man I have ever loved, kneeling beside the couch where I had sat, with despairing gaze following me as I went. Five minutes later I heard a horse gallop madly along the avenue. I looked from the window my last upon Gerald Mount! Happiness was offered me too late! now I must prepare for duty—that only remains to me!

January 20th, 18—. Twenty years have passed since the fatal day that made me the wife of Colonel Seaton. As I sit here alone, widowed, orphaned and childless, deprived, in one short year, of all upon whom I had any claim of custom, or of love, memory goes back over the wretchedness and sorrows of the Past. I remember the five wretched years that dragged their lengthened chain while I lived beneath the roof of my husband—the separation that made us both only less miserable than our continued residence together in mutual antagonism would have done. I remember my father's proud anger at what he held to be “my disgrace,” the stern reproaches and commands by which he strove to compel me back to what he termed “my duty.” I remember, the only gleams of joy in all those dark years—my boy's annual visits to the gloomy dower house which he seemed to light up by his glorious presence.

One year ago this day my father died. Dying he would have been in charity with all, and broke the silence of years by a brief letter in his own hand, grown tremulous with age and illness, bidding me to his presence, that he might bless me before he died. I went, but found only his cold clay. He had been dead for hours, and I was again too late!

Next my boy sickened, at the foreign university where he had gone to finish his education. I traveled with frantic haste to reach the bedside. Fearful storms detained me, when scarcely a score of leagues separated us. When, at length, I was set down before the gate of his lodging, they told me he had been buried a week.

Again I was too late! Those sunny eyes were closed forever, that glorious form lay in the cold obstruction of the tomb. For me were only his last dying messages, and the tale of his piteous cries for the mother who would have periled her life to reach his side, had it been possible. Again the bitter refrain hung in my ears, too late!

I wrote to my husband telling him all. No answer came. I had expected none, for during years we had held no communication, yet I pined even for his sympathy, the only one beside myself who mourned for my boy, though he hated me. Little did I guess that he was too ill to write.

But at length a third summons invaded my solitude. My presence was desired beside the sick-bed of my husband. Bereavement and sorrow had softened my heart. I went, and was again too late! Still the curse pursued me, and the reconciliation Colonel Seaton so much desired, and which, in the humility of my sorrow I would have yielded to, was not permitted. I saw him living, breathing, and in his own proud manhood, without sense, or power of motion; his lungs only performing their function, and slowly marking his passing moments. For days he lingered in this state—then died and made no sign. Too late! too late!

I came home humbled exceedingly. The man I had wronged had reached to me the hand of reconciliation, and deeply I felt his nobleness of character, when my penitence and sorrow were too late! Un-availing regret were now all I could give. An ample fortune is mine, and scarcely past the prime of my life I might now return to the world I have long abandoned. But solitude best befits my feelings and my position. Here I will remain, and here die, in the time He shall appoint.

October 4, 18—. One more sorrow, one terrible grief the last—all that was needed to crush my already bleeding heart. Yesterday I stood by the bedside of the only man I ever loved. Gerald Mount came to me from beyond the sea, from the foreign lands where he has worn out his sad, hopeless life, came, full of love and new-awakened hopes, to claim the woman who all these years has filled his heart, and has been truly loved spite of all the wrong that drove him from his native shores.

He reached but to die! He landed weak and ill from his long voyage. A sudden cold, increased by his hurried journey and its exposures, prostrated his remaining strength. He never left his bed, in the little inn at the village, but daily I sat by his side, and we renewed the vows of our childhood, and talked of the hopes now only to find their fruition beyond the grave.

So happiness came to me too late, and the dark pall of Death shut the glorious vision from my longing eyes. Gerald, we shall meet again—thou art not lost forever!

Thus, dear friend, you have learned the fearful trials and dark sorrows of my life. Blame and pity will fill your heart as you read, but compassionate her whom you have loved, when you remember the bitter harvest reaped from the seed sown by her undisciplined nature. Yet think of me gently, as of one who has suffered and repented, and in many an anxious, prayerful vigil has sought from the Infinite Father, and dies believing the boon, long sought, has been granted. Pray, then, that this repentance, also, come not too late!

How the Bean Climbs the Pole.
Prof. Brewer of Washington College, Penn., communicates to *The American Journal of Science and Arts* the result of some experiments made by him on climbing vines—the hop, the Lima bean, and the morning glory. He finds that they will climb around a transparent glass pipe just as well as anything else, and that they are most ardent in their embraces when the pole is warmer than the surrounding air. During the day, the vine is attracted toward the light, but at night, and especially on cool nights, it turns to the pole. He learned, also, that the color of the pole makes no difference; the caressing instinct of the vine has no prejudice against any shade. The element of constancy is very largely developed, the vine, after it has reached its pole, showing a much stronger tendency to wind around it than it did before to reach it.

A NEW NAME FOR THEM.—In Vermont they have what are called “Cow Boy” Democrats—which are defined to be “professed Democrats, who go where glander leads the way, and who care nothing for principles if they can grab an office.”

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE.

Those who have taken the trouble to look over the advertising columns of the New York Herald have observed advertisements under the head of “Matrimonial,” in which persons of both sexes announce themselves as candidates, and invite correspondence with this view. If we believe these announcements, the advertisers, almost without exception, are patterns of virtue, honor and intelligence, generally, too, of refinement, wealth and high social position.

It is not very long since an advertisement informed the public that a young lady of good education and accomplished manners, being convinced that the formalities of society are mostly absurd and restrictive of free individual development, would like to correspond with a man of independence and sense, and with a view to matrimony. She was twenty years of age, moved in respectable society, and believed she could make a good man happy. Any such person was invited to address Betty Ballou, at the Union Square Post Office.

A young man answered this advertisement under the signature Julius B. Defoe, as follows:

“MISS BETTY BALLOU: I have read your advertisement in this morning's Herald, and have not the slightest hesitation in saying that I am a man of sense. That I am a man of independence would clearly appear to you if we should ever be married, for I would not promise to pay any more attention to a wife than I choose; and if I wanted to go to the theatre or opera with anybody else, as I probably should, I should do it in spite of her. In short, she could do as she pleased, if she chose to, and if she didn't I'd make her, and I should do as I pleased whether she was willing or not. If that is not independent enough for you, I beg you not to answer this letter.

“That I am sensible, clearly appears from my mode of life. In the first place I have spacious apartments with a private family in Fifth Avenue, and manage my affairs in Wall street—with about four hours' labor per diem—in such manner that I have as much money as I want to spend or give away, go where I have a mind to, smoke in the parlor when at home, and get drunk as often as I am disposed.

“If this suits you, write and address me at the Broadway Post office. If it don't, do what you like.

“I will say, however, that I should be happy to see you, and think you will not find me a savage. If you are disposed to gratify me, state when and where we can have an interview.

Yours, respectfully,
JULIUS B. DEFOE”

Three days after depositing the above letter in the Union Square Post office, Mr. Defoe called at the Broadway office, and found a reply awaiting him. It was written in a neat plain hand, and the purport of it was, that Miss Betty was curious to see him, but was conscious of the impropriety of inviting a stranger to call upon her. If, however, he would be at Taylor's Saloon at two o'clock on a certain day, he would meet her there. “Go as far as you can,” said the letter, “on the left hand side, take a newspaper in your hand and read, so I may know you. When I enter I will recognize you with a nod; then, please, come and sit by me.”

A few minutes before the appointed time, Mr. Defoe, having provided himself with a newspaper, went to the place designated, took a seat as requested, and commenced reading. He soon observed a young man enter, walk near him, and look annoyed at his presence. Finally, however, the stranger sat down immediately in front of him, and with many looks expressive of “what business have you here?” also took out a paper and commenced reading.

“Unfortunately,” thought Mr. Defoe, “if this fellow keeps on reading, she may mistake him for myself. However, when she sees he does not recognize her, she will try me.”

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, an elderly gentleman, with a very red nose, also came up and politely requested Mr. Defoe to go forward and give him the seat he occupied. “I would not ask it, sir,” he added, “had I not particular reasons, which I need not explain for so doing.”

“And I,” rejoined Defoe, “would not deny so reasonable a request had I not particular reasons, which I need not explain for so doing.”

“Nothing remarkable,” soliloquized Defoe, “in three men reading papers at the same time in a row; yet under circumstances, it is a singular coincidence.” And this suggestion derived additional weight from the fact that few other persons in the saloon were at that time reading.

But Mr. Defoe's astonishment was considerably increased when a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, and finally a seventh, entered, and in his turn seemed anxious to get a rear seat, but failing in this, took the last one unoccupied, each at the same time commencing immediately to read.

order a beef-steak, when he saw a young lady enter the right door. She was tall, graceful in her movements, had keen black eyes, and was richly though not gaudily dressed. She passed down the opposite aisle with a manner somewhat haughty, cast a furtive glance along the line of gentlemen who held papers in their hands, and finally gave Mr. Defoe an unmistakable nod of recognition.

He returned the salutation as if he had met an old friend, and immediately joined her.

“Mr. Defoe, I presume,” said the pretty lady.

“The same, and happy to meet you, Miss Ballou,” he replied.

“Tell me, Mr. Defoe, what you thought of my advertisement.”

“I thought it very singular that a female should want a man of sense and independence for a husband—so I answered it. What did you think of my reply?”

“I thought much. In the first place, that you were not handsome, and you see I am not disappointed. Also that you did not mean what you said, which of course is true.”

“Then why did you answer me?”

“Because I thought so. You do not suppose a sensible woman would advertise for a husband with an honest motive, and I know that an honest man would not write such a letter as you did. I did not come to compliment you, as you find.”

“I will not complain that you flatter me.”

Refreshments were served up, and the conversation, though necessarily carried on in a low tone, became animated.

“Pray tell me,” said Mr. Defoe, “the precise motive you had in publishing such an advertisement, and in meeting me here.”

“I did it for fun. It was always my disposition. Do you see that row of men over there, near where you were sitting, each with a newspaper?”

“Yes.”

“Well, those deluded gentlemen all came here at my solicitation. They all answered my advertisement; I wrote to them precisely as I did to you. I wrote the letter you received, and my sister made twelve copies of it, which were despatched to as many gentlemen. Seven of them, it seems, have accepted the invitation, and are waiting for me.”

“And what will you do?”

“Nothing. I did not expect to recognize them. I came to enjoy the sport of seeing them, who expected to fool me, fooled instead; to watch the ludicrous expressions of anxiety and disappointment. They are dishonest, selfish, ignorant men, I am sure, or they would not have written as they did. In fact, I am sure that an honest man would not have written at all. Now see their papers! They look over the top of their papers as if a sheriff was after them.”

“And you came to laugh at them?”

“Certainly. This is my menagerie of tame animals. I took them wild; but I fancy this discipline will domesticate them.”

A Good Anecdote.
A pious lady in Virginia was in the habit of having family worship every evening, and it was a rule of hers that all the servants should attend. On one occasion a Dutchman fresh from Pennsylvania, staid all night at the house, and was much struck by the assembling of the negroes at prayers. After they had all left the room except a small boy who remained to light the guest to his chamber, the Dutchman inquired of the lady why she brought “niggers to prayers?” She replied that she felt herself responsible for their religious training. The Dutchman then asked her if she really thought they had souls; and she, beginning to be rather excited, told him she certainly did, and that she felt a deep interest for their salvation.

The Dutchman then turned to the negro boy, and asked him, “Boy do you think a nigger has got a soul?”

“Oh, yes,” said the boy; “I reckon they got souls.”

“Well, boy, do you think you would be allowed to go to heaven?”

“Yes, Sir, I 'peel I will; I 'tows to git in.”

“Now, boy, when you do you think they'd put a fellow like you in heaven?”

“I dunno, sir,” said the boy; “but I reckon I'll git in somehow 'twix de white people and de Dutch!”

Revolutionary Incident.
One of the regiments in the battle of Bennington, was commanded by a Colonel who when at home, was a deacon.—He was a calm, sedate, determined man, and went to the battle because he was impelled by a sense of duty. His whole parish was in the regiment, so was his beloved pastor, without whose presence and blessing they scarcely thought themselves in a way to prosper. The Colonel was ordered by General Stark to reinforce one of the wings, which was suffering severely. He marched at the instant with his forces, but as slow and composedly as if he had been marching to a conference meeting. The officer in command of the corps to be relieved, fearing that he would be compelled to give way, sent a messenger to hasten the Colonel. “Tell 'em we're coming,” said he, and marched steadily on. A second messenger came, with the intelligence that the wing was beginning to fall back. “That'll make room for us, tell 'em we're coming,” replied the Colonel, with unmoved countenance and accelerated pace. A third messenger reached him, just as the troops emerged from behind a copse, in full view of the enemy, whose balls began to whistle about them. “Halt!” commanded the Colonel, “form column and attend prayers.” And there in the face of the enemy, did the regiment pause, while solemn prayer was offered for their success in the deadly struggle they were about to begin. Prayers being ended, the Colonel addressed his men. “Soldiers,” said he, “our wives and children are in the rear, the Hessians are in front; give it to them,” and that band of mercenaries melted away before these Christian soldiers, as the host of the uncircumcised Philistines disappeared before the victorious armies of Israel.

God's Protection of Young Deer.
An old Canadian hunter declares that the reason why the wild deer were not all killed when young (as they breed once a year and are always surrounded by other animals which prey upon them, as dogs, wolves, bears, panthers, &c.) is that “no dog or other animal can smell the back of a dog or a fawn, while the latter is too young to take care of itself.” He stated that he had often seen it demonstrated.—He had taken his dogs over the ground when he had just seen them pass, and they would take no notice of the track, and could not be induced to follow when taken to the spot, while they would instantly discover the track of any deer not having young ones. This is but one proof of the adaptation of the natural laws to preserve life when it most needs protection.

Cowardly Legs.—An Irish soldier, who was boasting of his great courage, was asked why he ran away in battle.—“Faith,” says Pat, “me heart is as bold as a lion—so it is, but I happened to have a pair of cowardly legs which always run away wid my body, when I'd be after the inimy, bad luck to them!”

GROWING STILL.—James Wright, a citizen of Conway, who was fifty one years old and six feet and six inches high in September, 1858 has grown since then, full two inches, and now stands six feet and eight inches high in his shoes.

Irish Mother.—“Arrah, Johnny, and where have you been so long?”
Native Son.—“Why me and the rest of the boys have been looking an Irishman.”
M.—“Wait, ye spalpeen, till yer father gets home—you'll be after catching it!”
S.—“Oh, ye be blowed! That's the man we've kicked.”

The cost of the late short session of Congress, of only three months duration, foots up the enormous sum of Two Millions Eleven Thousand Dollars.

James Stephens has been convicted in New York city of having poisoned his wife over one year ago.