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Theory and Practice.

Oh if there is one earthly bliss,
More precious than another,
It is when, with delight, you kiss a pretty girl,—she sending a certain individual out of the room, on the important errand of seeing what hour is indicated by the hand of the family time piece down stairs—
Certain individual being her brother.
While musing thus, one summer eve,
As by my fair one's side I sat,
The time was near at hand to leave, so, stealing my arm around her waist, I drew her gently to me, and when in the act of applying my lips to hers, the door was softly opened and her respected "Ma," appeared, armed with a broomstick, and, before I knew where I was
I was knocked into a cocked hat.

HOME INFLUENCES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Who's that, I wonder," said Mrs. Seaburn, as she heard a ring at the basement door.
"Ah—it's Marshal," returned her husband, who had looked out at the window, and recognized the grocer's cart.
"And what have you had sent home now, Henry?"
"But before Mr. Seaburn could answer, the door of the sitting-room was opened, and one of the domestics looked in, and asked—
"What'll do the demijohns, mum?"
"Demijohns?" repeated Mrs. Seaburn.
"Let them set in the hall, and I'll attend to them," interposed the husband.
"Henry, what have you had sent home now?" the wife asked, after the domestic had gone.
"Some nice wine, Cora, and a little choice old brandy," replied Henry.
Cora Seaburn glanced up at the clock, and then looked down upon the floor.—There was a cloud upon her fair brow, and it was very evident that something lay heavily on her heart. Presently she walked to the wall and pulled the bell-cord, and the summons was answered by the chamber-maid.
"Are George and Charles in their room?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Tell them it is school-time."
The girl went out, and in a little while two boys entered the sitting-room, with their books under their arms, and their caps in their hands. They were bright, happy, healthy fellows, with goodness and truth stamped upon their rosy faces, and the light of free consciences gleaming in their sparkling eyes. George was thirteen years of age, and Charles eleven, and certainly those two parents had reason to be proud of them. The boys kissed their mother—gave a happy "good morning" to the father—and then went away to school.
"Cora," said Mr. Seaburn, sometime after the boys had gone, "what makes you so sober?"
"Sober!" repeated the wife, looking up.
"Yes. You have been sober and mute ever since the grocer came."
"Do you want me to tell you why?"
"Of course I do."
"Well, Henry, I am sorry you have had that spirit brought into the house."
"Pooh! What's the use in talking so, Cora? You wouldn't have me be without it, would you?"
"Yes."
"Why—what do you mean?"
"I mean that I would cut clear from the stuff, now and forever."
"But—Cora—you are wild. What should we do at our dinner parties without wine?"
"Do as others who have it not."
"But—mercy!—what would people say? Are you afraid—? But no—I won't ask so foolish a question."
"Ask it, Henry. Let us speak plainly now that we have fairly commenced."
"Well—I was about to ask if you were afraid that I should ever drink too much."
"That is not a fair question, Henry. I was not thinking of that at all. But I will answer it by and by. You have no fixed appetite for it now?"
"Of course not."
"Then it would not cost you any effort of will to abstain from its use?"
"Not a particle."
"And you only have it in the house, and serve it to your friends; and drink it yourself because it is fashionable? or, in other words, you do it because others do?"
"I do it because," said Mr. Seaburn, hesitating some in his choice of language—"because it would appear very odd and very niggardly, and very fanatical, not to do it." This last was spoken emphatically.
"But," pursued Mrs. Seaburn, with the calmness and assurance of one who feels the sustaining influence of Right, "you would not do what you were convinced was wrong, out of respect to any such considerations, would you?"
"You know I would not, Cora. This question of temperance, I know, is a good

one in the abstract, and I am willing to live up to it, as I understand it; but I am no teetotaler."

"Henry," said his wife, with an earnest look into his face, "will you answer me a few questions?—and answer them honestly and truly, without equivocation or evasion?"

"Bless me, how methodically you put it, Cora. But I will answer."

"Then—first. Do you believe you, or your friends, are in any way benefitted by the drinking of intoxicating beverages at your board? That is—do you derive any real good from it?"

"No—I can't say that we do."

"Do you think the time has ever been, since we were married, when we actually needed wine in the house, either for our health or comfort?"

"Why—I think it has ministered to our comfort, Cora."

"How?"

"O—in many ways."

"Name one of them."

"Why in the enjoyment of our guests."

"Ah, but I am speaking of ourselves, Henry—of you and me, and your own little family. Has it ever ministered to our comfort?"

"No—I can't say that it has."

"And if it was banished from our house to-day, and forever, as a beverage, should we suffer in consequence?"

"Certainly. What would our friends?"

"Ah—but stop. I am only speaking of our own affairs, as shut in from the world, by our own fireside. I want all extraneous considerations left out. Should we, as a family, suffer, in our moral, physical, social, or domestic affairs in the total absence of this beverage?"

"No—I don't know that we should."

"Then to you, as a husband, and a father, and as a man, it is of no earthly use?"

"No."

"And it would cost you no effort, so far as you alone are concerned, to break clear from it?"

"Not a particle."

"And now, Henry," pursued the wife, with increased earnestness, "I have a few more questions to ask: Do you believe that the drinking of intoxicating beverages is an evil in this country?"

"Why—as it is now going on, I certainly do."

"And isn't it an evil in society?"

"Yes."

"Look over this city, and tell me if it is not a terrible evil."

"A terrible evil grows out of the abuse of it, Cora."

"And will you tell me what good grows out of the use of it?"

"Really, love—when you come down to this abstract point you have the field.—But people should govern their appetites. All these things may be abused."

"Yes. But will you tell me the use—the real good—to be derived from drinking wine and brandy?"

"As I said before—it is a special custom, and has its charms."

"Ah—there you have it, Henry. It does have its charms, as the deadly snake is said to have; and as other vices have!—But I see you are in a hurry."

"It is time I was at the store."

"I will detain you but a moment longer, Henry. Just answer me a few more questions. Now call to mind all the families of your acquaintance; think of all the domestic circles you have known, from your school-boy days to the present. Run your thoughts through the various homes where you have been intimate.—Do this, and tell me if, in any one instance, you ever knew a single joy to be plucked by the heartstone from the wine cup. Did you ever know one item of good to flow to a family from its use?"

"No. I cannot say that I ever did—not as you mean."

"And now answer me again. Think of those homes once more. Call to memory the playmates of your childhood—think of other homes—think of the firesides where all you have known dwell—and tell me if you have seen any great griefs planted by the intoxicating bowl upon the heartstone?"

Henry Seaburn did not answer, for there passed between him such grim spectres of Sorrow and Grief, that he shuddered at the mental vision. He saw the youth cut down in the hour of promise—he saw the gray head fall in dishonor—he saw hearts broken—he saw homes made desolate—he saw affection wither up and die—and he saw noble intellects stricken down! Good Heaven! what sights he saw as he unrolled the canvass of his memory!

"Henry," whispered the wife, moving to his side, and winding one arm gently about his neck, "we have two boys. They are growing to be men. They are noble, generous, and warm-hearted. They love their home, and honor their parents.—They are here to form those characters—to receive those impressions—which shall be the basis upon which their future weal or woe must rest. Look at them—O, think of them! Think of them doing battle in the great struggle of life before them. Shall they carry out from their home one evil influence? Shall they, in the time to come, fall by the way side, cut down by the Demon of the Cup, and in their dying hour, curse the example whence they derived their appetite? O for our children—for those two boys—for the men we hope to see them—for the sweet memories we would have them cherish of their home—for the good old age they may reap—let us cast this thing out

—now and forever!"

Cora kissed her husband, as she ceased speaking; and then he arose to his feet; but he made her no reply.

"Henry—are you offended?"

"No," he said. He returned her kiss, and, without another word, left his house and went to his store.

How strangely did circumstances work to keep the idea his wife had given him alive in his mind. That very morning he met a youth—the son of one of his wealthy friends—in a state of wild intoxication; and during the forenoon he heard that Aaron G— had died at sea.—He knew that Aaron had been sent away from home that he might be reclaimed.

After the bank had closed, and as Henry Seaburn was thinking of going to his dinner, he received a note through the Penny Post. It was a from a medical friend, and contained a request that he would call at the hospital on his way home. This hospital was not much out of his way home, and he stopped there.

"There is a man in one of the lower wards who wishes to see you," said the doctor.

"Does he know me?" asked Seaburn.

"He says he does."

"What is his name?"

"He won't tell us. He goes by the name of Smith; but I am satisfied that such is not his true name. He is in the last stage of consumption and delirium. He has lucid intervals, but they do not last long. He has been here a week. He was picked up in the street, and brought here. He heard your name, and said he knew you once."

Mr. Seaburn went to the room where the patient lay, and looked at him. Surely he never knew that man! "There must be some mistake," he said.

The invalid heard him, and opened his eyes, such bloodshot, sunken, unearthly, looking eyes.

"Harry," he whispered, trying to lift himself upon his elbow. "Is this Harry Seaburn?"

"That is my name."

"And don't you know me?"

"I'm sure I do not." And he would have said that he did not wish to, only the man seemed so utterly miserable that he would not wound what little feeling he might have left.

"I have you forgotten your old playmate in boyhood, Harry—your friend in other years—your chum in college?"

"What!" gasped Seaburn, starting back aghast, for a glimmer of the truth burst upon him. "This is not Alec Lomborg?"

"All that's left of him, my Hal," returned the poor fellow, putting forth his wasted skeleton hand, and smiling a faint, quivering, dying smile. "Ah—Pater, Peccari!"

"Alexander Lomborg!" said Henry, gazing into the bloated, disfigured face before him.

"You wouldn't have known me, Hal?"

"God Heavens—no!"

"I know I am altered. Ah, Hal, sic transit gloria mundi!"

"But, Alec," cried Seaburn, "how is this? Why are you here?"

"Rum, Hal—Rum! I'm about done for. But I wanted to see you. They told me you lived not far away; and I would look upon one friend before I died."

"But I heard you were practising in your profession, Alec, and doing well."

"So I did do well when I practiced, Hal. I have made some pleas; but I've given up all that."

"And your father—where is he?"

"Don't mention him, Hal. We've broken. I don't know him. He taught me to drink! Aye—he taught me!—and then turned the cold shoulder upon me when I drank too much! But—I'm going, Hal,—going, going!"

Henry Seaburn gazed into that horrible face and remembered what its owner had been; the son of wealthy parents; the idol of a fond mother; the favorite at his school, at play, at college; a light of intellect and physical beauty; and a noble generous friend. And now—Alas!

"Alec—can I help you?"

"Yes." And the poor fellow started higher up from his pillow, and something of the old light struggled for a moment in his eye. "Pray for me, Hal. Pray for my soul! Pray that I may go where my mother is! She won't disown her boy! She couldn't have done it if she lived. Oh! she was a good mother Hal. Thank God she didn't live to see this! Pray for me, pray—pray! Let me go to her!"

As the wasted man sank back he fell to weeping, and in a moment more one of his paroxysms came on, and he began to rave. He thought Harry was his father, and he cursed him; and cursed the habit that had been fastened upon him under that father's influence. But Henry could not stop to listen. With an aching heart he turned away, and left the hospital.—He could not go home to dinner then. He walked down town, and got dinner there. At night he went to the hospital again. He would inquire after his friend, if he did not see him.

"Poor fellow!" said the physician, "he never came out of that fit. He died in half an hour after you went out."

It was dark when Henry Seaburn reached his home.

"You didn't tell Bridget where to put those demijohns, Henry," said his wife. She had not noticed his face, for the gas was burning but dimly.

"Ah—I forgot. Come down with me, Cora, and we'll find a place for them."

His wife followed him down into the

basement; and one by one, he took the demijohns and carried them into the rear yard, and there he emptied their contents into the sewer. Then he broke the vessels in pieces with his foot, and bade Bridget have the dirt-man take the fragments away in the morning. Not one word had he spoken to his wife all the while, nor did she speak to him. He returned to the sitting-room, where his boys were at their books, and took a seat upon one of the tete-a-tetes. He called his wife and his children about him, and then he told them the story of Alexander Lomborg.

"And now, my loved ones," he added, laying his hands upon the heads of his boys, "I have made a solemn vow that henceforth, my children shall find no such influence in their home. They shall never have occasion to curse the example of their father! I will touch the wine-cup no more forever. What say you, my boys, will you join me in the sacred pledge?"

They joined him with a glad, gushing willingness; for their hearts were full, and their sympathies all tuned, by a mother's careful looks, to Right.

"And you, Cora?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "And may the holy lesson of this hour be never forgotten. O, God, let it rest, as an angel of mercy, upon my boys! Let it be a light to their feet in the time of temptation!—And so shall they bless, through life, the influence they carry with them from their Home!"—N. Y. Ledger.

How to Make One Hundred Per Cent.

A correspondent of the *Lady's American Magazine* gives an account of a one horse money broker in Buffalo, who had a knack of making one hundred per cent. on bills brought to him to exchange.—The way he did it is this:

He kept an exchange office near the Central Basin, and had a lot of counterfeit bills stuck up on the wall behind the counter, with "counterfeit bills," in great black letters over them, while on the counter stood a box of wafers. A canaler would rush into the office and ask for change for a bill. Old Specie would take the bill very blandly, put on his spectacles, and give a look at it. The moment he did so his whole countenance would change. With an indignant look he would petrify his astonished customer; and in grim silence, still keeping his eye on the canaler, he would feel for the wafer box, stick a couple of wafers on the back of the bill, turn round and fasten it among the counterfeits with an indignant jam; then, turning, he would open his mouth, and assail the wretched culprit in the manner following to wit: "You miserable scoundrel, what do you mean by offering me a bad bill! If there's an officer in sight I'll have you arrested!" With which address he would make as if he would sally from behind the counter; whereupon the canaler would incontinently flee for his life, and the old gentleman would sweep the bill into his money drawer, and "rest for his labors."

Sample Letter to a Member of Congress.

The following letter, which is published verbatim, will give our readers an idea of what kind of labor members of Congress are sometimes called on by their constituents to perform:

"Will you please to inquire in the patent office for a patent rat trap that goes by the name of a Clock that will catch from 8 to 12 rats at one running down and then has to be wound up before it will catch any more."

"I wish to know if there is such a patent there when it was patented and when the time expires also the name of the patentee and his post office address. And thus oblige yours."

Cure for Sprains.

In the Paris hospital a treatment is practiced that is found most successful for a frequent accident, and which can be applied by the most inexperienced.—If the ankle is sprained, for instance, let the operator hold the foot in his hands, with the thumbs meeting on the swollen part. These having been previously greased, are pressed successively with increasing force on the injured and painful spot for about a quarter of an hour. This application being repeated several times, will, in the course of the day, enable a patient to walk, when other means would have failed to relieve him.—*Scientific American*.

An English jury, in a criminal case, is said to have brought in the following verdict some years ago: "Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

A building for the education of horse doctors is now going up in the city of New York, at a cost of \$40,000.

A lady down East gives her views of woman's rights to the world. She is against the interference of woman in politics. She asks pointedly:

"If men can't do the voting, and take care of the country, what is the use of them?"

By means of a photograph likeness a defaulting Spaniard was lately arrested in New York, a few days after he landed from a Havana steamer, with 10,000 stolen dollars.

Rich Pike's Peak Letter

The *Milwaukee News* has a letter which is so generally humorous that we cannot refrain from making room for it. If you like fun read it. It is "alleged," to be from a citizen of Horicon, Wisconsin: Pike Peak, March 1, 1859.

My Dear Brother:—I promised to write you a good long letter as soon as I arrived here; and I take my pen in hand to let you know that we are all well, and to hope that these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing. You know we left Horicon for the land of gold, about the first of February, and we arrived here yesterday. My wife stood the journey first rate, but my five oldest boys were nearly tired out when we reached here. Jane, the little sis is happy as a lark, and says, "Tis Uncle George for me." God bless her sweet heart.

We had all the hardships in the world before we got here. We lost our horses at Dubuque—they were stolen from us.—We got some extra oxen, and lost them one hundred miles from Omaha. We then tried wheel-barrows, my wife and I wheeling by turns, till the Indians stole our barrows. Then we walked, till the Indians stole our provisions, and my family got sick, so that I had to carry them on my back. Our money gave out long before, and for two weeks we traveled through a wilderness where the foot of a human being had never trod; in this condition, seeing no living being and without money to purchase even a cracker at any of the groceries along the line, we lived on roots till my children all looked like pigs, from rooting so long.

I have carried my family on my back till I am so round shouldered that I can only see the blue sky and the bright sun by looking between my legs, and up to heaven's canopy that way. I lost two hundred pounds of flesh—horse meat—when I started from Dubuque, or we should have got along better.

I read in the *Milwaukee News* that Pike's Peak was a humbug. But it ain't, and the *News* knows it as well as I do.—We got here in the morning, after walking all night, and though we are now twenty-four hours in the country, we are not well off, but have a good prospect.

There is gold here—lots of it. The gophers dig it out of the ground by the bushels, and in the moonlight the whole earth, for miles around, looks like Heaven with its myriad stars, or like a pretty girl with yellow freckles. The woodchucks dig out bushels and bushels of it, and the snakes in this country look like solid gold ones, from crawling among gold chunks. It is found in all sized pieces from the size of a hen's egg up to the bigness of a large stone, and of the finest quality.

We have raked together what lays loose on an acre of ground, and have twenty-two piles about as big as a large sized hay stack.

Last night two hundred Indians came to rob us of a set of silver spoons and a fine comb that my wife had to use on the children, and we barricaded our house with rocks of gold, until they could not gain admittance, and were forced to beg to make friends with us. The chief laid down his weapons and came into camp, when my wife used the fine comb on his head till his gratitude was as lively his head was, and he was so tickled that he offered to marry my wife, and show me where gold was plenty. I loved my wife—you know that George; but thinking that I might die before I got rich, and feeling that I must make some property for my children, I consented to the match, and she has gone off with the Indian, who is a great chief, and taken the fine comb with her. Come out with your wife, and bring a fine comb, brother George.

I am going to leave these diggings for a better one. It is too much trouble to tug and pry up the great big chunks of gold that weigh half a ton or so, and are so thick you cannot get them out without danger of breaking your legs, and am going up to a ravine, where all I have to do is to go to the top of a high mountain, and roll it down to the river.

The country here is fine, but the winds are awful. My boys got so light with eating roots that I can only keep them by me or together, by piling lumps of gold, about as big as mallets, on their shirt-tails, as the little innocents sit down on the grass to play. Everything grows here. I can raise twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. Oranges, lemons, and all such colored fruits grow wild here, while melons, pears, apples, peaches and apple-dumplings are so plenty that they find no market.

Sell off what stuff you have in Wisconsin, and come out here. You can get rich in a little while, and go back in such style that will a-touish the natives.

Give my love to all the folks around the corners, and put a notice on the school house, that they can get an outfit in Chicago for \$200. Come out here, dear brother, by all means.

Yours affectionately,
JOHN SMITH.

"That's a fine strain," said a gentleman at a concert, referring to the tones of a lady singer.

"Y-e-s," responded an unappreciating rustic, "and if she strains much more, she'll bust."

A wag wrote over the door of a school house: "The New England Whaling Institution."

The Bride of a Week Returns after Twelve Years Absence.

We have been requested to suppress the names in the following curious history, which has recently transpired, or rather, the last chapter which recently occurred in this country. A farmer's son, some 12 years ago, married a neighboring girl—the daughter of a very respectable family. They removed immediately to a distant place, where they had been living but a few days, when upon his return home one evening, the wife of a week was missing. She did not return that night, during which he felt, of course, the utmost anxiety, and in the morning he started in search of her. He could only learn that she had taken the stage alone, which led to a railroad station, some miles distant. He followed, but at the depot lost all traces of her. He wrote to her former home, and published notices in the newspapers—but could obtain no clue to her whereabouts. He grieved in loneliness at her supposed criminal act, and to escape the scene where his week of unsullied happiness had been followed by so great a grief, he removed to his then sparsely settled wilderness. He here settled upon a promising piece of land, and in its cultivation and the cares of life, sought forgetfulness of the past. He succeeded measureably—has filled offices of trust, and grown wealthy. After a few years, his home requiring attention, he married, but his wife lived only long enough to bear him a son, and witness the first year of the little one's existence.

A few weeks since, as the well-to-do man of the world was sitting by his fireside, there entered the house a woman well clad, of fuller form and twelve years older, but the picture of the long-lost bride of a week, and she was accompanied by a girl of near a dozen years.

The sober man of forty was startled, but asked the stranger visitor to be seated. Then came her long and agonizing story. All was oblivious to her for the first ten years of their separation. She could tell nothing, except of one hour of returned reason, when the little girl beside her, his daughter, was brought into the world. After that long time, fitfully, and at periods remote from each other, came back reason and memory. She had wandered to a distant city, in a state of mild insanity; there she fell among kind people, and was installed in an insane asylum. After the birth of the daughter, and ten years more spent within its walls, thoughts of her youth, her home and her husband came back. She slowly recovered; then visited her parents, learned where her husband was, and flew to him. Be sure he clasped her in his arms, and they wept upon each other's necks. Again going before the altar, they were united and she now presides with careful dignity and ease over his household.

But little is said about it in the neighborhood, except expressions of wonder at Squire D's sudden and unexpected marriage to one whom they supposed to be a fair widow with whom he had recently become acquainted.—*Madison Argus*.

School Teachers allowed to Dance.

The New York State Superintendent of Public Instruction, H. H. Van Dyck, has sustained the appeal of Miss Deek, of the Third Assembly District of Steuben county, who was refused a teacher's certificate by School Commissioner Pettengill because she declined pledging herself not to dance during her engagement as a teacher in one of the State common schools. The right of schoolmistresses to dance is now fully established.

A \$400,000 Theatre.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has recently chartered an association of gentlemen under the title of "The Philadelphia Company for the improvement of the Drama," whose intention it is to build a Theatre which shall be equal to any on the continent, in its adaptability for dramatic purposes. A large amount of stock has already been subscribed for the contemplated edifice, the cost of which is estimated at about \$400,000.

Some burglars the other night attempted to enter a dwelling house in Troy, N. Y.: selecting a bed room window at the rear of the house as a point of operation, they awakened Mary Quaid, a servant girl sleeping there. She, rose, took a wash-basin, went softly to the window, and as soon as she saw the first man appearing she struck it with the crockery, breaking both the head and the basin. The man screamed and Mary screamed—he from pain, and she for the watch. The burglar escaped.

It is believed that twenty-five hundred head of cattle have perished in Oregon and Washington during the past winter. One farmer in Marion county, we learn, lost sixty head in fifteen successive days. Another in Polk county, having four hundred head, lost one hundred during the winter. The loss was not confined to neat stock. Valuable horses and brood mares have perished. The past season has been the most disastrous Oregon has ever seen. It will not, however, materially check the progress or prosperity of the country.

A colored girl, 18 years old, in Trenton, committed suicide on Sunday by swallowing laudanum, because her mother had whipped her.