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## To Country Dealers.

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

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No. 80 Day street, New York.

June 16, 1859.—1y.

## The Orange Girl.

The Cincinnati Gazette, of a late date,

relates the following romantic incident:—

The citizens of Columbus and visitors

at the Capital, will recollect a beautiful

young girl, apparently "sweet sixteen,"

who daily carried about the legislative

halls and state offices, a handsomely

wrought basket containing the plumpiest

and sweetest oranges. Oh, yes! every-

body remembers Etie, the beautiful or-

ange girl, and have wondered in what

nook she has hidden for the past two

months; for no more her sweet face and

girlish form is seen in the Capital, and

interesting clerks with a great admiration

for the rotunda, are obliged to forego

glimpses of the neatest gaitered foot

tripping up the marble stairs.

Everybody about the State House ad-

mired Etie, but it was with a respectful

admiration, and if a gruff legislator was

tempted to jest with the strange girl or

make light remarks, he was restrained by

the modest demeanor and pure soul look

appealing from her heaven blue eyes.

Etie always brought a full basket and

went tripping home with an empty one,

and her scarlet silk purse filled with sil-

ver coin. She was the sole dependence

of a widowed, palsied mother, and her no-

ble efforts to keep away want were known,

and made the fruit from her basket ten

times sweeter.

When the great Union meeting of the

Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio Legisla-

tures was held in Ohio's capital, the beau-

tiful orange girl was tripping about, dis-

posing of her fruit to the "sons of the

South," and receiving the homage of ad-

miring glances from all.

At the end of one of the halls, viewing

the noble row of princely residences on

Third street, stood alone a youthful mem-

ber of the Tennessee legislature, when he

was startled by a silvery voice asking:

"Buy an orange, sir!"

"How do you sell them?" said the stran-

ger, looking into her eyes.

"Five cents each," said the maiden,

holding a large one towards him.

"Cheap."

"Indeed they are."

This introduction opened the way for

a prolonged and serious conversation, in

which the girl artlessly revealed to the

stranger the poverty of her home, and the

necessity of her supporting her sick moth-

er. He was so struck with the girl's man-

ner and singular beauty that he secretly

resolved to visit her home and become

more intimately acquainted. He did so,

and after successive visits won the confi-

dence and love of the maiden, and the

mother's consent to their marriage; and

when he went back to his southern home

it was with a promise to return in a fortnight for his bride. He came, and now

the manly Southerner and the beautiful

orange girl are man and wife. He has

taken her, the fairest of the fair, to his

southern home, to dwell with him and

her aged mother, in opulence.

## A Good One.

Pat was helping M. Blank to get a safe

in his office one day, and not being ac-

quainted with the article, inquired what

it was for.

"To prevent papers and other articles

which are placed in it from being burnt

in case of fire," said Mr. B.

"An' sure, will nothing ever burn that

is put in that thing?"

"No."

"Well, this, yer honor, ye'd better be

after getting into that same when ye

die."

Mr. Blank "wilted."

The apprehension, imprisonment,

trial and conviction of Jacob S. Harden,

have entailed an expense upon the coun-

ty of Warren of about \$5,000. Add to

this, the sum which the prisoner's father

has paid for his defence, and the net cost

of the conviction of Harden is some \$7,000.

One hundred dollars was assigned, by the

Board of Freeholders, to the Prosecutor

of the Pleas, Col. James M. Robeson, but

he refused to accept it, and stated that if

his services should be rated according to

that standard they would be valued at

about 75 cents per diem.

Warren County is now some \$9000 in

debt; which is to be paid off, we hear, by

calling in the loans made to individuals

by the commissioners of the Surplus Re-

venue Fund. The County is said to have

lost a portion of this fund, by loaning it

to Tom, Dick and Harry; and it is thought

best to use it hereafter exclusively for

County purposes.—Sussex Register.

## A Strange Apparition.

The New York Presbyterian, of late

date, relates this story:

We were returning from our spring

meeting of Presbytery—one gentleman

and two young ladies—in a "rockway" and

the road none of the best. Night, cold

and damp, overtook us eight or ten miles

from home, but only a short distance from

Judge Bank's, who, after we had arrived

at his house, narrated the following uni-

que tale. Said the Judge as follows:

"Years ago we had in our house a

sweet little child, about four years of age,

and the object, of course, of a very tender

affection. But sickness laid its hand up-

on it. Remedies, promptly resorted to,

all proved in vain. Day after day the

rose faded from the cheek, and the fire

in the eyes burned low; and at length

death closed those eyes and sealed those

lips forever; and we learned by trying ex-

perience how intense a darkness follows

the quenching of one of those little lights

of life.

"The time rolling sadly on, brought us

at length to the hour appointed for com-

mitting our treasure to the ordinarily

safe custody of the grave. The friends

assembled, the customary services were

held, the farewell taken, and the little

form securely shut beneath the well screw-

ed coffin-lid, and in due form the grave

received its trust. We looked on and

saw the earth thrown in, the mound raised

above, and the plates of sod neatly ad-

justed into a great, sheltering roof, and

then wended our way back to our deso-

late home. Evening came on and we

away. My wife had gone into an ad-

joining room to give some directions to a

servant, and I, unfitted by the scene of

the day for aught else, had just laid my

head on my pillow in our room upon the

first floor of the house, when I heard a

shriek, and in a moment more, my wife

came flying into the room, and, springing

upon the bed behind me, exclaimed—

"See there! our child! our child!"

"Raising my head, my blood froze

within me, and the hair upon my head

stood up as I saw the little thing in grave

clothes, with open, but manifestly slight-

less eyes, and pale as when we gave it

the last kiss, walking slowly towards us!

Had I been alone—had not the extreme

terror of my wife compelled me to play

the man, I should have leaped from the

window and fled without casting a look

behind.

"But, not daring to leave her in such

terror, I arose, sat down in a chair, and

took the little creature between my knees

—a cold sweat covered my body—and

gazed with feelings unutterable upon the

object before me. The eyes were open in

a vacant stare. The flesh was colorless,

cold, and clammy; nor did the child ap-

pear to have the power of either speech

or hearing, as it made no attempt to

answer any of our questions. The terror

of my mind was the more intense as we

watched our child through its sickness

and death, and had been, but a few hours

before, eye-witnesses of its interment.

"While gazing upon it, and asking in

my thoughts 'What can this extraordinary

Providence mean? For what can it

be sent?' the servant girl having crept to

the door, after a time suggested, 'It looks

like Mrs.—'s child."

"Now, our neighbor had a child of

nearly the same age as ours, and its con-

stant companion. But what could bring

it to our house at this hour, and in such

a plight? Still the suggestion had oper-

ated as a sedative upon our excited feel-

ings, and rendered us more capable of

calm reflection. And, after a time we

discovered in truth, that the grave clothes

were night clothes, and the corpse a som-

nambulist! And it became manifest that

the excitement attending the loss and bur-

ial of its playmate, working upon the

child's mind in sleep, was the cause to

which we were indebted for this untimely

and startling visit.

"Wiping away the perspiration, and

taking a few long breaths, I prepared to

countermand the little intruder back to

its forsaken bed. Back we went, it keep-

ing at my side, though still asleep. It

had walked quite a distance across the

wet grass. I found the door of its home

ajar, just as the fugitive had left it, and

its sleeping parents unconscious of its ab-

sence. The door creaked as I pushed it

open, and awakened the child, who look-

ed wildly around a moment, and then

popped into bed.

"Now, if it had not been for my wife,

as I have said, I should, on the appear-

ance of this apparition, have made a leap

of uncommon agility from that window;

and, after a flight of uncommon velocity

for a person of my age and dignity, I

should have been ready to take my oath

in any court, either in Christendom or

heathendom, that I had seen a ghost."

## Republican Ratification Meeting at Philadelphia.—Great Enthusiasm.

On the 18th, an impromptu mass

meeting of the Republicans was held at their

Hall, at the North-west corner of Seventh

and Chestnut streets, for the purpose of

ratifying the nominations made by the

Chicago Convention. A band of music

was in attendance, and the room was

crowded to suffocation. At 8 o'clock the

meeting was organized by calling Dr.

Smith to the chair.

William M. Bull, Esq., was the first

speaker. He congratulated them upon

the result of the labors of the Chicago

Convention, and urged upon them the

necessity of organization and work. He

gave a short account of the life and la-

borers of Abraham Lincoln, and stated

that he had ever followed the teachings of

the immortal Clay! (Applause.) He con-

tended that a better man could not be se-

lected in the Union—one whose life had

been so consistent, so pure. What was

the condition of the Democratic party?

They have assembled in a Southern city,

and after vilifying each other for a length

of time break up to meet at another city,

to select a candidate.

To day, when the news spread through

our city, there was seen no smile on the

faces of the Democracy. They had cal-

culated upon Seward, and then they might

have been successful. But now Douglas

has not a shadow of a chance. He rid-

iculed the Baltimore Convention, and de-

clared that it would be a convention of

very old gentlemen. The Republican

party had put forward two good men and

true, with a platform for all. He gave

at length an account of the discussion in

the Senate upon the slave question. Mr.

B. exhibited a photograph of Mr. Lin-

coln, and declared that he would be "the

next President of the United States," an

announcement which was received with

the most uproarious and deafening cheers.

He then read a telegraphic despatch from

William B. Thomas, Esq., stating that