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EDWARD'S TEMPTATION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon.—At this time the great wholesale warehouse of Messrs. Hubbard & Son was wont to close, unless the pressure of business compelled the partners to keep open until later.

The duty of closing usually devolved upon Edward Jones, a boy of fourteen, who had lately been engaged to perform a few slight duties for which he received the sum of fifty dollars annually. He was the "boy," but if he behaved himself so as to win the approbation of his employers his chance of promotion was good.

Yet there were some things that rendered this small salary a hard trial to him—circumstances with which his employers were unacquainted. His mother was a widow. The sudden death of Mr. Jones had thrown the entire family upon their own resources, and these were indeed but slender.

There was an elder sister who assisted her mother to sew, and this, with Edward's salary, constituted the entire income of the family. Yet by means of unifying industry, they had continued thus far to live, using strict economy, of course. Yet they had wanted none of the absolute necessities of life.

But Mary Jones—Edward's sister—grew sick. She had taken a severe cold which terminated in fever. This not only cut off the income arising from her own labor, but also preventing her mother from accomplishing as much as she would otherwise have been able to do.

On the morning of the day on which our story commences, Mary had expressed a longing for an orange. In her fever it would have been most grateful to her. It is hard indeed, when we are obliged to deny these we love that which would be a refreshment and benefit to them.

Mrs. Jones felt this, and so did Edward. "I only wish I could buy you one, Mary," said Edward, just as he set out for the store. "Next year I shall receive a larger salary, and then we shall not have to pinch so much."

"Never mind, Edward," said Mary, smiling faintly. "I ought not to have asked for it knowing how hard you and mother had it to get along without me." "Don't trouble yourself about that, Mary," said Mrs. Jones, soothingly, though her heart sank within her at the thought of her empty larder. "Only get well, and we shall get on well enough afterwards."

It was with the memory of this scene that Edward went to the store in the morning. All around him were boxes of rich goods representing thousands of dollars in money.

"Oh," thought he, "if I only had the value of one of these boxes how much good it would do poor Mary, and Edward's sigh."

The long day wore away at last, and Edward was about to close the warehouse. But as he passed the desk of his employer his attention was drawn to a bit of paper lying on the floor beneath.

He picked it up, and to his great joy found it to be a ten dollar bill. The first thought that flashed upon him was, "How much good this will do Mary. I can buy her the oranges she wants, and she shall have some every day. And perhaps she would like a chicken."

But a moment later his countenance fell. "It isn't mine," he sighed. "It must be Mr. Hubbard's. This is his desk and he must have dropped it."

"Still," urged the tempter, "he will never know it; and after all what are ten dollars to him? He is worth a hundred thousand."

Still Edward was not satisfied. Whether Mr. Hubbard could spare it or not was not the question. It was rightfully his, and must be given back to him.

"I'll go right to his house and give it to him this very night," said Edward. "Otherwise I might be tempted to keep it."

He determined to go to Mr. Hubbard's before he went home. The sight of his sister might perhaps weaken his resolution, and this must never be. He must preserve his integrity at all hazards.

He knew where Mr. Hubbard lived. It was a large fine looking house, on a fashionable street. He had passed it several times and wondered whether a man must not feel happy who was able to live in such style.

Without any unnecessary delay, therefore, he went to the house, ascended the steps and rang the bell.

A man servant came to the door. "Well?" he said. "Is Mr. Hubbard at home?" "Yes, but he has only just come in, and I don't think he can see you," was the rather supercilious reply.

"Very well, you can come in." Edward was left standing in the hall, while Mr. Hubbard was sought by the servant.

"Well?" he asked inquiringly, "has anything happened?" "No sir," said Edward, "but I picked up this bill near your desk, and supposed you dropped it. I thought I had better bring it here directly."

"You have done well," said Mr. Hubbard, "and I will remember it. Honesty is a very valuable quality in a boy just commencing a business career. Hereafter I shall have perfect confidence in your honesty."

Edward was gratified by his assurance, yet, as the door closed behind him, and he walked out into the street, the thought of his sick sister at home again intruded upon him, and he thought regretfully how much good could have been done with ten dollars. Not that he had regretted that he had been honest. There was a satisfaction in doing right.

Mrs. Jones brought some toast to her daughter's bedside, but Mary motioned it away.

"I thank you for taking the trouble to make it, mother," said she, "but I don't think I can possibly eat it."

"Is there anything that you can relish, Mary?"

"No," said she, hesitatingly, nothing that we can get."

Mrs. Jones sighed, a sigh which Edward echoed.

It was with a heavy heart that Edward started for the warehouse next morning. He had never felt the craving for wealth which now took possession of him.

He set about his duties as usual. About two hours after he had arrived at the warehouse, Mr. Hubbard entered. He did not at first appear to notice Edward, but in about half an hour summoned him to the office, which was partitioned off from the remainder of the spacious rooms in which goods were stored.

He smiled pleasantly as Edward entered his presence.

"Tell me frankly," he said, "did you not feel an impulse to keep the bill which you found last night?"

"I hope you will not be offended with me, Mr. Hubbard," said Edward, "if I say that I did."

"Tell me all about it," said Mr. Hubbard, with interest. "What was it that withheld you. I should never have known it."

"I knew that," said Edward.

"Then what withheld you from taking it?"

"First, I will tell you what tempted me," said Edward. "My mother and sister are obliged to depend upon sewing for a living, and we live but poorly at the best. But a fortnight since Mary became sick, and since then we have had a hard time. Mary's appetite is poor, and does not relish food, but we are able to get her nothing better. When I picked up that bill I could not help thinking how much I might buy with it for her."

"And yet you did not take it?"

"No, sir, it would have been wrong, and I could not have looked you in the face after it."

Edward spoke in a tone of modest confidence.

Mr. Hubbard went to the desk and wrote a check.

"How much do I pay you now?" he asked.

"Fifty dollars a year," said Edward.

"Henceforth your duties will be increased, and I will pay you two hundred. Will that please you?"

"Two hundred dollars a year!" exclaimed Edward, his eyes sparkling with delight. "Yes, and at the end of the year that will be increased, if, as I have no doubt, you continue to merit my confidence."

"Oh, sir, how can I thank you?" said Edward, full of gratitude.

"By preserving your integrity. As I presume you are in present need of money, I will pay you one quarter in advance. Here is a check for fifty dollars which you can get cashed at the bank. And, by the way, you may have the rest of the day to yourself."

Edward flew to the bank, and with his sudden riches hastened to the market where he purchased a supply of provisions such as he knew would be welcome at home, and then made haste home to announce his good fortune.

A weight seemed to fall off the hearts of mother and daughter as they heard his hurried story, and Mrs. Jones thanked God for bestowing upon her son whose good principles had brought them this great relief.

And Mr. Hubbard slept none the worse that night that at a slight pecuniary sacrifice he had done a kind action, confirmed a boy in his integrity, and gladdened a struggling family. If there were more employers as considerate as he, there would be fewer dishonest clerks.

A clergyman was lately depicting before a deeply interested audience, the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by exclaiming: "A young woman in my neighborhood died very suddenly in a last Sabbath, while I was preaching the gospel in a state of beastly intoxication!" Moral; mind your steps, and how you construct your sentences.

From Alabama.
Alabama has been divided into three internal revenue districts, but no appointments of assessors or collectors have yet been made.

The Character Of Gen. Grant.

It has doubtless occurred to many of our readers as a singular and what some would call a Providential occurrence, that in this great war of the people against an aristocracy conspicuously boastful of its blood birth and gentle breeding, the popular side has been conducted to a successful issue by leaders who themselves belong to what Mr. Lincoln called the "plain people," and what Englishmen writing about us ignorantly call the "peasant class." We have no peasant class in the free States; but Mr. Lincoln and General Grant are both the sons of "plain people;" both arose from humble circumstances; both, in their youth at least, labored with their hands for bread, and neither had any of those advantages of birth, or powerful family influence, or great estate, which in the South, as in Europe, served men as a lever for their personal aggrandizement.

General Grant, who entered the war as a colonel of an Illinois regiment, has shown, in every position which he has held, genuine greatness of character, as well as extraordinary military genius.—He became colonel of a regiment which was about to disband because the men could not agree with their officers; but in less than a month he had made this regiment the best in point of discipline and character which the State of Illinois has sent out. His unobtrusive but marked ability caused his promotion to the grade of brigadier-general; and after the battle of Belmont, which served its purpose in preventing the reinforcement of Price in Southern Missouri by troops from Columbus, he conceived the first of those brilliant campaigns of which military historians will write with delight.

The rebels held Columbus on the Mississippi, and Bowling Green, in Central Kentucky, and from these points threatened on one St. Louis and Cincinnati.—Grant quietly and secretly collected a strong force near Smithland, and suddenly pounced down first upon Fort Henry and then upon Fort Donelson.

In these two places he captured a rebel army, with all its artillery and material—but this was the least of the fruits of his well-considered strategy, for the capture of Fort Donelson produced the precipitate evacuation of Kentucky and half of Tennessee by the enemy, who did not stop until he reached Corinth, retreating a distance of over three hundred miles without another battle.

Next came the great battle of Shiloh. In that Sherman was Grant's chief lieutenant, and the two men tested each other's qualities in the most extreme trial to which either had been exposed. The battle was one of the "turning points" of the war. It has been told us that Grant came into headquarters tent on the evening of the first day's battle, when to any but the most heroic spirits fortune seemed to have deserted us, and said quietly, "Well, gentlemen, it was tough work to-day, but we'll beat them to-morrow."

Displaced by Buel, Grant uttered no word of complaint; no newspaper correspondent even complained for him, but he went quietly on in his appointed place.—We may suppose that the slow, timid and unambitious policy which marked the long siege of Corinth must often have chafed his spirit, yet one of his merits is to submit to his superiors, cheerfully doing his own work without stopping to question or rectify the work of others; and even while ignorance or malice traduced his character and belittled his services, giving his best ability to the furtherance of the plans of the hour. Fortunately we had in the War Department a man of insight and decisiveness, who very soon saw the value of Grant, and put it to use. The long and almost impracticable campaign against Vicksburg was submitted to his direction, and led to as brilliant a series of operations as the greatest General of modern days ever conceived or executed.

Vicksburg was the second of Grant's fruitful victories. A rebel army, with all its arms and materials, surrendered to him; but this material gain was the least of the fruits of his success, for, as the capture of Fort Donelson expelled the rebel forces, without another blow, from all Kentucky and the greater part of Tennessee, from a region of country nearly as great as the Island of Great Britain, and a third greater than England alone, so the capture of Vicksburg re-opened the great Mississippi to navigation, and drove the enemy from the larger part of the State of Mississippi.

Chattanooga came next. "Hold fast, do not give up Chattanooga if you starve," he telegraphed to General Thomas, whose suffering army Bragg looked down from the heights opposite, as his certain prey. A single battle again decided the campaign, and relieved Chattanooga, and drove Bragg out of East Tennessee into Georgia. He did not this time capture the forces of the enemy, owing partly to the difficult nature of pursuit and the intractable mountains, and partly to the want of skill in the pursuit exhibited by one or two of his subordinates. But of the battles fought on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge history records no parallel for sublimity of daring and picturesque effect, which were the division of the Confederacy into two parts, were inestimable in their importance.

At last Grant was drawn eastward, to command all the armies of the nation.—We have not forgot the misgivings with which the public heard of this transfer to a more comprehensive field of duty,

and more exacting trials. Would he prove adequate to the enormous labor?—he not be spoiled by promotion, or ruined, as so many before have been, by the difficulties of operations in Virginia? Above all, would he not be sacrificed by the bickering of the Potomac generals?—Such were the questions asked on every hand. The Lieutenant-General, however, heeded them not, and went on his way as taciturn, as silent, as self-concentrated, as tenacious and as indomitable as the brigadier and major-general had been. He made no speeches on his way to the east; he did not address the troops lying in winter quarters at Culpepper; but he took hold of his work at once and by the handle.

Under his eyes the campaign which began last May has been uninterruptedly successful. His first blow at Lee, in those prodigious and terrible battles of the Wilderness, so crippled the principal army of the rebels that it could do nothing for eleven months afterwards but lie in strong works, and maintain the defensive. By this masterly stroke Sherman and Thomas were furnished with the opportunity of action which they well knew how to improve. All the while the dear old Army of the Potomac, which had been so often battered and broken, but never overcome, was assigned to the disagreeable and seemingly inglorious function of holding Lee still before Petersburg; but the General-in-Chief shared their burden, and left to his distant lieutenants the more promising and satisfactory task of active movement and battle. Sherman and Sheridan and Thomas were allowed to reap a very harvest of laurels.

But the moment at length came for which Grant had waited so many weary months, enduring the taunts of the whole semi-rebel press at home and abroad, which denounced him as Butcher Grant, and demonstrated triumphantly that his game was blocked, and that he was forced to lie idle by the superior prowess and strategy of Lee. He sent forth on the 26th of March the potent command to move. One mighty week of battle compelled the surrender of a third army of the rebels, and with it the fall of Richmond, the capitol of the confederacy, the dispersion of the government, and the termination of the struggle as an organized and vital contest.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

Now and Then.
The New York Atlas is a journal grievously addicted to awkward reminiscences. One of its latest has the following:

On the 16th of November last—more than a week after Mr. Lincoln's re-election, and when there was no excuse for such an outbreak—the Tammany Hall Committee held a meeting over which Wm. M. Tweed presided, and, on motion of George H. Purser, Resolved, That we condemn and denounce the administration of Abraham Lincoln as imbecile, extravagant and corrupt, and believe that a persistence in its injudicious and partisan conduct of the war, and its notorious faithlessness to the letter and spirit of the Constitution and laws, will contribute to embitter and prolong the existing struggle, increase the sacrifice of human life, and the ruinous burden of the public debt, justly invoke suspicion in the North, and repel rather than invite returning loyalty on the part of the rebellious States of the South."

On the 15th day of April, 1865—not quite five months afterward—that same Democratic General Committee held another meeting, and this time, Resolved, That believing Abraham Lincoln, as a ruler, to have been governed by patriotic motives, honesty of purpose, and an elevated appreciation of the grave and responsible duties imposed upon him in the greatest crisis of our country's history—commanding in so great a degree the confidence of the loyal people of the nation—and exhibiting in the recent events which had terminated in the downfall of the rebellion, a wise forbearance and magnanimous statesmanship, the exercises of which gave such hopeful promise of a speedy and perfect restoration of the national Union in the spirit and on the principles upon which it was founded, we regard his sad and untimely decease a great misfortune to the whole country."

There's progress! If neither of those resolves means much, it is certain that the latter, so far as it means anything, is far the truer. Whoever shall hereafter read that the Democratic General Committee gravely resolves thus or so should wait five months or so to ascertain how much of it is earnest and how much merely "Bancombe."—Tribune.

An Enoch Arden of the Day.

An Iowa paper has the following story, which recalls the incidents of Tennyson's poem: "Thirty months ago, a German, living on White street, in Dubuque, Iowa, volunteered with the 21st Iowa Infantry, and went to the war. We shall call him Schmidt for short. He left a wife who was rather good-looking, quite industrious, very frugal, and childless. Time rolled on, and Schmidt, says the Dubuque Times, went with his regiment to Vicksburg. There he was shot one day, and was left for dead on the field. The sad intelligence was sent to his wife by his captain, and she immediately obtained the assistance of a lawyer, and secured his back pay and a widow's pension. She drew the latter regularly, and, with what she earned, managed to live comfortably. In a few months she attracted the atten-

tion of one Schones a miller by occupation. He wooed and won, and for him she gave up the pension. They were married last summer. The course of true love ran smooth with them until last Saturday morning, when, just after they had finished breakfast, Mr. Schmidt, the first husband opened the door and walked in!

"Here was a fix! Mrs.—what would her name be in such a case?—shrieked; Mr. Schones turned pale and trembled; for Schmidt looked vengeance after he had surveyed the scene a moment and taken all its meaning in. After several minutes of silence, Schones revived, and boldly asked, "What is to be done?"—Schmidt sat down and told his story. He was wounded, not severely, near Vicksburg, and taken prisoner, and the rebels carried him away with them. From time to time he had been in Southern prisons until three weeks since when he was exchanged. He came to Dubuque as soon as he could, and hastened to his home.—He received no intimation of his wife's marriage until he entered the house that morning. As he concluded his story, his feelings overcame him; and he wept, and she wept also. But it all ended in the second husband's refusal to give the wife up. She, we are informed, refused to express a preference, and said the two men might settle the matter between themselves. For four days both men kept very close to the house, and had many ardent discussions over the difficulty. But the matter ended on Wednesday last. The returned husband offered Schones twenty-five dollars to evacuate the premises and leave him in possession of 'Annie.' Schones accepted the offer, pocketed the money, and left. Schmidt is now with his wife."

The Emperor and the Actor.

The following anecdote is new, and exhibits the late Emperor of Russia in a new character, as well as records one of the most happy escapes from an awkward position that wit and presence of mind might afford. Some years ago there was a very celebrated comic actor at St. Petersburg named Martinoff. He had most extraordinary powers of imitation, and was so great a favorite with the public as sometimes to venture interpolations of his own, instead of following the advice of Hamlet to the players, to "speak no more than is set down to them." The emperor at the same time had a high chamberlain, or personage filling a similar office, named Poloffsky. Whether for fun or malice, Martinoff, while performing, contrived to let fly some puns against this great man, which were warmly received by the audience. The consequence was, as soon as the play was over, the actor found himself in the custody of a guard of soldiers, who took him to prison, where he was told he was to be confined for a fortnight. Not contented with this, Poloffsky either told the emperor himself, or contrived that it should come to his ears, that the player had actually had the presumption to indulge in imitations of His Imperial Majesty.

On his liberation, Martinoff went to court to pay his respects as usual, and the emperor told him of this accusation, which he denied. "Well," said the emperor, "if you never did so, let me have an intimation of myself now. We know you can do so if you choose." This was an awkward and dangerous position for the poor actor, who felt he should get into trouble for either falling short of or overdoing the character. Still the actor was determined; there was no escape. Suddenly a bright thought struck the player and drawing himself up, he assumed the exact bearing and manner of the emperor, and in a voice so like that it made every one present start, said—"Poloffsky, give Martinoff (himself) a thousand silver roubles." "Stop," said the emperor, "I have heard quite enough. The imitation is admirable, but the entertainment promises to be too expensive.—Give him the roubles, Poloffsky; and now mind, sir, let this be the last time you endeavor to mimic me here or elsewhere." It is, of course, unnecessary to say Martinoff was too glad to pocket the money and escape so well.

A Sheriff Badly Sold.

The following incident took place in the court of B— county, Ohio, Judge McF— presiding: A new Sheriff had just been elected, and the Judge wishing to have everything done in order, called the newly elected official into his room to instruct him in his duties, and finding said official decidedly verdant as to the proper manner of opening court, wrote out the entire proclamation and gave him all the necessary instructions in relation thereto. Now it so happened that F—, of P— County, a fun-loving attorney, was sitting by at the time, and seeing a chance for fun ahead, prepared another proclamation, and by a little legerdemain succeeded in substituting it in the sheriff's hat for the one given him by the Judge. Eleven o'clock came and so did the order from Judge McF—: Sheriff, open court." Drawing his instructions deliberately from his hat he commenced in a stentorian voice: "Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! The Honorable District Court of the County of B. is wound up and all ready to grind. All having grists may pitch in, and their grists shall be ground!" The laugh that came in can only be appreciated by West-

ton men.

Secesh Ghosts Foreshadowed.

When General Sherman's army occupied Savannah, the citizens pleaded starvation and asked to be fed. Amongst other applications, several ladies called upon the Provost Marshal of the Western District and unfolded a horrible story of suffering and woe. The gallant General B—, impressed with the tale, seated himself to write the order for supplies.—While so engaged some remark was made about the termination of war. Whereupon one of the suffering applicants opened upon the General as follows:

"This war won't be terminated until you kill all the men, and then, we women will fight you, and if you kill all of us it won't be ended then, for we'll come back as ghosts to haunt you." This sanguinary oration, delivered with all the venom of a southern beggar, quite appalled the General, who quietly tore up the order he was writing, saying:

"If such be the case, I think you might as well die of starvation, as then your ghosts may be too weak to come back and haunt us." And he coolly but politely bowed the lady mendicants into the street.

A French Story.

An amusing story is told of a young Parisian artist, who lately painted a portrait of a duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied, declaring that it was totally unlike her. The painter, however, was convinced that he had succeeded admirably, and proposed that the question of resemblance or no resemblance should be left to a little dog belonging to the duchess, which was agreed to. Accordingly the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady the next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in; and no sooner did he see the portrait than he sprang upon it, licked it all over and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete; and all present insisted that the picture had been retouched during the night; which was actually so, the artist having rubbed it over with a thin coating of lard! The dog's nose was sharper than the critics' eyes.

A Combination.

Some thirty years ago, in Washington county, N. Y., before ready made shoes came in vogue, a venerable shoemaker, old Phoenix, was in the habit of going from house to house, and there making up boots and shoes for the families under his jurisdiction. Among the rest of his customers, he visited the family of one Mr. Parish, and shod old and young.—One of the boys was endowed with a big pair of stogy boots, and on the succeeding Sabbath went to church much more occupied with the boots than the sermon. At the noon intermission, when good Dr. Proudfit came around, as was his custom, to catechise the youngsters, the boy's thoughts still ran downward. The old doctor coming up to the boy, in his turn, inquired of him: "John, who made you?" "Daddy found the leather, and Old Phoenix did the work?" was the natural but unexpected reply.

A Frightful Fashion.

An observant correspondent of the Chambersburg Repository writing from the city of New York, thus describes one of the prevailing fashions in that town: "One sees on the street some queer styles of hair dressing, among which the ugliest is the waterfall. It is a matter of surprise to the uninitiated how the women can raise so much hair; but if those same innocents would only notice the store windows, they would see enormous rolls of horse hair, etc., for the purpose of filling out the thin hair of the fair sex; and waterfalls ready made, to be pinned on the occiput. What a set of humbugs we are! A favorite style of wearing the hair can readily be imitated by our bright-cheeked country girls thus: Comb out their hair carefully, then tangle it all they know how; rub it full of burrs, and sleep in it without a cap for a fortnight. This will be a sufficiently close imitation to pass on Broadway. If it should not, however, be quite the thing, an attempt to get through a very large rose bush, head foremost, would make the similitude perfect."

Apt Reply.

A veteran relates the following: It had happened that a mule driver was engaged in leading an unruly mule for a short distance, which job proved as much as he could do, and gave full employment for both of his hands. As he was thus engaged, a newly appointed brigadier general rode by near him, in all the consequential radiance of his sturlieth, when the mule driver hailed him as follows: "I say, I wish you would send a couple of men down here to help me manage this ere mule."

The brigadier, indignant at being so familiarly addressed, stonily replied—"Do you know what I am sir?"

"Yes," was the reply "you are Gen.—I believe."

"Then why do you not salute me before addressing me?" inquired the brigadier.

"I will," responded the M. D., "if you will get off and hold the mule." The brigadier retired in good order.

"The last ditch" in which Jeff. Davis proposed to make his final stand, has been discovered. It was his wife's pocket.