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JOB PRINTING,

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A certain Mr. Grimes, who resides in Philadelphia, went down to Cape May, last week to spend the "beated term." He was boarding at a hotel, but was missing one morning at breakfast. On going to his room the chambermaid found the following poetical effusion, suggestive of his worriedment:

ODE TO A BEDBUG.

BY G—

(After a vain attempt to fall into the arms of Morpheus I arose from my downy couch and discoursed thus:)

O! wherefore, bug, dost thou molest
Me in my dream! Oh, let me rest,
Or, by the gods, I will invest
A dime in poison, to destroy
Thee and thy kind, who do infest
My bed. Thou art indeed a pest;
And if thou knowest what is best
For thee, depart, and cause me joy;
Thou red-backed, sycophantic bug
To thus deface my human "nug."
By sundry bites for blood—all mine
By every law that's sacred and divine,
But which by theft thou would make thine,
Depart, I say; (slap! bang!) good bye;
Mischievous bug! how soon ye die!
The above needs no comment; it speaks for itself.

Marvelous if True.

In a little saunter on Long Island Sound, not many hours from the metropolis, resides an old coasting skipper, whose marvellous tales of adventures by sea and land, it collected and published, would render the copyright of Munchausen's travels worthless. Here is a story of his for a sample: "It's close on to thirty years ago that I was coming down the Sound in the sloop Sally; 'twas summer time, and the wind to south'ard.—All of a sudden the wind died away, and it commenced thick'ning up to north'ard and west'ard. I had an idea that we was going to have a thunder squall, and took in sail and waited for it. By me by here it come, feather white, as far as you could see; and such thunder and lightning and rain as I guess was never seen before in these latitudes. The mate was at the helm, and I was standing at the companionway, the lightning, striking all around the sloop, when, suddenly after a big flash, I felt a curious feeling—a cold chill, like I had swallowed quicksilver, come over me. I got down below as soon as I could, and set down on the locker, feeling mighty streaked, I can tell you. The squall soon passed over, and I felt all right except an unaccountable feeling about my feet. I sung out for the cook, who pulled off my boots, and strange to say, although it is the truth, I turned out of each one nigh a pint of the electric fluid."

Some women have an idea of what constitutes happiness. A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came home to dinner she said, "I have been to see Mrs. ———."
"Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy."
"Happy! I should think she ought to be: she has a camel's hair shawl, two-thirds border."

Printers will play the deuce with type sometimes. A young lady composed some verses for the *Herkimer Gazette*, headed "Dew Drops from Freshly Blown Roses." The printer's devil printed it as "Freshly Blown Noses." The fair authoress, on reading it, had immediate use for her fan and a bottle of hartshorn.

A man with a rag-bag in his hand was picking up a large number of pieces of whalebone which lay in the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature, that we asked the quaint looking gatherer how he supposed they came there. "Don't know," he replied in a squeaking voice, "spect some unfortunate female was wrecked hereabouts."

A boy in Jamaica was driving a mule; the animal was sulley; stopped, and turned his arched neck upon the boy as in derision and contempt. "Won't go, will you? I feel grand, do you? I guess you forget your father was a jackass."

The general agent for the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad at Williamsport has been arrested and held to bail in the sum of ten thousand dollars for an alleged deficiency of several thousand dollars in his accounts with the company.

The amount paid by the borough of Honesdale for the support of the war, under direct organization was \$67,725 00. This does not include the expenses of the emergency troops, the payment of the relief board, or the contributions of the soldiers society.

CHARITY AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"Aunt Malinda, please give me a pin," said a bright looking but shabbily dressed little fellow, opening the door of Mrs. Lane's kitchen.

"Just see here," he added, pointing to a large rent on the knee of his trousers, "me and Will Brown were playing tag, and I fell down and tore this."

"Why don't you run home and get your mother to mend it, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lane, as she did her best to bring together the severed parts.

"Oh! 'cause mother ain't at home.—She's gone to the Society for Clothing Destitute Children."

"Destitute children!" ejaculated Mrs. Lane, as she surveyed her nephew from head to foot. "If you don't come under that class, then never child did! Why, you are all rags and tatters!"

"I know it, aunt," moodily responded the boy; "but it ain't my fault. Mother says she ain't no time to mend my clothes, and if she did, they'd be just as bad the next day; so what's the use. Father said last night, that I looked like a little heathen, and he almost wished I was, for mother would then think I was worth looking after a little."

"Have you had any supper Johnny?" "No," said the boy, casting a longing look at the generous piece of pumpkin pie that his aunt was cutting; "mother left some cold victuals on the table for father and me, but—"

"Well," interrupted the good woman, putting the pie upon a plate, and adding to it a couple of the doughnuts she was frying, and a slice of cheese, "you just take this, and mind you don't leave a bit." Johnny lost no time in obeying his aunt's peremptory but by no means unpleasant injunction, and the contents of the plate rapidly disappeared before his energetic assault.

"I wish mother stayed at home, just as you do, aunt," he said, as he opened the door, casting a lingering look back upon the cheerful, cozy-looking kitchen.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Lane, as taking up the rolling pin, she resumed her labors, "if it isn't a shame for Nancy to neglect that boy! He's so ragged and dirty that I am actually ashamed of him—and his mother an active member of half a dozen charitable societies! As for brother John, he's clean discouraged, and I don't much wonder at it. I don't believe he comes home to a warm supper once a week. It's my belief that a woman's business first to look after the comfort of her own family; then, if she has any time to do for others, well and good! Charity ought to begin at home, if it don't stay there!"

"There's aunt Nancy, now, just coming into the gate," said her daughter Betsey, as looking up from the apples she was paring, she chanced to glance out of the window.

Indignant as she was, it was not in good-natured Mrs. Lane's heart to refuse a kindly greeting to her sister-in-law, who was evidently too full of her own concerns to have noticed any lack of cordiality, had there been any.

"How dy'e do, sister Lane. How dy'e do, Betsey," she said, seating herself in the first chair she came to, as if quite exhausted, though her keen black eyes looked as bright as ever. "Always cooking. I do declare! Ah! how it makes my heart ache to see you spending so much precious time in caring for this poor perishing body!"

"Folks can't live without eating," responded Mrs. Lane, a little tartly, as this remark called to mind what she considered to be her sister-in-law's remissness in the care of her family. Leastways, I haven't found out any other way of living."

"You always did make nice doughnuts, Malinda," said Mrs. Shaw, very comically helping herself to one.

"These are as light as a honey-comb," she added, as she broke it open and proceeded to dispose of it with evident satisfaction. "I don't know when I have made any kind of pastry. Professor Spare, who lectured here last winter, says that they are very unhealthy, entirely destroying what he called the digestive apparatus."

"Yes, I know," returned Mrs. Lane, dryly. "Husband invited him home to tea one day, and I couldn't perceive that he had any particular objection to my cakes and pies. Indeed, I remember thinking, that if it was his ordinary way of eating, I shouldn't like to be the one to cook for him. And let folks say what they may, I never will think that plain light pastry, ever hurt anybody. I always let my children have it, and they are as hearty and rosy a set of boys and girls as you can find anywhere; as I am sure they wouldn't be if they were fed on cold, half-cooked victuals, given to them in any way, and just when it happened."

"It isn't always the rosiest," said Mrs. Shaw, helping herself to another doughnut. "Now, I think of it, I am certain that I can see a pimple on Betsey's nose—a sure proof of over-eating; and John Thomas isn't nigh so strong as my Johnny, who isn't more than a year or so the oldest. But I guess I'll do my errand, and be going. I called to tell you that we are going to have a fair for the benefit of the oppressed Poles. I'm on the committee of arrangements, and really hope, sister Lane, that you'll take right hold and do everything in your power to

forward this noble and praiseworthy object."

"No, thank you," returned her sister-in-law. "I think I can find objects of charity nearer home than Poland."

"But there is a society, of which you are a member, that I think I should like to join," said Mrs. Lane, after a moment's thought; "the one for clothing and providing for destitute, neglected children."

Mrs. Shaw's countenance brightened. "We shall be delighted," she exclaimed. "The initiation fee is only two dollars, together with a weekly payment of ten cents."

"I believe I paid the initiation fee about a year ago, when it was first organized. I did that cheerfully, though what I then considered to be duties nearer home prevented my doing more. I will pay it over again, however, only I must have the privilege of bringing a destitute child with me. I often see a little boy roaming about the streets, whose forlorn and neglected appearance fills my heart with pity."

"Certainly: that is what we expect and desire every member to do as she has opportunity. We have a number of little jackets and pants made, and there'll be some among them that will fit him.—Remember, our next meeting is just a week from to-day, at Squire Mayo's."

There was a merry twinkle in Mrs. Lane's eyes, that night, as she superintended preparations for supper, which ever and anon deepened into a smile; but though the children were anxious to know what their mother was smiling about, she kept her own counsel.

The next Wednesday afternoon, a score or more of ladies were seated in Squire Mayo's parlor, with busy fingers and still more busy tongues.

"There is Mrs. Lane coming up the walk," exclaimed Mrs. Mayo, who was seated by the window. "Just see what a wretched-looking boy she is leading by the hand! It can't be one of her children, for they are all models of neatness."

Mrs. Shaw was too busy distributing work to even glance out of the window.

"I forgot to tell you, ladies," she said, "that my sister-in-law joins our society this afternoon. The boy with her is no doubt the one she spoke to me about the other day, as a fit subject for our charity. I take considerable credit to myself," she added, quite complacently, "for persuading her to this step. Sister Lane is such a home body—so wrapped up in herself and family."

"Mrs. Lane is a kind-hearted woman," replied an old lady, who was knitting in one corner of the room, "and does a great deal of good in a quiet way."

"Sister Lane means well—there is no doubt of that," responded Mrs. Shaw, with a magnanimous air. "But, according to my way of thinking, charity without system and organization is worse than thrown away."

By this time Mrs. Lane was in the room.

"Good afternoon, ladies," she said, looking around with a pleasant smile.

"You see, sister Shaw, that I kept my word, and did not come alone," she added, as that individual fixed her eyes in undisguised astonishment upon the boy, whose reluctant hand she held.

"I found this poor lad," she continued, "in an alley way, playing marbles with a number of profane and vicious boys, and who were uttering words in his hearing that I shudder to think of. The black eye he has got in a fight with one of them, in which it seems he had the worst of it. He is very dirty and ragged, as you see; but I offer no apology for bringing him to you in this condition, as I know your society was formed for the benefit of such, and trust that under your kindly care he will soon present quite an other appearance."

Twice did Mrs. Shaw essay to interrupt the speaker, but anger and shame choked her utterance. When she had concluded she sprang to her feet.

"Malinda Lane," she ejaculated, "do you mean to pretend that you don't know that that is my boy?"

"Your boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane, starting with well-dissembled amazement. "Is it possible? Now, that I look at him closer, it does look like Johnny. But who would have thought it?"

"I leave it to you," she added, addressing the other ladies, "if the mistake was not a very natural one, or if ever child, apparently, stood more in need of your friendly offices."

This assertion could not be denied by any present, certainly not by Mrs. Shaw, who was completely silenced though she looked unutterable things.

Not long after she could have been seen with poor luckless Johnny in tow, taking a round-about course in the direction for home, for, unlike her sister-in-law, when she escorted him thither, she went by the darkest and least frequented streets.

THE SEWARD FAMILY.

Interesting facts and Reminiscences of Mrs. Seward, by Mrs. Swisshelm. Washington, July 20th, 1865.

The pall of silence which has fallen upon the grave of Mrs. Seward is still more remarkable than the unobtrusive quiet of her life, and I trust it is not idle curiosity which makes me more anxious to know her history than that of any woman whose name I have ever heard. If I mistake not, her example is one which the women of this country cannot afford to lose, and in hope it may induce some one who knew her to give us some incidents in her honorable life, let me tell you the little, the very little, I know.

When I went into Campbell Hospital, after the battle of Chancellorsville, I called on the public for fruit acids as an antidote to thirst and hospital gangrene.—The first contribution I received was from Mrs. Frederick Seward. It was accompanied by note, asking me to send to her when anything special was wanted.—Some one, that I supposed knew, told me that this Mrs. Frederick Seward was the wife of a nephew of the Secretary of State, who being a bachelor had this lady to reside over his home. She afterward called at my rooms, and I at Mr. Seward's house, on hospital business, I supposing she was Mr. Seward's niece by marriage until the following winter, when there was much trouble in the contraband camps. Among the teachers was a Quakeress from Central New York, one of those who left homes of wealth and refinement to live in camp, cabin and barrack, to distribute clothing, books, encouragement and instruction amongst those scattered and bereaved people. We were one day in troubled council on one of the many wrongs which had stubbornly refused to be righted. It was hard to ask Secretary Stanton to give the time necessary to understand the case, while his ante-room was constantly thronged with persons waiting on important business. What to do was the question. Folding her hands in her lap and looking down thoughtfully, this lady soliloquized: "If Mrs. Seward was only here."

What Mrs. Seward?
Mrs. Secretary Seward! she answered abstractedly, and kept on thinking.

My exclamation of surprise aroused her, and her surprise at my ignorance was equal to mine at her information. A question as to the presentability of that lady, since such a person did actually exist, started her to talk as I had never before heard her. She described Mrs. Seward as one of the excellent of the earth. A woman of wonderful power and great breadth of attainment.—the companion confidant, counselor of her husband.—one who read his written speeches before the printer saw them, and gave an opinion which he valued more than any other.—one who read and digested long, tiresome documents and gave him the substance in a few moments' fireside chat, thus contributing largely to the fund of information which distinguished Mr. Seward.—She was his "higher law" adviser, and whenever his policy fell below that standard he had differed with her in opinion. She ever regarded the right as the expedient; or, in other words, aimed always to walk in the narrow path straight toward "the mark for the prize of high calling which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

In dress and manner this friend described her as simple and unostentatious to singularity. A smart mechanic's wife would not have exchanged wardrobes with her, and milliner's apprentices looked at her in pitying wonder for her lost opportunities.

A few days after this conversation Mrs. Seward returned from Auburn, but her arrival was not publicly announced. The contraband trouble was explained to her, and a short note of modest request from her to one in authority removed the difficulty before which we had been standing in dismay. After that, when I heard people remark that the Swards gave no receptions, I have thought of a little teacher of contrabands, in the magnificent costume of mixed straw bonnet and brown ribbons, dark woolen dress and shawl, and heavy shoes having marks of "sacred," with a little traveling basket on arm, going to Mr. Seward's house in the gloaming, weary, hungry, disheartened and footsore, and finding a reception, a bath, a dinner, a bed, a breakfast, a long, comforting chat, a note to remove her overhanging mountain, and saw her lightened step as she returned to her duties rejoicing. I never heard what kind of jewels her hostess wore at these receptions, but calculate they were not bought at Tiffany's.

A woman in Mrs. Seward's position, who simply remained outside that gilded pagoda, society, in which Her Majesty, First Family with twenty-pound-of-tobacco-worth of grandmother to stand upon. Her Royal Highness Official position, with a wirepulling husband to bear against—the Duchess of Shoddy, with a pedestal of greenbacks for support—the Countess of Petroleum, with a sea of light to illumine her diamonds, and My Lady Bloomer, radiant in health and independence—contended so fiercely for the precedence, she would have been worthy of study as a natural curiosity; but to know that she lived out the world of fashion, and in the world of duty, from a high ideal of Christian obligation is to know that her example is one that the world cannot well afford to lose.

Mr. Seward's recovery from the double injuries of accident and the assassin's knife, is a common wonder; and Surgeon Barnes has said that when he left Frederick Seward on the night of the assassination, he little thought to find him alive in the morning; that for weeks the quickening of his pulse at any moment must have been fatal. What secured that perfect repose of body and mind necessary to the recovery of both? The report of her death says it was caused by illness occasioned by the distress into which the family was plunged by the attempted assassination. In other words, the devoted wife and mother died that the husband and son might live. These lives in which she had merged her individual being could only be reached through hers. The dagger of the conspiracy made a passage for her spirit out of its clay prison as effectually as if it had passed aside from its purposed victim. Nothing in the history of remarkable women interests me so much as the little I know of this strong, heroic, unselfish, silent wife and mother of men whose names known over the civilized world.—*Cor. of the Pittsburg Commercial.*

Mr. Seward during his illness as described by his nurse.

Mr. George Voecke, the soldier who the Medical Director detailed to attend Mr. Seward as nurse, after the latter's accident by a fall, has favored us with interesting verbal information, in addition to the written communications formerly published by us concerning the attempted assassination of Mr. Seward.—He speaks with the warmest enthusiasm of the sublimity of character which the venerable statesman evinced during that terrible period, in which George Voecke spent many days and nights at his bedside.

At the time Paine, alias Powell, burst into the sick room, Mr. Seward was asleep. While the assassin was inflicting his murderous blows, he lost neither his sensibility nor his presence of mind. After his lacerated cheek had been sewed up, his first inquiry was about the condition of his son Frederick. He was informed that under the circumstances, he was doing well, and sleeping. Not until two months later did the surgeon deem it advisable to take the father to the bedside of his son, who, in consequence of the terrible injuries received, had so long lingered on the brink of death. Half an hour after receiving his own Mr. Seward heard of the attack on the President, which his sharp ear gathered from the by-standers, and of the President's death he was at once informed on Saturday morning. As during the catastrophe, so immediately thereafter, Seward displayed the composure of the philosopher. When he learned the death of the President, he remarked to the physicians around his bedside that he had warned the President and also had taken precautions as his own safety, but had neglected these after his accident, because he never dreamed that they would assail a severely wounded man in his bed.

On the morning of the assassination he said to his nurses, his sensations immediately after the assault had by no means been of an unpleasant nature.—He had experienced no extraordinary pains; but while the blood was gushing from his arteries he had supposed that his end was nigh; and thought at the same time what a pleasant thing it was to die thus, without a bit of pain.

Toward his nurses and toward all who came near him during his sickness, Mr. Seward was uniformly friendly, even affectionate. And never, when awake, did his philosophical firmness desert him.—Only when asleep he would at times, during the first two weeks after his attack, suddenly start up and beat around with his hands when dreams brought the assassin to his imagination, but in two or three minutes he was always quieted.

During the first three weeks Mrs. Seward was constantly, day and night, at the bedside either of her husband or that of Frederick, and these exertions have since hastened the death of a lady equally distinguished for the excellent qualities of her head and heart. No less noble was the conduct of Mr. Seward's daughter, Miss Fanny. Indeed it is perhaps to her courage that her father and the nation owe the salvation of his life. Like her mother, Miss Fanny was an unflinching attendant upon her suffering relatives.

The greatest trouble to the physicians was Seward's mental activity, which did not abate even during his greatest physical weakness and severest pains. In order to prevent all excitement during this critical period, and on account of the shattered jaw-bone, the physicians enjoined on him not to speak, but it was difficult to get him to comply.

It was not more loquacity that rendered silence so irksome to the statesman, but chiefly his patriotic anxiety about the republic. He desired to express his mind about the condition of the country, to fulfill his official duties as Secretary of State. The attending physicians had prohibited speaking even before the attempted assassination; but to express his thoughts by writing was also impracticable, as his right arm was broken. But as soon as the conditions of the fractured bone would allow, the medical gentlemen had to bandage and fasten the upper third of the arm, (where the fractured existed,) so as to enable him to use the lower part and hand for writing. In this manner he conversed with the President during the last days of that lamented functionary's life. The President would sit at his bedside and express himself on the exciting questions of

the day, when Seward would write his views on a slate. In the same manner he conducted his interviews, before and after the assassination, with Mr. Hunter, the Assistant Secretary of State, and thus actually conducted the affairs of the Department of State—the papers, dispatches, documents, etc., of which had to be carried to his bedside, even during the critical periods of his illness.

It was this same patriotic restlessness and activity of Mr. Seward when prevailed on the physicians to send for a skillful physician of New York, who arranged an artificial wire apparatus in his mouth, which enabled him to speak without risk, even before his jaw-bone was healed. The apparatus caused the illustrious patriot at first excruciating pain, and at one time became displaced, so that the New York physician had to be telegraphed in order to replace it. But all these great and little annoyances did not for a moment disturb Seward's philosophical intellect nor slacken his patriotic activity.

Few men in history have evinced as much sublimity of character and strength of mind as William Henry Seward on his bed of sickness, surrounded by the terrors of assassination and conspiracy. He maintained these qualities even when, after his partial recovery, he received the additional blow of the intelligence of the death of his faithful spouse.—*State Zeitung.*

What they were doing.

"What were the mob saying?" asked the district attorney of the Yankee witness "down East," in a riot trial.
"Well, they were sort singing."
"What were they singing about?"
"Well, they were singing about a song."
"What was the song—what were they saying?"
"As nigh as I kin keep the track, they was a telling Missus Long (her first name was Lucy) to take her time."
"You can go."

"Willy," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the difference is between body and soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulder; "but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?"
"Oh, I know," said Willy, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that's my flannel shirt!"

The number of battles fought during the late war is 252. Of these the soil of Virginia drank the blood of 89, Tennessee witnessed 37; Missouri, 25; Georgia, 12; South Carolina, 10; North Carolina, 11; Alabama, 7; Florida, 5; Kentucky, 14; the Indian Territory and New Mexico, one each. Once the wave of war rolled into a Northern State, and broke in the great billow of Gettysburg. Of the battles enumerated, sixteen were naval achievements.

A census taker up in Osego co., N. Y., in his returns has the following item, which is given literally: "Remarks on the influence of the war upon prices; the credit system is abolished; self-interest controls the Man—Religion has become a collateral issue—! The god Backus becomes a fire in every heart!! and card playing becomes a pastime of Christian

Jeremiah Townsend, Assistant-Cashier of the Townsend Savings Bank in New-Haven, Conn., who absconded with \$100,000 in May last, was recently arrested in Liverpool, England, by two American detectives. Nearly all the stolen money has been recovered.

A negro woman who was baptized a few Sundays ago at Huntsville, Alabama, came forth from the water shouting, "Freed from slavery, freed from sin, bless God, and Gen. Grant."

A Mr. Henn has started a new paper in Iowa. He says he hopes by hard scratching to make a living for himself and his little chickens.

The population of Binghamton, N. Y. has been ascertained, by census, to be 10,000 an increase of 181 since 1860.

An Indiana "democrat" at Verona, in that State, recently cowed his daughter till her back was all raw, because she surreptitiously read a memorial volume on Mr. Lincoln. The brutal father was arrested.

Two men undertook to see which could run the fastest. One was a constable and the other was a thief.

The toothache may be cured by holding the hand a certain root—the root of the aching tooth.

An anaconda, in a museum in Cincinnati, recently gave birth to thirty-three young reptiles.

A man in Illinois has invented a horse shoe which needs no nails nor screws, and which after being fitted, can be taken off and be put on by any one in a short time.