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JOB PRINTING,
 OF ALL KINDS,
 Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

Important to Everybody.
 The subscribers would inform the public very respectfully, that they are carrying on the

Boot & Shoe Business
 at their old stand, one door above the Express Office, on Elizabeth St., Stroudsburg, Pa., where they will be happy to wait on their old customers, and as many new ones as can make it convenient to call. They have on hand a good assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES,
 for men, women, misses' and children's wear. Gum over Shoes and Sandals for men, youth and misses. A general assortment of Lasts and Boot-Trees, shoe Thread, Wax, Heel Nails, Pincers, Punches, Eyeletts and Eyeletts Sets, Pegs and Peg-Cutters, Shoe Hammers, Clamping Boards and Screws, also, lining and binding skins, a good article of Tampico Boot Morocco, French Morocco and French Calfskins, Lasting and all kinds of Shoemaker tools, Ink Powder and Shoe Blacking, and Frank Miller's water-proof oil blacking. All of which they offer for sale at small advance upon cost. Give us a call, no charges for showing goods.
 P. S.—Boots and Shoes made to order and warranted.
CHARLES WATERS & SON.
 Stroudsburg, Jan. 18, 1866.

Orphans' Court Sale.

By virtue of an order of sale made by the Orphans' Court of Monroe County, there will be offered for sale at public outcry upon the premises, on

The 3d day of February, 1866,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, late of George Rouse, dec'd, viz: A certain farm or tract of land situated in Middle Smithfield township, in said Monroe County, adjoining land of James Mosier, Jacob Penick, Lewis Brown and Jacob Pipher, containing about

One Hundred and Twenty Acres, more or less—80 acres cleared—20 acres excellent meadow, balance good timber land.
 The improvements are a one and a half story

Frame House,
 about 32 by 42 feet, Frame Barn 40 by 45 feet, with stone Stabling, Frame Waggon House, 22 by 32 feet, Corn Crib and other outbuildings; two good Apple Orchards.
 A public road runs along one line of the land, and a stream of water passes through the same. There are several never failing springs of water convenient to the house. The buildings are good, and the land in an excellent state of cultivation.
 Conditions will be made known at the time of sale by
**WILSON D. ROUSE, } Executors.
 JOHN D. ROUSE, }**
 Jan. 11, 1866.

NEW STORE AND CHEAP GOODS!

The undersigned respectfully informs the public and his old customers, that he has taken the Store Room formerly occupied by James A. Pauli, in Stroudsburg, nearly opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church.
 His stock is composed of entirely New Goods, laid in at reduced prices, and he will sell them at small profits.
 He has on hand a complete assortment of **DRY GOODS, Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, and a full line of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, Shalla De Laues, Amours, Coatings, Calicoes, and a general assortment of Ladies Dress Trimmings, and Yankee Notions.**
 ALSO—A good assortment of **GROCERIES,** such as Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, and Syrups, Tea and Rice.
 Please give me a call, and see the goods and prices.
 Butter and Eggs, and all kinds of Country produce, taken in exchange for goods.
JAMES B. MORGAN.
 Stroudsburg, January 4, 1866.

Saddle and Harness Manufactory.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Stroudsburg, and surrounding country, that he has commenced the above business in Fowler's building, on Elizabeth street, and is fully prepared to furnish any article in his line of business, at short notice. On hand at all times, a large stock of
Harness, Whips, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Horse-Blankets, Belts, Skates, Oil Cloths, &c.
 Carriage Trimming promptly attended to.
JOHN O. SAYLOR.
 Stroudsburg, Dec. 14, 1865.

Assignee's Notice.

Whereas, Jerome B. Shaw and wife, of Hamilton Township, Monroe Co., Pa., have made a voluntary assignment of their Real and personal Estate, to the subscriber, for the benefit of his creditors; Therefore, all those indebted to the said Jerome B. Shaw, are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber, and all those having demands against the same will present them immediately, duly authenticated to the subscriber for settlement.
JEROME S. WILLIAMS,
 Assignee.
 Hamilton, Jan. 23, 1866.

Auditor's Notice.

Estate of MICHAEL HAWK, dec'd
 The undersigned appointed by the Orphans' Court of Monroe County, Auditor to make distribution of the balance in the hands of John S. Fisher, Administrator of said deceased, to and among the heirs, will attend to the duties of his appointment on Friday, the 9th day of February next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Prothonotary's Office, in Stroudsburg, at which time and place all persons having any claims against said funds will present the same, or be forever debarred from coming in for any share of said funds.
T. M. McILHANEY, Auditor.
 January 11, 1866.

Auditor's Notice.

Estate of JONAS METZGAR, dec'd.
 The undersigned appointed by the Orphans' Court of Monroe, Auditor to report distribution of the funds in the hands of Charles Hoffman and David Nye, Administrators of the above named Estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment on Friday, February 16, 1866, at two o'clock P. M., at the Prothonotary's office in Stroudsburg, when and where all persons interested and having claims against said fund will present the same, or be forever debarred from coming in for any share thereof.
THOS. M. McILHANEY, Auditor.
 Jan. 18, 1866.

Auditor's Notice.

In the matter of the Account of the Administrator of the Estate of Lewis Schrader, late of Stroud Twp., dec'd.
 The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Monroe County, to make distribution of the funds in the hands of said Administrator, to and among those entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment on Monday, the 13th day of February, 1866, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Office of S. S. Dreher, Esq., in the Borough of Stroudsburg, when and where all parties interested, are requested to attend, or they will be debarred from coming for their distributive shares of said fund.
S. HOLMES, Jr., Auditor.
 Stroudsburg, Jan. 18, 1866.

Auditor's Notice.

In the matter of the Account of the Administrator of Joseph Barlieb, late of Ross Twp., dec'd.
 The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Monroe County, to make distribution of the fund in the hands of said Administrator, to and among those entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment on Saturday the 17th day of February, 1866, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when and where all parties interested are required to attend, or they will be debarred from coming in for their distributive shares of said fund.
S. HOLMES, Jr., Auditor.
 Stroudsburg, Jan. 18, 1866.

Auditor's Notice.

In the matter of the Account of the Administrator of the Estate of John Smith, late of Eldred Township, dec'd.
 The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Monroe County, to make distribution of the fund in the hands of said Administrator, to and among those entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment on Friday, the 16th day of February 1866, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Office of S. S. Dreher, Esq., in the Borough of Stroudsburg, when and where all parties interested are required to attend, or they will be debarred from coming in for their distributive shares of said fund.
S. HOLMES, Jr., Auditor.
 Stroudsburg, Jan. 18, 1866.

SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

Itch! Itch! Itch!

Try Hollinshead's Itch Ointment, a sure cure for that troublesome disease. Warranted to cure, or the money refunded. Not injurious.
 Prepared and sold at
W. HOLLINSHEAD'S Drug Store.
 Stroudsburg, Jan. 11th, 1866.

NOTICE.

The Commissioners of Monroe County will be in session at their Office, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, on the first Saturday of each month, at 10 o'clock, A. M. By order of the Board,
M. H. DREHER, Clerk.
 Stroudsburg, Jan. 11, 1866-3t.

For The Jeffersonian.

JOHNNY BULL.
Tune.—Yankee Doodle.
 BY MR. WHACKHAMMER.

Oh, Johnny Bull four years ago,
 Made yet another blunder,
 When he declared our prestige gone,
 Our Union smashed asunder:
 Yankee Doodle was enough
 To put Rebellion under,
 And Johnny Bull did miss his point,
 Ah, Johnny lost his thunder!

Mason and Sidell made a joke
 And Johnny laughed quite hearty;
 His Times took up the glowing theme
 And cheered the Rebels smartly:
 Yankee Doodle, Times have changed,
 Ah, Johnny, don't you feel it!
 The mischief you pitched in to do,
 Your Times can never heal it!

You took the Rebel Bonds with zeal,
 Oh, Johnny, you did heap them;
 I wish you had a thousand more
 Of Rebs to help you keep them:
 Yankee Doodle, Jeff is here
 And Johnny over yonder;
 The one is in his private cell
 The other sold his thunder!

Oh, Jonathan is on his pins,
 The allies could not throw him;
 A mighty man is Uncle Sam,
 Ah! Johnny, don't you know him!
 Yankee Doodle, come to Tea,
 Stars and Stripes forever;
 Kingdoms all shall kiss the earth,
 A True Republic never!

Now Johnny, if you pay our claim,
 We'll let the rest grow over,
 But if you meddle here again
 We'll spoil your field of clover:
 Yankee Doodle never fails,
 Yankee Doodle Dandy;
 North America is his,
 Because it lies so handy!
 January 27, 1866.

DROOP NOT UPON YOUR WAY.

Ho! ye who start a noble scheme,
 For general good designed—
 Ye workers in a cause that tends
 To benefit your kind—
 Mark out the path you fain would tread,
 The game you mean to play,
 And if it be an honest one,
 Keep steadfast on your way.

Although you may not gain at once
 The points you most desire,
 Be patient—time can wonders work—
 Plod on, and do not tire;
 Obstructions, too, may crowd your path,
 In threatening, stern array,
 Yet flinch not! fear not! they may prove
 Mere shadows in your way.

Then while there's work for you to do,
 Stand not despairing by—
 Let "Forward" be the move you make,
 Let "Onward" be your cry;
 And when success has crown'd your plans,
 'Twill all your pains repay,
 To see the good your labor's done—
 Then droop not on your way!

MEMORIES.

'Tis but a little piece of bark,
 From off that white birch tree.
 Yet pleasant memories of the past,
 It calleth up to me.
 The graceful waving bough o'er head,
 The moss grown rocks below,
 The fragrance of arbutus flowers
 Yet moistened by the snow;

The rugged mountains slumbering near,
 The sound of running streams,
 The far off lake, that through the top
 Of distant forests gleams.
 The violet dressed in heaven's own blue,
 The fern leaves spread above,
 The noise of winds, the song of birds,
 The thousand things I love.

Ah me! that little piece of bark
 My heart with memory fills,
 Of nature in her loveliness,
 Amidst the granite hills.
 Lost.—Rev. E. Payson Hammond, at
 Binghamton, looking for recruits, found a
 large sized African, and asked him, "Have
 you found the lord?" Answer—"Golly, mas-
 ser, is the Lord lost?"

A doctor up town recently gave the following
 prescription for a lady: "A new bonnet,
 a cashmere shawl, and a new pair of gaiter
 boots." The lady, it is needless to say, has
 entirely recovered.
 School teachers sometimes receive very
 funny excuses for absence of children from
 recitations. The following is about as original
 as any we ever saw:
 "Septuagint digitaters."

The following is a genuine transcript of an
 epitaph:
 "Here lies the remains of Thomas Wood-
 hen, the most amiable of husbands, the most
 excellent of men."
 "N. B.—The name is Woodcock, but it
 would not come in rhyme."

For The Jeffersonian.

Mr. WHACKHAMMER'S LECTURES.
 NO. VI.
TONGUE VERSUS HEART.

That brutes possess a language of their own
 I cannot doubt. It may be in the eye
 Of some, and some the throat, with sound or
 not;
 And read as we, without instinct, cannot:
 Nor doubt I less that they these powers use
 So foolishly as do our noble selves.

The business man talks business, acts
 business, dreams business, lives business;
 and, when the great summons to another
 world is about to be read off to him, he
 calls in a doctor of the law that he may
 arrange his business so he can depart
 like a business man. That man died leav-
 ing an estate, but his head was so envelo-
 ped in his own idea that the idols of the
 heart, those truer pleasures of life, were
 entirely neglected. He gained his point,
 but his life was a failure. The poor pit-
 tance received for all his toil and care
 were the clothes he wore and the food he
 ate, with a full prospect of a children's
 fight over the substance he accumulated.

Business should have its proper thought
 and place but this man let it run to seed
 and it made him miserable. Because it
 was in all his thoughts it was in all his
 conversation and he was a bore to the
 man of intellect and refinement, and not
 much less to his own family. He was so
 intent on business, whilst his family were
 more intent on pleasure, that they hardly
 sailed in the same boat, although they
 did sleep and eat in the same house.—
 They were happiest when he was absent
 and so was he. But I intended to direct
 this Lecture more especially to the small
 talk of big folks in every day life. Sup-
 pose you are a sane man. You are walk-
 ing on the street with two ladies and you
 meet two other ladies, friends of the two
 with you, but whom you have never seen
 before. You are introduced, of course,
 and the small talk is at once begun.—
 Blank cartridges fly like hail and you step
 a little back out of harm's way—or fem-
 ale way—and paw with the toe of your
 boot, any stray pebble you may find con-
 veniently near on the sidewalk, to find
 out if you are really sane. Now tell me
 were there ever any four stenographers
 who could take down, on paper, the puffs
 of that high-pressure machine before you?
 And suppose the thing could be done; let
 it be trimmed up and boiled down, and
 then show me one sensible thought and
 I'll criticize no more. Something of this
 kind, I think, is what Pope calls, "The
 war of tongues."

An example of this kind came under
 my own observation a short time ago.—
 Two ladies called on two other ladies, in
 a great hurry; wouldn't "take off their
 things;" wouldn't sit down; wouldn't do
 anything but talk. They make a move
 to go, and now comes the rattle of lips and
 jaws! They face up! No. 1 is facing
 No. 2 but she is talking with No. 4. No.
 3 is facing No. 4 but she is pelting away
 with No. 2. All cracking ahead through
 this cross-fire and nobody listening.—
 This charge lasted about five minutes and
 was the most ludicrous scene I ever saw
 or heard. Rather than this give me the
 war of ideas. It put me in mind of that
 little celebration at the tower of Babel.
 My wife says we men would not call this
 a war of tongues if we possessed the quick
 comprehension of a woman, by which she
 can talk, listen and philosophize, all at
 the same time. This may be so but I beg
 the privilege of using the phrase of the
 old deacon, who, when he could not as-
 sent to what his wife said, always replied,
 that he was under no obligations to be-
 lieve it.

Take any fireside and how much the
 conversation might be improved. How
 the mind could be elevated, the thought
 regulated and an ennobling happiness ad-
 vanced! It is almost a constant talk of
 things not worth remembering or talking
 about. It is a tattle on character which
 make your business and delight to
 make appear as badly as possible. In-
 stead of bringing out the beautiful and
 endeavoring to hide the ugly it is just
 the reverse, and your own wicked thoughts
 by this means, are made more wicked
 still. If the faults of others are conspicu-
 ous remember you are not chargeable
 with their sins but you are chargeable with
 the manner in which you delight yourself
 over these failings. Do let reason have
 some little corner in your brain and sym-
 pathy some little closet in your heart. If
 you spent one tenth of the time you are
 picking flaws in other characters on your
 own vileness you might be tempted to

hang yourself in less than three days, but
 still I would suggest that you thus em-
 ploy that tenth. Even though it do lead
 to suspension by cotton or hemp the world
 would be better off for the sacrifice.

The fact is the world is never going to
 be much better as long as everybody en-
 joys a satisfaction in making everybody
 else appear at as much disadvantage as
 possible. Ah! the tongue is mightier
 than the sword for evil. It breaks law,
 estranges hearts and destroys that com-
 mon brotherhood which were it kept in-
 violable, would open for all a paradise on
 earth. Unless this paradise can first be
 brought to the fireside it will never be
 found anywhere, but it will never be
 found here so long as one half of the con-
 versation by this fireside is slander and
 the other half light, foolish, senseless, tri-
 vial conversation. A talk in which the
 heart and mind are not represented, and
 which as a consequence, produces no
 good fruit.

Friends of the home circle; you who
 belong to its holy membership, see to its
 elevation. Encourage, eye, give counte-
 nance and sanction to nothing less than
 the good, the beautiful and the true, for it
 is holy ground though you may never
 have thought seriously on the fact before.
 Guard it then above your honor, and as
 inseparable from your happiness. Supply
 it with the choicest of books and the
 purest of thought, and then all the little
 auxiliaries that are needed from the out-
 side world will come pure and true and
 there will be no jar or discord, but you
 will reap the fullest happiness possible
 for mortals to enjoy on earth.
 Curb well your tongue, though it may seem
 too late—
 Raise up your thoughts to things of high es-
 tate;
 Deal not with things of infamy, unless
 It be some erring one of earth to bless:
 Live for the good, the beautiful, the true,
 Or else give up the ghost and slink from
 view.

ICHAOD WHACKHAMMER.
 Somewhere Jan. 29, 1866.

"Muzzling."

Some new mode of committing violent
 robbery from the person is constantly be-
 ing invented by the "faking" fraternity.
 "Garroting" has gone out of fashion,
 and "muzzling" is now coming into vo-
 gue. An Albany paper says;
 Have you been "muzzled" yet? If
 not, beware that you are not ere long—
 Two or three cases of this new species of
 crime occurred last week. It is one of
 the most outrageous and successful games
 yet introduced into the annals of crime.
 These "muzzlers" stand on corners, as a
 general thing. They are separated, and
 apparently skylarking among themselves.
 Suddenly one of them falls down and
 rolls himself against the pedestrian, who
 also must tumble. At first the pedestri-
 an deems it an accident, but soon real-
 izes the desperate and damnable object of
 the tumble. The man who rolls against
 the pedestrian soon on top of the latter
 when he is down, and quick as a flash
 places his hand upon his face, presses his
 nostrils together with his thumb and fin-
 ger, and covers his mouth with his hand.
 His cries are thus stifled, and the unfor-
 tunate pedestrian is almost smothered.—
 While this is done by one, the others go
 through the man's pockets and rifle them
 of their contents. This takes some three
 or four minutes, during which time the
 victim's breath is shut off. When the
 muzzlers get through the victim is so us-
 ed up, exhausted, and unconscious that he
 is unable to give an alarm, let alone
 pursue the robbers. He is obliged to lie
 there a few minutes until he recovers
 himself, which allows the muzzler an op-
 portunity to escape. The thing is all per-
 petrated so quietly that no one, save the
 parties interested, are all aware of what
 is going on. It is a dangerous practice
 this "muzzling," and we would advise
 our citizens to guard well how they ap-
 proach a party of two, three, or four,
 standing on a corner late at night.

"Madam your boy can't pass at half fare;
 he's too large," said the conductor of a rail-
 way train, which had been long detained on
 tie road by the snow.
 "He may be too large now," replied the
 mtrton, "but he was small enough when we
 started!" The conductor gave in and the boy
 passed for half fare.

An Irishman recently stopped at a hotel
 in Des Moines, Iowa, where pretty high bills
 were charged. In the morning the landlord
 made out the amount of damage, and pre-
 sented it to Pat. After he had glanced over
 it, the latter looked the landlord in the face,
 and exclaimed, "Ye put me in mind of a suipe."
 "Why?" asked the landlord. Because ye're
 very nigh all bill.

There are two hundred and sixty-two
 millions of national bank money in circula-
 tion.
 Berry, Knight, Crab and Lisaugh, all
 under 20 years of age, the murders of Mr.
 Hufferman, were hanged at Nashville on
 the 26th ult.

The Loaded Gun.
 Before the introduction of friction match-
 es, an old farmer was in the habit of
 lighting his tinder for the morning fire
 by the use of an old flintlock musket.—
 One day in his absence the wife loaned
 the musket to a neighbor, who returned
 it loaded, and mentioned the fact to the
 good woman, as he handed it to her.—
 But her husband did not return home in
 good season, being on a rousing spree.—
 He came home past midnight, with quite
 a number of bricks in his hat, and crept
 into bed, without waking his wife to enjoy
 a Candle lecture. Next morning he rose
 in good season, with the usual rattle and
 hammering headache; after rubbing a
 few of the cobwebs out of his eyes, tak-
 ing a "drop" from the remains of the o-
 ver-night, he commenced preparations for
 starting a fire. The splinters were col-
 lected, and the tinder placed in the pan
 of the lock! cick went the hammer, and
 the explosion that followed shook the
 house, dispelling the fumes of liquor from
 the old toper's faculties, and rousing his
 wife with a sudden alarm. Guessing at
 the trouble, she exclaimed, while not fully
 awake, "Th-th-tha that gun is Load-
 ed!"

Looking with an empty stare at the
 smoking gun and at the bullet-hole in
 the bedstead, just about two inches above
 his wife's head, the fond husband repli-
 ed,—
 "No! I'll be d—d if it is!"

Finney, one of the parties arrested on
 suspicion of being concerned in the Ad-
 ams' Express robbery, has escaped from
 jail at Norwalk.