

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

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TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.

Advertisements of one square of (eight lines) or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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

S. HOLMES, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND GENERAL
CLAIM AGENT.
STROUDSBURG, PA.

Office with S. S. Dreher, Esq.
All claims against the Government prosecuted with dispatch at reduced rates.
An additional bounty of \$100 and of \$50 procured for Soldiers in the late War, FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.

DR A. REEVES JACKSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Begs leave to announce that, in order to prevent disappointment, he will hereafter devote THURSDAY and SATURDAY of each week exclusively to CONSULTATIONS and SURGICAL OPERATIONS at his office.—Parties from a distance who desire to consult him, can do so, therefore, on those days. Stroudsburg, May 31, 1866.—tf.

Furniture! Furniture!
McCarty's New Furniture Store,

DREHER'S NEW BUILDING, two doors below the Post-office, Stroudsburg, Pa. He is selling his Furniture 10 per cent. less than Easton or Washington prices, to say nothing about freight or breakage. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE in Walnut, Oak and White Ash, Extension Tables, any size you wish, at McCARTY'S new Ware-Rooms. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

ROSE AND GILT FRAMES made to order. A fine lot of Oval Frames on hand. J. H. McCARTY. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

IF YOU WANT A GOOD PARLOR Suit in Rose, Mahogany or Walnut, McCARTY has it. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

IF YOU WANT A GOOD MELODEON, from one of the best makers in the United States, solid Rosewood Case, warranted 5 years, call at McCARTY'S, he would especially invite all who are good judges of Music to come and test them. He will sell you from any maker you wish, \$10 less than those who sell on commission. The reason is he buys for cash and sells for the same, with less than one-half the usual per centage that agents want. J. H. McCARTY. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Particular attention will be given to this branch of the subscriber's business. He will always study to please and consult the wants and wishes of those who employ him. From the number of years experience he has had in this branch of business he cannot and will not be excelled either in city or country. Prices one-third less than is usually charged, from 50 to 75 finished Coffins always on hand. Trimmings to suit the best Hearse in the country. Funerals attended at one hour's notice. J. H. McCARTY. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

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.

Gothic Hall Drug Store.

William Hollinshead,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist.
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Constantly on hand and for sale cheap for CASH, a fresh supply of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty, Varnish, Kerosene Oil, Perfumery and Fancy Goods; also
Sash, Blinds and Doors.
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purpose.
P. S.—Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Stroudsburg, July 7, 1864.

TIN SHOP!

The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has now opened a **TIN SHOP**, on Main street, near the Stroudsburg Mills, opposite Troch & Walton's, formerly R. S. Staples' Store, where he is prepared to manufacture and sell at wholesale and retail, all kinds of
Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron-Ware.
ALSO,
Stoves, Stove Pipe and Elbows.
Old and second hand Stoves bought and sold, at cash rates.
CASH paid for Old Lead, Copper and Brass.
Roofing, Spouting and Repairing promptly attended to and warranted to give satisfaction. Call and see for yourselves.
WILLIAM KEISER.
Stroudsburg, Dec. 8, 1865.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS neatly and promptly executed at this office.

LIQUOR STORE.

Important notice to Landlords and all others in want of

PURE LIQUORS,

at very low prices.
The undersigned having recently opened a LIQUOR STORE in the room formerly occupied by Mr. Robt. R. Depuy, Stroudsburg, are prepared to offer LIQUORS, WINES, &c., at prices ranging from 25 cts. to \$1.00 per gallon less than the same quality can be purchased at in the cities. We also guarantee in every instance, our Liquors pure, and free from all Drugs and compounds, and cordially invite Land Lords and all others in want of anything in our line, to favor us with a call, or, if more convenient, their orders, which will always be met with prompt attention, and in either case pure Liquors guaranteed at a great saving of money.

We also, especially call attention to our RASPBERRY and STRAWBERRY SYRUPS, which for richness of flavor and taste, cannot be surpassed.
J. S. WILLIAMS, & Co.
Stroudsburg, July 13, 1865.

Special Notices.

ITCH! ITCH! ITCH!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

Wheaton's Ointment
Will Cure the Itch in 48 Hours.
Also cures SALT RHEUM, CHILBLAINS and all ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN.—Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. By sending 50 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Sole Agents, 170 Washington street, Boston, it will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States. June 7, 1866.—ly.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A Gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing

JOHN B. OGDEN,
No. 13 Chambers St., New York.

A CARD TO INVALIDS.

A Clergyman, while residing in South America as a missionary, discovered a safe and simple remedy for the Cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, Diseases of the Urinary and Seminal Organs, and the whole train of disorders brought on by baneful and vicious habits. Great numbers have been already cured by this noble remedy. Prompted by a desire to benefit the afflicted and unfortunate, I will send the recipe for preparing and using this medicine, in a sealed envelope, to any one who needs it, Free of Charge.

Please inclose a post-paid envelope, addressed to yourself.
Address, **JOSEPH T. INMAN,**
Station D. Bible House,
March 29, 1866.—ly. New York City.

\$1,500 PER YEAR! We want agents everywhere to sell our improved \$20 sewing Machine. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The only machines sold in the United States for less than \$40, which are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bacheelder. All other cheap machines are infringements and the seller or user are liable to arrest, fine, and imprisonment. Circulars free. Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, Biddeford, Maine or Chicago, Ill. [January 4, 1866.—ly]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COLDS, COUGHS, and all Throat and Lung Affections. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address
Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh,
Kings County,
New York

January 4, 1866.—ly.

THE AMERICAN COOKING STOVE is manufactured with certain improvements secured by letters patent, under date of May 5, 1863, and December 5, 1865. One of these improvements covers the arrangement of fitting a portable ash pan in the hearth of a Cooking Stove, to receive the ashes as it passes down from the grate. All persons are cautioned against manufacturing, vending or using other Stoves made in imitation of the American, as suits have been commenced for infringement of these patents, and all persons manufacturing, selling or using said imitation, will be liable for damages for infringement on these letters patent.
SHEAR, PACKARD & CO.,
17 and 19 Green St.,
Albany, N. Y.
The AMERICAN is for sale by
FLORY & BROTHER,
STROUDSBURG, PA.
June 14, 1866.—6m.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

O Saviour! hear a little child,
Who knows not how to pray;
On earth Thy face, so meek and mild,
Was never turned away.

The children gathered to Thy breast
Have found a blessed home,
Where, safe from every sin, they rest;
Oh, suffer me to come.

I ask Thee for a heart to try
To please Thee day by day,
The love to lead me back when I
From Thy commandments stray.

Do Thou, O Lord, my sins forgive,
The sins that wound Thee sore,
And teach me every day I live
To love Thee more and more.

A LOVE AFFAIR DOWN EAST.

SKETCHED ACCORDIN' TO NATURE.

I've heard folks say that the wimmin was contrary. Well, they is a little so; but if you manage 'em right—haul in here and let them out there—you can drive 'em along without a whip or spur, just which way you wish 'em to go.

When I lived down at Elton there was a good many first rate girls down there, but I didn't take a likin' to any of 'em till Squire Cummins cum down there to live. The squire had a mighty pretty darter.—I said some of the gals were first rate, but Nancy Cummins was fast rate and a little more. There was many dressed finer and looked grander, but there was something jump about Nancy, that they didn't hold a candle to. If a feller seed her once he couldn't look at another for a week. I took a likin' to her right off, and we got as thick as thieves. We used to go to the same meetin', and sit in the same pew. It took me to find sarms and hymns for her; and we'd swell 'em out in a manner shockin' to hardened sinners; and then we'd mosey hum together, while the gals and fellers kept a lookin' on us as though they'd like to mix in.—I'd always stay to supper; and the way she could make injun cakes, and the way I could slick 'em with molasses and put away, was nothin' to nobody. She was dreadful civil tew; and always gettin' somethin' nice for me. I was up to the hub in love, and was goin' for it like a locomotive. Well, things went on in this way for a spell, till she had me tight enough. Then she begun to show off, kinder independent like. When I'd go to meetin' there was no room in the pew; then she'd cum streak it off with another chap, and leave me suckin' my finger at the door. Instead of stickin' to me as she used to do, she got to cuttin' round with all the other fellers, just as if she cared nothin' about me no more—none whatever.

I got considerably riled—and I thought I mite as well cum to the end of it at once; so down I went to have it out with her. There was a hull grist of fellers there. They seemed mity quiet till I went in; then she got talkin' all manner of nonsense. Said nothin' to me, and darned little of that. I tried to keep my dander down, but it want any use—I kept mornin' about as if I had a pin in my trousers; I sweat as if I had been treshin'.—My collar hung down as if it had been hung over my stock to dry. I couldn't stand it; so I cleared out as quickly as I could, for I seed 'twas no use to say nothin' to her. I went straight to bed, and thought the matter over a spell. Thinks I, that gal is just tryin' to me; 'tain't no use of playin' possum; I'll take the kink out of her; if I don't fetch her out of that high grass, use me for sausage meat. I heard tell of a boy wunce that got to skewl late one mornin'; master sez: "You tanel sleepin' critter, what has kept you so late?"

"Why," says the boy, "it's so everlastin' slippery I couldn't get along, no-how; every step I took forward, I went two steps backward, and couldn't have got here at all, if I hadn't turned back to go 'tother way."

Now that's just my case. I have been putting after that gal a considerable time. Now, thinks I, I'll go 'tother way—she's been slittin' of me, and now I'll slit her. What's sars for the goose is sars for the gander.

Well, I went no more to Nancy's. The next Sunday I slicked up, and I dew say wen I got my fixins on, I shine clear off any specimen of human natur' in our parts. About meetin' time I put off to Mr. Elthum Dodge's. Patience Dodge was as nice a goll as you'd see twixt here and yonder, any more than she was a just like Nancy Cummins. Ephraim Mussey had used to go and see her; he was a clever feller, but he was dreadful jelus. Well, I went to meetin' with Patience, and set right afore Nancy. I didn't set my eyes on her till after meetin'; she had a feller with her who had a blazen red head, and legs like a pair of compasses; she had a face as long as a thanksgiving dinner. I know'd who she was thinkin' about, and it wasn't the chap with the red head, nuther. Well, I got to boein' Patience about a spell. Kept my eye on Nancy; seed the cat was jumpin'; she didn't cut about like she did and looked rather solemnly; she'd gin her tew eyes to kiss and make up. I kept it all up till I liked to have got into a muss about Patience. The critter thought I was goin' after her for good, and got as proud as a tame turkey.

One day Ephe cum down to our place lookin' as rathy as a milishy officer on training day.

"Look here," sez he, as loud as a

small clap of thunder, "Seth Stokes, I'll be darned—"

"Hollow!" sez I, "what's broke?"

"Why," sez he, "I cum down to hev satisfaction about Patience Dodge. Here I've been courtin' her ever since last year, and she was just as good as mine, till you cum to goin' arter her, and now I can't touch her with a forty-foot pole."

"Why," sez I, "what are you talkin' about! I aint got nothin' to do with your gal; but s'pose I had there's nothin' for you to get woolly about. If the gal has taken a likin' to me, 'tain't my fault; if I have takin' a likin' to her, 'tain't her fault; and if we have takin' to each other, 'tain't your fault; but I ain't so almighty taken with her, and you may get her for all me; so you hadn't ought to get savage about nothin'."

"Well," sez he, rather cooled down, "I'm the unluckiest thing in creation.—I went 'tother day to a place where was an old woman died of some disease, and they were sellin' out her things. Well, there was a thunderin' big chest of drawers, full of all truck; so I bought it, and thought I had made a speck, but when I cum to look at 'em there wasn't nothin' in it worth a cent, except an old silver thimble, and that was all rusted up; so I sold it for less than I gave for it. Well, when the chap that bought it took it hum, he heard somethin' rattle—broke the old chest, and found lots of gold in it in a false bottom I hadn't seen. Now, if I had tuk that chest hum, they'd all been counterfeited, and I'd been tuk up for passin' on 'em. Well, I-jest told Patience about it, and she called me a darned fool."

"Well," says I, "Ephe, that's hard; but never mind that—jest go on—you can file the rough edges off jest as you please."

That tickled him, it did; and away he went a little better pleased.

Now, thinks I, it's time to look after Nancy. Next day, down I went; Nancy was all alone; I axed her if the Squire was in. She said he warnt.

"Cause," sez I (makin' bleeve I wanted him), "our colt spavined his foot, and I cum to see if the Squire won't lend me his mare to go to town."

She sez she guessed he would—better sit down till he cum in—she looked queer all around the edges of her mouth. After awhile, sez I:

"Are you goin' down to Betsey Martin's quilting?"

Said she, "I don't know for sartin, are you goin'?"

Sed I, "reckon I will."

Sed she, "I s'pose you'll take Miss Patience Dodge?"

Sed I, "mout, and again mout not."

Sed she, "I heard you and her are goin' to git married."

Sed I, "should' wonder a bit—Patience is a mighty nice gal." I looked at Nancy. I seed the tears cemin'.

"Ses I, "may be she'll ax you to be the bridesmaid."

She riz up, she did, her face as red as a biled bet, "Seth Stokes!" sez she, and she couldn't say nothin' more—she was so mad.

"Won't you be the bridesmaid?" said I.

"No!" sez she, and she bursted rite out cryin'.

"Well, then," sez I, "if you won't be bridesmaid, will you be the bride?"

She looked up at me—I swan to man I never seed anythin' so awful poety! I took rite hold of her hand.

"Yes or no," sez I, "right off."

"Yes," sez she.

"That's your sort," sez I, and give her a buss and a hug.

I soon fixed matters with the Squire. We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, and I never had cause to repent my bargain.

Odd Way of "Raising the Wind."

The Charleston (S. C.) Courier, of a recent date, says:

THE PARSIMONIOUS CLERK.

"Weston," said Mr. Dayton, to one of his clerks, as they were alone in the spacious counting room, which was attached to a large store of which Mr. Dayton was proprietor, "give me leave to say that I do not think you dress sufficiently genteel to appear in a fashionable store."

A deep blush suffused the cheek of the young man, and in spite of his endeavors to repress it, a tear glistened in his full black eyes.

"Did I not know that your salary was quite sufficient to procure more genteel habiliments, I would increase it."

"My salary is amply large, sir," replied Weston, with a mortified air, but with that proud independence of feeling of which poverty had not been able to divest him.

"Oblige me, then, by changing your apparel, and presenting a different appearance in the future. You are wanted in the store." Weston turned and left his employer, who muttered to himself, as he took up his paper, "how I detest those parsimonious fellows."

Mr. Dayton was a man of immense wealth. He was a widower, and had but one child, a daughter, who was the pride of his declining years. She was as good as an angel, and as beautiful as good.—She was simple in her tastes and appearance. Such was Laura Dayton when Weston May first became an inmate of her father's house, and what wonder was it that he soon learned to love her with a deep and ardent affection. Though their tongues never gave utterance to what their hearts felt, yet the language of their eyes was too plain to be mistaken. Weston was the very soul of honor, and although he precieved with pleasure that he was not distasteful to her, still he felt he must conquer the passion which glowed in his heart.

"I must not win her heart," he said to himself. "I am penniless, and her father would never consent to our union."—Thus he reasoned, and thus he manfully endeavored to subdue what he considered an ill-fated passion. Laura had many suitors and some who were worthy of her, but she refused all their overtures with decision yet gentle firmness.

Her father wondered at her conduct but would not strive to alter her inclination. He was in the decline of life, and watched to see her happily settled ere he departed from this world. It was not long before he surmised that young Weston was the cause of her indifference to others. The pleasure which she took in hearing him praised, the blush which mantled her face when their eyes met, served to convince the old gentleman that they took more than common interest in each other. He forebore to make any remarks upon the subject, and was not so much displeas'd at the thought as Weston had imagined he would be.

Weston May had been three years in his employ. Mr. Dayton knew nothing of his family; but his strict integrity, good morals, and pleasing manner conspired to make him esteem him highly. He wished him to dress as well as others, and had often wondered at the scantiness of his wardrobe; for although Weston dressed with the most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost threadbare, which Mr. Dayton thought proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and accordingly addressed him upon the subject as before related. Soon after this conversation Mr. Dayton left home on business.

As he was riding through a pretty village he alighted at the door of a cottage and requested a drink of water. The mistress, with an ease and politeness which told that she had not always been the humble cottager, invited him to enter. He complied, and a scene of poverty and neatness met his gaze which he had never before witnessed. The furniture, consisting of nothing more than what was necessary, was so clean and neat that it cast an air of comfort all around. A venerable old man sat by the window with his staff in his hand. His clothes were whole, but so patched that they seemed a counterpart of Joseph's coat of many colors.

"This is your father, I presume," said he, addressing her.

"It is, sir."

"He seems quite aged."

"He is in his eighty-third year, and survived all his children but myself."

"Have you always resided here?"

"No, sir; my husband was once wealthy, but endorsing ruined him, and we are reduced to this state. He soon after died, and two of my children followed him."

"Have you any children living?"

"One, sir, who is my only support.—My own health is so feeble that I cannot do much, and father, blind and deaf, needs a good deal of attention. My son will not tell me how much his salary is, but I am sure he sends me all of it."

"Then he is not at home?"

"No, sir; he is a clerk in New York."

"Indeed! Pray what is his name?"

"Weston May."

"Weston May! Is it possible. Why he is my clerk. I left him in charge of my store only two weeks ago."

Explanation followed, and Mr. Dayton soon left, proposing to call some other time.

—here he fell into thinking, and by the time he reached home formed a plan which he determined to execute. How it terminated we shall see. Full of his new plan, he entered the breakfast room where Laura was awaiting his appearance.

"So Weston is going to England," said he, carelessly.

"Sir," said Laura, dropping her coffee cup, "going to England?"

"To be sure; what of it, my child?"

"Nothing—only—I—we shall be rather lonesome," replied she, vainly endeavoring to repress her tears.

"Come, come, Laura, tell me, do you love Weston? You never deceived me; don't do it now."

"He; well, I—I love him most sincerely."

"I thought so! I thought so," replied he, as he left the room.

"Weston," said he, as he entered his store, "you expect to go into the country shortly, do you?"

"Yes, sir, in about four weeks."

"If it would not be inconvenient, I wish you would defer it a few weeks longer," said Mr. Dayton.

"I will, sir, with pleasure, if it would oblige you."

"It would oblige me greatly, for Laura is to be married in about six weeks, and I wish you to attend the wedding."

"Laura married!" said Weston, starting, as if shot. "Laura married?"

"To be sure. What ails the boy?"

"Nothing, sir, only it was rather sudden and unexpected."

"It is rather sudden, but I am an old man and wish to see her have a protector before I die. I am glad you can stay to the wedding."

"Indeed, sir, I cannot stay," said Weston, forgetting what he had just said.

"You cannot! Why you just said that you would."

"Yes sir; but my business requires my presence, and I must go."

"But you said you would with pleasure."

"Command me in anything else, sir; but in this I cannot oblige."

"Weston, tell me frankly, do you love my girl?"

"I do, sir."

"Will you give me your mother for her? Mr. Dayton spoke earnestly.

"My mother! what do you know of her?"

Mr. Dayton repeated the incident already related, and in conclusion said:

"And now, my boy, I have written to your mother and offered myself, and she has accepted; what have you to say?"

"Then I am the happiest fellow on earth, and proud to call you father," replied Weston.

A few weeks after a double wedding took place at Mr. Dayton's mansion, and soon after a sign went over a certain store, bearing the inscription of "Dayton & Company."

Young men, you may learn from this that it is not fine clothes that would win for you the esteem of those around you.

A Long-Eared Scholar.

Mr. W. is one of the most popular artists and teachers of drawing. The other morning, while busily at work, he was interrupted by a rough looking customer.

"Be you Mr. W., the painter?"

"I am, sir."

"You teach cretters to draw, I believe."

"Yes sir," replied the artist, who fancied his visitor some wealthy old father; "do you wish your daughter to take a few lessons?"

"No sir, not my darter."

"Your son, perhaps."

"No, not my son, neither."

"Who then, sir? not yourself, I hope."

"No, not myself; but somebody a derved sight more difficult. A four-year old mule I bought 'tother day. Learn him to draw, and dern me if I don't out with the pewter, and give you the biggest hundred dollars you ever seed."

The countryman went down stairs with a hop, skip and jump, closely followed by an old pair of boots, a meerschaum pipe, and sundry other moveables.

The Presbytery of Newton met in the Church of Lower Mt. Bethel, on Tuesday, Oct. 2d. Rev. Gershom Goble was chosen Moderator, and Rev. Mr. Barrett, Clerk. Rev. G. C. Bush applied for and obtained a dissolution of the Pastoral relation between himself and the church of Hackettstown, and he was dismissed to the 2d Presbytery of Philadelphia. Rev. Mr. Reiley applied for a dissolution of the same relation between himself and the church of Blairstown, and admission to the Presbytery of Louisiana. The commissioners for the 1st church of Belvidere, obtained leave to prosecute the call recently made for Rev. David Tully, upon the Presbytery of Albany. Next stated meeting was appointed at Stroudsburg Pa.—Belvidere Intelligencer.

One hundred years ago there were in all America, only two Methodists, Philip Embury and Barbara Heck. They were the founders of Methodism in this country. In the lapse of a century what a change! There are now twenty bishops, seventeen thousand ministers, twenty-seven thousand local preachers, Sunday school teachers, etc., two million communicants, nineteen thousand churches, two hundred colleges and academies, and twenty book stores. These figures show to what a mighty power Methodism has grown in a hundred years.