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

C. B. KELLER,
DEALER IN
**Boots, Shoes, Leather,
AND FINDINGS,**
STROUDSBURG, PA.
March 28, 1867.

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. August 2, 1866.

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.]

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.

UNDER TAKING 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 taste in the country. Funerals attended at one hour's notice. J. H. McCARTY. May 17, 1866.-tf.

MT. VERNON HOTEL,
M. & T. P. WATSON, Proprietors,
No. 817 & 119 North SECOND Street,
(Between Arch and Race.)
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Close proximity to the business center of the city, excellent accommodations, and careful attention to the comfort and wants of guests are characteristics of the Mount Vernon. The House has been thoroughly renovated and new-furnished. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. October 11, 1866.-tf.

LOOK THIS WAY!
READ! READ!
Chas. Schaefer & Co.
FRENCH & GERMAN
STEAM DYING ESTABLISHMENT.
EASTON, PENN'A.
Will dye Woolen, Silk and Cotton Goods of Every Description, in any Color desired.
Orders can be left with H. S. WAGNER, STROUDSBURG, PA.
June 21, 1866.-1yr.

**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, Bells, Sashes, 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.

DRS. JACKSON & BIDLACK,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
Drs. JACKSON & BIDLACK, are prepared to attend promptly to all calls of a Professional character. Office—Opposite the Stroudsburg Bank.
April 25, 1867.-tf.

McCARTY is the only Furniture dealer in Stroudsburg who has a License to sell FURNITURE. (August 2, 1866.)

Brown & Keller,
DEALERS IN
**Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver
Ware, Plated Ware, Books,
Stationery, Wall Paper,
Notions, &c., &c.**

They have recently purchased "MELICK'S OLD STAND," and with increased facilities for business, and a determination to please, feel justified in asking the continued patronage of the old customers of this establishment. In constant communication with Importers in New York and Philadelphia, and in possession of peculiar advantages in this respect, they are prepared to sell CLOCKS, WATCHES & JEWELRY, of superior make and finish as well as also of cheaper character, at remarkably low rates.

They also keep constantly on hand the best quality of
Silver and Plated Ware, Tea Spoons, Castors, Spectacles, Razors, Pen-knives, Scissors, and all sorts of Cutlery; Toys of all kinds, Childrens Carriages, Bird cages, Fishing Tackle, Baskets, Guns and Pistols, Lamps of all kinds and Fixtures; Superior Sewing Machines, Clothes Wringers, School Books, Miscellaneous and Blank Books, Ledgers and Day Books, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, &c., &c.
Photograph Frames, Wall Paper, Window Shades, and Fruit Cans of every description.

Lamp Burners altered. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry attended to promptly and satisfactorily. Orders taken for Silver Ware and filled with dispatch.
Stroudsburg, May 19, 1864.-tf

NEW GOODS
AT
Greatly Reduced Prices!
I WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the public, that I have just made large additions to my already extensive stock and am now selling
DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,
&c., &c., lower than ever.
My shelves are loaded with
MUSLINS,
CALICOS,
DE LANES, and
GINGHAMS,
of the most celebrated makes, my charges for which will prove astonishing to customers. My stock of

Dress Goods
embracing nearly every variety of style, color and fabric is well worth the attention of the Ladies, while in
CLOTHS and CASSIMERES,
both plain and fancy, I can offer inducements to gentlemen which they cannot forgo without detriment to their finances. My stock of
SHAWLS, YANKEE NOTIONS,
&c., is also full, and is offered low. My assortment of
Coffees, Sugars, Molasses, and Syrups, is very complete, and as usual held at a very low figure.

I have lots of goods the names of which could hardly be compressed within the limits of an advertisement, all of which will be sold cheap.
Remember, the place to buy, with the best assurance of getting your money's worth is at
BRODHEAD'S
Cheap Store in Stroudsburg.
March 14, 1867.

A Thing of Beauty, &c.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS OPENED, in Dr. Walton's brick building, nearly opposite the Stroudsburg House (Marsh's), Main-street, Stroudsburg, Pa., a full line of
GREEN, DRIED and CANNED FRUITS,
comprising
ORANGES, LEMONS, APPLES, PEACHES, RAISONS, CURRANTS, PINE APPLES, FIGS, &c., &c.,
which he will dispose of at prices which will place them in the reach of all. He also designs keeping on sale, a full assortment of NUTS and CANDIES, and, in their season, a full line of
GARDEN VEGETABLES,
which he has made arrangements to receive daily from first hands, so as to secure the greatest desideratum—freshness. He respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.
A. C. JANSON.
Feb. 21, 1867.

PHOENIX DRUG STORE.
DREHER & BROTHER,
(Opposite the "Jeffersonian" Office.)
ELIZABETH-STREET,
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Dealers in
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, WINES and LIQUORS for medicinal purposes, **SASH, DOORS and BLINDS.**
All kinds of
Painting Materials,
Lamps and Lanterns
Burning and Lubricating Oils.
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded.
G. H. DREHER. E. B. DREHER.
October 4, 1866.

BLANK DEEDS
For sale at this Office

Ask me not to Drink.
Fair lady, ask me not to drink
A toast to thee to-night;
For broken vows and blasted hopes
Expose the demon's blight:
Put back the wine I dare not taste—
Put back the sparkling bowl;
For who hath quaffed a draught so deep,
And reached a blissful goal?
Oh! ask me not, there lies within
A poison deep and dire!
And every drop but serves the more
To fan the latent fire;
Each draught will quench my sense of guilt,
And blast youth's budding hope,
Each drop will sink me deeper still,
In moral night to grope.

Oh! press me not to touch the cup,
Within are glaring eyes,
And starving widows, hungry babes,
And freezing orphan's cries;
Whom the Gods destroy they first make drunk,
Then ask me not to drink;
Oh tempt me not, but spare my soul
From death's eternal brink.

I have three sisters mildly fair,
Like angels around my way;
Whose love is like the stars that shine
With undiminished ray;
They shall be doomed to see me fall,
A prey to maddening drink;
And sundered me the love that binds,
Or snapt the golden link!

Another sleeps where sadly waves
The willows in the vale;
And midnight whispers from the sky
Come on the sighing gale;
She passed away as summer's breath,
In life's incipient bloom;
Then tempt me not, I would not mar
Her slumbers in the tomb.

The Finest Speech Ever Made.
The Westminster Review pronounces Lincoln's Gettysburg speech as the finest that ever fell from human lips. In view of this fact, and it is now even more pertinent than it ever was, we make no apology for republishing it. We give it below:
"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived or dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are here to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.
"But in a large sense we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground.—The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor remember long what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Can any one Tell.
Can any one tell how men who absolutely cannot pay small bills, can always find plenty of money to buy liquor and treat when happening among friends?
Can any one tell how many men who dodge their washerwoman, and who are always behind with their landlord, can play billiards night and day, and are always ready for a game of poker or seven-up?
Can any one tell how it is that some men owe their butchers, owe for rent, for tailoring, shoes, etc., and yet have all that is nice—eat oysters nights, wear fine clothes and yet have all the delicacies of the season?
Can any one tell how men live and support their families who have no income and do not work, while others who are industrious and constantly employed almost starve?
Can any one tell how it is that a man who is too poor to pay a man four or five cents a week for a weekly newspaper, can spend ten cents a day for cigars to say nothing about drinks and tobacco?

If a Church is closed during the week, the air is unfit for respiration on the Sabbath. The edifice should be opened and thoroughly ventilated on Saturday. Air should likewise be let into it between the services on the Lord's day. When we consider how remiss sextons are in this matter, it is no wonder that the preacher's brain is dull, or that so many of his congregation sleep. The corrupt air impairs mental vigor and invites lethargy.
A man by the name of Bertsinger of Belleville, Ill., formerly Sergeant in the 12th Missouri Regiment, and lately in destitute circumstances, has fallen heir to a fortune of \$3,500,000. He had a sister who married a rich Englishman and moved to Cuba, where she died, and left her immense fortune to her brother.
A mare of Samuel Burbank, of Coventry, Vt., gave birth recently, it is said, to a colt with a human head.

THE TWO PARTINGS.

[The following is a tale from real life. The *National Baptist* from which it is copied states that the incidents can be verified at the office of a gentleman, at 530 Arch street, Philadelphia.—Ed.]

On a winter evening, many years ago, a fair young girl stood before the glass in her own pleasant little room, giving the last touches on her toilet.—That night was the first party of the season, and perhaps, Emma might be excused if she lingered a little longer than usual, smoothing once again her dark brown hair, and adjusting the soft folds of her beautiful dress.

"Come, Emma," called her mother at length; "I am afraid you forget that Mr. B. is waiting for you."
No; Emma had not forgotten, as the rosy blush that stole across her cheek testified. Her last thought as she stood smiling at her reflections in the glass had been: "This is the color which he likes, I am sure he will be pleased."

Quickly she hurried down stairs, and after playfully excusing her delay, while the flush deepened at Mr. B.'s evident admiration, turned to her mother saying, "I believe I am ready at last."
"Take good care of yourself, darling," said her mother, as she wrapped a warm shawl around the slender form, "and don't stay very late."

Their destination was soon reached, and as the young man moved through the brilliantly lighted room many a glance of admiration was cast at his companion, and more than one of his friends whispered, "James is a lucky fellow; 'I'd give a good deal to monopolize Miss Emma as he does.'"

The evening sped joyously on, and at its close, refreshments were handed around. Mr. B.—was standing a little apart from Emma, who was the centre of a laughing group of young girls, when the lady of the house with a smile, offered him a glass of wine.
"No, I thank you, I do not drink it," was the reply.
"Pshaw! what nonsense," she returned. "No one has refused it this evening, and I don't intend to allow you to be the first. Come, just take one glass; it can't hurt any one."
"I cannot do it," he answered gravely, "for I have determined never to taste a drop."

"Come here, Emma," called the lady, "I want you to coax this obstinate young man to take a glass of wine. I know he will not refuse you."
Emma took the glass in her little white hand and with a smile which few could have resisted, said, "Come James, you will just take this one glass?"
"No, Emma," he answered, with a powerful effort, "I have made up my mind, and you must not ask me to change it."

"Then you shall not accompany me home to-night, Mr. B.—," said Emma, with an angry flash of her dark eye, "now take your choice."
"I must bid you good-bye, then, Emma, if it comes to that," he said sorrowfully. "I would gladly do anything else for you, but that I cannot do." So saying he bowed and turned away.
"Never mind, Emma, I'll see you home," said a young man standing near, whose flushed face betokened that he had taken more than one glass.
"Let him go, the ill-natured fellow!" So saying he offered his arm which Emma accepted, and they moved off together. More than ten years had passed away. Mr. B.—was married and established in a prosperous business, and by degrees the incidents of his parting with Emma were almost forgotten.

One day a man with whom he was slightly acquainted came into his store, and asked for employment.
"I am afraid I can't give it to you, Norris," was the answer. "I make it a rule never to have any one in my employ who is intemperate."
"But I mean to stop all that, Mr. B.—," said the man earnestly. "I have made up mind to quit drinking entirely. It's rather hard not to give a man a chance when he wants to reform."
"Well," said Mr. B.—, partially relenting, "I will try you, come into the back part of the store, and I will give you some work."

A bundle was soon made up with which Norris departed. Several days elapsed, and the work not being returned, Mr. B.—sent to his residence to ask the reason.
Alas! it was the same old tale of sorrow. The husband and father had gone on a drinking frolic, leaving a sick wife and three starving children.
Mr. B.—'s generous heart prompted him to go to their relief at once. He entered the miserable dwelling, and found the sick woman lying in a room almost bare of furniture; while the children sitting on the floor by the bedside, were crying for bread. A few kind words, a promise of something to eat, soon dried up the tears; and hastening to the grocery he returned with an ample supply, which he broke among the famished children.

While he stood smiling at their delight the mother burst into tears and exclaimed, "O, Mr. B.—, can you forgive me?"
"What do you mean?" he asked in astonishment.
"Don't you remember Emma F.—? Don't you remember my offering you the wine at the party, and you refusing it?—God knows I wish I could forget it; but it seems as if it were burned on my heart in letters of fire."

It was some moments before Mr. B.— could realize that the miserable creature before him was indeed the bright, fascinating girl from whom he had parted so many years before.
"Poor Emma, how you must have suffered," he said compassionately.
"But do you forgive me?" she asked anxiously.
"Certainly, say no more about it. You must not stay in this wretched place. Is your mother living?"
"Yes, sir; in the country."
"Would you not like to go back to her with the children?"
"Yes, sir," she answered sadly; but I have no means."
"Do not trouble yourself," said Mr. B.—, "as soon as you are sufficiently recovered, I will take care of that part of the undertaking. Let me know if there is anything else I can do for you. No thanks," he added hastily, as the poor woman commenced a grateful acknowledgement; "good-bye."

This was the second parting.
Young Ladies, you who are accustomed to press your gentlemen friends to partake of wine, pause now, and ask yourself the question, whether you are prepared for the miserable fate of a DRUNKARD'S WIFE?

A Clear Case of Conscience.
We have lately heard a capital story connected with a prominent lawyer who has distinguished himself in the defence of criminals as well as in connection with other trials, having frequently through his skill aided the most hardened criminals to escape from justice. Some time ago while our friend was attending Court in an adjoining county, he was applied to by a singular specimen of humanity, charged with grand larceny, to defend him.—The lawyer very naturally inquired what crime he was accused of. The party accused replied that somebody had been mean enough to charge him with stealing one hundred and fifty dollars in bank notes, and had got him indicted.
"Are you guilty?" asked the lawyer.
"That's none of your business," replied the accused. "They say that it makes no difference with you whether a man is guilty or not, you will contrive to dig him out some way. So don't talk any more about guilt till you hear what the jury says."
"Well, what about the pay?" said the lawyer.
"You just hold on till the trial is over; give L. (the complainant) Jessie on the cross-examination, and the other fellow he has got to back him up, and you'll have no trouble about the pay."

The trial commenced, and proved to be a somewhat protracted and exciting one. The District Attorney proved that the money in question was composed of two \$20 bills on a certain bank, and the remainder all in \$10 bills, all of which were wrapped up in a piece of oil silk. The jury, after listening to the counsel in the case, and receiving the charge of the Judge, retired, and soon brought a verdict of not guilty. The accused, who was greatly elated with the result of the trial and the efforts of his counsel, invited the latter into one of the vacant jury rooms. As soon as they were alone he slapped his counsel on the shoulder, and exclaimed—
"Free as water, ain't I? What's the use of trying a man for stealing when you're around? Now I s'pose you want your pay?"
"Yes; have you got anything to pay with?" said the lawyer.
"Lend me your knife, and we'll see about that."
The lawyer, slightly startled at such a proposition, rather reluctantly complied.
The accused immediately commenced ripping and cutting away at the waist-band of his pantaloons, and soon produced the roll of bills, for the stealing of which he had just been tried, wrapped up in the identical piece of oil silk described by the witnesses for the prosecution, and throwing it down on the table before the astonished lawyer, exclaimed:—"There, take your pay out of that; I think there is enough there to pay you tolerably well."
"Why, you villain! you stole that money after all," said the lawyer. "Do you expect I can take any of that money?"
"Stole that money! Why, what are you talking about? Didn't them twelve men up stairs there just say I didn't steal it? What's the use of your trying to raise a question of conscience, after twelve respectable men have given their opinion upon the subject? Take your pay out of that and ask no questions. Don't be modest in taking; I got it easy enough, and you've worked hard enough for it."
Our informant did not state how much the lawyer took, but we presume the chap didn't have much change left after our friend had satisfied his conscience in the premises.
A man eloped with his step-mother from Connecticut a few weeks ago. The injured husband and father pursued the guilty couple as far as Pittsfield, Mass., but was persuaded to compromise the matter with his son, who paid him \$50 in exchange for his wife and mother, and an old silver watch to boot. The old man then returned home, and the son started westward with his amiable step-mother.
A jury to try John H. Surratt was finally obtained on Saturday last.

A Rattlesnake in the Howard Express Office.

On Monday morning last there was quite a commotion in the Howard Express office, opposite this office, on Third Street, in this Borough, caused by a large Rattlesnake, making his appearance in the midst of the clerks and attaches of the establishment.

It appears that a box was received at the office on the 4th inst., from Pittston Luzerne county, directed to S. O. Carl-lyon, Easton, way-billed as merchandise and marked "C. O. D." The box was not called for and no one about the establishment knowing any person by that name in Easton, it was allowed to remain in the office, until Monday morning, when it was remarked that rather an unpleasant odor came from the box. Mr. Higgins, the Agent at this place requested George Chamberlain, one of the drivers, to open the box and see what offensive matter it contained. Chamberlain at once turned the box over and stepped to the rear of the office to get a hatchet and when he returned he discovered his snakeship crawling on the floor, he having made his exit through a knot hole in the box, from which the knot had fallen when the box was turned over. The alarm was given and an indiscriminate stampede followed—some mounted the counter and others perched themselves on the top of boxes, out of the reach of the reptile. Mr. Higgins drew a revolver and commenced firing on the enemy; the second shot took effect and made the "varmint" feel uncomfortable, causing him to spring his rattles and show fight. About this time Mr. Chamberlain struck him with a heavy bar of iron, which knocked the life out of him and ended the fight. He was an ugly customer, being about four feet long and had seven rattles, which, according to snakesology, indicated his age to be nine years. The hole in the box was at once plugged up and the "package" removed from the office. The agent at Pittston was at once interrogated by telegraph, concerning the matter, who replied that the box contained ten large rattlesnakes, and were intended for "snake-chopper," who had contracted from them. The box was taken to the river in the afternoon and after giving it and its contents a good soaking, it was opened and the balance of the "Rattles," nine in number disposed of. If we were an express company we don't think we should care about carrying much of that kind of freight.—*Easton Sentinel.*

Nothing has Happened.

We have a friend in this city, (says the Lancaster (Pa.) Express,) who is very fond of telling a joke. He has quite a number of real good ones, none of which we believe, have never appeared in print. We give one of them below, and if it "takes" well, we may furnish others.—
The story runs:
Some years ago a farmer, living in a village bordering on Berks county, furnished one of his three sons with a sum of money and told him to go to the West and remain two years, at the end of which time he should return to Lancaster, stop at Schofield's, and one of them would be there to meet him. The young man started on his travels and at the end of the specified time he returned. It should be premised that telegraphs were not then in existence, the postal system was not so perfect as it is to-day, and literary attainments were not so general, hence no communication took place between the parties. He returned, however, as we said. His brother was there to meet him and they both proceeded homeward in a buggy. The wanderer after relating some of his adventures enquired whether anything had happened since he left home.
"No, not a single thing," said the other, "everything is just the same as when you left—except that the old crowd died."
"Indeed," said the wanderer, "and is the crowd dead—what killed him?"
"Why he ate too much meat when the matches died."
"Good gracious! are the matches dead—what killed them?"
"Well, you see when the house and barn burned down they overdid themselves in hauling water."
"Good gracious! are the house and barn burned down—how did it happen?"
"Well you see when daddy died, were carrying lights about and were careless."
"Good gracious! and is daddy dead—what was the matter with him?"
"Well, you see when our Sal ran away and got married against daddy's wishes, he just pined away and died."
"Good gracious!—so nothing has happened since I've been away?"
"No, everything is just the same."

An Ordinary License.

A neat little girl, apparently about nineteen says the Frederick Herald a few days ago entered the clerk's office, and removing her bonnet, inquired if Dr. Bradley was in. The doctor, who was present, promptly and politely responded in the affirmative.
"Are you," says the lady, "the gentleman we are to have for Governor?"
"Why, madam," said the doctor, with modest confusion; "there has been some talk on that subject."
"Then you are the very gentleman I want. Have you any licenses to dispose of?"
"Yes, madam; will you have a retailer's or an ordinary license?"
"An ordinary will do, doctor; I am only going to marry a little Dutchman."