

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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Advertisements of one square (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.

**GEORGE L. WALKER,**

**REAL ESTATE AGENT,**

A large number of Farms wanted.—  
Residence at John Kern's, Main street,  
Stroudsburg, Pa. [June 27, 1867.]

**C. B. KELLER,**

DEALER IN

**Boots, Shoes, Leather,  
AND FINDINGS,**  
STROUDSBURG, PA.  
March 28, 1867.

**J. L. WYCKOFF,**

WITH

**HUSZ & WULF,**  
COMMISSION DEALERS IN  
**Butter, Eggs, and Country  
Produce,**  
No. 250 Washington Street,  
Between Robinson & Murry streets,  
March 21, 1867—[y.] New-York.

**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.

For 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.—t.]

**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.—t.

**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 usual, 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.—t.

**MT. VERNON HOTEL,**

M. & T. P. WATSON, Proprietors,  
No. 117 & 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.—t.

**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, 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.

**DR. JACKSON & BIDLACK,**

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

**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.—t.

**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.

McCARTY is the only Furniture dealer in Stroudsburg who has a License to sell FURNITURE.

[August 2, 1866.]

**The Kind-Hearted Tanner.**

The following incident is so beautiful and touching, that it should be read to every household in the country. It develops the true, active principle of kindness. How many an erring mortal, making his first step in crime, might be redeemed by the exercise of the sublime trait in the character of the kind hearted Quaker:

William Savery, an eminent minister among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade. One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor, called John Smith. Next week that following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of this month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If proverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made this kind offer. When he read it his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of hides upon his shoulder. Without looking up, he said:

"I have brought these back, Mr. Savery, where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied; "then, perhaps, thou wilt come in, and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said:

"Neighbor Smith, I thought some good hot supper would be good for thee."

He turned his back towards her, and did not speak. After leaning against the fire-place in silence a few moments, he said in a choked voice:

"It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarreling. Since I began to go down hill everybody give me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you! but yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief!"

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret lies between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it's in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow, on good wages. The little boy can pick up stones. But eat a bit, now and drink some hot coffee; perhaps it will prevent thee from craving anything stronger to-night."

Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. After awhile he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night with the friendly words—

"Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me."

John entered into his employment the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest and steady man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

**A Westchester Cow.**

On last Saturday a party of gentlemen met by appointment in a field near Yonkers for the purpose of practicing at base ball. Having divested themselves of part of their clothing, the exercises were carried on for some time, when they adjourned by mutual consent to a spring near by, in order to refresh themselves with a drink of pure water. Before leaving the playground, however, the entire party carried their coats, etc., away—with the exception Mr. Alonzo Leonard. He did not think it necessary to take his superfluous clothing from the ground, as the party would return in a few moments. The moments, however, were extended into minutes, and a cow—evidently having a peculiar taste for dry goods—happening to pass that way, commenced by eating Mr. Leonard's neck tie, his cuffs and collar soon followed, and the animal was in the act of masticating his vest when the owner came to the ground.—This was rather an expensive mouthful, as one of the pockets contained about fifty dollars in United States currency. The party, after a smart run, managed to surround the beast, and by taking hold of a corner of the vest which protruded from the mouth of the cow, they succeeded in depriving her of the costly morsel. The vest was ruined, but the money was found intact, although completely saturated with saliva.

**A Young Minister Hugged.**

A most ludicrous scene transpired in a place not a thousand miles from any place, one might recently, which, though a little annoying to the parties immediately concerned, was yet so innocent and funny that we cannot refrain from giving the general outlines, suppressing names, of course.

Two sprightly and beautiful young ladies were visiting their cousin, another sprightly and beautiful young lady, who, like her guests, was at that happy age which turns everything into fun and merriment. If the truth were told, we fear that these three misses were just a little bit fast. They were found of practical jokes, and were continually playing all sorts of mad pranks with each other. All three occupied a room on the ground floor, and cuddled up together in one bed.

Two of the young ladies attended a party on the night in question, and did not get home until 12 o'clock at night. As it was late they concluded not to disturb the household, so they quietly stepped into their room through the low open window.

In about half an hour after they had left for the party a young Methodist minister called at the house where they were staying and craved for a night's lodging, which of course was cheerfully granted. As ministers always have the best of everything, the old lady put him to sleep in the best room, and the young lady (Fannie) who had not gone to the party was intrusted with the duty of sitting up for the absent ones and of informing them of the change of rooms.—She took up her post in the parlor, and as the night was sultry, sleep overcame her, and she departed on an excursion to the land of dreams.

We will now return to the young ladies who had gone into their room through the window. By the dim light of the moonbeams as they struggled through the curtains, the young ladies were enabled to deary the outline of Fannie (as they supposed) ensconced in the middle of the bed. They saw more, to wit—a pair of boots. The truth flashed upon them both at once. They saw it all.—Fannie had set them in the room to give a good scare. They put their heads together and determined to turn the tables on her. Silently they disrobed, and as stealthily as cats they took their positions on each side of the bed. At a given signal both jumped into bed, one on each side of the unconscious parson, laughing and screaming, "Oh, what a man, oh, what a man!" they gave the bewildered minister such a promiseous hugging and toning as few persons are able to brag of in the course of a lifetime.

The noise of this proceeding awoke the old lady, who was sleeping in an adjoining room. She comprehended the situation in a moment, and rushing to the room she opened the door and exclaimed: "My God, gals, it is a man; it is a man sure enough!"

There was one prolonged, consolidated scream; a flash of muslin through the door, and all was over.

The best of the joke is that the minister took the whole thing in earnest. He would listen to no apology the lady could make for the girls. He would hear no excuse, but he solemnly folded the clerical robes around him and silently stole away.

Query—Was he mad at the girls, or at the old woman?

**Two Sundays Every Week.**

The United States of America always was "the greatest nation in creation," as everybody who has listened to a Fourth of July oration well knows.—But since our annexation of the Russian possessions, we have taken one more step ahead. Other, and less happy, great and powerful nations have their peculiar points of view to boast. England brags that the sun never sets on her flag; France that her eagles have flown in every capital of Europe. But the United States can now boast of the most wonderful fact of all—a fact that no other nation can ever approach, and may not hope to rival. We have now in this happy Republic, two Sundays every week. As now may be seen by the following extract from Mr. Sumner's pamphlet of our new Russian purchase: "As the settlement of this coast came eastward from Russia, bringing with the Russia flag western time, the day is earlier by twenty-four hours with them than with us, so that their Sunday is our Saturday, and the other days of the week are in corresponding discord. This must be rectified according to the national meridian, so that there shall be the same Sunday for all, and the other days of the week shall be in corresponding harmony."

**Scare Me Again.**

A young gentleman, or an elderly one, we disremember which, after having paid his addresses to a lady for some time, popped the question; "the lady, in a frightened manner, exclaimed, "You scare me sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed: "Scare me again!" We did not learn how affairs turned out, but should think that it was pretty near his turn to be scared.

General McClellan will leave Europe for home on the 3d of November.

**The Beauties of Bible Language.**

If we need higher illustration not only of the power of natural objects to adorn language and gratify taste, but proof that here we find the highest conceivable beauty, we would appeal at once to the Bible. Those most opposed to its teachings have acknowledged the beauty of its language, and this is due mainly to the exquisite use of natural objects for illustration. It does indeed draw from every field. But when the emotional nature has to be appealed to, the reference was at once to natural objects, and throughout all its books, the stars, and flowers, and gems, are prominent as illustrations of the beauties of religion and the glories of the church.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

"The mountains and the hills break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree."

The power and beauties of the same objects appear in the Savior's teachings. The fig and the olive, the sparrow and the lily of the field, give peculiar force and beauty to the great truths they were used to illustrate.

The Bible throughout is remarkable in this respect. It is a collection of books written by authors far removed from each other in time, and place, and mental culture, but throughout the whole nature is exalted as a revelation of God. Its beauty and sublimity are appealed to, to arouse the emotions, to reach the moral and religious nature. This element of unity runs through all the books where references to nature can be made. One of the adaptations of the Bible to the nature of man is found in the sublime and perfect representation of the natural world, by which nature is ever made to proclaim the character and perfection of God. No language can be written that so perfectly sets forth the grand and terrible in nature, and its forces, as we hear when God answers Job out of the whirlwind.—No higher appreciation of the beautiful, and of God as the author of beauty, was ever expressed than when our Savior said of the lilies of the field, "I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these;" and then adds, "If God so clothe the grass of the field"—ascribing the element of beauty in every leaf and opening bud to the Creator's skill and power.—Prof. Chadbourne.

**Fruit as a Medicine.**

Ripe fruit is the medicine of nature. Nothing could be more wholesome for man or child; and although green fruit is, of course, almost as fatal as so much poison, the ripe is fully as thorough a health restorative and health preserver. Strawberries are a favorite with all classes and constitute a popular luxury. But who can compute the amount of general health promoted by this relish for strawberries? Who can imagine how many pills that relish throws out of the market? or, in other words, to what extent these pills prepared by Mother Nature, and sugar-coated, as it were, to render them more palatable, crowd out of use those prepared by the chemist and the apothecary?

Who can tell the number of disordered livers, deranged stomachs, and afflicted digestive apparatus generally, the grateful acid of that delicious fruit gradually restores to a sound condition, mocking at all the skill of the ablest physician, vindicating the simple laws of Hygeia by their radical action, and teaching us how often a panacea for some of the most painful of human maladies lies directly at our feet, and is condemned because it is so unassuming? After strawberries, we do homage especially to peaches and apples. They are the kind of drugs that cost comparatively little and do comparatively much, when the patient is not too far gone for the use of such pleasant medicaments.

We knew a person once who, believing himself in a decline, and having been completely worn out in patience by the experiments of his doctors determined to eat from four to six ripe apples every day and note the result. In three months he was well! We know of another who, without being afflicted with any particular disorder, was never in good health, and for twenty five years could scarcely be said to enjoy a single week's exemption from suffering. He then commenced the habit of drinking a glass of plain cider every morning, and for the next twenty-five years never had a single day's illness. Such remedies are simple enough!

**A Mother and Child Nearly Strangled by a Snake.**

Mrs. Richardson, near this town, missed her little boy yesterday, and went out in the garden to hunt him. To her horror, she saw the little fellow, eighteen months old, literally enveloped in the folds of a monster snake. She heroically seized the snake in hand and tore it loose.—No sooner was he loose, however, than he made for the mother, ferociously, and coiled himself about her person, attempting to strangle her as he did the boy.—She again disentangled herself from him, and killed him with an axe. The little child swelled up for several days, but has finally recovered. The snake is what is called the "blue racer," which does not bite, but strangles. It measured ten feet.—[Marion (Ohio) Mirror.]

**How We Act, and Not How We Look.**

"O Tommy, what a funny little woman! come and see!" cried Harry Wilde, as he stood at the window of his father's house in a pleasant English town. Tommy ran to the window and looked out, and laughed louder than his brother. It was indeed a funny sight to see. In the midst of a pelting rain, through mud and running water, there waddled along the queerest, quaintest little rolpolpy figure you can imagine. It was a dwarf woman, who though no taller than a child of seven or eight years, wore an enormous bonnet, and carried an overgrown umbrella. Her clothes were tucked up about her in a queer way, and altogether she was a very laugh-able little creature.

As she passed, she looked up, and such an odd face as she had! The nose was large and long, as though it had kept on growing after the other features gave out. Indeed it was so big that the eyes had got into a way of looking at it constantly, which did not improve their beauty.—The hair was bushy and a lively red, but the mouth was quite sweet and good humored, and the little crossed eyes had a merry, kindly twinkle in them.

"Well," said Harry, "if I was such an absurd-looking body as that, I wouldn't show myself. I'd hide by day, and only come out by night, like an owl; wouldn't you Tommy?"

"Yes," said the little boy, and then asked

"Did God make her Harry?"

"Why, yes; He made what there is of her, I suppose, but it wasn't worth while to go on with her?"

"I should like to know of what use such a poor wee thing be," said Harry, shrugging his shoulders.

"God knows," said Mrs. Wilde, "and He did not make her in rain."

The next day was Christmas. The rain was over, and it was clear and cold.

"Hurrah!" cried Harry from the window; "here's our wee bit woman again. Her hair is as fiery as ever. I wonder the rain didn't put it out. She might warm her hands in it, if it were not for carrying that big basket."

"Mrs. Wilde, reproving Harry for his thoughtless speech, looked out. The dwarf was trudging slowly along, bearing a heavy basket. The good lady was seized with a strong desire to know more about the strange little creature; so she hurried to her room, put on a bonnet and cloak, went out and followed after her, quietly. She had to go a long way before her curiosity was satisfied; but at last she saw the dwarf enter a miserable house, in the suburbs of the town. Mrs. Wilde stole up to a window, and ventured to look in.

She saw the dwarf surrounded by a crowd of shouting children, to whom she was giving Christmas cake, toys, and clothes from her basket. She saw her give food and medicine to a poor woman, who lay on a bed in a corner. She heard her say, "Have the coals come?" and the woman answered, "Yes, and the blankets; God bless you!" She saw her take up the baby, feed it, and play with it—so big a baby that Mrs. Wilde thought it ought to take turns in tending, with the good little dwarf.

Then the lady turned away in tears, and went home. When she had told Harry what she had seen, he blushed deeply, and Tommy said, "God knew better than brother what the funny woman was good for; didn't he?"

**What Is a "Tare."**

A father living near Cincinnati, was one evening teaching his little boy to recite his Sunday school lesson. It was from the fourteenth chapter of Matthew wherein is related the parable of the malicious individual who went about sowing tares, &c.

"What is a tare?" asked the anxious parent.

Johnny hesitated.

"Tell me, my son, what a tare is."

"You had 'em!" said Johnny, casting down his eyes and wriggling his feet.

"Had 'em!" and the astonished parent, opening his eyes rather wide, "why what do you mean, Johnny?"

"When you didn't come home for three days last week," said Johnny, "I heard mother tell Aunt Susan that you was off on a tare."

The Sunday school lesson was brought to an abrupt close, and Johnny, the cunning little rogue, was sent to bed.

**A Hymeneal Surprise.**

A curious incident happened a few days since in Schenectady. A lady, who has some property, and has been widely known as a handsome widow, after long living in single blessedness, yielded to the importunities of a lover, and consented to be led to the hymeneal altar. It was