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

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REAL ESTATE AGENT!
A large number of Farms wanted.—
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DEALER IN
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AND FINDINGS,**
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March 28, 1867.

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WITH
HUSZ & WULF,
COMMISSION DEALERS IN
**Butter, Eggs, and Country
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Between Robinson & Murry streets.
March 21, 1867-ly. New-York.

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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 percentage 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.

MT. VERNON HOTEL,
M. & T. P. WATSON, Proprietors.
No. 117 & 119 North SECOND Street,
(Between Arch and R-ces.)
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.

**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, 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.
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.

"DOWN HILL" A LIFE PICTURE.

Not long since, I had occasion to visit one of our courts, and while conversing with a legal friend, I heard the name of John Anderson called.

"There is a hard case," remarked my friend.
I looked upon the man in the prisoner's dock. He was standing up, and he pleaded guilty to the crime of theft. He was a tall man, but bent and infirm, though not old. His garb was torn, sparse and filthy; his face all bloated and bloodshot; his hair matted with dirt, and his bowed form quivering with delirium. Certainly I never saw a more pitiable object. Surely that man was not born a villain. I moved my place to obtain a fairer view of his face. He saw my movement and turned his head. He gazed upon me a single instant, and then, covering his face with his hands, he sank powerless into his seat.

"Good God!" I involuntarily ejaculated. "Wil—"
I had half spoken his name when he quickly raised his head, and cast upon me a look of such imploring agony that my tongue was tied at once. Then he covered his face again. I asked my legal companion if the prisoner had counsel. He said no. I then told him to do all in his power for the old fellow's benefit, and I would pay him. He promised, and I left. I could not remain and see the man tried. Tears came to my eyes as I gazed upon him, and it was not until I had gained the street and walked some distance that I could breathe freely.

John Anderson! Alas! he was ashamed to be known as his mother's son! That was not his name but you shall know him by no other. I shall now call him by the name that now stands upon the records of the court.

John Anderson was my school mate; and it was not many years ago—not over twenty—that we left our academy together, he to return to his home of wealth, and I to sit down in the dingy sanctum of a newspaper office for a few years, and then wander off across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and when I returned I found John a married man. His father was dead, and had left his only son a princely fortune.

"Ah C—," he said to me, as he met me at the railway station, "you shall see what a bird I have caged. My Ellen is a lark—a robin—a very princess of all birds that ever looked beautiful or sang sweetly."
He was enthusiastic, but not mistaken. I found his wife all that he had said, simply omitting the poetry. She was truly one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. And so good, too—so loving and so kind. Aye—she so loved John that she really loved all his friends. What a lucky fellow to find such a wife. And what a lucky woman to find such a husband as John Anderson was as handsome as she. Tall, straight, manly, high-browed, with rich chestnut curls, and a face as faultlessly noble and beautiful as ever artist copied. And he was good, too; and kind, generous and true.

I spent a week with them, and I was happy all the while. John's mother lived with them, a fine old lady as ever breathed, and making herself constant joy and pride in doating upon her "Darling Boy," as she always called him. I gave her an account of my adventures by sea and land in foreign climes, and she kissed me because I loved her "darling."
I did not see John again for four years. I reached his home in the evening. He was not in, but his wife and mother were there to receive me, and two curly-headed boys were at play about Ellen's chair. I knew at once that they were my friend's children. Everything seemed pleasant until the little ones were abed and asleep, and then I could see that Ellen became troubled. She tried to hide it, but a face so used to the sunshine of smiles, could not wear a cloud concealed.

At length John came. His face was flushed and his eyes looked inflamed. He grasped my hand with a happy laugh—called me "Old Fellow," "Old Dog,"—said I must come and live with him, and many other extravagant things. His wife tried to hide her tears, while his mother shook her head and said—
"He'll sow these wild oats soon. My darling never can be a bad man."
"God grant it!" I thought to myself; and I knew the same prayer was upon Ellen's lips.

It was late when we retired, and we might not have done so even then had not John fallen asleep in the chair.
On the following morning I walked out with my friend. I told him I was sorry to see him as I saw him the night before.
"Oh," said he with a laugh, "that was nothing. Only a little wine party. We had a glorious time. I wish you had been there."
At first I thought I would say no more; but as it was not my duty? I knew his nature better than he knew it himself. His appetites and pleasures blinded his own vision. I knew how kind and generous he was—alas! too kind—too generous!

"John, could you have seen Ellen's face last evening you would have trembled. Can you make her unhappy?" He stopped me with—
"Don't be a fool! Why should she be so unhappy?"
"Because she fears you are going down hill," I told him.
"Did she say so?" he asked with a flushed face.

"No—I read it in her looks."
"Perhaps a reflection of your own thoughts," he suggested.

"I surely thought so when you came home," I replied.

"Never can I forget the look he gave me then, so full of reproof, of surprise, and of pain."
"C—, I forgive you, for I know you to be my friend; but never speak to me again like that. I going down? You know me better. That can never be. I know my own wants. My mother knows me better than Ellen does."

Ah, had that mother been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that the "wild oats which her son was sowing would grow up and ripen, only to furnish seed for re-sowing? But she loved him—loved him almost too well—or I should say—too blindly.

But I could say no more. I only prayed that God would guard him; and then we conversed upon other subjects. I could spend but only one day with him, but we promised to correspond often.

I had finished my meal, and was lounging in front of the hotel, when I saw a funeral procession winding into a distant church-yard. I asked the landlord whose funeral it was.

"Mrs. Anderson's," he said, and as he spoke, I noticed a slight drooping of the head, as though it cut him to say so.

"What—John Anderson's wife?"
"No," he replied. "It is his mother," and as he said this he trudged away; but a gentleman who stood near, and overheard the conversation, at once took up the theme:

"Our host don't seem inclined to converse upon the subject," he remarked, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Did you ever know John Anderson?"

"He was my school-mate in boyhood, and my bosom friend in youth," I told him.

He led me to one side, and spoke as follows:
"Poor John! He was the pride of this town six years ago. This man opened his hotel at that time and sought custom by giving wine suppers. John was present at most of them—the gayest of the party. In fact, he paid for nearly every one of them."
Then he began to go down hill! And he has been going down ever since. At times true friends have prevailed upon him to stop; but his steps were of short duration. A short season of sunshine would gleam upon his home, and then the night came, more dark and drear than before. He said he would never get drunk again; yet he would take a glass of wine with a friend! That glass of wine was but the gate that let in the flood. Six years ago he was worth sixty thousand dollars. Yesterday he borrowed fifty dollars to pay his mother's funeral expenses! The poor mother bore up as long as she could. She saw her son—her "Darling Boy," she always called him, brought home drunk many times, and she even bore blows from him! But she's at rest now! Her "Darling" wore her life away, and brought her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave! Oh! I hope this may reform him!"

"But his wife?" I asked.

"Her heavenly love has held her up thus far, but she is only a shadow of the wife that blessed his home six years ago."

My informant was deeply affected, and so was I, and I asked him no more.

During the remainder of the afternoon I debated with myself whether to call upon John at all. But finally I resolved to go, though I waited till after tea. I found John and his wife alone. They had both been weeping, though I could see at a glance that Ellen's face was beaming with love and hope. But oh! his was changed—sadly, painfully so—They were glad to see me, and my hand was shaken warmly.

"Dear C—, don't say a word of the past," John urged taking my hand a second time. "I know you spoke the truth to me five years ago. I was going down hill! But I've gone as far as I can, I stop here at the foot. Every thing is gone but my wife. I have sworn, and my oath shall be kept. Ellen and I are going to be happy now."

The poor fellow burst into tears here. His wife followed suit; and I kept them company. I could not help crying like a child. My God, what a sight! The once noble, true man so fallen—become a mere broken glass, the last fragment only reflecting the image it once bore! A poor suppliant at the foot of Hope, begging a grain of warmth for the hearts of himself and wife! And how I had honored and loved that man—and how I loved him still! Oh! I hoped—aye, more than hoped—I believed—he would be saved. And as I gazed upon that wife—so trusting, so loving, so true, and so hopeful still, even in the midst of living death—I prayed more fervently than I ever prayed before that God would hold him up—lead him back to the top of the hill.

In the morning I saw the children—grown to two intelligent boys now—and though they looked pale and wan, yet they smiled and seemed happy when their father kissed them. When I went away John took me by the hand, and the last words he said, were—
"Trust me. Believe me now. I will be a man, henceforth while life lasts."

A little over two years more had passed when I read in a newspaper the death of Ellen Anderson. I started for the town

where they lived, as soon as possible, for I might help some one. A fearful presentiment had possessed my mind.

I stopped at the stately house where they had dwelt, but strangers occupied it.

"Where is John Anderson?" I asked.
"Don't know, I am sure. He's been gone these three months. His wife died in the mad-house last week."
"And the children?"
"Oh! they both died before she did."

I staggered back and hurried from the place. I hardly knew which way I went, but instinct led me to the church yard. I found four graves which had been made in three years. The mother, wife and two children slept in them.

"And what has done this?" I asked myself. And a voice answered from the lowly sleeping places—
"THE DEMON OF THE WINE TABLE!"

But this was not all the work. No, no. The next I saw—O, God! it was more terrible! I saw in the city court-room. But that was not the last—not the last!

I saw my legal friend on the day following the trial. He said John Anderson was in prison. I hastened to see him. The turnkey conducted me to his cell—the key turned in the huge lock—the ponderous door swung with a sharp creak upon its hinges—and I saw a dead body suspended by the neck from a grating of the window! I looked at the horrible face—I could see nothing of John Anderson there—but the face I had seen in the court-room was sufficient to connect the two; and I knew that this was all that was left on earth of him whom I had loved so well!

And this was the last of the Demon's work, the last act in the terrible drama! Ah—from the first sparkle of the red wine it had been down—down—down—until the foot of the hill had been finally reached.

When I turned away from the cell, and once more walked amid the flashing saloons and revel-halls, I wished that my voice had power to thunder the life-story of which I had been a witness into the ears of all living men.

Sensible.

At a social party one evening I met a fair young friend, scarcely eighteen, from one of the best seminaries in the State. In the course of the evening we chanced to be together with two or three newly married ladies—mutual friends, who playfully rallied my friend of the seminary respecting a beau.

"I have none," she replied.
"Honestly?" asked one.

"Yes, honestly, and I do not wish or intend to receive particular attention from any gentleman until I leave school."

"Why not?" I asked demurely.

"I will tell you," she answered, turning to me with great seriousness. "I think it diverts one's attention from lessons, to be thinking of, and writing to a special friend. The poorest scholars in school, each year, have been those girls who were 'engaged.' They were all the time thinking and talking of, and writing to, their gentlemen, and as a consequence their lessons were never learned, and they took very little interest in school exercises. Of course they are minus of much they ought to know. I cannot help thinking that a girl needs a great deal of knowledge, in order to read character correctly, so that she may judge wisely in so important a matter as matrimony."

"Ah! I guess she is opposed to marrying," laughed one.

"Not at all. I hope to have an excellent husband some day, and I want to know enough to be an excellent wife, too. Time enough for me a year or two hence. My education is the business in hand now."

Sensible girl! School days are indeed too precious, too important, to be trifled away in vain thoughts of vain men.—E. C. Stevens.

Seasonable Hints.

The oil of pennyroyal will keep mosquitoes out of a room, if scattered about even in small quantities. Roaches are exterminated by scattering a handful of fresh cucumber parings about the house. No fly will light on the window which has been washed with water in which a little garlic has been boiled.

The great tabernacle of the saints at Salt Lake city is now finished. It is two hundred and fifty feet wide, and furnishes comfortable sitting room for ten thousand persons.

To Remove Paint Marks from Dresses.
Soften it with any kind of grease, and then apply spirits of turpentine or ammonia to remove the mark made with the grease.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has said that more public men of eminence started from the business of type setting than probably from any other occupation.

Twelve old ladies met at a tea-party, in Palmyra, the other day. Their aggregate age was 895 years; the average, 71.—The oldest was 93.

From the assessment rolls of the city of New York for the year 1867 it appears that the value of the taxable estate for the city and county is \$831,836,513.

The centre of the United States has been fixed at Columbus, Nebraska, ninety-seven miles west of Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith's Headaches—A Lesson for Somebody.

"Such a headache as I have!" groaned Smith, as he entered the breakfast-room with his hair rumpled, his chest collapsed, and his back rounded out in the shape of the latter C. "Such a headache!"

"Perhaps it was the cake you ate before going to bed," remarked his wife, as she poured the coffee.

"Cake? there's nothing more wholesome than cake before going to bed, especially plum-cake," answered Smith, dropping into a chair.

Mrs. Smith, feeling indisposed at that mattitudinal hour for an argument, assented.

"Try a little tea," suggested she.

"Tea! an old maid's remedy; no tea for me."
"Well, coffee."
"I don't think I want anything," groaned Smith.

"Oh, dear! I'm going to have a day of it!"

Mrs. Smith had it on her tongue's end to say:

"Well, that is the usual result of a night of it," but she closed her teeth and bit off the exasperating and truthful rejoinder.

"Isn't this room awful hot?" asked Smith, opening six doors, without waiting for her reply, which, if uttered, would have been that she was shivering with the draughts.

Then seating himself at the table: "I think I will have tea, Mrs. Smith; it will be sure to upset or cure me, it don't matter which," he adds, with a despairing groan; "and I may as well eat a piece of beefsteak, while I'm about it—in for a pound; oh dear!"

"I think I'll come and sit in your room, Mary," said Smith to his wife after the tea and breakfast had gone down.

"It looks nice and pleasant here, and I like to stay with you when I have the headache."

Mary turned her back, that he need not see the smile lurking round her mouth at the conclusion of his sentence, and brought a pillow to the sofa for his disorganized head.

"Not that—not that; it will only heat my head, oh dear! Mary, (solemnly) do you know I think I made a mistake in eating that beefsteak?"

Mary, with a heroism which should place her name in "Fox's of Martyrs," did not reply:

"I knew it at the time, Smith, and my only chance of preventing you from eating was to refrain from asking you to eat; so I didn't say so."

"Mary," said Smith, as she seated herself to sewing, "Don't you think I should feel better if I had a jug of boiling water at my feet?"

"Perhaps you would," said Mary, dropping her spools and thimble and buttons on the floor to hunt up the jug and hot water herself, for Smith had the opinion that a wife should attend personally to these things, although three great servants might sit sucking their thumbs in the kitchen and cooking their heels on the range.

"Perhaps you would?"
"Mary," asked Smith, after this arrangement was carried out, "don't you think this bottle might be pushed a little closer? I don't feel it, except on one foot."

"Yes," said Mary, dropping her work once more.

"Is that right?"
"Oh, yes," answered Smith, rolling his left eye in ecstasy, as the heat penetrated the soles of his feet; "how nice it is to have you round when I am sick."

The same funny look came again round the corners of Mary's mouth, but Smith, bless his obtuse soul, didn't see it.

"Mary," said Smith, "I think I could go to sleep now if you would close those curtains and things, and carry that d-d bird down stairs, and shut out the light."

"Yes," said Mary, "and I'll take my sewing in the next room."

"Do," said Smith.

And gathering up her work basket and Smith's pauts, that had several vital buttons missing, and which he wished replaced, Mary departed.

"Mary," said Smith, suddenly appearing at the door of the room where she had seated herself with his hair rampant, and blanket shawl sticking to his back, "it's no use. I don't feel a bit better. I'm sure I don't know what to do. Do you really think it was the cake?"

Mary's patience was waning. "I know it, John—it always makes you sick.—Don't you recollect I asked you not to eat it at the time?"

"Well, all I can say is," said Smith, "I don't believe it. Oh dear, where are the morning papers?"

That was another way of asking Mary to read them to him, which she did, and without saying, as Smith did on similar occasions:

"Oh, there's nothing in the papers this morning but the same old tariff discussions; in fact, they are quite dull—here they are—perhaps you can pick out something for yourself."

Blessed be the Lord! At twelve, Smith sank into arms of Morpheus, and slept till three; but alas! waking, begged for his wife and a washbowl. Both were forthcoming, as also the expected result. The rest of the day, till dark, the blinds were opened and shut; the bottle of hot water on and off duty, and Mrs. Smith stayed by to see him be sick. About seven in the evening he despairingly signified his wish to retire, adding:

"I suppose, of course, you don't feel sleepy at all?"

"No," said Mary, looking from the window at a lovely moon that was just rising, "No, not very."

"Well," said Smith; "don't come, if you don't want to, but I can't sit up any longer, and I have an idea I shall get to sleep."

So Mary went to bed with her bearded baby.

A week had elapsed, Smith was in good health and spirits. He could smoke. The world wasn't a charnel house, after all. Mary was flat on her back with a nervous headache.

"Sick?" asked Smith.

"Shocking pain in my temples," said Mary.

"What a pity?" answered Smith, paring his nails at the window, without turning his head. "It's going to be such a lovely day—quite like spring. Have you the least idea where my gray pants are?"

"No," said Mary, faintly, feeling for the pillows, "I think in the closet."

"So—strange," said Smith, "about those gray pants; I don't think they've worn very well—do you? And do you know, Mary, about the milk bill, whether it is right or not? And by the way, did my shoes come home last night? and has that man been to fix the front door?"

"My head aches so bad," said Mary, "that I can't remember anything. Biddy will tell you."

"Well, I'm sorry for you," said Smith, tying his cravat at the glass. The very best thing for you is to keep quiet, and I'll take myself out the way. Sleep is the thing for you." So Smith put on his heaviest pair of boots, and went all over the house, and let the door bang, and whistled the "Stars and Stripes," and ate his breakfast, and then came up to her to discuss the respective claims of pork and beef and chicken for that day's dinner, closing by another recommendation to keep quiet and not bother herself about anything.

"No better?" asked Smith, reproachfully, at six o'clock that evening; "no better? I thought you'd be well, certainly, this time, after a day's quiet."—Quiet? She had had the whole kitchen retinue after her all day, asking more questions than there are in the assembly's catechism; and the front door bell ringing as if by order of the fire department; but she had said nothing at all about that; if she had, Smith would have replied with that lordly wave of his hand with which men dispose of such matters; "You shouldn't allow such trifles to trouble you."

"No better, then?" Smith inquired, as if in gratitude to him he raly deserved a modification of his former reply—"no better? Well, sleep, after all, is the best thing; and, as I can't do anything for you, I think it is such a lovely night that I will stroll out awhile. There, there," patting the end of the blanket "go to sleep now." And close upon his retiring heels she heard the thundering bang of the front door.

After divers and many comparisons between male and female headaches, and the seeming incongruity in the male mind of the same course of treatment for both, Mrs. Smith fell asleep, to be woken about twelve by Smith, who thumped up stairs in his boots, made a raid after the cork-screw in the closet, and a particular tumbler of a particular shape, he wanted in connection with it; and advised her again as to the efficiency of sleep, in cases of female headache; then filled the house with the nauseating fumes of tobacco, at an hour when it was impossible to air it.

Then—Smith went to bed, and slept the sleep of the just, with not a glimmering of an idea that he was not the unselfish and lovingest of husbands. Indeed, had his wife questioned it, he would have pointed her to that column in the daily papers where accounts are given of husbands who make it a practice to crack their wives' skulls once a week; and placing his arms akimbo with a stern look, would have asked her with his nose close to her face:

"What if she had such a husband as that?"

This World Cannot Satisfy.

Prince Talleyrand, who had served fifty years as a great diplomatist, in France, under five different governments, at nearly all the courts of Europe, a few years before he died made this melancholy confession. He wrote it by the lamp on his table in the chamber of his palace in the city of Paris, and it was read when he expired:

"Eighty three years of life are now past—filled with what anxieties, what agonizations, what vanities, what troubled perplexities! and all this with no other result than great fatigue, physical and moral, a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future and of disgust for the past"—thus proving that this world, with its pleasures, its honors, and its gains, can never fill up the heart of man. This the "life of God in the soul of man" alone can accomplish.

Quite a number of persons out West have lost large sums of money by holding their wheat after it had reached very high figures. One man in Washington lost three thousand dollars on five thousand bushels.

There now remain undisposed of 1,455, 168,000 acres of United States public lands.