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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. [Oct. 17, 1867.]

DR. D. D. SMITH,
Surgeon Dentist,
Office on Main Street, opposite Judge Stokes' residence, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Teeth extracted without pain. August 1, 1867.

C. W. SEIP, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Has removed his office and residence to the building, lately occupied by Wm. Davis, Esq., on Main street. Devoting all his time to his profession he will be prepared to answer all calls, either day or night, when not professionally engaged, with promptness.
Charges reasonable. [Oct. 11, 1867.]

DR. A. H. SEEM,
DENTIST,
WILL be pleased to see all who wish to have their dentistry done in a proper and careful manner, beautiful sets of artificial teeth made on Gold, Silver, or Rubber Plates as persons may desire. Teeth carefully extracted without pain, if desired. The public are invited to give him a call at the office formerly occupied by Dr. Seip, next door to the Indian Queen Hotel. All work warranted. [April 25, '67.]

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.]

MT. VERNON HOTEL,
M. & T. P. WATSON, Proprietors,
No. 117 & 119 NORTH SECOND STREET,
(Between Arch and Rice),
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.

WERT JUST ENOL DO IHR LIEBE LEIT!
A NEW FIRM
IN
STROUDSBURG, PA.,

PARTNERSHIP DISSOLUTION.
A DRUG STORE,
AND

A New and Cheap Stock of Goods.
PETER S. WILLIAMS, of the firm of DETRICK & WILLIAMS, having sold out his entire interest in said firm, the business will hereafter be carried on by

C. S. DETRICK & CO.,
at the old Stand as heretofore, a few doors below the Stroudsburg Bank.
Their Stock consists of a large and varied assortment of
Drugs, Medicines, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Paints, Oils, Glass, Window Sash, Blinds, Doors, Varnishes and Brushes of all kinds.
Call and be convinced.
Mr. PETER S. WILLIAMS, Jeweler and former Partner of the firm, has been engaged by the new business firm, Charles S. Detrick & Co., to superintend the Clock, Watch and Jewelry Business.

BRANCH STORE
IN
East Stroudsburg, Pa.,

For the convenience of the inhabitants of East Stroudsburg and vicinity, the firm have also opened a Branch Store near the Depot, where everything in their line of business, together with **BOOTS & SHOES, NOTIONS, &c.**, will at all times be found in full assortment, for inspection and purchase by customers. They have also on hand a fine stock of
PURE WINES & LIQUORS,
of the very best brands, which they offer to Hotel keepers and others, at prices unusually reasonable. Drop in and see.
C. S. DETRICK. S. S. DETRICK.
July 25, 1867.

STORE PROPERTY FOR SALE
In Stroudsburg.

THE House contains 7 Rooms, besides Store-room, Cellar and Buttery. Lot 52 by 95 feet, with Stable on rear end. For further particulars, address Wm. M. JAMES, Stroudsburg, Pa., or call at the premises, on Centre Street, first door from Main Street.
A small select stock will be disposed of with the property if desired.
Stroudsburg, Sept. 12, 1867.

BLANK LEASES
For Sale at this Office.

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.

CHARLES B. KELLER,
BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.
The subscriber's Store is on Main Street, a few doors above the Stroudsburg House (Marsh's), and is by all odds the most extensive concern this side of Philadelphia.
I have on sale in all their most fashionable varieties:
1st.—LADIES' & MISSES' BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &c.
2nd.—MEN'S & BOYS' BOOTS, SHOES and BROGANS.
3rd.—LEATHERS, BINDINGS and LININGS.
4th.—FINDINGS in full assortment.
5th.—BOOT TREES, LASTS and SHOE-MAKERS' TOOLS in endless variety.
And these things I am determined to sell at prices to suit customers. Call, examine goods and learn prices before purchasing elsewhere, and you will not regret it.
[Se. 12.] C. B. KELLER.

For the Jeffersonian.
The Broken Troth Plight.

It was the golden sunlight of an October evening, when the rich foliage mingled their dyes with the dappled clouds overhead. The clustering vintage drooped in mellowness from the overladen branch, and the perfumes of autumn yet lingered in the valleys. Evening set in with that sullen brightness of oriental climes. The sun pillowed amidst clouds, burned over the green summits of the Alleghanies, and purpled the distant valleys with the dim atmospheric haze which mixes the night with the day. It was the hour of beauty. Nature seemed fatigued after the long and burning summer, and now, after her travail, sought rest in the grey and melancholy October. Twilight deepened round the mountain and clothed the forest with the gloom of night.

A young man paced the garden at some distance from a beautiful and finely erected mansion, situated in the valley of Osmond, some miles from the great metropolis of Ohio. He appeared to be a professional man. Very young, tall, and fashionably attired. His countenance was pale, indicating much study, and the twitching of his mouth betrayed a fixity, and sternness of purpose, which at the present might be considered spasmodic. His handsome face at intervals was illuminated with a smile; there was a delicate softness in his manner, allowing him to be accounted aristocratic, and his restless dark-brown eyes shone with fire and intellect.

He paused frequently in his walk and looked around, evidently awaiting the approach of some one. Presently there was a rustling among the shrubbery; a delicate hand parted the undergrowth which impeded the path, and a young girl emerged from the brushwood. "Ellen." "William."

There was silence. A mutual and innate susceptibility made them one. Taking the trembling hand in his, William Everitt looked fondly into Ellen's face, and composing himself somewhat, said almost inaudibly:—"Ellen, you have come as I have desired—come to bid me farewell, and a sad one it will be to me. Your love has always been my safeguard here, but when I am far away I will be exposed to every trial. Since first we met, a resolution fastened upon my mind of one day securing your hand; but hope deferred has given me the courage to resist the fulfillment of my dreams. Hitherto our happiness has been more than the common aspirations of friendship; it was love, as pure as the moonlight over our heads, or the star which heralds the morning. But, as you know, this home is not suited to my ambition. My profession calls me abroad, and, though far away, my heart shall ever cherish the name of my dear Ellen."

Ellen's head rested on his bosom, till at the conclusion of his words, she lifted her eyes to his face and gazed sorrowfully. "William." Her tones were low and melancholy; tears filled her eyes, and mastering her emotion said plaintively:—"Stay, dearest, at home; let the world

distribute her honors as she will, but you can never possess a property at her hands richer than my poor heart. You can find honor at home far more realizing than the changing and perilous pursuits which beset ambition abroad. Tell me not of bygone happiness, it is a mockery to my sufferings: the fulfillment of your promise would be joy indeed, but cold and miserable are the memories of the soul when awakened to a deluded hope. Give me but one slender and hopeful joy to rest upon while awaiting your return, and I will sit solitary as the night bird till I behold your face again. Oh William, do remain! The Vale of Osmond will be lonely when no more your flag-lette sounds the chorus of the breeze; the streams dim in their sunny glory, and the surrounding hills turn grey, when not enlivened by your pencil. All will be drear indeed, and your injured Ellen shall ramble lonely through the haunts of her absent William."

The fair head rested on his bosom again, and there was silence. William willing to see her composed, allowed her to weep on in silence. Occasionally he pressed the tiny hand in his, and looked down in sorrow upon her pale face. The silent transport of conflicting hearts, painful although it is, repays, or compensates for the struggle. It is the pain of joy, deep, reverential and submissive. The trials of separation, or the pang of absence, is lightened by the dreams of contemplated meeting. We never realize the real nature of our feelings, or our love, till we lose the object, and then fully awakened to a sense of our loss, we regret the separation and weep over departed joys. Ideas, generally, are of momentary duration. To separate is to lose, and no departure is left unregretted.

William Everitt felt that regret now. Raising her tenderly from her reclining posture he again essayed to speak. There was an unobtainable purpose at his heart, and he said with suffering tones:—"Ellen, this must not be; however trying the division of our hearts, it is necessary that it must be so. God will support us under our sorrow till again I return with honor to claim you openly as my wife. It is incumbent on both of us that we withhold our private meetings. While I linger here watching and loving you I can find no rest. There is a chasm between us, the approach to which is dangerous, calculated to blast our undertakings at the beginning. Should I remain, this misery of secret love will continue, and, finally, the ties that bind us reciprocally together may be severed by cruelty and scorn."

"No," said Ellen emphatically, "no, William: there is that in my heart which neither cruelty can eradicate nor scorn suppress. It is already incorporated with my existence. Your going far away may break my heart, but never can blot out the memory of your name. It is written in characters of fire, deep, unerasable and impressive. When I die my love will be buried with me; but until then it is wholly yours, and when we meet again in heaven it shall live with eternal enjoyment and immortal lustre."

And again Ellen wiped her eyes and strove to read his inmost thoughts, but nothing but melancholy and sorrow could she decipher. A wavering and uneasy expression was in his face, yet there was truth and earnestness visible. For a time she waited for him to speak; but he remained in silence, his thoughts evidently wandering, and finding him absorbed she continued:—"Your going away, William, is cruel. Cannot you remain where there is love and fame to reward you? Your tempted ambition may lead you to forget me, but remember that while you leave me desolate, my heart shall sustain itself by the remembrance of your face: that while you traverse the world there will be one who awaits your return with joy, and weeps by midnight for your success and triumph. With none to commune with I will keep my vigils till again your return awakens gratitude in my bosom, and until we shall receive the cup of blessing for that of pain and sorrow."

William Everitt stooped low and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The resolution was now fixed—his happiness completed. With a love, pure and celestial in his keeping, he would be able to face the encounters of the world, and return with pride to make her his wife.—"Once more he pressed the tiny hand and said in tender and decisive tones:—"With your approval, Ellen, I will depart, but it will not be long till you receive me back again. Time, however long, cannot extinguish our pulse of affection nor suppress the desire of again joining you for ever. No, I will come to you soon, and then, dearest!"

He said no more, for Ellen's tears flowed faster, and she yielded to the embrace of his arms. They mutually disengaged themselves, and William Everitt taking a ring from his bosom placed it upon her finger. It was the seal of their united affection—the symbol of their union, and the signature of the bright reality which both looked for as the consummation of their earthly happiness. In silence they exchanged tokens, and William Everitt left the spot. The last kiss, the lingering look behind was all over, and Ellen Lorr in tears turned sadly away.

CHAPTER II.
"Ellen." "I am here, mother." "Come nearer, child, draw your chair close. There. Now raise my head a lit-

tle, for I am very weak. That will do, child, thank you; now, are you listening? Give me your hand, oh goodness! how cold, surely you are ill, or have been out long in the air. Tell me, child; was Mr. Oscar here to-day?" "No, mother." "Nor Master Henry?" "No." "Well, child, prepare to meet him tomorrow. Don't cry—here let me kiss you—now that's right, give me your other hand—both cold as the grave, oh dear! too fond of reading these silly romances, they really turn girls' heads quite; out in the cold, too. It's really sinful."

And the aged widow settled herself in a reclining posture, holding Ellen's hands in her own. "Now, child, I am very ill," she continued, "I cannot expect to live long; but when I say I am gone, I would have you remember what I say. You must always bear in mind that for another's sake I sacrificed the happiest hopes of my life—turned from the bright memories of departed youth unto toil and responsibility, and now find myself a relic of what I once was. After one sorrow came another, all destined to shadow my life in mystery, and make me cherish the bitter regret which now miraculously supports me. God only knows, my child, what I have suffered. The years of my life have been many, but I shall soon be silent."

Ellen had no tears to shed, no sigh to relieve her overladen heart, and no pity for any thing but love. With a bosom susceptible of almost every feeling she harbored each as a treasure to sustain her own misfortune; yet always hearkened with interest to the tale of suffering and disappointment. Nearer did she draw her seat, and, with a palpitating bosom, listened.

"You have a brother, child, an invalid, in whom you have placed all the confidence of your young heart, and in whose society you have enjoyed a season of unlimited happiness. His father died while yet he was an infant, and left me helpless and sorrowing to begin the world anew. For a time I supported myself under grief with all the fortitude that bereaved love could summon, and so far succeeded that I seldom languished unless when entirely alone. The visions of my early life were too bright for the chequered years of my widowhood, and often did I press my infant to my bosom, and thank heaven for the rich legacy. It was the chief support of my poor heart, the idol of my worship, and the only solace of my woe. But alas! the next sorrow came; the babe was stolen, and I concluded to die at once. My health failed rapidly. I was adjudged insane, and forced to live in the lone retirement of my chamber. Filled with inexpressible pain, I sternly waded through one indignity after another till consolation came, and with it confusion and ever-living regret—my child was restored and presented to me by your father. I had known Charles Lorr in early life, we were companions at school, at play, and at home. We lived like brother and sister till the proper season of life came, and prudence deemed necessary that we should part. It was a painful scene, especially to him, for our separation would be final. A few years passed and he returned to find me a widow—a bereaved mother, who nestled a deformed infant to her bosom. He solicited my hand inopportunely, and upon my refusal retired and returned no more. After a year of insanity he came to me one day and on his knees he restored the child, and craved me to become his wife as his reward. In my transport of joy I consented, but soon found leisure enough to repent of my folly. It was he who stole my infant, the knowledge of which had kindled a feeling of mistrust in him till he died. Your brother was always loathing in his sight, and finding that I clung to him with a tenacity which he abhorred, he grew jealous of your interest, and at last I was compelled to consent to his removal. The grave and its power has now restored him, and I can die in peace."

"Mother." But she answered not, and Ellen repeating the word rose from her seat and looked upon her face. It was pale, waxlike and expressionless. One tiny tear stood in her grey sunken eye. Ellen kissed it off—kissed her cold bloodless lips and sank down insensible upon the counterpane. Her mother was dead.

CHAPTER III.
The last notes of a waltz resounded through the spacious halls of Osmond mansion as Ellen Lorr, in her bridal beauty, was led to the altar by a train of ladies robed in spotless white. How different was she now from the weeping innocent who clung to William Everitt on the night of his departure, and who trembled with suffering agony o'er the dead body of her injured mother. With none apparently to solace her in her loss she wept night by night in her chamber, and brooded o'er the fond recollections of her young love. One year had passed and enough transpired to draw forth her sympathy for her absent lover, and to cherish it in exchange for the passionate devotion which she manifested then. The death of her mother led to this alteration. In her widowhood Mrs. Lorr was supported by the humanity of a friend; and again Ellen, upon the issue of her decease, fell into the same benevolent charge. She had been an inmate of Mr. Oscar's house since she became an orphan; and her brother also shared the same hospitality. Ellen, for herself, cared nothing, but her newly-found infirm brother need-

ed help, and hence she gladly accepted the kind offer of living with her friend. This brought about the unexpected change. Mr. Oscar had long settled in his mind that his son Henry should marry Ellen, and even broached the subject to her mother two years before her death and gained her consent. The existing attachment between herself and William Everitt was fully known to him, and for this reason he kept it quietly in his mind, knowing that they would soon awake from their dream. Young ladies seldom or never consummate their first love; so Mr. Oscar held, and by the by, he determined not to interfere, being convinced that any opposition on his part would only make them more steadfast. Oppose a young lady's fancy, and you will surely push her on to its fulfillment. Ellen Lorr learned to admire Henry. By a vigilant and parental watchfulness the old man detected the first blush of her second passion, and by degrees so ordered that she often longed for Harry to come and take her to sail with him in his canoe down the smooth Scioto. Pleasant evenings passed in this manner, till at last, her hand trembled in his, and a sigh escaped her lips whenever he took his leave. She was soon to change her name; the evening of which we speak was to make them one, and Ellen approached the officiating minister with a burning cheek. William Everitt was in the deep current of her thoughts; and as she pronounced the final "Yes," a tear came into her eye, and she wept. But she saw not the pale, manly face that blanched as she pronounced the word; nor the expressive eyes which grew bright as Henry placed the ring upon her finger. William Everitt indeed stood there, a rich and honorable man; he turned towards the door and went out; and the beautiful and faithless Ellen was led away the bride of another.

LANGFORD.
Schuyler Colfax.
BY W. S. GEORGE.

A Printing-Office has been called "the poor boy's college." Handling the type is perpetual education in spelling and grammar, and affords a fine chance to pick up general knowledge. Ever since Ben. Franklin's time, it has been noticed that printer's boys who improved their minds, and took the right turn in life, became useful men, and some of them famous. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, is the most shining example, since Franklin, of a printer's boy rising to a high place by self-help, honesty, and perseverance. He was born in New York city; but his mother, being left a poor widow there when Schuyler was a boy of thirteen years, took him from the public schools, and removed to the west, that land of promise. This was in the year 1856. The family settled in Northern Indiana, and Schuyler began work as a printer's apprentice. He was smart, neat and cheerful, and became a very good workman, and one whom everybody liked. His small earnings were the main stay of his mother; and he never wasted a cent for tobacco, or strong drink, or low amusements.

When Schuyler was twenty-one years old, he had shown so much talent and industry that friends set him up in a printing office of his own, as publisher and editor of the *St. Joseph Valley Register*, at the South Bend. He had saved a little money from his wages, and got trusted for the remainder. For more than twenty years he published the *Register*, a good-sized weekly paper, and paid all his debts, and got "forfeited." Yet he had to take all sort of barter for his paper—wood onions, a quarter of veal, and day's work in his garden, money being then scarce in the west. Why, beaver skins were, not many years ago, the small change of the frontiers, among the hunters and pioneers, just as bullets were among our Pilgrim Fathers. People must have some medium for trade, or all business would die. Mr. Colfax lost the pay for a great many of his papers, because the subscribers had had no money, and he did not want such things, as they were able to barter with him. The "green backs" had helped the western people very much by supplying them with plenty of money for business.

Mr. Colfax made a good newspaper for country people; he told them first the news of his own State and villages, then of the world abroad, and lastly gave them hints how to improve the soil and the mind. He lived where farming was the chief pursuit; and the *Register* always contained a column or two for farmers especially so read. Though he came from a great city, he never put on city airs or thought himself any better or wiser than men born and brought up in rural districts. He was kind, obliging, and sociable with every one, and made friends everywhere. It is said that the high compliment has been paid him in North Indiana of naming over two hundred boy babies after him; and young "Schuyler Colfaxes" will soon be as numerous as "Henry Clays" and "Andrew Jacksons" are around the houses of those celebrated men.

From early childhood Mr. Colfax had a single ambition, and it was to be Speaker of the United States House of Representatives. He practiced oratory at school, in debating societies, and public meetings. While setting type in printing-offices, he would commit to memory eloquent passages which he met with in his "copy,"

as he swiftly formed letters into words, and words into sentences; and he would declaim those passages to his mother after his day's work was done. Being a handsome youth, about medium size, with bright eyes and a clear voice, he became an attractive speaker at an early age. To day he is one of the most charming orators of America. He is a hard student in gathering facts and forming ideas, and an easy speaker in telling what he has learned. His training as a printer made him correct and exact; and his fluency of tongue and his kindly feeling gave him strong hold upon an audience. He causes them to laugh and weep by turns, and he never wears them.

He learns by seeing, and not alone by reading and talking. Many persons go through the world with their eyes half shut to the curious things in nature and life, but it is not so with Mr. Colfax. He has taken a journey by land to California and back; and his lecture, "Across the Continent," which he has spoken to thousands of people, shows keen observation of, and power to describe, the grandeur of American scenery and the oddities of society in the far, far west.

At the early age of twenty-seven Mr. Colfax was elected a member of the Convention to revise the State Constitution of Indiana. He did so well in that capacity, that four years after he was elected a member of the United States House of Representatives by a majority of seventeen hundred and sixty-six votes. He has been six times re-elected, by majorities ranging from two hundred and twenty-nine to three thousand four hundred and two votes—the smallest being given in 1862, when many hundreds of his warmest supporters were in the Union armies fighting against the rebellion, urged so to do by his clarion voice, but he losing their votes thereby. Last year he was re-elected by two thousand one hundred and forty-eight votes, in the largest vote ever cast in his district.

Mr. Colfax is now serving his third term as Speaker of the House, having reached the summit of his ambition at forty years of age. In that high place he is so prompt, just, fair, courteous, and "well posted," that his political adversaries join in a vote of thanks for his official services. If he should be called by the popular voice two steps higher than the summit of his boyish hopes, or to the Presidency of the United States, we may expect, from both his excellent culture and his noble character, that he will run a career honorable to himself and happy for his country.

The Live Man.

The live man is like a little pig, he is weaned young, and begins to root early. He is like the pepper sass of creation—the allspice of the world. One live man in a village is like a canoe or itch at a district school—he sets everybody tew scratching at out. A man who can draw New Orleans molasses in the month of January, thru a half inch augur hole, and sing "Home! sweet home!" while the molasses is running, may be strictly honest, but he ain't sudden enuff for this climate.

The live man is as full of bizzness as the conductor of a street car—he is often like a hornet, very bizzzy, but about what the Lord only knows. He lights up like a cotton factory, and ain't got any more time to spare than a school-boy has Saturday afternoons. He is like a dekoxy duck, always above water, and lives at least eighteen months during each year.

He is like a runaway hoss, he gits the whole of the rode. He trots when he walks, and lies down at night only because everybody else has. The live man is not always a deep thinker; he jumps at konklusions, just as the frog daz, and don't alwaz land at the spot he is looking at.

He is the American pet, a perfect mystery tew foreigners; but he has done more (with charcoal tew work out the greatness of this kuntry than any other man in it. He is just az necessary as the grease on an axletree. He don't always die ritch, but always dies bizzzy, and meets death a good deal like an oyster daz, without making any fuss.—*Josh Billings.*

How Soldiers Lighted their Pipes.

A correspondent of the American Artisans tells of an ingenious method of preserving fire. It was invented in Weitzel's brigade at the siege of Port Hudson, at the time matches were a luxury:—"A ramrod was stuck in the ground, but with the tip end upward; a little wad of cotton, of which there was plenty, as thousands of bales were used for breast-works, was stuck upon the end of the rod, a percussion cap placed upon the rod over the cotton; in the same manner as a cap is put upon the cone of a rifle, and it was then struck with some hard object. The shank of a bayonet was generally used for the purpose, as the blade served as a convenient handle to hold it to strike with, and it was not at all times possible to get a better substitute for percussive force.

"This plan of producing fire had many advantages over matches, as caps were always in command, and a light breeze or current would not extinguish the fire so produced in the wad of cotton, but rather promote it; whereas a light breath would extinguish a match almost as soon as lighted. "Woodmen, and travelers in the far West, might borrow this idea from the military with advantage."