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JOB PRINTING.

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

Attempt to Shoot a Man in Court.

There was a terrific flare up in Court at Williamsport, on Tuesday last. A soldier named Goldy, on his return home, not being satisfied with the appearance of his wife, charged her with infidelity, which she acknowledged. He indicted a man named Sanford for fornication. While one of the counsel was arguing the case, Goldy approached Sanford, and suddenly snapped a pistol which missed fire, within a few inches of his head. The latter sprang to his feet and clinched Goldy, when the pistol was fired. Goldy was at last thrown on the floor, but not until he fired his pistol the third time. Fortunately no one was hurt, though one man had a bullet put through his coat and his shoulder slightly scratched. The room was crowded, and such of confusion and terror are not often witnessed in a court of justice, yet some of them were extremely ludicrous. The Judges dropped themselves like hot potatoes, behind their desks. Lawyers skedaddled over chairs and tables. The Prothonotary, six footer escaped on his hands and knees. A number got out of the windows and others held up chairs as a shield. After the smoke and confusion passed off, the prosecutor was sent to prison and the defendant was convicted and fined by the court.

The *Cristian Observer*, one of the religious organs in Richmond, condemns a new juvenile singing book issued by the American Tract Society of New York, because it contains a song entitled the "Land of the Free," which commences as follows:—

My country, my country, I cherish thee still,
Though many the ills that defile thee;
I'll weep'er thy woes, I'll pray for the weal,
And never, no, never revile thee.
It describes the hymn as a "political song concealed as it were among the hymns, like a snake coiled up among flowers, which will prevent its extensive circulation among the Sabbath schools of the South." There is little hope of permanent peace and quiet in the South until such sentiments as are here expressed are thoroughly eradicated.

The following letter was by a father to his son in college: "My dear Son—I write to send you new stocks, which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if you do not, you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

Among the military prisoners confined in the Penitentiary at Richmond, awaiting trial for his crimes, is Dick Turner, known as the infamous and inhuman keeper of Liberty Prison. He is confined in a cell 8 by 12, seen by and seeing only the surgeon, who daily visits him to insure his good health, that justice may not be cheated out of her due. The season of reflection afforded Turner has operated very materially upon his system. From the weight of 165 pounds he is reduced to a mere skeleton.

Uncle John Morris was a chronic toper. One day while returning from the tavern, he found locomotion impossible, and brought up in the corner of a worm fence, where he remained standing. He had been there only a few minutes, when the minister came along. "Uncle John," said he, "where do you suppose you will go when you come to die?" "If I can't go any better then I can now I shan't go anywhere," replied Uncle John.

A "Farmer's Boy" advertises in a paper for a wife. He says: He wants to know if she can milk And make his bread and butter; And go to meeting without silk, To make a show and splutter. He'd like to know if it would hurt Her hand to take up stitches; Or sew the buttons on his shirts, Or make a pair of breeches.

"Father," said a roughish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother."
"Why not?"
"Because every time she drinks it, she blows us up."
"Go to bed, sir, immediately."

An Irishman seeing a work advertised entitled "Endless Amusement," remarked that it would be a cheap work to whoever could have long enough to read it.

THE SEARCH FOR JOHN SMITH.

John Smith married my father's great uncle's eldest daughter, Melinda Ryne. Consequently I was a relative to John. John's family had often visited us at our quiet country home, and at each visit it had most cordially pressed us to return the compliment.

Last October, business called me suddenly to the city of B—, where our relatives resided, and without having time to write and apprise them of my coming, I was intending a visit to the family of Mr. John Smith.

With my accustomed carelessness, I had left his precise address at home in my note book; but I thought little of it; I could easily find him, I thought to myself, as the cars set me down amid the smoke and bustle at B—.

I inquired for my relative of the first hackman I came across. He looked at me with an ill suppressed grin. What was he laughing at? To be sure my clothes were not of the very latest cut, and it is not just the thing for any one out of the army to wear blue with bright buttons; but my coat was whole, and my Aunt Betsey had scoured the buttons with whitening and soft soap until they shone like gold. I repeated my question with dignity.

"Can you direct me to the residence of Mr. Smith?"

"Mr. Smith?" he said slowly.

"Yes, sir, Mr. John Smith. He married my father's great uncle's daughter, Melinda."

"I do not think I know a John Smith with a wife Melinda."

John Smith seemed to be a common noun with him, from the peculiar tone he used in speaking of that individual.

"Ah!" remarked I, "then there is more than one of that name in the city?"

"I rather think there is."

"Very well, then. Direct me to the nearest."

"The nearest is in West street. Second left hand corner—you'll see the name on the door."

I passed on, congratulating myself on the cordial welcome I should receive from John and Melinda.

I soon reached the place—a handsome house with the name on a silver door plate—I rang the bell—a servant appeared.

"Mr. Smith in?"

"No, sir; Mr. Smith is in the army."

"Mrs. Smith—is she?"

"In the army? oh no—she's at the beach."

"This is Mr. John Smith's house, is it?"

"It is."

"Was his wife's name Melinda, and was she a Ryne before she was married, from Squashville?"

The man reddened and responded angrily.

"I'll not stand here to be insulted!—Make off with yourself, or I'll call the police! I thought from the first that you were an entry thief, but you don't play no game on me!" and he banged the door in my face.

I a thief! If I had not been in such hurry to find the Smith's I should have given that rascally fellow a sound chastising on the spot.

Inquiry elicited the fact that a John Smith resided in Arch street. Thither I bent my steps. A maid-servant answered my ring.

"Mr. Smith in?"

Before the girl could reply, a big, red-faced man jumped out of the shadows behind the door, and laid his heavy hand upon my shoulder.

"Yes, sir," he cried in a voice of thunder. "Mr. Smith is in! Yes, sir; for once he's in. He stayed at home all day on purpose to catch you! and now, by Jupiter! I'll have my revenge!"

"Sir," said I, "there must be some mistake. Allow me to inquire if you are Mr. John Smith?"

"I'll inform you about Mr. John Smith in a way you won't relish, if you don't settle the damage forthwith. Five thousand dollars is the very lowest figures—and you must leave the country!"

"Good gracious! cried I, what do you take me for? You'd better be careful, or you'll get your head caved in."

"I'll cave your head in for you, you young villain, you!" cried he, springing at me with his cane.

"Oh, John, dear John!" exclaimed a shrill female voice, and a tall figure in a sea of frounce bounced down the stairway. "Don't do it! for the love of heaven, John—don't murder him!"

"Who the duce do you take me for?" cried I, my temper raising.

"It looks well for you to ask that question!" sneered the man—"you, who have won my wife's heart, and are here now to plan to elope with her! I've found it all out—you needn't blush, and—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you," said I; "but I have never seen your wife before. I perceive she is not Melinda, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle."

"Sir; do you deny that you are William Jones? Do you deny that you are in love with my wife?"

"I am not a Jones—I have not the honor, sir. My name is parkwell, Henry Parkwell, of Squashville!" and with a bow I took myself off.

After I had called at the residences of three John Smiths—none of which was Mr. Smith—and nothing occurred worthy of note.

My next Mr. Smith resided in Portland st. Thither I bent my steps. It was a very small house—evidently not the

home of wealth and cleanliness. I made my way up to the front door, through a wilderness of old rags, broken crockery, old tin-ware, etc., scattering a flock of hens, and rousing a snappish little terrier from his nap on the step.

A red faced woman answered my rap, but before I could make my customary inquiry, she opened upon me like a two edged butchers-knife.

"Well, of all the impudent rascals that ever I see, you beat the lot! I want to know if you have got the cheek to come back here again? You'd like to sell me another Gorman silver tea-pot, and another brass bosom pin to dear Araminty—wouldn't ye?"

"By no means," said I; "I beg to inform you—"

"Oh, needn't beg! We don't believe in beggars! I s'pose you thought I shouldn't know ye—but I did! I should know that black bag of yours in California! Clear out of my premises, or I'll try my broom handle over ye! If there is anything I hate, it's a pedler—especially a rascal like you."

"Allow me to inquire," said I, "if Mr. Smith's wife was Melinda Ryne, the eldest daughter of my father's—"

The broomstick was lifted; I heard it cut the air like a minnie bullet, and sprang down the steps into the street at my best pace.

An angry man I do not fear; but who can stand before an angry woman? I had rather face a roaring lion.

I called on two more Smith's—still unsuccessful in my search. It was getting near dark, and I was more than anxious to reach my destination.

My next Mr. Smith was located in Lenox street. It was twilight when I rang the bell at his door.

A smiling fellow admitted me, fairly forcing me into the hall, before I could utter a word.

"Walk right in, sir; they are expecting you! The ladies will be down in a moment, Miss Hattie is in the back parlor. Walk right in, sir."

I was gently pushed toward the door of a shadowy apartment, and at the entrance I was announced:

"Mr. Henry!"

The gas was not lighted and the apartment was in semi-darkness. I heard a soft, quick footfall on the carpet, and a pair of arms fell around my neck, and a pair of the sweetest lips on the footstool touched mine; and, good gracious—for a moment the world swam; and I felt as if I had been stowed in honey, and distilled into Lubin's best triple extract of roses!

"Oh, Henry—my dearest and best! Why don't you kiss me Henry?" cried a voice like music, you "have ceased to care for me?" and again the kiss was repeated.

Who could resist the temptation? I am naturally a diffident man, but I have some human nature in me, and I paid her principal and interest.

"Oh, Henry, I had so feared that being in the army had made you hard hearted—good heavens!" She fell back against a chair pale as death. The servant had lit the gas, and I stood revealed.

"I beg your pardon, marm," said I, "there is evidently some mistake. May I inquire if Mr. Smith's wife was Melinda Ryne, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle?"

The red flush came to the young lady's cheek—she was as handsome as a picture—and she replied with courtesy:

"She was not. You will, I hope, excuse me for the blunder I committed?—We are expecting my brother Henry from the army, and your blue clothes deceived me."

"For which I shall always wear blue," I replied gallantly. "Allow me to introduce myself—I am Henry Parkwell, of Squashville!" and in making my best bow, I stumbled backwards over an ottoman, and fell smash into a china closet, demolishing at least a dozen plates, and as many glass tumblers.

I sprang to my feet—seized my bag, and without a word dashed out of the house.

I knocked over a man who was passing at the moment, and landed myself on my head in the gutter. The man picked himself up, and was about to make a display of muscles, when a glare of the street lamp revealed to me the well-known face of my John Smith.

"Eureka!" cried I. "Allow me to inquire if your wife was Melinda, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle Ryne?"

"She was said he, grating my hand, and found I am delighted to see you! But confound it!—you needn't have come at a fellow so!"

But I must cut my story short.

He took me home with him; I had a good visit; I saw Melinda to my heart's content. Nay more—I met and was properly introduced to Hattie Smith—and well I am having a new suit of clothes made—and in due time they will married myself in them—to the young lady just alluded to.

In South America, small farmers are those whose lands do not extend over more than three square miles. Good land can be bought for six cents an acre, and in some parts cattle are sold for less than two silver dollars a head.

A stingy man inquired of a workman at his table if he knew how many cakes he had eaten. The latter was unable to say. "Thirty-three," roared the miser.

"Very well," said the workman "you count and I'll eat!"

An Algerine wedding.

Moorish ladies are usually married at or before the age of thirteen; and I was informed of some curious particulars by an English lady who was present at one of these marriages, the family on both sides being of the highest Moorish birth. The young lady was very lovely, and under the age I have mentioned above.—The company of ladies (headed by her mother) amounting in all to upward of sixty, among whom were my informant and a few French ladies, surrounded the bride, whose head, as usual, was wrapped in a sack, and led her, a few hours after dark, to her future home, where they were received by the mother and female relations of the bridegroom.

The poor child, weeping bitterly, was then undressed, carried by her attendants into a bed, where she was commanded to sleep for an hour or two while they ate their supper! The European ladies were served apart with coffee, cakes, and confectionary; while the Moorish ladies (some of them very beautiful) were closely seated in a circle on a low cushion, and on their knees a long napkin which was a sort of low circular table which moved on a pivot, and on which the slaves placed a dish at a time, out of which each lady took a mouthful with her fingers, and with a slight touch made the dish revolve to her next neighbor.

The dishes succeeded one another to the number of more than twenty, when the whole was carried off, and at eleven a slight refreshment was taken to the bride, after which the ceremony of dressing her commenced. Every lady present was requested to take some slight part in this important operation, and my English friend's consisted in plaiting one of an immense number of little tresses into which her long black hair was divided, with a diamond trembling at the end of each. Her face was then enameled and a star of gold leaf fixed on each cheek, as well as on her chin and the tip of her nose. Rows of the finest pearls were hung round her neck, increasing in size until the lower row reached to her waist, and which were of the size of nuts. Her dress was of cloth of silver, with the usual muslin trousers, and a sort of crown of diamonds on her head.

By two in the morning all was ready and the room prepared, when the finishing stroke was put to the whole by gumming down her eyes, which were not to be opened until the following morning when she might see her husband, and not till then.

At two o'clock the slave introduced the bridegroom, a handsome youth of nineteen, dressed in a pale gray silk profusely ornamented with silver and diamonds. He took his place under a canopy, to which the bride was also guided by her mother and placed by his side.—His mother then poured a few drops of rose-water into the bride's hand, which the bridegroom drank; and then her mother poured also a few drops into his hand and guided it to her daughter's mouth, and she drank it; upon which they were pronounced man and wife, and the company immediately separated.

National Nick-Names.

The following are the nick-names of the different States, which we find in an exchange. The origin of many of them would be an entertaining study for the curious matters:

Maine, Foxes. New Hampshire, Granite Boys. Vermont, Green Mountain Boys. Massachusetts, Bay Staters. Rhode Island, Gunflints. Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs. New York, Knickerbockers. New Jersey, Clam Catchers. Pennsylvania, Leatherheads. Delaware, Blue Hen's Chickens. Maryland, Clam Thumpers. Virginia, Beagles. North Carolina, Tar Boilers. South Carolina, Weasels. Georgia, Buzzards. Louisiana, Pelicans. Alabama, Lizards. Kentucky Cornercrackers. Ohio, Buckeyes. Michigan, Wolverines. Indiana, Hoosiers. Illinois, Suckers. Missouri, Pukes. Arkansas, Footpickers. Mississippi, Tadpoles. Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks. Wisconsin, Badgers. Iowa, Hawkeyes. California, Gold Hunters. Oregon, Hard Cases. Nevada, Sage Hens. Kansas, Jayhawkers. Minnesota, Gophers. Texas, Beef Heads, Nebraska, Bug Eaters.

Railroad Waggers.

Waggs went to the depot of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the best car full, said in a loud tone:—

"Why, this car isn't going."

Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat. The cars soon moved off. In the midst of indignation, Waggs was questioned:—

"You said this car wasn't going?"

"Well, it wasn't then; it is now."

The "sold" laughed a little; but Waggs came rather near a good thrashing.

"Stuttering Ben," who was toasting his shins, observing that the oil merchant was cheating a customer in some oil, called out to him, "Jim, I can tell you how to sell it twice as much oil as you do now." Well, how?" groaned Jim. "Fill your measure."

Want to see Grant mighty bad do you? said a blue coated veteran to the people who were crowding to the depot the other morning to get a squirt at the famous general. "W-a-l, why in thunder didn't you come down to the front when he wanted to see you, hey?"

Wanted—a Printer.

Wanted—a printer, says a cotemporary. Wanted a mechanical curiosity, with a brain and fingers—a thing that will set so many type a day—a machine that will think and act, but still a machine—a being who undertakes the most systematic and monotonous drudgery, yet one that the ingenuity of man has never supplanted mechanically—that's a printer.

A printer, yet for all his sometimes dissipated and reckless habits, a worker, at all times and hours, day and night, sitting up in a close and unwholesome office, when gay crowds are hurrying to the theatres; later still when the street revelers are gone and the city sleeps, in the fresh air of the morning, in the board and gushing sunlight, some printer is at his case, with his eternal and unvarying click! click!

Click! Click! the polished types fall into the stick; the mute integers are marshaled into line, and march forth as immortal print. Click! and the latest intelligence becomes old; thought a principle; simple idea a living sentiment.—Click! Click! from grave to gay of scandal, a graceful and glowing sentiment—are in turn close by the mute and impressive fingers of the machine, and set adrift in the sea of thought. He must not think of the future, nor recall the past; must not think of home, of kindred, wife, nor of baby, his work lies before him, and thought is chained to his copy.

You know him by his works, as your eyes rest upon those mute evidences of his ceaseless toil. Correspondents authors and advisers, who scorn the simple medium of your fame, think not that he is indifferent to the gem of which he is but the setter; a subtle ray may penetrate the recesses of his brain, or the flowers he gathers may not leave some of the fragrance upon his toil worn fingers. But when you seek a friend, companion, adviser—when you want Judges, Legislators, Governors and Presidents—O, ye people advertise:—

WANTED—A PRINTER.

The True Man.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of inuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at the window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He encroaches on no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notice to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—any where. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win by dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He insults no man. He trembles on no sensitive feeling. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly. In whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every man.

A Good 'Un.

Some of the beverage dealers in this city have the reputation of using very small glasses in which they deal out their beer. The other day a returned soldier man called for a drink at one of these places, and it was dealt out to him in a small glass. He asked the saloon keeper if he had a pocket handkerchief to lend him. The rag was handed over, and he deliberately tied one end of it to the handle of the mug, and told the saloon keeper to hold the other end while he drank the beer. Very much surprised, he asked the soldier what he meant by such a strange proceeding. "Nothing," he answered, "only the glass was so small I was afraid of swallowing it."—*La Crosse (Wis.) Republican.*

A Venomous Serpent.

Mr. M—, who lives in the town adjoining one in Broome county, is very much in the habit of "drawing the long bow." One of his stories is as follows:—

"Did you ever see one of these here hoop snakes?"

"No," says his listener; "I didn't think there was any such thing."

"Oh, yes," says Mr. M—, "I've seen one. Me and my hired man was down there in the home lot, by the side of the road, and we seen something rolling down the hill, and says I, 'I guess that are must be one of them hoop snakes coming along.' My hired man he was afeared and clim up a tree; but I took my hoe in my hand, went out and stood side of a tree in the road, and when he come along I stuck out the handle, and he hit it slap, and it made a noise jes like a pistol; and, sir, it warn't mor'n a minute afore that are hoe handle was swelled up as big as my leg!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously diseased," said a sympathizing spectator.

"Ah, well, it is a great pity," replied the farmer, "but there's some comfort—Jack Thompson's is not a bit better."

A Waggish Prisoner.

A few days ago in Buchanan county, Iowa, a deputy sheriff and two bailiffs were taking a bank robber named Rorubacher, to Butler, Centre, to give evidence in the case against Pollard for the same offence. Here is what happened to the discomfort of the officers:—

At a certain point on their journey the party saw some wild ducks in a pond, and it was remarked to be a fine shot. The deputy hailed out his revolver, cocked, and was about to shoot when he said, "By the by Rorubacher, you are a good shot with the pistol, ain't you?" "Of course," said Rorubacher. "Take the revolver, then, and try your hand at those ducks." Rorubacher took the weapon, jumped out of the little wagon, and advancing towards the ducks for about ten or twelve steps, then, suddenly wheeling around and covering them with the pistol, told the deputy and his aids to get out of the wagon, and very quickly, as he intended to take a ride by himself. Imagine the "feelings" of that little crowd as they began to crawl down out of the wagon, for the prisoner-witness had their only pistol in his possession. Having got them safely into the road, and mounting the buggy himself the factious prisoner made the party a speech, and then surrendered his advantage, declaring that he had no wish to use it, which ended the affair.

A Rochester paper tells this story:—

"Several weeks since, the ladies of the household of a prominent citizen, residing near Franklin Square, washed some articles of lace, a lady's collar, lace underclothes, etc., and hung them out to dry. Upon looking for them they could not be found, and great conjecture was excited as to what had become of them; and it was finally concluded, as the most reasonable solution of the problem, that they were stolen. A day or two since, an enterprising youngster of the family climbed a tree in the yard to explore the contents of a nest that a pair of robins had been building there. He found it occupied by a brood of young fledglings, and under them he found the missing lace. The parent birds had seen it, coveted and appropriated it as a bed for their young. One of the articles was so large and heavy that it must have required the united strength of the pair to convey it to the site for the nest."

What did you come here after?"

inquired Miss Susan Draper of a bachelor friend who made her a call when the rest of the family had gone out.

"I came to borrow some matches," he replied.

"Matches! That's a likely story!—

Why don't you make a match? I know what you came for," exclaimed the delighted Miss, as she crowded the bachelor into a corner, "you came to kiss and hug me almost to death, but you shan't do it unless you are the strongest and the Lord knows you are."

A Confederate soldier who had fought

fairly and squarely throughout the late war, when he was startled with the intelligence of the surrender of the three armies of Lee, Johnston and Taylor, woke up to a "realizing sense" of the stupendousness of the failure. His surprise broke forth in the exclamation, "It's—n the thing, it didn't even flicker, but went right out!"

"Come till America, Pat!" writes a son

of the Emerald Isle, to his friends in Ireland; "it's a fine country to get a livin in. All ye have to do, is to get a three-cornered box, and fill it wid bricks and carry it till the top of a four story building, and the man at the top does all the work!"

That was a wicked boy who, when

he was told that the best cure for the palpitation of the heart was to quit kissing the girls, said: "If that is the only remedy for palpitation, let her, palp!"

In New England there are 2,428 establishments

for the manufacture of boots and shoes, with a capital of \$10,977,113. They employ 52,007 male hands, and 22,282 female.

A man boasted of having eaten forty-

nine hard boiled eggs. "Why did you not eat one more and make fifty?" asks Sounds. "Humph, do you want a man to make a hog of himself just for one egg?"

Of all the specimens of German American

orthography that ever saw the light, that of a Hartford saloon keeper is the most execrable. He has "painted him a sign," and it reads, "Hoshdevele No-drashid." Positively no trust.

Mr. Van Auker has at Ada and Lyons,

Michigan, two hundred acres of peppermint growing for distillation.—Half the land cultivated for the same crop netted five thousand dollars last year he expects to coin a pepper-mint yard of money out of it.

A well-known courtesan of St. Louis,

has just fallen heir to \$75,000 left her by a relative, Col. May of Brooklyn, N. Y. This amount of money will, probably, in the estimation of some people, plaster over the blotches upon her reputation, and restore her to respectability. Great is mammon.