

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 13.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. AUGUST 4, 1853.

NO. 41.

## Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Subscriptions paid in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly; and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cents, per year, extra.

No paper will be inserted until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

**ADVERTISEMENTS** not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and two dollars for every additional insertion. The charge for one and three inscriptions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

All letters addressed to the Editor must be postpaid.

## JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

**FANCY PRINTING.**  
Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Justice's Writs and other Blanks; Pamphlets, &c., printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms.

## AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

From the Knickerbocker.

### Railroad Adventure.

The car was full of passengers,  
I can't recall the number,  
For I had but just awakened from  
An unrefreshing slumber,  
When a lady, who sat facing me,  
Directly met my eye,  
But turned away immediately,  
And smiled—I know not why.

When youthful folks who strangers are  
Are seated face to rail,  
In the silence of a railroad car,  
A grave and formal place,  
Their wandering eyes will sometimes meet  
By some strange fascination,  
And they cannot keep their faces straight,  
Though dying with vexation.

Simpletons there doubtless are,  
Whose mouths are always stretching,  
But the guileless mirth of maidens' eyes  
And dimpled cheeks is catching:  
First she laughed and then I laughed—  
I couldn't say what at;  
Then she looked grave, and I looked grave,  
And then she laughed at that.

She endeavored to repress her mirth,  
But couldn't hold it half in,  
For with face concealed behind a book,  
She almost died a-laughing.  
She pouted when she found her lips  
Determined on a smile,  
But 't was very plain the pretty rogue  
Was laughing all the while.

Thus happily the moments flew  
To me, at least, of course,  
Though when she saw me smiling too,  
It made the matter worse.  
And when, at last, I left the car,  
I caught her laughing eye,  
And had one more good grin before  
I tore myself away.

'Mine inn' I sought in saddened mood,  
And with feelings of regret;  
Those brilliant eyes, I felt assured,  
I never could forget.  
And when arrived, valise in hand,  
I paused—I can't tell why—  
Before a mirror on a stand,  
And gazed with curious eye.

My cravat was turned halfround or more,  
And shocked was I to find  
That my hat was badly jammed before,  
And the rim turned up behind!  
Then while in haste my room I sought,  
I swore along the stairs  
That I would not again be caught  
A-napping in the cars.

Every young man should remember that the world will always honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler may look with scorn: his contempt is horrid.

A man famous for hunting up enigmas philosophized thus: What strange creatures girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old women can spare any of her girls; but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a life-time for their victuals and cloths. A queer way of estimating things.

The Boston Mail man, who has had a vast amount of experience in the business, says:

The most insipid thing in the world, is to kiss a pretty girl in the presence of her mother. To be realized as it should be, this sort of confectionary should be taken in the dark. Even a candle is unnecessary, for there are very few who can't find their mouths, even in a coal cellar.

To KEEP TIRES TIGHT ON WHEELS.—A correspondent of the Southern Planter gives the following method for keeping tires tight on wheels:

Before putting on the tires fill the felloes with linseed oil, which is done by heating the oil in a trough to a boiling heat, and keeping the wheel, with a stick through the hub, in the oil for an hour. The wheel is turned round until every felloe is kept in the oil an hour.

### Fearful Energy.

The following picture of the fearful energies of our people in pushing every worldly enterprise to a dangerous extreme, is drawn with a master-hand. It is extracted from a long article in the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, under the head of 'Young America.' Read—pause and reflect!

There is in this country a consuming passion for gain. The nation is mad. It rushes with incredible avidity after speculations, or works sixteen hours a day that it may have the means of a senseless profusion and a glittering frivolity. Never was there a less avaricious people. Hero foreigners fall into their great and enduring error. The nation in this, as in every thing, is *extravagant* as no people ever were from the beginning hitherto. This can be shown in many ways for example, our imports last year were upwards of two hundred millions of money, and this for a young people of only twenty three millions, who have not yet cut down a hundredth part of the primeval forest trees, or broken up more than a fragment of the prairies that have been accumulating rich vegetable mould since the flood. We tried to pay for these imports, and so sent abroad every production of the soil that Europe would take, and then added nearly forty millions of specie, and still the balance of trade was tens of millions against us.— These immense imports, in great part, are a consequence of our extravagant living. In the old world and in ancient times a few nobles and merchants were princes, and the masses were humble and frugal perforce; but here is a whole people struggling to be not only political sovereigns, but to live in luxury like the peerage of England. Our remarks have neither an aristocratic nor a democratic bearing. We do not think the glory of a man is to live in a fine house with gilded furniture, of which the eye tires, and with an army of servants who are endlessly troublesome. If any body chose to claim an equality with the peerage, we have no quarrel with him.— What we are saying, is that no country, can physically support hundreds of thousands of palaces, and that the extravagance which desires it is madness and folly.— Whether there ought to be any palaces costing money by the hundred thousand, we are not deciding. It is difficult for our theology to reach this evil, for a mode of thinking beneath, like the those convulsions of which geology tells us, upheaves theology, and the seething mass forever takes new forms of struggle, enterprise, competition, luxury, corruption. It is a miserable ambition to toil oneself to death, not to have, as Wordsworth expresses it, 'plain living and high thinking,' not to have a happy, cultivated, and refined family around one, not to have the appliances of a pleasant sociability with friends and acquaintances, not to have the means of intellectual improvement, or of enlarged usefulness, or of a wide intercourse with the noble and the gifted; but merely to appear highly respectable, to make the show of being rich, to fill rooms scarcely ever used, with costly furniture, to crowd a house once or twice a year with a mass of people whose claim to the 'best society' rests merely on their keeping up the same appearances. Yet this is the object for which, in great part, urban America labors and toils, to which it sacrifices a thousand things of far more importance. Fashion tyrannizes over men as well as women, and conventionalities that no one really likes, freezes up the life-blood of the nation. The result is almost incredible, when one fairly analyzes the life of our people. They alternate between solitude and crowds. They fill the streets and public vehicles; they crowd churches, lecture-rooms, concerts, theaters; they jostle each other on change, in business places, and along fashionable walks; they whirl around in the intoxication of the dance, or exchange inane compliments with hundreds of people at a ball or a party. The remainder of their time is spent in solitude at home, and those who dislike this crushing publicity can scarce find a medium between that and solitary reading or the society alone of their own family. Is there not a more excellent way? Is there no such thing as moderation? Is the common sense which was claim as our characteristic to have no influence in moulding the manners of our people? Must we forever senslessly imitate foolish foreign manners? Must men live in the most costly luxury until three out of four fail in business, and then hide their heads in some ob-

scure place, as if, though still honest men, they had done some shameful deed?

In a word, is it possible to have moderation and common sense pervading in our land?

'Internal improvements are characteristic of our time, and within reasonable limits nobly characteristic. But no one can be even casually acquainted with the operations of the country without seeing extravagance here also. Posterity, we may be assured, will look with amazement at these times. The velocity of a railway train may be fearful, and yet by custom we forget the immense speed. At the city of Dayton, in Ohio, we found recently constructed and constructing nearly a dozen railroads. At Indianapolis, in Indiana, the case is still more extreme; and at Chicago, in Illinois, fairly wearied out, we gave up trying to understand the projects. Some of these roads are hundreds of miles long, and all in new States yet in infancy, or at most extreme youth. But this is not excitement enough. Men are toiling to invent new plans for business and to open new avenues for trade. An American, we heard, has just taken a contract to cut pine spars in Oregon for the Dutch navy. The only question touching a railroad to the Pacific is which of half a dozen routes shall be taken, and two years more may witness three or four roads, thousands of miles long, running parallel to each other, commenced almost simultaneously. We have recently heard that a lot, thirty-five feet by seventy-five, was rented in an eastern city for twenty years at fourteen thousand dollars a year. The earth is moving at a fearful velocity around the sun, and yet we seem to be standing still.

A rate that to an Anglo-Saxon seems slow to a man of any other race minglest earth and sky together, and turns his brain into idiocy.

The increase of lunacy in this country is another frightful indication of the mad extravagance of the people. No wonder indeed that in a single new State they have built or are building three lunatic asylums. The whole land will be a lunatic asylum if from some quarter, from experience or observation, from statesmanship or scholarship, from the pulpit or the Bible, we cannot learn some degree of moderation. The lawer speaks until he is exhausted, and recruits perhaps with fiery stimulus of the worst kind, though called by some foreign name; the merchant comes home too much worn out at night to converse with his family and lays himself on a sofa until he is roused to go into a deeper sleep in his chamber; the young and delicate girl is driven through a system of education intensely rapid and exciting, without any suitable physical exercise, and then fades every remaining vestige of rose in her cheek, by late hours and unceasing dissipation, to break off suddenly and senselessly, shortly after she is married, from all society and labor until she is scarcely able to walk, in work that, if things were regulated in a more reasonable way, might and would be done mainly by servants; the young man alternates from exhausting business to exhausting revelry; and the minister of the gospel works ceaselessly and with intense excitement until he destroys his bronchial tubes and hopelessly shatters his entire nervous system; and whoever will not work at this fearful rate is thrown aside us 'behind the times.' One asks, in terror, whether this is the infamy of a country; and if it is, what kind of a nation will tumultuate over this land when two hundred millions of people shall be flying to and fro from the Atlantic to the Pacific? If these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

Our next proof that the nation is mad will hardly be questioned. It is drawn from the fearful recklessness in regard to human life. On a recent Western tour we passed over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad a day or two after two passenger cars had been precipitated over a bank, and rolled over and over four times before they reached the bottom, a distance measured along the slope of eighty feet; some eight or ten of the passengers being killed. We saw the wrecks of the cars at the foot of the embankment as we passed by the spot. One morning on the same tour, we took the train of the Michigan Central railroad from Chicago and after passing along it eight miles were directed to leave the car in which we were and pass to another. In reaching the latter we passed by the wreck of two cars and an engine. The evening before the train of the Southern railroad had run into an emigrant train of the Central.— The dead and maimed bodies had been taken to Chicago, but there had not been time to clear away the wreck. Sixteen

dead bodies were taken from the ruins. As we were passing into New York on the New York and Erie road, on the same tour, a passenger handed us the account of the Norwalk destruction, near fifty persons being killed by the driving of the cars into an open chasm, in the face of the regular signal that the draw of the bridge was open. These were but a part of the accidents in nearly the same period. The Ocean-Wave steamer was burnt on Lake Ontario and two were destroyed in California with a fearful loss of life; and two buildings fell in at New York and Buffalo, because no doubt too insecurely built.

This is positively frightful. The most valuable earthly thing is human life. It is that which is guarded by the most awful sanctions. This wholesale slaughter must necessarily diminish its sacredness and murder more rife. But viewed as is unquestionably the truth, only as one of multitudes of indications of a reckless extravagance characteristic of America, it becomes still more serious. If we are right in believing, as we surely do, that in Church and State, in society and business, in sentiment and feeling, in literature and politics, there is a recklessness fully illustrated by the scenes of Chicago and Norwalk, then will not our readers agree with us that something should be done?"

### The Skill and Cunning of the Makers of Bad Money.

The following is from a chapter on 'Bank Note Counterfeits and their Remedy,' in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine for the present month:

'Of late the arts of the counterfeiter have been turned to a comparatively new branch of the profession. The counterfeiter, the educated in his calling, and prince among the rascals of his clique, still finds his trade full of danger and difficulty. The most ingenious of the race, in many cases, find their work, if not themselves detected, long before a "good circulation" is obtained. Their work often prepared with great care and with expensive tools, is frequently detected and announced before enough is issued to well pay the printer. The part of their trade therefore, known as the "alteration of bank bills," presents them with unequalled attractions. With no necessity for tools nor any of the implements of the old fashioned counterfeiter, requiring only a few easily obtained chemical substances, a fine quality of glue, and a pair of scissors to complete their kit, a few hours will transform any insignificant one, to tens and twenties, apparently as good as ever issued. In these alterations, the engraver, instead of being a hindrance, is frequently of decided service to the counterfeiter.— In many instances, using the same die and vignette indiscriminately for the small denomination of one bank and the large denomination of others, the engraver has already destroyed much of the aid association might furnish in the detection of altered bills. The counterfeiter, taking advantage of this fact, and clipping, at pleasure, a die or a word from one bill, with little ingenuity can change the denomination of another. To these alterations the notes of all banks are subject, and no art of the engraver has yet proved a barrier to such tricks. Not only is the prominent die that denotes the denomination entirely abstracted, and a new one replaced, but even the fine lettering of the border and center, with equal facility are exchanged. If the engraver uses large letters, these disciples of Lucifer either extract the impression entirely, or themselves use a similar letter for bills not provided with a preventive. Black ink, red ink, large letters, borders and stripes, although at first of good service, in the end, seem to facilitate rather than retard them in the profession they so perseveringly continue to practice, and the work goes on, filling their pockets, and fleecing many an honest laborer or tradesman. Yet there seems to be, comparatively, little effort to prevent such transactions.'

A thorough organization among bankers, and a fund provided for the purpose of detecting the counterfeiter, an effort to use but one, and the best kind of bank note paper, to increase the number and variety of engravings so that the same vignette shall not appear upon the issues of different banks, or at least upon notes of different denominations; then lessen the number, and make more uniform the registers' signatures at the State department; these things, and others that may hereafter be suggested, would do much to make the business of counterfeiter more difficult, and assist in his detection. To prevent the alteration of bank notes a simple remedy exists, yet untried, and which we have the confidence to believe might, if thoroughly tested, prove a perfect preventive. The bank teller detects the worst alterations from association, and if the prominent engraving of a note is well remembered, he will not be deceived though the pasting process be done with the greatest degree of nicety. If, for instance, the vignette of some one dollar bill is known to be a blacksmith, the first glance of the engraving will convey to the mind its value, let the apparent denomination be what it may. If, then, the engraver, in making up the plate for one dollar note, uniformly compose the vignette of one, and only one prominent object; the two, three and five in like manner, always of two, three and five prominent objects; the ten always of more than five, and the twenty of more than ten, no matter what these objects may be, the poorest judge of money cannot be deceived with regard to their value. The fifty, the hundred, and the thousand dollar note do not circulate so generally, and are always received with more caution, so that alterations of the kind are comparatively uncommon. In order to make still more secure, every engraving, large or small, at the end or between the signature, should also denote the denomination, until to alter a bill will be to deface its whole appearance. In engraving the different denominations of a bank, the vignette of the one should always be smallest in size, the two, three and five gradually increasing, the ten covering one-half the length of the bill, and the fifty and hundred the whole extent. By this arrangement the engraver may add much to the beauty of a set of engravings and need use neither the large red letters nor the heavy border, which so mar the general appearance of the bank note.'

President Pierce and Gen. Scott.—It is said, in the Crystal Palace, last Thursday, when President Pierce met Gen. Scott he shook him warmly by the hand, and said: "Ah, General, I never expected to meet you on the same platform!" Of course, both laughed heartily at the joke.

**THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN** states, on reliable authority, that "if at two feet above the throat of your chimney you enlarge the opening to double size, for the space of two feet, then carry up the rest as at first, your chimney will never smoke."

The Commissioners of Dauphin county are about erecting a new Hospital.

Valuable coal deposits have recently been discovered in Minnesota.

### Knocked into the World Again.

A pious old negro man, in the employment of a worthy citizen of this county, was a few weeks ago set to ploughing a rough piece of new ground. Every few feet the plough would hit against a rock or stump. The horse, moreover, was very dull, so that when stopped it was very hard to start him again. The poor negro, of course, had a hard time of it, and his piety and patience were severely tested. At last they began to give way. The altercations between him and his horse, became more violent at every fresh occasion for getting him in motion again. Finally, in a moment of frenzy, he swore at the horse in a terrific manner. A moment's reflection, however filled him with distress, and, addressing the horse, he said, in a plaintive tone, "Dar, now, you miserable brute, see what you've done!— You've gone and knocked me right back into the world again!"

### LOW RATES OF FOOD IN FRANCE.

It is astonishing at what low rates good and clean food may be afforded, when its production is effected by the division of labor, and when it is sold at cost prices. An institution has been founded at Greenoble, for the supply of food to the working classes. The building and utensils were purchased with the subscriptions of some wealthy citizens. Each member of the society pays an entrance fee of 40 cents, and the following prices for the principal articles composing a meal; a quart of soup 2 cents; a quarter of a pound of meat, roast or boiled, 4 cents; a third of a pound of bread, 1 cent; half a pint of wine, 1½ cents; a plate of vegetables, 2 cents. A plentiful dinner may be therefore had for 11 cents. The same would cost more in Paris, probably 15 cents, which is often paid by the workmen for a much less copious meal.

### Sensible Remarks.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in his remarks at the anniversary of the Five Points Mission, said: "When Christ went where there were sick, he healed them; where there was actual want, he created bread, and came down to their physical condition. Take the gospel to the miserable outcasts of our city, and no man can preach it unless he does more. It is as though he made a mark in the sand, and the first tide washes it away.— Preach the gospel, and the hunger of the man makes him forget it. There is a great deal more gospel in a loaf of bread sometimes, than in an old dry sermon.— If I go to man and bring him bread, and clothes, and medicine, this will give him a correct idea of the gospel—one which he can appreciate and understand."

### VALUABLE APPLICATION.

For wounds received from old nails, or cuts occasioned by broken glass, peach tree leaves, well steeped and applied to the wound, will give immediate relief.— By thickening the liquid from which the leaves have been taken with meal or bran, a good poultice is obtained, which will keep moist for hours. In case the leaves cannot be obtained, a tea made of young twigs of the peach tree, and thickened will do as well.

**ENDORsing AN OVER-DUE NOTE.**—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has lately decided that the holder of an over-due note can demand payment of it whenever he chooses, and the endorsement of such a note is to be considered as if made upon a new note payable on demand, the legal operation of which is precisely the same as if the endorser had drawn an inland bill of exchange upon the maker, payable at sight. Consequently the endorser is liable only upon proof of demand upon the maker within a reasonable time, and immediate notice of the default given to the endorser.

**A Strictly Orthodox Old Gentleman** in Massachusetts, returning home one Sunday afternoon from church, began to extol to his son the merits of the sermon, "I have heard, Frank," said he, "one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. It carried me to the gates of heaven." "Well I think," replied Frank, "you had better have dodged in, for you will never get another such a chance!"

**To Make Vinegar.**—A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator vouches for the merit of the following recipe for making vinegar: Take and mix one quart of molasses, three gallons of rain water and one pint of yeast. Let it ferment and stand for four weeks, and you will have the best of vinegar.

"Will you have some catsup?" asked a gentleman of Aunt Priscilla, at a dinner-table.

"Dear me, no!" she replied, with a shudder. "I am fond of cats in their place; but I should as soon think of eating dog-soup!"

The gentleman did not urge her.

**To Sudsue a Capering Horse.**—It is said in the Ohio Cultivator that a bucket or two of water given a horse to drink just before riding him, takes from him all disposition for capering, and renders him perfectly sedate.

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a boy whose boots were polished more than his ideas.

"Why," replied a bystander, "because he sees a dog in your boots."