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AT THE OFFICE OF  
THE JEFFERSONIAN.

## A Prayer for Strength.

Give me Thy strength, my Father: I am frail,  
And weak, and helpless; unto Thee I pray  
For strong upholding power, lest by the way  
My footsteps falter and my courage fail.

I need Thy strong assistance—many foes  
Are waging warfare with a fearful strife,  
While I, devoid of strength!—almost of life—  
May not attempt such numbers to oppose.

Give me Thy guidance, Father! round my way  
So many dangers lie, and hidden snares,  
That I am fearful oft, lest, unawares,  
My feet into some secret pitfall stray.

The wrong so oft in guise of right appears—  
The evil often hidden from my view,  
That I am doubtful sometimes what to do—  
My brain bewildered and confused by fears.

How oft o'er duty's pathway clouds like night  
Spread darkest shadows! and no single ray  
Appears to show the safe and better way—  
Father, 'tis Thou alone can guide aright.

Give me Thy grace, my Father, day by day,  
As newer trials come, and earthly cares  
Increase the burden which my spirit bears—  
Thy grace to lighten care and cheer the way.

Give me Thy grace when hope's glad ray appears,  
Gilding the future with its golden light,  
While I, enchanted by the glorious sight,  
Know nought of sorrow or foreboding fears.

Oft then I need Thy grace to guide aright,  
Lest, quite bewildered by the brilliant ray,  
I tread unheedingly the flow'ry way,  
Till duty's safer path be lost to sight.

Give me Thy guidance ever on my way  
Throughout the strange chequered path of life;  
Thy strength to conquer in the hour of strife,  
And all-sufficient grace for every day.

GEORGE IV. visited a very old man,  
who was about 125 years old, and asked him  
amongst other questions, how he came to live  
to such an age. He replied, "I will tell you  
my good friend:"

"Wine and women I refused,  
Late suppers I never used;  
Head and feet I always keep cold,  
And that is why I am so old."

Bayard Taylor, in one of his recent letters from Hindostan, relates the following account of a cure effected by a new agent. It may be well for the medical profession to look into it. He says:

"On getting into the cart, at the last station before reaching Khurdee, the step broke, and as I fell my knee struck upon a projecting bolt, causing such intense pain as almost to deprive me of my senses. By the time we halted again the joint was so stiff that I could scarcely bend it. The hurt produced such a chilliness that my teeth chattered, and I was fain to sit in the sun while breakfast was preparing. The morning was scorching hot, and I soon noticed that the heat seemed to draw out the pain from the injured limb. In fact in half an hour I was able to get up as usual, and since then have not felt the slightest inconvenience from the injury. This is a case of sun cure, which I recommended to any who is anxious to start a new system of healing."

A Human Candle.—The Chinese Repository tells a very singular story of the punishment inflicted on a Chinese criminal. His offence, it seems, was unpardonable, and it was determined to make an example of him. Consequently, he was wound round with cotton, saturated in tallow, and having been dipped until he presented the appearance of a gigantic candle, was stuck up on his father's grave and lighted. Of course, the poor fellow perished in slow torture. Was ever device heard of, so completely diabolical.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—If a person fall into a fit, and the face be pale, let him remain on the ground; for should it be fainting, or temporary suspension of the heart's action, you may cause death by raising the body or by bleeding. But if the face be red or dark colored, raise the body and keep it in an upright position, throw cold water on the head, and have the person bled immediately, or fatal pressure on the brain may ensue.

The farmers in Iowa say it is almost impossible to sleep at night on account of the racket made by the rapid growth of the corn.

## Guarded Secrets.

What woman is there that confesses not to the possession of a guarded secret? School girls have their cherished mysteries; but these pass from mouth to mouth till, like the witches at 'seventh hand,' all their magic dies out. It is not of such we would speak, but of that sterner and more stubborn secret which is the life in life, which occupies the soul's inner and most secret chamber, and is the hearts' holy of holies; a joy, or a dread, or a pang—most commonly the last—through life; a thing that weaves itself, with more or less intensity, into every act of our daily struggle on earth.

My grandmother had an old-fashioned cabinet, portioned out, as was the method of constructing such commodities in her day, into sundry small shelves, drawers, and old-covered boxes. The centre compartment of this same old chest opened like a door, having lock and key, and within was a long sliding-drawer, occupying the entire depth of the cabinet. That in this drawer something very precious was stored, all her children knew. None, however, dared pry into their mother's guarded secret. Her husband, it was more than suspected, could have thrown some light on the matter; but he was never known to do so, and silence rested upon the unknown occupant of the drawer; the mystery remaining a mystery up to the day of my good grandmother's death.

The contents of the secret drawer were committed to the flames, in accordance with the expressed wish of the dying. But somehow or other the secret oozed out. It would appear that, like most other grandmothers, mine had early in life had a love-affair—as that deepest-striking of all woman's experiences, is somewhat irreverently termed. It was the old story; the man she loved went abroad without having spoken just that one word for which her soul thirsted, and which, nevertheless, had found a thousand other utterances scarcely to be mistaken. For years, there was a dreary silence between the two. Then came my grandfather with his earnest courtship. Under the feeling that she was not justified in cherishing a predilection so apparently unreciprocated to by the earliest object of her affection, she yielded, after a prolonged struggle, to my grandfather's suit. No sooner, however, was she formally engaged to him, than there came a letter in the old, forgotten hand writing!

"Oh, you who have listened with beating hearts for the postman's knock, fully prepared for all it might bring, think, for one moment how the coming of this letter, long even unlooked for, and now too late, knocked at the heart of her who received it! Now, my grandmother had a conscience, and a more than commonly tender one. Her first impulse, of course, was to tear open the letter; but a second thought stayed her hand. She had long ago made the fact of this early attachment known to my grandfather. What she now did then, was at once to tell him she had received such a letter, and that, as his affianced wife, she could not and would not read it. Was she fantastic in her notions of right and wrong? I do not believe so; I do not think she could have done a better or wiser thing. Out of her act no suffering could possibly fall upon the man to whom she was pledged, and whose happiness was henceforth in her keeping, though much of pain bore heavily upon her. That letter, with its unbroken seal, lay, all her life, shut up in the old musty cabinet, where it stood revealed at last. That acting up to the truest spirit of her intention, she fought long and victoriously against the desire to fathom what those hidden characters contained—whether or not they bore that assurance of love which would once have been joy unutterable—we are bound to believe. Upon one solitary occasion alone was she ever seen to wrestle with her temptation. After a meek endurance of one of my grandfather's fits of passion—for he had a stormy temper—she was found seated, weeping bitterly, before the open door of that guarded chest wherein lay the unbroken seal.

Solemn as such subjects must be, and are, there is a blessed comfort in the thought of them. It is a gracious thing to feel that there is something, be it what it may, of real truth—of lasting good; something which neither time, nor trial, nor the common wear and tear of actual, dull, every day life can crush out of man. Do men know anything of such relics as I speak of? I am ignorant; I cannot say; but I should fancy they do not. The steady, unflinching devotion of a long life to one thought, and one remembrance, I own I never found, save in woman.

I myself confess to a few hoarded relics—Heaven forbid that any woman should be without them! But these are yet under the seal that lies so heavily on all living lips. Some day, perhaps—but we, none of us, like to think of that—strange hands may overhurl them. Pity it is that so few of us have strength of soul enough, or, it may be warning-time enough, ere the Great Revealer steals upon us, to enable us to put beyond the reach of sacrilegious eyes our most darling secrets! Oh, could we but summon the nerve to place them with our own moving fingers upon some funeral pyre! Could we but watch them slowly consuming! But no; we cannot do this. While we have life they are ours. It would seem like bidding an eternal farewell to our protecting genius, to put away the guardian spectres of lost hopes, dead loves, and mystic memories. No! Let us treasure them while we yet walk among the living. But, oh, may some kind and pitying hand, when we lie silenced, bury them with us, unprofaned by a single look!

A singular instance of this silent treasuring up of one solitary thought, and in the breast of a child, fell under my knowledge not long ago, while staying by the sea-side, at the house of some old friends. They were at the same time visited by a little girl of about seven years of age, who had been confined to their care, in order that she might have the benefit of the sea-bathing, recommended for some weakness of the spine, under which the child suffered. She was the loveliest little creature I ever beheld—quiet and shy, too, though least so with me, for whom she at once took a strong liking. Our hostess, who every night made a point of seeing her young charge put comfortably to bed, always remained in her room until the child had said her prayers. When her ordinary devotions had been gone through aloud, the child invariably bent down her head upon the bed, at the side of which she knelt, and offered up some prayer within herself. What this prayer was, nothing could induce her to reveal. Her parents were questioned about it; but though perfectly aware of the fact, they were unable to solve the question. It was, of course, a thing altogether too sacred to be intruded on by any forcible appeal, and all parties remained in their ignorance. I own that when first I was told of it, the secret appeared to me to be of so strange and unearthly a character, that I trembled as one who suddenly stands faced by a spirit. It seemed like a silent communing with angels. Feeling very anxious to witness with my own eyes what interested me so deeply in the telling, I one night, with my little friend's consent, accompanied her to her room. As usual, the prayers were repeated aloud; and then followed the silent offering up of that pure young heart. So holy was the hour, that I held my breath for very reverence, the tears springing to my eyes with sudden emotion. Surely angelic hosts hovered about that small bowed-down head, on whose golden locks a halo seemed to rest! Whatever was that silent, guarded and mysterious prayer—and sometimes it struck me that it might possibly have relation to either a dread of dying or to her anticipations of her near heaven, as she was at that time out of health—whatever that prayer might be, that it was a beautiful and pure one I am sure—the purest and the best, perhaps, in all the long catalogue of guarded secrets.

One secret, which every age has been most carefully and religiously guarded—guarded in terror and dismay, through inconceivable wrong and suffering, thro' life and up to the grave's brink, not perhaps even then to be rendered up to those who stand around scattering their last tears with the 'dust to dust'—is the secret of birth. Instances of the kind alluded to are so numerous and so startling, that it would be difficult to invent any story surpassing in interest the already written and attested records of that most dangerous secret. Such tales I remember to have heard in Scotland. One, in particular, struck me as most singular, because, though generations have been born, and have passed out of being since the occurrence narrated took place, no clue was ever found to the secret so cautiously and mysteriously guarded. The following is an outline of the tradition:—

A couple, coming whence no man knew, arrived one sharp winter night amid the smoke of Edinburgh. The wife was younger than her husband by some years, and possibly from the fact of this disparity of age, looked up to him with a feeling of reverential devotion belonging rather to a daughter than to a wife. It was noticed, indeed, by all who knew them, that she had even thus early in her wedded life, laid down for herself a law of more strict and unquestioning obedience than is usually practised by the best of wives. The result of this blind submission, as will be seen, must have borne hard upon a pure heart and tender conscience, such as hers were represented to have been, though not perhaps until added years brought home the lesson rightly understood by few—that no mortal, even though he be a husband, has a right over any other human soul, authorizing him to rule its obedience contrary to God's higher law. The married pair, it would seem, had been united for some years, yet no offspring had been granted to their prayers. It was now that, while

living in the utmost retirement in an obscure street, the husband introduced to his wife an old Scotch nurse, bearing in her arms a new born child. This child, said by him to be the posthumous son of a dear friend recently deceased, he represented it was his interest to adopt, and produce to the world as his own. To insure his wife's aid in the project, he carefully concealed from her whatever deep laid schemes were working in his own mind—made light of the affair—asserted that it was but to serve a temporary purpose, and that, the object in furtherance of which this singular deception was carried on, once attained, the whole thing should be revealed.

A quick instinct of wrong in the mind of the young wife, made her at first hesitate; but the recollection of that strict abnegation of her own will to which she had vowed herself, at last prevailed over her scruples, and the pleading looks of the helpless little orphan, lying safe and warm within her arms, melting her soul, she took the forlorn babe to her bosom and bestowed upon it heartily a mother's care. The child proved sickly, a weary burthen to any but a real mother; yet its foster-parent, though young and unused to such a charge, never for a moment shrunk from the responsibility she had incurred. The consequence naturally was, that the boy learned to love her strongly and entirely. But toward's his reputed father he at all times evinced a most strange and unaccountable aversion, amounting to an instinctive horror and shrinking from his presence. When the child had grown to be about a year old, Mr. A—g, the gentleman in question, his plans now apparently matured, resolved at once to introduce his protegee to his family as his own legitimately born son and heir. Mr. A—g was a descendant of one of the old border families, renowned in history for many a raid and many a foray across the English frontier, and, judging from his deeds, the unscrupulous character and adventurous spirit of the early freebooter would seem to have been transmitted down through many generations, little modified by the march of centuries. And now came the poor wife's trial.

In her husband's home, and under the eyes of his kindred and household, she was soon doomed to feel bitterly how a single deception inevitably leads to numerous others, and how one falsehood entails the necessity of a thousand more to follow in its wake. A mother in seeming, yet no mother in truth, her entire ignorance concerning all that related to the birth of her supposed child became a subject of ridicule with the female members of the family. Sooner or later betrayal seemed inevitable. Nor was this all: the worst was to come. No sooner had the imposture been carried out successfully, than the young wife found herself about to become a mother. Here was a new involvement. She had then given up the birth-right of her own child in favor of a stranger! It was true that the fact of the imposition of the adopted child could be proved, but what humiliation must accompany such a confession—what a heart-wearing tissue of law proceedings might not be entailed by the admission! To the married pair, years of torturing anxiety and strange discord followed. Heart-burnings of many kinds unavoidably arose out of a state of things so unnatural. The real son became a secondary consideration in the household, the very servants seeking favor with the presumed heir, and looking down on the 'younger brother.'

All this time the mystery was still maintained. Whence the adopted had come, and to whom he belonged of right, was throughout kept a guarded secret from the wife—her husband's solitary admission to her being to the effect, that the boy's mother was a lady of noble birth; of the father he never spoke. Mr. A—g made frequent and sudden journeys from home, no one knew whither or for what purpose, always returning as unexpectedly as he had departed. After these absences he was observed to be gloomy, nay, almost fierce in his temper, especially towards the child of his adoption, between whom and himself a mortal antipathy appeared to exist, and to increase with the boy's years. What might have been the issue in after-years it is needless to surmise. The Gordian-knot of this evil was suddenly and unaccountably cut by that unseen Hand which has undone many another coil of mischief in the world. One day the adopted child was found drowned in the Tyne, which rolled its waters through Mr. A—g's estate. There was a hurried and unsatisfactory inquest held on the body, and all was done. Through one breast—that of the wife—a secret shudder ran. A sickness as of death fell upon the heart of her who alone knew what hidden temptation might have laid in wait, like the weird sisters of Macbeth, urging on the man with whom her fate was bound up, to the commission of 'a deed without a name.' From that hour a blight fell over the faded house. But to this day all is enveloped in mystery. It is true, that the bare fact of the imposition of such a child in place of a real heir, incourse of time, and after the death of Mr. A—g, got rumored abroad; but the actual parentage of the ill-fated victim of the imposture remained, and will now doubtless forever remain, among the catalogue of these guarded secrets which the grave refuses to render up.

## The Pauper Dead of Naples.

A writer in the Cincinnati Gazette gives the following account of a visit to a place where the pauper dead of Naples are buried:

About two miles from the city, in a large square place, enclosed by a high wall, there are 365 cistern shaped vaults or pits, with an aperture on top about three feet square. These cisterns are some 20 or 25 feet deep by 12 or 15 in diameter, with the opening covered by a heavy stone, and tightly cemented. One of these is removed by a portable lever every day in the year, to receive the dead of that day, and then closed again for a year. They begin to deposit the bodies about 6 o'clock in the evening, and end at 10. When I got there about ten or twelve people had already been thrown in, and were lying promiscuously as they chanced to fall, with head, body and limbs in every possible attitude across, over and under each other. An old priest, or three attendants, and a few idle spectators of the common sort, were loitering about.

Shortly after my arrival a box was brought containing the body of a child some 4 or 5 years; its hand held a bunch of flowers, and a rose was in its mouth. The priest mumbled a short prayer, sprinkled it with holy water, and turned away, a man then took the little fellow by the neck and heels and pitched him in as he would a stick of wood; his head struck the curb as it went in, and he fell whirling to the bottom; seeing the flowers that fell from his hand, he took them up and threw them in after it. In a few minutes more a man was brought to the mouth of the pit; the priest again prayed and sprinkled, the attendants took him up by the head and legs and down he went also.

Then followed another child like the first, and I was about leaving the ground when a fourth subject entered. The lid of the box was thrown back, and it was the body of a young and rather handsome female. She was apparently about twenty and died evidently from some short illness. Her arms and face were round and full, and she appeared more asleep than dead. The prayers and holy water again in requisition: the attendants took her roughly up, and tossed her in. I immediately stepped to the mouth of the vault and looked down; her limbs, and those of the dead below she had disturbed by her fall, were still in motion. Her head was slowly turning, and her hair, which was long, black and luxuriant, was settling in thick clusters across a very white and naked body lying near her. For a moment the whole horrid mass seemed instinct with life, and crawling on the bottom of its loathsome charnel house. I had seen enough; sick and disgusted I turned away, and moralizing on the difference between such an interment and a peaceful one in our own beautiful cemetery at Spring Grove, I mounted my volante and returned to Naples, meeting on my road some half a dozen boxes, great and small, containing more victims for that insatiable maw that opens its mouth but once a year to be gorged with its dreadful banquet.

The bodies thus entered are generally from the Hospital, and the sight can be witnessed by any one 365 times a year. Before the pit is closed, quick lime is thrown in, and nothing but bones left when it is again opened.

## The Moth.

A great fuss is usually made "about this time" to keep off that delicate and beautiful little insect, the Moth Miller. She has certain instincts, as well as other people, and they lead her to deposit her eggs where food can be found when her young are "born into the world." So she, like a good mother, looks about industriously and claps an egg here and there under the seams of our best woollen coat, or in madam's wrist-cuffs, or bonas, or muff; or, for want of better shelter and more refined feeling, will deposit half a score of eggs among the hair of the buffalo robes that hang in the carriage-house. Now this is very innocent and commendable conduct throughout all bugdom, but is looked upon by us as a peculiarly insinuating proceeding by the bugs, and a form of deposit not altogether approved.

So the housewife tries to defend herself with cedar closets, camphor draws, rosemary sassafras leaves and other delectable odors, but the bugs care no more for them than a hectoring gallant for a tap with his lady's fan; they are true to their instincts still, and will continue to be so in spite of the nostrums of Esculapius and all his disciples!

But, fair, lady, there is one infallible remedy; simple, and always in reach.—Shake your garments or furs well, and tie them up tight in a pillar-case, or any cotton or linen bag, and hang that in the garret, or any where under cover, and your vegetables will be perfectly safe from the ravages of the moth.

## The Crops, Generally.

During the month just closed, we have traversed in various directions the large and productive region bounded by the St. Lawrence on the North and the Ohio, on the South, and stretching from the Green Mountains on the East to the Cuyahoga on the West. In addition to the observations thus made, we have conversed with many intelligent travelers from nearly all parts of the country and received letters giving some account of the state of the Crops in almost every part of the Union. From the information thus obtained, we sum up the general state and prospects of this year's Harvest as follows:

Wheat was considerably injured by the Fly and the Weevil, but not so seriously as was at first supposed. The crop is a fair average.

Rye came in well, but not extensively sown. [It rarely fails.]

Grass or Hay is short in the average—we think not over three-fourths of an average yield throughout the Union. It was very generally injured by drouth and by grasshoppers, and its later growth so hastened by the intense heat that very much of it suffers by standing in the field after it should have been cut. There is much yet out which will not be worth nearly so much as it would have been if cut a fortnight ago. It is very short in the great Grazing States of the West.

Indian Corn was quite extensively planted, and about half of all we have seen bears a good color, though often shortened by drouth. About a quarter of all we have seen is very miserable, and cannot yield ten bushels to the acre—much not five. The remaining quarter is rather worse than middling. There is time yet for improvement, if rains are frequent and frosts hold off, but the probability now is that the yield per acre will be below an average. If so, Pork must be higher. In the South, Corn is a great staple, and there will not be half a crop this year.

Potatoes cover a great deal of ground—we think more than usual—but the prospects for a yield are not bright. They have widely suffered from drouth, and the vines are generally less luxuriant than they should be. We hear reports that the dreaded Rot has made its appearance in Westchester County, where rain has been abundant. We believe the average yield will be small, though many fields look well.

Oats are a failure. There was a great breasting sown, but the severe drouth of July has stunted them, so that they are short and look badly. Even in Westchester, where there has been rain enough, they look thin and feeble—a result attributed to the intense heats of June.—We did not see a dozen really good fields in the last thousand miles we traveled. There will not be over half a crop.

Sweet Corn (for fodder) is doing fairly.

Buckwheat is seen in all stages—some fields in the blossom; others hardly out of the ground. The earliest sown is generally short. It is too soon to speak as to the latter.

Roots, other than Potatoes, are not extensively sown or not yet up. The shortness of the Grass crop ought to have induced a very general sowing of Turnips and Indian Corn to eke out the deficiency of Hay, but we do not learn that it has done so.

Our general conclusion is that Grain will rule high and probably advance during the next nine months, carrying Pork along with it, and that Cattle and Beef will be cheaper in the fall. Sheep cannot well be dearer. But August may materially change all this. So much depends on the fullness or deficiency of the Harvest, that we will thank our friends in every quarter to advise us early of anything that may occur affecting it in their respective neighborhoods, and to be careful to inform us accurately.—Grass and Winter Grain are mainly cut, while Oats are generally past praying for; but Indian Corn and Potatoes may yet come in so bounteously as to ensure general plenty.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Freeman's Journal of New York, Bishop Huges' organ, says:

"Letters from Rome, received here three days ago, announce that a distinguished Senator of the United States made his formal renunciation of Protestantism, and was received in the Catholic Church on the Feast of Visitation, (July 24,) by his Eminence Cardinal Fransoni, Prefect of Propaganda. I have not been able to ascertain his name of the convert, but it will not long remain unknown."

The person alluded to above is reported to be Senator Douglass, of Illinois, who is now, or was recently, in Rome.

"Puppy, can't I go to the zoological rooms to see the camomile fight the rhinoceros?" "Sartin, my son—but don't get your trousers torn. Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has got for natural history."