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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

The following lines from the New Orleans Picayune are pertinent to some impertinent persons in nearly every community:

- Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know:
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?
Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman does call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtains should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers-on?
Is it anybody's business
But the lady's if her beau
Rides out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?
If a person's on the side-walk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person,
As he's calling anywhere,
Is it anybody's business
What his business may be there?
The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this—
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we're certain, if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.
If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tatters and defamers,
Who throng the public mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns
It were better in the future
To mind his own concerns.

A German professor had collected a valuable cabinet of curiosities, which he highly prized. One morning a friend came to tell him of a very unpleasant circumstance—that he had seen a man get up a ladder into a window of the professor's house.

"Into which window?" cried the philosopher.

"I am very sorry to say," replied his friend, "it was your daughter's."

"Oh, man!" said the other, "you almost frightened me; I thought he had been into the cabinet!"

Division of Labor.—A certain preacher was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation, when he "lifted up his eyes to the gallery, and beheld a youngster pelting the people below with chestnuts. Dominic was about to administer, *ex cathedra*, a sharp and stringent reprimand for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth, anticipating him, bawled out at the top of his voice, "You mind your preaching, daddy, and I'll keep 'em awake!"

Yankee Courtship.

A love-lorn swain broke a wishbone with his "heart's queen," somewhere in New Hampshire.

"Now what do you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation.

"I wish I was hansom," replied the fair damsel, "hansom as Queen Victory."

"Jerusalem! what a wish!" replied Jonathan, "when you're hansom 'nuff new."

"But I'll tell you what I wished, Sally; I wished you was locked up in my arms, and the key was lost!"

"Come here, sonney, and tell me what the four seasons are!" said a school-mistress to a dirty-faced urchin. "Pepper, mustard, salt and vinegar—their what mammy alters seasons with," replied little hopeful.

From the N. York Tribune, Aug. 5.

"Hot Corn."

"Hot Corn!—Here's your nice Hot Corn, smoking hot, smoking hot, just from the pot!" Hour after hour last evening as we sat over the desk, this cry came up in a soft plaintive voice under our window, which told us of one of the ways of the poor to eke out means of subsistence in this over-burdened, ill-fed and worse-lodged home of misery—of so many without means, who are constantly crowding into the dirtiest purlieus of this notoriously dirty city, while they are exposed to the daily chance of death from some sudden outbreaking epidemic like that now desolating the same kind of streets in N. Orleans, and swallowing up its thousands of victims from the same class of poverty-stricken, uncomfortably-provided-for human beings, who know not how, or have not the power to flee to the healthy hills and green fields of the country.—Here they live—barely live—in holes almost as hot as the hot corn, the cry of which rang in our ears from dark till midnight.

"Hot Corn! hot corn! here's your nice hot corn," rose up in a faint, child-like voice, which seemed to have been aroused by the sound of our step as we were about entering the Park, while the City Hall clock told the hour when ghosts go forth upon their midnight rambles. We started, as though a spirit had given us a rap, for the sound seemed to come out of one of the iron posts which stand as sentinels over the main entrance, forbidding all vehicles to enter, unless the driver takes the trouble to pull up and tumble out of the way one of the aforesaid posts, which is not often done, because one of them often, if not always, is out of its place, giving free ingress to the court-yard, or livery-stable grounds of the City Hall, which in consideration of the growth of a few miserable dusty brown trees and doubtful colored grass patches, we call "the Park."

Looking over the post we discovered the owner of the hot corn cry, in the person of an emancipated little girl about twelve years old, whose dirty frock was nearly the color of the rusty iron, and whose face, hands and feet, naturally white and delicate, were grimed with dirt until nearly of the same color. There were two white streaks running down from the soft blue eyes, that told of the hot scalding tears that were cursing their way over that naturally beautiful face.

"Some corn, Sir," lisped the little sufferer, as she saw we had stopped to look at her, hardly daring to speak to one who did not address her in rough tones of command, such as "give me some corn, you little wolf's whelp," or a name still more appropos both to herself and mother. Seeing we had no look of contempt for her, she said piteously, "please buy some corn, sir."

"No, my dear, we don't wish any; it is not very healthy in such warm weather as this, and especially so late at night."

"Oh, dear, then, what shall I do?"

"Why, go home. It is past midnight and such little girls as you ought not to be in the streets of this bad City at this time of night."

"I can't go home—and I am so tired and sleepy. Oh dear!"

"Cannot go home. Why not?"

"Oh, sir, my mother will whip me if I go home without selling all my corn.—Oh, Sir, do buy one ear, and then I shall have only two ears left, and I am sure she might let Sis and me eat them, for I have not had anything to eat since morning, only one apple the man gave me, and one part of one he threw away. I could have stole a turnip at the grocery when I went to get—to get something in the pitcher for mother, but I dare not—I did use to steal, but Mr. Pease says it is naughty, indeed I don't; and I don't want to be a bad girl, like Lizzy Smith, and she is only two years older than me, if she does dress fine; cause Mr. Pease says she will be just like old drunken Kate, one of these days. Oh, dear, now there goes a man and I did not cry hot corn, what shall I do?"

"Do! There, that is what you shall do," as we dashed the corn in the gutter.

"Go home; tell your mother you sold it all, and here is the money."

"Won't that be a lie, Sir? Mr. Pease says we must not tell lies."

"No, my dear, that won't be a lie, because I have bought it and thrown it away, instead of eating it."

"But, Sir, may I eat it then if you don't want it?"

"No, it is not good for you; good bread is better, and here is a sixpence to buy a loaf, and there is another to buy some nice cakes for you & Sis. Now that is your money; don't give it to your mother, and don't stay out so late again. Go home earlier and tell your mother you cannot sell all your corn and you cannot keep awake, and if she is a good mother she won't whip you."

"Oh, Sir, she is a good mother sometimes. But I am sure the grocery man at the corner is not a good man or he would not sell my mother rum, when he knows—for Mr. Pease told him so—that we poor children were starving. Oh, I wish all the men were good like him, and then my mother would not drink that nasty liquor and beat and starve us 'cause there would be nobody to sell her any. And then we would have plenty to eat."

Away she ran down the street toward that rocking centre of filth, poverty and misery, the noted Five Points of New York.

As we plodded up Broadway, looking in here and there upon the palatial splendors of metropolitan "saloons"—we think that is the word for fashionable upper class grog shops—we almost involuntarily cried "hot corn," as we saw the hot spirit of that grain, under the various guises of "pure gin"—"old rum"—"pale brandy"—"pure port"—"Heid-seick"—or "Lager beer"—poured down the hot throats of men—and ah yes, of women, too, whose daughters may some day sit at midnight upon the cold curbstone crying "hot corn," to gain a penny for the purchase of a drink of the fiery dragon they are now inviting to a home in their bosoms, whose cry in after years will be "Give, give, give," and still as unsatisfied as the horse-leech's daughters.

Again, as we passed up on that street still busy and thronged at midnight, as a country village at midday intermission of church service, ever and anon from some side street came up the cry of "hot corn—hot corn!" and ever as we heard it, and ever as we shall through all years to come, we thought of that girl and her drunken mother, and that her's was the best, the strongest Maine Law argument which had ever fallen upon our listening ear.

Again, as we turned the corner of Spring st., the glare and splendor of a thousand gas lights, and the glittering cut glass of that, for the first time lighted up bar room of the Prescott House, so lauded by the Press for its magnificence, dashed our eyes and almost blinded our senses to a degree of imagination that first-class hotels must have Five Point denizen-making appurtenances, as this glittering room, shamelessly open, inviting to the street; when that watch-word cry, like the pibroek's startling peal, came up from the near vicinity, wailing like a lost spirit on the midnight air—"Hot corn, hot corn—here's your nice hot corn—smoking hot—hot—hot corn!"

"Yes, yes!" I hear you cry—it is a watchword—a glorious watchword, that bids us to do or die—until the smoking hot, fiery furnace-like gates of hell, like this one now yawning before us, shall cease to be licensed by a Christian people, to send delicate little girls at midnight through the streets crying "hot corn," to support a drunken mother, whose first glass was taken in a "fashionable saloon," or first-class liquor selling hotel.

"Hot corn," then, be the watchword of all who would rather see the grain fed to the drunkard's wife and children, than into the incalculable hot maw of the whiskey still.

Let your resolutions grow hot and strong every time you hear this midnight city cry, that you will devote, if nothing more,

"Three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn,"

toward the salvation of the thousand equally pitiable objects as the little girl, whose wailing cry has been the innocent cause of this present dish of "Hot corn—smoking hot!"

From the N. York Tribune Aug. 13.

HOT CORN.—About a week ago we published a little story under this title, detailing some of the sufferings which crime and misery bring upon the poor of this City, and hinted at the cause. That story is not yet finished. The next night after the interview with that neglected, ill-used little girl, the same plaintive cry of "Hot corn, hot corn, here's your nice hot corn," came up through our open window, on the midnight air, while the rain came dropping down from the overcharged clouds in just sufficient quantity to wet the thin single garment of the owner of that sweet voice, without giving her an acceptable excuse for leaving her post before her hard task was completed. At length the voice grew faint, and then ceased, and then we knew that exhausted nature slept—that a tender house plant was exposed to the chilling influence of a night rain—that an innocent little girl had the curbstone for a bed and an iron post for a pillow—that by and by she would awaken, not invigorated with refreshing slumber, but poisoned with the sleep-inhaled miasma of the filth-reeking gutter at her feet, which may be breathed with impunity awake, but like the malaria of our Southern coast, is death to the sleeper. Not soothed by a dreamy consciousness of hearing a mother's voice, turning the soft lullaby of

"Hush my child, lie still and slumber;" but starting like a sentinel upon a savage frontier post, with alarm at having slept: shivering with night air and fear, and finally compelled to go home trembling like a culprit to hear the hard words of a mother—yes, a mother—but Oh! what a mother—cursing her for not performing an impossibility, because exhausted nature slept—because her child had not made a profit which would have enabled her more freely to indulge in the soul and body-destroying vice of drunkenness, to which she had fallen from an estate when "my carriage" was one of the "household words" which used to greet the young ears of that poor little death-stricken neglected street sufferer.

It was past midnight when she awoke and found herself with a desperate effort just able to reach the bottom of the rickety stairs which led to her home. We shall not go up now. In a little while, reader, you shall see where live the City poor.

Tired—worn with the daily toil—for such is the work of an editor who caters for the appetites of his morning readers—we were not present the next night to note the absence of that cry from its accustomed spot; but the next, and next, and still on we listened in vain. True the same hot cry, came floating upon the evening breeze across the park, or wormed its way from some cracked fiddle voice down the street, up and around the corner; or out of some dark alley with a broken English accent, that sounded almost as much like "lager beer" as it did like the commodity the immigrant, struggling to eke out his precarious existence, wished to sell. All over this great poverty burdened, and waste extravagant City, at this season, that cry goes up, nightly proclaiming one of the habits of this late supper eating people.

Yes, we missed that cry. "Hot corn" was no longer like the music of a stringed instrument to a weary man, for the treble string was broken, and, to us, the harmony spoiled.

What was that voice to us? It was but one of the ten thousand, just as miserable, which may be daily heard where human misery has its abode. That voice as some others have, did not haunt us, but its absence in spite of all reasoning, made us feel uneasy. We do not believe in spiritual manifestations half as strongly as some of the nincompoops of this world would have their long-eared listeners think, yet we do believe there is a spirit in man, not yet made manifest, which makes us yearn after co-existing spirits in this sphere and in this life, and that there is no need of going beyond it, seeking after strange idols.

We shall not stop to inquire whether it was a spirit of the "first, third or sixth sphere," that prompted us as we left our desk one evening, to go down among the abodes of the poor, with a feeling of certainty that we should see or hear something of the lost voice, for that spirit led us on; perhaps it was the spirit of curiosity; no matter, it led, and we followed in the route we had seen that little one go before—it was our only cue—we know no name—had no number, nor knew no one that knew her whom we were going to find. Yes, we knew that good Missionary, and she had told us of the good words which he had spoken, but would he know her from the hundreds just like her? Perhaps. It will cost nothing to inquire. We went down Centre-st., with a light heart; we turned into Cross-st., with a step buoyed by hope; we stood at the corner of Little Water-st., and looked round inquiringly of the spirit, and mentally said, "which way now?"—The answer was a far-off scream of despair. We stood still with an open ear, for the sound of prayer, followed by a sweet hymn of praise to God, went up from the site of the old Brewery, in which we joined, thankful that that was no longer the abode of all the worst crimes ever concentrated under one roof. Hark, a step approaches. Our unseen guide whispered "ask him." It were a curious question to ask a stranger, in a strange place, particularly one like him, haggard with over much care, toil or mental labor. Prematurely old, his days shortened by over work in young years, as his furrowed face and almost phrenesic eye hurriedly indicates, as we see the flash of the lamp upon his dark visage, as he approaches with that peculiar American step which impels the body forward at railroad speed. Shall we get out of his way before he walks over us? What if he is a crazy man? No; the spirit was right—no false raps here. It is that good Missionary. That man who has done more to reform that den of crime, the Five Points of New York, than all the Municipal Authorities of this Police hunting, and Prison punishing City, where misfortune is deemed a crime, or the unfortunate driven to it, by the way they are treated, instead of being reformed, or strengthened in their resolution to reform, by hard words rather than Prison Bars.

"Sir," said Mr. Pease, "what brings you here at this time of night, for I know there is an object, can I help you?"

"Perhaps, I don't know—a foolish whim—a little child—one of the miserable, with a drunken mother."

"Come with me, then. There are many such. I am just going to visit one who will die before morning—a sweet little girl, born in better days, and dying now—but you shall see, and then we will talk about the one you would seek to save."

We were threading a narrow alley, where pestilence walketh in darkness, and crime, wretched poverty and filthy misery go hand in hand to destruction.

"Behold," said our friend, "the fruits of our City excise. Here the profit of money spent for license to kill the body and damn the soul." Proven by the awful curses and loud blows of a drunken husband upon a wife, once an ornament of society, and exemplary member of a Christian Church, that came up out of the low cellars, which human beings call by the holy name of home.

The fetid odor of this filthy lane had been more fetid by the late and almost scalding hot rains, until it seemed to us that such an air was only fit for a charnal house. With the thermometer at 86, at midnight, how could men live in such a place, below the surface of the earth—Has rum rendered them proof against the effect of carbonic acid gas?

We grouped our way along to the feet

of an outside staircase, where our conductor paused for a moment calling our attention to the spot. "Here," said Mr. Pease, "the little sufferer we are going to see, fainted a few nights ago, and lay all night exposed to the rain, where she was found and beaten in the morning by her mother, because she had not sold all her corn."

"Great and unknown cause, hast thou brought us to her door?" Our friend started but did not comprehend the expression.

"Be careful," said he, "the stairs are very old and slippery."

"Beat her!" said we, without regarding what he was saying.

"Yes, beat her, while she was in a fever of delirium, from which she has never rallied. She has not spoken rationally since she was taken. Her constant prayer seems to be to see some particular person before she dies."

"Oh, if I could see him once more—there—that is him—no, no, he did not speak that way to me—he did not curse and beat me." Such is her conversation, and that induced her mother to send for me, but I was not the man. "Will he come?" she says, every time I visit her; for, thinking to soothe and comfort her, I promised to bring him.

We had reached the top of the stairs and stood a moment at the open door, where sin and misery dwelt, where sickness had come, and where death would soon enter.

"Will he come?"

A faint voice came up from a low bed in the corner, seen by the very dim light of a miserable lamp.

That voice. We could not be mistaken. We could not enter. Let us wait a moment in the open air, for there is a choking sensation coming over us.

"Come in," said our friend.

"Will he come?"

Two hands were stretched out imploringly toward the Missionary, as the sound of his voice was recognized.

"She is much weaker to night," said her mother, in a quite lady like manner for the sense of her drunken wrong to her dying child had kept her sober ever since she had been sick, "but she is quite delirious, and all the time talking about some man that spoke kindly to her one night, and gave her money to buy some bread."

"Will he come?"

"Yes, yes, through the guidance of the good spirit that guides the world, and leads us by unseen paths, through dark places, he has come!"

The little emancipated form started up in bed, and a pair of beautiful soft blue eyes, glanced around the room, peering through the semi-darkness, as if in search of something heard but unseen.

"Katy, darling," said the mother, "what is the matter?"

"Where is he mother? He is here, I heard him speak."

"Yes, yes, sweet little innocent, he is here, kneeling by your bedside. There lay down, you are very sick."

"Only once, just once, let me put my arms around your neck, and kiss you just as I used to kiss papa. I had a papa once, when we lived in the big house—there, there. Oh, I did want to see you to thank you for the bread and the cakes; I was very hungry, and it did taste so good—and little Sis, she waked up, and she eat and eat, and after a while she went to sleep with a piece in her hand, and I went to sleep; haven't I been asleep a good while in the Park, and somebody stole all my corn, and my mother whipped me for it, but I could not help it. Oh, dear, I feel sleepy now. I can't talk any more. I am very tired. I cannot see the candle has gone out. I think I am going to die. I thank you; I wanted to thank you for the bread—I thought you would not come. Good bye—Sissee, good bye, Sissee—you will come—mother—don't—drink—any more—Mother—good bye—"

"'Tis the last of earth," said the good man at our side—"let us pray."

Reader, Christian reader, little Katy is in her grave. Prayers for her are unavailing. There are in this City a thousand just such cases. Prayers for them are unavailing. Faith without works won't work reform. A faithful, prayerful resolution, to work out that reform which will save you from reading the recital of such scenes—such fruits of the rum trade as this before you, will work together for your own and others' good. Go forth and listen. If you hear a little voice crying hot corn, think of poor Katy, and of the hosts of innocents slain by the remorseless tyrant, rum. Go forth and seek a better spirit to rule over us. Cry aloud "will he come?" and the answer will be, "yes, yes, he is here!"

The amount of coinage at the United States Mint for the months of August was \$2,514,731, and \$605,198 in bars.—The silver coinage was \$50,000, mainly in quarter dollar pieces. During the same month there were \$5,479,600 coined in cents. The gold bullion deposited was \$4,469,000 from California, and \$43,000 from other sources. Silver bullion deposited, \$869,000.

GUANO.—Francisco Rivero, a commissioner appointed in 1850 by the Peruvian government to examine the Guano Islands belonging to that Republic, estimates the quantity of guano on three islands at 18,250,000 tons.

Qualifications for the Legislature.

A Texan, in announcing himself as a candidate for the Legislature, makes the following statement of his principles:

Reform is necessary. I am the man to effect—in fact, the only man that can and will do it.

I am a Jeffersonian, Jackson Democrat. In truth, I was so born.

I am progressive. I may say, a FAST one.

I go for the greatest good to the greatest number.

I am in favor of giving homes to the homeless, and houses to the houseless.

I advocate the education of the masses by a tax upon wealth.

I believe that earth, air and water, is a gift of the good God to all. That all are entitled to as much as is necessary for their use. More than this is a monopoly, and I am opposed to all monopolies.

I am in favor of banks, if a plan can be invented to establish one to loan money to the poor, industrious, honest man, without security.

I am a 'Young American.' I adopt their boundary—East by the rising, and West by the setting sun; North by the Arctic expedition, and South—as far as we please. This a great country, and less than this would not suit our purposes. I abhor old fogies, whether as politicians, warriors, husbands, or lovers. —I wish this distinctly understood.

I disavow the creed of 'All things unto all men,' but adopt it decidedly as regards the ladies.

I am for women's rights on the largest scale. If we do not yield them equality, I fear they will refuse to multiply and replenish the earth, as they have threatened to do. And every unprejudiced mind must admit that they become our wives not to please themselves, but us.

I am too modest to enumerate all my good qualities and qualifications for office. I leave all self-praise to my competitors. I think, however, without vanity, I may say that, if elected, I will be more distinguished than any representative you have had. You will be proud of me. My name will be familiar to all, and daily seen in the public prints.

I am an old Texan, one of the founders of Galveston. I have shed much blood for the good of the people. I have done the State some service. I ask, in return, your votes. I will see most of you before the election, and will address you before the public.

I am opposed to the practice of treating, but, when invited, will be happy to take a glass with any one. In this particular, I make no distinction of politics.

P. S.—I forgot to say that I am in favor of the next war.

Cheap Mode of Filtering Water.

As efficient a filter as possibly can be constructed, may be made in a few minutes by any person, and at the cost of a very few pence. Procure a clean flower pot of the common kind, close the opening in the bottom by a piece of sponge, then place in the inside a layer of stones, previously well cleansed by washing; this layer may be very small; next procure some freshly burnt charcoal, which has not been kept in a damp or foul place, as it rapidly absorbs any strong smells, and so becomes tainted and unfit for such purpose; reduce this to powder, and mix it with twice its bulk of clear, well-washed, sharp sand, with this mixture fill the pot to within a short distance of the top, covering it with a layer of small stones, or what is perhaps better, place a piece of thick, close flannel over it, large enough to the round the rim of the pot outside, and to form a hollow inside, into which the water to be filtered is to be poured, and which will be found to flow out rapidly through the sponge in an exceedingly pure state. The flannel removes the grosser impurities floating in the water, but the filter absorbs much of the decaying animal and vegetable bodies actually dissolved in it; when it becomes charged with them, it loses this power, hence the necessity for a supply of fresh charcoal at intervals.

An immense Peach Orchard.

A gentleman, named Davis, residing in Clermont county, Ohio, has a peach orchard of 100 acres, containing 17,000 trees. Mr. Davis, it appears, left Philadelphia a few years ago, and purchased his present farm—then considered the poorest one in the neighborhood—and set it out with peach trees, of twenty different varieties, from New Jersey. As the farmers in that vicinity had tried for several years previous to raise peaches for market, and had uniformly failed, they considered the experiment of Mr. Davis a foolish one, and even went so far as to appoint a committee to wait on him and advise him to abandon it, as it would certainly ruin him. He persevered, however, notwithstanding 5,000 of the trees died soon after being planted. This was six years ago. In 1850 he gathered his first crop, from which he realized sufficient to pay for his farm and trees, and to leave him \$500 on hand. This season about 5,000 of the trees are bearing, and already 7,500 baskets have been sold, at over \$1 per basket. His net profits this season are estimated at \$25,000.

A good old minister prayed for those of his congregation who were too proud to kneel and too lazy to stand.