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The Day is Gone.

BY LONGFELLOW.

The day is gone; and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem—
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thought of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bard's sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For like the strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest,
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read the treasure'd volume,
The poem of my choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently pass away.

67—A Western farmer being obliged to sell a yoke of oxen to pay his hired man, told him he could not keep him any longer.

"Why," said the man, "I'll stay and take some of your cows in place of money."

"But what shall I do," said the farmer "when my cows and oxen are all gone?"

"Why, you can then work for me, and get them back."

A Beautiful Incident.

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out:—

"My dear are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from the chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife exclaimed:—

"Are you afraid?"
She instantly answered, "No."
"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember I know in whom I believe, and that he who holds the wind in his fist and the water in the hollow of His hand is my Father."

Hurray! for Aunt Mary.—Aunt Mary, whilst going along the street the other day, saw over a tailor's door, a sign bearing the inscription "Fountain of Fashion." "Ah," exclaimed she, "that must be where squirts come from, at the same time casting a malignant squint at a couple of young men with incipient whiskers and standing collars. A woman of great perception is our Aunt Mary.

"You Zeke!" "What ma!" "Have you sanded your teeth and followed your hair?" "Yes, ma!" "Tanned your boots and corked your eye-brows?" "Yes, ma."

"Then tazel your hat, and go to the meeting; we must be as fashionable as our neighbors."

Friends are as companions on a journey, who ought to aid each other to persevere in the road to a happier life.

A Female Crusoe.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA. Sept. 11, 1853.

We have now in Santa Barbara a great curiosity; it is an Indian woman, who has lived for eighteen years alone upon the island of San Nicholas—a small island about forty-five miles from this place—during which time she has not seen the face of a human being. This island was once peopled by a tribe of Indians, to whom the Northwest tribes were hostile. To preserve the remnant of this tribe from destruction, as well as with a view to christianize them, the Padres induced them to come to the main land eighteen years ago. After they were all on board the vessel sent for them, this woman swam ashore to look for her child which had been left; and a storm springing up in the night, the vessel was compelled to put to sea; on returning she could not be found. She was known to be alive, by those who at times visited the island for the purpose of hunting otters, from the marks of fires and foot prints in the sand.

On being approached the other day, she manifested much joy, which she betrayed by signs of a most significant character, and at once commenced packing up her few articles of furniture. Whether the sounds which she utters are words or not, has not yet been ascertained. The man who found her is familiar with five or six Indian languages, but he was unable to understand a single expression; it is more than probable that she has forgotten her native tongue entirely. Her clothes consisted of the skins of birds sewed together with the fibres of some tree or plant. Her food has been shell fish, seals, and a small bulbous root, similar in appearance to an onion, but wholly tasteless. The needless with which she stitches her garments are made of the sharp bones of a fish. She had two hooks made of a bent nail, and sharpened by friction upon a stone. Her lines were beautifully twisted from the sinews of some animal—probably a species of fox which abounds on the island.

Her age, as near as can be estimated, is about 55 or 60. Her features are quite masculine, and her hair of the color of dark brown and very fine. This is quite remarkable for an Indian; their hair, you know, is always jet black and coarse. In some future letter I will give you a more extended account of this marvel of the nineteenth century. She is truly an object for the reflection of philosophers and the inspection of the curious.—Newburyport Herald.

Ditto.—An honest old farmer, rather ignorant of the improved abbreviation, went to a certain store with which he did his trading, to make his annual settlement.

On looking over, he occasionally found charges like the following. "To 1 lb. Tea." "To 1 lb. ditto," he concluded the account was not correct, and posted off home to inquire into the affair.

"Wife," said he, "this is a pretty business; there is Mr.—has charged me with pounds and pounds of ditto." "Now I should like to know what you have done with so much ditto."

Ditto, ditto!" replied the old lady, I never had a pound of ditto in my house in my life."

So back went the farmer in high dudgeon that he should be charged with things he never received.

"Mr.—," said he, "my wife says she never had a pound of ditto in the house in her life." The merchant thereupon explained the meaning of the term, and the farmer went home satisfied.

His wife enquired if he had found out the meaning of ditto. "Yes," said he, "it means I'm a d—d fool and you are ditto."

Anecdote.

In a small country town located in the vicinity of the junction of the Chenango with the Susquehanna river there is a church in which the singing had, to use their own phrase, run completely down; it had been led for many years by one of the deacons whose voice and musical powers had been gradually giving out. One evening, on an occasion of interest, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was sung even worse than usual—the deacon of course leading. Upon its conclusion the minister arose and requested Brother— to repeat the hymn as he could not conscientiously pray after such singing. The deacon very comportedly pitched it to another tune, and it was again performed with manifestly a little improvement upon the first time. The clergyman said no more, but proceeded with his prayer. He had finished to give out a second hymn when he was interrupted by Deacon— bravely getting up, and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation, "will Mr.— please make another prayer? it will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!"—Knickerbocker.

The snake may reach the eminence as certainly as the eagle, but he reaches it by crawling, and he still remains a snake.

How few there are who live up to their own power of being useful.

If there was no future life, our souls would not thirst for it.

The shadow of a human life is traced upon a golden ground of immortal hope.

By abstaining from most things, it is surprising how many things we enjoy.

SECRET SERVICE:

OR, THE BROKER'S WARD.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

"My God! not a dollar left! My poor pittance is all gone, and I have not a penny to pay this bill with," exclaimed Henry Standish, as he crushed up a bill for board, which his landlady had just handed him.

Throwing himself into a chair, he covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child.

When the strong man weeps, the heart is indeed touched. The young man had been four weeks in Boston in search of employment. He was a native of a thriving town in the northerly part of Vermont. Well educated and of good address, he was qualified for the mercantile business, and his thoughts had always been turned in that direction.

For several years previous to his departure from home, he had been employed in a store; but the sphere was too narrow for his ambition. He longed for the excitement of the great metropolis, which he doubted not would furnish him a field co-extensive with his capacity and his desires.

With only a small sum of money, for he doubted not that he could step immediately into some lucrative situation, he bade adieu to the cherished home of his childhood, and departed for Boston.

Arrived there, he found his prospects not half so encouraging as he had expected. He had applied for several situations; but having neglected to bring with him testimonials of character, no one would employ him in any desirable capacity.

He was sorely disappointed, and not until his scanty means were exhausted, did he awaken to the full sense of his unfortunate position. There seemed to be no alternative before him, but to accept a situation in some menial capacity, a step at which his pride revolted.

His landlady had handed him her weekly bill for board. It was only five dollars, but all his money was spent, and the consciousness of his misery went over him like a dark cloud.

Retiring to his room, he vented his sad feelings in exclamations of bitter disappointment.

"How now, Standish! What is the matter?" exclaimed his friendly roommate, as he entered the apartment, and discovered the misery of the disappointed young man.

Henry raised his head and thrust forward the bill.

"Fudge! you are not making all this fuss about that bill, are you?"

"I have not a dollar left."

"Cheer up, man; I will lend you a V," said his kind-hearted "chum," drawing his pocket-book out, and taking therefrom a bank-bill.

"Nay, nay, Joseph, I cannot take it. I know not that I should ever be able to repay you," replied Henry, bitterly.

"Nonsense, Standish; take it, whether you ever pay me or not."

"I cannot."

"Thunder, you must! you will learn how to borrow money one of these days." Henry reluctantly took the bill.

"I have news for you—a chance to get in business."

"Then you have seen Mr. Harding?" said Henry, brightening up.

"I have; he says he has something for you to do. He wishes to see you, and promises to come here for that purpose."

"To come here?"

"Yes, and it is time he were here now," said the other, consulting his watch.

Mr. Harding was a broker, to whom Henry had several times applied for employment, and who had encouraged him to hope that his purpose was in a fair way of being accomplished.

A servant girl announced the broker.

"He would come up, though I tried to make him stop below," said the girl, in a low tone.

"Walk in, sir; my apartment is but an humble one," said Henry, in confusion.

"No apology, young man; you are not alone," returned the visitor, glancing at Henry's chum.

those in more comfortable circumstances. "I promise," "I do."

"If you are false to your oath, I'll tear your heart out!" said the broker, in a deep, fierce tone.

"I would not betray your confidence, sir."

"Listen to me, then. I am the guardian of a young lady, who, by the terms of her father's will, loses her inheritance if she marries without my consent—her estates comes to me. The fall of stocks has ruined me; I must redeem myself.—Do you understand?"

Henry shrank back in amazement at the cool villainy which Mr. Harding proposed to perpetrate; but his curiosity was roused, and with as much calmness as he could assume, he expressed his perfect comprehension of the broker's position.

"You are well formed; the women say you are handsome," continued the broker with a sneer. "Nature has admirably adapted you to execute my purpose; you must marry the girl."

"Marry her?" exclaimed Henry, in utter amazement.

"Ah marry her! She is worth a hundred thousand dollars; I will give you ten when you have made her your wife."

"Will she consent to be my wife?"

"Fool! not unless you play your cards right. But she is romantic, sentimental—reads novels by the wholesale. I will introduce you as Count Fizzle or something of that sort; you must do the rest."

Henry paused to consider. The idea of becoming a party to such a nefarious transaction was repugnant to every manly feeling within him. But he had sworn an oath, which sealed his lips so that he could not expose the plot even if he refused to be engaged in it.

"I will make the attempt," after a thorough consideration.

"Good; and as I suppose you are not flush of change, here is a hundred dollars to fit yourself out with."

The broker handed him the money, and promised to call in the evening and introduce him to the lady.

"That was a precious scheme!" exclaimed Joseph, as he re-entered the room.

"You heard it?"

"Mum, Standish; I am not so nice about such things as some folks. I congratulate you on your good fortune, and when you come in possession, I hope you won't forget old friends."

"I certainly shall not," replied Henry, relapsing into a reverie.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Harding accompanied Henry Standish to the residence of his ward, and presented him as a highly esteemed young friend for whom he claimed her special favor.

"Your friends shall always be welcome, uncle Obed," said she, taking the hand of Henry.

Her uncle! great heavens! it is possible that a man can plot the injury of his own flesh and blood!

Mr. Harding withdrew after a brief conversation, leaving Henry to win his way to the heart of the heiress.

There was that in the eye of the young man which is irresistibly attractive to a young maiden. He was well formed, with a handsome face, musical voice, and a winning manner. Amelia was prepossessed in his favor from the first moment she saw him.

Henry, perceiving his advantage, followed it up with energy, and ere half the evening had passed away; had produced an impression on the heart of the maiden, which fairly opened the way for a conquest.

But he could not but reproach himself for the part he had accepted, and though he felt that his intentions were good, the consciousness that he appeared before the gentle girl in an assumed character, was anything but agreeable to his lofty sentiment.

Amelia was a beautiful girl, and Henry felt to be loved by her, was to him the delights of paradise in the midst of the cold, frowning world. When he departed his heart told him that even then he had gone too far for his own happiness.

He had seen her, and could not resist the desire to repeat his visit. He went again: the effect of the visit was irretrievable. She blushed when he was announced—she thought of him in his absence—she loved him.

Henry continued his visits for several weeks: he had confessed his love, and received a warm pressure of the hand in reply.

"I have deceived you, Amelia," said Henry, his mind made up to continue no longer the cruel deception.

"Deceived me, Henry," repeated she, fixing her large, liquid blue eyes anxious upon him.

"I have dearest; I am a poor, worthless man—a beggar."

"Is that all? You never told me you were rich," replied Amelia, entirely relieved to find the deception so harmless.

In a few words, Henry acknowledged the utter poverty and destitution which had surrounded him, and gave her the history of his past life.

"I am glad you are not rich, Henry, said she, artlessly, when he had finished his recital; "it is so romantic to marry a poor man, so noble and gentle and as yourself. I shall have the pleasure of

enriching you now," and Amelia laughed gaily.

"Alas, dearest, I fear you shall not even have that pleasure," returned Henry; and he narrated the particulars of his first interview with her uncle.

"Is it possible that uncle Obed can be so wicked!" exclaimed she, with unaffected astonishment; "dear me, how I pity him!"

"But, dear Amelia, we must part."

"Part? no."

"Your fortune will be sacrificed."

"Let it go, then; and I am heartily obliged to my uncle Obed for making choice of so noble, gallant and handsome a person to execute his purpose."

"Think what you do, dear Amelia."

"I am satisfied; my decision is made. My uncle sent you to play the part of a villain in the face of a strong temptation, you have done your duty, and behaved as a gallant knight. Think you I cannot appreciate your devotion? I love you, sir, knight—let the fortune go."

"But I am a beggar."

"Then let me be the wife of a beggar."

Henry folded her in his arms, and imprinted a tender kiss upon her lips.

"Nay, love, fortune shall redeem us from penury; we shall yet be happy."

"I have it!" and Henry's brow contracted with the weight of a big thought, which had suddenly invaded his brain.

"Have what, dear Henry?"

CHAPTER III.

On the following day, Henry and Amelia left for New York—for what reason the imaginative reader can easily divine.

The first intelligence that Mr. Harding received of the marriage, he obtained from the newspaper. Hastily leaving the office, he made his way to the residence of the heiress, which she occupied with a maiden aunt, as her companion and housekeeper.

The happy couple were at home, and Mr. Harding was in high glee at the success of his plan. In his calculating brain, he commended the diplomacy, skill and energy with which Henry had brought the transaction to its speedy termination.

Mr. Harding found the happy bridal party pleasantly disposed in the drawing room, ready to receive such company as might honor them. Appearances must be saved, and as the servant conducted him to the presence of the wilful girl, he contrived to work himself into a very tolerable passion.

"What does all this mean, Amelia?" exclaimed he, in loud, authoritative tones.

"My husband, uncle Obed," said she, with charming naivete, as she rose and went through a mock presentation.

"Your husband, indeed?" sneered the broker. "If I mistake not, I have not been consulted in this affair."

"No uncle, it was my affair."

"I never was more confounded in my life," continued Mr. Harding, evincing a well feigned surprise, "than when I read your marriage in the papers."

"You will be in a moment, though," thought Joseph Jones, Henry's "chum" at the boarding house, who either by accident or design, was a visitor at the same time.

"You no need to have been surprised, uncle; you know I am a wild, wilful girl."

"You are aware of the terms of your father's will?"

"I am."

"You have sacrificed your fortune; of course you never expect me to consent to your union with a beggar."

"You ought not to have brought him here, then, uncle."

"What do you mean, girl?"

"Nothing, uncle Obed; but you will not be so cruel as to deprive me of my inheritance!" said Amelia, looking mischievously at him.

"Shall I put it in your hands for this gentleman to run through? No; I will make over to him the sum of ten thousand dollars. The provisions of the will shall be strictly enforced."

"So far, so good; but, Mr. Harding, I shall claim the residue of her fortune."

"Sir! you?"

"Sir!" replied Henry, putting a bold face upon the matter.

"By what right will you claim it?" asked the broker, exasperated by the impudence of his "fool."

have engaged in it, and this lady had been sacrificed by your rascality. I came with the intention of exposing all; but her fair form and gentle heart so strongly impressed me, that I was weak enough to use the advantage with which you had armed me. At another time I did expose the whole scheme; your niece married me in my own proper character, and not as your "esteemed friend." If I have wronged her, God forgive me!"

"That was the happiest day of my life when you brought Henry Standish to my presence, uncle," added Amelia, laughing heartily.

The broker waited to hear no more.—He had overreached himself, and he dared not even attempt to revenge himself, or punished the violated oath. In due time, he reluctantly put Henry in possession of Amelia's fortune, and they are now as happy as love and opulence can make them.

Joseph Jones has received that V, with interest, and never has had occasion to regret that he befriended Henry in the hour of his need.

Some oaths are better broken than kept.

Fanny Fern, on Sunday.

Sunday should be the best day of all the seven; not ushered in with asectic form, or lengthened face, or stiff and rigid manners. Sweet upon the still Sabbath air should float the matin hymn of happy childhood; blending with early song of birds, and wafted upward, with flowers' incense, to Him whose very name is Love. It should be no day for puzzling the half developed brain of childhood with gloomy creeds, to shake the simple faith that prompts the innocent lips to say, "Our Father." It should be no day to sit upright on stiff-backed chairs, till the golden sun should set.

No—the birds should not be more welcome to warble, the flowers to drink in the air and sunlight, or the trees to toss their little limbs, free and fetterless.

"I'm so sorry that to-morrow is Sunday!" From whence does this sad lament issue? From under your roof, O mistaken but well meaning Christian parent; from the lips of your child, whom you compel to listen to two or three unintelligible sermons, sandwiched between Sunday schools, and finished off at night-fall by tedious repetitions of creed and catechism, till sleep releases your weary victim! No wonder your child shudders, when the minister tells him that "Heaven is one eternal Sabbath." Oh, mistaken parent! relax the overstrained bow—prevent the fearful rebound, and make the Sabbath what God designed it, not a weariness, but the best and happiest day of all the seven.—Musical World.

Agriculture in California.

It is now, we believe, a universally conceded fact, that the agricultural capacities of California are equal to those of any part of the world. The gentleness of her climate is only equalled by the fertility of her soil; and its extraordinary adaptation to nearly every variety of vegetable and farinaceous production. Every day develops some evidence of the fact that even with partial and unscientific culture this State can now produce a larger bulk of vegetable materials, in like space, than any country now known.—There is now growing, in the garden of Mr. Cromwell, says an interior paper, as the mouth of Granite Creek, one and a half miles below Coloma, a mammoth squash measuring seven feet in circumference, twenty-three and a half inches in diameter, sixteen and a half inches in depth, and weighing one hundred and ten pounds.

From the same vine was pulled another squash, measuring five feet four inches in circumference, twenty-one inches in diameter, fifteen inches in depth, and weighs seventy-three pounds. There are also seven others, now upon the same vine, weighing from fifty to sixty-five pounds.

On the same patch of ground, several 'nutmeg' melons grew this season, weighing eleven pounds each. Radishes, eighteen inches in length and five and a half inches in diameter. Two years last spring, Mr. C put in a few peach seeds, and he has now from them four very fine trees, that have borne fruit this season of the finest flavor and size. One of these trees is over twelve feet in height and ten in breadth. Apple shoots have grown five feet in height this season.

POISONOUS.—Dr. E. A. Anderson, of Wilmington, N. C., relates in Dr. Hay's Journal twelve marked cases of lead poisoning, produced, without a question, from drinking the water carried to a certain mill site through 2,000 feet of lead pipe. The disease, besides the other characteristics, presented in each instance the blue lines around the gums and teeth, and the lead was satisfactorily detected by chemical tests in water.

FRUITS.—The Wheeling Gazette states that apples and other fall fruit and vegetables are now being shipped in large quantities from that city over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to New York.—Apples go at the rate of 50 barrels a day. They are worth \$1.75 at Wheeling, and \$3 in New York. This will be found one of the sources by which the farmers will be enriched by railroads.