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AT THE OFFICE OF
THE JEFFERSONIAN.

The Dirge.

What is the existence of man's life,
But open war, or slumber'd strife,
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;
And never feels a perfect peace
Till Death's cold hands signs his release!

It is a storm—where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood;
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds, and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep;
Then sinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
Is moralized in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wandering as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay,
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
The sun-set, as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight;
Till all obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes, include,
The world, the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

Read This.

We find the following "word to boys" in one of our exchanges, and particularly commended its perusal to our young readers. Get it by heart, lads:—"Who is respected? It is the boy who is making an effort continually to respect his father, and to obey him in whatever he may direct to be done. It is the boy who is kind to other little boys, who respect age, and who never gets into difficulties and quarrels with his companions. It is the boy who leaves no effort untried to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day—who is busy and active in endeavoring to do good acts towards others. Show me a boy who obeys his parents, who is diligent, who has respect for age, who always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to get wisdom, and to do good towards others, and if he is not respected and beloved by everybody, then there is no such thing as truth in this world. Remember this, little boys, and you will be respected by others, and you will grow up and become useful men."

The following, which we find under the head of "A Compromise," (says some one to whom the anecdote is new,) appears to us to illustrate pretty well the relative positions of the South and North. One cold night Quashee awoke from his sleep, and addressed his bedfellow:—"Hallo, Sambo! I want half de cubbering."

"Ho, Quashee! You got more nor half already."

"Hump! Don tink dis nigger fool to ax for what he got already, eh? I want t'udder half, too!"

"Jimbo! Den I quit; for I no see what business I got in dis bed!"

"No you don't quit neider, my brudder; you scurve berry well for to keep my back warm; so you jus keep quiet, and lay where you is, ef you know what's good for you—you nigger."

A Rogue.—A man who cheats in short measure, is a measureless rogue.

Unless he gives short measure in wheat, then he is rogue in grain.

Or in whiskey then he is a rogue in spirit.

If he gives a bad title to land, he is a rogue in deed.

And if he cheats whenever he can, he is indeed, in spirit, and in grain, a measureless scoundrel.

Counterfeit half dollars, dated 1830, are in circulation.

A Border Tale.

In the year 1831, while acting as surveyor in the new State of Iowa, I was a witness to one of those real and startling tragedies which so often occur along the borders of civilization in the West.—While serving in that capacity, I had often witnessed deeds of valor and desperation, and a fool hardy courage which made my blood grow cold—but in the incident to which I allude displayed on the one hand, such unmitigated vindictiveness of spirit, together with the most reckless daring and total disregard of death, and on the other such pure affection and such delicate refinement for the then wild wilderness to exhibit, that it stands out in bold relief above the memory of the many startling scenes I witnessed and the trials and the hair-breadth escapes that I underwent.

One night after having nearly completed my operations in that part of the country, and preparatory to taking my final leave of it, I walked forth from my tent in which my companions were busily engaged in devouring their supper of broiled venison, and strolled along the banks of a quiet stream that rolled its deep and silent waters through a vast and fertile country, finally to empty into the Mississippi. The sun was fast declining in the west, his bright rays danced only at intervals through the dense forest intercepted by the hanging boughs and hoary trunks of huge oaks that perchance had stood the fierce blasts of an hundred winters still unscathed. The gay coral of the forest birds was dying away while they sought with yielding wing their places of nightly rest—the almost ceaseless chatter of the squirrel was still—the sound of the cracking bough, as it fell beneath the hoof of the fleeing deer, was no longer heard, and all nature seemed wrapped in the silence of repose.

Unheeding my footsteps, I wandered far down along the banks of this quiet stream, and seated myself upon a broken and decayed stump nearly encircled by the trunk of a tree on either side. My mind was enshrouded in that deep reverie which so often steals over us as twilight's balmy hours come on, and might long have remained so had not my attention been suddenly aroused by the approach of a group of Indians along the banks of the stream. Instantly my hand had grasped my ever faithful pistol when suddenly the foremost Indian, changing his course, entered a thick clump of bushes and soon emerged from them, walking upon the trunk of a tree that had fallen across and completely spanned the stream that rolled quietly below. The other Indians followed in quick succession their leader, whom I now saw as his manly form rose towering above his followers, was an Indian of whom I had some little knowledge. He was the destined chief of the tribe that occupied the country around me, and which I had for some months engaged in. I had met him once only, but I was greeted with that respect and welcome which a stranger ever meet among the Indians.

His dress was richly fantastic—his face covered with many colored paints, his moccasins embellished with curiously wrought beads, and a huge painter's skin hanging from his brawny shoulders, gave him the air of superiority over the rest.—As they passed, singly over the stream, I saw that each was more than ordinarily tastefully dressed, which denoted some unusual occurrence. I remained concealed till the last had passed over and entered the thick foliage upon the opposite bank, and then stepping forth, I saw them hurrying down by the side of the stream in the direction of the old chief's lodge, which I knew to be some half mile below. They were soon lost to sight, and while musing, partly upon the beauty of the scenery around, I was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, seemingly from behind me. I had hardly sunk back into my hiding place, where through the dim twilight, I saw approaching me a company of five or six persons. They came steadily towards me, till within a few feet where the bank ran above their heads, entirely concealed them from my view. Here they halted; and one of their number began to address the others in a mixed dialect of French, English and Indian. I soon surmised that the speaker was a noted half-breed, of whom I heard not a little and had seen somewhat. His father had been one of the first French traders, who penetrated the country west to the great lakes for traffic with the Indians, and his mother was the daughter of a tribe inhabiting the North Western Territory. In this character was combined all the bravery and cunning of the Indian, together with that total regardlessness of death manifested by the Frenchman, and a jealousy and vindictiveness of spirit not often seen in either.

From what I could catch of this broken harangue I learned that he had formed an insatiable passion for the chief's daughter, who was that night to be united to the noble young man I had seen pass over the stream but a short time before, and who was to succeed her aged father as chief of the tribe. The half-breed had often seen the beautiful "valley flower"—as she was called—and had often vowed that he would possess her.—But his effort thus far, had proved fruitless, for when by stealth, he had gained access to her, and whispered his adoration for her in the softest accents, she repulsed his base and treacherous words and fled from him in disdain. All his cunning and stratagem were of no avail to secure her, his most artfully laid plans had been thwarted, and his tasked ingenuity had signally failed of placing her in his hands. This night he had resolved to use force before she should become the willing possession of another, from beneath whose watchful eye nothing but the hand of death could remove her.

The details of his plans I could not bear, as he spoke in an under tone, but soon I saw them stealthily approach the stream, and crossing over were quickly lost to sight. I was about to rise from my concealment to return to the tent, and with my companions come to the rescue of the fair maiden, when the sound or voices warned me that still some of the party remained, and that such a step—aye, even the least intimation of my presence, would be the signal for one of the savage's arrows to have sought a hiding place from its poisoned tip about the region of the heart.

I could not have escaped from the flying foot of the Indians, nor eluded their swift tomahawks and yet had I avoided all, their fast flying arrows would probably have reached me and I would not have lived either to assist in rescuing the maiden or tell this tale. So I was forced to resort to the fertility of my imagination while waiting for the time to come when I would act. I gazed eagerly forth in the direction the Indians had taken, watching the least thing that aroused my attention, but all was still, and there were no indications of the tragedy soon to be enacted.

The sun had sank far down in the West, and illuminated the horizon with his departing rays; the pale moon was following closely in his brilliant pathway, the scarcely stirring breeze moved not a leaf, the silent waters gave not forth a rippling sound, but reflected in solemn stillness the moon's pale rays; the harsh howl of the wolf upon the distant hills, and the wild cat's shrill cry were unheard, and all things seemed rapped in the stillness of death. I contemplated the heavens above and beheld with momentary rapture the myriads of constellations sparkling far and near amid the vast space of the ethereal regions. I gazed upon the moon, pale and wan, and then looked upon the silent waters and saw mirrored in mimic glory the images of bright realities on their high position on earth, they would not be there if it were not for the bright originals in heaven. Thus musing, I sought objects to amuse me, ever watching with an eager eye in the direction to which I anticipated an exciting scene. My anticipations were too true, for I had not long remained in suspense when I distinctly heard a wild cry of horror rise from far off in the distance. I gazed more earnestly in the direction and saw between the boughs, and trunks of the trees the red flames of fire rising up towards the skies.

The sounds grew louder, and near, and the Indians shrill warwhoop rang out clear upon the still night air. Soon the dull obscure flames had grown into a fierce and lurid fire and shot up above the forest trees, winding upon itself in fierce fury like an enraged demon. Louder and louder rose the cries and the stillness of the night soon enabled me to hear the sound of approaching steps hurrying along the opposite bank, as the cracking bough broke beneath the foot-fall, I started from my place of concealment, but remembering the Indians, I again sank back, while every nerve within me thrilled with the most intense excitement.—The sound of persons, flying in almost every direction, now came towards me; the war-hoop rose louder and nearer, and the flames spreading from the lodges of the Indians into the forest and catching the dry leaves and bushes ran rapidly in every direction and rose higher and higher, till they seemed to lap with their fiery tongues the few fleeting clouds that hurry over the scene.

A moment only I gazed upon their fury, and casting my eyes upon the opposite bank I saw approaching what I discerned to be the half-breed, bearing the frightened and nearly unconscious maiden. Instantly I sprang forth, and grasping my pistols, I stood resolved to fire upon him ere he crossed the stream. Twice he assayed to gain a footing upon the log which served as a bridge, but failed from sheer exhaustion. He then called to his assistance the Indian beneath me, one who had already sprang upon the log, and was fast crossing when I raised my arm to fire, but scarcely had I done so, when he fell with a heavy groan upon the log and rolled off into the water, pierced by an arrow from an Indian rapidly advancing from below. Hardly had the first Indian fallen, when another sprang upon the log to follow him, and again before I could raise my pistol, he too fell with a heavy sound into the water. The third and last was now rapidly passing across when an arrow went whizzing past me and struck in a tree over my head. Instantly my finger pulled the trigger, and a sharp crack of a pistol rang upon the air as the Indian leaped from the log, and fell with a shrill cry of horror into the stream.

My pistol had done its work, but the flash revealed my person to the half-breed who drew forth his tomahawk and was about to hurl it at me, as the lover of the maiden sprang out behind him. Suddenly, and by almost superhuman effort, the half-breed with his precious burden, gained a footing upon the log and was fast crossing, when I raised my arm to fire upon him, but suspecting my design he shielded himself by bringing the form of the maiden before him. Scarcely had he done this however, when the swift and sure tomahawk of the lover buried itself in the arm that bore its treasure, dividing its tendons so that it released its hold and the maiden fell heavily on the log.—Not so with the half-breed, however, for the blow from the tomahawk caused him to lose his footing and fall, but as he did so he grasped with one arm the garments of the maiden, and dragged her after him muttering:—"I go not alone, but thou shalt die with me!" and both fell into the water.

The young Indian had already sprang upon the log, and as the garments of the maiden rose to the surface, he leaped in, eager to rescue her from the grasp of his enemy. The wily half-breed, soon as he saw the arm encircle, the maiden rose upon the surface of the water, and with his hunting knife commenced an attack upon the Indian, who having to sustain both himself and her whom he prized more than life could only parry the thrusts of his assailant. The conflict was only momentary; for half-breed was so deeply wounded that after one or two blows he disappeared beneath the water, and the young Indian, supporting his precious burden, was nursing all his strength till assistance could be rendered. I had already sprang upon the log, and was about to leap into the water, when a shrill cry, that still rings in my ears, rent the air, and casting my eyes down, I stood horrified to behold the life blood spouting from the mouth of the maiden.—The half-breed's knife had done the work, and sank with its possessor to the bottom.

As I stood gazing upon this strange and tragic scene, the young Indian turned one glance upon the lifeless form of the maiden and then folding it to a still closer embrace they sunk through the water to a long and last repose. In a moment more not a ripple was left, but the smooth, quiet stream rolled on as quiet as before, leaving no trace to tell the sad tale.

Thus perished the remainder of this once powerful tribe, for the old chief, when hearing of the sad fate of his daughter, returned to his burning wigwam, and in the frenzy of grief cast himself among the burning ruins and became a part of the unfeeling conflagration; while the remaining warriors either joined another tribe or faded from before the advance of civilization. By the light of the lurid flames, I wandered back to my tent, where my companions stood horrified at beholding that greatest of scenes—a forest on fire.

A Devil in the Shape of a Boy.

An unparalleled outrage was committed in Dorchester on Monday afternoon by Frederick Pierce a young villain, who, our readers will probably remember, was put under bonds of \$200 a few months since for cruelty to a member of boys' military company of which he was the captain. It appears that a year since Pierce had a school boy difficulty with a son of Mr. Snow of Boston, who is now only 12½ years old. On Monday Pierce took a buggy and called at Mr. Snow's for his son, and finding that he had gone to Cambridge, went out there after him.—In coming back to Boston they met a boy named Wagner, and the trio went to a saloon, where Pierce furnished refreshments for the party, and they soon after proceeded to Dorchester. In passing along a road on which there was but little travel, the Pierce boy, with the aid of Wagner, who is about 14 years old, tied Snow hand and foot, stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth to prevent him from making an outcry, and laid him down in the bottom of the carriage, enveloped in a blanket. As they passed Pierce's house in Dorchester, the young villain went in and obtained a cat-o-nine tails, straps and a dirk knife, and with these articles again entered the carriage and drove toward Savin Hill, where they stopped, and Pierce and Wagner conveyed Snow into a thicket a short distance from the road.

Here he exhibited to Snow a dirk knife, and proceeded to lash him to a tree, being aided by Wagner; they then stripped him entirely naked. He also exhibited his cat-o-nine tails, and was about to execute his threat when the boy shrieked, and a man who was gathering brush ran to his assistance, and the young villains fled and secreted themselves. They were subsequently arrested, and upon the examination Wagner turned State's evidence, corroborating the story of Snow, which we have given above, in every particular. The Court required the prisoner to find sureties in the sum of \$500 for trial in the Court of Common Pleas. This young wretch is only 15 years of age, and has long been the terror of the neighborhood. We sincerely hope that he may be punished to the very extent of the law. He is a disgrace to humanity.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Mrs. ELIZABETH STILLWAGON, of Connelville, (Pa.) was accidentally burnt to death on Monday of last week by her clothes taking fire, when no one was present to assist in putting out the flames.—She was one hundred and fifteen years old, and was quite active for one of her age. She had two sons born before the Revolutionary war, in which her husband was a soldier and at one time a prisoner.

Vaccination—Is it a Preventive of Small-Pox?

From the N. Y. Herald.

We publish the following facts as particularly pertinent to the present universal prevalence of small-pox. The remarks were made by a surgeon in answer to queries put to him by a gentleman on the occasion of submitting to re-vaccination. We advise every one to take the notice of them that their excellent common sense demands, as they are made by a man who is a well known enemy of medical cant and deception, viz:—the editor of the *Scalpel*.—

To THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.—In answer to repeated requests of a public exposition of my opinions with regard to the preventive power of vaccination, and how I account for the present extensive prevalence of small-pox, I reply:—

1st. That vaccination is unquestionably a very powerful preventive is shown unambiguously from the fact that history proves that the mortality, having formerly been so frightful as to sweep off more than half of all the persons exposed, has been so far reduced by vaccination, when even imperfectly or very carelessly performed, as not to exceed five per cent., and that this small proportion is still further reduced, even in those who are seemingly not susceptible to full and satisfactory vaccination.

2d. Are there any persons to whom the vaccine vesicle cannot be communicated?—and if so, are those persons liable to small-pox? It has been supposed that those persons who are inoculated, i. e. with the virus or lymph of the small-pox, taken in the natural way, (a process since the discovery of cow-pox, forbidden by law)—as well as those who have once had the disease, were not liable to a second attack. This is certainly incorrect. I have, within a fortnight past, succeeded in producing two very perfect vaccine vesicles in two persons much pitted from a natural and severe attack several years since. They were both servants in the families of two of my patients; and, what is singular, they were the only two full and complete vesicles, having all the proper characteristics as in the vaccination of the infant, amongst seventeen persons, the united number of the two families. Several of these vesicles, however, presented such marked characteristics as to assure me the parties were liable to greater or lesser degrees of small-pox, or to varioloid, as we call it; and several were entirely unresponsive, the vesicle not showing itself; in these it was supposed the former or infantine vaccination had protected them. This, however, can only be fully proved by again vaccinating them, as it is impossible to say but some hidden cause, not ascertainable in any other way, might have prevented the virus from showing the distinctive characteristics.

3d. How do I account for its unusual prevalence this year? I answer, there is undoubtedly an atmospheric pre-disposition existing at this time. My reason is simply this:—all the inhabitants of our city, take them one with another, are as well protected this year as the last. Small-pox existed last year and does more or less every year, to an extent sufficient to spread all over the city. The fact is it will in a year spread as extensively from six cases as from sixty; and will manage to catch an immense majority of those who are not protected. Now this season small-pox is vastly more prevalent than it has been within forty years; indeed it is so much more so, that we have no rational cause left than atmospheric pre-disposition for its great increase.

The only safe method in this disease is to vaccinate the same person several times, or as long as the sore is produced, with the distinctive character of the vaccine vesicle or cow-pox.

The proof of the genuineness of the vesicle is this, viz: on the eighth day from the insertion of the matter, (which process should never draw a full drop of blood, for more would wash it away) the sore should present the following appearance:—An oval centre of a brownish color, a light circle of pearly vesicles, containing the lymph, or specific matter, and a rose colored blush, extending from the outer circle of this pearly border all around it, and fading imperceptibly into the surrounding skin. Unless it presents more or less of this appearance it is only a common sore, and in no wise protective.—Just in proportion as it approaches the above appearance it is perfect. I consider two or three trials, with good reliable lymph on the quill, taken from the sixth to the ninth day, and inserted without drawing a full drop of blood, sufficient. If it do not take I consider that person sufficiently protected by the former vaccination. I would certainly, however, vaccinate every few years. In the eleventh article on this subject, to which we refer all readers desirous of investigating the few known facts in the history of the disease. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

EDWARD H. DIXON,
Editor of the *Scalpel*, 42 Fifth Avenue.

In connection with this communication we give an article from the *London Medical Times and Gazette*, headed—

COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

The proportion of deaths from small-pox in London is three times, and in

Glasgow six times, what it is in Brussels, Berlin, or Copenhagen. Of each thousand persons who die in England and Wales, twenty-two die of small-pox.—The proportionate mortality, then, from small-pox in England and Wales, is eleven times, and in Ireland twenty-four times, greater than it is in Lombardy.—Whence comes this difference? In England, those who please, take their children to be vaccinated—in Lombardy vaccination is compulsory. The proportionate mortality in England and Wales is three times greater than what it is in any country in which the inhabitants are compelled by law to have their children vaccinated. These are great facts. In our metropolis one thousand persons die annually of small-pox: If vaccination were compulsory, it is indisputable that the number of deaths from this disease in London would be reduced to two or three hundred per annum. From six to eight hundred thus die every year, in the metropolis alone, whose lives might be saved by an act of Parliament.

A Den of Horrors.

"Kirwan," in a recent volume of Travels in Europe, gives the following account of a fearful chamber in the castle of the Duke of Baden-Baden, in Germany:—

"We made a morning call at the new castle of the Duke, which surmounts the hill, and were shown through all its apartments. As if for our accommodation, he had just retired from his breakfast room, that we might see the table at which a reigning Prince sipped coffee.—We have seen the breakfast room and table of many in America more richly furnished. The apartments were quite an air of poverty, after having seen those at Versailles, the Quirinal, and Turin. But the underground apartments possess a fearful interest. With lighted torches we went down into the cellar of the palace; thence by a spiral inclined plane, we went down, down, until, by a door formed of one huge flag, and fitted to its place with remarkable exactness, we entered a small oval room, perhaps ten feet in diameter, and hewn out of the solid rock. The door was shut behind us, and we were hurried alive under the mountain! A ray of light came from above, and we could look up as through a narrow chimney; a stone was removed beneath our feet, and we could look down perhaps two or three hundred feet, and could see a little glimmer of light upon a dashing current, whose murmurings came to us from beneath. And all around the room were seats cut out of the rock. And what was the object and history of this awful room?"

Its history, as given us by our guide, and within its walls, is briefly as follows: In the days of feudal clemency, and inquisitorial piety, those suspected of political or religious heresy, were suddenly seized, and confined in some of the adjacent cells. The little room, above described, was the room of judgment, and the judges were let down by machinery through the opening above. The accused were then introduced, and that heavy stone door was shut! And there, shut out from every eye, save that of God, and their judges, they were tried, and condemned. If not guilty, the accused were hated or feared, which made condemnation worse than guilt. When condemned, they were commanded to kiss the image of the Virgin, in the apartment; in the movement, they touched springs, which caused her to embrace them, and in the embrace, to pierce them through with daggers. Then a trap was sprung beneath their feet, which let their bodies fall upon a wheel, armed with knives, which was kept in constant revolution, by a stream of water; by those knives, they were cut in pieces, and the mutilated fragments fell into the stream below!

And there we were receiving this awful narrative in the very apartment where these atrocities were committed in the name of Justice and Religion, with the tunnel beneath us, through which the bodies of their victims were let down for mutilation, so as to be beyond the reach of recognition! For a moment our blood ran cold, and we were filled with horror! Oh! if those stone seats, and those walls of solid rock could speak—if the injunctions of perpetual secrecy were removed by Him who upheaved the mountain, what an awful narrative they would give of the scenes of treachery, hatred, and blood there perpetrated in the name of God and Religion!

The stone door swung open, and we grouped our way through a labyrinth of chambers and passages, dark as midnight, into the open air. We all breathed easier, and a feeling of fear gave way to one of security. We were soon after on the railway for Frankfort-on-the-Maine, deeply affected by the beauty and wickedness of Baden-Baden, thankful that its days of penal tyranny were at an end."

There is a girl in Benton county, so killing pretty that she has to wear around her waist a spike-belt similar to those that farmers put on colts' heads to break them from sucking. This is the only means of keeping the young bucks from hugging her to death, and even with the shield, it is said there is not a young gent in the neighborhood that does not bear spikeprints on his arms.