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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

The Time to Die.

BY DAVID F. CABLE.

I asked the child whose prattling tongue,
With sweet and silvery accents rang;
Who gambled through the livelong day,
And careless whiled the hours away—
"Tell me, sweet child, the time to die,"
Thus did that careless boy reply;
"Oh! 'tis not time for one so young,
Whose race in life is just begun;
Whose hopes within the bud yet lie—
Oh! 'tis not time for me to die!"

I asked the youth whose panting soul
Defied all bonds and spurned control;
Whose heart was filled with boyhood's fire,
And gushing o'er with chaste desire—
"Tell me the time when you would die."
Thus did the ardent youth reply;
"When I have bravely battled life,
And conquered all, and gained the strife;
When on Fame's list I've mounted high—
Then, only then, 'tis time to die!"

I asked the man whose fleeting time
Bespoke as one in manhood's prime;
Whose thoughtful look and knitted brow,
Proclaimed him in life's warfare now—
"Tell me the time when you would die!"
Thus did the hardy one reply:
"I would yet live and have my health,
To grapple with the yellow wealth;
To guard my wife and family—
No, I'm not yet prepared to die!"

I asked the man whose careworn look
A weight of grief and age bespoke;
Whose slow and trembling accents gave
Tones borrowed from the silent grave—
"Tell me the time when you would die."
Thus did the hoary one reply:
"Though I am old, life yet is sweet,
I am not yet prepared to meet
The monster Death; I know not why—
But still I'm not prepared to die!"

"Get the Testament, Isaac and see what it says about the 'New basket bill,'" said Mrs. Partington, as she came from church the other Sunday, and folded up her long shawl, and placed the bonnet in the old Indian basket under the bed. "It don't say nothing about it," said Ike, who was reading the story of the 'Avenging Sword,' or the Ghost of the Red Tower of Lunenburg, and didn't want to be disturbed. "Dear child," said she admiringly, "he is so busy with his Sunday school books!" Ike said not a word but kept on devouring the 'Avenging Sword,' with as much avidity as if it were a whole Sunday library—perhaps more. "It must be in the Bible, Isaac, or our minister would not have preached about it, and on a sabbath day too. It must be in the Bible. Perhaps it is in the Hypocrites, Isaac. At any rate if it isn't in the good book it ought to be, for what right has a minister to dispense with the Gospel if it isn't in the Scripture?" She said this to Isaac, but the boy had got just where the 'Avenging Sword' was beginning to *avenge*—where the thrilling part came in—and was oblivious. She might as well have talked to the ancient corporal who hung there in rigid perpendicularity upon the wall.—*Boston Post.*

Hypocrites first cheat the world, and then themselves.

If thou wilt reap comfort in adversity, sow it in prosperity.

The original of all men is the same; and virtue is the only nobility.

If every man had a window in his breast, blinds would be in demand.

An editor in New-Hampshire offers to bet his head against a sixpence upon some political question. A brother editor accepts the bet; says he thinks it an even one, and asks who hold the stakes!

The Scandal Monger;

OR, HINTS FOR MINTERS.

A few years ago—no matter how many or how few they might be, for the circumstance which I am going to narrate might have been equally likely to occur at any time or at any place—being deprived of the beloved home in which I had passed my earlier years, I retired into a neighborhood with which I was wholly unacquainted, and the inhabitants of which were to me entire strangers. I am somewhat of a social turn, and also of a sanguine temperament; and, as is natural to a mind of that stamp, I had formed many very pleasant schemes for my future life; and having heard that there was a circle of very agreeable society in the place, to which I had several satisfactory letters of introduction, not a few of those schemes were based on the valuable friendships and pleasant acquaintances I expected to form. My comfortable cottage home was situated in the outskirts of a populous town; and, pending the delivery of the aforesaid letters, I was very much interested in speculating on the habits and characters of the people I met with in my walks, and who I hoped would in time be among those friends, concerning whom I had been building so many castles in the air. I am no gossip; indeed, I shrink from the whole system of busy-bodiness and scandal-mongering, and feel it to be a very just remark that for every tale of scandal that is told, at least three persons are injured—namely, the speaker, the listener, and the person spoken of. But there is a difference between watching one's neighbors with a view to find out their private concerns for purposes of tattling, and that natural interest with which we observe those who are to form our future associates, and with whom our home and social comforts are to be closely interwoven. It was with this latter feeling, and with a cordial desire to like and approve, that I was watching my future friends and associates, and amusing my rather speculative mind by imagining a great deal about them, especially about some few individuals whose appearance was particularly attractive, when, to my surprise, and no small pleasure, I one morning encountered an old schoolmate, with whom, in early days, I had been closely intimate, although since that time we had seen little or nothing of each other. Our pleasure in meeting was mutual, each lady gave the other a most affectionate greeting; and in the course of our walk—for we instantly joined company, as in days of yore, and gave ourselves up to chat—each communicated to the other the outline of her history since we last met. My friend, Mrs. Frazer, had married an officer in the army, and during the time of her married life had lived chiefly abroad. She was now a widow, and with a son and two grown-up daughters, had been for some years resident at Norton, and was, in fact, one of my nearest neighbors. A cordial invitation to join her and her girls at their tea table was given, and most willingly accepted; a dear young niece, who had just arrived on a visit to me, and had shared our ramble, being of course included in the invitation.

The lovely morning had turned off into a pouring wet afternoon, but Lizzie and I were not the least daunted, and with cloaks, cloaks, and umbrellas, sallied forth just before dusk on our expedition. The bright sea-coal fire, with a fine crackling log of wood on its summit, and the pleasant and cheerful aspect of everything about the abode of my friend, were most exhilarating after our dripping walk, and, coupled with the warm and affectionate welcome of Mrs. Frazer and her daughters, made me rejoice that I had not allowed the rain to prevent our visit. The two girls—Agnes, who had been our companion in our morning's walk, a fine and intelligent girl of about twenty; Grace, whom I had not before seen, a graceful and lovely girl, a year or so younger—were so attractive in their appearance, and so warm in their reception of my Lizzie, that I fell quite in love with them; and when placed in a luxurious easy-chair by the fireside, and in close proximity to a tea-table well spread with all those pleasant accompaniments which belong to that meal in houses where the inmates dine early. I speedily began to feel myself quite at home, and fell into a state of high enjoyment, no doubt greatly enhanced by the circumstance of my having for some previous weeks spent every evening in solitude. As usual, I took the first opportunity that was offered me by a lively talk which was being carried on by the young ones, of noticing those around me. Mrs. Frazer was, at once saw, a clever and shrewd woman, with a strong sense of the ludicrous, and considerable quickness in detecting absurdity or inconsistency in others, with little disposition to reserve in exposing them. Agnes' fine high forehead, and the thoughtful expression of her clear, dark eyes, indicated a mind of a high intellectual stamp; and in sweet Grace, there seemed a combination of the characters of the mother and sister, her lively blue eye catching and reflecting with singular rapidity everything of a mirthful character; whilst at times, when other subjects arose, I could detect in her changeful countenance a ready appreciation of the more weighty points in them. Agnes' mind seemed full of thought, Grace's full of feeling and sympathy; Agnes was reflective, Grace demonstrative—at least such were the

theories formed from the first hours of our acquaintance. Our meal progressed, and the hot buttered cakes, and fresh cream, vanished with celerity, our appetites no doubt stimulated by the flavor of the fragrant tea, which the elder of the young ladies most gracefully dispensed. "Come," said I, acting under the inspiring influence of the lively society, and without the most refined discretion, "now, as you have been resident here, do tell me a little about my neighbors, who they all are, and whom I shall best like." I have since learned three excellent rules, which all who enter a new neighborhood would do well to learn and practice, but which then, alas! I had not myself discovered—1st. Remember that every character has its strong and its weak points, its good and its bad qualities, and that it is your wisdom to try and discover the former, and be as blind as you can to the latter. 2d. Never ask any one to tell you anything about your neighbors, as you will be sure to hear more of the bad than of the good. 3d. If you wish to love and be loved, to live in peace and be useful, never tell to one neighbor anything you may have observed or been told that is objectionable in another. "The least said is soonest mended." I would that I had held by these rules, but, as I have said, such was not the case. "Well," replied Mrs. Frazer, "it is always a good thing to know a little of the people one is with, and to be sure who one may trust; so I will give you a few hints that may come into use hereafter." "First, then," said I, "tell a little about two sweet-looking old ladies who called on me yesterday. I think the address on their card was 'The Grove.'" "O yes, Mrs. Grey and Miss Park.—They are very nice people indeed—most benevolent and amiable ladies," replied Mrs. Frazer. "And agreeable also, I thought," said I. "O Mrs. Douglas, did you really," said Agnes. "We think them such tiresome people, and so will you, when you know more of them; they do so run on, and tell you so many old stories." "Well, perhaps they were a little prosy," I replied; "but still, I must own, I thought them very winning and attractive, and such thorough gentlemen." "Yes, and that they certainly are," answered Mrs. Frazer. "How that came about, I can scarcely tell, for they are not of very exalted descent; their father made all his money by cabinet-making, or some such trade. I fancy you will not much like them; for, as Agnes says, they are sad twaddlers, and I have heard that, with all their large fortune, they are rather stingy." "Well," said I, "there is a nice-looking old man who walks about with a lame lady—I suppose his wife. Who are they? I have taken quite a fancy to them; they look so very cheerful and happy." "A merry glance from Grace was followed by a general laugh, and Mrs. Frazer replied: "Oh, they are General and Mrs. Ticher; we call her Mrs. Titcher; not that she can help being lame, poor thing, but she looks as if her mouth and leg were tied together; for every time she takes a step, she wriggles her lips and twitches her face in the funniest way." "Oh, they are odd people, I assure you, Mrs. Douglas," said Agnes. "You may be sure there is plenty of rosemary in their garden." Rosemary! said Lizzie—"what has that to do with their oddness?" "Why, did you never hear," replied Agnes laughing, "that where the lady rules, the rosemary always flourishes?—You may be sure before you have been five minutes with them, that Mrs. Titcher's rules at 'The Elms,' as they call their cottage; he does so pet and befool her, and give up everything to her in such an absurd way." "Then there are Mrs. and Misses Hartland; no doubt you have fallen in love with them too," said Mrs. Frazer. "Yes, indeed," I answered; "I am sure I shall like them. Those gentle pretty-looking girls, Lizzie, we spoke to by the gate this morning." "O yes, aunt," said Lizzie, "most attractive-looking girls." "They seem so united and affectionate," I rejoined. "They seem so, certainly," said Mrs. Frazer; "but it is not all gold that glitters. If all tales are true, they are not much more loving than poor Mrs. Quenel and her son, who, people fancy, because they are always together, and neither of them can ever go anywhere without the other, are perfect angels; but those who are behind the scenes tell a different tale. But really, the Hartlands are excellent people on the whole, though one does hear a few things about them that are rather odd. But it is a wonder to me how they bear with that invalid girl; if she were my daughter I would soon make her rouse herself a little." "O yes," said Grace, who, I soon saw, was an excellent little mimic. "There she lies on a couch in her bedroom: 'Gertrude, love, will you be so kind as to give me that book? Thank you dearest;' and then: 'Julia, darling, will you give me a little water?' and so on, first to one, and then to the other, instead of getting up and fetching what she wants for herself. I have no patience with her!" "But can she?" I said. "I thought she would but try, I have no doubt," replied

Mrs. Frazer. "Indeed, I know her doctor wishes her to do so." "It is pretty and interesting to be an invalid," rejoined Grace as she threw herself in a graceful attitude on the couch; it is an opportunity of showing such a pretty hand and foot as Alice Hartland's to great advantage. Now, do not think me ill-natured, dear Mrs. Douglas," added she; "but really I do not think she is a bit ill. There are half a dozen such young ladies here, all of whom fancy it interesting to have weak backs or delicate chests; it is quite a fashion." "Yes, indeed," said her mother; "what Grace says is perfectly true, and there is quite a host of such girls; and the doctors humor their fancies. I trust I shall never see either of my daughters give in to such whims." "My dear friend," replied I, "hope it may please God to spare you the grief of seeing one of your children prostrated as poor Alice appears to be." I felt saddened. Where was I to hope to find any of the valuable people of whom I had been told? "But surely Doctor Loyd, who attends Alice Hartland, is a man of too high principle to encourage such deception as you describe; he is as wise as he is kind," I said. "Oh, you quite mistake there," said Agnes, "for it is he who upholds her in all her nonsense, Doctor Loyd objects to such a thing, and Doctor Loyd strictly forbids the other, is forever on the lips of the whole party. You know it would not do for doctors to be too clear-sighted, what would become of their fees?" I confess I was a little nettled as well as vexed at all this; I had conceived a very high opinion of the Hartlands, to whom I had some special introductions; and I also meant that Dr. Loyd should be my sheet anchor, having heard as high a report of his general excellence of character as of his skill. I suppose my countenance showed that such was my feeling, for Mrs. Frazer, as if stimulated by the desire of establishing her statement, added, "Oh, it is well that Dr. Loyd loves money; he is all that is kind and attentive to those who can pay well, but his gratuitous patients are sadly neglected. I have a high respect for him, but you will find that he is not all he appears." "And as to Mrs. Loyd," said Agnes, "she is as proud and self-satisfied as he can live, and even more fond of money than he is." "They say so, my dear, certainly," said Mrs. Frazer, she has never any civility towards those who do not pay well; however, it may not be so,—we are not intimate with her." I began to see my error: I had thrown a spark into a bundle of combustible materials, and I was obliged to wait patiently till the flame was burnt out, till I could direct the flame into a more safe direction. But it was in vain that I tried to turn the conversation into another channel, although my efforts were strongly seconded by my niece, to whom the subject under discussion was as displeasing as to myself; strive as we would we could not succeed. My friend and her daughter produced this skirmishing warfare, slashing at and wounding every character with which they came in contact, and cutting down one by one all my hopes of finding any to love or respect amidst the large circle of humane beings with which I was surrounded.

The evening was now far advanced, and I gave the signal of departure, which Lizzie was by no means sorry to hail. I felt much disposed to say on parting: "Be as merciful to us when we are gone as you can," for I felt that we had no more reason to expect immunity than any of those whose frailties and foibles we had heard so freely commented on. I was disappointed in my friends, for I saw that the precept, "Speak not evil of one of another, brethren," was not present to their minds; I was disappointed also in my hopes for the future, because, although I could not but believe they had taken a one-sided and uncharitable view of the conduct of those of whom they had spoken, yet the arrows they had shot stuck fast; and my ideas of each individual whose character had been discussed were lowered, and an element of distrust had been distilled into my mind.

Time passed on, and the results of this evil communication showed themselves.—The poison worked. I had promised, on my first visit at the Hartlands, that I would occasionally go and sit with the sick girl, to whom a little society was an enjoyment, and they had kindly said that they wished for my acquaintance. But I did not go. Day after day passed, and I felt disinclined to seek the society of one of whom I had received the impression that she was both deceitful and selfish, and I feared to encourage the folly in which she was said to indulge herself. I returned Mrs. Gray's visit; but when Miss Park began to tell me some little anecdotes of past days, with which, if I had been unprejudiced I should have been really much amused, I rather perversely withheld my interest; and instead of throwing my mind into the subjects which they brought forward, I chilled them by silence, made myself rather repulsive, and put off for a time an intimacy which I afterwards found was one well worthy of cultivation. It was much the same with all the rest of those who had been wounded by the arrows Mrs. Frazer and her daughter had shot, and which I had called forth by asking for hints about my neighbors. General and Mrs. Ticher paid me their first visit the day after I

had received those hints; and when the poor lady had twitched her mouth in addition with her foot, I could not help thinking of her as Mrs. Titcher; and as a few of the peculiarities, perhaps foibles, of this good couple peeped out, I am ashamed to say that the effect of the Frazer's satirical remarks was so strong on my mind, that I allowed myself to be amused with a sort of quizzing feeling, instead gently trying whether there might not be some chord in the mind of one or the other of them which might respond to the touch of a kindly hand, and make sweet melody; and I kept the conversation at low ebb, and suffered my visitors to depart without discovering that beneath a rather unattractive exterior there lay hidden hearts full of tenderest sympathies; that the gentlemen were possessed of a fund of information which needed but the touch of a cogent spirit to bring it into use, a spirit I had certainly not led him to expect that he would find in me. Mrs. Ticher's lameness, I afterwards learned, originated in an accident she had encountered whilst following her husband through scenes of war and suffering, and the twitching was a spasmodic affection resulting from the injury.—How often have I thought with shame on my first interview with these good people! It was long ere I called on Alice Hartland; but when I did I soon found reason to suspect that the insinuations against her were wholly without foundation.—The little foibles of manner which had been so severely condemned, certainly existed. There were too many "dearest" and "darlings," but the poor child appeared to be a genuine invalid, and most desirous of becoming otherwise, using all means prescribed for her recovery, and ready to own with thankfulness all progress towards that evidently desired end. She had been for many years confined to her couch, but her complaints were neuralgic; and hence arose the idea that she could shake them off if she would, but that she liked to be ill. Dr. Loyd was named; and the burst of affectionate gratitude which awaited the mention of him, was such as to show that I had not been altogether mistaken in my original view of his character. But when I learned that this feeble man had for seven long years watched over this would-be invalid, bestowing on her his unvarying attention, coming, sometimes for weeks together, and at his busiest seasons, daily, or even twice a day, and this "all for love and nothing for reward;" and that though pressed and urged repeatedly to accept some remuneration, he had never been prevailed on to take a single fee during the whole of his attendance—I began, indeed, to feel how unwisely I had acted in allowing a doubt of his worth to enter my mind. It was years before the wounds inflicted on that gossiping evening were all healed, years before I fully discovered, that though much of what was said, was substantially true, yet from the mode in which all that was faulty or foolish in each character had been placed in a prominent position, everything good and bright had been lost in obscurity, and as totally false an impression had been left on my mind as if actual falsehoods had been stated.

My readers, take warning by me—I have been stating facts, for these and similar hints were given me under the circumstances described. If you go into a new neighborhood, never ask any one for such hints; and if any one should proffer the doubtful kindness, reject it as you would a tempting fruit that you knew was of a poisonous quality. It is more than probable, that the information you would get would be sufficient to mar all your intercourse with your neighbors; but it is highly improbable that it would help you to steer clear of any one difficulty or inconvenience.

During the contest in the Senate on the night of the passage of the Nebraska bill, a eulogium upon slavery was given by Mr. Badger, of North Carolina, and referring to the affection which existed between master and slave, he mentioned his old "mammy," the negro woman who had nursed him, and complained that if slavery should be excluded from Nebraska, he could not carry this old negro woman with him if he went there. To this Mr. Wade, of Ohio, replied, that he knew of nothing to prevent the Senator from taking his "mammy" with him to Nebraska, except that he couldn't sell her when he got her there. Mr. Badger, with all his readiness at repartee, was quite non-plussed at this reply, and quietly subsided into his seat.

"You quarrel with your wife, my friend; and why? Do you not think and wish alike?" "God knows we do!" said poor Caudle, "each of us wants to be master."

Patience is very good, but perseverance is much better; for while the former stands as a stolid under difficulties, the latter whips them out of the ring.

MACHINE POETRY.—The author of the following lines is said to be a distant relative to Alexander Smith the poet. His name is probably John. He is in a fair way to become as celebrated as Alexander:

Abigail Brown
With a bran new gown,
Went down to see her sister;
When Jonathan Lee,
As brisk as a flea,
Jumped right up and kissed her.

A Parisian Sketch.
A friend living in the Faubourg du Temple went out at a late hour of a winter evening, to take a pistol without a lock to the gunsmith's.
Turning the corner of the canal, he was stopped by a man of ferocious aspect, who demanded his life or his purse. It is related that Ordy escaped, when placed in a similar predicament, by a pun; our friend adopted the readiest plan of taking the pistol from his pocket and placing it on the highwayman's breast.
"Follow me to the next guard-house, or I'll pull the trigger," he exclaimed.
As it was dark, the robber did not perceive that he was threatened by an imaginary lock. He had recourse to the supplications unusual in such cases.
"Sir, do not ruin me!"
"It is to save you, on the contrary, that I lead you to the guard house."
"I am the father of three children."
"I have six."
"I have a wife who depends upon me for support."
"And so have I."
"Indeed I am not in reality a wicked man."
"Neither am I. Come, it is late, and rather cold by the water side. March or I shall fire."
The robber was obliged to follow our friend to the guard house. They arrived there just as a patrol came in. Our friend related his history. The robber was examined, and discovered to be an escaped convict, of whom the police had been for a long time in search.
Our friend was duly congratulated upon his presence of mind and the energy he had displayed.
"But," added the officer in command, "I regret to say, I shall be under the necessity of bringing an action against you."
"Why so?"
"Because it appears from your own avowal, that you carry arms upon your person, without authority to do so."
Our friend then exhibited his pistol, and showed to the officer, that without a lock it was no arm at all.
"Not so," said the officer, "a pistol is always a pistol. I must put your name on the charge-sheet."
The robber, turned to our friend, said to him: "Sir, you have deceived me.—May what happens to you now teach you that bad faith and lies always receive, sooner or later, their punishment."
There is a good deal of what may be termed "Yankee Cunning" in the following:—
A number of years ago the demand in the East for dried plums so advanced the price of that fruit as to induce merchants and others to "buy up" all that could be obtained in any way, at any price. Some sent out their agents to make purchases in the country, wherever a plum-tree had been known to stand. In fact, all were decidedly sharp at plum-buying, yet never was the remark heard to escape the lips of any, "I am speculating in plums." Each went on the principle that "he who was still obtained the swill," and as certainly argued that he would be able to monopolize the plum-market, ere long, for many a mile around.
One morning, a shrewd clerk of the firm of—bestrode his charger early, and sallied forth to buy of the country merchants in an adjacent town. Hurrying along, he overtook a person whom he recognized as a brother clerk, of another firm, who was mounted for the same errand as himself.
"Well," said Charley, as he rode up, "I don't see but we're the first ones out so early!"
"I've got a small note against a man, about ten miles out here, who is rather 'slow,' and I'm going to give him a jog," was the reply.
They trotted along, and Charley made out to inform him that he was going the same way, but that his business was to suppena witness, a merchant of T—m. As they drew up before the store of this country merchant, Charley carelessly threw to his companion the reins of his horse, requesting him to "just hold them fast" until he ran in and served his subpoena. He waited patiently, until Charley came out, and in turn asked him to hold his horse, as he believed the merchant could tell him where the masker of the note lived. Going into the store, he inquired if they had not a quantity of dried plums.
"Yes," said the merchant, "but I've just sold them all to a young man, and have got his money."
"What! To my friend out there?"
"Yes, sir," said the merchant.
"Then I'm 'sold' too," said he, leaving the store.
"I say, Charley, if you've got any more witnesses to subpoena, I'll take another road," and he did take another road, but it was the road towards home.