

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

### There's Work Enough to Do.

The blackbird early leaves its nest  
To meet the smiling morn,  
And gather fragments for its nest  
From upland, wood and lawn.  
The busy bee that wings its way  
Mid sweets of varied hue,  
At every flower would seem to say—  
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,  
The daisy in the grass,  
The snow-drop and the eglantine,  
Preach sermons as we pass.  
The ant within its cavern deep,  
Would bid us labor, too,  
And writes upon its tiny leaf—  
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,  
Move onward in their cars,  
For Nature's wheel is never still—  
Progressive as the stars!  
The leaves that flutter in the air,  
And Summer's breezes woo,  
One solemn truth to man declare—  
"There's work enough to do."

Who then can sleep when all around  
Is active, fresh, and free?  
Shall man—creation's lord—be found  
Less busy than the bee?  
Our courts and alleys are the field,  
If men would search them through,  
That best the sweets of labor yield,  
And "work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,  
The selfish drunkard win;  
To rescue all the children, deep  
In ignorance and sin.  
To help the poor, the hungry feed,  
To give him coat and shoe,  
To see that all can write and read—  
Is "work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,  
And much has to be done;  
This wondrous earth, and all its pride,  
Will vanish with the sun!  
The moments fly on lightning's wings,  
And life's uncertain, too;  
We've none to waste on foolish things—  
"There's work enough to do."

### Good Enough to be True.

The Lynn News tells the following story of an incredulous young man, whose father had promised before death to hold "spiritual" communion with him:

"The spirit of the old gentleman (who by the way, had been somewhat severe in matters of discipline), was called up, and held some conversation with him. But the messages were not all convincing and the young man would not believe that his father had any thing to do with them."

"Well," said the medium, "what can your father do to remove your doubts?"  
"If he will perform some act which is characteristic of him, and without any direction as to what it shall be, I shall believe there is something in it."

"Very well," said the medium, "We wait for some manifestation from the spirit land."

This was no sooner said than (as the story goes) a table walked up to the young man, and without any ceremony, kicked him out of the room!

"Hold on stop him!" cried the terrified youth. "That's the old man. I believe in the rappings."

Our hero has never since had a desire to stir up the old gentleman.

The Instructions to Mr. Soule.—The New York Sun says it learns, from private sources that Secretary Marcy "has instructed Mr. Soule, our Minister at Madrid, to make the demand for indemnity and apology in the most peremptory manner; and should the Spanish government hesitate, or put off its reply, under pretence of wanting for information from Havana, Mr. Soule is to lose no time in communicating the fact to Washington, when our government will proceed instant to blockade every Cuban port."

The man who has a daughter, and can, yet won't educate her, deserves to have her stolen from him.

There are two things that modest men should never undertake—to borrow money and study law.

When has a man a right to scold his wife about his coffee? When has abundant grounds.

The town agency of Rutland, Vt., sold three thousand dollars worth of liquor in ten months, all for "medicine." What an unhealthy place Rutland must be!

## East India Jugglers.

An East India correspondent of the Post gives the following account of a recent exhibition of the Jugglers in the East, who seem to have lost none of that skill for which they long since became famous:

In Madras are found in perfection the celebrated Eastern Jugglers. Groups of them are daily in the hotels upon the arrival of a steamer, to exhibit their wonderful feats and receive rupees. Snake dancing, sword swallowing, fire eating, tumbling, &c., are shown to the crowds who search for amusement. With some others, I hired a party to exhibit on the verandah of the hotel, and am quite assured of their superiority over all magicians, professed or amateur, in the world. At the time assigned, they were on the spot arranging their implements preparatory to great wonders and marvels of deception. While thus preparing I took a cheroot from its case, the more readily to find out every thing about what was going on, and searched among the circle of passengers for a light. Perceiving the desire, one of the Jugglers came to me, went through a pantomimic request to regard his face attentively, and commenced blowing like a pair of bellows.

Much to my surprise a stream of smoke issued from his lips, and finally a pointed jet of flame, shaped as gracefully as a gas light, and extending two inches in my direction, which he kindly placed at my convenience, I availed myself of it by lighting my cigar, expressed my obligation, and also a desire to examine intrinsically so polite a salamander. I opened his mouth, looked in, looked around, and felt outside, but deriv a cause could I discover for the sudden and appropriate conflagration. What an agreeable fellow you are for a windy day, was an inward exclamation, and what a life you may lead without danger of future warmth! But the magic was about to commence, and I forgot my friend with the portable furnace in other wonders less individual, perhaps, but quite as mysterious. They danced cobra capelles, opening their flat heads to show them sound in fang and venom bags, and made them perform a variety of poses. The snakes danced in a circle, kept admirable time with the music, and exhibited the utmost willingness imaginable to accommodate Europeans. A handful of sand taken from the road was made to mark every color, and finally, to produce a shovelful of every variety by a simple manual operation.

Plants grow perceptibly, balls danced in the air, swords, hooks, jagged pieces of iron were used like sounding leads to penetrate abdomens, eggs made birds, and birds made rabbits, and rabbits in their turn underwent various transformations; common cotton balls moved at command, going away an immense distance, but returning on the ground very obediently, until we were completely tied up, and turned inside out ourselves with amazement and credulity. Then came the great feat of the greatest Juggler in India—the most notorious and wonderful of all descriptions, and for the night only.—The performer, the leader of the party, had rested quietly with his wife and child outside the circle, watching the entire proceedings of his men, and noticing the general effect upon the assemblage. At the conclusion of an announcement, proportionate with his dignity and elevation, he stepped into the enclosed space to give a grand finale to the whole performance. Taking the child, a little boy five or six years of age, from its mother, despite her tears and entreaties, he signed the attendants to procure the required implements for his feat, directing their arrangement and position according to his mind.

A large basket, six or seven feet deep, made of straw was shown the spectators, that they might assure themselves of its being a basket, without any addition or improvement—simply a basket of straw, very common in all parts of the world.—Inverting it, after the diligent investigation of the entire party, he stood his little boy in the centre of the circle, and covered him with the basket, like an extinguisher on a candle. The room allowed the little fellow an upright and apparently comfortable position. We were permitted to see him under the basket, and to satisfy ourselves of his being there without doubt. A naked sword having received an equally close examination, was placed in the man's hand and the feat commenced. Assured of the child's concealment under the basket, of the keenness and validity of the sword, we awaited in silent horror for his next proceeding. There was no table in the apartment, no trap in the basket, nothing but the hard stony floor, and no confederate with him. Taking the weapon in his hand he waved it in the air, muttering a jargon and commenced a series of rapid thrusts through the basket, making the point penetrate every time the opposite side, down into the basket and all over it, until it could hardly support its own weight from mutilation. It was perforated like a sieve.

A cry came from the interior, and a stream of blood began to trickle from under it, along the stone floor to the feet of the spectators. Cries of horror pierced the air, the mother ran shrieking to the basket to seize her horribly gashed and bleeding boy! She overturned it—no child was there, nothing but a pool of blood! Every body looked frightened

and relieved, while the Juggler coolly wiped the blood from the sword blade.—Suddenly, bursting from the middle of the group of observers, the little fellow came running to his mother, unhurt, unharmed, and a pretty smile on his brown, childish face. Taking hold of her hand, he seemed to ask the cause of her tears, and fondled her in affectionate sympathy. It was a trick—a deception—a humbug. But how to explain it. I saw a child under the basket a moment before the thrust; I saw the sword, its plain iron handle, no shelter for the keen sharp blade; I stood upon the same floor upon which rested the basket. I watched the whole carefully while the sword passed around—there was no refuge in the basket, there was no confederate, no mantle, no trap-door. The noise of straw was distinctly heard at each thrust; the blood was there, and at the end the child came from the crowd quite alive. I was within six feet and could not understand it; perhaps you who were further away will be more successful. But isn't it a point or two in advance of Alexander, Blitz, and those men?

### And my Heart too.

A few years ago, when it was the custom for large girls and large boys to attend district schools, and when flagellations were more common in school than at the present time, an incident took place in a neighboring town, which is worth recording. One of the largest, plumpest, and fairest girls of the school happened to violate one of the teacher's rules. The master, a prompt, energetic fellow of 25, summoned her into the middle of the floor. After interrogating the girl a few moments, the master took a ruler, and commanded her to hold out her hand. She hesitated, when the master, in a blaze of passion, thundered out—"Will you give me your hand?" "Yes, sir, my heart too," promptly replied the girl, at the same time stretching forth her hand to the master and eyeing him with a cunning look. A death like silence reigned for a moment in the school room; a tear was seen to glisten in the master's eye; the ruler was laid upon the desk, and the blushing girl was requested to take her seat, but to return after the school was dismissed! In three weeks after the school finished, the teacher and the girl were married.—*Pulver's Journal*

### Qualifications for Office, &c.

A "flat-footed candidate" for justice of the peace in Palestine, Texas, comes out in the journals with the following address to "the sovereigns": "With the issuance of this sheet, is unfurled to the breeze, either in tempest or calm, my name before you as a candidate for the office of chief justice of Anderson county, at the ensuing August election. I do it from choice, not from solicitation. I do it, for the office is honorable and profitable. I feel myself competent to discharge the duties of the office. I claim no superior merit or qualification over any one else who may choose to run against me. I would like to run the race solitary and alone; but, if any are desirous, let them pitch in; it isn't deep. I stand flat-footed, square-toed, hump-shouldered, upon the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you elect me your chief justice, I will make the welkin ring with loud huzzas for the sovereigns of Anderson county!—If defeated, I will retire with dignity and perfect good humor, remembering a most remarkable little song, which I sing remarkably well, called 'I'm afloat, I'm afloat.'"

### Steel Pen Making.

The process is a very interesting one; and the work is done by machinery. The steel is rolled, and otherwise prepared to be cut into pens by means of a press, in which the proper tools are fitted for cutting out the "blank." Women work these presses, and one hand will cut 20,000 to 30,000 per day. When the blanks are cut they are pierced—that is the little central hole and the side slits are made—at another press; after which they are softened by the application of heat, being placed in a heating oven for that purpose. They are then marked by the aid of a die, worked by the foot, which stamps the name of the maker on the back. The pens have next to be placed in a groove converted from a flat surface into a cylindrical form. The next operation is to place them in small iron boxes, and piled in a furnace or oven, where the pens are heated to white. On being withdrawn, they are plunged into oil, which renders them so brittle, that they might be crumbled into pieces with the fingers. They are placed in a cylinder, not unlike a coffee-roaster, and revolved over a fire, which process frees them in a great measure from the oil. The heat changes the color from grey to straw color, next to brown and bronze, and then to a blue, and renders them thoroughly elastic. As they emerge from this process with a considerable degree of roughness, they are put into tin cans, with a quantity of sand; and being made to revolve by means of steam, they come out clean and smooth ready to be ground—an operation performed by young girls, holding them by the aid of a pair of nippers, for a moment over a grinding wheel. They are then slit, an operation performed so quickly by means of a press, that one hand will slit one hundred gross a day. After this they are sorted and varnished, and ready for sale.

### "One of the Gals."

The following is an extract from a letter from a person traveling in the wild portions of Delaware and Sullivan counties, New York:

As I was trudging along one afternoon, in the town of Fremont, one of the border towns of Sullivan county, I was overtaken by what I at first supposed was a young man, with a rifle on his shoulder, and being well pleased with the idea of having company through the woods, I turned around and said, "Good afternoon, sir." "Good afternoon," said my new acquaintance, but in a tone of voice that sounded, to me, rather peculiar. My suspicions were at once aroused, and to satisfy myself, I made some inquiries in regard to hunting, which were readily answered by the young lady, whom I had thus encountered. She said she had been out ever since daylight; had followed a buck nearly all day, got one shot and wounded him, but as there was little snow, she could not get him; and was going to try him the next day, hoping that she would get another shot at him, and she was quite certain that she would kill him. Although I cannot give a very good idea of her appearance, I will try to describe her dress. The only article of female apparel visible was a close fitting hood upon her head, such as is often worn by deer hunters. Next, an India-rubber hunting coat; her nether limbs were encased in a snug tight-fitting pair of corduroy pants and a pair of Indian moccasins upon her feet. She had a good looking rifle upon her shoulder, and a brace of double barreled pistols in the side pockets of her coat, while a formidable hunting knife hung suspended by her side. Wishing to witness her skill with hunting instruments, I commenced bantering her with regard to shooting.—She smiled and said she was as good a shot as was in the woods, and to convince me she took out her hunting knife and cut a ring four inches in diameter in a tree with a small spot in the centre.—Then stepping back thirty yards, and drawing up one of her pistols, put the ball inside of the ring. She then, at thirty-five rods from the tree, put a ball from her rifle in the very centre. We shortly came to her father's house, and I gladly accepted an invitation to stop there over night. The maiden hunter, instead of sitting down to rest as most hunters do when they go home, remarked that she had got the chores to do. So out she went; fed, watered and stabled a pair of young horses, a yoke of oxen and three cows. She then went to the saw mill and brought a slab on her shoulder that I shouldn't like to carry, and with an axe and saw soon worked it into stove wood.

Her next business was to change her dress and get tea, which she did in a manner which would have been creditable to a more scientific cook. After tea she finished up the usual house work, and then sat down and commenced plying her needle in a very lady-like manner. I ascertained that her mother was quite feeble, and her father confined to the house with the rheumatism. The whole family were intelligent, well educated, and communicative. They had moved from Schohaire county in the woods, about three years before, and the father was taken lame the first winter after their arrival, and had not been able to do anything since. Lucy Ann, as her mother called her, had taken charge of, ploughed, planted, and harvested the farm, learned to chop wood, drive team, and do all the necessary work. Game being plenty, she had learned to use her father's rifle, and spent some of her leisure time in hunting. She had not killed a deer yet, but expressed her determination to kill one at least before New Year's. She boasted of having killed any quantity of partridges, squirrels and other small game. After chatting some time, she brought a violin from a closet and playing fifteen or twenty tunes, and also sung a few songs, accompanying herself on the violin, in a style that showed that she was far from destitute of musical skill. The next morning she was up at four o'clock, and before sunrise had the breakfast out of the way, and all her work out of doors and in the house done, and when I left, a few minutes after sunrise, she had on her hunting suit, and was loading her rifle for another chase after the deer.

### An "Absorbing" Subject.

Molasses possesses a remarkable power of absorption. Some curious facts in relation to this peculiar property have been recently laid before the London Medical Society. In 1849, a number of casks of molasses were stowed away at the London docks—weighing in all 1270 cwt.—Three years afterwards they were weighed again and there was found to be an increase of weight amounting in the whole to 23 cwt. Another lot of 347 casks was stowed away in July of 1849, and on starting the bungs in 1852, the molasses spouted up like a fountain. The casks weighed originally 12 cwt. each, and had gained from one to fifty pounds, the total gain being 59 cwt. In another instance, 68 lbs. were gained by some casks. This wonderful property of absorbing moisture from the air is said to be the most powerful in the molasses contained in those casks made of Quebec pine.—*Boston Journal*

He is not wise, who don't advise thee. So says our devil, and he knows.

### What Women can do.

The New York Tribune of the fifth inst., relates the following:

On the morning of the 23rd ult. Thornton Alexander was killed by Ram at the place of his residence, Winchester, Indiana, leaving a widow and young children in abject poverty and heart rending agony. He was a man of more than ordinary ability, of generous impulses and flattering prospects in life, until the web of the destroyer was woven about his heart. A little before he breathed his last, he said to the weeping circle around his bed-side, "I am dying; whiskey has done it; May those who have sold me the poison die as painful a death as mine." So he died, leaving his destitute family in anguish unutterable.

At four o'clock the same afternoon, a procession of forty or fifty of the noble Women of Winchester, with the agonised widow at their head, appeared in the streets of that town. They proceeded in marching order to the rum grocery of David Aker, handed him the pledge that he would sell no more liquor there, and demanded his signature. He demurred; but they were resolute, and at length he put down his name, opened his doors, and told them to take out his remaining stock of liquor and destroy it. Four barrels of Whiskey and six or eight kegs of what are called Brandy, Gin, Wine, &c., (all drugged, adulterated Whiskey, of course,) were then rolled out and emptied into the street. The estimated value of the liquor (\$110) was then made up to him by subscription, and the Temperance pioneers moved on.

The next halt was at Wm. Page's (another grocery) where they met with a stouter resistance. Page refused to sign, and shut his door in their faces. They chopped it down, knocked in his window, rolled the barrels into the street and poured out the liquor. They then marched to James Ennis's, who signed the pledge; thence to Edward Retter's who did likewise; thence to Way & Kiser's, who also signed; thence to H. P. Kiser's drug-store, where they met with equal success; thence to Binger's who utterly refused to stop selling. His daughter however, who was one of the most active pioneers, pushed into the house, brought out a keg of liquor, and store in the head. The procession next visited Wilson's grocery; he took the pledge; thence to Craig's drug-store, with equal success; and then adjourned to meet at half past two next day to destroy the brewery—the only place in town where they had not established the principle of Prohibition. Binger gave in his adhesion during the evening, leaving Page "alone in his glory" as a would-be rum-seller if he only had any to sell.

A post mortem examination of Alexander's body was made by the doctors that evening. They reported him "murdered by whiskey"—the coats of his stomach having been entirely eaten up by it. Mrs. Alexander thereupon instituted proceedings against Page and Binger, for causing the death of her husband. So the case stood at the date of our last advice.

### Woolen and Cotton Mixed Goods.

There are many who think that when they have purchased a piece of "cheap woolen goods," they have made a great bargain. There never was a graver mistake committed. Thousands and thousands of pieces of goods are sold in the shape of narrow and broadcloths, as being all wool, while, in fact, they are composed of at least twenty per cent. of cotton. The latter is mixed and carded with the wool, and all being dyed the same color, it is very difficult to detect the imposition. We presume that a great many merchants sell such goods under the belief that they are genuine—composed wholly of wool. The manufacturers know all about the deception, and no doubt the great majority of the large merchants are aware of the fact also. Any imposition practiced upon the community in the shape of an article of manufacture deserves the severest censure. Cotton can easily be detected in any piece of goods, even when mixed in the process of carding, by submitting a small strip of the goods to the action of a little sulphuric acid, mixed with hot water. The acid will discharge the color from the cotton, while the color of the wool will remain unchanged. There are very few colors in cotton but what are more fugitive than those on wool; this is the reason why the warm sulphuric acid solution is a good test for cotton in cloth.

### An Eloquent Prayer.

The Chaplain of the Indian Legislature recently opened the session with a general prayer, which closed with the following eloquent and sensible invocation:

"And, O Lord, have mercy on our legislators. Be with them and bless them even if they know Thee not. Spare their lives and teach them to glorify thy name. Hasten them to their homes where they may direct their attention to good works and general usefulness among their families and neighbors. May the people resolve to keep them there, and in future elect men of sound morals and temperate habits, so that good may hereafter result from legislation. Save the good people of the State from the disgrace which must follow if the same crowd should again come here to make laws. Hear us, Lord and grant our prayer. Amen."—*Daily News*

### New Divorce Law.

The Senate of this State, on the 30th ult., passed the following supplement to the act concerning divorces:

"That in addition to the cases now provided for by law, it shall be lawful for the Courts of Common Pleas to grant divorces in the following cases:—Where an alleged marriage was procured by fraud, force, or coercion, and has not been subsequently confirmed by the acts of the injured party; when either of the parties shall have been convicted of a felony, and sentenced by the court, either to the county prison of the proper county, or to the penitentiary of the proper district, for any term exceeding two years; Provided, that such application for divorce be made by the husband or wife of the party so convicted and sentenced.—When either party shall have, by cruel and barbarous treatment, endangered the life of the other, so as to render the condition of the other intolerable, or life burdensome: Provided, that in cases of divorce under this act, if the application be made on the part of the husband, the court granting such divorce shall allow such support or alimony to the wife as her husband's circumstances will admit of, and the said courts may deem just and proper. That the proceedings in cases embraced within the provisions of this act, shall be the same as those prescribed by the act concerning divorces, approved, March 13, 1845, and the several supplements thereto, with the like right of appeal as is therein given."

### Mineral Candles.

There is a quarry of white sand stone about twelve miles to the west of Edinburg, upon which rests a thick bed of dark colored shale, over which the hot trap must have once flowed, and thereby was subjected to a sort of natural distillation. This found its way into the crevices of the white stone below, where it is now found. It is a light waxy substance varying from the color of gamboge to that of dark amber, melts at the same temperature as beeswax, which it equals in hardness, and burns with a bright flame. The substance was moulded into candles, which, though rather smoky, answered well enough for cottagers for a long time, and would have rested there had not some one, without taking any hint from this natural phenomenon, however, thought of distilling shale. Some of the shales of the colliery are very rich in inflammable matter, and yield in the retort oils, naphtha, and a waxy substance known as paraffine. Of this, candles are made equal to wax, and extensive works have been recently erected in England and Scotland for their manufacture.

What is more wonderful is, these snow-white candles can be made of dark Irish turf, and works are in progress to convert the black bogs of Kildare into paraffine candles. Nations have the BREAD FRUIT tree, and can dispense with wheat and corn, if they should happen to fail.—They possess the COCOA NUT tree, and are furnished by it with farina, wine, alcohol, cement, baskets, cups, saucers and bowls. They are blessed with the MITRA TREE, which yields them delicious milk and cream, with as little solicitation as the animal cow. In addition to all these there are wax candles lying all round in turf and rocks, which require only to be distilled and moulded into form, when the black shale and dirty bog will be dispensing to parlors the lustre of the most elegant wax candles. If bees, therefore, should become extinct, grow lazy and refuse to work, or strike for wages, no matter. We should not have to go in the dark to bed, nor be reduced to a luxury less. The boudoir and the drawing room would still be embellished with that mellow, soft, and scented ray, which beauty always loves, and deserves to have to see it off and do it justice.—*Newark Advertiser*

### Can't Find the Administration.

The newspapers report that John Van Buren recently asked John Wheeler why he didn't support the Administration?—"Faith," said the Honorable member from New York, "I have been trying to find it all winter, and haven't made it out yet."

In New Jersey, during 1850, the marriages numbered 3388; the births, 12,107, of which the majority were males; and the deaths, 5651, of which 892 were from consumption.

The following "Know-Nothing" advertisement recently appeared in the Philadelphia Sun, of course it is about as "clear as mud" to the uninitiated:

KN IV—7 10

It was a Portland lady that said she would make a poor sailor, and to which a nautical friend replied, but you would make an excellent mate though.

The lady who was in the habit of "standing on her dignity," came very near tumbling off the other day.

Some men think themselves inspired when they are only inflated.

A quiet conscience sleeps soundly during thunder.