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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Two Portraits from the Crowd.

Charles Swain draws the following portraits, the originals of which we meet almost daily:

Some beings whoso'er they go,
Find ought to please or to exalt—
Their constant study but to show
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others in the ceaseless round
Of daily want, and daily care,
Can yet cull flowers from common ground,
And twice enjoy the joy they share.

Oh! happy they who happy make,
Who, blessing, still themselves are blest!
Whosomething spare for others' sake,
And strive in all things for the best!

Saturday Evening.

How sweet the evening shadows fall,
Advancing from the west,
As o'nd the weary week of toil,
And comes the day of rest.

Bright o'er the earth the star of eve
Her radiant beauty sheds;
And myriad sisters calmly weave
Their light around our heads.

Rest, man, from labor! rest from sin!
The world's hard contest close;
The holy hours with God begin—
Yield thee to sweet repose.

Bright o'er the earth the morning ray
Its sacred light will cast,
Fair emblem of the glorious day
That evermore shall rest.

Sleeping on Sunday.

A minister of the 'Kirk,' in good old Scotland, once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady, and, possibly, somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with this personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate:

'Susan!'
Susan opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, as did all other dreamers in the house, whether asleep or awake.

'Susan! I didna marry ye for your wealth, for ye had none! And I didna marry ye for your beauty, that the whole congregation can see. And if ye hae no grace, I have made but a sorry bargain!'

Susan's slumbers were effectually broken up for that day.

Divorcing in Illinois.

The following is a verbatim copy of an article shown up by an Illinois lawyer.

'This is to certify that B—D— and his wife was parted before me on the —day of June, 185—, on account that they could not agree with each other, and each party gave consent so to do, never more to interfere with each other unless by consent of each other;—therefore if you should ever consent to be joined together again, you have to come before me to be put together.

Witness my hand S—R—
Justice of the piece and Attorney at law.—
Dated at Galena, Ill., Davis county.'

Pride in Patches.

A little fellow from four to five years old, having perforated the knee of his trousers, was intensely delighted with a patch his grand-mamma had applied.— He would sit and gaze upon it in a state of remarkable admiration; and in one of these moods suddenly exclaimed:

'Grandma must put one on t'other knee and two behind, like Eddy Smiths.'

If that boy lives, he will beat Gov. Marcy, two to one.

A constable pursued a thief, who took refuge on a stump in a swamp, and pulling the rail after him as he went up. The constable made the following return:

'Sightable—conversable—noonest comestable, in swamp, up stumpum, with rail.'

The celebrated Dr. Bentley, of Salem, was noted for his pertinacity in refusing to exchange with his ministerial brethren.— Having been asked his reason, he said, 'He wasn't a going to have any strange hogs rooting in his sty.'

Found Dead—Supposed Murder.

On Saturday last, the dead body of a young female, about 17 years of age, was discovered in a field on the farm of Philip Hilgert, Esq., about a mile below this place, in Chillisquaque township. The deceased, whose name was Mary Ann Ketter, in company with another female, named Lydia Ann Williams, were in Milton on Friday the 7th inst. Being strangers, and poorly clad, their appearance attracted the attention of many of our citizens. After purchasing liquor, pipes and tobacco, from some of our stores, or groceries, they left town late in the afternoon of said day. They had not gone far before they were seen in company with one or two Irishmen, laborers upon the railroad near this place. It is strongly suspected, that these fiends in human shape, detained the two females, and as night approached, took them into a field, built up a fire, and commenced their drunken revelry of crime, and remained there the greater part of the night. From the numerous large tracks around the fire, it is evident that a number of men were participants in this diabolical outrage. The young female, when found, was nearly naked, and her body burned to a crisp! She had it seems, been carried a short distance from the fire and thrown over a fence. Her blackened body and distorted features presented an awful and disgusting sight! It is supposed she died from the injuries received from those, to say the least of them, beastly villains, and her clothing afterwards set on fire to hide the marks of violence committed upon her person. An inquest was held upon the body by a jury of twelve men, and their verdict was that "She came to her death from malicious violence from some person or persons unknown." The parties, were no doubt, all intoxicated.

Lydia Ann Williams, John Hayley and Joseph Derwinsky, were arrested as participants in the murder and after a hearing before Justice Bound, were committed, on Monday morning last, to the jail of the county, for a further hearing at the next term of our Court. As there are various rumors in relation to this affair, we forbear making any further comments for the present.

The deceased we learn, was from Centre county, and Mary Ann Williams says she is from Middletown, Pa. They met each other at Jersey Shore, and were on their way down the country. It appears that the two had a dispute about the ownership of a shawl, which Lydia had on when arrested.—*Milton Democrat 7th inst.*

How Pat Pleaded Guilty.

Patrick McFadin was brought before an Alabama court for an assault with intent, &c., in having with force and arms, &c. viz., one pistol of the value of five dollars, in the right hand, then and there held, snapped against one Boldley, with intent then and there to kill, murder, maim, mangle, &c., the said Boldley, contrary to law, [it being highly penal to kill, or even attempt to kill, a man in Alabama, contrary to law.] Patrick pleaded not guilty, and Squire Farkeson was called as a witness.

'Stop,' said Pat, 'is it the Squire that's to swear away my life?'

He was told that Farkeson was the main witness.

'Well, thin, I'll plade guilty at once—not because I am guilty, for I'm as innocent as a babe on the breast—but to save the Squires soul, for sure the value of a human soul is more nor a few years' hard work in the Penitentiary!'

Seeking a Pension.

Yesterday, before the sitting of the House of Representatives commenced, two men, bending beneath the weight of years, shabbily dressed, with knapsacks on their backs, came into the hall, in search of some friend to advise them in a matter of business. They had walked hither from Pennsylvania; the elder being blind and led by his companion.— He is an old soldier, and lost his sight, according to his own representation, in consequences of exposure while on active duty; and his object in visiting Washington is to secure a pension. The bystanders contributed to the relief of those poor men, who, with many thanks, went on their way rejoicing. It does not always cost much to make a heart glad.—*Washington Sentinel 8th inst.*

A SIGN.—A prominent German Democratic paper in Western Pennsylvania has come out in support of the whole Whig ticket for Governor and other State officers.

From the N. Y. Weekly Sun. The Mechanic's Wife; OR, The Results of Perseverance.

'Well, Augustus,' said Marianna, as the former entered a little room, which without carpet, curtain, or ornament of any kind, served as kitchen, setting room and nursery, 'we are really settled at house-keeping. Don't it seem comfortable after so many privations?'

'Yes,' answered the young husband, trying to smile, as he glanced, first at his handsome wife, then at the neat little pine supper table, and then at the cradle, where lay a blooming little boy of six months 'but mine is such a life of toil, that I have no time to enjoy anything not even to play with Fred.'

'But it seems to me,' returned the wife, thoughtfully, 'that it need not be just so. We are not in debt; we both have health; and I am willing to be very economical in order that we may have time for enjoyment and improvement, too. Say, shall we make the experiment?'

She handed him a cup of tea as she spoke, and looked up into his face with a sweet hopeful smile; but his face was deadly pale, and an unbidden tear stood in his eye as he answered moodily—'I don't know how that can be. Every moment taken from my labor is so much taken from our scanty income. We cannot afford to attend places of public amusement—in our present low style of living, we cannot mingle in the first society, and I will never consent to enter any other than good society, if we live alone—and as for improvement, my education was so neglected in my childhood, that I have little taste for reading—and besides we have nothing to read.'

'O yes,' said the wife, 'we have enough to begin with. Here is our beautiful new gift bible, which we must read morning and evening, and here is our New York paper, with good improving matter enough to last one or two evenings in a week, and you can easily have a share in a public library to fill up the rest.'

'But how shall I find time my good planning wife?'

'Thank you, dear Augustus, for the compliment, and now I will plan on—We will rise early and work diligently all day. Then if you think you need to work longer, you can bring your work into my room or I will take Freddy into the shop, and one of us will read and tend the baby, while the other works.— Won't that be a good plan?'

'I rather think it will,' said the husband, beginning to show a little more interest, 'but I'm thinking also that my hesitating blundering manner of reading will not be very edifying to you, I shall make but sorry work of it.'

'Well suppose you do. I have a good Webster's Dictionary, and we will have that open beside us, and look out every word which we cannot pronounce, and every word of which we do not understand the meaning. If our progress is slow at first, we shall have nobody to laugh at us and we shall soon find ourselves improving rapidly.'

Augustus smiled incredulously, but seemed disposed to encourage his wife to go on, and therefore said with some animation, 'you are indeed a noble planner. But what shall we do on the Sabbath?—I suppose you expect to advance fast in the 'march of mind' when we have the whole day to ourselves.'

'Yes,' said Marianna, 'I think we may though our arrangements must be some what modified. You know we have a seat in Dr. C's church. You must join the young men's Bible Class, and prepare the lesson in the morning while I attend meeting. Then I will stay in the afternoon, and let you go to the afternoon service and the Bible Class. In the evening we will read.'

'I've no objection to that; but as a compensation for my Bible Class, you must join the Ladies Sewing Circle, and I will take care of Fred, one afternoon in the week to let you go.'

Thank you dear husband, and I will gladly accept your offer, if you will let me stay alone one evening in a week, while you attend our excellent Lyceum lectures. And now let us begin this very evening. I feel that every moment is lost till we do. We have much encouragement. Only think of the many learned men who have educated themselves, and risen to respectability and usefulness wholly by their own exertions, even after they were somewhat advanced in life.— Roger Sherman for instance, and Elihu Burrit and a host of others.

The young wife became enthusiastic as she proceeded, and would have spent the whole evening in her disquisition upon self education, had not Freddy awaking from his nap required some maternal attention.

Augustus took up the bible and read a good chapter in Proverbs, on the practical duties of life, and declared that he had never before read such a chapter.— The plan was fairly begun.

Augustus was a pale, spare, young man of nine and twenty. His education, as he said, had been sadly neglected in his youth. He had been bound apprentice to a coarse vulgar shoemaker in the country, and had unhappily settled the question in his own mind, that he was doomed to ignorance, and a low degrading employment for life. He had imagined also that his relations were willing to lose sight of him, and his sensitive nature was

stung to the quick. After a few years of vexation and toil, he wandered far away from home and friends, and familiar associations, and wonder it was, that he was not hurried away by the whirlpool of error and vice, and dashed upon rocks of utter destruction.

He had, however, been favored with the instructions and prayers of a Christian mother; and had seen examples in his own family, of high purpose, and noble and successful effort. He had, however, preserved an unsullied reputation, had acquired a little property, had married an intelligent, cheerful, healthy girl of twenty summers, had removed to a 'city of shoemakers,' where his occupation was honorable, and where his aspiration after respectability and independence might hope to be realized.

But on the afternoon preceding this conversation, he had been unusually annoyed. He had suffered some embarrassment in getting settled in his humble tenement—had sustained some losses, and heard a bitter sarcastic remark from an aristocrat of the place, which crimsoned his pale cheek, and sent him home thro' a cold drizzly rainstorm, wearied in body, depressed, vexed, crushed in spirit, and almost determined never to make another effort.

Twenty years had elapsed, and a family group were arranged around a marble centre table, in the parlor of a magnificent house in the city of L. A gentleman of some fifty years had just divested himself of his outer garments, and dressed in a rich velvet gown and embroidered slippers, sat reading the journals of the day. A lady some years younger, sat by his side, her face beaming with intelligence, benevolence, and gratified pride, as she gazed first at her dignified and honored husband, and then at the lovely group of children around the table. One was a noble youth, just returned to spend his college vacation at home—another was a tall graceful girl of sixteen, who had finished a long recitation to her brother, and was preparing to cheer the circle with her ever welcome music on the piano. A bright boy of twelve was performing a problem in mathematics, and a little cherry cheeked girl was drawing pictures on her slate, and teasing everybody to teach her.

Presently the door bell announced a visitor. A person entered and presented a subscription for religious charity. 'Put me down a hundred dollars,' said the good man, and the collector departed blessing the giver. When he was gone, the gentleman said, 'my dear, did you think to send the coal and flour to the poor woman at the corner?' 'Yes,' said the wife, 'and Frederick and Mary have been round to that sick family, and carried the clothes and medicine.' 'Yes, papa,' said little Kate, 'they carried away my new stockings.' 'Shall I send and get them back again?' said the father. 'O, no, indeed,' said the child, 'I sent them.— Poor little Charley's feet were cold and bleeding.'

The father now remarked that it was time for family worship. In a moment all was silent. Books, slates, papers, and work were all laid aside. A neat gift Bible, bearing the marks of constant usage, was brought. The son read an interesting portion. The whole family joined in a familiar hymn, and the father lead in prayer, and worshipped the Father of mercies in spirit and truth, from the fulness of a grateful heart.

After an interval of silence, the son looked up as from a reverie and said, 'father, I think I have heard you say that your youth was neglected, that you were once poor, illiterate, almost an infidel, and entirely discouraged. It would be extremely interesting to us, to learn by what means the Mayor of this good city, the honored Trustee of our College, the Superintendent of our Sabbath School, and the deacon of our church, has risen from so unpromising beginnings to his present station.'

The eyes of the good man filled with tears, his lip quivered, he covered his face with his handkerchief and for some time no whisper was heard from the astonished audience around him. He was thinking of the poverty and ignorance of his early days—of the religious errors which had well nigh caused his destruction—of the way in which a kind and watchful Providence had led his thoughtless steps and all the dangers around him—of the blessing he had received in his lowly admirable wife, of the days of toil and nights of hard study, in which she had shared, and cheered him on like an angel of light and love—and lastly of the countless blessings and honors which now surrounded him. At length he uncovered his face, and amid stifled sobs, said to his wife, tell the children, dear, the conversation we had together, just twenty years ago to night around our little pine tea table.

He was the shoemaker of L. M. C.

Cure for Bedbugs.

A bit of information interesting to the landlords, boarders, and all persons aggrieved. Many persons complain of being pestered by bedbugs—it is easy to avoid the inconvenience. On going to bed, strip off your shirt, and cover yourself from head to foot with boiled molasses. Let every part of the body be thickly covered with it. On coming to bite you, the bugs will stick fast in the molasses, and you can kill them in the morning.

Receiving Visits in Bed.

A freak of fashion in Paris, is detailed in the Parisian correspondence of the Independence Belge, which the N. Y. Tribune translates as follows. We must not marvel at popular tumults, periodically occurring when educated women behave so and feminine Sybaritism takes on the last degree of public impudence.

'One of the most beautiful women of Paris has taken a fancy to lie in bed three days every week at five o'clock in the afternoon in order to receive visits in her bedroom. Often she goes out in the morning to make purchases, is visible to the naked eye here and there on the Boulevards, and in the fashionable shops, then returning home, she undresses, makes a toilet in which laces play a great part, goes to bed, and then receives.— Her sleeping apartment is charming and spacious. Ceiling, wall, bed, seats, are all clothed in blue silk damask, set off with cords, fringe, galleons, and so forth, of silk and silver. The carpet is of white curled lambskin, called astracan. The furniture is rosewood, spotted with violet ebony, ornamented with gilded bronzes, and with porcelain slabs, all painted in the style of Louis XV. The window and door curtains are of blue wadded damask, painted in lozenges and edged with white taffeta. The counterpane is of Indian cashmere, of blue ground, with rose, orange and green, cut like the curtains.— Blue eider-down adds to the value of a magnificent covering of English lace, which belonged to the trousseau of the Empress Maria Louisa, which (bestowed along with her linen and toilet matters, by the reigning Duchess of Parma on her chambermaids, was sold three or four years ago, with the curtains of the cradle of the King of Rome, sparkles with bees, eagles and N crowns—bought, perhaps, for the squeaking scion of some fool—enriched by swindling in railroad shares.

'But to end this furniture card—this auctioneer's catalogue. The bed is on steps without, however, the famous balustrade of the King's levee; *non plures in par.*'

[It may be necessary to explain to our untravelled American readers that in the gorgeous Versailles palace is a gorgeous chamber where a bed decked like that of Olympian Jove is fenced off with superb railings: to this is adjoined a room where the courtiers assembled, bent on asking gifts of the king, and thus reducing France to the poverty which brought on the avenging axe of the Revolution; the king being up—(see lever)—he gave his morning reception to the courtiers. When the President of the United States received in the evening, a foreign word was adopted and done into jargon, and to this hour a morning reception is confounded with an evening reception at Washington.]

'Four fluted columns around which are gathered in large folds curtains, as in the Venetian interiors of Paul Veronese, support four bunches of white ostrich feathers, as on a diad—what not else. These four plumes are objects of discussion, of criticism and approval by all who are admitted into the sanctum sanctorum of elegant and original coquetry. The canopy runs into four lappets in diamond point lace to support the coronet of a Countess, coronet ferme, be it understood, tipped with large pearls. The inside of the bed is covered with white damask—the greatest of luxuries, for it speedily turns yellow, and must be renewed. A large glass hung with curtains, occupies the back of this—what may be styled, bed, alter, temple—no matter what.

'The chimney place is a reduction in marble of the Penelope of Cavillier. It is well for sleep—but the allegory? The Ulysses of the Misses of this chamber is not absent, which however, does not detract from the number of suitors. Here and there is scattered—a cup of oxidized silver, of oronolu, of tinted bronze, of Japan and Sevres, fulfilling the office of pocket emptiers, and holding trinketry, watches, gloves, letters which are shown, and the keys to every thing not shown.— On the walls in large oval frames hang pastel portraits, ancestors by Latour, and living relatives by Antonom Meire and Giraud. A large golden knot surmounts every frame. Add to this an incredible quantity of seats, chairs, couches, &c., and you will have an idea of this rare chamber, which is reached through an ante chamber, which the noble lady decorated with her own sketches made last autumn, and which joins the grand red saloon containing one of the rarest Raphaels snatched up by private bidders, at a swinging price in the teeth of the hungry galleries of Europe.

'It is now 4 o'clock, and the lady, taking advantage of a fine winter day, has been to Passy, to her florist's to pick out a lot of plants without perfume for her dancing tea-party on Sunday. Returned home she takes a bath. Coming from the bath she goes to bed. I'll bet if the fashion of receiving while in bed becomes common, she will receive while in the bath!

'Her costume or rather her toilet is full of spirits of gallantry. It is only muslin, with laces and bows of tender rose color. The lady is as fair and rosy as the dress she wears. Carelessness minutely calculated throws over her head the folds of a fancheon in Malinespoint, displaying the curls of her dark hair. There is a little comb artistically placed on the left side of her head by her maid, so as to be loosened suddenly in case of necessity, and allowed to fall in disorder, her luxuriant hair

or as it may be called, the name of this *lionne*. Take notice—this maneuver is reversed for certain feminine visitors, whom she wishes to engage by this parade of her natural beauties, which in this way are sufficiently rare with a Parisienne, who is ever trying dressed and not much in dishabille. Here then there is no less art than wit displayed.

'The lady wears, be it understood, only rings, or at most a *sentiment*, a kind of gold bracelet, which is so simple that she has it merely to show that its value is not intrinsic. *Materia superabat recedat!* It is most frequently the little present of an *amie de pension*. We think so on seeing the ruse with which the Countess thrust hers in the wide sleeve of her bed gown, in taking care to raise a little after her arm in order to let it fall again.— With these attitudes, it is allowable to have on the bed, in the midst of journals, reviews, bonbons, and handkerchiefs, so contracted in their wide borders that they are not useful for a cold in the head, a little hand mirror of Persian cut ivory, to be consulted in the horrible crisis of headache, which the lady absolutely is free from, but which is made the pretext for these horizontal and oriental receptions. She has always passed a horrible night as her face must show. The visitors are quick to reply—No, quite the contrary, &c., &c.

'But if, at the moment of taking leave of the lady in the mild light of the chamber, you approach to take the hand or rather the finger which she holds out, and you hear suddenly a long Rrrrrr—it comes from her little dog—a whiffet morally swollen to the proportions of a Cerberus, which is roused and angered if one comes too near. One day it bit pretty hard for a pet; the doctor who not being able to discover the fever of the lady, held her wrist a little too long. Did she, or her husband, so place this sentinel in eiderdown for a century box, and call it Cora?

'Such are the Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of the Countess. Men like the idea borrowed from 1750; women criticize it, unhappy in not having first thought of it themselves.

Don't Belong to Your Society.

In a certain country town in which religious differences were notably fostered, the orthodox minister was once presented with a raven which, by its former owner, had been taught to 'talk,' or at any rate pronounced certain words with much distinctness. For some time after its reception, the worthy clergymen was ignorant of the extent of the bird's accomplishments and especially so of the fact that some words pronounced by it were decidedly unclerical and profane. At length an old lady, a notorious disputant belonging to another society, chanced to pay a visit to the clergyman's wife. The raven perching himself upon the back of a chair eyed her steadily for a long time, and at length cocking his head aside very gravely, and peeping close in her face, shouted aloud—to the horror of both ladies and others assembled, 'D—n ye! d—n ye!'

The old lady rose in high dudgeon, and facing her denouncer, as she turned to depart—retorted in a loud voice, and with a very red face—'don't you d—n me! you good for nothing orthodox creeter, I don't belong to your society!'

The Poughkeepsie Telegraph gives an account of a great feat of strength that was performed on the track of the railroad near Fishkill Landing, a few days since. Two men were trying to lift a piece of iron, but one of them could not lift his end. A medium-sized young man, aged about nineteen, stood looking on.— Says he, 'I can lift that end.' He did so with ease. He then added, 'I should like to wager any man that I could lift the whole piece.' A small bet was made, when the young man procured a rope, fastened it over his shoulders, then to the iron, and then lifted it from the ground as easy as he did the end. It was ascertained that the piece of iron weighed 1106 pounds. The name of the young man who performed the feat is Sylvester Truesdell of Cold Spring.

The Nebraska Question.

After appearances began to indicate that the Democracy had got a pretty severe drubbing at the late election, one of the Unterrified was explaining the cause to another, and attributed it to the Nebraska bill. 'The Nebraska bill,' said the intelligent sovereign, 'there's money enough in the treasury—why don't they pay the d—d thing, and have it out of the way?'

Of about 27,000 arrests before Mayor Gilpin since October, 1850, the number of 22,000 were attributed to the use of intoxicating drinks.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

GAMBLERS' DEVICE.—The London gaming houses have a peculiarly constructed water closet attached to an inner room. By means of a rush of water from a large cistern, the balls and other implements of gaming are disposed of with ease and rapidity, and the police are thwarted in their attempts at convictions.

A Kentucky paper apologizes for the secrecy of editorial matter, on the plea that the editor had been getting married, and was so ashamed that he crawled into the mammoth cave.