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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

My First Love.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

There is something beautiful in the language of flowers—something that is linked with associates that time can never destroy; and like an enchanter's wand, they fall into being the shadowy dreams that lie sleeping in the heart, and bring back sweet memories of other days.

'Twas thus I dreamed one sunny day, as I wandered along a fair stream, that is endeared to my heart by pleasing recollections from my very childhood. Forgetting that I had intended to imitate the occupation of that "prince of anglers," of whom we have so often read, I strolled on until I reached a favorite retreat, and there, as Willis had said, I "found violets."

There is to me

A daintiness about these early flowers,
That touches me like poetry."

As I gazed upon them, my thoughts went back to the olden time—to my school boy days in all their holiday excitement, and my gentle companions with whom I roamed to cull the early cowslips and twine them into wreaths to place upon their fair young brows.

But among those "shadows of the past, that stole so softly to my heart, there was one o'er which I lingered longer and more fondly than the rest. It was the dream of my first love, and I will whisper it to you, gentle reader, if you promise not to laugh at my sentimental—nonsense, some may call it.

I was just at that interesting period of my life, when I began to fancy myself a man—that is about eighteen—when I accepted the invitation of a dear "chum" to spend the summer vacation with him at his country home. I soon felt quite at ease after our arrival, for it was a delightful residence—one of those fine old mansions that combine both beauty and comfort; and the scenery around it, beautiful and romantic enough to captivate any one far less enthusiastic than myself. Fishing excursions and rambles in the country were planned every day, to my infinite satisfaction; for after the weary confinement of a school room, nothing is so pleasant as out-door recreation; and still, as if our enjoyment was not yet complete, frequent mention was made in the family of the expected visit of a dear cousin from the "sunny South," to which all looked forward with the greatest eagerness.

At first I paid but little attention to these remarks, but as the time drew nearer, I began to feel no slight curiosity to behold this paragon of beauty and excellence, as they were constantly describing her to me. In fact scarcely a day passed without my being told something concerning her that would be sure to interest me. Did any one sing and play well, "Cousin Louise's" voice and execution were pronounced to be far superior; did any one read or sketch well, it was said "Cousin Louise" would please me far more. "Your tastes are so similar," said they, "and we are sure you will be friends at once."

This was really beginning to be pleasant, for even at that early age, I was an ardent admirer of those finer feelings and accomplishments in woman; and you will not wonder that I anxiously awaited the period when I should meet one, who now seemed the very ideal of my dreams.

The long-looked-for day at length arrived. It was a lovely evening in mid-summer. Softly did the low winds fan the sleeping flowers, and never did nature seem clothed with such a magic charm. We were all collected on the portico, when a carriage drove up to the gate, the steps were let down, and a slight form sprang out, and ascended up the gravel walk. The family was instantly collected around her, even intercepting her passage to the portico, with such exclamations as, "My dear cousin Louise," "Oh, I am so glad;" and I, who of course kept in the background, inwardly won-

dered whether she would safely get through such a vigorous reception.

But at length she reached the portico, and we were introduced. Her beaming eyes met mine, as I warmly clasped her hand, and never will I forget that exquisite moment. The dream-girl of my imagination stood before me.

In person she was tall, and gracefully formed, and her complexion pure and fair as the tinted coral. This was rendered still more dazzlingly beautiful, by the heavy masses of dark brown hair that waved over her temples, and fell like a shadow upon the snowy neck. But the most striking feature is that pure, almost sad countenance, was the eyes—large dreamy, and of the most brilliant jet, with an expression that was irresistibly lovely. There is a charm in the eye—that mirror of the soul—that may not be written or told; and it was in those pensive orbs that I read something so familiar and clear, that one glance was enough—I was deeply, irrevocably in love!

You must remember I was eighteen, and not laugh at my enthusiasm. I was truly—or at least fancied myself truly in love, which sometimes nearly amounts to the same thing; but be that as it may, I still remember how I enjoyed those exquisite moments, now steal back to me like some pleasant dream; or, as one has said, "like hidden music heard in sleep."

The next day we passed together in the parlor, with music and books. "Cousin Louise," as I familiarly called her, played and sang with much feeling and taste. I dearly love music, but it must be of that kind where energy, spirit, vivacity and strength are combined, without which music has lost its sweetest charms, and has no more soul than a statue. Preserve me from lifeless, soulless, middling minstrelsy, when I expect something better; for I would have it gush forth with the whole soul, heart, strength, and then I am lost in admiration. Ah, never will I forget those sweet ballads that Louise warbled for me in those days gone by, for they were indeed the very poetry of music, and such as linger in the memory as something too beautiful entirely to fade away.

We were soon like old friends. The familiar poets, over which we had both lingered, almost from our childhood, were the key to unlock the sympathies of our hearts and reveal our inmost thoughts. The charmed pages of "Childe Harold" and "Lilla Rookh" assumed a new interest for me, when I heard passages breathed from her lips, and her childlike and enthusiastic admiration of them. Byron was her true ideal of the poet, but still she was passionately fond of "Lilla Rookh."

"In this poem," said she, "I discover so much that it is in perfect harmony with my own thoughts and feelings, and it is expressed in such simple, yet beautiful language. There is nothing forced or unnatural in it; everything is so easy, fresh, and graceful—a beautiful Eastern flower, rich and gorgeous in all its oriental colors, and breathing its fragrance to the heart. And not only the poetry, but the air of deep romance that lingers around the whole plot, has endeared it to me. The story of the beautiful princess—the description of the journey, in all its oriental luxury—her love for the young minstrel, the disguised sovereign of Barchina, and their joyous meeting at the end, adds as much interest and glowing imagery to the poetry, that I read it often, and always with pleasure."

Thus passed those pleasant summer days. Louise was the constant companion of all our walks, drives, and excursions; and added materially to our enjoyment—to mine, I know, I am afraid I was selfish in my devotion to her alone, but I followed the natural impulses of my heart, and as she seemed to encourage my attentions, I was happy. It was upon my arm she leaned when weary; it was for my assistance she looked when she wished to sketch some admired landscape; and it was for me she sang and read the most.

The day previous to our separation, we all wandered along the banks of a beautiful stream, not far from the mansion; and Louise and myself found ourselves alone in a favorite retreat, and seated together upon the mossy turf. It was a lovely day, though very warm; and the exercise had brought a soft flush to the cheek of my fair companion, who was twining the flowers we had gathered in the tresses of her wavy hair, with which the fragrant air was dallying as it kissed her pure brow. She was in the gayest

mood, delighting in everything—now warbling a note of some ballad, or making the wilds re-echo with her musical laugh—while I was lying at her feet, and likening her to "Titania," the queen of the fairies; "Cytherea," the fairest of nymphs; and I know not what, for I had clasped her snowy hand in mine, and was just on the point of making an ardent declaration of my love, when my friend Harry suddenly burst upon us with the startling intelligence that a heavy thunder shower was approaching, and that we had better seek shelter. Inwardly wishing the poor fellow somewhere else, just at that moment, I was forced to comply; but determined to reveal my attachment to Louise by letter, if I would not have an opportunity of doing so before her departure.

The next morning Louise left us. We were all collected on the portico, where we had first welcomed her, but it was with sadder hearts that we now bade the gentle girl good-bye. Slowly she passed from one to another with an affectionate farewell, and at last reached me. Clapping her hand, and obeying a sudden impulse, I drew her to my heart, and for an instant pressed my lips to her own. Gently extricating herself she sprang into the carriage.

"Louise," I exclaimed, "You are not offended?"

She turned to me a face radiant with smiles and blushes, and throwing me a few flowers she held in her hand—was gone.

Ah, how does memory, faithful memory, still treasure up that sweet and smiling face that last met my gaze, and how those flowers are preserved and guarded as a precious memento of happy days, forever gone!

Has there been anything since then to repay me for the swelling ecstasy of my heart in those early years? I scarcely know. It has been well said, in "Hyperion," I think, that "the life of man upon this fair earth is made up, for the most part, of little pains and little pleasures.—The great wonder-flowers bloom but once in a life-time."

A month after, I was seated in our little sanctum, busily engaged in pouring over the classic Virgil, when Harry burst into the room, saying that he had just received a letter from Cousin Louise. "She speaks of you very kindly," said he, "and says she will never forget those happy hours she spent in the Northern home."

How I thanked her.

"But," continued Harry, "I have not told you the best part. She was married last week."

"Married!" exclaimed I, starting from the chair, and dropping Virgil inglorious at my feet.

"Yes to a wealthy young planter, to whom she says she has been engaged for some time; and she earnestly requests us both to visit them at their beautiful Southern villa."

So ended MY FIRST LOVE!

Education in Pennsylvania.

Under this head the New York Tribune notices the salaries of the County Superintendents of Common Schools, and remarks—

"Of course, at such rates, either 1. Feeble men are appointed, who will effect nothing; or 2. Capable men are chosen, who are not expected to devote their time to their work; or 3. Good men are expected to give their services for half their value for the sake of the cause. In either case, the policy is shabby, short-sighted and eminently Pennsylvania. Allegheny and Lancaster can better afford to pay \$2,000 a year than any smaller sum; Chester, Montgomery and Bucks want men worth at least \$1,500, and cannot afford to take an inferior article; while Erie, Fayette, Beaver, Westmoreland, Washington, Franklin, &c., should have chosen men worth at least \$1,000. Only think of Dauphin; the metropolitan County, including a city of at least 10,000 inhabitants, appointing a County Superintendent of Schools at the magnificent salary of \$300 a year. No wonder the State is sold out three or four times a year by her legislators when popular ignorance is thus cherished."

A diabolical rape was committed by a negro upon the person of Mrs. Redman, a respectable white woman, a few days since, in Marshall county, Miss.; the wretch compelled her to promise secrecy, but when she got a short distance from him she called for help, and he then caught her, repeated the outrage, and choked her to death. The negro being accused, at first denied, and then confessed the deed. The people of the neighborhood assembled in crowds; took the negro and hung him until nearly dead, then cut him down, then hung him by the heels and then fired ten or a dozen balls through him.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

An Affecting Court Incident.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

We take pleasure in relating an incident which greatly enlisted our sympathies, held us spell-bound by its interest, and finally made our hearts leap with joy at its happy termination.

In the spring of 1838, we chanced to be spending a few days in a beautiful inland country town in Pennsylvania. It was court week, and to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of village life, we stepped into the room where the court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad but ten years of age, whose sad, pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a fearful woman, whose anxious glance from the Judge to the boy left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene to inquire of the offence of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile had vanished from his face, and now it expressed the cares of the aged. His young sister, a bright eyed girl had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whispering of hope.

But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss—the extent of which was but a dime, no more!

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly, and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed where, from its very position, the lad would witness see it, and least suspect the trap. The day passed, and the master, to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so he let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the boy's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple present for that little sister was paroled with it.—But while returning home to gladden her heart, his own was made heavy, by being arrested for theft! a crime, the nature of which he little knew. These circumstances were sustained by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. An attorney urged upon the jury the necessity of making the "little rogue" an example to others, by punishment. Before I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother, and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for aught else but conviction.

The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling as if in fiend-like exultation over the misery he had brought upon that poor, but once happy trio.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy, and the youthful appearance of the attorney, who had volunteered in his defence, gave no encouragement, as we learned that it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. He appeared greatly confused, and reached to a desk near him, from which he took the Bible which had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter and taunting remarks; among which we heard a harsh fellow, close to us, cry out:—

"He forgets what it is. Thinking to get hold of some ponderous law-book, he has made a mistake and got the Bible."

The remark made the young attorney blush with anger, and turning his flashing eyes upon the audience, he convinced them that there was no mistake, saying, "Justice wants no better book." His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober Judge on the bench. The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him, as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst breathless silence, he read the jury this sentence:—

"Lead us not into temptation."

We felt our heart throb at the sound of these words. The audience looked at each other without speaking; and the jurymen exchanged glances as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address, which, for pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room, in fear of personal violence.—The prisoner looked hopeful—the mother smiled again—and before its conclusion, there was not an eye in the court room that was not moist. The speech, affecting to that degree which caused tears, held its hearers spell-bound."

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased, and those happy words, "Not guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip, the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and not

a voice was there that did not join in the acclamation that hailed the lad's release. The young lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favorite, and now represents his district in the councils of the Commonwealth.

The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrances, and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the tempter than of the tempted.

NOTE.—The above incident occurred in our court at Harrisburg. "The youthful attorney" alluded to, who made such a brilliant debut, was John H. Kunkel, now one of the ablest and most successful lawyers in this Judicial District. For several years he represented Dauphin county in the popular branch of the Legislature, and was subsequently elected to the State Senate, of which distinguished body he is now a member.—Harrisburg Paper.

The following catalogue of "First things in America," is from the columns of the Boston Transcript:

The first book printed in the United States, was the "Bay Psalm Book," published at Cambridge in 1640. It passed through many editions here. It was reprinted in England in eighteen editions, the last one being republished in 1754.—In Scotland it passed through twenty-two editions; the last one appeared in 1759.—It thus appears that the first work printed in America enjoyed a more lasting reputation, and had a wider circulation abroad than any volume which has since appeared. We believe it passed through seventy editions in all.

The first Bible printed in America was published in the Massachusetts colony in 1633. It was the famous Indian Bible of the apostle John Eliot. Printing the English version of the Scriptures was prohibited by law, there being a monopoly privilege in England. Altho' fifteen hundred copies of the Indian Bible were printed, they are now quite rare, and are "sealed books" to all persons now living, as the knowledge of the Indian tongue has become extinct.

The first poem written on these shores was a description of New England, in Latin hexameter verse, by Rev. William Morell, an Episcopal clergyman, who visited the Plymouth colony in 1623. The earliest poet in New England was Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, the wife of Gov. Bradstreet, and daughter of Gov. Dudley.—She was called the "mirror of her age and the glory of her sex." She was known as a writer in 1632. Her father and sister also wrote respectable verse.

Cotton Mather was one of the first literary men born in New England. He wrote readily in seven languages and was the author of three hundred and eighty-three publications.

The first political poetry written after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, was a piece by Edward Church, of Boston, entitled "The Dangerous Vice *****." It was a vindictive, caustic, and spirited attack upon John Adams, then Vice President.

The first attempt to set up a newspaper in North America, so far as can be ascertained, was made in Boston 1690.—Only one copy of the sheet is known to be in existence, and that copy is in the State Paper Office, London.

The first newspaper in North America was the Boston News Letter, commenced April 24, 1704, by John Campbell, Esq. It was published regularly for seventy-two years, and discontinued in 1776. The second American newspaper was The Boston Gazette, the first number appearing December 21, 1719. The day following, the third paper appeared at Philadelphia, called the American Weekly Mercury. These papers were all miniature sheets compared with papers of the present day.

The first organ ever heard in public worship in New England was sent from London to the King's Chapel, in Boston, in 1714. The organist came out from England with the instrument, as no person in the colony was to be found able to assume its charge. The first organ built in this country was made by Mr. Edward Bronfield, of Boston, who died August 18, 1756. The fact is stated on his tomb stone in the Chapel burial ground.

The first sermon preached at a funeral in Boston was delivered at the interment of Rev. Dr. Cooper of the Brattle street Church, in 1733. It was delivered by Rev. Dr. Clarke, the junior pastor of the First Church. The first public prayer made at a funeral in Boston, by a Congregational clergyman, was at the obsequies of the Rev. Dr. Mayhew, of the West Church, in July, 1766, upon which occasion Rev. Dr. Chauncy officiated.

Something for Housekeepers.

The following method for renovating the paper on the walls of rooms, we find in the Ohio Cultivator.—Take about two quarts of wheat bran, enclose it in a bag made of thin, open flannel; or strainer cloth, and with this rub the paper, shaking up the bran occasionally, so as to keep the surface fresh. With this apparatus, smoke can easily be removed from wall paper. Greasy spots can be partially removed by rubbing them with chalk, and then laying over them several thicknesses of brown paper, and pressing on a hot flat-iron.

A Reasoning Fox.

A certain hunter, who was one morning keeping watch in the forest, observed a fox cautiously making his approach towards the stump of an old tree. When sufficiently near, he took a high and determined jump on to the top of it; and after looking around awhile, hopped to the ground again. After Raynard had repeated this knightly exercise several times, he went his way; but presently he returned to the spot, bearing a pretty large and heavy piece of dry oak in his mouth; and thus burdened, and as it would seem for the purpose of testing his vaulting power, he renewed his leaps on to the stump. After a time, however, and when he found that, weighty as he was, he could make the ascent with facility, he desisted from farther efforts, dropped the piece of wood from the mouth, and coiling himself upon the stump, remained motionless as if dead. At the approach of evening, an old sow and her progeny, five or six in number, issued from a neighboring thicket, and, pursuing their usual track, passed near to the stump in question. Two of her sucklings followed close behind the rest, and just as they neared his ambush, Raynard, with the rapidity of thought, darted down from his perch upon one of them, and in the twinkling of an eye bore it in triumph on to the fastness he had so providently prepared beforehand. Confounded at the shrieks of her off-spring, the old sow returned in fury to the spot, and until late in the night, made repeated desperate attempts to storm the murderer's stronghold; but the fox took the matter very coolly, and devoured the pig under the very nose of its mother; which at length, with the greatest reluctance, and without being able to revenge herself on her crafty adversary, was forced to beat a retreat.—Lady's Scandinavian Adventures.

Spectacles.

Reader, has the rapid railway of time whirled you past the 50th or 60th degree of north latitude of age? Then you are in the frigid regions of manhood, and your optical lens are flattened and oblate, and good English is all Greek to you without the aid of convex assistants.—Were you ever in a situation without your spectacles, that you would give a dollar to be able to see, read and write, as well as you could in the days of your juvenility? If so, read the following discovery, and send the money to the printer, for the benefit of any charity you please.

Make a pin hole through a slip of common playing card, or an address card, or even stiff letter paper, and place it close to the eye, shutting the other, and with a good light the vision is as perfect as in youth. It is a device that I have often availed myself of, to my great advantage.—Rural N. Yorker.

Death by Chloroform.

Mrs. Harriet N. Richardson of North Adams, Mass., died a few days since from halting chloroform, administered to her by Dr. C. E. Streeter, who makes the following statement concerning the case:

"The amount of chloroform inhaled was about two thirds the usual quantity, and time of inhaling it was much less than usual, the breathing easy and the pulse regular, with no unpleasant sensations except the pricking of the hands, which is no uncommon thing. As soon as insensibility was produced, I commenced the operation. I extracted four teeth, and was about to remove the fifth, when suddenly the breathing ceased, the pulse could not be felt, the face became deadly pale, the eyes vacant, the lips livid. Instant dissolution appeared inevitable.—The face was wet, fresh air admitted by raising the windows, artificial respiration was immediately commenced, when she gave two or three short respirations; then to all appearance life was extinct without a struggle or motion of any part of the body, and all within two or three minutes from the first symptoms of alarm. Still artificial respiration was continued. The physicians were called in, but all to no effect. Dr. Babbitt, the first one in, had no hesitation in pronouncing her dead at first sight, and no power on earth could raise her in about five minutes after the alarming symptoms came. Still, for the gratification of the friends and the people present, a battery and other means were resorted to, but without any possible hope of raising her. Signs of death were too apparent to be mistaken."

Terrible Devastation by Hail.

The hail storm on Saturday, in Kent county, Md., commenced at Radcliffe Creek and extended to Millington, sweeping down in its progress, trees, crops, fences, bridges and buildings. We regret to learn that the wheat crop of Senator Pearce, estimated at nearly 3000 bushels, was almost totally destroyed.