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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

While 'tis Day-time let us Work.

Every mortal has his mission.
In this world of active strife,
Whether in a high position,
Or a lowly walk of life.
He it is, who now fulfilling
Every duty day by day,
Shows the mind and spirit willing
To perform its upward way.

Life's a bark upon the ocean,
Tossed and rocked by every gale;
Nor scuds on with speedy motion,
Nor with rent and tattered sail.

Life's a bright and sunny morning,
With some light refreshing showers,
Followed by a dark cloudy warning
Of the storm that o'er us lowers.

Life's the chord of silver, binding
Man in contact with his kind,
Death is but that bond unbinding,
Setting free the earth-bound mind.

Life's the pitcher of the fountain,
Whence immortal rills descend;
'Tis the fragile wheel sermounting
Cistern where pure waters blend.

Life's the day for deed and action,
Death's the rest, the time is night;
He who works with satisfaction,
Works while yet the hour is light.

Forward then, the day is waning,
Westward sinks the setting sun;
Onward! toil! without complaining
Work while yet it may be done.

Patent Leather Boots.

While standing in the office of one of our first class hotels, the other day, we noticed a gentleman who came in with his baggage, enter his name on the book, and secure rooms. As soon as he had written his name, the clerk looked at it with astonishment. He called all the other clerks to look, and then he called one of the proprietors, who, on seeing it appeared amazed.

We thought from the fuss that was being made over the name, that the man must be some celebrated person. The idea struck us that it might be Prince Albert or some of England's noblemen, but, as his features were truly American, we concluded it must be some great man, whom we did not know, belonging to our own country. While thus contemplating the man and his position, the head clerk leaned forward, and called—

"Mr. T. Johnson, one moment, if you please!"

The gentleman stepped up to the desk. "Will you," continued the clerk, "please explain one thing? We have all tried to decipher it, but cannot make it out."

"What is it?" asked the gentleman, with quite a smile playing on his face.

"Why, sir, at the end of your name on the book, you have placed three letters, P. L. B., and we are anxious to know the meaning of them, having never before met them in that position."

"P. L. B.," said the gentleman, "simply Patent Leather Boots. The last time I was here, I wore none other, but I was charged in my bill, at leaving, two dollars for blacking boots, and as I had no time to dispute at leaving, I concluded this time to make you understand that I wore such boots as needed no blacking."

Too Old.—The Sunday Atlas, in a fit of revolutionary enthusiasm says—"Hurrah for the girls of '76!" "Tunder," cried a New Jersey Whig, that's too darned old. No—No—"Hurrah for the girls of '17." The New Jersey Whig got all to shout with him, we are told, and the old woman about his ears.

TO THE POINT.—If you want to serve humanity effectively, don't commence by sending tracts that are never read, and shirts that are never worn, to Africa—but help the needy around you. If there are any single ladies about, get them husbands; if honest poor persons, give them something to make glad their hearts; if widows, console them; if pretty girls, please them; if pagans, preach the true gospel to them—stir them up, turn, twist, fry, boil, stew or cook them into something of a good and christianizing nature. After that, look out for the heathen and other folk in "foreign parts."

Biography of the "Angel Gabriel."
The New York Sunday Courier gives the following as a true history of the famous street preacher, generally known as the Angel Gabriel.

The true name of the celebrated man, whose singularities have gained for him so great a reputation, and whose popular cognomen is the Angel Gabriel, is McSwish, though he is sometimes called Orr, or Horr, in the public papers. His father belonged to the clan Gordon; and was, in early life, a house servant in the employ of the Marquis of Huntly. He married a female domestic in the same establishment, by the name of Saunders, and emigrated with his young wife to the Isle of Skye, in which place the Angel, as he is now called, was born, on the 3d September, 1809, which makes him 45 years of age. He was christened by his mother's name of Saunders, and was always called Sandy McSwish, while he remained in his native town.

The present writer, who knew him well, and attended the same parish school with him, kept by the minister of the place, the Rev. Archibald Cameron, has often been on a bird's nesting expedition with him, and once rescued him from drowning, when he fell from a high cliff into a little black pool called the Devil's Loch. Sandy was a very dull boy, and was often flogged for not knowing his lesson, and the Rev. Mr. Cameron, if he were alive now, would hold up his hands in utter amazement to know that his unpromising pupil had become a famous street preacher in the great city of New York and was kicking up a tremendous row under the name of the Angel Gabriel. Sandy was bound an apprentice to a weaver at the age of 12, but his mother having become a widow, and married an itinerant Baptist preacher named Orr, she soon left the Isle of Skye with her husband, taking Sandy with her, who, for convenience sake, or to disguise his Celtic origin, assumed the name of his step-father. What became of him after leaving his native place, until he turned up in this country as an evangelist is known to the present writer only at second hand, and may not be strictly authentic, though the facts are, probably, not far from correct.

Mr. Orr, the itinerant preacher, went his circuit in the Highlands for a year or two, until, finding that way of life rather hard, his convert-few and his family increasing, he came to the conclusion that he would change, not only his pasture, but his occupation and his name. He was not a Celt himself, but an Englishman, a native of Birmingham, and it is said, but with what degree of truth I do not know, in his early life, he had been a member of an equestrian company. At all events, he joined a troop of equestrians at Newcastle, and having taken the name of Wiggins, assumed the post of ring-master. His young stepson, Sandy McSwish, who still called himself Orr, became a member of the company, and soon attracted attention by his feats in ground and lofty tumbling. Having quarrelled with the manager, he gave his parents the slip, and joined a company of acrobats, with whom he visited some of the principal towns in England, and at last at Liverpool, when he fell in love with the daughter of the proprietor of a "wine and spirit vault," near the Prince's Dock. He eloped with her and was married in Wales, where he became a local preacher of the Methodist persuasion, in the village of Llangfild.

Up to this time the budding angel had been a very jolly fellow, and was much liked by his acquaintances; but he entered with such seriousness upon his new vocation, that he rather alarmed his simple Welch hearers, whom he used to arouse from their slaty by blowing a tremendous tin horn from the pulpit. Growing tired of his rural position, and having brought on a fit of dyspepsia by eating too heartily of Welch rabbits, he disappeared one night, leaving a few debts behind him as tokens of his affections, among his parishioners, and taken with him by way of remembrance, the pewter tankard which had been employed in the church sacraments.

He made his way for the nearest seaport, which was Bristol, where he shipped as cook on board a vessel bound for Jamaica and, on his arrival in that island, he again assumed the functions of a preacher; but finding that the baptist persuasion was more popular than the Methodist, he joined that sect.

How long he remained in Jamaica is not known, but probably not long, for he

taught a dancing school in the town of McGrawsville, a few years ago, after which he became a convert to Mormonism; but when Joe Smith went to Illinois, he turned his face towards the Atlantic States, and, after having been by turns check taker at a circus, an assistant in a menagerie, a temperance lecturer, a tin pedlar, and editor of a nativist paper in Philadelphia—he found himself in New York with just money enough in his pocket to purchase a brass trumpet, and with this for his stock in trade, he commenced the Angel Gabriel line of business, which has proved so highly profitable and made his name so famous.

His career in this city is too well known to require any comments; but his future career may be as varied and remarkable as the past. We have had many a conversation with him about old times, when we were boys together, and he often reverts with gratitude to the day when the writer of these lines saved him from an early death. The Angel is a good fellow naturally, and though rather eccentric, means well. He is not the only man who has made his way in the world by blowing his own trumpet.

Dreadful Calamity.

A pathetic, round-visaged individual was yesterday seated on the steps of the Custom House, bathed in tears, and sobbing violently, having in his hand a copy of the *Abend Zeitung*; and the sight of tears flowing in Wall-street, being so unusual a circumstance, soon attracted a group of people, curious to know what calamity had befallen the poor mourner.

"Is your father dead?" asked one.

"No, oh, no; mine father is not dead; worse than that."

"Is your wife dead?" queried another.

"No, my wife is not dead, too; she sobs and sobs and smokes a pipe all day long."

"Has your wife slobbered with some other fellow?" asked a news-boy, with dilapidated corduroys and a badly-kept pair of feet.

"You think I'd cry for that?" was the indignant rejoinder. "No, indeed; no such thing."

"How'd aity," suggested an apple-woman, with a sympathetic countenance, through which the perspiration exuded profusely—"how'd aity; may be his wife is dead in the cold country, or the children sick, or may be some of 'em was lost in the say."

"Die Schone Katrina was lost in the Zuyder Zee, and dat ish vat I cries for," replied the mourner, unable to say more in the poignancy of his grief.

"Was she a good ship?" inquired a sailor, who had elbowed his way among the crowd.

"Yaw, it holds three hundred passengers."

"And all gone to Davy's Locker?"

"Yaw, all gone; but dat ish nothing, and the tears flowed afresh."

"What is the matter, my friend?" asked a good looking broker, with a splendid pair of jetty whiskers; "what are you fretting about?"

"Die Schone Katrina was sinkt, (sol) lost in the Zuyder Zee, met—" (sob)

"Anything of yours on board?"

"No, nothing of mine."

"Well, what's the matter, then?"

"I tells you what, was the reply, as he wrung the water from his handkerchief, preparatory to a fresh out-burst, *she had more than 20 barrels of sugar on board.*"
—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

A Hair-Breadth Escape from the Mammoth Cave.

Among the many natural curiosities of our country there are but few which attract more attention, and call together a greater number of visitors than the Mammoth Cave, in the State of Kentucky. Its attractions continue to increase by new and interesting discoveries as to its internal structure, its extent, and the materials composing it. Its existence and general formation are mentioned by a number of authors, whose accounts, though interesting, are not sufficiently descriptive to embrace all that might be instructive and interesting in relation to it; and it can hardly be supposed, while there are additional and new developments constantly taking place, that former accounts are ample in detail. According to recent discoveries there are in it about thirty apartments. Some of them are of great extent and are appropriately named. The one which is called the Haunted Chamber is two miles in length, supported by pillars of rock. One room is assigned to the Evil Spirit, where there is a dining-table, working-shop, &c.

The largest apartment yet discovered embraces an area of eight acres, overhung by a vast arch, some portions of which are one hundred feet high, without a single pillar or column to support it. There are, also, in this cavern, streams of water, some of which are large, and in which are found fish without eyes, having no use for them in the absence of all light. Its entrance is horizontal and large enough for teams to pass for several miles. As near as I can recollect I will now, in substance, state a few particulars as given me by the lips of my son, descriptive of this wonder of nature, whose rescue from its deep and gloomy caverns I regard as nearly miraculous. In the spring of 1848, in company with my daughter, I left the South to pass a few months with my family in this place, and he who had been my travelling companion eight years remained to spend the summer on a tour of observation and pleasure, and visited, with other places, this celebrated cave.

Those who enter this subterranean wonder in general do so in groups; some, however, risk it alone, not having a guide.—This is venturing too much; it is indeed correct; it is as pre-emptive as it is bold; for the numerous windings, angles, and avenues can hardly be remembered with sufficient distinctness to retrace one's steps and secure a safe egress, as has been fully demonstrated in cases of great fatality. Those who enter this dark and dreadful place provided themselves with food and light sufficient to last during the time of their intended subterranean sojourn, so that in case they become bewildered and lost, protracting the time, their doom is darkness and suffering the pangs of hunger; and what is still worse, the forebodings of approaching and speedy dissolution stare them in the face.

On entering alone, when one is daring enough to do so, the hazard is still greater not to leave evidence of his ingress, so that search could be made in case of too long detention. Without observing strictly this necessary precaution, my son entered alone in the morning with lamp and lunch in hand, and commenced his tramp for the day, or, perhaps more properly speaking, for the night, as there is no day there. In advancing he passed many angles, at each of which he placed a mark as a guide to direct his safe return. The absorbing interest of the scene, mental abstraction, or from some cause, one corner was passed without leaving the necessary mark to guide his returning footsteps. Still onward was his course, observing with great intensity the various and interesting objects which presented themselves to his view.

When admonished by his watch that the time to retrace his steps had arrived, he commenced his return, and on arriving at the angle where he had left no mark unfortunately, though supposing the course taken was right, he took the wrong direction, and soon became bewildered. With accelerated step and deep anxiety he rushed from avenue to avenue to find if possible the aperture through which he had passed from the glorious light of the day to the piteous darkness of a rayless cavern. As is generally the case with a lost and bewildered person, his course was diametrically opposite to the right one, leading further and still further astray. From the time of first missing the right way no object was sufficiently interesting to engage his attention until he came upon a half consumed, as he supposed, human skeleton. This gave intensity to thought, and new vigour to his already impaired powers of locomotion.

After passing over a considerable distance, other bones, supposed to be human lay in his pathway. After passing these he came upon the bank of a river at a deep water fall. As his taper would not afford a sufficiency of light to see the depth of the chasm below, he could judge as to its depth only from the noise of the falling waters, which indicated an immense fall. This river, which was of considerable size, was a barrier sufficient to arrest his progress in that direction; it was also, to him, evidence that his course was not the right one for finding the way out. Whatever of interest this river, plunging into the abyss below, may have in other circumstances, it had not sufficient charm to fix his attention and detain him long; for his lamp contained but little oil, and his prospect of again seeing

daylight was rather gloomy. Hope, and not despondency, seemed for a while to predominate, and suggested the possibility of ultimate deliverance. Thus prompted to continued exertion, another direction was taken and pursued, until exhausted nature sunk and sought repose upon a projecting rock by the way-side, when deep melancholy depressed the spirits, annihilated hope, and for a moment, despair, with all its horrors, settled down upon the mind, unchained every power of the soul, and death, inevitable death by starvation, seemed his sure and certain doom.

While thus musing in deep despondency, watching the faint glimmerings of the almost extinguished lamp, the sound of distant music fell upon the ear; but, fancying it to be an illusion, hope still slumbered in the bosom, and despair relinquished not its mighty grasp. Another moment and the sound of music was so distinct as that the supposed illusion vanished, and at the close of the tune, the echoes of that nether vault were awakened by a spasmodic and almost involuntary call which, notwithstanding his extreme physical debility from excessive anxiety and fatigue, made the cavern ring, and brought a ready response, and which, being succeeded by alternate calls and responses, brought together the lost and the finders, the latter of whom, it appeared, were a company of musicians ascending the parties, especially upon the bewildered and despairing young man, can be better imagined than described, and should be a lesson to check the presumption of all who are acquainted with the fact.—*Susquehanna Journal.*

Look at the Bright Side.

Away with long faces! What is the use of looking as if you had a season ticket to a funeral? Can't you find any better name for this world than "a vale of tears," and "a scene of tribulation?" If you can't, it will do you no good to read a letter which a friend has just furnished us. It is from a wife in Massachusetts to her husband in California. She always looks at the bright side. She doesn't intend going through the world with an air as if

"Muffled drums were beating,
Funeral marches to the grave."

Here is the letter—

"MY DEAR HUSBAND:—As it is some time since you left us for California, I suppose you would be glad to hear how we are getting along in your absence. I am happy to say that we are all enjoying very good health on the whole. Just at present two of the boys have got the small pox, Amanda Jane has got the typhus fever, Betsey is down with the measles, Samuel got hooked by a cow the other day, and little Peter has just chopped off seven of his fingers with the hatchet. With a mercy he didn't chop them all off. With these trifling exceptions, we are all well and getting along nicely. You needn't be at all anxious about us.

"I almost forgot to say that Sarah Matilda eloped last week with a tin pedlar. Poor girl, she's been waiting for the last ten years for a chance, and I'm glad she got married at last. She needn't have taken the trouble to elope though, for I'm sure I was glad enough to have her go.—She was a great eater, and I find the baked beans don't go off near so fast now as they did. The way that girl would dip into pork and beans was a caution to the rest of the family.

"The cow took it into her head yesterday to run away, which was very fortunate, I'm sure, for the barn caught fire last night and was consumed. I was in hopes that the house would go too, for it's very inconvenient, but the wind was the wrong way, so it didn't receive much injury.

"Some boys broke into the orchard the other day and striped all the fruit trees. I am very glad of it, for if they hadn't I presume the children would have made themselves sick by eating too much fruit.

"I hope that you may enjoy yourself in California, as well as we do at home, I remain your affectionate wife."

MARIA ANN SMITH.

Horse-Radish.

Don't eat horse-radish so freely. It is perhaps hazardous to say any thing against a condiment so universally used and relished as that, but a word of caution is needed. Horse-radish is highly stimulating and exploring to the stomach, and this effect is almost always followed by lassitude and weakness. We have met several cases where persons have ignorantly used this root so freely as scarcely to be able to labor at all.

Where it is needed as a medicine, a small quantity of horse-radish is doubtless beneficial. But we are quite sure, from considerable observation of its effects upon ourselves and others; that any person using a spoonful or more at a meal, will suffer in consequence, although the cause of his suffering may not be perceived, since it produces a stimulating effect for the first hour or two after eating it.—*Am. Agriculturist.*
Mustard is equally objectionable.

GOOD PAY.—One of the ununiformed Postmasters out in Suckerdom, who found among the Post-office laws a clause to the effect that "each Post-master may be allowed two mills for delivering from his office to a subscriber each newspaper not chargeable with postage," sent in his bill to the Department for delivering the only paper that was sent to his office, and told them that as his wife was out of the article, they might send him a couple of coffee mills.

A Short Story.
Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain.

In his last voyage home, the Captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I use as being one entirely new, and one you never meet with in the newspapers.—This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen, passengers, and in turn she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend.—The captain being a man of original turn of mind says to the young lady, "jump overboard and marry the man who jumps after you."—The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it was then, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat ready and manned, in case of accident. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady she plunged into the sea head foremost.—Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers got out again, she says to the captain, "what am I to do now, they are so wet?" Says the captain "take the dry one!" And the young lady did and married him.

How to Live in Hot Weather.

"An ounce of prevention," everybody knows, is worth sixteen times so much cure (avoidupois). Now a little extra care about one's diet, exercise and cleanliness will "put him through" the hot weather, clear of the Doctors, nine times out of ten, quite as safely as any other season. *Appropos*, we quote the following reasonable rules from the *Pottstown Ledger*.

From a certain too much heat, immerse your wrists in the water before drinking. Eat lightly. Let alone stimulating beverages; or drink moderately. Acid liquids, like lemonades, are not healthy. Soda water supplied from iron fountains, with gutta serena inside coverings, is a very good drink. Better let alone sarsaparilla and root beer compounds. Colk water, with molasses and ginger make an excellent drink. Persons of sedentary habits, and who have but little exercise, may as well wait until the weather is a little cooler before indulging much in beef eating. The abstinence will not injure either their health or their pockets.—Partake of nothing but fresh vegetables—those that have become wilted, are about as bad as poison. They produce cholera and death. Good fresh milk is a healthful luxury. Now, unripe potatoes should be eaten with extreme moderation. Tomatoes are excellent. Berries are good. Eat of wholesome food temperately, whatever the appetite craves. But don't eat too much.—Don't drink too much; bathe often, and keep clean; indulge in no violent exercise—preserve a clear conscience, "avoid offence to God and man," and you need have little fear of cholera, nor fret over the blighting heat of summer.

Mr. Slow on Sympathy.

The Boston Post reproduces the following moral reflections of Mr. Slow:—

"Bimelech," said Mr. Slow, solemnly extending his arm like a pump handle, "you are now old enough to understand the words of wisdom—being eleven and a half, in other words, half past eleven; and I wish to advise you never to interfere with nobody, nor to interfere with nothing that don't belong to you. Shut yourself up, like a gold eagle in your pocket-book, and don't get spent in too much concern for others. If people is inclined to go to ruin, let 'em go if they're a mind to—what business is it of your'n? If neighbors quarrel, what business is it of your'n? Let 'em fight it out. Why should you risk your precious head in trying to save theirs? When you trade, aliers look to your side of the bargain; and leave the one you are trading with to look after his. If he gets bit 'taint your fault. Take keer of number one, is scripser, the real golden rule, and he that acts up to it never can die poor.—Never have anything to do with sympathy. Sympathy does n't pay. Taint worth one per cent. But if you must be sympathetic because it's poplar, be sure before you begin that it ain't agoin' to cost you anything, and then 'praps 'twill do to invest in it. Nobody never lost anything by not being generous, so lay by for yourself what folks expects you to give to poor people and other vagabonds, and when you are old it will not depart from you. You will have something to count on to make you happy. Pay your doctor's bills, confound a hospital, and buy a gravestone full of exalted virtues. Be careful, Bimelech, aliers look after the main chance, and beware of sympathy."