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AT THE OFFICE OF
 THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Which Love is Best.

BY ISABELLA GRAHAM WEBB.

When I was in my fifteenth year,
 And what the world called fair,
 I loved a youth whose eyes were dark,
 And raven black his hair;
 My little heart went pit-a-pat
 When'er he passed me by,
 And if he'd look at other maids,
 I'd sit me down and sigh.

Music was in his silvery voice,
 And he would softly tell
 How dearer far than aught beside
 He loved his Isabel;
 And as he trembled told his love,
 I blushed and mine confessed;
 And then, O! I was very sure,
 That first love was the best.

Time hastened on. Two summers more
 Their splendors, o'er me threw,
 My fancy changed; I now adored
 Two laughing eyes of blue,
 My first love's voice its sweetness lost,
 His eyes, methought, grew dim,
 And much I marvelled how I'er
 Had loved or fancied him.

My second love now whispered me
 That I was wondrous fair;
 That Cupid wond'ring in my eyes,
 And revelled in my hair:
 So straight we vowed our little hearts
 Should own no other guest,
 And then—why then, I had no doubt
 That second love was best.

But soon, alas! another change
 Was o'er my fancy thrown;
 The beauty of my second love
 No more in splendor shone.
 I worshipped at another shrine;
 Blue eyes had had their day;
 I loved, O yes, I dearly loved
 The eyes of sparkling gray.

And softer far than orbs of blue,
 Or eyes of jet they cast
 Their radiance o'er my beating heart,
 Which seemed to love at last.
 His accents like a seraph's voice,
 Sweet on my ear did fall;
 And then, yes, then I thought and felt
 Third love was best of all.

Thus did my fancy, fickle jade!
 For years her wanderings keep;
 And many a solemn vow I breath'd
 Of passion wild and deep:
 Till reason came to fancy's aid,
 This lesson to impart,
 That lasting love is only bound
 In a pure and kindred heart.

I sought and found that kindred heart,
 And now all change defy:
 No more there's magic in a form,
 Nor lustre in an eye;
 These fading charms no more I heed,
 My spirit is at rest,
 For now I feel, and know, indeed,
 That last love is the best.

"Please, minister, give me a bundle of hay?"
 "Yes, my son. Sixpence or shilling bundle?"
 "Shillin'."
 "Is it for your father?"
 "No, guess taint—it's for the loss.—My Father don't eat hay."

Dobbs says that people who endorse notes are called "sureties" for this reason—that in nine cases out of ten they are 'sure' to be called upon for the money.

It is proposed to light the streets of a village not a thousand miles from Syracuse with red-headed girls. If we lived there we'd play tipsy every night, and the lamp-post.

The last society spoken of is the Pay Notings. It is said to be alarming prosperous. The password is, Lend me a dollar?—the response, "broke."

According to the synagogue rolls, there are more 120,000 Jews in the United States.

A sweet potato weighing eleven pounds has been raised this season by Mr. Craig, near Red Bluffs, Cal.

[From Gleason's Pictorial.]

ELDORADO.

NO. XIV.

BY THOMAS BULFINCH.

Valley of the Amazon, Concluded.

On January 4th, at about the point of the junction of the Purues river with the Amazon, Lieutenant H. Herndon says: "The banks of the river are now losing the character of savages and desolated solitudes that characterizes them above, and begin to show signs of habitation and cultivation. We passed to-day several farms, with neatly framed and plastered houses, and a schooner-rigged vessel lying off several of them."

They arrived at the junction of the river Negro. This is one of the largest of the tributaries of the Amazon, and derives its name from the blackness of its waters. When taken up in a tumbler the water is a light red color, like a pale juniper water, and is probably colored by some rich berry. This river, opposite the town of Barra, is about a mile and a half wide, and very beautiful. It is navigable for almost any draughts to the Masaya, a distance of about four hundred miles; there the rapids commence, and the further ascent must be made in boats. By this river a communication exists with the Orinoco, by means of a remarkable stream, the Cassaguare, which seems to have been formed for the sole purpose of uniting these two majestic rivers and the future dwellers upon them in the bonds of perpetual amity. Humbolt, the great traveler and philosopher, thus speaks of it. "The Cassaguare, as broad as the Rhine, and the course of which is one hundred and eighty miles in length, will not much longer form in vain a navigable canal between two basins of rivers which have a surface of one hundred and ninety thousand square leagues. The grain of New Grenada will be carried to the banks of the Rio Negro; boats will descend from the sources of the Napo and the Ucayali, from the Andes of Quito and upper Peru to the mouths of the Orinoco. A country nine or ten times larger than Spain, and enriched with the most varied productions, is accessible in every direction by the medium of the natural canal of the Cassaguare, and the bifurcation of the rivers." Lieutenant Herndon adds, "A glance at the map and a reflection upon the course of the trade winds, will show conclusively that no ships can sail from the mouths of the Amazon and Orinoco without passing close by our southern ports. Our country then is the natural depot for the rich and varied productions of that vast region; here, too, can be found all that the inhabitants of that region require for their support and comfort."

The greatest of all the tributaries of the Amazon is the Madeira, whose junction our travelers next reached. For four hundred and fifty miles from its mouth there is good navigation, then occur cascades, which are navigable only by boats, and occupy three hundred and fifty miles, above which the river is navigable for large vessels, by its great tributaries, into Bolivia and Brazil.

They next entered the country where the cocoa is regularly cultivated, and the banks of the river present a much less desolate and savage appearance than they do above. The cocoa-trees have a yellow-colored leaf, and this together with their regularity of size, distinguishes them from the surrounding forest. Lieutenant Herndon says, "I do not know a prettier place than one of these plantations.—The trees interlock their branches, and with their large leaves make a shade impenetrable to any ray of the sun; and the large golden-colored fruits, hanging from branch and trunk, shine through the green with a most beautiful effect. This is the time of the harvest, and we found the people of every plantation engaged in the open space before the house in breaking open the shells of the fruit, and spreading the seed to dry in the sun. They make a pleasant drink for a hot day by pressing out the juice of the gelatinous pulp that envelopes the seeds. It is called cocoa wine; it is a white viscid liquor, has an agreeable acid taste, and is very refreshing."

We must hasten on, and pass without notice many spots of interest on the river, but as we have now reached a comparatively civilized and known region, it is less necessary to be particular. The Tapajos river stretches its branches to the town of Diamantino, situated at the foot of the mountains where diamonds are found. Lieutenant Herndon saw some of the diamonds and gold sand in the possession of a resident of Santarem, who had traded much on the river. The gold-dust appeared to him equal in quality to that he had seen from California. Gold and Diamonds, which are always united in this region, as in many others, are found especially in the numerous water-courses, and also throughout the whole country. After the rains, the children of Diamantino hunt for the gold contained in the earth, even of the streets, and in the bed of the river Ouro, which passes through the city, and they often collect considerable quantities. It is stated that diamonds are sometimes found in the stomachs of the fowls. The quantity of diamonds found in a year varies from two hundred and fifty to five hundred oitavas, the oitava being about seventeen carats. The value depends upon the quality and size of the specimen, and can hardly be reduced to an estimate. It is seldom that

a stone of over half an oitava is found, and such an one is worth from two to three hundred dollars.

As an offset to the gold and diamond, we have this picture of the climate: "From the rising to the setting of the sun, clouds of stinging insects blind the traveler, and render him frantic by the torments they cause. Take a handful of the finest sand and throw it above your head, and you would then have but a faint idea of the number of these demons who tear the skin to pieces. It is true, these insects disappear at night, but only to give place to others yet more formidable. Large bats (true, thirsty vampires) literally through the forests, cling to the hammocks, and finding a part of the body exposed, rest lightly there and drain it of blood. The alligators are so numerous, and the noise they make so frightful, that it is impossible to sleep."

At Santarem they were told the tide was perceptible, but did not perceive it. At Gurupa it was very apparent. This point is about five hundred miles from the sea. About thirty-five miles below Gurupa commences the great estuary of the Amazon. The river suddenly flows out into an immense bay, which might appropriately be called the "bay of a thousand islands," for it is cut up into innumerable channels. The travelers ran for days through channels varying from fifty to five hundred yards in width, between numberless islands. This is the Indian rubber country. The shores are low, indeed one seldom sees the land at all, the trees on the banks generally standing in the water. The party stopped at one of the establishments for making India-rubber. The house was built of light poles, and on piles, to keep it out of the water, which flowed under and around it. This was the store, and rude as it was, was a palace compared to the hut of the laborer who gathers the India-rubber. The process is as follows: a longitudinal gash is made in the bark of the tree with a hatchet. A wedge of wood is inserted to keep the gash open, and a small clay cup is stuck to the tree beneath the gash.—The cups may be stuck as close together as possible around the tree. In four or five hours the milk has ceased to run, and each wound has given from three to five table-spoonfuls. The gatherer then collects it from the cups, pours it into an earthen vessel, and commences the operation of forming it into shapes and smoking it. This must be done at once, as the juice soon coagulates. A fire is made on the ground and a rude funnel placed over it to collect the smoke. The maker of the rubber now takes his last, if he is making shoes, or his mould, which is fastened to the end of a stick, pours the milk over it with a cup, and passes it slowly several times through the smoke, until it is dry. He then pours on the other coats, until he has the required thickness, smoking each coating till it is dry. From twenty to forty coats make a shoe. The soles and heels are of course given more coats than the body of the shoe.—The figures on the shoes are made by tracing them on the rubber while soft, with a coarse needle or bit of wire. This is done two days after the coating. In a week the shoes are taken from the last.—The coating occupies about twenty-five minutes.

The tree is tall, straight and has a smooth bark. It sometimes reaches a diameter of thirteen inches or more.—Each incision makes a rough wound on the tree, which, although it does not kill it, renders it useless, because a smooth place is wanted to which to attach the cups. The milk is white and tasteless, and may be taken into the stomach with impunity. Our travelers arrived at Para on the 12th of April, 1852, and were most hospitably and kindly received by Mr. Norris, the American consul.

Para is situated on a low elbow of land at the junction of the river Guama with the river of Para, and at a distance of about eighty miles from the sea. The harbor is a fine one. There is an abundance of water, and ships of any size may lie within one hundred and fifty yards of the shore. The population numbers about ten thousand free persons and five thousand slaves. Para is infected with yellow fever and small-pox, but these diseases are thought to have been introduced from abroad, and there is reason to hope that by increased attention to cleanliness, as regards the vessels and their crews, and the part of the harbor where they lie, those diseases may be banished.

The climate is delightful. The sun is hot till about noon, when the sea-breeze comes in, bringing clouds, with rain, thunder and lightning, which cools and purifies the atmosphere, and washes the streets of the city. The afternoon and evening are then delicious. This was invariable during the month of the lieutenant's stay.

The rich vegetable productions of the country enhance much the beauty of the city. In nearly all the gardens grow various kinds of palm, the cocoa-nut, the cinnamon, the bread-fruit tree, and rich green vines of black pepper. There are a number of almond trees in various parts of the town, which are very ornamental. The society of Para is also agreeable. As is apt to be the case in tropical climates, there is a great disinclination to labor. The men of the upper class are nearly all in the employ of the government, with exceedingly small salaries, but they have no disposition to add to their incomes by labor or trade.—

They are contented to live, and enjoy without labor, the fruits which the earth spontaneously offers. The women are simple, frank and engaging in their manners, and very fond of evening parties and dancing.

The journey of our travelers ends here. Lieutenant Herndon's book is full of instruction conveyed in a pleasant style.—He seems to have manifested throughout good judgment, good temper, energy and industry. He had no collisions with the authorities or with individuals, and, on his part, seems to have met friendly feelings and good offices throughout his whole route.

The effects of Lieutenant Herndon's mission became almost immediately apparent. The government of Brazil, as if awakened to a sense of the importance of developing the commercial resources of the Amazon, sent envoys to Peru, Bolivia, Equador, and New Grenada, countries in which the head-waters of the Amazon rise, to concert measures for introducing steam-navigation upon the river. But the plans of Brazil were selfish. She had no wish to throw open the trade of the river to the participation of all nations; but to confine it chiefly to herself, with the least possible participation even with the contiguous nations. The emperor, by a decree, gave to De Souza, a citizen of Brazil, the exclusive privilege for thirty years, of navigating the Amazon by steamboats. Such a privilege, if accorded to by the other States, would give Brazil all power over the navigation not only of the Amazon, but of all the rivers which flow into it. Fortunately for the interests of commerce in general and for the early development of the resources of the Amazon, the Peruvian Secretary of State, Don Manuel Tirado, practically annulled this action of the Brazilian government by procuring an appropriation by the Council of State of \$200,000, for the exploration by steamboats of the Peruvian waters, and the colonization and settlement of their fertile borders. He has appropriated \$75,000 of this sum for the purchase of two small steamers, to be built in the United States, and to be delivered at Loreto by the 1st of January, 1854. The President of Peru also issued a decree allowing to the subjects of all nations which have treaties with Peru, free access to that portion of the Amazon which flows through Peruvian territory, as far up as Nauta, that is for five hundred miles; and empowering the local governors to grant land gratuitously to all, whether Peruvians or foreigners, who wish to establish themselves in those localities. Many other facilities and inducements are held out to settlers, and it is evidently the wish of the Peruvian government to deal with the subject in a liberal spirit.

The following, from a late newspaper, the Boston Traveler, brings the history of the Amazon down to the present day.

DR. WHITMORE'S STEAMERS ON THE AMAZON.—A letter addressed to the Traveler, dated Para, December 23d, 1853, gives a glowing account of the trial trip of Dr. Whitmore's new steamers, designed to navigate the river Amazon.—The doctor, as some of our readers may already know, is a Yankee, formerly of Lowell, Mass. Sometime ago he took a contract from the Peruvian government, to furnish two or more steamboats, suitable for the navigation of the Amazon, a treaty having been made with Brazil with this end in view. Dr. Whitmore came to New York, contracted for the boats and machinery, superintended their construction, had them taken to pieces and packed in a sailing vessel, and shipped for the mouth of the Amazon; all at his own hazard. He then secured a sufficient number of competent mechanics to go out with him, to put the steamer together, and set up their machinery; and on the day on which our correspondent dates his letter, the enterprise had been so far crowned with success, that the first of these beautiful little river boats had made its trial-trip, and appeared off Para, some seventy miles from the mouth of the Amazon. It was a gala day. The city was astir with joyful anticipations; and the little steamer was received with every demonstration of satisfaction. She was decked with flags, among which the stars and stripes were conspicuous, and bore a gadsome company, some two hundred persons, who were entertained by music and dancing, as well as feasting on board and on shore. Among others, there was on board a German, on his way to Germany, as the agent of the Peruvian government, to see to the embarkation of two thousand emigrants, who are to be bro't out to Peru, up the Amazon in these steamboats, and located along the eastern slope of the Andes."

Strove, boys, to catch the spirit of the times; be up and dressed always, not gaping and rubbing as if you were half asleep, but wide awake, whatever may turn up—and you may be somebody before you die.

Think, plan, reflect as much as you please before you act; but think quickly and closely, and when you have fixed your eyes upon an object, spring to it at once.

A Pennsylvania town in Kansas, has been founded by the colony which lately went out from the western part of this State. It is called Eureka. They found it.

The Last Drink.

Dan Jones has a wife, an amiable, accomplished, and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, but she finds too many bricks in his hat. One night he came home tight, and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened, to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in. That also she always does. "You stayed out so late," she said, "that I feared you had been taken sick." "Hic—ain't sick, wife; b-but don't you think I'm a little t-tight." "A very little, perhaps, my dear, but that is nothing—you have so many friends, as you say, you must join them in a glass once in a while." "Wife, you're too good—the truth is, I am d-drunk." "Oh, no, indeed, my dear—I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a night-cap my dear?" "You are too kind, my dear, by half; I know I'm d-drunk." "Oh, no, only a julep too much, love that's all!" "Well, take a glass of ale at any rate; it cannot hurt you, dear I want one myself before I retire." The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the side-board, she put in one a very powerful emetic.—Filling the glass with the foaming ale, she handed that one with a most bewitching smile to her husband. Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She had never before been so kind to him when he was drunk. He looked at the glass, raised it to his lips—then hesitated.—"Dear wunt you taste mine, to make it sweeter?" said he. "Certainly, love," replied the lady, taking a mouthful, which she was very careful not to swallow, Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic, and all, down the throat of the satisfied husband. After a spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed a foot-stool of water before an easy chair, for which the husband was curious to know the reason. A few minutes later, the gulp and spurge from the throat of the husband gave the answer. The brick was gone when he rose from the easy chair, and he never after carried one home to his wife.

Interesting from Oregon.

A letter from Oregon Territory is published in the N. Y. Times, which gives in a short compass a view of the general condition and prospects of that region.—We quote the following paragraphs:—

The immigration this season has been very small compared with former years. From the most reliable information I can obtain I set it down at about 1,500.—There has been, however, very little sickness on the road, and the immigrants have never seemed to be in better health and spirits. None scarcely have stopped in the towns and villages to Winter, as great numbers have done heretofore, but nearly all have taken "claims" or tarry with the farmers in the country. About one-sixth of the dwellings of Oregon City are at present empty.

Business has revived but very little—the money market is still hard. Wheat has proved a good crop, although in some parts smut has appeared for the first time. Farmers inform me that the average yield per acre has been about 20 bushels—some pieces have yielded as much as 40 bushels to the acre, while many have not exceeded 15 bushels. Farmers hold on their grain considerably as yet, hoping to get a greater price. The greater part are sowing this Fall not less abundantly than heretofore.

A portion of the farmers are truly awake to the interests and the wants of the country. Agricultural Societies have been formed in several counties, and the advantages of scientific agriculture are likely to receive due attention.

The cost of living here has been greatly reduced. The prices range about as follows: Flour, \$3 and \$4 per cwt.; Wheat, 75c. and \$1 per bushel; Potatoes, 25c. and 40c.; Butter, 30c. and \$4 50, without board, and other labor in like proportion.

Though the cry is continually, hard times, I believe there never has been a healthier state of things in Oregon, and that a revolution is going on here which, if not interrupted by more gold discoveries, will end in the healthy and steady growth of the country.

The flouring mills are manufacturing flour extensively. The demand, however, at present, is very light. Some of our merchants are preparing to ship to San Francisco. Oregon will, doubtless, be able to supply any lack there or at any other market in the Pacific.

Shipping is now poor business. The owner of a brig which has been in the lumber trade, told me it had been by close calculating alone that she had paid her expenses for several of her last trips.

Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association.

This body, composed of Teachers and County Superintendents, and friends of Education, held its fourth semi-annual session in Lewistown, Pa., on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of last week. A large number of members were in attendance, and those from this city speak in the highest terms of the unanimity, zeal and earnestness which characterized the session, and of the cordial reception and hospitable entertainment afforded by the warm-hearted citizens of Lewistown.

Carefully prepared reports were presented by Committees, on the following subjects: "On the importance of the Study of Ancient Languages, as a discipline for the mind," by Mr. O. C. Davies, of Lancaster; "on Physiology, as a branch of Common School Education," and "on the Ventilation of School Houses," by Mr. J. N. Loughlin, of Mifflin; "on the Co-education of the Sexes," by Mr. J. H. Brown, of Philadelphia; "on Normal Schools," by Hon. Thos. H. Burrows, of Lancaster. Several of these reports elicited animated and prolonged discussion.

Evening addresses on various important educational topics were delivered by speakers from Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and other towns in the State, and the session closed with a complimentary entertainment, given in honor of the occasion, by the ladies of Lewistown.

Among the resolutions adopted, was one recognizing the necessity of enlisting the local press of every county in the cause of education, and requesting editors to provide an "educational column," to be devoted to the subject. The following preamble and resolutions, offered by Mr. A. K. Brown, of Schuylkill, and relating to a rising and valuable institution in this city, were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The principal nations of Europe have wisely provided Schools of Arts and of Mines, wherein to educate youth in these important departments of national industry; and Whereas, Such institutions are equally demanded in America, and especially in Pennsylvania, in order that our vast mining, agricultural and manufacturing resources may be readily and profitably developed; therefore,

Resolved, That this Association has learned with the highest satisfaction, of the establishment in Philadelphia, of the "Polytechnic College of the State of Pennsylvania," which comprises in its organization, a School of Mining, of Engineering, of Chemistry and Mechanics, and in which these arts, and the sciences which bear upon them, are systematically and practically taught to the students.

The Association adjourned to hold its next session in Pittsburg, in August next.—Philadelphia Ledger.

KENDALL, of the New Orleans Picayune, relates the following, which occurred in his presence at Baden, in Germany:

At this juncture we were joined by an English party, when the subject matter brought under discussion was bathing.
 "I take a cold sponge bath every morning when at home," said John Bull.
 "So do I," retorted the Yankee.
 "Winter and summer," continued the Englishman.
 "My system, exactly," responded the Yankee.
 "Is your weather and water cold?" queried John Bull.
 "Right chilly," continued Brother Jonathan.
 "How cold?" inquired John.
 "So cold that the water freezes as I pour it down my back, and rattles upon the floor in the shape of hail!" responded the Yankee, with the same cunning twinkle of the eye, "Were you in the next room to me in America," he continued, "and could hear me as I am taking my sponge bath of a cold winter's morning, you would think I was pouring dry beans down my back!"

Opium.

We never could understand how people can get a taste of opium fastened on them. We tried a small quantity of it the other day for "pain internally." We were ordered to take two pills a day for four days. The first dose was really delicious. It gave us a pink-tinged sleep, filled to the brim with girls made of roses-leaves. We indulged in dreams of the most oriental odor. In one of them we had a mother-of-pearl hand-sled with golden runners. With this we glided down a rainbow made of ice-cream, and brought up on a terrace, the supports of which were great spars of emerald. The second night things began to change. About the supports of the terrace anacardias began to appear, while in the distance a lot of green monkeys, with their tails burnt off, were quarrelling about the propriety of making a pin cushion of us. The third evening matters grew appalling.—The terrace had gone, and so had the rainbow and the girls made of rose-leaves; and in their stead we had a bed filled with rattlesnakes, and on the headboard four grizzly bears pulling at a hawser one end of which was fastened to our neck and the other to an iceberg. That we should use opium for a day does not surprise us in the least; that they should do so, however for a month seems really wonderful! Rather than become a confirmed opium-eater, we would throw ourselves into Lina. We can imagine nothing more terrible.—Dutchman.