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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

The Old, Old Home.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES.

When I long for sainted memories,
Like angel troops they come,
If I fold my arms to ponder
On the old, old home,
The heart has many feelings
Through which pure passages roam,
But its middle aisle is sacred
To thoughts of old, old home.

Where infancy was sheltered,
Like a rosebud, from the blast;
Where boyhood's brief elysium,
In joyousness was past,
To that sweet spot, forever,
As to some hallowed dome,
Life's pilgrim bends his vision,
'Tis his old, old home.

A father sat [how proudly!]
By that dear hearthstone's ray,
And told his children stories
Of his early manhood's day;
And one soft eye was beaming—
From child to child 'twould roam;
Thus a mother counts her treasure,
In the old, old home.

The birth-day gifts and festivals,
The blended vesper hymn,
(Some dear ones who were swelling it
Are with the Seraphim.)
The fond "good-night" at bed-time,
How quiet sleep would come,
And fold us altogether
In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers,
Close intertwined each heart,
But time and change in concert,
Have blown the wreath apart.
But sainted, sainted memories,
Like angels, ever come,
If I fold my arms and ponder
On the old, old home.

Judiciously Cool.

The New Bedford Standard tells the following—

"A friend of ours who has been unfortunate enough to be taken down with the varioloid, left his boarding-house very quietly and suddenly, as soon as the first symptoms of the disease began to manifest themselves, and took his quarters at the hospital. In order to allay the anxiety of his landlord as to his whereabouts, he dropped him a note, stating that he 'entertained no personal hostility towards the house, but he did not wish to associate with the boarders!'"

True Dignity of an Editor.

Messrs. of the Sunbury (Pa.) American, is a bit of a wag. In the last number of his paper he says that 21 years ago, three young gentlemen of Smithfield county, and one from a neighboring town, were examined together by a committee of twelve lawyers, and the next day admitted to practice at the bar. One of the young gentlemen, after a career of usefulness and distinction at the bar, served several sessions in Congress with great credit to himself, and now occupies the important and proud position of Governor elect of this great Commonwealth. The second was also one of the most distinguished members of the bar, and represented the county in the Legislature with distinguished ability. Subsequently, he located himself in Schuylkill county and is now President Judge of that important District. The third is now a distinguished lawyer in Western Pennsylvania. The fourth—but here we must let Mr. Messer speak for himself:

"The fourth, the writer of this article, having higher aspirations, now occupies the elevated position of editor and proprietor of a country news-paper, and looks down with complacency upon his valued friends and old associates, with whom he has spent some of the happiest hours of his life, knowing full well, if they have not reached so high a pinnacle on the ladder of fame, it was not for the want of merit or ability on their part."

When young men have nothing to live upon but love, they commonly fall in love and get married—just as if hugging and kissing were a substitute for mutton chops, or as if terms of endearment would supply the place of mashed taters and fricasseed chickens.

Accommodation.—Strict Business Man—"Patrick, hereafter I want you to commence work at five o'clock and quit at seven."

Patrick—"Sure and wouldn't it be as well if I'd commence in the morning at seven and leave off at five in the evening?"

An editor who never thinks twice before he speaks, says that the first dresses worn by our primitive ancestors in the Garden of Eden, were bare (bear) skins.

If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls.

From the Nashville Medical Journal.

Death from Old Age.

The following account of death from old age, by the distinguished divine, Dr. A. L. P. Green, of Nashville, will be read with great interest by every student of nature. The death of Aunt Phillis, as the doctor beautifully expresses it, was truly a "natural death," for death from disease is not according to nature, but might truly be classed under the head of "accidents" or "casualties."

Dr. EYE—Dear Sir: I promised you that I would furnish you with some of the facts connected with the last days of Aunt Phillis, an old negro woman of mine, who died last fall. Aunt Phillis was at the time of her death, at the lowest estimate, 111 years old, and the probability is that she was several years older. For 50 years she has enjoyed uninterrupted health, and, as far as I have been able to learn, she was never sick in her life, except at the birth of her children. For thirty years of her life, and down to within three years of her death, she did not seem to undergo the slightest change in her appearance—time exercising but little power over her. The first sign of decay was that of sight, which took place about three years before her death; up to that time she was in the full enjoyment of all her senses; and at 104 years would have married an old negro man of 75 if I had not objected. Her sight failed not in the usual way, but she became near-sighted, not being able to see objects at a distance. Soon after this her hearing declined, but up to the time of her death she could hear better than old persons generally do. The first indication of mental failure was that of locality, she not being able to find her way to a neighbor's house; yet her memory seemed perfect in all other respects. She recollected her friends and old acquaintances, but could not find her way to their houses. I at first supposed that this was owing to defective sight, but on examination found it was in the mind. Still her locomotion was good; she had the full use of herself, and could walk strong and quick like a young person, and held herself up so straight that, when walking from me, I often took her for some of the younger servants about the premises. The next, and to me the most singular sign of decline was, that she lost the art of walking—not that she had not strength enough to walk, but forgot how to walk. The children would lead her forth and interest her for a while, and she would get the idea, which seemed to delight her very much, and she would walk about the yard and porches until some person would tell her she had walked enough—but she would no sooner take her seat, and sit for a few moments, before all idea of walking would be gone, and she would have to be taught over again. At length she became unwilling to try to walk unless she had hold of something; take her by the arm and she would walk, and walk well, but just as soon as you would let her go she would stop, and if no further aid was afforded her she would get down and crawl like a child; and at length became so fearful that she refused to walk altogether, and continued to sit up during the day, but had to be put to bed and taken up like a child. After a while she became unwilling to get up altogether, and continued to lie until she died. All this time she seemed to be in good health, took her regular meals, and her stomach and bowels were uniformly in good condition. I often examined her the best I could, and she had no pains, no sickness, no aches of any kind, and from her own account, and from all that I was able to learn, she was in good health and all the while in fine spirits. The intellect and the mind seemed to be perfectly good, only that she did not seem to know where she was at the time.

At length one of the children said to me that Aunt Phillis was getting cold, and on examining her I found it even so, and the extremities were cold—still she took her regular meals, and did not complain of anything; and the only change that I recollect of was that she slept a little more than usual. The coldness increased for two days, when she became as cold almost as a dead person. Her breathing began at length to shorten, and grew shorter till she ceased to breathe. Death closed in upon her like going into a soft, sweet sleep, and for two minutes it was difficult to tell whether she was breathing or not. There was no contortion, no struggle, no twisting of the muscles, but after death she might have still been taken, on a slight examination, to have been in a deep sleep. So passed away Phillis—the only natural death I ever witnessed.

The number of languages spoken in the world, amounts to three thousand and sixty-four. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than one thousand different religions.

The Esquimaux, says Bayard Taylor, are afraid to die of a windy day, lest their souls should be blown away.

From Harper's Magazine. Specimens of Coolness.

In the way of coolness, perhaps the following is about as cool as anything the reader has ever encountered, at least in the "Drawer":

A young lawyer gets his first note for collection. It is against a country customer; so he sits down and writes him a letter in due form, advising him that 'his note has been left for collection, and that it has run a long time, and that immediate attention to it will save costs,' etc., etc. In about ten days he received this answer:

VALLEY FORKS, Nov. 15, 18—

"To F. N. B., Esq.—Dear Sir: I received your polite note of the fifteenth instant this day. It was directed to the post-office at Freetown. The mail comes from your village to Tompkinsville every day by the stage which runs from your place to Owego, leaving your village at 6 o'clock in the forenoon. From Tompkinsville there is a mail every other day to Freetown, and also Valley Forks. From thence there is a cross-mail around the hills, through the lower towns in this county, to our place once a week; but the postmasters on the route can't read very well, and sometimes keep a letter over one mail to spell out the direction.

"By directing your letters to this office, where I get my papers, I should get them generally in about three days after you mail them, and about a week or ten days sooner than if directed to Freetown; which delay, in an extended correspondence, might, in some cases, be of considerable importance. I hope, my dear Sir, you will not suffer any inconvenience from it this time; but I thought it best, as you seemed a little ignorant of the geography of this part of the country, to give you this information, that you might in future know how to direct to,

"Dear Sir, yours very respectfully,

"JOHN CALKINS."

"P. S. As to that note, you say 'it has run a long time.' I can only say, as the boy said of the molasses, 'Let her run!'"

Reading this to a friend at our elbow, he remarked that he had heard or read of two cases of independent, impudent 'coolness' that he thought were quite as freeing. He went on to say:

"A sharp-nosed, glib-tongued woman was marketing with her basket on her arm in one of the markets of Cincinnati, when she stopped before a 'station' where hominy grits buckwheat, flour, etc., were sold by the small quantity. Unlike the present time, everything was down then to the lowest figure. Going up to the seller, she said:

"What do you ask a half-bushel for Indian meal?"

"One shilling, ma'am."

"A shilling, eh? Ain't that rather high?"

"High! Shan't I give you a half bushel? If you think a shilling is a high price for half a bushel of Indian meal, I'll give you a half bushel—come, now."

"Is it sifted?" asked the woman—indicating that even as a gift, she was not going to take it unless it was "first-rate."

Something akin to this was the other instance of 'coolness.'

A merchant in New York, formerly a resident of a flourishing western city of the 'Empire State,' after residing in the metropolis for some ten years without once leaving it, took it into his head to visit his old town for a few days. He arrived there the day before the Fourth of July, and during the celebrating of the ensuing day, he encountered very many of his old friends and acquaintances. While he was conversing with one of them, a man with but one arm made his way into the circle where he was standing, and said,

"Ain't you W— B—, that used to live here some time ago, down there to—'s store?"

"I am the same," was the reply.

"Yes; well, I thought so. Don't you remember me?"

"Can't say that I do—though your face is familiar to me, too, somehow."

"Why, it is my arm that does it. I had two when you knew me. This arm" (moving the stump of an arm that was not there), "was blow'd off, last July's four years, by the busting of a cannon. Don't you remember old Ben—, that did a good many day's work down to your store?"

The recognition being now complete, the man went on:

"Can't you give a poor cripple something on this glorious day? Ef it hadn't a-been for the fourth of July, I shouldn't have lost my arm."

Mr. B—took from his waistcoat pocket two twenty-five cent pieces, and resumed his conversation with his friends. The man backed out after receiving the money, without a word of thanks, and he saw him no more until, while he was seated at dinner, the one armed bore came to him at table, and bending over, said in a loud and "confidential" whisper:

Just as Mr. B—, on the same evening, was lighting his candle at the bar, being about to retire for the night, the impudent 'solicitor' came up to him with—

"I say, B—, do you know that one of 'em quarters that you gave me last was an eighteen penny piece? Haven't you got a good quarter about you?"

"I gave him the 'good quarter,'" said Mr. B—, in mentioning the circumstance to a friend, "and as I went up to bed, and after I had retired to rest, I could not help thinking that my maimed friend 'stood up for his rights in a way that was a caution' to all givers. He repudiated the idea altogether that 'beggars should not be choosers,' that is, if they chose to be!"

A Good Joke—And Two of 'Em.

A Mail carrier on a certain route refused several times, a short while ago, to deliver the mails at a post-office on his route—he wanted his pay out of certain moneys received at the post-office for a special purpose, and which the deputy post-master, in the absence, too, of his senior, could not give. The carrier desired to see the deputy's authority for acting as he did, and appeared ill disposed to listen to reason. To avenge himself, he refused to deliver the mail, to the no small indignation of the Journal subscribers, among others. But last week as he passed along, the deputy handed him out a document headed by the United States Eagle, with his pinious spread, and told him there was his authority for the course he had taken, direct from the Department. The carrier opened the document, pretended to read, and handing it back, declared it all right, and forked over the mail and has since left it with commendable punctuality. The document, however, was a commission from Brig. Gen. Wm. B. Greathouse, appointing said deputy to a lieutenantship in the militia of the district of Indiana!

Telling the above to one of the citizens, he said it reminded him of an affair that took place in the war of 1812. In Western New York, a poor fellow from the country had been drafted to enter the militia and fight for his native land and the 'green graves of his sires,' sorely contrary to his natural inclinations. He went to a neighboring town to get rid of military service. A clerk in a lawyer's office told him he thought he could 'fix up something that would do, and forthwith drew up a singular document, in which legal phrases, Latin, Greek, &c., were freely mingled, and a big seal applied, and handed it to him to go out to the quarters, and when the names were being called, to step forward and cry, 'hear ye, hear ye!' three times, and then present the document to the General, and all would be right. The honest fellow took it, and at the appointed day appeared on drill. The names were called over, and General Bloom, filled with military glory, paraded up and down the line like a turkey cock, while the names were being called. Suddenly he was appalled by the appearance of a lean and lank individual stepping from the ranks and saying, as he held the document over his head:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!!!"

The man stepped up to the General and presented him the document. The General opened it, viewed it right side up, up side down, and crossways surrounded by his aids, and finally handed it back to the man, saying:

"Well, I suppose it's some kind of a habes corpus, and we'll have to let the fellow go!"

The fellow made tracks quick with his paper, and was one of the chaps who didn't serve in the war of 1812.—*Evansville Journal.*

AN INVITATION.—Mrs. Jenkins requests the pleasure of Captain Brown's company at a small party on Friday evening next, 21 Spriggins' place Monday.

The Answer.—(Captain Brown presents his compliments to Mrs. Jenkins, and regrets that thirteen privates will be detained by habes corpus writs, and two sergeants are on the sick list; the rest of Captain Brown's 'company' will have much pleasure in waiting on Mrs. Jenkins Friday evening.)

A MAN'S EYE SHUT UP BY THE FROST.—We don't intend to brag about our cold weather, but we never recollect hearing of an instance in which a man's eye was frozen shut, except that to which we now refer. The driver of a sleigh coming from Jamestown to Xenia on Saturday morning, just as he was entering Xenia, exhibited to his passengers an icicle about as large as a buckshot, pendant from the upper lid of his right eye! The eye was entirely closed, literally frozen shut. His left eye was chilled, so that it was with difficulty that he kept the lids in motion. A raw wind was blowing, and the passengers in the sleigh kept their faces covered.—*Dayton Journal.*

It requires capital to start a dailey paper. It will stop itself.

A \$7000 bedstead has been made in Paris for a Turkish gentleman of fortune.

Gray, "the New York vitrol man," has been transferred from the Tombs to a lunatic Asylum.

Educational.

Some parents when asked to visit schools inquire "Of what use is it?" To such we would say read the following article. Others say "we know that we should visit them, but we cannot spare the time." Yet, if these same persons have a pig to fatten or a colt to train, they will not trust them to another person's charge, without frequently visiting them and seeing how they are managed. They will find time for the pig or colt, but not for children. They think it is sufficient to furnish them with books and start them to school. There is a certain school, with 72 pupils, not 100 miles from Stroudsburg, which has been in operation four months, and during that time, despite of great exertions, but eight parents have visited it. However, before the end of next month, we hope to be able to record a better state of affairs. Let not the clergyman, lawyer, physician, farmer, mechanic, or merchant say "It is too small a business for us" or "we have other matters to attend to." You cannot have a more important or a more urgent affair than this. Remember that the children of the present age must be the men and women of the next; and they are now receiving their education, either good or bad. It is your duty to see that it is good. Fathers and mothers, if you have neglected this duty, do not let another week pass by without in some degree repairing it. Do not wait for an appointed time, but drop in. Come when they are not on their best behavior and see the every day working of the school. We beg of you, do come.

From the Ohio Journal of Education.

Why do Schools accomplish so Little? It is a common complaint that our schools are indifferent, that scholars seem to accomplish but little, comparatively, with all the boasted improvements of modern times. This is doubtless often true: we have no wish to deny it. It is equally true that there are reasons for the fact. Children do not act without motives—they will not study without inducements to mental effort; yet they cannot be expected fully to appreciate the value of knowledge, or to improve their time because they feel the importance and necessity of so doing. Other motives than those which impel the adult to seek information, the professional man to improve himself, or the man of science to prosecute his researches, must be brought to bear upon them. Among these motives, one of the most powerful is the love of approbation,—not of their fellows merely, nor of their Teacher alone. They need to feel that the eyes of their parents, of the men & women in the district whom they are accustomed to respect and revere, are upon them; that if they conduct themselves with propriety, it is seen; if they improve, it is noticed; if they manifest ingenuity and intelligence, it is observed; and that if they are courteous, frank, truthful, magnanimous and conscientious in all their intercourse, and faithful in all their duties, it will be known and approved of all men.

Let a score of the best workmen, in any trade, be employed upon a work which would require months for its completion; let each be paid for his days' work, whether he did little or much, and whether that was well or ill done; let no one of their fellow-citizens come near from one week to another, to compare the idleness of one with the diligence of another, the ingenuity and taste of a third with the dullness and awkwardness of his neighbor; and would it be possible for any master-workman, unless elevated almost infinitely above them, to prevent them from falling into habits of carelessness and indolence? What motives to fidelity, to effort for improvement, could he bring to bear upon them? But let the same men be employed on the same enterprise, under the same superintendent, and let him frequently receive calls from his fellow-citizens, manifesting an interest in the work he had planned and which the laborers were embodying in fair and beautiful proportions under his direction; let them drop to the workmen expressions of their admiration of the plan and skill of the designer; let the fidelity of the workmen; let gentlemen of intelligence and taste notice the individual artists and inquire their names; and would not these laborers be totally unlike the men they were in the former case? And could anything short of superhuman power secure, in the first, anything like results which would be accomplished without any appearance of effort on the part of the superintendent, in the second case?

Need we make the application to the course generally pursued with reference to schools of every grade? Children and youth are influenced in the same manner as adults, though to a much greater extent, by the motives above named. Need we say, that schools cannot rationally be expected to prosper unless visited and encouraged by parents and citizens?

A. D. L.

There are 100 Churches in Pittsburgh.

A First-Rate Library.

Young man, have you a good library? No. Why not? I can't afford it. Why can't you afford it? Because I'm too poor. Do you smoke cigars or chew tobacco? Yes. How much do they cost you per annum? A trifle—a mere trifle—only a mere trifle. How much do they cost you each day? Well, as I am very temperate, only about a dime for cigars. At the end of the year, do you feel any better than you would if you refrained from the use of tobacco? No, I can't say that I do.

Well, they cost you each day ten cents; or, a little over thirty-six dollars per annum. Oh, not so much; but stop, let me see—yes, you're right!—thirty-six dollars a year. Now, that sum would purchase a first-rate library; you spend it, for what—aye, for what? Do you comprehend the reason that you are too poor to have a library—do you comprehend the reason?—*Hillsdale Gazette.*

Schooling.

The Teacher's Association of Coldwater, Michigan, lately adopted the following preamble and resolutions, which we commend to the consideration of parents and guardians:

Whereas, That home influence is the earliest and latest, the most enduring, to which childhood is subjugated;

And whereas, The parent is the natural guide as well as guardian of his children; therefore

Resolved, That the home circle is the great school room, and all other teachers are but the parents' assistants.

Resolved, That the intelligent, active and continuous co-operation of the parent with the teacher, is essential to the highest and best interests of our pupils and our schools.

Let parents see to it that scholars attend school regularly, are there at proper time in the morning and at noon, and that they study lessons thoroughly. The School-master cannot do everything.

An Oregon widow thus writes her experience during her sojourn on the Pacific coast—"I have indeed been most unfortunate; both of my arms are slight palsied, each of my legs have been broken, my health is generally bad, I have had four husbands in my time, but they all up and died poor things, and I had four yoke of oxen, and the cursed Indians stole and eat them."

The Loss of a Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifling. The wife who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who busied herself so unwearily for the precious ones around her; bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered save those your hands may unwillingly have planted. Her noble tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty, and purity. But she is dead! The hand that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untrusting are folded, white and cold beneath the gloomy portal. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her in tears, shaking the dew from portals that the vendure around her may be green and beautiful.

There is no white arm over your shoulder; no speaking face to look up to the eyes of love; no trembling lips to murmur, 'Oh, it is so sad.'

There is so strange a hush in every room, no light footstep passing around.—No smile to meet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes, and it was such music when she could hear it! Now it strikes like a knell on the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face.

And every day the clock repeats that old story. Many another tale it telleth too, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. Yet feel—Oh, how often—that the grave cannot keep her.—*Our Drawer.*

HICKORY NUT OIL.—A NEW LIGHT.—Hickory nut oil, considered equal to the best lard or sperm oil for burning and machinery, is manufactured by Mr. Warren Eastbrook, of Dayton, in this State. The nut oil remains in a fluid state at very low temperature, and it does not 'gum' like the ordinary qualities of oil. It is used in very delicate machinery, and when properly refined could be used by watch-makers. The pig nut is preferred in the manufacture, on account of its thin shell, and greater abundance of oily material. Mr. Eastbrook believes that oil manufactured from the ordinary shell bark and sweet hickory nut, would come into general use for the table.—*Tellico Republican.*

If five and a half yards make a perch, how many will make a cat fish?