

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 15.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. MARCH 8, 1855.

NO. 16.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.
 17 Advertisements not exceeding one square (ten lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.
 18 All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Invitations, Legal and other Blanks, Pamphlets, &c. printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms.

AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

POETRY AS IT SHOULD BE.

We know not when we have seen anything in the poetic way, that came home to our feelings quite like the following:—

The Printer's Love.

We love to see the blooming rose,
 In all its beauty dress,
 We love to hear our friends disclose
 The emotions of the breast.

We love to see the ship arrive
 Well laden to our shore;
 We love to see our neighbors thrive,
 And love to bless the poor.

We love to see domestic life,
 With uninterrupted joy;
 We love to see a happy wife,
 With lots of girls and boys.

We love all these—yet far above
 All that we ever said,
 We love what every printer loves,
 To HAVE SUBSCRIPTIONS PAID.

Any delinquent subscriber who can resist an appeal like the above, surely must have the heart of a brick-bat and the soul of a grind-stone. Lest there be any such, however, totally indifferent to the printer's love, we add the following verses of malice:

And may the wicked who refuse
 To pay the printer's bill,
 Be forced to travel without shoes,
 Right up a flinty hill!

And never may they turn about,
 Or sit down on a rail,
 Until the money they shell out,
 And send it on by mail.

TIME.

Morn'g call'eth fondly to a fair boy straying
 Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
 She calls—but he still thinks of naught save
 playing.

And so she smiles and waves him an adieu!
 Whilst he, still merry with flowery store,
 Deems not that morn', sweet morn', returns
 no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy to manhood grow-
 ing,
 Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet
 form,

One young, fair face from bower of jasmine
 glowing,
 And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.

So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western
 shore,
 And man forgets that noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement
 gleaming
 With the thin firelight flickering faint and
 low;

By which a grey-haired man is sadly
 dreaming
 Of pleasures gone as all life's pleasures go.

Night calls him to her, and he leaves his
 door,
 Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

A Home Item.

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to over-shadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend the following "hints" as worthy of consideration:—

1. Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with a woman who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor—every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie manufactured by some villain and reported where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to woman's character, will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, and as you would have their fair name unmarred, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, of the wife of your fellow-creature."

Reverses of Fortune.

Let not the rich boast of their wealth, or the poor complain of their poverty, is a rule which will answer both in prosperity and adversity. The fickleness of fortune has been a theme for poets and romancers ever since the story of Job's affliction has been known. The uncertainty of mercantile life, particularly, is not only a constant subject of remark, but also one of general experience. No profession in life, except the farmer's, seemed to be so fixed, or even so permanent, that some adverse storms may not sweep all away, and leave the fancied man of wealth but the semblance of his poverty. What are bonds, stocks, and mortgages, but so much waste paper, when the basis upon which they rest becomes worthless or unproductive? They cannot purchase the first bushel of potatoes, or the smallest loaf of bread, to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

We promise this much in order to relate the sudden fall of a fashionable family from affluence to almost complete poverty. Last winter the frequenter of the gay reunions at Washington could not have failed to notice a hale and hearty widow, fair and about forty, who attended all the balls, parties and gay assemblies of our capital. She had a lovely daughter, scarcely seventeen years of age, innocent and retiring in her manners, but of an engaging and affectionate disposition. The widow was the owner of a plantation in Virginia, encumbered with negroes, and run down to such a state of poverty she was actually poorer than the colored servants whom she owned. She resolved, however, to make a desperate push, and to marry her daughter off in such a manner to recuperate her declining fortunes. Her reputed wealth, the charming appearance of her daughter, and the finesse which she knew so well how to use, was very soon successful.

A young man of this city, recently taken in as a partner in a banking house in Wall street, was at Washington, transacting some business for the firm, and while there received an invitation to attend a soiree at the residence of the Hon. Mr. _____, a member of the Senate. He received an invitation to the strategic widow, who immediately saw the game presented to her. The daughter was introduced, and the young man, feeling rich and important at his recent good fortune in his business, thought it about time to take a wife. When both parties are more than usually anxious it does not generally take long to conclude a matrimonial arrangement. At all events, so spirited was the preliminary courtship, assisted by the experience of the mother, that in less than two weeks the amiable daughter of the Old Dominion and the promising son of the Empire State were before the altar, and priestly lips had pronounced them husband and wife. The plantation, of course, was not regarded, but was left in decay and ruin under the care of an overseer. The young couple in company with the mother, came immediately on to this city, and a splendid home in—was soon procured, and sumptuously furnished, and all things went "as merry as a marriage bell."

Servants attended the nod of each member of the family. The ladies luxuriated upon the magnificent sofas during the morning, and in the afternoon the carriage was at the door, and the obedient driver gratified their most whimsical caprices. The bright and charming period of life, however, did not last long. Last summer a gigantic failure came, and the house of which the young man was a member went by the board; and in less time than it takes us to pen it, he was as poor as the son of toil who day by day labors with his hands for his support. The golden vision had fled—the extravagant mansion had to be vacated, and the neglected Virginia plantation again began to look as if it were worth something. At all events it was not to be despised; and the mother who found alder watchful financiering for a rich husband for her daughter thus turned to naught, sought its quiet shade for repose after her short but exciting career in the uncertain life of a fashionable metropolis. —New York Sunday Times.

A Tough Storm Story.

The Peru (Ill.) Chronicle, of the 7th ult., learns from a farmer who resides on the South side of the Illinois River, on the bluff, some particulars of the storm of the 20th ult.—His cattle, thought they were enclosed in a circle of straw stacks and hay stacks, were so much affected by the driving blast that they refused to eat. The snow was driven between their hairs, and coming in contact with the skin, was for a moment melted, then frozen, until the whole covering of the animal seemed one unbroken armor of ice, which did not disappear on many for four days after. The snow melting on their foreheads and running down, formed huge icicles that passed down over the face, and reached far below the nose, giving them the appearance of the beast with the ten horns—in many instances the broad sheet of ice falling over the eyes, blinded them effectually. Their nostrils were filled with frozen snow that had been driven into them by the violence of the wind. The quails that had gathered about his barnyard, as a last resort, were frozen to death. Prairie chickens were either frozen to death or so benumbed that he could take them with his hands as they sat on the fence, sleeping with stupor. His barn-yard chickens were many of them frozen, and what is singular, in nearly every case they were found with their bills wide apart as they could be sundered, and the mouth filled with solid ice. He has driven his teams and cattle over his fences, the snow being on a level with them, and so compact as to sustain a heavy load.

Extraordinary Endurance.

On January 31, Nathaniel Copp, son of Hayes D. Copp, of Pinkham's Grant, near the Glen House, White Mountains, commenced hunting deer, and was out four successive days. On the fifth day he left again, for a deer killed the day previously, about eight miles from home. He dragged the deer (weighing 230 lbs.) home through the snow, and at 1 o'clock P. M. started for another one discovered near the place where the former was killed, which he followed until he lost the track, about dark. He then found that he had lost his own way, and should, in all probability, be obliged to spend the night in the woods, the thermometer at the time ranging from 32 to 35 below zero.

Despair being no part of his composition, with perfect self-possession and presence of mind, he commenced walking, having no provisions, matches, or even a hatchet, knowing that to remain quiet was certain death. He soon after heard a deer, and pursuing him by moonlight, overtook him, leaped upon his back, and cut his throat. He then dressed him, and taking out the heart, placed it in his pocket for a trophy. He continued walking twenty-one hours, and the next day, about 1 o'clock P. M., he came out at or near Wild River, in Gilead, Me., having walked, on snow-shoes, the unparalleled distance of forty miles without rest, a part of the time through an intricate growth of underbrush.

His friends at home becoming alarmed at his prolonged absence, and the intensity of the cold, three of them started in pursuit of him, viz: Mr. Hayes D. Copp, his father, John Goulding, and Thomas Cushman. They followed his track until it was lost in the darkness, and by the aid of their dog, found the deer which young Copp had killed and dressed. They then built a fire and waited five or six hours for the moon to rise, to enable them to continue their search. They again started, but with the faintest hopes of ever finding the lost one alive, pursued his track, and after being out twenty-six hours in the intense cold, found the young man of whom they were in search.

Goulding froze both his feet so badly that it is feared he will have to suffer amputation. Mr. Copp and Mr. Cushman froze their ears badly. No words can reward the heroic self-denial and fortitude with which these men continued an almost hopeless search, when every moment expecting to find the stiffened corpse of their friend.

A Negro Love-Letter.

A correspondent has forwarded to us the following Negro Love-Letter. It is a veritable epistle, in the "color'd pusson's" own handwriting, and bears date "Huntsville, Walker County, Texas, June 26, 1853."

"Dear Miss, it avails me great pleasure to write you a few lines to let you know that I am well hoping these few line may find you enjoying the same blessing when first I fell in love with you, your teachers I did gain: I wood like to cort you Miss HULDA if you have know objection the first time I saw you I thought you was the pink of the world. I do know that I love you bitter than any person in this world. If I could just call you mine, I would be willing to dye you are so pretty in the face and so slim in the wast. If you love me like I love you there is no knife can cut our love out. I have seen all the girls in Huntsville, but there is non can come up with you LORO bliss my soul! I love you more than Gold. Of all the girls I ever see HULDA is de Gal fer me!

JACOB SKELTON.

"Kind Miss, my heart is very much broken about you. My dear Miss I would like to have a kiss from you as I made my remarks about my heart being broken. Miss HULDA I would give my heart head and hand to peep at you once more. O miss HULDA do lit me in, for the way I love you is a sin. O could I but call Miss HULDA the darling of my heart I would bid farewell to this vain world and whipe my weeping eyes; de sun am set, dis Nigger am free: de colired gals is abound to see. CARLES BIRDWEL sends his love to you: sais de way he loves you is a sin.

"When this you see remember me—affectionate JACOB SKELTON. Roses is red viciets blue sugar is sweet and so am you.

Yankee Doodle.

In 1755, simultaneous attacks were made upon the French posts in America. That against Fort Du Quebec (the present site of Pittsburg) was conducted by General Braddock; and those against Niagara and Frontenac by Gov. Shirley, of Massachusetts, and General Johnson, of New York. The army of Shirley and Johnson, during the summer of 1755, lay on the eastern bank of the Hudson, a little south of the city of Albany. In the early part of June the troops of the Eastern Provinces began to pour in, company after company; and such a motley assembly of men never before thronged together on such an occasion, unless an example may be found in the ragged regiment of Sir John Falstaff. It would have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite to have seen the descendants of the Puritans marching through the streets of that ancient city, (Albany) and taking their situations to the left of the British army—some with long coats, some with short coats, and some others with no coats at all—with colors as varied as the rainbow; some with their hair cropped like the army of Cromwell, and others with wigs, the locks of which floated with grace around the shoulders. Their march, their accoutrements and the whole arrangements of the troops, furnished matter of amusement to the rest of the British army. The music played the airs of two centuries ago; and the *tout ensemble*, upon the whole, exhibited a sight to the wondering strangers, to which they had never been accustomed. Among the club of wits that belonged to the British army, there was a Dr. Shackburg, attached to the staff, who combined with the science of a surgeon the skill and talent of a musician. To please the new-comers, he composed a tune, and with much gravity recommended it to the officers as one of the most celebrated airs of martial music. The joke took, to the no small amusement of the British.

Brother Jonathan exclaimed it was 'nation fine; and in a few days nothing was heard in the Provincial camp but the air of Yankee Doodle. Little did the author, in his composition, then suppose that an air made for the purpose of levity and ridicule, should be marked for such high destinies. In twenty years from that time, the national march inspired the heroes of Bunker Hill, and in less than thirty, Lord Cornwallis and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

This tune, however, was not original with Dr. Shackburg. He made it from an old song, which can be traced back to the reign of Charles the First; a song which has in its day been used for a great variety of words. One of these songs, written in ridicule of the Protector, began with this line: "The Round heads and Cavaliers." Another set of words, to the same tune, was entitled "Nankee Doodle," and ran thus:—

Nankee Doodle came to town
 Upon a little poney,
 With a feather in his hat,
 Upon a macaroon.

The first American parody upon the original which we have seen, was entitled "Lydia Fisher." An aged and respectable lady, born in New England, says she remembers it well, and that it was a common song long before the Revolution. It was also a favorite New England jing. Before the war, it was customary to sing the tune with various impromptu verses such as—

Lydia Locket lost her pocket,
 Lydia Fisher found it;
 Not a bit of money in it,
 Only binding round it.

Perhaps there may be something in this, for within our recollection the "gals and boys" of Massachusetts had something like it in their sports. But our version is a little different from the old lady's, and ran thus:

Lucy Locket lost her pocket
 In a rainy shower;
 Phillip Carteret ran after it,
 And found it in an hour.

And a later period the Tories had a song commencing—

Yankee Doodle came to town
 For to buy a frelock;
 We will tar and feather him,
 So we will JOHN HANCOCK.

This version has a very strong resemblance to the original—the first line being the same, with the exception of the N, for which the Y is substituted. The occurrence of the words "feather" in the next line is no less remarkable. A long string of similar verses are known to exist, which were supposed to allude to the coming of Oliver Cromwell (on a small horse) into Oxford, with a single plume, which he wore fastened in a sort of knot, which the adherents of the royal party called "macaroni," out of derision. What renders the history of this tune the more remarkable is, that to this very day the words of "Lydia Locket," alias "Lucy Locket," are sung to it by school children.

Mrs. Swipes says the reason children are so bad this generation, is owing to the wearing of gaiter shoes instead of the old-fashioned slippers. Mothers find it too much trouble to untie gaiters to whip children—so they go unpunished; but when she was a child, the way the old slipper used to do its duty was a caution.

Educational.

Are you Satisfied with your Pay?

"Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."

It would be difficult to preach a fashionable discourse from such an unfashionable text. The hardest points in John Calvin's theology would be less unwelcome to most; if for no other reason, from the fact, that theological matters look forward to a future state, in which unfortunately most acknowledge no very deep or personal concern. Anxiety respecting such things is to the great mass, usually not very distressing. But the doctrine suggested in our motto, is a matter of personal and every-day concern. It looks so directly towards self-denial, that the most skillful demonstration of it will probably meet with only a frigid dissent.

The idea of "getting more" is completely ingrained into the feelings of mankind; it is evidently a plant indigenous to the soul. It grows with our growth; as one says,

"As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed upon;"

What is satisfactory this year, is frequently found to come short the next; the Irishman is contented with a scanty fare of oat-meal and potatoes in his native isle; but he no sooner crosses a half dozen meridians towards the setting sun, and becomes the owner of a pig, than he learns to scorn the offer of "a dollar a day, and board himself" with as much apparent indignation as a good patriot scorns the thought of treason. As in the story of the Roman Sibyl, the demand rises as the bargain draws towards a close.

It is so everywhere. It is even hinted that heads that carry a great deal of theology, regard a call of Providence with much more favor, if it is accompanied with a "handsome offer"; and it is said that they esteem their chance of doing good as much greater, if their situation is modified by the adjective lucrative, as well as laborious. But this may not be so after all; we only give the common report. We do know, however, that in most other professions that minister to the disorders of humanity, such ideas are very prevalent; so that in the vernacular tongue of every place we have as yet visited, an unqualified "doing well," appears to mean simply growing fat on good pay!

To repeat the caption of our present article, we ask you, teacher, Are you satisfied with your pay? Probably not.—There is no class of persons so small as those who are perfectly satisfied with their lot. The moralist speaks of the race to which we belong, as never being, but always to be blest. We have heard of a man who publicly offered a large estate in fee simple to any one who was perfectly contented with his condition. It was not long before a claimant appeared. The generous patron of all contented people, asked him if he was perfectly contented with his lot; the reply was of course not otherwise than in the affirmative. Well then, says he, what do you want of my farm? He was therefore perfectly safe in making the offer; his uncommon generosity could never cost him more than the price of the advertisement.

Respected Teacher, we ask again, Are you satisfied with your pay? We will dispose of the "first person," by saying for ourselves, that we really want more pay! Our necessities have grown with our means. In construing the phrases of life, no words have given us so much trouble as "opus and usus signifying need!" We began to follow the chalk in the red school-house at fifteen dollars a month and boarded ourselves; and as that was the first time we had converted our wits into the common currency, we thought the pay was large; and really we have never been so well satisfied with our compensation since. The more we have had, the more we have wanted; our "sins and debts" have been a trouble to us all the way through life. Still we must have the frankness to own that we have been paid much better than we deserve. Whether a kind Providence, that has always taken care of us, will see fit to vote us another gratuity in addition to what we now have, remains to be seen.

For others we cannot so well speak.—Many teachers are well paid; some, we think, may possibly receive more than they earn. The world commits such mistakes sometimes; but sins of that sort are probably neither very numerous or aggravated. In our cities, school-keeping "sustains fair prices;" teachers there have every reason to be satisfied with their lot. Indeed we suspect it would be improper for us to disclose the amount of salaries, which many receive in and about the capital of Massachusetts, or all the country schoolmasters would, in the words of Cowper,

"Crowd the roads, impatient for the town!"

In our villages, the case is different.—Many are respectably paid, it is true; but there are some, nay, many faithful servants, standing at the posts of the doors of knowledge, who receive far less than they earn. They sow the seeds of wisdom for so small a stipend and under such disadvantageous circumstances, that the sight of the "cracker man" or a peddler's wagon holds out very strong inducements to desert. We are sincerely sorry for all such; we wish we could give them a higher appointment. But in our inability to do so, we can only refer them to the committee on unpaid claims, and

"Seven cities fought for Homer dead,
 Through which Homer living begged his bread,"

and begged it without receiving it, as we have too much reason to believe. So if teachers, after the most ample services, should be neglected and underpaid, they at least are in good company.

sincerely hope their case will be favorably noticed.

But we apprehend that the cry of distress issues mostly from those schools where females are employed. The world seems niggardly in the extreme, in its pecuniary appropriations to woman; and perhaps it is wisely ordered that it should be so; for if that sex were as well paid and prosperous in the single state as reformers would have them, it may be, they would never decline the verb *To Love*, with such easy and graceful emphasis as they do now. Nevertheless this has always seemed to us a matter that needed reform, and we plead for woman's rights decidedly, till this abuse is corrected. It would seem that the same work performed by the weaker sex equally well as by men, ought to be as well paid. And we believe that it may be set down as one of the indications of reform, that the compensation of female teachers has been raised throughout most of the Commonwealth. Still, it is an authenticated fact in Massachusetts, (and other States are not more free from the reproach,) that women have kept hunger at a distance at less than "a dollar a week and boarded around." And it has been handed down by tradition that some enterprising districts have expected their instructresses to split a meal of victuals, if not bisect a night's lodging, to make the board come out even! If there are any teachers employed in this or a similar way now, they should at once be handed over to the Humane Relief Society; as objects of pity they certainly stand next to Sir John Franklin.

But we confidently believe that the reproach is in a measure, passing away; and though teachers as a class are not paid as they should be, their compensation is far more respectable than formerly. The time is fast approaching, if not already come, when good teaching will command good pay.

Perhaps we have treated this subject, which is really a matter of sober concern to many, with less sobriety than we ought. But we cannot close this train of thought without adding a few considerations of a practical, and perhaps to some a painful, nature.

First; In the cry of too small pay, it must not always be taken for granted that the blame is wholly on one side.—They are common maxims, that it requires two to make a bargain, and that every story is good, until another is told. Perhaps teachers have sometimes in their vanity over-estimated their merit, and it is very possible that the much defamed community has paid them all that their service was really worth!

We remarked again, that perhaps the same amount of talent and enterprise in other kinds of business would not have made progress towards wealth any faster than here. We have as much vanity as a teacher ought to possess, and as much pride of profession; but we will not attempt to conceal the fact that in some instances, surprisingly little tact and intelligence have been exhibited in connection with the ruler. It has long since acquired the force of a proverb, that talent and skill will command success; but we find no promises of competence and wealth to the opposite qualities anywhere. We have seen teachers,—and if we remember correctly, have "cried at the sight,"—who in our opinion received all they were worth. They had never expended a shilling in qualifying themselves for the work; they seemed to be walking illustrations of the idea of the poet,

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing!" Their chief merit evidently lay in their perfect orthodoxy; for they believed with Solomon, that to "spare the rod" was to "spoil the child"; and as one says, they "thinned the forests all the way down from Vermont" in demonstrating their belief! The increasing light of this century, however, put a very emphatic period to their vocation long ago. We would always speak well of the dead; but we have no idea that they left any unsettled claims upon the world for insufficient pay!

Again: It may be at least a comforting, though perhaps not a palliating, thought, that the world has never been in the habit of rewarding labor according to its real merit. The standard of its prices, as well as of its morals, needs reformation. We know some persons who never spent a dollar upon their education, and whose sole business is to disseminate whips and cigars over the map of the world in a small wagon, who receive more compensation than the most fortunate teacher we wot of. They could outbid the wealthiest clergyman in Western Massachusetts and supply half a dozen pulpits every Sabbath, with their weekly pay! So in ancient times this abandoned world had the same peculiarity, though perhaps in a more exceptional way; buffoons dwelt in courts, saints dwelt in caves. There was a strange propensity to construe benefactor and malefactor in the same case, as we read near the close of the gospels. And if by a special dispensation of charity, earth's best heroes have escaped crucifixion, it has been too often only to be handed over to starvation;

"Seven cities fought for Homer dead,
 Through which Homer living begged his bread,"

and begged it without receiving it, as we have too much reason to believe. So if teachers, after the most ample services, should be neglected and underpaid, they at least are in good company.