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Sabbath in the Country.
BY T. BUCHANAN REED.
From halcyon homes and hamlets in the vale,
One after one, in Sabbath garb arrayed,
Their mantles breathing of deep odors drawn
And antique chests, the people throng, and take
The various paths which converging lead
Here to this quiet shrine among the elms,
Oh, happy hour, beloved of peace and heaven!
Around, and over all, the white elm line
Flooded with perfume and mysterious light,
So sweet, so beautiful, it seems a day
Lest out of Eden! See, where children come,
Like hopes uncheered, still running in advance,
With innocent laughter, but not over loud,
Flushing the purple violets by the way,
While from their feet the butterfly, released,
Nests up by some divine light, and like a wasp,
Waves across the meadow! Happy sounds,
By happy faces followed, still approach,
What round and chubby cheeks are there, to which
Health, like the sun, with daily welcome comes,
Leaving the impress of his glowing hand!
But suddenly their tongues to whisper low
Drop, as their eyes look wondering on the stranger,
And into decedent column, two by two,
They file before me with shy glances cast
From shadowy brows and snowy hoods turned back,
By matron care arranged. Some in their hands
Bear the small volume—beck of praise or prayer,
And some with freedom-loving feet released,
Fencing the dusty path, their little shoes,
For Sunday polished, carried at the side,
To be resumed at golden stile which gains
The highway near the church. And, following soon
The larger people come: the youths and maids
Joining their steps as chance or fancy leads,
And, after these, stout men with faces brown,
And brawny hands which on the ploughshares took,
Untraced, the last week's sunshine. At their side
The matrons with fair brows but half-way cleared
Of household cares, which, oft accomplished, still
As oft repair, most modest, only checked
By wrinkles signs of duty and the light
Of happy children, or encouraging words
Heard at the well-served table or better hill,
Finding approval in their own calm hearts,
Whose gentle tempers round their daily toil
Shed music and a halo eke unknown,
Here following still, with reverent steps and slow,
Their garments venerable with age, and out
Of joint with modern custom, come the sires
And moehers of the country, silver-haired,
One leans upon his cane, with knotted head,
And one, too low bowed, greeted by tempests, one
Flaunts upright as a winter pine. To-day
He comes not in his long-sleeved drab—
The coat of many capes and sweeping shirt,
Brushing the stubble, proofs to winds rheumatic—
Now laid aside until November calls,
But in the spring-time garments of the past,
See what a brow is there, where Time delights
To place the warning record of the years!
Note the calm eye, grows mild with light of wisdom!
Assisted by his arm his partner, bowed,
Walks to the porch, with a palmyrae hand,
And numbering to herself, Perchance she dreams,
Within her iron-bound, of that to-day,
Now buried beneath half a century,
When on the selfsame arm she proudly leaned,
And with the blush of youth upon her cheek,
Created the same pasture, and, returning, heard
And answered another name!

Many a tender tie is broken,
Many a gentle heart distressed,
By a careless sentence spoken,
Spoken only as a jest.

JUST CHARGE IT.
BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

"Charles, what did this peach preserve cost?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Hannah."

"But you bought it this morning, didn't you?"

"I know I did, but I did not know the price of it."

"Did you not pay for it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"O, because I couldn't stop to make change. I have opened an account with Mr. Waldron, and shall hereafter settle once in three months."

This conversation was going on at the tea table, between Charles Mathews and his wife. Mathews was a young mechanic, who had commenced house-keeping, and, as he was making excellent wages, he could afford to live pretty tolerably well. After he had made known his determination to his wife, she remained some time in silent thought.

"Charles," at length she said, in a very mild, persuasive tone, "I think it would be better to pay for things as you take them. You know you receive your pay every Saturday night, and you could pay as you go very easily."

"I know I could," returned Mr. Mathews, with the air of a man who had an unanswerable argument at his command; "but you see, if I pay my bill but once a quarter, I shall save all the trouble of making change, and shall not only save some time, but also avoid mistakes."

"Mistakes!" she replied. "How can mistakes occur when you pay for things as you get them?"

"I will tell you. Sometimes it may not be convenient to pay for a thing when I get it—may forget my money, or may only get on trial—then if I pay for part and not for all, some things may get charged which I pay for. No, Hannah, a settlement once a quarter will be the

best and most convenient all around. I am satisfied of it."

"Well, perhaps it may be," said she, with an earnest tone and look, and yet with a smile, "but I can't think so."

"But why not?"

"Why, on all accounts. In the first place, you will buy more than you would if you pay cash. Now, you needn't shake your head, for I know it.—There are so many little luxuries, little extras, we do not need, but which you will yet be apt to buy, if you do not have to pay the cash down. I know something about this credit business, and it is not a fair thing. In the second place, if you pay cash for everything you will get your goods cheaper. A trader will sell cheaper when he can have the money right in his hand than when he has to carry the amount on his ledger."

"But let me tell you Hannah, Waldron will not cheat. He will not take advantage in that way."

"You misunderstand me, Charles. Do you not know that all traders can afford to sell cheaper for cash than for credit? Mr. Waldron, for a five dollar bill, will let you have more sugar than for the same amount entered at different times on his ledger. He could afford to do so. Traders like to secure cash customers. I think you will find it to our advantage to try the cash system. Now I do not believe you have bought this peach preserve if you had to pay the cash down for it."

"But I bought that just to please you, Hannah, and I thought you would accept it gratefully," returned the young husband, in a tone which showed that his feelings were touched.

"I know you did, Charles," said the wife, laying her hand affectionately upon his shoulder, "and I was grateful, for I know you would do anything to please me; for the sake of helping you I would forego all such things. Perhaps,"—and she spoke very low—"you might be able to buy a little cottage of your own one of these days."

For several days Charles only sent such things up from the store as were actually needed. At length, as he went into the store one morning, on his way to his work, he saw some splendid pickles in fancy jars. He had ordered the articles he needed, and was about to leave, when Mr. Waldron spoke—"Mr. Matthews, don't you want a jar of these pickles? I carried my wife in a jar last evening, and she thinks them superior to anything she saw before."

Now Charles knew that his wife had plenty of plain pickled cucumbers, some that her mother had put down for her, but Mr. Waldron's wife had some of these fancy ones, and why shouldn't Hannah have some?

"Shall I send you a jar?"

"How much are they?"

"Only a dollar."

"Yes, you may send it up—and just charge it."

"O, certainly. Anything you want you may order at any time, and you may be assured we shall be very happy to accommodate you."

Now this was very flattering to young Matthew's feelings, to think that the trader had such confidence in him, and he went away with an exceeding good opinion of himself and his credit, and of the storekeeper in particular.

Only a dollar! Yet only a dollar on the trader's book,—that is nothing. But a dollar right out of one's pocket,—that is different. Charles would not have bought those pickles if the cash had been required for them.

"Ah, Matthews, look here, I have got something to show you." This was said by the trader to the young man on the very next morning after the purchase of the pickles.

And so Mr. Waldron led our hero to the back side of the store, and opened a box.

"There Matthews, see these nice oranges?"

"They are nice," replied Charles. And so they were.

"I know your wife would like some of these. I carried some to my wife, and she wanted me to save her four or five dozen."

"These are nice. How high do they come?"

"Let's see; I can send you up three dozen for a dollar. I got these very cheap. You know they are retailed at five and six cents apiece."

"Yes. Well you may send me up two or three dozen. Just charge it, if you please."

"Certainly. Anything else this morning?"

"I believe not."

And so Matthews went on. This morning it was a dollar—to-morrow, perhaps, fifty cents. It didn't seem much. The young man kept just as much money in his pocket as though he hadn't bought them.

"Only a dollar," he would say to himself; "that isn't much out of twelve dollars a week."

And so it might not be; but the trouble was, that the next dollar was also "only a dollar." He forgot to add this dollar, with the former dollar, and call it only two dollars, and with the next call it three, and so on.

One evening Charles came home with a new chain attached to his watch.

"Where did you get that?" asked his wife.

"Ah," returned the husband, with an

impressive shake of the head, "I made a bargain for this chain. Now guess what I paid for it."

"I'm sure I can't guess."

"But try—guess something."

"Perhaps ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" echoed Charles, with a sort of disappointed look. "What are you thinking of! Jack Cummings bought this chain two months ago, and paid twenty dollars for it. Why, just see how heavy it is. Eighteen carats fine. Jack was hard up for money, and let me have it for twelve."

"It is cheap, to be sure," returned Hannah, but yet with not so much pleasurable surprise as her husband had anticipated. "But," she added, "you did not need it, and I fear you will feel the loss of the money."

"Pooh! I have money enough. You know I have spent very little lately. I have been pretty saving."

"But you forgot one thing, Charles.—The money which you have on hand is not yours."

"Not mine?"

"No. It belongs to the storekeeper, to the butcher, and to our landlord. You know they must be paid."

"Don't fret about them. I know it don't cost me anywhere near twelve dollars a week to live, for I have made an estimate. There is Wilkins, who works right by me in the shop, he has four children, and only gets the same wages that I do, and yet he lays up some three or four dollars every week."

"Yes," said she, "I know he does. I was in to see his wife the other day, and she was telling me how well they got along. Mr. Wilkins takes his basket every Saturday evening and goes over to the market and gets his week's supply of meat and vegetables and trades for cash, so that he gets everything at the best advantage. So he does at the store. He always lays in a good quantity of those articles which will keep, and buys them as cheap as he can. Butter, eggs, cheese, apples, and so on, he buys when the market is full, and when they are cheap, and he always buys enough to last his family over the season of scarcity, when such things are high. His butter, for instance, he bought for eighteen cents a pound—a large firkin of it—and it is much sweeter than that for which you paid twenty-eight cents yesterday."

"Twenty-eight cents?" repeated he in surprise.

"Yes. I asked Mr. Waldron's man who brought it up, and he said it had risen to twenty-eight cents. Mr. Wilkins got fifty dozen eggs some time ago for twelve cents a dozen, and his wife packed them down, and they kept well. You will have to pay thirty-three cents for those you sent me yesterday."

Charles was somewhat astonished at this view of the case, but it could not be helped now; and the subject was dropped. His gold chain had lost its charm. It did not look so well, even in his own eyes, as had the simple black cord which he had worn before.

At length the end of the quarter came around. The first bill was the rent, which was thirty-two dollars. The next was the butcher's bill, which came to thirty-six dollars. Charles was astonished to see how the meat bill footed up; but when he saw how many steaks he had had at seventeen cents per pound, the cause of the wonder was at an end. Next day he paid the baker's bill, which was thirteen dollars. When he came home in the evening he had paid all the bills except the grocery bill.

"Mr. Waldron sent in his bill to-day," said his wife.

"Ah, did he? Let me see it."

Hannah brought it, and Charles looked at it. He was astonished at its length, and his face turned a shade pale. It footed up just sixty-five dollars—an average of five dollars per week.

"This is impossible," he uttered, as he gazed upon it. But he examined the different articles and he could remember when he ordered them. Those things which cost "only a dollar," looked very innocent when viewed alone, but in the aggregate they had a different appearance.

"How much shall you lay up this quarter, Charles?" kindly asked the wife, as she came and leant over her husband's shoulder, and parted the hair on his forehead and smoothed it back.

"How much shall I lay up!" he repeated; "Not much. Get the slate and let us reckon up." Charles resolved to be frank about the matter, and let his wife know all.

The slate was brought. First she put down one hundred and fifty-six dollars as the quarter's wages. Next the rent, and the butcher and baker.

"Now you may put down twelve dollars for this chain—and twelve dollars for sundries—that means cheese, tobacco, nuts, theatre tickets, and such things. Now take all that from my quarter's wages, and see how much of it remains."

She performed the sum, and gave fifty-two dollars as the result.

"Fifty-two dollars!" uttered Charles, sinking back in his chair, "and we have not bought an article of clothing, nor of furniture. Fifty-two dollars with which to pay sixty-five. There is thirteen dollars short this quarter, and I had intended to save thirty dollars, at least."

"Well, it's no use to mourn over it now," said the wife in a cheerful tone, for she saw that her husband felt badly.—"Let us commence again. There is nothing like trying you know."

For some moments Charles remained silent. He gazed first upon the bill, and then upon the floor. At last he spoke.—"There was a light in his eyes and a flush upon his countenance."

"Hannah, I see where the trouble is, and I must freely admit that I have been wrong. If I had paid for everything as I had bought it, I should not have been where I am now in pecuniary matters.—You are right. I see it all now. I have not estimated the value of money as I ought. Let me once get up to where I began and I will do differently. I must step down to the store this evening, and pay Waldron what I owe, and the rest I will pay when I am able."

"That matter can easily be settled," said Hannah, with a bright, happy look. "I have more than enough to make up the amount of the bill. It is money I had when we were married."

Charles protested most earnestly against taking the wife's money, but she would listen to no argument on the subject. It was her will; and he must submit. So he went down and paid the grocery bill, and on his way home sold his gold chain for fourteen dollars. He felt happier when he got the old black cord once more about his neck, and he had money now to commence the quarter with.

On Monday morning Charles went into the meat store, to send home a piece of beef for dinner.

"How much will you have?" asked the butcher.

"O, three or four—"

Charles got thus far and then stopped. He had always been in the habit of ordering an indefinite quantity, and leaving the butcher to cut it off at the highest price; and then he remembered how much of it was usually wasted.

"Let me have two pounds," he said.—He stopped and saw it weighed, and then paid for it down.

When he went home at noon he found that his two pounds of beef had made enough, and there was none to waste.—The next morning he went to the store.—Mr. Waldron had some nice figs just come in which he showed. For a moment Charles hesitated, but as he remembered he had to pay down for all he bought, he concluded not to take them. He found that things were not so enticing when it required cash down to get them as when the payment could be postponed. He paid for what he bought and went his way, and thus things went on through the week. When it came Saturday night he knew that all the money in his pocket was his own, after deducting the rent.—That evening he went over to the market with Mr. Wilkins, and bought as much meat and vegetables as he thought would last him through the week. He found that he had made a saving of at least twenty per cent by this operation, and when opportunity offered he made the same saving on other things.

At the end of that quarter he did not have to get any slate. He paid his house rent, and then found he had thirty-five dollars left in his pocket. That was all his—he did not owe a penny of it.

"Ah, Hannah," said he as he held the money in his hand and looked at it, "now see how easy it is for a man to be wrong and his wife right. This money all comes from paying as I go along. It is very easy to say 'just charge it,' and a man can easily buy things under such circumstances, but when the day of reckoning comes, these three simple words that sound so innocent when spoken, are found to be costly things. I would not have believed until I tried it. I could not have thought a man would purchase so many more useless articles simply because he could have them charged. But I see now, and if I refused to follow your advice at first, I have gained experience enough to lead me to follow it implicitly now."

Charles Mathews never again allowed himself to be led away by the credit system; but he followed the cash rule punctually, and the consequence has been that he can not only buy any quantity of produce, wood, coal, groceries, etc., at cheap cash prices, but has cut off the expense of house rent, for he owns a snug little cottage in the suburbs, and it is all paid for, too.

Educational.
The Proper Sphere of Woman.
An Essay by Miss LIZZIE A. P. RYNDER, of Lock Haven, Clinton County.

Bards of all kinds, "from grave to gay, from witty to severe," have attempted to outdo each other in singing of woman's charms and woman's duties;—statesmen have alternately eulogized and condemned her;—"fast" women in Bloomers have been wandering over the country, endeavoring to elevate themselves to a place they were never designed to occupy; and broken down politicians, finding their efforts to wield men in vain, have caught hold of all the inflammable material they could and in the mind of; woman, and tried to kindle it into a blaze, by holding conventions, mass meetings, &c., for the amelioration of the sex in general; and yet, notwithstanding these mighty efforts, poor woman is unchanged—is womanstill.

And now for the reason.

The proper sphere of woman, and her elevation to the highest positions in society, have received the attention of some of the most prominent men in the civilized world; but, like other geniuses, their paths have either led through the clouds or the mud; and so we have women, disdainful all medium flights, either trying to soar, like the fabled Icarus on waxen wings, far above man, or sinking passively into the mere slaves of his will.

Purely virtuous, true-hearted women see the falsity of both courses; and as it requires a thorough awakening of all concerned to produce any radical change, so woman's condition remains just as it was before this attempt to arouse her to a full sense of the situation she was imagined to occupy in the world.

But we must not overlook the opinions of just and liberal men, in regard to woman's proper sphere.

Although they may not admire the brass that would take a woman to the pulpit or the bar, yet they rejoice to meet her in friendly antagonism in the field of letters; and I venture to assert, almost without the fear of contradiction, that whenever a woman has discovered any evidence of latent genius or even common place talent, she has met with more encouragement and assistance from these men, than from her own sex, or from those who would debase her by improper elevation.

The education of woman has been and still is rather superficial; but thanks to the onward spirit of progress, (not to Woman's Rights Conventions) schools are being established where she can have all the facilities usually afforded to man, to acquire sound knowledge; and soon—very soon—the women of the United States will have no reason to complain of the limited sphere of action, open to the exercise of their talents.

Experiment has proved that the deeper and more abstruse sciences are learned as readily by girls as boys, and therefore they should have equal advantages for pursuing them. Even if these are never after called into action, the mind will be strengthened by the labor performed in acquiring solid education, and woman will be enabled to grasp greater and more comprehensive views of life than she can now.

Woman's education is too trifling and aimless to develop the wealth of her intellect, and it will be always so until we have a better system to follow. When a young man leaves school, he feels and knows that his real, practical education is but just commenced; and he immediately selects some trade or profession, to which he devotes all his energies, with the expectation of winning either wealth or fame by the acquisition and use of knowledge; but with woman how different! When she leaves school, she imagines herself perfected in all that woman ought to know, and if wealthy, sinks at once into the listless, novel-reading, pleasure-pursuing woman of the world; or, if poor, her time is generally employed in that most absurd of all woman's faults, "keeping up appearances" just as long as she can subsist on the charity of her parents and other friends.

When these means of support fail, necessity compels her to make some active exertion for herself; and, as not more than one in twenty of the women in this condition know enough to engage in teaching, they resort to the needle in such numbers as to produce, ultimately, the pale faced throng of overworked and half paid seamstresses one meets so often in the streets of our cities. This fact does not imply want of energy and intellectuality in woman, but merely displays the false light in which she is taught to view herself. We are what we are made, and must ever continue so, until the education of woman shall have become a thing of importance with the world.

Women, as well as men, should be prepared for any and every vicissitude of fortune; and there would be a healthier tone in all society if every woman had some fixed and useful object in view, to which she could devote her energies.—Mothers have duties to perform of the most important nature, and the sounder their education the better fitted are they to perform those duties; but hundreds of ill assorted matches, bringing only unhappiness in their train, might be prevented, if the minds and hearts of women were directed to some useful employment. Too many marry for the simple

reason that they "have nothing else to do."

These employments, however, should be such as can be pursued without danger of destroying the finer sentiments of her nature, or detracting one iota from the grace and delicacy which it is her duty to keep fresh, in the heart of the busy world.

I would think a woman deficient in womanly modesty who could be a successful lawyer, or display her eloquence before a promiscuous audience upon any subject, whether political, religious or scientific. And, who could admire the woman that could mix with the motley crowd on election days, and side by side with the vulgar adherents of partyism, use her influence in obtaining votes for her favorite candidates?

We do not find man, in all his strength, impervious to the attacks of bribery and political corruption; and can it be expected that woman will remain pure and single-hearted amid the tumultuous billows of a life, that has too frequently extinguished all the finer and better feelings of his sterner nature?

We often hear it asserted, by those who would have females exercise the right of suffrage, that their presence would exert a refining influence on even the rude passions of a crowd of voters; but we have no proof that they would be less intemperate in their behavior than men, were they equally interested in political campaigns; and besides, if they have not, in the heaven of home, instilled enough of the love of refinement into the hearts of their children to prevent the rough, disgraceful scenes so often enacted at the polls in their absence, their presence would be of little benefit in restraining them.—It is more than probable that the influence of wife and sister would be less than it now is, were man to behold them boldly rushing into the arena of political life, in competition with himself. Woman's influence is strongest when exerted in her own peculiar province—Home.

Still there are occupations, in which those who are leading an almost useless life, might be engaged, without disobeying the dictates of native modesty, and with benefit to themselves and the world.

Females have long been considered equal, and by some superior, to males in teaching the elementary branches; and even the fact of their failing in the higher departments does not prove incapability in the sex, but only that those persons who have failed have entered upon the discharge of their duties, before their intellects had been cultivated and their reasoning powers trained, by the same careful course of strengthening studies pursued by men.

As physicians for their own sex, and as authoresses and editresses, ladies can exercise and improve their abilities, without losing the charm of sensibility which so properly belongs to them; for, even with the small opportunity afforded, English literature has received no little ornament from the contributions of females.

The poetry of woman's nature is the poetry of hope—the poetry of the affections; and here she can revel with all the true artist's fervor, and all her own wild enthusiasm, combined with the daily, hourly experience of her life. The drapery of her thoughts may not be as gorgeously brilliant as that which adorns the productions of man; but who shall say that the rich, yet delicate imagery with which she paints her fancies, is less attractive, or less graceful than his bolder conceptions?

It seems to have been the idea, that girls destined only to be fashionable young ladies and mothers, needed nothing farther than a mere smattering of science and the usual list of showy accomplishments, to prepare them for the duties of life; and our literary men have not failed to assist in rendering this supposition prevalent. With but two honorable exceptions, I have never heard any gentleman introduce a sensible subject for conversation in a company of ladies, or advance a single idea worth remembering.

They appear to consider the sex created for their special amusement; and, as a desire to please is inherent in the female character, so women, as a necessary consequence, exert themselves to improve in whatever faculty gives them the most friends. To this cause alone we must attribute their proficiency in producing "small talk" and "whispered nothings." They knew very well that pretty, affected ways, and pert little sayings, are a surer passport to popularity with the world, than all the erudition of Martineau; and they practice on this knowledge.

There are a few, however, who have caught the infection of this age of steam, and are trying—and that earnestly—to obtain more than the flimsy education of fashionable capacities;—and, gentlemen, we ask you to look upon us as something more than playthings; converse with us as if you thought we were intelligent human beings, gifted with intellects similar to your own. If you expose our ignorance, so much the better:—it will be an additional incentive to hard study, and ultimately prepare us to be beings with whom you can interchange thought and sentiment, and fit companions for the hours you devote to conversation.

HARD TIMES.—A pair of diamond bracelets were purchased in Boston a day or two since, for \$1,200, which are to be worn by a Providence lady.