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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

"GIVE ME THE OLD."
BY R. H. MESSINGER.

Old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read and old friends to converse with.
Old wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice,
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tin;
Pluck'd from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Tenerife,
And ripen'd 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot,
Temper'd with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter!
Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hillside beech
From where the owlets weep and screech,
And ravens caw;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A faggot too, perhaps,
Whose bright flame dawning, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking!
While the cooing sp
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.
Old books to read!
Ay, bring those notes of wit,
The brazen-clas'd, the vellum writ,
Time-honor'd tomes!
The same my sire scan'd before,
The same my grandsire thumb'd o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earn'd meed
Of Oxford's domes,
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rafe Amereon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence, &c.
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quaint Spenser, ay,
And Gerwase Markham's venerie—
Nor leave behind
The Holy Book by which we live and die,
Old friends to talk!
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly and the true,
So rarely found!
Him for my wine, him for my stod,
Him for my easel, dietich, bud
In mountain walk!
Bring Walter good:
With soulful Fred; and learned Will,
And thee, my alter ego (dearer still
For every mood.)
These add a bouquet to my wine!
These add a sparkle to my pine!
If these I time,
Can books, or fire, or wine be good!

Curious Statistics.
Some statistical genius declares that "more money is expended in the United States for cigars than for all the common schools in the Union." A wag, who is undoubtedly a lover of the weed, seeing this statement going the rounds of the papers, gets off the following:
It has been calculated that the cost of washing linen, that might just as well be worn two days longer, amounts to enough in this country to more than defray the expenses of the American Board of Foreign Missions.
The expense of buttons worn on the backs of our coats, where they are of no earthly use, is equal to the support of all orphan asylums.
The value of tails to dress coats (of no value in reality for warmth or convenience) is actually greater than the cost of our excellent system of common schools.
It has been estimated that the value of old boots thrown aside, which might have been worn at least a day longer, is more than enough to buy a flannel night gown for every baby in the land.
Also, that the cost of the extra inch on the tall shirt collars of our young men is equal to the sum necessary to put the Bible into the hands of every one of the Patagonian giants.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, more because their accusers would be proud themselves were they in their places.
They have got to growing chickens so large in Massachusetts, the farmers have to sell them by the quarter, like pork. These are chickens to crow over.
If folly were a pain, there would be groaning in every house.
Men often blush to hear what they were not ashamed to act.

Faithful Preaching.
Rev. W. H. Millburn, to illustrate the peculiar faithfulness of some of the early Kentucky clergy, said in a recent lecture:

"An incident related by Ewell White, himself a man of note, will illustrate this. It happened at one time that a meeting was appointed in —, in old Simon Kenton's county. A preacher named old James Axley, familiarly called Jimmy Axley, by his friends, and very popular, was expected. But when he came he brought another with him, who spoke first. This disappointed the people, and there was a good deal of noise and confusion, and great inattention on the part of the audience. It is customary when two ministers are present, for both to address the meeting; if one drives in a nail of truth, the other clenches it. When Axley arose, all was still, everybody was disposed to listen.

"My friends," said he, looking round with a keen observant glance, "it is perhaps a painful, but always a necessary duty of your minister to reprove sin, wherever found, and be assured I shall not shrink from it on this occasion. Now," said he, "that sandy-headed man, standing by the door, that went out while the brother was speaking, staid as long as he wished, got his boots covered with mud, came in and made such a noise cleaning them as to disturb everybody, and prevent their hearing scarcely a word, that man thinks I mean him. And well he might think so, for it was a disgrace to Kentucky to say he was raised here and had no more manners. Now, my friend, I advise you to go home, and learn how to behave when you come to the house of prayer. But I don't mean him.

"That little girl about the middle of the floor, with flowers inside her bonnet, that was giggling and laughing and chattering all the time the brother was speaking, thinks I mean her. And she ought. I am sorry for her parents, who have raised a girl to fifteen, without learning how to behave modestly and properly, and they are to be pitied. Little girl, before you come again, learn to be quiet and reverend in the house of God, and respectful to the ministers He has sent. But I do not mean her.

"And now that man on the bench towards the corner, that's looking up as bright and wide awake as if he had never been asleep in his life, and never expected to be, but who was nodding and bowing all through the preaching, and snoring so as to disturb all around him—he thinks I mean him. And indeed he well may. My friend, the house of God is not intended for a sleeping-room.—When you want to take a nap, go home and go to bed and take it regularly; but you come here for another purpose. But I don't mean him.

"And thus he went on, fixing his dark, piercing eye on each offender, singling him out in such a manner that he could not be mistaken, till he had nearly gone through with all who had made any disturbance, ending each reproof with, 'But I don't mean him, or her. White, meanwhile, was sitting on a bench in front of Axley, enjoying the fun amazingly, laughing, rubbing his hands, chewing more lustily, and spitting more vigorously and profusely than before, as each new offender was brought, till the aisle before him was a puddle.

"Now," said Axley, darning himself up, and with a severe look, "I calculate you want to know who I do mean, pointing directly to White—I mean that nasty, dirty, filthy tobacco chewer. Look at the filthy, brown puddle before him; a toad wouldn't hop in it, and to think of the sisters dresses having to go through it!"
"White was thunderstruck. He never again was known to chew tobacco in meeting."

Too Soon.
Upon the monument erected to the memory of Hon. C. G. Atherton, of New Hampshire, is the following inscription:—"This I expected, but 'tis too soon."
How sad a reflection, and how expressive of weakness! Too soon is the last expression of all things human and earthly. When the smiling flowers deck the landscape with their gayest dress, the frost too soon nips their tender lives. When the merry sleigh-bells jingle, and when "at home," "compliments" and "will be happy" fly about, thick as snow-flakes, the spring with its "merry, merry sunshine," too soon ends the frolic. When old age, with tottering step and silvery hair, droops like a withered leaf, it is yet too soon. When the middle-aged, with elastic step and manly air, confronts the rough world, then falls into the grave like blasted fruit, his wife and little ones in bitter anguish cry, "Tis too soon."—When the infant, a frail blossom that bloomed upon the verge of the grave, has been garnered to its kingdom, the stricken parent in humility bows to the affliction, but writes upon his memory, "he died too soon." Too late we discover the deception when too soon makes grief doubly sorrowful.

An Irishman in Worcester, Mass., who had been fined several weeks in succession, for getting drunk on Saturday night, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.
Truth is known but of a very few—while false opinions go current with the rest of the world.

Dishonest Servants—How the Supplies Disappear.

In families where the internal kitchen arrangements are left almost solely to the management of the domestics, the very large demand for supplies for the table not unfrequently excites wonder as to what becomes of all the articles furnished the larder. There are many families, without being aware of the fact, supplying one or more families with greater or less quantities of bread, tea, sugar, coffee, coal, wearing apparel, and various other articles, all of which is dispensed in so ingenious a manner that the involuntary donors are not aware of their unheralded philanthropy.

The following incident will illustrate the point in question:—A few weeks since Capt. Hayden, residing in Fifth street, near South Eighth street, (late Williamsburg,) returned home in the evening, accompanied by a friend; their overcoats were hung in the hall, and at a late hour were found to be missing, and of course a verdict of "stolen by hall thieves" was rendered. At various times articles were missing—sometimes jewelry; at others, wearing apparel or bed clothing—all in a very mysterious manner. The grocery bills were found to increase at an alarming rate, and the coal disappeared like snow before a March sun. Finally, the heads of the department held a consultation and decided to dismiss the servant girl. The girl had been absent but a short time when, before Mrs. Hayden had an opportunity to go in search of help, a girl applied for a situation, having understood that there was a vacancy, (all vacancies are immediately made known amongst servants.) The girl was hired, but articles of various descriptions continued to disappear in the same mysterious manner; and finally, last week, the second girl was discharged. On the same day a female was looking for a situation, when she was met by one of these girls, and in answer to an inquiry was told that she knew of a situation. The two then proceeded to the residence of the females who had been discharged, in Division avenue, where they partook of a dinner.—The girl was then told that the place where they would send her was a good one—that they had taken bedclothes, dresses, jewelry, provisions, and even coal, without being detected. They desired that she should secure the situation, and continue to plunder. She should pack up a basket of provisions every night, and they would call or send for them every morning at 4 o'clock. This was the plan they had pursued all along. The girl left them under the impression that she coincided with their plans, and proceeding to Captain Hayden's residence, related the facts as they had been stated to her. A search warrant was immediately procured, and on the officer entering the house, the girls were found employed cutting up a splendid silk dress which had been stolen from Mrs. Hayden; some linen sheets were being made up into under garments, and some bed clothing and other articles were also found.—The girls, whose names were given as Eliza Weisser and Teresa Fry, were taken before Justice Boswell who committed them to the Penitentiary. Eliza Weisser has since been discharged by paying a fine of \$10, her friends agreeing to take her into the country.—N. Y. Herald.

Grafted Chestnut Trees.
The Cincinnati Gazette publishes a letter from Mr. Sheldon L. Kellogg, to the Wine-Growers' Association, dated Bordeaux, France, on the cultivation of the chestnut. He says:
"I have been much surprised in seeing the great dependence the poorer classes make upon the large chestnut for their daily food. It is cultivated in this neighborhood in great abundance for this purpose. All classes use them more or less; the rich having them daily brought upon their tables a desert, either boiled or roasted. It is often made into a soup, which is highly esteemed. They are cooked in a multitude of ways, and I know of nothing of a farinaceous nature which is so very delicate and nourishing. The marrow, or large chestnut, is the produce of the wild chestnut after being engrafted. The wild tree, at three or four years of age, is cut square off, say four or five feet from the ground. The stump is then split twice. These splits intersect at right angles at the center of the stump. There is then inserted one good sized branch of the same tree in every section of the splits, making four branches in each stump. Care is always taken to make the bark of the branches and the bark of the stump join each other as closely as possible. The graft is then surrounded with clay and moss, to prevent the outflow of the sap, and it scarcely ever fails of success. The period selected in this climate for this operation is the month of February. The produce of this graft is usually a fine, large, beautifully colored marrow, about the size of our buckeyes. They are much more delicate in texture and flavor than our own wild chestnut. They are never eaten without being cooked. The tree is a very beautiful one, being, though not so high as ours, much more dense in foliage, and shading a larger space of ground."

Rousseau tells us that to write a good love letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have said.

Woman's Mission.

Mrs. Jane G. Swissheim, of Pittsburg, in a letter on "The Cause and Remedy of Pauperism," says:—"I do not know how it is in other states, but in this there is a doleful lack of agricultural laborers, especially in the domestic department; and in looking for the cause, I take into account that Pennsylvania was principally settled by German and Irish. As it is scripture wisdom to look at the rock from whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit from whence we were digged, let us recall the Dutchman—by no means a myth—who thought the pretended freedom of this country all a humbug because a man could not whip his own wife. We have a neighbor who was lately clearing a piece of ground on the side of a steep hill. A German resident inquired if he would plow it?
"Oh, no!" was the answer, "it is too steep."
"Oh, by sure we plow that in Germany."

"Plow that! Why, man, a horse could not walk on it! How would you plow it?"
"Mit voman!" was the sturdy response.
"With women, Charley!" exclaimed the owner of the tillable land, doubting his having heard aright.
"Oh, yes; hilt eight voman in—they blow dat very good."

While the Pennsylvania railroad was in course of grading, some Irish lived in a shanty near. The woman carried all the coal used from a pit, a mile distant. The owner of the coal told one of the husbands to bring his cart and draw coal for his family.
"An' be my faith, an' what would she have to do then?" was the reply.
"These are extreme cases of the spirit of our ancestors, but I assure you, sir, the blood has not run out in the old Keystone state, as you will see by referring to our laws which declare a man's title to the services of his wife, and enable him to collect her wages. In cities, the peculiar marts are fast wearing out; but in rural districts, the old sturdy German spirit which hitches "de voman in the blow" is still very perceptible in its workings. From all observations I have been able to make, it is my firm conviction, that, on an average, each Pennsylvania farmer's wife does as much drudgery as three house servants in any slave state in this Union."

Power of Women in Turkey.
A man meeting a woman in the street, turns his head from her, as if it were forbidden to look on her. They seem to detest an impudent woman, to shun and avoid her.

Any one, therefore, among the Christians who may have discussions of altercations with Turks, if he has a woman of spirit or a virago for his wife, sets her to revile and brow-beat them, and by these means not unfrequently gains his point. The highest disgrace and shame would attend a Turk who should rashly lift his hand against a woman; all he can venture to do is to treat her with harsh and contemptuous words or to march off.
The sex lay such stress on this privilege, that they are frequently apt to indulge their passion to excess, to most unreasonable in their claims, and violent and irregular in the pursuit of them. They will importune, tease and insult a judge on the bench, or even the vizier at his divan.
The officers of justice do not know how to resent their turbulence; and it is general observation, that to get rid of them, they often let them gain their cause.—Sir Larpent's Turkey.

Important to Sportsmen.—Not long since a youthful friend of ours accidentally swallowed a lead bullet; his friends were very naturally much alarmed, and his father, that no means might be spared to save his darling boy's life sent post haste to a surgeon of skill, directing the messenger to tell him the circumstances, and urge his coming without delay.
The doctor was found—heard the dismal tale, and with as much unconcern as he would manifest in a case of common headache, sat down and wrote the following laconic note:
"Sir—Don't alarm yourself. If after three weeks the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder."
Yours, &c.
P. S.—"Don't aim the boy at anybody."
Our friend Ferguson having so much confidence in the skill and experience of the doctor, obeys directions.

AN INCORRIGIBLE FELLOW.—"Young man, do you believe in a future state?"
"In course I does, and what's more, I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her wedding things ready."
"You mistake me. Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments?"
"Most assuredly. If I should cut mugs with a red-headed woman, I should expect my hat indented by the first cistern pole she could lay her hands on."
"Go to, young man, you are incorrigible. Go to."
"Go to! if it wasn't for the law again bigamy, darned if I wouldn't go a dozen. But who supposed, deacon, that a man of your years would give such advice to a person just starting in life?"
This took the deacon down.

Educational.

From the Massachusetts Teacher.
A Scheming Master.

"He could not govern them; so he tickled and tickled them." These words were uttered by an observing and influential sea captain, respecting a shrewd teacher of the Grammar School in his place. He tried to rule his pupils from true principles, at first; but this course did not make him immediately popular. He held them to a close rule of discipline in school hours, but in play, was as much of a boy as any of his school, to keep their good will. His pupils obeyed in school, because they were pleased with their teacher; and not because the line of duty demanded was right. The end never sanctifies the means. A true teacher should not play ball; should not coast with his young ladies in his lap; should not play games of chance with them, even in sport; should not go out from house to house, having "grand times;" should not frequent playing parties with his pupils; should not romp and play with his young ladies, in the school-room, after school hours; should not "get in with" a wealthy and influential man, to the neglect of others; should not make a jest of genuine piety; should not deride the personal religion of a pupil, assistant, or fellow teacher; should not build up a reputation, by condemning authors and authorities; should not tell most of the parents, who send to him, that their children are the first in his school; should not build his own reputation, by sacrificing that of his predecessors in the school.

Should a teacher do these things, he is educating a school on a wrong basis of action. A man of very limited acquirements may do all this, and be popular. When a gentleman of rare abilities will fail to follow in his footsteps, because he will not stoop to such low arts. Besides, such a course forms a wrong standard, both of taste and of conduct in the young. It makes caprice, and not conscience nor judgment, the empire of the department. Man is too prone, already, to be ruled by impulse, rather than by the right, without the aid of a false school training.

There is far too much of this "tickling and tickling" business, in the world about us, without having our children taught it, by the example of their teachers.—Such example is completely undoing to all true family discipline. It destroys the weight of all truly noble examples, of our best men. It perverts the youth, as he goes forth into the world, so that he rarely forms a correct judgment of men and things, and thus falls a ready victim to their artful and designing schemes.

We want our teachers to be model men and women. The pupil should be brought up to the proper standard, and not the teacher brought down to them. It is a fact in human history, that, while a few strike out and grow up independent, mostly of examples about them, most persons imitate from the practical world the character and manners which they ever after bear through the world. It is, therefore, a course full of danger to employ improper teachers, because they are so apt to leave a copy of their defects in those whom they teach.

A PARENT.
New Bedford, February, 1855.

SCHOOL APPARATUS.

Every school should be furnished with a library, which should include, 1. Books on schools and school systems, for the use of the school officers and parents; and on the theory and practice of teaching, for the professional instruction of teachers.—2. Books of reference for the use principally of teachers and the more advanced scholars. 3. Books for circulation among the pupils in general. 4. Books for circulation among the parents and inhabitants of the district and neighborhood.—These books should be free from everything of a sectarian or partisan character. In the arrangement and furniture of a school-house, provision should be made for the library and apparatus.

In addition to the library, every school-house should be furnished with such apparatus as shall enable the teacher to employ the hand and eye of every pupil in illustration and experiment, so far as it may be practicable and desirable in the course of instruction pursued in the school. The following articles are indispensable in schools of every grade.
A clock. The cardinal points of the heavens painted on the ceiling, or on the teacher's platform, or on the floor of the recitation room. As much blackboard, or black surface on the walls of the school room and the recitation-rooms, as can be secured. A portion of this black surface should be in full view of the whole school, for passing explanations; and another portion out of the way within reach of the smaller pupils. One or more moveable blackboards, or large slates, with one or more moveable stands or supporters.—All the appendages to a blackboard, such as chalk, erasers, and rubber, of soft cloth, leather, or sheepskin, and a pointer.—An inkstand, fixed into each desk, with a lid, and with a pen-wiper attached. A slate, iron bound at the corners, covered with a pencil holder and sponge attached. A few extra slates for the use of the younger pupils, under the care and direction of the teacher. A map of the district, town, county, State and country. A terrestrial globe, properly mounted or sus-

pended on a wire. The measure of an inch, foot, yard and rod, marked off on the edge of the black-board or on the wall. Real measures of all kinds linear, superficial, solid, and liquid; as a foot-rule, a yard-stick, quarts, bushels, an ounce, a pound, &c., for the exercise of the eye and the hand. Vases for flowers and natural grasses. Grammar schools should be furnished with apparatus on the following branches of science: Laws of Matter, Laws of Motion, Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Electricity, Optics, Magnetism, Astronomy, Arithmetic and Geometry.

Schools thus furnished with a suitable library apparatus, have auxiliaries and facilities for the acquisition of a good education greatly in advance of such as are deprived of them. Therefore every school should be amply furnished with such useful helps. The wise expenditure of school money, and the faithful improvement of the time of the scholar demand this. Indifference and negligence with respect to such equipping the youthful mind for its work, are not only unkind, but cruel in the extreme.

The Monkey's Revenge.

A writer in the Chamber's *Dillingburg Journal* gives a curious anecdote of the power of revenge in the monkey tribes.—Climbing one of the slanting ascents of the Rummunde cliff, he heard an unusual commotion, and creeping round a rock, saw a beautiful brown monkey, which was nearly crushed to death in the folds of an enormous box constrictor. He thus continues:

When the reptile had fairly commenced his repast, and the before flaccid body began to fill and swell, I retired from the scene of conflict and hall of banquet, desirous of summoning my friend Noor-ood-Deen to assist me in capturing the sated giant. I knew that when gorged to repletion there would be no difficulty in making a prize of the serpent; and the moon-sun entered into my plans, right willingly. Accompanied by a stout lazar, bearing a strong cudgel and a sharp knife, for slaughter and skinning, we lost little time in reaching the scene, where, however, fresh marvels were being enacted, proving that that the passion of revenge is not confined to the human breast. Keeping aloof, we resolved not to mar, by any interference, the by no means mystifying operations in which the monkeys were engaged.

The box constrictor lay, thoroughly gorged, and like a log of wood, beneath the same projecting mass of cliff, where I had left it. On the summit of this rock a troop of monkeys were assembled and three of the largest and strongest were occupied in displacing an immense fragment of massive stone, already loosened by time and the elements, from the rest of the ledge. This mass almost overshadowed the reptile. By enormous exertions made in a silence that was rare with them they at last succeeded in pushing it onward until it hung over the boa's head, when uttering a fierce yell, in which every separate voice mingled until it took a diaphanous of indistinguishable discord, by a vigorous movement they shoved it sheer down. The heavy mass fell right on the serpent's head, crushing it as if it were a cocoon; and as the reptile lashed its fearful tail about in the final struggles of life, we could not refrain from joining in the singular chorus of rejoicing with which the monkeys now celebrated their accomplished vengeance. Truly, from the feats of the malicious baboon that gloried in the name of Major Weir, to the amiable creature of which Philip Quarles tells, I can remember of no recorded facts that surpass this evidence in favor of monkey memory and monkey wisdom; and I vouch for its truth as far as it goes, knowing well that my friend Noor-ood-Deen, still flourishing in the Black Town of Madras, will add his testimony to any applicant for confirmation of the anecdote.

Well Answered.—Uncle Bill Tild was drover from Worcester County. Being exposed to all weather, his complexion suffered some; but at the best, he was none of the whitest.
Stopping at a public house near Brighton, a man rich in this world's goods, but of notoriously bad character, thought as Uncle Bill came in, he would make him the butt of a joke.
As the black face of the weather-beaten man appeared in the doorway, he exclaimed:—
"Merer on us! how dark it grows!"
Uncle Bill, surveying him from head to foot, coolly answered—
"Yes, sir; your character and my complexion are enough to darken any room."

A little incident occurred in one of the schools in West Lynn, recently, says the News, which is, perhaps, worth relating. One of the classes was reciting, and the teacher asked a little American girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know.
The question was put to the next scholar, an Irish girl, who answered:—
"Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction.

"La," said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it, he wasn't an Irishman!"
Say twice without a mistake, "Peter Piper's peacock pecked a peck of pepper out of a pewter platter; if Peter Piper's peacock pecked a peck of pepper out of a pewter platter, where's the peck of pepper Peter Piper's peacock pecked?"