

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

## COURTING IN CONNECTICUT.

'Twas Sunday night in Podunk valley,  
In clear cold wintry weather;  
Josiah Perkins and his Sally  
Sat by the fire together.

'Twas no new-fashioned iron case,  
With fancy work adorning,  
But a real old-fashioned fire-place,  
On purpose made for warming.

The crackling wood in fearful blaze  
Around the room was throwing,  
Its heat in bright and ruddy rays,  
And on their faces glowing.

The apples by the chimney rug  
Were slowly getting warmer;  
The cider in the pewter mug  
Was bubbling in the corner.

A wooden settle firm and good  
Their loving forms supporting;  
'Twas made of seasoned white pine wood,  
And just the thing for courting.

At one end Sally stuck like pitch,  
While Josiah seemed to fear her;  
But after a while he gave a hitch,  
And got a little nearer.

Sal cast her eyes down—looked quite tame,  
Though very sweetly blushing;  
While all the blood in Josiah's frame  
Seemed to his face a gushing.

He hitched again and got quite near—  
He could not then resist her;  
He called her his own Sally dear,  
Then bashfully he kissed her.

"Good gracious!" she gave a start from him,  
Her anger did not smother—  
She said—"If you do that again,  
Now Josh I'll tell my mother."

They soon made up, and she came back,  
And calmed her agitation;  
When last I saw them through the crack,  
They were kissing like tarantula!

## Amusing.

The editor of the Albany Register, having been disturbed by an assemblage of cats under his window, thus gives vent to his indignation:

But those cats, in our opinion, are in danger, and we warn all who have any interest in them either present or expectant, to look to them. We have been constrained to watch for hours, when we ought to have been asleep. We have heard the clock strike twelve, one, two, at intervals in their performances, and have been tempted to the use of terms not to be found in any religious work, or any of the standard sermons of the day. We have dropped many bricks among them, wasted more wood upon them than we are able to spare, have taken cold by exposure to the night air, become hoarse by hollering "Scat." We have exausted our loose pieces of brick, the smaller sticks of our wood pile, and our patience. In view of all these facts we submit that there is nothing left for us but to move ourselves, or move those cats, and we shall not move. We have prepared a double-barreled gun, a full supply of powder and percussion caps, and in our opinion somebody's cats will go home some moonlight night, complaining of feeling unwell. If they do, we must be held harmless.

"Now girls," said our friend Mrs. Partington to her nieces the other day, "you must get husbands as soon as possible, or they'll all be murdered!"

"Why so aunt?" inquired one.

"Why I see by the papers that we've got almost fifteen thousand post offices, and nearly all of them dispatch mails every day—let the Lord have mercy on us poor widows," and the old lady stepped quickly to the looking-glass to put on her new cap.

INTERESTING DOMESTIC DISCOVERY.—It was Napoleon or Madame de Stael who said that "if you scratched a Russian you would find a Tartar underneath." Jones, of Marylebone goes further than this, for he says that he has only got to scratch his wife, and he catches a Tartar instantly.—Punch.

## From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

### The Progress of Infidelity.

It is most earnestly to be deplored that so few who are born in this land, and love American traditions, are aware of the rapid hatred of Christianity and its concomitants which inspires the vast numbers who are yearly increasing our population from the continent of Europe. We do not speak of the convicts and paupers that are smuggled into our ports from Genoa, Hamburg, and Trieste; but of the tens of thousands of Germans who from year to year come from provinces of Europe completely pantheized, and with whom freedom is considered synonymous with the downfall of the kingdom of the Redeemer. We called attention some months ago to the fact that large numbers, who have come of late years to this country, are disciples of the anarchist school of Heine, according to whose creed, "there can be no true freedom until Christianity is bloodily abolished," i. e. until a persecution by Infidels of Christians is instituted, with ends similar to those of Diocletian or Sapor. We showed that elections had been made to turn upon the single point whether prayers should be offered to God in our Legislatures, whether the Lord's day should be kept and religious oaths be maintained.

One of the most influential German papers in this city published simultaneously articles warning the better class of Germans, of whom there are so many in our city, against encouraging these excesses. Our remarks were republished in various parts of the United States, and we trusted that a good result might be produced. Since then, however, another anniversary has occurred of the birth-day of Thomas Paine, and it has filled our hearts with shame to learn how the natal day of this great enemy of Christianity has been celebrated. The German language constitutes a barrier which prevents the most of our people from imagining what takes place behind the screen of that unknown tongue. The Teutonic dialect insures the existence of the Anti-Christian legions, whose large numbers are re-inforced continually from abroad, as a vast secret society to which none can have access who do not go through an arduous painstaking apprenticeship of study, which in the end leaves them, when initiated, only among the first class of novices. Yet its members are easily naturalized, become as speedily citizens of these States, carrying Atheism to the polls, and receiving the homage of demagogic politicians to obtain a few miser able suffrages.

A few of the "reforms" demanded by the "Freimaenner"—so they call themselves—who have set up Thomas Paine as their apostle, and who strive to gain strength to revolutionize free government by the establishment of the tyranny of anarchy, are: abolition of the laws for the observance of the Sabbath; abolition of oaths in Congress; abolition of oaths upon the Bible; no more prayer in our Legislatures; abolition of the Christian systems of punishment; abolition of the Presidency, of all Senates, of all lawsuits involving expense; the right of the people to change the Constitution when they like; a reduced term in requiring citizenship, &c.

These things are not sought after as mere shadows, nor are they the dreams with which visionaries amuse themselves, but which do no harm; they are seriously inculcated, principles, earnestly instilled, for the propagation of which there exists several chief and many minor societies to which hundreds of thousands of foreigners are affiliated, who are in constant communication with each other and act in concert, and who are beginning to be felt in every corner of the land, but particularly in the West, where their efforts are greatly aided by the growing licentiousness of foreign vices introduced by them.

### A Tall Nurse.

The Maine giantess, Silva Hardy, is a native of Willton, in Franklin county, Me.—is seven feet six inches in height—is rather lean than fleshy, yet weighs three hundred and thirty pounds—is nearly thirty years of age, and is still growing. She has heretofore maintained herself chiefly by service in the capacity of a nurse, having the reputation of being a most excellent one; but, for a few months past, her health has not been good enough for her to practice in this vocation.

We are assured that she never, as nurse, takes an infant in her arms, but always holds it in her hand. Placing the head upon the end of her fingers, its feet extend towards her wrist, and with the thumb and little finger elevated, she forms an ample and admirable cradle—the length of her hand being quite equal to the whole length of an infant.

She is unable to pass ordinary doors without stooping a good deal and it is said for convenience she usually puts her thumb and other little upon the casing over the door, instead of upon any lower object, as table or desk.

An amusing incident is told of her, which runs in this wise, and which is said to be strictly true. While she was passing through the kitchen of a farm house one day with a large pan of milk in each hand, her hair caught upon a hook which projected two or three inches from the ceiling, and held her fast. She could neither stoop to set the pans down, nor raise her hands to disengage her hair, and was compelled thus to remain until her cries brought others to her assistance.—Eastern (Portland) Argus.

## Know-Nothings Exposed.

The following is Mr. Cauliflower Smith's experience in looking up "the Know-Nothings." Smith's purpose was to expose, explode, annihilate the Order.—Read what he says about it:—

My first idea was to find a Know-Nothing. I know'd I could do nothing till I found one, that was sartin. Well, I cavorted around considerable, as cute as a 'possum, as cunning as a fox. I ax'd a good many privately if they didn't belong, and, of course, lied considerable in gittin' around them. Well, all I got out of 'em was "I don't know," so I had to change my tack. I goes to one of 'em who did't know nothin' and I told him that I was gittin' tired of the old dimmeratic way of doin' things, and I intended to withdraw now from popular life, and devote my declining years to my country. I told him that I know'd I was an old sinner, but I wished to repent in sackcloth and ashes, and if ye'd only get me into the Know-Nothings, I'd show, by zeal in the cause, the sincerity of my repentance.—He looked at me right straight for some time, and then he seemed to think I was sincere. He ax'd me if I wanted to jine right off, and I told him yes. Then he ax'd me to meet him by the Hospital at 10 o'clock that night, and he would take me to see the elephant.

"You see how long-headed I am Mr. Chairman; I know'd I could come it over 'em if I only persevered, and did't I do it? He met me at 10 o'clock, and he took and blindfolded me, for he said we hadn't fur to go. He told me I must not only know nothin' but I must say nothin', until the hull thing was through. We walked on a pretty smart distance, I reckon nigh on to a mile, when he give me a devil of a pinch on my arm, and he sez, "Now look out." I felt kind o' queer, I tell you, for I was goin' it blind altogether, but my prospect for Recorder was at stake, and you may reckon it sort o' served me up.

"He took me down stairs, and then through a cellar then through a long passage way he told me to give him all my money. I obeyed him of course, though I didn't like to part with it. We walked along the passage till we come to a door when he gave me the signal. It was two raps. The door opened, and there were some fellows whispering. Directly a voice said 'bring in the repentin' sinner,' and I was led forward. I heard 'em talkin' all around me, and sometimes they would pinch me. They stripped me stark naked, leavin' nary a stitch on me but my stockings. 'Do you repent old sinner?' said one to me. 'Yes,' said I gittin' down on my knees. Whack! cum a lash right across my bare hide, makin' me squirm. 'Get up,' said the feller that had been talkin' to me, 'that's no position for an American citizen.' Then he gave me two more whacks with the lash, and put a heavier blindfold around my eyes.

"Then the Know-Nothings all commenced singing the Star Spangled Banner; while the guides led me around the lodge room. Some would tickle me, and some pinch me, and kick me, but I stood it all for the sake of the Dimmeratic party.—After they had rolled me over, and tried my patience completely, they stopped."

"Can you keep your tongue still?" asked the guide.

"Yes sir," said I boldly.

"Will you know nothin' all your life?"

"Yes sir," I said.

"The bandage fell from my eyes," continued Smith, "and I saw that I was—"

"Where?" inquired all.

"In Deacon Johnson's stable on Canal street."

### A Good Old Age.

There is living in Plymouth Township an aged lady named Peggy Lerch, and known generally as Peggy Lark. She is of German extraction, born in New Jersey, in the German Valley, on the 15th February 1751, and is now in her 105th year. She moved to Wyoming fifty-six years ago with her husband who has been dead fifty years. She is clear minded, and of memory, and loves to talk of old times.

On her 103d birth-day she walked over to Capt. Wallers to dine as she had done for several years, a distance of more than half a mile. This year she was unable to do so, having fallen and hurt her side.

Her sleep is good except at times disturbed by a cough which troubles her.

She remembers seeing General Washington, and has a clear recollection of events of the Revolution.

Her father, Michael Pace, died many years ago at Northmoreland, now in Wyoming Co., at the advanced age of 103 years. He paid her a visit before he died, and told her she might live to his age.—She said she hoped not, "And now," she says, "I am a year older."

A brother recently died in Northmoreland, aged nearly ninety.

We visited the aged lady, and found her sitting by a comfortable stove with a book on her lap. She reads small print without spectacles, but thinks old age is hard, and has but few pleasures.

Mrs. Murphy with whom she lives is a niece and the old lady spoke of her as very kind, and the niece said the aunt was always pleasant and contented and no trouble.—Wilkesbarre Times.

## Changes of Climate.

The following, from the Scientific American, contains some interesting facts, and treats of a very feeling subject, worthy of a careful investigation:

History informs us that many of the countries of Europe which now possesses very mild winters, at one time experienced severe cold during this season of the year. The Tiber, at Rome, was often frozen over, and snow at one time lay for forty days in that city. The Euxine Sea was frozen over every winter during the time of Ovid, and the rivers Rhine and Rhone used to be frozen so deep that the ice sustained loaded wagons. The waters of the Tiber, Rhine and Rhone, now flow freely every winter; ice is unknown in Rome, and the waves of the Euxine dash their wintry foam uncrystallized upon the rocks. Some have ascribed these climate changes to agriculture: the cutting down of dense forests, the exposure of the upturned soil to the summer's sun, and the draining of great marshes. We do not believe that such great changes could have been produced on the climate of any country by agriculture, and we are certain that no such theory can account for the contrary change of climate—from warm to cold winters—which history tells us has taken place in other countries than those named. Greenland received its valleys and mountains; and its east coast, which is now inaccessible, on account of perpetual ice heaped upon its shores, was in the eleventh century, the seat of flourishing Scandinavian colonies, all trace of which is now lost. Cold Labrador was named Vinland by the Northmen, who visited it A. D. 1000, and were charmed with its then mild climate.

The cause of these changes is an important inquiry. A pamphlet, by John Murry, civil engineer, has recently been published in London, in which he endeavors to attribute these changes of climate to the changeable position of the magnetic poles. The magnetic variation or declination of the needle is well known.—At the present time it amounts in London to 23 degrees west north, while in 1653 the line of variation passed through England, and then moved gradually west until 1816. In that year a great removal of ice took place on the coast of Greenland; hence it is inferred, that the cold meridian, which now passes through Canada and Siberia, may at one time have passed through Italy, and that of the magnetic meridian returns, as it is now doing, to its old line in Europe. Rome may once more see her Tiber frozen over, and the merry Rhinelander drive his team on the ice of the classic river. Whether the changes of climate mentioned have been caused by the change of the magnetic meridian or not, we have too few facts before us at present to decide conclusively; but the idea, once spread abroad, will soon lead to such investigations as will no doubt remove every obscurity, and settle the question.

## Amusing Duels.

A work on "Duels and Duelling" has recently been published in Boston, which contains far more amusement than one would expect to find in such a volume.—The case of Major Hillas and Fenton, in Ireland, in which the former gentleman was shot, is an illustration. The Judge in summing up the evidence, said to the jury: "Gentlemen, it is my business to lay down the law to you, and I will. The law says the killing a man in a duel is murder, and I am bound to tell you it is murder; therefore in the discharge of my duty I tell you so; but I tell you at the same time a fairer deal than this I never heard of in the whole course of my life!"

Two physicians, by the name of Mead and Woodward, fought in England, and the latter slipping, his opponent exclaimed—"Take your life." To which the prostrate Galen replied, "Anything but your physic."

"Old Put," one of the heroes of the revolution, was very odd also in his ideas of the code. He agreed to meet a British officer at a specified place and hour, without seconds. When the Briton repaired to the spot he was greeted by a shot from "Old Put" lying in *perdu* about thirty rods off. While "Put" was reloading, the officer approached and asked, "What are you about? Is this the conduct of an American officer and man of honor?" "What am I about to do?" replied the general. "A pretty question to put to a man you intend to murder!" "I'm about to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than it takes old Health to hang a tory, you are a gone dog." The officer fled.

The old wolf hunter accepted another challenge from a British officer. At the appointed time and spot the officer found him seated near a barrel—apparently of gunpowder—smoking a pipe. He asked the Englishman to sit on the other side of the barrel, and remarked that "there was an equal chance for both," set fire to the match. The officer retreated in a hurry, when Old Put laughed at him, saying—"You are just as brave a man as I took you to be; this is nothing but a barrel of onions to try you by; but you don't like the smell."

We once heard of a young lady who was requested by a bachelor somewhat advanced in years, to take a seat upon his knee, while in a crowded sleigh.

"No, thank you," said she, "I am afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

## A new kind of Roguery.

A trick was perpetrated upon two honest countrymen last Monday, which proves that there is something new—at least in roguery—under the sun.

As James Mahoney was standing in market, with about half a cart-load of potatoes, he was accosted by a respectable-looking man, who, after a little chaffing about the price, finally agreed to purchase them, if the owner would deliver them at a grocery store, which he avowed he was the proprietor of. They had driven about a couple of blocks, when the countryman was asked to stop, while his companion went to a house hard by to get a cloak which he had purchased. He was observed to enter some premises near, but returned almost immediately, and in a hurried manner inquired if the countryman had five dollars about him which he'd let him have until they arrived at the store.

"I haven't got so much," said the countryman, drawing out what change he had, which amounted to between two and three dollars.

"Well," said the purchaser, "let me have that," and he forthwith took it from the hand of the unsuspecting potato merchant, and entered the side entrance of the house he had previously been in.

After waiting upwards of five minutes, the countryman proceeded to make inquiries, and discovered that his quondam acquaintance had passed through the yard into the back alley in the rear. The game was then evident, and the victim drove back to market a sad, but wiser man, minus a handful of small change.

Shortly afterwards, a similar trick was played upon an unsuspecting individual who was standing with a load of hay.—A man answering the description of the before-named sharper purchased the load of hay, and, together, they drove up Elm street.

"Stop," said the genius, "until I go into this house and get a trunk of clothes my brother left there."

Shortly returning, he asked the vendor of hay if he had five dollars about him; "I want to pay it to the woman of the house," said he, "and I'll give you a gold piece when we get to the store."

The hay man thought it a good chance to get one of Benton's mint-drops for a rag, and willingly handed him a five dollar Indiana bill.

"Hold on," said the stranger, "perhaps I'll have to get you to help me out with the trunk."

The man did hold on, and might have been holding on till doomsday, for the accomplished sharper had vanished through the back entry.

Both parties entered complaints at the station-house, but no clue could be formed which might lead to the detection of this ingenious victimizer of hay and potatoes.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Ponce De Leon's "Fountain of Youth."

One of the most remarkable natural curiosities of Florida, is Wakulla spring, a miniature lake in the vicinity of Tallahassee, which is constantly fed with pure cold water from the unknown depths of a marine river:

"Taking a narrow path, we passed through some dense underwood; and suddenly we were standing on the edge of a basin of water, about one hundred yards in diameter. It is almost circular. The thick bushes were growing to the water's edge, and bowing their heads beneath its surface. We stepped into a skiff, and pushed off from the shore. Some immense fishes attracted my attention, and I seized a spear to strike them. The boatman laughed, and asked how far I supposed they were beneath the surface. I answered, "About four feet." He assured me that they were at least twenty feet from me, and it was so. The water is of the most marvellous transparency. I dropped an ordinary pin in water forty feet deep, and saw its head with perfect distinctness as it lay on the bottom. As we approached the centre, I noticed a jagged, grayish, limestone cliff beneath us. It was pierced with holes; through these openings we seemed to look into unfathomable depths. The boat moved slowly on. We hung trembling over the edge of the sunken precipice, and far below it lay a dark, yawning, unfathomable abyss.—From its gorge came pouring forth with immense velocity a living river.

"Flood upon flood hurries on, never ending, And never will rest; nor from travail be free, Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea."

"Our little boat floated on an element as transparent as the air above,—seemed hovering midway between two worlds.

"Pushing on just beyond this mouth, I dropped a ten cent piece into the water which is there one hundred and ninety feet in depth, and saw it clearly shining on the bottom. This seems indeed incredible. The water must possess a magnifying power, for if such a piece were lying at the foot of a tower one hundred and ninety feet in height, it could not be seen so plainly from the summit. We moved on toward the south side, and suddenly perceived the water, the fishes, which were darting hither and thither, the long flexible roots, and the wide-bladed, luxuriant grasses upon the bottom, all arrayed in the most brilliant prismatic hues. The gentle swell occasioned by the motion of our skiff, gave to the whole an undulating motion. Death like stillness reigned around. All seemed magical and unreal.

"Why is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he oughtn't to."

The boyish dreams, which I used to have after reading the Arabian nights' Entertainment, were actualized. A more fairy-like scene I can scarce conceive.

"The Indian name for this stream is beautifully significant. Wakulla means 'the Mystery.' It is said that the Spanish discoverers of this fountain plunged into it with almost frantic joy. They supposed that they had found the long sought 'Fons Juventutis,' or Fountain of Youth, which should rejuvenate them after exhaustless marches and battles."—Providence Journal.

An Election Fact.—There is a veteran revolutionary pensioner in Shandaken, named Barthelmy, now in his 99th year, yet hale and vigorous, cultivating the little spot around his humble tenement with his own hands and drawing his own firewood from the forest. Barthelmy is a Democrat, and prides himself in never being absent from the poll. His wife, who is the junior a trifle over half a century, is a Whig, and has often tried to detain him on election days but the resolutions of old 99 were generally, as triumphant as the famous Virginia one of '98. For the operations of this year the cunning woman had conceived a famous idea. The election came on the 6th, she well knew, and what does she do but present the old veteran with a bouncing young son on the 4th! Nurses are scarce in Shandaken, patriotism and paternity had a sharp struggle, but in the end Democracy was flooded, for Barthelmy staid home to rock the cradle.—Roundout Courier.

## A Man Burned Alive.

It is our painful duty, this week, to record one of the most sad and fatal casualties which has happened in our vicinity for sometime past.

A stage driver of one of the line of stages between Tidouote and Franklin, as we are informed, was taken with the small-pox a few days since, and was conveyed to a shanty about a half mile this side of Tidouote, where he was left to the tender mercies of a man who was hired to take charge of him for the consideration of a pint of "whiskey!" This man, for some reason or other, absented himself from the shanty, for about half an hour, and when he returned, found it almost wholly consumed by fire, and all that was left of the poor stage driver, were his scorched and crumbling bones. How the fire originated is unknown; but disease had stolen away so much of the poor man's strength, that he was unable to drag himself from the building, and consequently fell a victim to the raging element.—Warren (Pa.) Ledger.

The newspaper is a law book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor. It may stimulate the indifferent, it may also instruct the most profound.

Men scorn to kiss among themselves, And scarce will kiss a brother: Women oft want a kiss so bad, They smack and kiss each other!

"The Holly Hock has faded, Polly; The sun-flower's lost its hue, Yet sure as I live, by golly, I see no change in you."

The true picture of despair is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get at a cabbage lying only a few inches beyond his nose.

A Western editor, in speaking of a concert singer, says her voice is delicious—pure as moonlight, and as tender as a three shilling shirt.

There is a man in this vicinity said to be so opposed to Catholicism, that he won't travel on cross roads.

A street preacher has appeared in St. Louis, proclaiming that he is Joe Smith, the prophet, raised from the dead.

LOVING HUSBANDS.—A St. Louis editor, complains that the married men sit in church with their arms wound lovingly around their wives, a practice that confuses the bachelors and takes their minds from the contemplation of serious things.

A western editor thus delivers himself:—We would say to the individual who stole our shirt off the pole, while we were lying in bed waiting for it to dry, that we sincerely hope the collar may cut his throat.

Some malicious persons assert that the letters M. D. which are placed after physicians names signify Money Down. Our imp, Mount, says they mean Man Destroyer.

A young man on being requested to dance the Scotch reel with a couple of sour looking old maids, objected on the ground that pickles didn't agree with him.

Why is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he oughtn't to.