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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

The Candidate.

A worthy citizen, whose name was Brown, Bethought himself, one day, That every lane must have its turn, And every dog his say. So to himself, at once he said: "Methinks I'll try my fate, And for some office and the spoils, I'll be a candidate.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, "Brown stock shall rise; It will raise a clamor high, When B-R-O-W-N,

My name, shall be in every eye, And every tongue shall speak it, And fame herself shall burst her cheeks, As through her trumpet she'll squeak it."

He told his wife, and from her face Quick vanished every frown, She smiled to think that soon she'd be The Hon'ble Mrs. Brown.

The little Browns all ceased their play, And said that they expected "No longer petticoats to wear, But pants, when PA's elected."

So Mr. Brown, he went at once To the sovereigns of the nation, And soon persuaded them that he Should have the nomination.

And quick his name on every wall, On fence, on post, through town, In mammoth capitals was seen, Till all was Brown! Brown!! Brown!!!

This made Brown happy, but, alas! Who can control his fate?— He'd yet to learn the trials of one Who is a candidate.

Reports were soon abroad that he Had taken what wasn't his'n, And that, at one time of his life, He'd spent some years in prison.

One party swore his marriage bed Had ne'er been blessed by parson; Another one could easily prove He'd once committed arson;

A fourth knew him a murderer, Which raised at once a bobby; A fifth could swear that he besides Had done a highway robbery.

The Natives said that he was born In Ireland's Isle so green; While others said in Hindostan The light he first had seen.

Adopted city, quite the reverse, A "Knew Nothing" him did call; And one man bet that he could prove He wasn't born at all.

Brown bore it well, but 'twas no use; He fell beneath these shocks; He couldn't steer his bark at all, Among so many rocks.

So beaten, drove half mad with rage, He hung himself at sundown, Left Mrs. B. a widow, and— Was regularly done BROWN.

California Financial Panic.

A San Francisco correspondent of the New York Daily Times thus makes light over the perplexities of a small capitalist in that city, who was in trouble for a safe place of investment:

"A German who had a couple of hundred dollars in Page, Bacon & Co's, drew it out, and after carrying it about an hour or two, thinking Adams & Co. must be perfectly safe, deposited it there; happening to hear some doubts expressed about them an hour later, he became alarmed, and drew it out again; took it to Wright's and opened an account with him; he had not got ten rods from the door, before he saw a man rushing to his office looking wild. The German thought the devil must be to pay there too, and forthwith drew a check for his two hundred. He continued to deposit and draw again at nearly every banking house in town, when getting tired out, thoroughly in despair, sat down upon a curb stone, wiped the perspiration from his face, and soliloquized thus: "Mine Cot, Mine Cot, rare shall I put mine tollars? Me put em in ten different banks; so soon I put em tere, he pek in to prake—I gets him out, and he no prake! I take my moush home, and sows him up in ter petticoat of mine vrow, and sows she prakes! I prakes her head; and struck with the idea, he rushed for home and probably has rejoiced over his plan, which more might have followed and been better off."

A Venerable Couple.—In Adir County, Ky., on the 27th of March, the venerable John Pendleton, aged 82 years, was married to the amiable Mrs. Mary Adams, aged 72 years, who is entirely blind.

PULASKI.

It was at the Battle of Brandywine that Count Pulaski appeared in his glory. As he rode charging there, into the thickest of the battle, he was a warrior to look upon but once and never to forget.

Mounted on a large black horse, whose strength and beauty of shape made you forget the plainness of his caparison, Pulaski, himself, with a form six feet in height, massive chest, and limbs of iron, was seen from afar relieved by the black cloud of battle.

His face, grim with the scars of Poland, was the face of a man who had seen much trouble, endured much wrong. It was stamped with an expression of abiding melancholy. Bronzed in hue, lighted by large black eyes, with the lip darkened by a thick moustache, his throat and chin were covered with a heavy beard, while his hair fell in raven masses from beneath his trooper's cap, shielded with a ridge of glittering steel. His hair and beard were of the same hue.

The sword that hung by his side, fashioned of tempered steel, with a hilt of iron, was one that a warrior alone could lift.

It was in this array that he rode to the battle, followed by a band of three hundred men whose faces, burnt with the scorching of a tropical sun, or hardened by northern snows, bore the scars of many a battle. They were mostly Europeans; some Germans, some Poles, some deserters from the British army.— These were the men to fight. To be taken by the British would be death on the gibbet; therefore they fought their best and fought their last gasp, rather than mutter a word about "quarter."

When they charged, it was as one man, their three hundred swords flashing over their heads, against the cloud of battle.— They came down upon the enemy in terrible silence, without a word spoken, even a whisper.

You could hear the tramp of their steeds, you could hear the rattling of their scabbards, but that was all. As they closed with the British, you could hear a noise like the echo of a hundred hammers beating the hot iron on the anvil.— You could see Pulaski himself riding yonder in his white uniform—his black steed rearing aloft, as turning his head over his shoulder, he spoke to his men:

"FORWARDS, BRUDERN FORWARDS!"

It was but broken German, yet they understood it, those three hundred men of sunburnt faces, wounds and gashes.— With one burst they rushed upon the enemy. For a few moments they used their swords, and then the ground was covered with dead while their living enemy scattered in panic before their path.

It was on this battle day of Brandywine, that the Count was in his glory.— He understood but little English, so he spoke what he had to say with the edge of the sword. It was a severe lexicon, but the British soon learned to read it, and to know it.

All over the field, from yonder Quaker meeting house away to the top of Osborne's hill, the soldiers of the enemy saw Pulaski come, and learned to know his name by heart.

The white uniform, that bronzed visage, that black horse bearing eyes and quivering nostrils, they knew the warrior well, they trembled when they heard him say—

"FORWARDS, BRUDERN FORWARDS!"

It was at the retreat of Brandywine that the Polander was most terrible. It was when the men of Sullivan—badly armed, poorly fed, shabbily clothed—gave way, step by step, before the overwhelming discipline of the British host, that Pulaski looked like a battle fiend mounted on his demon steed.

His cap had fallen from his brow.— His broad head shorn in an occasional sunbeam or grew crimson with the flash of an occasional cannon or rifle.

His white uniform was rent and stained; in fact, from head to foot, he was covered with dust and blood.

Still his right arm was free; still it rose there, executing a British hireling when it fell; still his voice was heard, hoarse and husky, but strong in every turn—"Forwards, Brudern!"

He beheld the division of Sullivan retreating from the field; he saw the British yonder stripping their coats from their backs, in the madness of pursuit. He looked to the South for Washington who, with the reserve under Greene, was hurrying to the rescue, but the American chief was not in view.

Then Pulaski was convulsed with rage. He rode madly upon the bayonets of the pursuing British, his sword gathering victim after victim, even there, in front of the whole army; he flung his steed across the path of the retreating Americans; he sought them in his broken English to turn and make one effort; he shouted in hoarse tones that the day was not yet lost!

They did not understand his words but the tone in which he spoke thrilled their blood.

The picture, too, standing out from the clouds of battle—a warrior convulsed with passion, covered with blood, leaning over the neck of his steed, while his eyes seemed turned to fire, and the muscles of his bronzed face writhing like serpents—that picture, I say filled many a heart with new courage, nerved many a wounded arm for the fight again.

These retreating men turned—they faced the foe again—like the wolf at bay before blood-bounds—they sprang upon the neck of the foe, and bore them down

with one desperate charge.

Those people know but little of the character of Washington who term him the American Fabius—that is, a General compounded of prudence and caution, with but a spark of enterprise. American Fabius! When will you show me the Roman Fabius that had a heart of fire, nerves of steel, a soul that hungered for the charge, an enterprise that rushed from wilds like Sippoek, upon an army like that of the British at Germantown, or started from ice and snow, like that which lay across the Delaware, upon hordes like those of the Hessians at Trenton—then I will lower Washington down into Fabius. This comparison of our heroes with the barbarian demigods of Rome, only illustrates the poverty of the mind that makes it.

Compare Brutus, the assassin of his friend, with Washington, the deliverer of his people! Cicero, the opponent of Cataline, with Henry, the champion of a continent! What beggary of thought! Let us learn to be a little independent, to know our great men as they were not by comparison with the barbarian heroes of old Rome.

Let us learn that Washington was no negative thing, but all chivalry and genius. It was at the battle of Brandywine that this truth was made plain. He came rushing on to battle. He beheld his men hewn down by the British. He heard them shriek his name, and regardless of his personal safety, he rushed to join them.

It was, at this moment that Washington came rushing on once more into battle.

Yes, it was in the dead havoc of that retreat that Washington, rushing forward, into the very centre of the melee, was entangled in the enemies troops on the top of a high hill, southwest of the meeting house, while Pulaski was sweeping on with his grim smile, to have one more bout with the red coats.

Washington was in terrible danger—his troops were sweeping to the south—the British troopers were sweeping over the hill and around him—while Pulaski, on a hill some yards distant, was scattering a parting blessing among the hordes of Hanover.

It was a glorious prize, that MISTIERE Washington in the heart of the British army.

Suddenly the Polander turned—his eye caught the sight of the iron gray and his rider. He turned to his troopers; his whiskered lip was wreathed with a grim smile—he waved his sword—he pointed to the iron gray and his rider.

There was but one movement.

With true impulse that iron band wheeled their war horses, and a dark body, solid and compact, was speeding over the valley, like a thunder-bolt sped from the heavens—three hundred swords rose glittering in a faint glimpse of sunlight—and in front of the avalanche, with his form raised to his full height, a dark frown on his brow, a fierce smile on his lip, rode Pulaski, like a spirit roused into life, by the thunderbolt he rode—his eyes were fixed on the iron gray and his rider—his hand had but one look, one will, one shout, WASHINGTON!

The British troops had encircled the American leader—already the head of that traitor, Washington, seemed to yawn upon the gates of London.

But what trembling of earth in the valley yonder? What means it?

What terrible beating of hoofs, what does it portend?

That ominous silence—and now that shout—not of words or of names, but that half yell, half burrah which shrieks from the iron men as they scent their prey? What means it all?

Pulaski is on our track! the terror of the British army is in our wake!

And on he came, and his gallant band. A moment and he had swept over the Britishers,—crushed, mangled, dead and dying they strewed the green sod—he had passed over the hill, passed the form of Washington!

Another moment, and that iron band had wheeled—back to the same career of death they came. Routed, defeated, crushed, the red coats flee from the hill, while the iron band swept around the form of George Washington—they encircle him with their forms of oak—their swords of steel—the shout of his nameshricks through the air, and away to the American host they bear him in all a soldier's joy.

It was at Savannah that night came down upon Pulaski.

Yes, I see him now, under the gloom of night riding toward yonder rampart, his black steed rearing aloft, while two hundred of his own men followed at his back.

Right on, neither looking to the right or left, he rides, his eye fixed upon the cannon of the British—his sword gleaming over his head!

For the last time they hear that war cry—"FORWARDS, BRUDERN FORWARDS!"

Then they saw the black horse plunging forward, his fore feet resting on the cannon of the enemy; while his rider rose in all the pride of his face bathed in a flash of red light.

The flash once gone, they saw Pulaski no more. But they found him—yes, beneath the enemy's cannon crushed by the same gun that killed his steed—yes, they found him, the horse and his rider together in death, that noble face glaring in the midnight sky, with glassy eye.

So in his glory he died! He died while America and Poland were yet in chains. He died in the stout hope that

both one day would be free. With regard to America, his hopes have been fulfilled; but Poland—

Tell me, shall not the day come when yonder monument—erected by those warm Southern hearts near Savannah—will yield up its dead?

For Poland will yet be free at last, as sure as God is just—as sure, as He governs the Universe. Then when re-created Poland rears her eagle aloft again among the banners of the nations, will her children come to Savannah to gather up the ashes of their hero, and bear him home, with the chant of priests, with the thunder of cannon, with the tears of millions even as repentant France bore home her own Napoleon.

Woman's Monosyllables.

Many years ago, at a private evening party in the city of New York, a young lady of considerable pretensions to each of the highest attributes of woman, wit and beauty, became engaged in playful repartee with a gentleman, and finding that she was losing ground in a battle of her own provoking, resolved on a respite by directing the humor of her opponent into another channel, and accordingly requested him to compose for her a batch of rhymes on the subject they had just been discussing. The following is the result of his labors, which occupied less than fifteen minutes, in presence of the assembled company:

The frown of woman—'tis a fearful thing; The wit of woman—shields me from its sting;

The faith of woman—fragile as her glass; The face of woman—mercury and brass;

The charms of woman—severe to lead astray; The eye of woman—dazzling but to slay;

The head of woman—with strange vagaries filled; The love of woman—thousands hath it killed;

The youth of woman—foolish, sing-song dress; The age of woman—scolding, fretfulness;

The smiles of woman—barbingers of guile; The tears of woman—chiefly crocodile's;

The heart of woman—fiery, ruthless, cold; The hand of woman—bought with lands and gold;

The heels of woman—they who are wise will shun; The nails of woman—oft they've made me run;

The tongue of woman—'tis hung in the middle; The wrath of woman—now I'll hang up my fiddle;

The statement of the origin of the above bitter philippic against a woman is undoubtedly untrue. No such scrimonious ebullition was ever spoken impromptu, unless it had previously been concocted while chewing the bitter cud of some fancied or real injury, or it may be, a disappointed affection.

Maxims for Young Men.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth. Keep good company or none. Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements. Have no very intimate friends. When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Never listen to loose or idle conversation.

You had better be poisoned in your blood than your principles. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any speak evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him. Drink no intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income.

When you have retired to bed, think over what you have done during the day. Never speak lightly of religion. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any kind of game. Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn your money before you spend it. Never run in debt, unless you see your way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Never think that which you do for religion is time or money mispent.

Etiquette.

The National Intelligencer has a correspondent who procures a series of numbers on this subject:

1. Before you bow to a lady in the street, permit her to decide whether you may do so or not, by at least a look of recognition.

2. "Excuse my glove," is an unnecessary apology; for the glove should not be withdrawn to shake hands.

The Millionaires of New York.

The N. York correspondent of the Charlestown Courier makes the following mention of the millionaires of that city: "William B. Astor is our richest man; he inherited his wealth. Stephen Whitney, five millions; owes his fortune to speculations in cotton and the rise in real estate. W. H. Aspinwall, four millions; came of a rich family, and gained vast increase of wealth in the shipping business. James Lenox, three millions, which he inherited. The late Peter Harmony, two millions; came to this city as a cabin boy, and grew rich by commerce. The Lorilards, two millions; came from France poor, and made their huge fortune in the tobacco and snuff business. The late Anson G. Phelps, two millions, learned the trade of a tinner; and made a fortune in iron and copper. Alexander D. Stewart, two millions; now of the dry goods palace; began business in a little fancy store.— Of those who are put down for a million and a half, George Law began life as a farm laborer; Cornelius Vanderbilt as a boatman; John Lafarge as steward to Joseph Bonaparte. Of the millionaires, James Chesterman began life as Journeyman tailor; Peter Cooper as a glue maker."

The same correspondent adds: "George Bancroft, Henry James, Professor Anthon, Thos. McKirath, and Dr. Francis, are each stated to possess a hundred thousand dollars. Edwin Forrest is rated a quarter of a million; So is S. E. Morse, of the New York Observer. Wm. Niblo, it appears, has four hundred thousand; Barnum is put down at eight thousand; Bennet at one hundred and fifty thousand. But perhaps the most remarkable statement of all is that Mrs. Okill, of New York has made a quarter of a million dollars by keeping school!"

Economy in a Family.

There is nothing goes so far towards placing your people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or in the parlor, it runs away he knows not how; and that demon Waste cries "More!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property.— The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or the work shop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance, the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.— N. Y. Organ.

Not Bad.

The appended negro story, copied from a Southern correspondent of the Boston Journal, is not bad:

General C.—gave his black man, Sawney, funds and permission to get a quarter's worth of Zoology at a menagerie, at the same time hinting to him the striking affinity between the Simia and negro races. Our sable friend soon found himself under the canvass, and brought to in front of a sedate looking baobab, and eying the bibo quadruped closely, soliloquized thus:—"Folks—sure's yer born, feet, hands, proper bad-looking countenance, just like nigger, gettin' old I reckon." Then, as if seized with a bright idea, he extended his hand, with a genuine Southern "How dy'e do, uncle!"— The ape elapsed the negro's hand, and shook it long and cordially.

Sawney then plied his new acquaintance with interrogations as to his name, age, nativity, and former occupations, but eliciting no replies beyond a knowing shake of the head, or a merry twinkling of the eye, (the ape was probably meditating the best way of tweaking the darkey's nose,) he concluded that the ape was bound to keep non-committal, and looking cautiously around, chuckled out, "He, he, ye too sharp for them, old feller. Keep dark—if ye'd just speak one word of English, white man would have a hoe in yer hand in less than two minutes."

If you want a wife, don't look for her in a ball-room, at a card party, singing school, or church gallery, but in the kitchen, sick chamber, or at the back door when the beggar boys sing and bother. If she doesn't miss fire at these, she's a Miss you're not safe in missing to get. Put on your big coat and umbrella at once.

"Friend it is very wrong to swear as you do it. Why do you do it?" "Be cause," replied the prisoner, "I've understood that a man may swear out of jail in thirty days, and I want to see if it can't be done in fifteen. I am going to sit up all night and do my worst."

Pill Takers.

There are people in the world who physic themselves to death. We have known men to flee to pills for relief from every kind of ill. They had what may be called a pill-mania. Some of these pill-devourers would present a startling sum total, could they give in round numbers the amount taken during a lifetime. We recollect of hearing of one man, in the western part of New York State, the total of whose pill-taking was recorded as follows: In twenty-one years he took 226,934, which is at the rate of 10,806 per year; or, twenty-nine per day. He began, however, it would seem with a moderate appetite, which increased as he grew older; for during the eight years preceding his death—of course he died—he swallowed pills at the rate of seventy-eight per day! In one year, just before he shuffled off his pill-coil, he took not less than 31,590! The most surprising part of the story is not yet told: in addition to the pills above recorded, this victim swallowed, at various times, some 50,000 bottles of mixtures. These facts were obtained, we would add, from a respectable apothecary, near where our medicament lived from boyhood to death; and who furnished him with all he wanted in his life. There is a question in our mind, whether the respectable apothecary, as aforesaid, was not an accessory to the murder of his profitable customer; for, that he was murdered, would seem to be a fixed fact.

The Lunatic.

A workman at a Lunatic Asylum in England, left a cell, more than three feet long, on a recent occasion, in one of the wards. A furious patient seized it, and threatened to kill with it any one who approached him. Every one then in the ward immediately retreated from it. At length the attendant opened the door, and balancing the key of the ward on his hand, walked slowly toward the dangerous madman, looking intently at it. "His attention," said the attendant, "was immediately attracted. He came toward me, and asked: "I'm trying to balance this key on my hand," said I, "and I can do it; but you cannot balance that chisel in that way on the back of your hand." "Yes I can," said he; and he immediately placed it on the back of his hand, balancing it carefully, and extending it toward me.

"I took it off very quietly, and without making any comment upon it. He seemed a little chagrined at having lost his weapon, but he made no attempt to regain it, and in a short time all irritation passed away."

Couldn't Gum Him.

When the telegraph was first put in operation between Portland and Boston, a countryman drove a flock of turkeys to the former place for a market, but not finding so good a sale as he anticipated, he inquired of some by-standers their price in Boston. Some way of a fellow advised him to step into the telegraph office. Jonathan entered and put the all important question to the operator, who immediately telegraphed to Boston, and in a few minutes received an answer to his inquiry, and informed his customer.— Jonathan looked at the operator with a sly wink, exclaimed: "You can't gum it over me."

He was about leaving the office, when the operator told him that there were nine shillings to pay. Jonathan bristled up, and burst forth in a rage: "You can't gum it over me. That darned old tick box of yours haint been out of this room since I've been here."

The operator finding that he had caught a greenhorn, let him off on the easiest possible terms.—Portland Transcript.

Rich!—The judges of the election in the First Ward will testify to the truth of the following rich occurrence at the polls this afternoon: An Irishman presented himself at the polls and his vote was challenged. He said that he had his papers and swore "be Jases" he would produce them. He was told to go and get them. Home he went and returned and presented to the judges his papers. What laughter convulsed their honors we need not say, when on opening the supposed papers they found them to be a dismissal from the New Jersey Penitentiary!—Sciota Gazette.

A Great Farmer.—The "Elephant" About!—Probably the largest farmer in America is a large elephant which is engaged at plowing up the farm of P. T. Barnum, near Bridgeport, Connecticut. He is said to be very docile, walks three times as fast as a pair of horses, and drags a large subsoil plow, driving it from 16 to 21 inches deep. This same animal was used in India some years since to work on the roads, pile timber, &c, and it is said that he don't stick up his nose at any reasonable work that his yankee owner places before him.

Love is a queer article. People fall into it, are led by it, get into all sorts of trouble for it, and frequently go to jail on its account. It swindles the young man and deceives the young woman. It puts on a fine dress, when at heart all is hollow and fligid. It smiles from a cloud, weeps from a laugh, and does various other matters neither mentioned in Genesis or Revelations. It makes people the happiest and most miserable of folks, and comes and goes in all shapes. Cupid is a riddle.