

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL 15.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. MAY 10, 1855.

NO. 25.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

NOBLEST OF SONNETS.

I. A State.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.
Not high raised battlement nor labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
No cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-bowed basenosed waifs perfume to pride.
No! Men, high-minded men,
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant when they burst the chain:
THESE constitute a State!

II. A Church.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A CHURCH!
Not triple hierarchy, or throned priest,
The stately trappings of the Romish beast,
Altar, or walling creed,
Rites magical to save or sanctify,
Nor aught that lulls the ear or charms the eye.
A band of faithful men,
Met for GOD'S worship, in an upper room,
On hill-side, or lone glen,
Or 'neath the midnight's starry dome,
In weal, in woe, with holy, high accord,
To hear the counsels of His holy Word,
Pledged to each other and their common Lord;
THESE constitute a Church!

Confab.

What's the news from Massachusetts?
"From where?"
"From Massachusetts!"
"Don't know Massachusetts?"
"No, sir!"
"Never heard of such a State."
"Never!"
"Where have you lived since you were born?"
"In the United States."
"And never heard of the Old Bay?"
"Oh, yes! I've heard of the Old Bay."
"Well! ain't that Massachusetts?"
"It used to be, but ain't now."
"Ain't now? What on earth is it then?"
"They've seen Sam over there,—don't you think they have?"
"Well—yes. I reckon they have."
"Then it's no longer Massachusetts."
"What is it?"
"Sam-chusetts, and nothing else!"
Who-ray for Hail Columbia & Co."

Proving Character.

"Do you know the prisoner Mr. Jones?"
"Yes, to the bone."
"What is his character?"
"Didn't know he had any."
"Does he live near you?"
"So near that he has only spent five shillings for firewood in eight years."
"Did he ever come into collision with you in any matter?"
"Only once, and that was when he was drunk and mistook me for a lamp post."
"From what you know of him would you believe him under oath?"
"That depends upon circumstances.—If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was doing, I would, if not I wouldn't."

To Beautiful Young Ladies.

The Editor of the Cincinnati Ledger thus discourses to the beautiful young ladies of his town:
"Why is it that many of the most beautiful young ladies of this city, while walking in the streets are in the habit of holding up their dresses with both hands, as though they were going to catch something in their laps—a bad practice really, and should not be carried to such an extent as it is, or can they find no other use for their hands while walking? Get a fan, or a small parcel of something, but do let the dress alone. We presume it does for show; however, we'll ask our better half when we go home."
His better half will tell him that he has nothing to do with other ladies' dresses.

An inventive genius intends applying to patent a machine which he says, when wound up and set in motion, will chase a hog over a ten acre lot, catch, yoke and ring him, arrange his squeal for the piano, or by a slight change of gearing, it will chop him into sausages, work his bristles into shoe brushes and manufacture his tail into cork screws.

A STRANGE STORY.

The Advantage of Legal Forms.

In a small town in Saxony, lived three young men, whom we will call George, Ernest, and Lewis, and whom from their infancy were strongly attached to each other. George and Ernest were merchants; Lewis studied law, and practiced in his native place.

One summer's day Ernest and George set out on horseback for a town about thirty miles off, where they had business to transact. Ernest was weak enough to be fond of discoursing with his friend on religious subjects, of which they were of different opinions, and had warm disputes, though George was as irritable and passionate as himself was obstinate in maintaining his notions. During the journey Ernest led the conversation to this unlucky topic. They fell as usual, into a dispute which was kept up till they reached the inn where they agreed to dine. The dispute was continued over a bottle of wine, but with temper on both sides; and the travellers pursued their journey. Ernest renewed the subject of the former conversation, and both rather elevated with the wine they had taken, the dispute became more and more violent as they proceeded, so that by the time they had entered a wood through which their road led, it had degenerated into downright personality and abuse.

George's passion knew no bounds; unconscious of what he did, he pulled out a pistol and presented it at his companion. The pistol went off and Ernest fell from his horse, which, frightened by the report and relieved of his rider, scampered away into the wood.

George pale as death, immediately alighted to assist his friend, who was weltering in his blood; the paroxysm of passion was over, and had given place to bitter repentance. He stooped trembling to Ernest, who just then breathed his last sigh.

Overwhelmed with despair and anguish he tore his hair, and afterwards galloped back to the village, to surrender himself into the hands of justice as the murderer of his friend, that he might put a speedy end to his life which was now the most oppressive burden to him. The officer to whom he delivered himself up sent him under a guard to the town where the friends resided. The body of Ernest, whose pockets were found rifled was also conveyed thither and interred.

The legal proceedings against George commenced. He repeated his confession before the Judges, and implored a speedy death. His examination was closed and he was informed that he was at liberty to choose an advocate to defend him, as the law requires; but he declined to avail himself of the privilege, and with tears besought the court to hasten his execution.

Being, however, again urged to appoint an advocate to conduct his defence, he named his friend Lewis. "At the same," said he still, "there needs no defence; I wish only for death; but I submit to the required formality. My friend may undertake the bootless task, and thus show his attachment to me for the last time."

With profound emotion, Lewis entered upon the most painful duty that had ever fallen to his lot in his whole professional career. Though he despaired of being able to save his unhappy friend, he determined, of course, to make every possible effort to accomplish this end.

With this view he objected that Ernest's body had been committed to the earth without any previous judicial examination and dissection. The judges replied that this ceremony seemed unnecessary and superfluous, as the murderer had voluntarily confessed the deed; if he (the advocate) insisted on the examination of the body, it should be taken up. By the desire of Lewis this was accordingly done.

The town surgeon attended, and declared that as the ball had passed right through the heart, death must naturally ensue. Lewis wished to know if the ball was still in the body; the surgeon sought for and found it; upon which the advocate sent for the pistol with which the deed had been perpetrated, and tried to drop the ball into the barrel. It seemed too large, he accordingly tried it in all possible ways, still it would not go in.

This ball could not be fired by that pistol, was evident to every observer; the judges looked at one another and shook their heads. There was not a person but had completely made up his mind respecting the guilt of the prisoner; but this circumstance quite confounded them all. The confession of the prisoner, made without the employment of the slightest fear or force was corroborated by every circumstance that had previously come to light; the ball alone seemed to proclaim his innocence.

Lewis began to conceive the strongest hopes, and was nearly overpowered with the excess of his extreme joy. He proposed the proceedings, together with the ball and pistol, should be sent to the supreme tribunal, and that it might decide in this extraordinary affair. This proposal was the more readily accepted, as the local court was puzzled how to act, and absolutely unable to pronounce any judgment whatever.

While the papers were in the hands of the supreme tribunal in the metropolis, a highwayman, who had shot and robbed a traveller on the road not far from the birthplace of the friends, was brought to that town. Convicted by sufficient evidence, he acknowledged his crime; but this was not all; he confessed, on further examination, that two months before he had murdered another man on the same road. This circumstance had excited suspicion, and being still further questioned he related the following particulars.

"About that time I happened to be in a village public house. Two men on horseback came in after me; I remarked that one of them had a heavy girdle filled with money fastened around his body underneath his waistcoat. I began to consider whether it was not possible to possess myself of this rich booty; but then how was it to be done as he had a companion?—However thought I to myself, I have a brace of good pistols. If I shoot one, the other will probably run away in a fright and before he can give the alarm and fetch witnesses to the spot my feet horse will have carried me far enough out of their reach; if, contrary to my expectation, the survivor should stand by his companion, which hinders me from giving him the other ball? Such was my determination, which I resolved immediately to execute. I had heard them talking of the way they should take. I rode off before, and having tied my horse to a tree, concealed myself in a thicket by the roadside. No sooner had I taken my station than the travellers approached. They were disputing violently. I had already taken aim at the man with the girdle, when the other took out a pistol and discharged it at his companion. I fired at the same instant. My man fell just as the other's ball whizzed past my ear; he then sprung from his horse, was engaged for a short time with his dying fellow-traveller, and at the instant when I was going to fire at him he mounted again and galloped away. I had now time to rifle the pockets of the deceased, and having done this, I rode off as fast as I could."

He described the time, the place, and the two travellers so minutely, that there remained not the slightest doubt of his having actually committed the murder of which George accused himself. The latter trembling with rage fired at random, and was innocent of the death of his friend. The local tribunal transmitted all these particulars to the Supreme court; the proceedings, with accompaniment, were returned, and the ball exactly fitted the pistols which was found upon the murderer at the time of his apprehension.

Let the sympathizing reader now endeavor to form some conception of the transport of Lewis on having saved his friend. Let him figure to himself the joy of George, when the painful consciousness of an atrocious crime was thus removed from his bosom. He was unanimously declared innocent of the murder; his passion cost him two months imprisonment; and it was long before his tears ceased to flow for his departed friend. Lewis begged the ball, the instrument of George's deliverance, as a memorial of the extraordinary event.

The forms of legal proceedings may often seem troublesome and useless, but let them not be arraigned on that account.—Now then, indeed a criminal may through their means escape the punishment due to his guilt; but if in the course of a century, they save the life of one innocent person, the wisdom of the legislator ought to command our gratitude.

Wonderful Phenomenon.

The Oswego Palladium of Friday relates the following incident of the recent thunder-storm in that vicinity. The family of Mr. Ira Skillings, residing near Bonestell's saw mill, were up and about preparing breakfast. Mr. Skillings and a little girl about 18 years of age, a sister of Mrs. Skillings, were standing by the stove, when a tremendous flash of lightning and clap of thunder occurred. The fluid struck the chimney of the dwelling, passed down the chimney, followed the stove-pipe to the stove, and thence diffused itself in every direction, passing out through the floor and one side of the house. Mr. Skillings was thrown down senseless upon the floor, his clothing torn in tatters on one side, and the right side of his body burned and paralyzed. The little girl, apparently not injured; but what is almost incredible, she was thrown down, and the boots which she had on (it is customary for young girls attending school in the country to wear high top boots) were torn apart around the ankle, and the foot of the boots forced off from her feet with the stockings and thrown some six feet distant, leaving the boot legs entire on the girl. The chimney was nearly torn to pieces, and bricks were thrown some eighteen rods distant; the floor was torn up in several places, and one side of the house was very much shattered. The saw mill stands some six rods from that dwelling. Two men, Wm. Stores and Sylvester Spencer, who were at work there were both struck down and were unconscious for several minutes, but were not much injured. Mr. Skillings was thought not to be dangerously, though quite seriously injured. Mr. Mott saw the effect of the stroke upon the house, immediately after it occurred, in the cloud of dust and smoke which suddenly arose, and he and some other neighbors ran to the house, some eighty rods, with all speed. Mrs. Skillings happened to be in another room at the moment and escaped uninjured.

None more impatiently suffer injuries than those who are most forward in inflicting them.

Two Scenes of Life.

A crowd—miserable, motley, and hungry! You cannot count them by tens, nor fifties, but by hundreds. You will know their character and object at a glance. You know that but one cause can bring such a group together, and yet you are puzzled to know why they happen to meet here, in this narrow street, where the incessant hum of busy and never tiring machinery constantly greets the ear—here, where the blessed sunlight cannot penetrate to drive away the miasma of summer putridity or melt the snows of winter; yet here they stand, the poor, the destitute—some with baskets, others, with pans, more with nothing but a wretched apology for a dress, in which to receive the "relief" which some benevolent association has announced will be afforded, and which, it would, dispensed in such a manner as to cause the receiver to curse the giver!

Stop! do you not know that woe-stricken face! It is one who lived close by your own door, and in the sunshine of whose face you were wont to read the fond expressions of love and joy—yet here, in the midst of this destitute throng she moves, thin and pale, worn and weary.—Why! ah, first came death, then sorrow, and now has fallen the blight of abject poverty. Of course she had friends, but they cannot recognize her now, because—well, you may easily divine that. But see that dear cherub face peering from beneath a ragged hood, whose protection from the blast is more nominal than real. How the eyes sparkle with anticipation!—How the heart throbs with the thought that food can be had here, which is coldly refused by the "rich folk" in the splendid mansion, way over yonder! Let us follow her as she eagerly presses her way up to the entrance of the "Relief office"; her little bare feet have forgotten to ache, and the half-frozen limbs throb with new life, as the thought of "dear mother" waiting humbly on her wretched bed crosses her mind! Oh! how your heart swells with indignation as the burly policeman rudely thrusts her away with the words, "Back, thou imp of Satan!" and then you speak kindly to her, as she slowly crosses the street, and sitting down on the cold stone, awaits her turn!

Ah, this is one scene—perhaps of daily occurrence which may be peculiar to this great metropolis; and yet there are others which contrast so strongly that they induce us to place them in contrast.

A bride! here, then, must be happiness! so says the young heart, which has not learned the old maxim about gold that glitters.

Yes the happy ones stand at the altar; and if the ceremonies of the law are all that constitute marriage, then are these two persons to become husband and wife. If all the gew-gaws and trappings which wealth has placed about them will make their lives happy, then will they glide a long the troubled current of life as o'er a smooth sea, and will dwell in perfect-happiness!

Let us endeavor to get a peep at the recipients of such felicity. A splendid white satin dress, surmounted by a very white neck and shoulders, (uncovered)—Certainly, although you do think it is the oldest month in the year) and snowy veil depending from the head, which is tastefully (?) decked with orange blossoms, represents the bride, who, you should have noticed, holds a bouquet of flowers in her gloved and jeweled hand. By her side stands a plain but richly dressed young man who is soon to call her by the sacred name of wife.

On either side, in great pomp, arrayed the friends, most of whom are dressed in satins or silks, and appear to look upon themselves with a wonderful degree of complacency.

With measured cadence the priest solemnly pronounces the bond which is to unite them forever; and then you hear a hearty kiss which the happy man bestows upon his chosen one, and the ceremonial is over. As they pass through the dimly lighted aisle, and the eager throng press upon each other to get a good look at the bride you say to yourself that it was certainly a great sight! And so it was, but you can not avoid the reflection, as you emerge into the air, and witness the crowd of carriages which block up the street, that the cost of these alone would suffice to give all those miserable creatures whom you saw in the morning a first rate dinner; and when you reflect upon the eating and drinking and riotous living that generally follow such scenes, the very heart sickens, and well it may!

For the poor, and miserable are crying out from hunger, and incessantly knocking at your door, crying, "Give me bread, or I perish!" In evil times like the present, when honest men and women are suffering and starving, we have no right to waste our income in gratifying the promptings of a deceased taste or a foolish pride!

MATRIMONIAL SPECULATION.—A gentleman in Keokoshoo, Ark., was married to a young woman, and after four months connubial felicity, was presented with a black baby. He called on his lawyer, related the circumstance, and asked his advice. "All right," said the man of the law, "let me have the papers, and you shall have a divorce instant." "Oh, hang a divorce," replied the gentleman, "I only want to know if I can sell the cursed nigger!"

Won't Take Twenty Dollars.

Some waggish students at Yale College, a few years since, were regaling themselves one evening at the Tontine, when an old farmer from the country entered the room (taking it for a bar-room) and inquired if he could obtain lodging there. The fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests; but quietly taking off his hat, and telling a worthless little dog he had with him, to lie under the chair, he took a glass of proffered beverage. The students anxiously inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer with affected sympathy gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes regarding his farm, stock, &c.

"Do you belong to church?" asked one of the wags.

"Yes, the Lord be praised, and so did my father before me."

"Well I suppose you would not tell a lie," replied the student.

"Not for the World."

"Now, what will you take for that dog?" pointing to the farmer's cur, who was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.

"I won't take twenty dollars for that dog."

"Twenty dollars! why he is not worth twenty cents."

"Well, I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him."

"Come, my friend," said the student, who with his companions was bent on having some capital fun with the old man, "Now you say you won't tell a lie for the world, let me see if you will not do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog."

"I'll not take it."

"You will not! Here, let me see if this won't tempt you to lie," added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he commenced counting numerous small piles upon the table. The farmer was sitting by the table with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned.

The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then, as quick as thought, scraped all the money into it except one half dollar, and then exclaimed:

"I won't take your twenty dollars!—Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth; he is your property!"

A tremendous laugh from his fellow students showed the would-be-wag that he was completely "rowed up" and that he need not look for help from that quarter; so he good naturedly acknowledged defeat.

The student retained his dog which he keeps to this day as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially how he tried to wheedle a Yankee farmer.

A Dutchman and the Indians.

An amusing incident is related by the Galveston "Gazette," of a German in that vicinity who penned his horses at night for safety. Recently he was aroused from his slumbers by the jingling of bells; he immediately arose from bed, and discovered that the red-skins were driving off his horses in a hurry. Hens greatly excited, mounted his fleet botailed pony, without any weapons—pantless, coatless, shoeless and hatless, and with the extremity of his unmentionable cutting pigeon wings in the air, made hot pursuit for the thieves, shouting vociferously in his native tongue, to "stop or he would scald and roast every mother's son of them!" The Indians, who were some ten or fifteen in number, supposing that they were pursued by a regiment of Texan Rangers, or the Devil's imp, took flight, and left in a hurry, regardless of booty, leaving not only the horses they had taken, but two very fine horses of their own, together with arms of different kinds, which were found next day scattered along for about a mile, and from the trail made, their horses must have been hurried to their utmost speed, for no doubt they thought their "day of grace" was up.

An Act for the Protection of Burial Grounds has passed both branches of the Legislature. It provides:

"That if any person shall open any tomb or grave in any cemetery, graveyard or any grounds set apart for burial purposes, either private or public, held by individuals for their own use, or in trust for others, or for any church or institution, whether incorporated or not, without the consent of the owners or trustees of such grounds, and clandestinely or unlawfully removes or attempt to remove any remains therefrom, such person, upon conviction thereof, shall be sentenced to undergo an imprisonment in the county jail or penitentiary, for a term not less than one year nor more than three years, and pay a fine of not less than one hundred dollars at the discretion of the court of the proper county; any person who shall wilfully destroy, mutilate, deface, injure or remove any tomb, monument, grave stone or other structure placed in any fence or railing, or other work for the protection or ornament of said grounds or of any tomb, monument, grave stone or other structure placed therein as aforesaid, or shall wilfully eat, break or remove any tree, shrub or plant, within the limits of such grounds, or shall shoot or discharge any gun or other fire arms, or hunt any game within said limits, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall upon conviction thereof before any justice of the peace, be punished by a fine, at the discretion of the justice, of not less than five nor more than fifty dollars."

The Boston Commonwealth makes the following extract from a phonographic report of a recent sermon, by Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston. The original of this picture is understood to be a highly esteemed resident of Newton:

"The happiest man I have ever known is one far enough from being rich, in money, and who will never be very much nearer to it. His calling fits him, and he likes it, rejoicing in its process as much as in its results. He has an active mind well filled. He reads and he thinks.—He tends his garden before sunrise every morning,—then rides sundry miles by the rail,—does ten hours work in town,—whence he returns happy and cheerful.—With his own smile he catches the earliest smile of the morning, plucks the first rose of his garden, and goes to work with the little flower in his hand and a great one blossoming out of his heart. He runs with charity, as a cloud with rain; and and it is with him as with a cloud—what coming from the cloud is rain to the meadows, is a rainbow of glories to the cloud that pours it out. The happiness of the affections fills up the good man, and he runs over with friendship and love—connubial, parental, filial, friendly, too, and philanthropic besides. His life is a perpetual "trap to catch a sunbeam," and it always "springs" and takes it in. I know no man who gets more out of life; and the secret of it is that he does his duty to himself, to his brother, and to his God. I know rich men, and learned men—men of great social position; and if there is a genius in America, I know that—but a happier man I have never known."

Judge Grier of the United States Circuit Court of Pennsylvania, has decided that a ton of coal is 2,240 and not 2,000 pounds. The question came before him on appeal from the United States District Court, in an action to recover for coal furnished a steamer. The judge said a company of grocers might as well meet and agree to reduce the number of ounces in a pound, and make the smaller number the standard of a pound for their customers, as for coal dealers to agree that the weight of a ton shall be 2,000 lbs. His decision conflicts with a decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, which decided a case in Pittsburgh a few months ago, that according to the laws of Pennsylvania a ton weight is 2,000 lbs.

The London Punch slanderously says: "The sun is called masculine from his supporting and sustaining the moon, and finding her the wherewithal to shine away as she does of a night; and of his being obliged to keep such a family of stars besides. The moon is feminine because she is constantly changing, just as a ship is blown about by every wind. The church is feminine because she is married to the state, and time is masculine, because he is trifled with by the ladies."

TIP-SE-KO.—The Indian bearing the above name belongs to the Nepeung band of Chippewas. He is over six feet high, well proportioned, and one of the most powerful men we have ever seen. In wrestling he seldom finds a match, but it is in jumping that Tip-se-ko is mostly at home. We have seen him stand and jump sixteen and a half feet upon a level. We saw him stand and jump over a line the height of his head without touching. The line was then placed the height of his shoulder, and he cleared it backwards. There may be men who can jump further and higher, but we have not seen them—least we never saw a man of so much back action.—Lopez Democrat.

A man with an enormously large mouth, called on a dentist, to get a tooth drawn. After the dentist had prepared his instruments, and was about to commence operation, the man began to strain and stretch his mouth, till he got it to a most frightful extent. "Sir," said the dentist, "don't trouble yourself to open your mouth any wider, for I intend to stand outside to draw your tooth."

PRETTY SMART.—A little urchin some two or three years old, being a little distance from the house, was suddenly startled by a loud clap of thunder. He was much frightened, and made rapid tracks for the house. But as the shed was the nearest shelter, he entered it, and casting a defiant look at the clouds, exclaimed, "Thunder away, I am under the shed."

At a judicial investigation at Balaklava, a witness, a sailor was asked what his religion was. His reply was: "I'm blowed if I know."

"Are you a Catholic?" asked the Examiner.

"Oh, no," was the response, "I'm d-d sure I'm not that, for I hate the Pope like blazes, and I delights on steak on Friday." (Roars of laughter.)

The Judges declared he was a Protestant.

The following is the superscription of a letter that came through the Post Office in Patterson, a few days ago. It is very rich:

"Till one Sharnus Shauhan, Thorough O'Bryllahan, from his Int. Cuzzo Pat. O'Riley, of the county Antrim, 3 miles from the post town of Bellef gaulley, Till the care of Mr. Luse, shubin house in Kaper, Paterson, N. Jersey."

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