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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

BY GRAY, AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS ELEGY.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus's train, appear,
Disclose the long expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring;
While, whispering pleasures as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.
Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-occupies the glade,
Besides some water's ruddy brink
With me the Muse shall sit and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state.)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little, are the proud,
How indigent the great!
Still is the tolling hand of Care:
The panting herds repose;
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied Spring,
And float amid the liquid noon;
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick glancing to the sun.
To Contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colors dressed;
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or child'd by age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.
Nethinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply;
"Poor mortal! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No have I least thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display,
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frigate while 'tis May."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Getting in at Night without Making a Noise.

"The door was locked when I got home," said Tom, "and how to get in without waking up the governor was the difficulty. I knew he'd give me 'particular fits' if he knew I was out after ten, and the clock had just struck one. The back yard was an impossibility, and but one chance remained. There was a porch over the front door, the roof of which was but a few feet below two windows. One of them I knew was fastened down, and the other opened from a bedroom, which might or might not be occupied. An old maid's sister of Jim's wife had arrived on the same day, and it was very probable that she was in that room; but I knew the bed was in a corner farthest from the window, and hoped I would be able to get in through the room without awakening her, and then I had a comparatively easy thing of it. So getting a plank from a neighboring board pile, I rested it against the eave of the shed, pulled off my shoes, put them in my pocket, and then 'cooned up.' All right so far, but I thought it necessary, in order not to arouse any suspicions in the morning, to remove the plank; so dragging it up I threw off the end, and down it went with an awful clatter on a stray dog that had followed me for two or three squares, who immediately set up the most awful howl a whipped bulldog ever gave tongue to. That started half a dozen other dogs in the neighborhood to barking; a mocking bird in the window above commenced singing as if he intended to split his throat at it, and an old woman, in her night-clothes with a candle in her hand, appeared at a window across the street. I knew I was safe as far as she was concerned, but if any one came to our windows, the candle gave enough light to very probably discover me. Nobody did come, however, and the old lady, after peering up and down the street for a minute or more, popped her head in and retired. The mocking bird still kept up its eternal whistle, and it was full half an hour before it and the dogs settled down and gave me a chance to move. Creeping slowly along the wall, till I reached the window, I put my hands on the sill, sprang up, and, with my head and shoulders within, and my

legs hanging out, stopped to listen. Yes, she was in that room, for I could hear her breathing. After waiting for a minute, I cautiously drew up one leg, then the other, slewed them round, and putting them down to the floor, was just conscious that I had stepped on something soft and yielding, and was about withdrawing them, when another yell broke out at my feet, the old maid jumped from her bed crying 'murder! murder!' and the dogs and mocking bird started again. I saw through it all; I had 'put my foot in it more ways than one.' A little darkey was lying on her blanket, under the window, and I had stepped on her face, and of course, woke her up. I decided in a flash what to do. The house would be aroused, and I caught to a certainty, unless I could get to my room before the governor was up, I hadn't a moment to lose, for the little nigger was yelling, and the woman screaming, so I started for the door, made three steps and struck a chair; tumbled over it, of course, made the awful racket you ever heard of in the 'dead hour of night,' in a peaceable house; the nigger and the old maid screamed louder than ever, the mocking bird whistled like a steam whistle, and the dogs fairly made a chorus as loud as Julius's. I reached the door, however, swiftly and quietly opened it, and just got outside in time to see the old gentleman open his door, with a candle in his hand, and come hurrying up the stairs. Not a moment was to be lost. There was a wardrobe near where I stood, and I sprang behind it. Up came the 'governor,' reached the door, opened it, and in the meantime there was all sorts of confusion and inquiry down stairs as to what was the matter. Nobody else came up, though, and from where I stood I heard every word of inquiry and explanation in the room. Of course they could not make much out of it. The little darkey was too much frightened and too sound asleep at the time to understand the truth, and the upshot of the business was that they concluded she had been dreaming, and the 'governor' after giving her a sound spanking, and explaining the matter to the aroused neighbors, from the window; went down to his room again.

"So far, so good. I now had to go down stairs, reach the back door, unbar it, get into the yard and make for my room, which was in the second story of a back building that stood unconnected with and about a dozen yards from the main one. After giving everybody another half hour to settle down again, I started. Boys, did you ever try to go up or down a pair of stairs, at midnight without making a noise? You may try all sorts of ways, but every step is sure to crack, each with a peculiar noise of its own, and loud enough, you are certain to waken everybody. I had gotten nearly to the bottom, when a little fistic dog came trotting up the entry towards me, yelling furiously. A surprised 'Come here, sir, you Zip,' silenced him for he recognized me; but the fistic started the mocking bird, and the dogs in the neighborhood having learned to take the cue, of course all joined the chorus for the third time. I ran along the passage, reached the door, and unlocked it, just as the 'governor' aroused the second time, opened his door and seeing a man escaping from the house, by the back way, of course cried 'Thieves! Thieves!' and made a rush after me. I was too quick for him though, opened the door, sprang out, broke for the door that opened into the room below mine, and had just reached it, when *crash!* within a foot of my head went a brick, and another voice, that I knew belonged to our next door neighbor, Tomkins, joined the 'governor' in the cry of 'Thieves! Thieves! Murder! Thieves!' I was safe though—Rushing up the stairs, I 'shelled myself quicker than I ever did before or since, and was in bed and sound asleep in less than a half a minute. Wasn't there a row though! I never heard so many dogs before, the mocking bird, of course, was outdoing all previous efforts, the chickens even began to crow, Tomkins, next door, was hallooing 'Thieves!' and calling the 'governor.' I could hear screams and all sorts of talking and noises among the neighbors, until at length the old gentleman's voice was heard in the yard calling 'Tom! Tom!'

"Tom was sound asleep—snoring!"
"Tom!" cried the old man in a voice that would have roused a man from an epileptic fit.
"I judged it prudent to awake then, and jumping from my bed raised the window, and rubbing one eye, and looking particularly frightened, (which I was), asked;
"Why, father, what in the world's the matter?"
"There's thieves in the house!" was the reply; get your gun and come down and be quick!"
"He's in that room below you, Tom!" hallooed Tomkins, "I'm certain of it. I saw him as he ran down, and threw a fire brick at him. I know he didn't pass that door, Mr. Jones."
"I was directed to 'look out for myself,' the governor stood sentinel at the door below, armed with a club, while Tomkins had five minutes to collect aid from the neighbors, and in less than half the time so thoroughly was every house alarmed, there was a dozen or more men in the yard armed with guns, pistols, and sticks.
"The governor led the attack. Opening the door, he called, 'come out here, you housebreaking scoundrel! If you attempt to run or resist, I'll blow your brains out!

Nobody came, however."
"Watch the door," was the order, 'while I go in;' and I was told to 'look sharp,' and 'shoot the rascal if he came up stairs.' A momentary search was sufficient to satisfy everybody that the thief was not in that room."
"He's up stairs, then, cried Tomkins, 'for I'll take my Bible oath he didn't pass that door."
"So up stairs they trooped, but I had lit a candle by that time, and there was no bug-bear there. The strictest search, even to looking under a bootjack, didn't show the faintest trace of him. The yard was next examined, then the house, and everybody being at length tolerably well satisfied that he had escaped, the neighbors dispersed to their several homes but I was appointed as sentinel for the rest of the night, and ordered not to go asleep on my post under a penalty of a flogging."
"The articles missing, on a thorough investigation next day, were two pies, and the old lady's silver thimble. The thimble turned up in a week or two, being discovered under a corner of the carpet, but the pies have never been accounted for to this day. On oath, I could have given very material testimony as to the disposition of the stolen property, but as the case didn't come before any court, I remained quiet.
"Didn't the local editors loom, though! One of them elongated himself through a quarter of a column, and headed the item, 'A diabolical and atrocious attempt at burglary and murder!' describing, with graphic particulars, and fiendish attempt to throttle Miss — and her servant," complimented the 'coolness and resolution of R. Tomkins, Esq., and peorated with a withering anathema on the want of vigilance displayed by the police.
"It was fun for me to see with what wild sagacity the watch used to stop at the front door and listen, during their nightly round, for a month after; and you couldn't have bribed a youngster to go under the porch, on any account after dark. The excitement died away, though, after a while, but I'll never forget the night I tried to get in 'without making a noise.'"
LOUISVILLE, KY. C. A. P.

Definitions.

Fine Fellows.—The man who never refuses to lend you money, and the fellow who is courting your sister.
Gentle People.—The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing, for fear of spreading her hands,—the miss who was thin shoes on a rainy day, and the young gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father.
Industrious People.—The young lady who reads romances in bed,—the friend who is always engaged when you call, and the correspondent who cannot find time to answer your letters.
Unpopular Personage.—A fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, and a short man on parade.
Timid People.—A lover about to pop the question—a man who does not like to be shot at, and a steamboat company with a cholera case on board.
Dignified Men.—A cit in a country town,—a midshipman on quarter deck and a school committee on examination day.
Persecuted People.—Woman, by that tyrant, man—boys by their parents and teachers, and all poor people by society at large.
Humble Persons.—The husband who does his wife's churning,—the wife who blacks her husband's boots and the man who thinks you do him too much honor.
Mean People.—The man who kicks people when they are down, and the subscriber who refuses to pay for his paper.
Sensible People.—You and I.

The Camel Experiment.

It will be recollected that Congress at its last session appropriated a certain amount of money to enable the Secretary of War to try the experiment of introducing camels as beasts of burden and for military purposes. The experiment is soon to be made, and we have no doubt with perfect success. The 'ship of the desert,' as the Arabs call these invaluable animals, will soon be drifting across our prairies and the great waste of sand that lies between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains. The Union says 'as our Navy department have occasion to send stores to our squadron in the Mediterranean, the storeship Supply, now at the New York yard, has been selected for the purpose, and on her return voyage will bring the camels. This vessel will be commanded by Lieut. David D. Porter, of the Navy, and will take out Maj. Wayne, an Officer of the quarter-master's department of the Army, to purchase the camels, and on her homeward voyage will bring them to the United States. The vessel will be fitted with all despatch for sea.

Comfortably Provided For.—The New York Mirror, which appears to be the semi-official organ of Fanny Fern, says: "We learn that Fanny Fern's portion of the profits on the sale of 'Ruth Hall' already amounts to some \$15,000, and the profits of the publishers nearly an equal sum. Ruth is now rich enough to buy herself a Bysswilde Cottage on the banks of the Hudson, and all the copyright and newspaper interests of the whole 'Elletts' family. And still the demand for her works is undiminished, and a 'Sequel to Ruth Hall' is in a hot state of incubation.

Discovery of a New People on the Western Continent.

A discovery which even in this age of almost daily revelations of antiquities and wonders of remote times and people, must strike the world with wonder, has just been made by the officers of the sloop-of-war Decatur. It will be recollected that the Decatur sailed from Rio in company with the Massachusetts (propeller)—that they parted company, and that for some weeks the loss of the Decatur was looked upon as certain. She was afterwards discovered by her consort, part way through the Straits of Magellan, and was towed into the Pacific by the Massachusetts. The New Orleans Picayune of the 1st inst., publishes a letter received from O. H. Green, dated on board the Decatur, 'off the Straits of Magellan, Feb. 15,' and which contains some sentiments so startling that we make the following extracts. From the apparent respectability of the source, we see no reason for doubting the narrative, remarkable as it is. The writer says:—

There being no appearance of a change of weather, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, and accompanied by my classmate and chum, Dr. Bainbridge, Assistant Surgeon, was landed on Terra del Fuego. With great labor and difficulty we scrambled up the mountain-sides, which line the whole south east shores of these Straits, and after ascending 3500 feet, we came upon a plain of surpassing richness and beauty; fertile fields—the greatest variety of fruit trees in full bearing, and signs of civilization and refinement meeting us on every side. We had never read any account of these people, and thinking this island was wholly deserted, except by a few cannibals and wild beasts, we had come well armed, and you can judge of our surprise. The inhabitants were utterly astonished at our appearance, but exhibiting no signs of fear, nor unfriendliness. Our dress amused them, and being the first white men ever seen by them, they imagined that we had come from their God, the Sun, on some peculiar errand of good. They are the noblest race I ever saw, the men all ranging from 6 feet to 63, well proportioned, very athletic, and straight as an arrow. The women were among the most perfect models of beauty ever formed, averaging 5 feet high, very plump, with small feet and hands, and with a jet black eye which takes you by storm. We surrendered at discretion, and remained two weeks with this strange people.

Their teachers of religion speak the Latin language, and have traditions from successive priests, through half a hundred centuries. They tell us that this island was once attached to the main land; that about 1900 years ago, by their records, their country was visited by an earthquake, which occasioned the rent now known as the Straits of Magellan; that on the top of the mountain which lifted its head to the sun, whose base rested where the waters now flow, stood their great temple— which according to their description, as compared to the one now existing we saw, must have been 17,200 feet square, and over 1100 feet high, built of the purest panted marble.

The ship is in sight that will carry this to you, and I must now close; only saying that the official report of Dr. Bainbridge to the Department, will be filled with the most interesting and valuable matter, and astonish the American people. The vessel proves to be the clipper ship Creeper, from the Chinese Islands, with guano, for your port, and I will avail myself of this opportunity to send you a specimen of painting on porcelain, said to be over 3000 years old; and an image, made of gold and iron, taken in one of their many years before the Straits of Magellan existed.

They number about three thousand men, women and children, and I was assured the population has not varied two hundred, as they prove by their traditions, for immemorial ages. As the aged grow feeble they are left to die, and if the children multiply too rapidly they are sacrificed by their priests. This order comprises about one-tenth of the population, and what the ancient Greeks called 'Gymnophists.' They are all of one peculiar race, neither will they admit a stranger into their order. They live, for the most part, near the beautiful stream called Taucaun, which takes its rise in the mountains, passes through the magnificent valley of Leuvu, and empties into the Atlantic at the extreme south western point.

This residence is chosen for the sake of their frequent purification.— Their diet consists of milk, curdled with sour herbs. They eat apples, rice, and all fruits and vegetables, esteeming it the light of impiety to taste any thing that has life. They live in little huts or cottages, each one by himself, avoiding company and discourse, employing all their time in contemplation, and their religious duties. They esteem this life but a necessary dispensation of Nature, which they voluntarily undo as a penance, evidently thirsting after the dissolution of their bodies; and firmly believing that the soul at death, is released from prison, and launches forth into perfect liberty and happiness. Therefore, they are always cheerfully disposed to die, bewailing those who are alive, and celebrating the funerals of the dead with joyful solemnities and triumph.—North American.

A Novel Wooing.

It was on the return of F. a lecturer on Phrenology, to the city of B., that one morning, Harry G. entered his study, and after some desultory conversation, commenced looking over some phrenological charts, that were arranged before him.— While thus engaged, he noticed one of the head of Miss Emily B., of C., copiously marked. He examined it, and became much interested, as it described a person of an original mind, and superior character. As he laid it aside, Mr. F. said: "The person there described I met during my absence, and she possessed a mind so well balanced, that I took a chart of her head. I consider her quite a model of female worth. She possesses all the qualities for a good wife and mother."

Now, Harry was a young man of fine intellectual powers, which had been improved by culture, but he was decidedly odd. He had a spice of romance in his disposition, and was a firm believer in Phrenology. He depended on that science mainly to give him an insight into the character of her whom he should choose as a partner for life.

The lady in question seemed to possess all those qualifications which he had been so long seeking for; and a novel idea entered his mind. He determined to write to her, and state his ideas on the subject of matrimony; acquaint her with the circumstance of seeing the chart of her head, and request a correspondence with the view, that if it resulted in the mutual satisfaction of both parties, they should meet; and if they could love, should marry. He acted accordingly, and requested of Mr. F. a note to the lady, stating the sincerity of his motives, and the respectability of his character: which he enclosed in his letter, and forwarded. He waited for a week in a state of feverish anxiety; but at length an answer came, and the lady granted his request. The letter breathed the spirit of modesty and good sense. The lady stipulated for six months' correspondence, after which they were to meet.

From this time they wrote regularly upon various topics; but the personal appearance of each was never once the subject of allusion. Harry's high opinion of his fair correspondent was enhanced upon the reception of every letter, until he became thoroughly in love with his incognita; and he began most earnestly to long for the expiration of his probation.— It was with a beating heart that he took his seat in one of the cars of the railroad which was to convey him to the city of C., where his fair innamorata resided.

Now the question was to be solved, could she love him? He was not handsome, in the common acceptance of the word, yet he had an intelligent countenance, a dark expressive eye, and a good figure; but he forgot all his advantages of person or station, in his anxiety to create a good impression. He never once asked if she were beautiful; for he felt if she were not positively ugly, he could love.— After alighting at a station, and a walk of a few minutes, he found himself before a small but beautiful cottage, which bore marks of taste and refinement in its occupants. He knocked, and it seemed to him that his heart knocked full as loudly against his breast as his knuckles knocked against the door. When the door was opened, our lover hero was greeted with an unexpected sight of a diminutive crooked form, a pair of spectacles and red hair, which were the principal features in the tot ensemble of his fair receiver. Now, red hair was Harry's aversion. The lady, for such she evidently appeared, conducted him to a pretty parlor, where music and books showed the taste of the fair owner. After a short scrutiny, Harry turned to the odd little figure beside him, and requested to see Miss B.

"She is before you," said his companion. He was thunderstruck, and stood gazing at her without motion, but at length collected his scattered wits, and tried to commence a conversation 'under difficulties.' He introduced himself as her unknown correspondent, and explained that he had come to make a personal acquaintance. The answered him with modesty and good sense, telling him that their intercourse must be on the terms of friendship, 'until they became more intimately known to each other. They conversed long and pleasantly, and he soon found himself admiring her voice, which was soft and sweet; and before he left, her winning manner had so charmed him, that he had quite forgotten her red hair and spectacles. Thus their intercourse continued for a week at the expiration of which time he made her an offer of his heart and hand.

She hesitated, she replied, but smilingly asked, 'have you so far over come your aversion to red hair and crooked form, as to wish to make me your wife?' He replied that he loved her, and cared not what was the color of her hair, so long as she would consent to be his. An answer was promised to be given on the following morning.

As early as propriety would admit, on the next morning, our friend Harry again sought his beloved, but was greatly surprised to be received by one so like, and yet so unlike her to whom he had been paying court. There she stood, with a sweet smile on her lips, and a laughing light in her hazel eyes, without those distinguished marks of person which had first attracted his notice. He almost doubted his senses, until she spoke in her clear sweet tones, when he sprang forward, and seizing her hand, begged her to explain the mystery.

She smiled as she said, 'you must forgive me, Harry; you said personal beauty had no weight with you, and I wished to prove you. You see me now in my proper shape and person. Can you love me as well as when I wore specs and a red wig?' He could answer only, by gazing admiringly upon her graceful little figure so delicate, yet so spirited, and those soft brown curls shading her face, eloquent with sweetness.

Harry was of course enchanted. The sequel may be guessed. Harry is a firm believer in Phrenology.

New Material for Building.

The Cincinnati Gazette has been shown a "specimen of brick," made of lime and sand, which, it says, appears as though it would take the place of the common clay brick altogether. It is very smooth and hard. It is larger than common brick, with a vacant space in the centre. The Gazette further adds:

We are informed that the materials used in the manufacture of these bricks are simply lime and sand, the portion being about eleven parts sand to one part lime, and they can be manufactured at a less cost than our common clay brick.— The bricks can, of course, be made of any form or shape, according to taste. It is fully equal to sand stone. The advantages are the facility with which they are manufactured; lathing and plastering become unnecessary, and the outside and the inside of the wall is made at the same time. The chemical change which takes place in the manufacture of the bricks hardens them so that they are not more affected by the action of the atmosphere than stone. It is not affected by frost, and experiments which have been tried to test its strength and other qualities have resulted satisfactorily.

Good Advice to Young Men.

The following excellent advice is taken from the address delivered before the graduating class of Rutgers' College, by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen: "Resolve to do something useful, honorable, dutiful, and do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore you may, live above work and without it. Among the most pitiable objects in society is the man whose mind has been trained by the discipline of education, who has learned how to think, and the value of his immortal powers, and with all these notable faculties cultivated and prepared for an honorable activity, ignobly sits down to do nothing; with no influence over the public mind; with no interest in the concerns of his country, or even his neighborhood; to be regarded as a drone, without object or character, with no hand to lift, and no effort to put forth to help the right or defeat the wrong. Who can think with any calmness of such a miserable career? And, however it may be with you in active enterprise never permit your influence to go into hostility the cause of truth and virtue. So live that, with the Christian poet, you may truthfully say that

"If your country stand not by your skill,
At least your follies have not wrought her fall."

A farmer was trying to put a yoke on a pig when the animal broke loose and jumped thro' the window. "Drat it," said the farmer, looking at the hole in the sash, "I've got your dimensions, anyhow—seven by nine, 'zactly."

A lady wished a seat. A portly, handsome gentleman brought one and seated the lady. "Oh, you're a jewel," said she. "Oh, no," replied he, "I'm a jeweller; I have just set the jewel."

The true secret of instruction lies in provoking to thought—in stimulating to investigation, and not in preparing a mind for usefulness, as a goose is prepared for the table—by stuffing.

A Spanish proverb, "What the fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning."
"Seek your own good," the million cry:
"By doing good," the wise reply.

The world seems to the old to have gone backward, because they have gone forward.

The ardent reformer moves the multitude, but the calm philosopher moves the ardent reformer.

The things which are remembered are few and unimportant, compared with those which are forgotten.

Serve every one as much as you can, and compete with no one more than you must.

If a good act benefits no one else, it benefits the doer.

A Turkish proverb says—"The devil tempts other men, but idle men tempt the devil."

Nothing annoys an enemy so much as kindness. It is an arrow that generally hits the mark.

Happiness can be made quite as well of cheap materials as of dear ones.