

# THE JEFFERSONIAN

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

VOL. 15.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. JUNE 28, 1855.

NO. 32.

## Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars 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.  
If 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 regular advertisers.  
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

## JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

## FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Justice, Legal and other Blanks, Pamphlets, &c. printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms.

## AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

### The Silent Prayer.

She knelt alone, that lady fair,  
Her white hands clasped in silent prayer;  
She craved a Father's guardian care.  
She whispered not—her white breast stirred,  
And trembled like a captive bird;  
Methinks that silent prayer was heard.  
Her pensive eye now bright with tears,  
Bespoke a heart too full of fear  
For one so very young in years.  
She pledged her child love to a boy—  
Their hearts beat high with rapturous joy;  
O, why should death such bliss destroy?  
The knot that made them one was tied,  
The pale young poet drooped and died,  
And left a sad, unhappy bride.

### Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

The best account of the eruption of Vesuvius we can find is in the following letter, extracted from the London Daily News:

NAPLES, May 10, 1855.

The lava has now advanced ten miles from its source, and is now doing terrible damage. I have before me the report of Corzolino as to the latest changes which have taken place about the cone. Just at the base of it a lake of fire has been formed, which looks like a red sea in an undulatory state. In the very centre of this has opened another crater, which is throwing out red hot stones.

On the morning of the 7th the crater, at the very summit, fired, as it were, two heavy cannonades, and after sending forth lightning, flames, and stones broke up altogether. In the middle of the cone ten craters have been formed, and from these the lava pours forth like a river, and runs on the side of the Cavello as far as the Minatore; here four other craters have been formed which throw up bitumen in the manner of pyramids, and resemble gigantic exhibitions of fire-works. The whole of the summit of the crater is, therefore, like a sponge, and must inevitably fall in. The thin crust trembles under your feet; you may see the stones dance with the tremulous movement. The part immediately round the crater looks like the sides of a heated copper boiler. Such is a true statement of what is going on on the summit.

There are reports of an opening towards Pompeii, which is not unlikely, and of another towards Resina; but I have not been up for some days, as the danger is now very great. Before I write again I shall make the attempt. Last night I went to the scene of most stirring interest, after an interval of two days. The whole length of this usually quiet road was like a fair, and such was the throng of carriages which were moving on in three lines that it was with difficulty we ever arrived at our destination. As we approached the menaced neighborhood the inhabitants were removing their goods, and on a bridge in the middle of the little township of Cereolo, through which in the winter time thunders down from the summit of Vesuvius one of those mountain rivers so well known in Italy, stood a company of sappers.

Creeping under this solid, handsome bridge into the bed of the river, we went up in the face of the lava, which was now coming rapidly down. Here again were sappers, raising mounds on either side to divert the ruin from some private grounds and keep the lava in one straight course. The smoke which rose over the heads of the multitudes told us we were close on the spot, and, climbing up the bank and walking along the top, we looked down on this mighty mass of fire. How changed the neighborhood in two days! Where I walked on Sunday night was now a sea of fire. The side road by which I had come down into the main stream from Pollena and Massi di Somme was now full of blackened coke. The houses on the borders of the village had fallen—in one thirty poor people lived; a small chapel was swallowed up, a gentleman's villa, and a sad extent of vineyard and garden ground.

On the other side of the great lava bed another stream was branching off to San Sebastiano. We had hoped to have crossed it and ascended to the cascade again, but it was no longer possible; for, as one says speaking of a marshy country in the winter, the lava was out. The fire here had begun to enter the burial-ground of the little town, but was diverted from its course by a wall. On the opposite side of the stream were the king and all the royalty. The banks on either side were thronged with curious and anxious multitudes, whose faces were lighted up

with the blaze of hundreds of torches and with the more resplendent flame of the rapidly-descending lava. Since the morning it had moved a mile. It was like a vast river of glowing coke.

As it moved on the tens of thousands of lumps rolled and tumbled one over the other, crackling, and grinding, and grating; and when, from the very face of it, a large lump fell off, the appearance was that of an iron furnace when the iron is being drawn. To make the resemblance more complete, at such times men darted forwards with long poles, taken from the neighboring vineyards, and pulled out great masses of lava, in which they embedded money for sale. What struck me at first, and still strikes me as the most majestic feature in the whole scene, is the slow, silent, irresistible motion of that fiery flood. Active almighty power without an effort! Sweeping every thing before it, overcoming every obstacle, growing up against intervening walls or houses, and devouring them bodily, and then marching on in the same silent, unrelenting, irresistible manner as before.

There was a spot beneath my feet where a fall of mason work had been built to break the violence of the winter floods. To this spot all eyes were directed. The fiery river would fall over it in an hour; as yet it was distant from it seventy yards perhaps. Gradually it rose in height and swelled out its vast proportions, and then vast masses fell off and rolled forward; then it swelled again as fresh matter came pressing down behind, and so it broke, and on it rolled again and again till it had arrived at the very edge. There was a general buzz and murmur of voices. The royal family stood opposite to me, intermingled with the crowd, looking on with intense anxiety.

At last it broke, not hurriedly, still with a certain show of majesty. At first a few small lumps fell down; then poured over as the liquid of metal, like thick treacle, clinging sometimes mass to mass, from its glutinous character, and last of all tumbled over gigantic lumps of scoriae. Then on it moved once more in its silent, regular course, swelling up and spreading over the vineyards on either side; and now there was a rush for the road which traverses this lava-bed. Houses and the bridge bordered the road; the carriages had all been ordered off and the bridge was being broken down; we were cut off completely. The sentinels would not let us pass, and struck us and drove us back; but we forced our way, and then found too surely that it was impossible to get on.

The bridge was half demolished, and by the light of the torches we could see the soldiers above working away with the pick and the axe. We had therefore to retrace our steps, and making a long circuit through the open country and over the walls, came round to the top of the bridge. "Run," said the sentinels, "or you will be too late." We crossed the narrow parapet which was still remaining, and soon afterwards down went the whole fabric. In this way it is hoped that the lava will be diverted from the townships of St. Sebastiano, Massi di Somme, and Pollena, which stand on either side, and have as yet only suffered partially. Cereolo, through which, however, the stream is rolling, will be sacrificed.

The expectation is that the lava, should the eruption continue, will flow down to the Ponte Maddaloni and into the sea. So grand and so destructive an eruption has not been known for many years, and even now we cannot tell how or when it will terminate. The mountain is literally scamed with lava, and many fear a violent explosion as the final scene of the tragedy.

### By request.

### Wine and Spirit Trade.

A valuable article on the subject is given in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine for September. It closes with the following statement of the manufacture of the spurious article:

Brandy—This liquor is almost universally a base imposition. The imported article, as a general fact, is adulterated. Unadulterated brandy cannot be sold at less than \$2.50 the gallon; the adulterated can be made at about 30 cents per gallon; and so disguised that no one can tell the difference. The dealers cannot nor do they, resist the temptation to adulterate, where the gain is so enormous.—Chemical compounds are now made and sold to fabricators for making spurious brandy out of common whiskey; the whiskey itself often drugged with arsenic.

A dealer in spurious brandy recently imported enough of these compounds to manufacture 800 hogsheads of the forged article. He sold it for pure and at \$2.50 the gallon; making a clear profit, as he confessed, of \$100,000 on the speculation; the fabricated article costing him only about 30 cents a gallon. The fabricator having used up his compound to his samples, took those to a chemist in Massachusetts, for the purpose of having them made in this country, if possible. The chemist made the examination, and found one of the samples a deadly poison; he could not be tempted to have a hand in producing the mixtures. Whether the fabricator found a chemist less honest, or had to wait for a new importation, will not, probably, be known until the day of judgment, when all such secrets will be made manifest. We can begin to estimate the results of the use of those 800 casks, on those who, before this time,

have probably drunk them!

Another man who had either imported or purchased the same kinds of compounds, is now in California with them, and he boasted to a gentleman who mentioned to the writer that he should make \$100,000 out of the operation.

A quantity of French brandy was imported into New York, and advertised for sale at auction on a given day; it was landed on the wharf. A brandy fabricator purchased the whole lot of the importer, on the condition that the sale should take place as advertised, on his account. During the night it was all removed to his brandy brewery, underwent the process of adulteration, was carted back, and sold next day, pure as imported.

A large dealer in Albany declared that when he purchased foreign liquors in New York, on shipboard, he had no confidence in getting the article purchased, unless he watched the casks from the ship to the boat on the river. In former years it was supposed that imported liquors were generally pure; but now this opinion has exploded. The process of adulteration is carried on to a vast extent in Europe, and it is doubtful whether one gallon in one hundred is landed on our shores in a pure state; and if in a pure state, just so far as it is intoxicating it is worthless and injurious as a beverage; and none should be drunk as such by any human being valuing long life or healthful body.

Gen.—"To prepare and sweeten gin, oil of vitriol, oil of almonds, oil of turpentine, oil of juniper berries, lime water, alum, salt of tartar, subacetate of lead are used. Sulphate of lead is poisonous. I have reason to believe the use of it is frequent, because its action is more rapid, and it imparts to the liquor a fine complexion; hence some vestige of lead may be often detected in malt liquor.

Says Dr. Nott, I had a friend, who had been once a wine dealer, and having read the startling statements made public, in relation to the brewing of wines, and the adulterations of other liquors generally, I inquired of that friend as to the veracity of these statements. His reply was, 'GOD FORGIVE what has passed in MY OWN cellar, but the statements MADE are true, and ALL TRUE, I assure you!'

The process of adulteration is carried on in wine countries, as well as in this country, with regard to Madeira, Sherry, Claret, and all other kinds of wine. The Rev. Dr. Baird has stated that a "little or no wine is drunk in France in a pure state, except it may be at the wine press. The dealers purchase it at the vineyards in a pure state, but in their hands it is entirely changed, by adding drugs and distilled spirit."

A physician in New York purchased a bottle of what was called genuine champagne, of the importers, had it subjected to chemical tests; it was found to contain a quarter of an ounce of sugar of lead! Who would like to drink a mixture of sugar of lead and water?

A gentleman in New York, who made champagne, purchased some of the regular importer, wishing to give his friends some of the genuine article, at a convivial party, he produced his pure as imported; when the corks began to fly, one dropped near him; on examining it he found it was his own fabrication. The supposed importer had purchased it, and by his French title labels, sold it back as pure to the original fabricator—biting the biter. But enough of champagne—we now come to

Port.—An Episcopal Clergyman, recently returned from the continent of Europe, visited an immense manufactory of all kinds of wine. Logwood came in as a great ingredient—so great that the proprietors kept a vessel in their employ for its importation.

The dyers in Manchester (England) say, 'wine brewers are running away with all the best logwood'; and the London people say, 'if you wish to get genuine Port, you must go yourself to Oporto, make your own wine, and ride outside of the barrel all the way home.'

### From "Way Down East."

### A New Way to Cure the Hypochondria.

BY JACK DOWNING.

Mr. Woodsum was in the midst of his fall work, which had been several times interrupted by the periodical fits of dependency in his wife.

One morning he went to his field early, for he had a heavy day's work to do, and he had engaged a neighbor of his to come with two oxen and a plow to help him 'break up' a mowing field. His neighbor could only help him that day, and he was very anxious to plow the whole field.

He had accordingly left the children and nurse in the house, with strict charges to take good care of the mother. Mr. Woodsum was driving the team and his neighbor was holding the plow, and things went to their mind till about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when little Harriet came running to the field, and told her father that her mother was dreadful sick, and wanted him to come in as quick as he could, for she was certainly dying now. Mr. Woodsum, without saying a word, drove his team to the end of the furrow, but he looked thoughtful and perplexed.

Although he felt persuaded that her danger was imaginary, as it had always proved to be before, still the bare possibility that this sickness might be unto death pressed upon him with so much power, that he laid down his good-stick, and telling his neighbor to let the cattle breathe awhile, walked deliberately towards the house.

Before he had accomplished the whole distance, however, his imagination had added such wings to his speed, that he found himself moving on a quick run.—He entered the house and found his wife as he had often found her before, in her own estimation almost ready to breathe her last.

Her voice was faint and low, and her pillow was wet with tears. She had already taken her leave of her dear children and awaited only to exchange a few parting words with her husband. Mr. Woodsum approached the bed, and took her hand tenderly, as he had ever been wont to do, but he could not perceive any symptoms of approaching dissolution, different from what he had witnessed on former occasions.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum faintly, "the time has come at last, I feel that I am on my death-bed, and have but a short time to stay with you. But I hope we shall be resigned to the will of Heaven. I would cheerfully, dear, if it was not for my anxiety about you and the children. Now don't you think, my dear," she continued with increasing tenderness, "don't you think it would be best for you to be married again to some kind, good woman, that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make home pleasant to all of you."

She paused and looked earnestly in his face.

"Well, I've sometimes thought of late, it might be best," replied Mr. Woodsum, in a low voice.

"Then you have been thinking about it," said Mrs. Woodsum, with a contraction of the muscles about the mouth.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "I have some times thought about it, since you have had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel dreadful to think of it, but I don't know but what it might be my duty."

"Well, I think that it would," said Mrs. Woodsum, "if you can only get the right sort of a person. Everything depends upon that, my dear, and I hope you will be very particular about who you get."

"Certainly shall," said Mr. Woodsum; don't give yourself any uneasiness about that, my dear, for I assure you I shall be very particular. The person I shall probably have is one of the kindest and best tempered women in this world."

"But have you been thinking of any one in particular, my dear?" said Mrs. Woodsum, with manifest uneasiness.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "there is one I have thought of for some time past, I should probably marry, if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us."

"And pray, Mr. Woodsum, who can it be?" said the wife, with an expression more of earth than of heaven, returning to her eye. "Who is it, Mr. Woodsum? You have named it to her, have you?" "Oh, by no means," said Mr. Woodsum, "but, my dear, we had better drop the subject, it agitates you too much."

"But Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it is; I never can die in peace till you do!"

"It is a subject too painful to think of," said Mr. Woodsum, "and it don't appear to me it would be best to call names." "But I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodsum, who had by this time raised herself up with great earnestness, and was leaning on her elbow, while her searching glance was reading every muscle in her husband's face. "Mr. Woodsum I insist upon it."

"Well, then," said Mr. Woodsum, with a sigh, "if you insist upon it my dear, I have thought that if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us, to be here no more, I have thought I should marry for my second wife, Hannah Lovejoy."

An unearthly fire once more flashed from Mrs. Woodsum's eyes—she leaped from the bed like a cat, walked across the room and seated herself in a chair.

"What!" she exclaimed, with a trembling voice almost choked with agitation—"what! marry that idle, sleepy slut of a Hannah Lovejoy! Mr. Woodsum, that is too much for flesh and blood to bear—I can't endure that, nor I won't. Hannah Lovejoy to be mother of my children! No that she never shall. So you may go to your plowing, Mr. Woodsum, and set your head at rest. "Susan," she continued, "make up more fire under the dinner pot."

Mr. Woodsum went to the field and pursued his work, and when he returned at noon, he found dinner well prepared, and his wife ready to do the honors of the table. Mrs. Woodsum's health from that day continued to improve, and she was never afterwards visited by the terrible affection of hypochondria.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."—In the Commune of St. Hilaire de la Noaille, France, a man named Jean Lapierre, 107 years of age, was recently married to a woman named Petron Neuville, of the tender age of 86.

Aaron Hill says that from a pint of a quart of coffee, made with milk instead of water, taken each day, will cure the consumption. Doubtful. However, the medicine isn't bad to take.

A Young Lady down east advertises for the young man that embraced an opportunity, and says if he will come over "when I can be seen do better."

## Educational.

### From the Ohio Journal of Education.

### Thoughts on the Union School System.

There is always danger of trusting too much to a system, and the better the system, the greater the danger. The superiority of the system of Graded or Union Schools, over the single district system, is so manifest, that wherever they are introduced, the people naturally look for signal improvement in their children—they look for schools of a high degree of excellence. If these expectations should be disappointed in any case, and it would be strange if they should not be, it will be because of errors in the working of the system, and not because of any inherent defect in the system itself.

What are some of the most obvious difficulties in the way of the successful working of the Union system? The principal one has been alluded to above; the system itself may be too much trusted to—too much may be expected from it.—We will speak of this expectation, on the part of the three classes into which the community may be divided with respect to schools—parents, directors, and teachers.

(a.) It is no disparagement to our people to say, that many of them have very vague notions respecting a school, and what is necessary to its highest success.—They have heard much of "Union Schools," and expect great things from them. This is well; but some of them forget that their co-operation is absolutely necessary. A "Union School" must be enough to cause children to improve with extraordinary rapidity, even if they are kept at home a large fraction of the time, and are behind the hour when they do attend, and are imperfectly supplied with books. Even a Union School cannot make bricks without straw.

Nor should it be expected that the nature of either parents or children will be changed by the system. It has always been difficult to manage the children of a community, without sometimes giving offence to parents. Discipline must be maintained; and somebody's child will be ill-treated, in the partial judgment of a fond mother or an indulgent father. Complaints must be expected, as in any other system.

We must remember, also, that it has become a part of our unwritten constitution, that the people have an inherent right to find fault with schools and school teachers. It is a time-honored custom. The right of private opinion on this point is unquestioned, especially when this opinion is adverse to the teacher or the management of the directors; and the exercise of the right becomes a sacred duty, when, as often happens, the man goes directly in the face of his own interest. A man who does not pay a cent of tax, may oppose the system because it will increase the taxes. A rich man, on the other hand, will object to paying a small tuition fee, when the only alternative is, the imposition of an additional tax, which will compel him to pay perhaps ten times the tuition fee. Or a man will complain of the inefficiency of the schools, and in the next breath, complain that so many families have moved into town to avail themselves of their advantages.

Now men have a right to act thus absurdly about schools, and we must expect it.

(b.) There is danger that School Directors may trust too implicitly to the excellence of the system. Knowing that it has worked well elsewhere, they may overlook the necessity of labor on their part. This labor cannot be dispensed with, if the schools are to flourish. The duties devolving on the Board of Education are very onerous, and any one who allows himself to be a candidate for the office, should do it with that expectation

There is no principle affecting human conduct, as relating to our duties to society, more true or important than this,—that when a man is elected to civil office, or even to an office in any voluntary organization, and accepts it, he hereby places himself under obligation to fulfill the duties to the best of his ability. His acceptance is a virtual pledge, not only to discharge the duties as well as he is able, but to make himself acquainted with them, that he may discharge them properly.—He should be ready to act, and to act intelligently.

(c.) The same danger of implicit reliance on the system, may be affirmed in regard to Teachers. They may trust too much to its excellence, and so fail to put forth those efforts which are indispensable to its successful working. We are wont to say that the movements of a school should be like clock-work. But we must remember that the Teacher is the moving force. A school is not made of unconscious wheels, like a clock. And the clock, even, would stop were the force of gravity to be suspended but for a single second. If its adjustments are all correct, and the weights are sufficient to neutralize the friction, the clock will faithfully perform its functions, so long as gravity will keep the pendulum vibrating. But the best arrangements of a school will fail, without the constant watchfulness of the teacher to re-adjust the parts, which are ever liable to derangement.

There is more danger that teachers will trust to the excellence of the Union system, than that parents or directors will, and the injurious effects will also be greater. If the system should in any locality fail of its best results, the first impression will

be, that the failure is to be ascribed to the teachers.

There is another caution which is worthy of the attention of teachers—another point in respect to which they should be on their guard. Most instructors have been accustomed to manage individual schools, and hence they find it difficult to take charge of one of a group of consolidated schools—to work harmoniously and efficiently as a member of corps of instructors. The teacher of a private school generally lays down his own principles, selects his own text-books, and makes his own arrangements; and a teacher in an isolated district school does about the same.

But in schools associated on the Union plan, teachers must be ready to yield individual preferences; to carry out the principles established by the Board of Directors; to relinquish, perhaps, favorite text-books, and to receive suggestions from the superintendent and the Board. The Superintendent must be on his guard against any appearance of assumption of authority not delegated to him; and he will need great wisdom and discretion to make the system efficient in all its parts, to introduce the best methods of instruction and discipline into all the departments, without disturbing the prejudices of any of his associates. Undoubtedly, teachers are more liable than most others to become opinionated: such is the tendency of their occupation. But for the prosperous working of the Union system, this tendency must be repressed.—And there must be, on the part of all the members of a corps of instructors, a spirit of conciliation and of kindness, a forbearance to find fault with each other, or to speak disparagingly of the professional qualifications of a fellow-teacher.

We must these words of caution will be well trusted. The Union system is one of so great excellence, that it seems to be incumbent on all—parents, directors, and teachers—to use their utmost efforts for its success. Instead of thinking, that because it is a good system, it will therefore go itself, we should put forth exertions correspondent to its excellence. Thus only will it, or rather, thus only shall we, through it, accomplish the desired end.

I. W. A.

### Laws of Pennsylvania.

Passed at Session of 1855.

A further supplement to an act to amend and consolidate with its supplements the act entitled "An Act for the recovery of debts and demands not exceeding one hundred dollars before a justice of the peace, and for the election of constables and for other purposes," approved the twentieth of March, one thousand eight hundred and ten.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, &c. That from and after the first day of July next, no action brought before a justice of the peace or alderman, shall be referred to referees, unless by the agreement or express assent of both parties to the action or their agents; which agreement or assent shall be noted by such justice or alderman upon his docket.

Sec. 2. That no special allowance or writ of certiorari to a justice of the peace or alderman, shall be held requisite to the maintenance of such writ.

Sec. 3. That from and after the passage of this act, all summons issued by any alderman or justice of the peace may designate the hours of the day, by which the same shall be returnable, and if either of the parties fail to appear during the time so designated, it shall be lawful for the said alderman or justice of the peace to render judgment, or otherwise determine the same as is provided by law.

Approved April 26th, 1855.

A SINGULAR MARRIAGE.—At Paris a singular marriage was celebrated in the chapel of the Hotel des Invalides—that of a Zouave, who lost both feet and both hands in the siege of Sebastopol, with a young woman of some property. The couple were engaged to be married before the Zouave left for Sebastopol, and when he came back so gloriously mutilated, his betrothed declared she would keep her word. The marriage was attended by the Governor of the Hotel and all his staff, and by all the invalids. After the ceremony the cross of the legion of honor was presented to the hero, in the name of the Emperor, and a valuable present to the bride in the name of the Empress. The Zouave has besides, been admitted to the Hotel des Invalides, and promoted to the rank of sub-Lieutenant.

ON THE WRONG TRAIN.—A few nights since some young men, going from Columbus to Cincinnati, Ohio, in the cars, were getting rather noisy and profane, when a gentleman in a white cravat, tapped one of them on the shoulder, with the remark, "young men you know you are on the road to hell." "That's just my luck, (said one of the party,) I took a ticket for Cincinnati, and I've got on the wrong train."

It is said that married men are less troubled with rheumatism than others.—Dr. Francis explains the reason—they sleep warmer.