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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

NOON AND MORNING.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balsms for all our pains;
But when youth, the dream departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again!
We are stronger, and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again!
Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air—
But it never comes again!

How to Cook Potatoes.

Potatoes at this season are very poor eating, unless rightly cooked, and not one out of a hundred knows how to do that. Treated as in the fall and winter, they come upon the table watery, solid, and every way disagreeable. A Vermont woman, who has surprised us by making old potatoes as good as new, dry, mealy, fresh, has disclosed to us the process she puts them through to effect so desirable a result. The potatoes are pared and put to soak in cold water from four to six hours; then dropped into water which is already boiling—an essential point; and a little salt added to the water improves them. Take them from the water the moment they are done; pour off all the water and let them stand uncovered in the kettle till the water evaporates from the surface, and they are ready for the table. The result will astonish those who try it for the first time, and they will never return to the old method of boiling them with the skins on.—*Springfield Republican.*

Good Brandy.—A gentleman who not long ago returned from a visit to Europe, says that he saw in some of the French vineyards the process of brandy-making. A large number of casks of Ohio Whiskey, which had just arrived, were emptied into a vat, with a small proportion of brandy afterwards, probably to be colored and flavored and sent to the United States as "prime Cognac."

The price of good brandy in France, is \$3 per gallon by the barrel; added to that a duty of \$3 more, and the necessary profits of the merchant, say \$1, and we have the actual cost of real brandy in this country, viz: \$7 per gallon. Notwithstanding this plain case, however, there is plenty of excellent old brandy, "warranted pure," to be had in most of the cities for \$3 50 and \$4 per gallon.

Two sons of Erin, moralizing on the results of the late election in Massachusetts.

"Bad news, Pat," said Mike.
"Faith an' you're right there," responded Pat.

"What would General Jackson say to this, if he was alive now?" ejaculated Mike.

"He gora," replied Pat, "he'd say he was glad he was dead!"

Give him Fits.—"Because we ventured last week," says an exchange paper, "to introduce a few Latin words into a paragraph, just to make a little show of our knowledge, a cotemporary quotes Latin at us in a most ferocious manner. He says 'Nihil fit.' Who is Nihil? Who did he fit, and what did he fit for?"

The following despatch went through by telegraph a month or two since: Charlie and Julia met at S—'s yesterday—quarrelled and parted to meet no more—met again this evening and were married!

Quite Unnecessary.—There is a sign hanging over the door of a mantua maker's shop, in Troy, N. Y., the concluding portion of which reads thus: "N. B. Dresses made lower than ever."

A preacher took passage on one of the Lake Erie steamers on a Sunday lately, and before he had been long on board he applied to the captain for leave to hold a religious meeting. The captain replied, "No; for any minister who would travel on Sunday is not fit to preach on my boat."

Widow Drizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of his most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him "Well, Mr. Drizzle, you needn't kick round so and wear the sheets all out, if you are dying!"

THE TELEGRAPH DESPATCH.

BY J. D. R.

The mystic wire is in the air,
It winds from shore to shore,
By dark Missouri's turbid tide,
By deep Niagara's roar.

Bear along the lighting song,
Down the Ohio;
A thousand miles are already up,
And thousands more to go.

It was on a Saturday evening in December, 1847, that after finishing some engrossing correspondence, I arose with the intention of immediately proceeding to my quiet lodgings on Chestnut Street, there to take the welcome rest that ushers in the day of sacred repose. It had been a busy day and a toilsome one. I had been alone in care of the two registers connecting with Baltimore and New York, the day cold and rainy, and both lines working with a fitful uncertainty, corresponding well with the weather. Slowly and tediously had the new wonder performed her office. The perfection to which Telegraphic Structure has since arrived, was then unknown. It was the nursing of a rickety child, the guiding of a keeless craft. Yet the constant suspicion of my own ignorance had made me patient.—Hour after hour I repeated—aye, to the seventh time each despatch to my patient associate at the other terminus. I sighed and longed for dinner, but sighed in vain. A cup of coffee from a neighboring restaurant gave me patience to my troubled spirit. Yet nine o'clock found me with my files all clear and letters all written, a wearied martyr to a new and unpromising pursuit.

Before rising from the hard stool on which I had performed my martyrdom (we had no stuffed chairs in those days) I moralized a moment. The revolutions I had innocently caused on Wall-street gave me no concern. Wall Street affairs had no lodgment in my anxieties. Yet however the day had been eventful. Joy and sorrow had found in me an interested medium. I had seen some of the few phases of eventful life just beginning to be entrusted to the new messenger which the kind-hearted and ingenious student of Poughkeepsie had given to his country. It had identified me with my race. It was a necessity. Love had opened her heart to me, and in my faithful hands had her secret been held. Agony had forced me to a partnership. Jealousy had made me hear the uneasy grating of her teeth. Joy had rung his merry laugh in my ears, and sorrow had wet my hands with tears that met my own.

How various had been my mission!—How many vibrating chords had been sounded that day by my instrumentalities! I had learned a lesson of human sorrow which succeeding years have only widened and deepened. I learned to prepare my own heart for the storm of life and the anguish of the years to come. It was well. Some of these have already come. 'Tis pleasant to know that amid life's sunshine as in its darkness, when the stars are cloudless as when they have one by one hid behind the gathering gloom of clouds, that the great pilot is at the helm, and the War-Ship of life, careering upon a thousand waves, is still steady on her course, safe in his hands.

And now for home. My little room in the third story, with its modest furniture, but clean, white bed-linen and cheerful fire, held out new charms to me. Already I was within its clean warm blankets, thankful for its sweet and quiet repose, and dreaming of the coming day, when man and beast were alike to enjoy the blessedness of the week's grand holiday.

Before turning off the gas, however, I went to the Messenger's table, to see whether that worthy had performed his duties, and his despatches duly delivered. One only remained on his table; and, supposing it to have been one not delivered at so late an hour, was the point of leaving, when a vague suspicion of its import crossed my memory, and I returned to its examination.

Late in the afternoon, a little after sunset I had received from Wilmington Delaware, a brief despatch to "James Mornington, Kensington," which had excited my keen interest. Its language was terse yet touching. It uttered a name dear to me. I had asked its quick delivery. The unfaithful hound had gone home chary of the rain. Here it lay undelivered. I opened it. It read as follows: "Poor Mary will die to night; she asks to see you. Come quick. Rebecca Warrington." It was now half past nine. The cars left at Eleven, by great activity I could deliver it in time to secure its purpose, with an indignant malediction on the lazy subordinate; and an indignant resolution to commence the week by an act of summary decapitation, I placed the missive securely in the breast-pocket of my coat, buttoned myself to the throat, tucked up my nether garments, and sallied out into the storm.

The communication of sorrowful tidings is in itself a sorrowful task. To a sensitive mind it produces all the agitation of personal grief. The tear is ready to mingle with the tear expected. The heart throbs with a painful consciousness of the possession of a secret, which discovered, must agonize; which the possessor would gladly have die with him; but which he must convey with delicate sympathy lest another, less moved by sympathy, might with indelicate haste, send, like an arrow doubly barbed, to the bosom it most concerns.

So, as through the storm I wended my way to a home I might render desolate, before me appeared the image of a suffering girl, moaning, in her agony, for her distant Brother. Long before I reached my destination, I had marked, an imagination, all her features, pencilled her sorrowful eye, and enshrined her in my heart as a sister, whose pillow I should have rejoiced to smooth, and whose cbing spirit I should have loved to solace with the hopes of a better land than this.

A single light illumined a room of the house where Mornington resided, which seemed, from its locality and appearance, to be occupied by one in the middle walks of life. No plate on the door indicated the occupant, but the number, 64, painted in plain figures over it, and lighted by a lamp near by, satisfied me that I had reached the place. Knocking gently at the door, it was opened by an elderly lady, who with a politeness I scarcely expected, invited me to walk in and await her son's return.

"This is his birthday," she said, "and he and part of the family have gone to a little merry-making near by, from whence I expect them every moment. They promised to return by ten, and it is now a few minutes beyond."

"It is somewhat important I should see him soon," I replied; "I have a message from his sister, to which I would be glad to carry a reply."

"From My daughter Mary?"

"I believe it must be from her."

"From Wilmington?"

"Yes, I received it from there this evening."

"You did not, then, come from Wilmington. I was in hopes you might have seen my daughter, and brought us news of her health. Poor child; we sent her there to see if change of scene would restore her to health again. But—she is a tender plant, and needed a mother's care. But her brother proposed to change and to her his wish is her guide."

"The despatch I bear would indicate her ill health, and, fearing that it might be important to be delivered soon, I came thus late to deliver it."

I said this in a tone of voice I intended should be easy and unagitated; yet, having absorbed my mind with the subject of it, my speech was tremulous, and I saw at once that the preceptions of a mother's heart were aroused. The knitting needle dropped from her hand, and, with a hurried, anxious voice, she replied:—

"Has anything happened, sir—is my daughter worse? You seem to regard your errand here as urgent. Something must be wrong! What keeps my son?—He seldom disappoints me—I am aged and infirm, and could not join in their gathering." Then, lowering her head, she said, sorrowfully, "My poor Mary, I fear thou wilt soon leave us." And I saw the tears coursing each other down her aged cheeks, as shaking her head sorrowfully, she went to the window to see if there were indications of her son's return.

There was no time to lose. I might have handed my message to that aged mother; I rose to do so. Had I done so, I would have hurried from the house. I know, and none knows more deeply, the power of a mother's love; the clinging, living grasp with which it encompasses her children, and I dared not give her the chalice, which would surely induce ebullitions of a grief I could not bear; and yet I must accomplish my errand.—

That dying girl seemed following me with tears and low expostulating entreaties to grant her request. Fact I must not, and I was just about to propose to find the object of my search amid his festivities, when a sound of footsteps at the door, and the ring of merry voices, assured me of his return. "Ah," thought I, "what a mission is mine!" I began to hate my avocation. I felt myself to be a miserable raven, coming to croak a note of woe, where all was happiness and hilarity, and hope.

The Party who thus came upon us were, first, a gentlemanly looking man of about thirty, with a gentle, benignant countenance, deeply expressive of inward sensitivity and delicacy; a little lady of twenty-five, with a bright, cheerful countenance—the token of a trusting and open heart within. The third was a bright little girl of five summers, a merry, prattling child, with little round cheeks and chin, who, with her hands full of confectious, was struggling between the sleepiness of so late an hour and the hilarity of the festive occasion from which she had returned. It was an interesting scene to see the beautiful tokens of affection pass between them and the aged lady, as she kissed, with true maternal warmth her children, and little grand daughter, wishing her boy many a returning birthday and a long and happy union with his companion. Tokens which, in their delicacy and touching affectionateness, I fear are too rapidly pressing away from our households. This greeting, however, was soon terminated by the conscious presence of a stranger. It was in vain to endeavor to prepare this loving circle for the message of death. I essayed to do it. Kind words were swelling from my heart, but they refused arrangement in the preface work of consolation. I handed my message, took my hat, hoping to escape the burst of emotion which I felt was to follow, when I was paralyzed by a moan so deep and agonized that three score years and ten shall pass in fruitless effort to efface it from my memory. In a moment that

little group were crowded together in a most touching altitude of mortal grief.—The aged mother with her trembling hands clasped, her eyes closed, and her furrowed features livid, as if in death, could only exclaim, in agonized accents, "My poor child!" and sank back motionless upon her chair. It was thus I left them unnoticed. I doubted not Mr. Mornington would make immediate preparation to leave by the train at 11 P. M., and my mind was relieved of a load of anxiety.—Such duties, since then, have, alas! been too frequent to affect me thus deeply; but the performance of this was accompanied by even deeper anxiety than the language of my narrative might seem to indicate. I was like a sailor boy, looking with awe on the billows he sees for the first time, but which, afterwards, he rides without the thought of their magnitude or danger.

Instead of going direct to my lodgings, I returned to the office to assure myself that the machinery was carefully cut off from connection with the wires outside, in case of danger from lightning during the night. This I found I had neglected to do when the business of the day had closed, and I was surprised to notice, on examining the magnet, that some distant operator was endeavoring to call me, re-lighting the gas, I found the operator at Wilmington assiduously endeavoring to arouse me. Hopeless as must have been his task, as evidence of this, here he was indefatigably calling with a patience characteristic of him, P, P, P, P, 77. P, P, P, 77, which the click of my register brought to me with a certain slowness of sound, as if hope was beginning to wane within him. These characters, be it known, are the signals by which an office is called, and mean "Philadelphia! Philadelphia! Philadelphia! are you ready to take a message from me!" Replying immediately to his call, I found that the friends of the dying girl moved by her constant waiting for a brother, who, by some peculiar sympathies, had become especially dear to her, and who, not receiving any reply to her message, had shown signs of deep despondency, had come to the office and besought the operator to make the effort, thus apparently so providentially successful. Gladdened by the singular coincidence, I immediately gave information of my delivery of the message, and my belief that the request of the sufferer would be answered by the speedy arrival of her brother in the night train.

And do you think we took no pleasure in our work, ye sellers of tape and sugar? was there not, good Joseph, a kind streak of peculiar sunshine pass 'athwart that generous paunch of thine in this ministering in the relief of human sorrow, especially when the subject of it was young and beautiful? Even over our lean and cadaverous features a smile of warm complacency, and a certain gentleness and approvingness about the heart, richly repaid me for my weary and stormy journey; nor did I seek to repress an uprising prayer to Him who smoothes the couch of earthly sorrow and glides it with the lustre of the better land, that life might be prolonged until the longed for union of these loving hearts.

Many months after all this had occurred, and other things had excluded it from my memory. I was walking on Chestnut St., Philadelphia, accompanied by a friend. In the mutual enjoyment of an evening of peculiar tranquility when my eye fell upon the features of a gentleman and lady slowly approaching us, with whom my mind endeavored to associate some recollection of a past acquaintance, but in vain. They seemed engrossed in a quiet, meditative conversation, their eyes looking downward, but both countenances glowing with an unspeakable calmness and repose, as if heaven dwelt within, and conveying the impression of the meaning of those beautiful words which speak of the possession of a "peace which passeth all understanding." The features of the gentleman were especially familiar to me. Yet I racked the dusty corners of my memory in vain to assure myself of an acquaintance, but in vain. He was dressed with much plainness but true elegance; "his costume, however, bearing a subordinate part in my observation. After resting upon the strongly-marked yet delicately defined lines of sympathy around his eyes, forehead, and the corners of the mouth. My heart bounded to him as to a brother; and as they passed me, and I could but just hear him say; "Yes Mary, that was a dark night to us all." The occurrence to which I have before alluded to broke at once upon me, and I remembered the night in which I became a messenger boy, and saw, for the first time, James Mornington, his pretty little wife, and mother. It was certainly he; I could not be mistaken.

But who was she who thus closely resembled him in the winsomeness of her pale features, the interesting gentleness of whose countenance had, even more than his own, riveted my attention, and caused a momentary throb of deep personal interest, as if some kindred spirit had magnetized me with its presence. Mary! that was the name of my first-born. The most beautiful name given to woman-kind—a name associated with woman's sincerity and purity—with childhood's loveliness and affection. It was the name of that sister, too, whose dying request had so excited my interest and roused my sympathies. Was this that sister restored from the very ebbings of the tide of life?

All the power of a woman's curiosity was upon me. And so much engrossed had I become, that I had paid no notice to the request of my friend to enlighten him as to the cause of my silence and abstraction.

We continued our walk away to the Schuylkill, enjoying the cheerful elegant quiet that pervaded that part of the city, and the weather, which was most delightful, our conversation dwelling much on the circumstances which I had just narrated, and which had awakened within the highly religious and intelligent sympathies of my friend the source of much elevated thought and comment, to which I became a pleased and gratified listener. On returning, thus deeply and pleasantly engaged, and just as we were about to turn the corner at Thirteenth St, we saw the object of our conversation coming up Chestnut Street, and what was particularly pleasing to me, Mornington had evidently recognized me, and seemed to be speaking of me to his companion. Their eyes were both directed towards me, and my friend and I agreed to keep on towards them.

On approaching Mornington's face smiled in recognition, and I at once advanced with outstretched hand to join him in salutation. "I am much pleased to see you," Mornington said; "Your visit to us on that stormy night is associated with very pleasant recollections." "Sister Mary, dear," he added, "This the gentleman who delivered that message of which we have spoken so much?" and we were thus introduced to each other in a manner leading directly to the object of my curiosity. My friend Wardlaw was also introduced, and at once a circle of sympathy seemed established.

"It should please me very much," Miss Mornington replied, "to meet one who has unconsciously, perhaps, saved my life, and restored me to this kind brother of mine, and to my dear Mother. We are now near home, if you will accept our invitation to a simple supper with us, we will be delighted to have you and your friend to join us, and we can also then express our gratitude more fully, come." This was said with so much frankness and sincerity, that we accepted the unexpected request, and were soon ushered into a beautiful residence not far from where the welcome invitation was given.

The circumstances of the family had much changed since I first saw them, a large legacy had fallen to Mornington, which had justified the purchase of the beautiful Mansion into which we were now introduced. Everything was suitable, and well arranged, and beautiful. As I entered, I saw that same bright-eyed little wife arranging late flowers in a vase near the window. To both her and the aged mother of Mornington we were kindly introduced. The old lady at once remembering me, and entering into the details of my visit with a gratified recollection, which promised a quick solution of the whole matter, she immediately related to us as follows:—

"My daughter Mary, here dear child, was the same who lay so ill at Wilmington, and who so anxiously asked to see her brother. We knew how delicate she was, and little expected to see her pleasant face again. One remembrance only sustained us. We knew she was ready to blossom in that better land where sorrow comes no more. She trusted in the Redeemer. That hope unites us. This was a pleasant consciousness, even amid the agony of parting. Yet, it was very hard to think of her being so far from us, with none of us present to cheer the last hours. She felt so, too, and this rendered the expected approach of death less tranquil."

"After the message was sent she seemed calm, but receiving no reply, and having no assurance of the coming of any of the family, she yielded to despondency, from which she was, late in the evening, partially aroused by a communication you sent after seeing us, and which was deemed by the friends at Wilmington an act of very unexpected kindness, both on your part and on that of the gentleman there."

"The hours were gradually away, but no train arrived at the time expected.—The cars ran off the track near Darby, detaining them an hour and a half. The delay threw Mary into a deeper melancholy than before, and death seemed very near. In the half delirious state this I found her, she gave way to the sorrow of her heart, and exclaimed:—'No, no, no, —I will see them no more; they are all gone—gone!' and her head sunk in death like stillness upon her pillow. It was thought that a few moments would close the scene, when James arrived, greatly excited by his delay.

"Seeing the friends weeping around, and supposing that all was really over, he rushed to the bed, and exclaiming in great agony of mind, 'My poor, poor sister,' kissed her fervently, and gazed on her pale features with all the passionate affection with which he regarded her."

"That agony saved her life. She started from the death-like stupor into which she had fallen, recalled, as it were, to life by the sound of a voice so dear to her, clasped her arms for a moment wildly around his neck, and, murmuring his name, fell back again, exhausted, on her pillow."

"The attending Physician arrived just as this occurred, and intimated that this excitement might, with great care, be productive of happy results. He advised the withdrawal of all the friends except her brother, who sat by her bedside, watching

with intense emotion every variation of the features of the sufferer.

"By morning the crisis had passed.—The poor child opened her eyes, and found her brother holding her hand in his, and from that moment the work of restoration began. Her recovery was very slow, but there she sits, spared to us, we trust, for many years to come. In our conversations respecting her sickness, we often ascribe her recovery, under Him who holds human destiny in the hollow of his hand, to the use of the Telegraph. It must be a deep source of gratification to you, sir, to have been thus instrumental in securing us this great happiness, and for which, we assure you, you have our deep gratitude."

I replied expressive of the happiness I felt in having thus unconsciously contributed to the happiness of so loving a family, and in the restoration of one so worthy to life. It has added a new tie to the business I had chosen, and I trusted that it might be the means of enlarging the amount of human happiness. I trembled when I thought how nearly an unfaithful messenger had plunged an amiable circle into sorrow, which might have robbed it of its chief charms, and left it desolate.

After a pleasant supper and a delightful hour spent with this affectionate family, to whom I had become thus singularly attached, we bade them, amid many kind words, and a cordial invitation to call again, a kind farewell and returned to our apartments to dream over the Telegraph in its new vocation, as the restorer to life of sweet MARY MORNINGTON.

A PLEASANT THOUGHT.—Perhaps there is no more wonderful illustration of the writing power of the Telegraph than in cases of sickness and sorrow. A mother has a boy very dear to her far from home. He is arrested by disease. Death clutches at his heart with impatient hands. In that hour, his heart flies home to the hearth of his childhood. Will that mother be written to? His spirit would have fled, ere its dark tidings could reach her. But the Telegraph! Blessed power! His message flits along quick as his affection, to overwhelm her aged heart in grief. See her enter the Telegraph office, trembling under her head of woe. With streaming eyes she says, in her tear-washed reply, "God bless thee, my boy, as thy sorrowing mother now does! Is all well with thee my child? Has my boy peace in the prospect of death?" And that message is read to her suffering son, now on the last dread frontier of earth, within hearing of Jordan's troubled waters. His mother's venerable form seems bending o'er him, life has almost gone; but that message revivifies his heart, with faltering lips he exclaims: "All is well, my mother!" and then those lips close forever. The Telegraph has been consecrated to many a sorrowing spirit. This is one of its noblest uses; to mitigate sorrow, to unite the parted, to repress the fears of the anxious. J. D. R.

Antipathy to Spiders.

Few people like spiders. No doubt these insects must have their merits and their uses, since none of God's creatures are made in vain; all living things are endowed with instinct more or less admirable; but the spider's plotting, creeping ways, and a sort of wicked expression about him, lends one to dislike him as a near neighbor. In a battle between a spider and a fly, one always sides with the fly; and yet of the two the last is certainly the most troublesome to man. But the fly is frank and free in all his doings; he seeks his food openly; suspicious of others, or covert designs against them, are quite unknown to him, and there is something almost confiding in the way he sails around you, when a single stroke of your hand might destroy him.

The spider, on the contrary, lives by snares and plots; he is at the same time very designing and very suspicious, both cowardly and fierce; he always moves stealthily, and if among enemies, retreating before the least appearance of danger, solitary and morose, holding no communion with his fellows. His whole appearance corresponds with his character, and it is not surprising therefore, that while the fly is more mischievous to us than the spider, we yet look upon the first with more favor than the last; for it is a natural impulse of the human heart to prefer that which is witty and suspicious, even in the brute creation. The cunning and designing man himself, will, at times find a feeling of respect and regard for the guileless and generous stealing over him, his heart, as it were, giving the lie to his life.—*Miss Cooper's Rural Hours.*

Bad Feeling.—the people of Union county have worked themselves into a great deal of bad feeling toward each other in regard to the division of the county. To show how high that feeling runs, it is but necessary to state that the Lewistown people (Lewistown is the seat of the new county) had to attend Court at New Berlin, last week; and to save themselves from patronizing the New Berlin tavern-keepers, they took tents and their own provisions with them. That's what we would call *spunk*.

New clothes are great promoters of piety. A new bonnet or a new dress will induce a girl to go to church at least three times on Sunday, where she didn't use to go once before she got it.