

THE JEFFERSONIAN

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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN.
All about the Telegraph.

Scene—Country sinners viewing the Telegraph Instrument at Strodsburg.

BY MINGLE.

I say, stranger pounding that 'ere,
Little queer thing made of brass,
Any messes now going?
I haint seen, I swon, none pass!
Crackee! like, just see that brass thing
Dots into the paper slick,
Gracious me! how fast it 'makes 'em
Like a clock goes tick! tick! tick!

Whats all that 'ere green wire wound round
Them two things like cotton spools?
I say Zeke, long side of this 'ere
Locomotives are but fools!
Punkins! dont he pump the news out!
He can go it like a smash,
Reckon you cant read that writing
Nothing else but dot and dash!

Whats that funny little straight thing
Hitting that 'ere short screw there?
Guess that 'ere's what makes the fluid
I would tech it if I dare.
Where's that big wire I seen just now
As I came across the street?
Just explain the matter will you?
And by golly I'll stand treat!

Poor Melick bored with questions
Gives them each a book containing
Pictures of the wires and magnets,
And their mysteries explaining.
Country visitors delighted,
Takes the book and give a laugh
Saying, swon, it beats all nature
Does this Magnetic Telegraph.

Pay the Printer.
BY HENRY BRADY.

As honest men, attend and hear
The serious fact—that times are dear,
Who owes a bill, 'tis just as clear
As star-light in the winter,
That he should come without delay—
That's if he can—that bill to pay,
And ere he puts his purse away,
"Fork over" to the Printer.

The Printer's cheek is seldom red,
The fine machinery of his head
Is working when you are in bed,
Your true and faithful "Mentor,"
All day and night he wears his shoes,
And brains to furnish you with news;
But men of conscience ne'er refuse
To pay the tolling Printer.

The known, or ought to be, by all
His dues are scattered and they're small,
And if not paid he's bound to fall
In debt—for fuel, bread, rent, or
Perhaps his paper; then to square
Up with his help—a double care
Bows down his head—now is it fair
That you don't pay the Printer!

His wife and little prattlers too,
Are now depending upon you;
And if you pay the score that's due,
Necessity cant stint her,
But if you don't, as gnaws the mole,
'Twill through your conscience eat a hole!
And brand the forehead thus: "No soul!"
Of him who cheats the Printer.

The cats will mew between your feet,
The dogs will bite you on the street;
And every urchin that you meet,
Will roar with voice of Stentor,
"Look to your pockets—there he goes
The chap that wears the Printer's clothes!
And proud, though everybody knows
The grub, he gnaw'd the Printer."

Be simply just, and don't disgrace
Yourself, but beg the "Lord of grace,"
To thaw that harden'd icy "case,"
That honesty may enter!
This done, man will with man act fair,
And all will have the "tin" to spare;
Then will the "Editorial Chair"
Support a well-paid Printer.

A Thoughtful Friend—A gentleman
who had been absent from home two years,
says that the first who came to congratulate
him on his return, was the tax-collector.

Startling Intelligence.—A German astronomer
says that in twenty millions of
years from now the earth will be destroyed
by a comet.

A wag, observing on the door of a house
the name of two physicians, remarked that
it put him in mind of a double barreled
gun, for if one missed the other was sure
to kill.

Sharp Practice—A Model Book Pedler.
'Don't you want to buy the 'Life of Christ,' to-day, Mister?' said a determined looking Yankee book pedler, who yesterday entered our sanctum, with a gutta-percha traveling-bag in his hand, and a rather powerful odor of whiskey on his breath.

'No, to to-day,' was our bland reply. 'We're rather too busy to speculate in theological literature at present.'
'Better look at the book, anyhow he'dn't ye? chuck full of pictures; Sarmon on the Meount's done up first rate. Reglar jam up book, that is; writ the hull on't myself—did by thunder?'

'No, we've an abundant supply of works on divinity.'
'But, stranger, this air's suthing new.' 'We rather guess that the Bible and Josephus contain about the gist of your compilation, don't they?'

'Jo—se—plus! who in thunder's he? No, stranger, you're out thar. I tell you there's things in this ere book that'll bring you right out of the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity. There's things in that book that Jesephus never heard tell on.'

It was no use, however; we declined purchasing, and the Yankee at length bowed himself out.
A moment afterwards he re-appeared. 'Say, Mister; mought you know Mr. P., next door?'

We intimated that such was the fact. 'Well, kin you tell me what religion he belongs tew? Some say he's a Methodist, some calls him a Swedenborgian, and another feller says he hankers arter the Morrions. I'd like tew know what he really does belong tew.'

'Why do you inquire?' we asked.
'Wall, I don't mind telling you. You see, I generally find out what church a man belongs tew, before I try to sell him a book, because, then, I always let on that I belong to the same church, and that generally takes, that does. If I know what church a man jines with, I never miss fire selling under them circumstances.'

'Well, did you make inquiries concerning our religious tenet?'

'Stranger, I did; you can bet high on it.'
'Not very successfully, it would appear; for you haven't sold us a book.'

'Wall, no; but if you kin tell me what church Mr. P. belongs tew, I'll dew just as well.'

'You can't sell him a book. It's no use making the effort.'
'Stranger, I'll bet you hat on it.'
'Well, Mr. P. is a Swedenborgian. Now, try him.'

About an hour afterwards, we entered P.'s store. He was walking up and down, using language rather more emphatic than ordinary custom requires, not apparently addressed to any person in particular.

'What's the matter P.?' we inquired.
'Why, a chap came in here to sell the 'Life of Christ'—said he was a cousin of Professor Bush, the Swedenborgian divine, and a Swedenborgian himself. Said he'd just sold my brother Dick a copy, and that Dick sent him to me.'

'And so you bought one?'

'Yes, and Dick was here just now, and says he never saw the man. He's a confounded rascal, the book ain't worth a cent.'

When P. went home that night, the first object that met his eye, was the 'Life of Christ,' lying on the table.
'My dear,' said the lady, 'that's a very trash affair you sent home. I don't like it all. It's anything but orthodox.' (P.'s wife is a strict Baptist.)
'You don't mean to say you've been buying one too,' said P., producing his own copy.
'Why, a person called here to-day, saying he was a member of the—th Street Baptist Church; that you sent the book as a compliment to me, and so I paid three dollars for it!'

A Fortunate Kiss.
In the University of Upsala in Sweden, lived a young student, a lonely youth with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied, lived in great poverty, but keeping up a cheerful heart and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades.

Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, whiling away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young man was arrested by a very young, elegant lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the governor of Upsala, living in the city, and the lady with her was her governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and was looked upon with admiration by the students. As the young man now stood gazing at her, as she passed on a graceful vision; one of them exclaimed,

'Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth.'

The poor student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently on that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration:
'Well, I think I could have it!'

'What?' cried his friends, in a chorus, 'are you crazy? Do you know her?'

'Not at all,' he answered; 'but I think she would kiss me now if I asked her.'
'What in this place, before all our eyes?'

'In this place, before your eyes.'
'Freely?'

'Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!' exclaimed one of the party.
'And I!' 'And I!' cried three or four others; for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event; and the challenge was made and received, in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero, (my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar ideas for believing he was rather plain, but singularly good looking at the same time)—our hero immediately walked off to the young lady and said—
'Mein fraulen, my fortune is in your hands. She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had passed between him and his companions.

The young lady listened attentively, and when he ceased to speak, she said blushing, but with great sweetness, "If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish for me to refuse your request; and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square."

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so.

He received him with a scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him, that he invited him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising scholar in the University. Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second to the daughter of the Governor, as his intended bride.

He became later one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure forever among the works of science, and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden at the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with wealth of goodness and love.—*Frederika Bremer.*

SWEARING.—The California Christian Advocate says, 'An intelligent lady of our acquaintance, whose little boy was beginning to swear, anxious to express to her child her horror of profanity, hit upon the novel process of washing out his mouth with soap-suds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath, which, with the taste of the suds, produced the desired result.' The practice, if universally adopted, would raise the price of soap.

How to Cure Galls from the Harness or Saddle.
Major Long, in his valuable account of his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, says that his party found White lead moistened with milk, to succeed better than anything else in preventing the bad effects of the galls on the horse's back in their march over the plains that border the mountains. Its effect in soothing the irritated and inflamed surface was admirable.

"It can't be Helped."
'Can't be helped,' is one of the thousand and convenient phrases with which men cheat and deceive themselves. It is one in which the helpless and the idle take refuge as their last and only comfort—it can't be helped! Your energetic man is for helping everything. If he sees an evil, and clearly discerns its cause, he is for taking steps forthwith to remove it.—He busies himself with way and means, devises practical plans and methods, and will not let the world rest until he has done something in a remedial way. The indolent man spares himself all this trouble. He will not. He sits with his arms folded, and is ready, with his unvarying observation, 'It can't be helped!' as much as to say—'If it is to be helped, and we need not bestir ourselves to alter it.'—Wash your face, you dirty little social boy, you are vile and repulsive, and vicious, by reason of your neglect of cleanliness. 'It can't be helped!' Educate your children, train them up in virtuous habits, teach them to be industrious, obedient, frugal and thoughtful, you thoughtless communities for they are now growing up vicious, ignorant, and careless, a source of future peril to the nation. 'It can't be helped!' But it can be helped. Every evil can be abated, every nuisance got rid of, every abomination swept away; though this will never be done by the 'can't be helped' people. Man is not helpless, but can both help himself and others. He can act individually and unaided against wrong and evil. He has the power to abate and eventually uproot them.—But, alas! the greatest obstacle of all in the way of such beneficial action is the feeling and disposition out of which arises the miserable, piling, and ejaculation of 'It can't be helped!'

The Speed of Railway Cars.
Many of the accidents which happen to persons attempting to cross railroads, are the result of ignorance of the velocity of the iron horse when fairly under way.—A writer in the Hartford Courant gives some interesting facts which it may be well to bear in mind:

'It seems almost incredible that as we glide swiftly along, the elegantly furnished car moves twice its length in a second of time—about seventy-four feet. At this velocity, we find that the locomotive driving wheels, six feet in diameter, make four revolutions per second. It is no idle piston-rod that traverses the cylinder thus eight times per second.'

'If a man with a horse and carriage upon an unimportant road in a country town should approach and cross the track at the speed of six miles an hour, which would be crossing rapidly, an express train approaching at that moment would move towards him two hundred and fifty seven feet while he was in the act of crossing a distance barely sufficient to clear the horse and vehicle. If the horse was moving at a rate no faster than a walk, as the track is usually crossed, the train would move towards him, while in the act of crossing, more than five hundred feet. This fact accounts for the many accidents at such points. The person driving, thinks he may cross because the train is a few rods distant.'

'How compares the highest speed of the train with the velocity of sound?—When the whistle is opened at the eighty-rod "whistle post" the train will advance near one hundred feet before the sound of the whistle traverses the distance to, and is heard at the crossing. The velocity exceeds the flight of many of our birds.—Dr. J. L. Comstock, the well known author of several philosophical works, informed the writer that he was recently passing through Western New York when a train actually ran down and killed a common hawk. The train was stopped, and the game so rarely captured, was secured.'

Flour Returned.
The schooner Sussex, of Baltimore, from Laguayra, brought back 300 bbls. and 300 half bbls. of flour, being part of her outward cargo. This flour was shipped early in June when the current prices were from \$10 75 to \$10 87 1/2 per bbl. At Laguayra it would not command with in 20 per cent. of its cost, and it was sent back to Baltimore in the hope of finding a better market, but which, with the additional charges, will doubtless cause a loss of near 50 per cent.

Insect Epidemic.
The New Orleans papers complain of the innumerable bugs and mosquitoes, which this year infest that city. The Crescent says:

The parrel was never before known.—Huge, black bugs bombard your papers, Sebastopol like, rattle against your eardrums and charge upon your writing materials, while innumerable millions of mosquitoes attack you in every direction—assail ruthlessly your hands, face, ears, nose and mouth, and very often obscure, the light of the gas just above you by which you are writing.

It is delicious to have a pretty girl open the front door and mistake you for her cousin; but still more delicious—to have her remain deceived till she has kissed you twice, and hugged the bottoms off your coat. 'Maw, here's Charles.'

The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye, is requested to return it.

Educational.
As there is some misunderstanding in relation to the collection of school tax, we publish the following decision of the State Superintendent.

Department of Common Schools,
Harrisburg, Aug., 1855.
Collectors rights to sue for Tax.

In all cases where taxes are due and unpaid to the collector of School tax, after the expiration of his warrant, when such collector has not been legally exonerated therefrom, every such collector, his executors, administrators or any of them, has full right and power to sue for and recover the same with interest thereon, after the expiration of his warrant aforesaid, from all and every person and persons, bodies politic and corporate, owing the same, as other debts of like amount are now by law recoverable.

Form of Warrant to be issued to Collector of School Tax.
The following is the correct form of warrant to be issued to the collector of school tax, under the present school laws. Directors will govern themselves accordingly.

— COUNTY, }
— DISTRICT, }
To C. D., Collector of ——— District, in said county:

These are to authorize and require you to demand and receive, of and from every person named in the annexed duplicate of school tax of said district, the sum whereof such person stands charged; and pay the same to E. F., Treasurer of the said School District, and his successors in office, on or before the ——— day of ——— next, at which time such abatement or allowance for mistakes or deligent persons, or other exonerations, will be made by the Board of School Directors, as may appear just and reasonable; and on or before the ——— day of ——— next, you will pay into the hands of the said Treasurer the whole amount of the taxes charged in the annexed duplicate without further delay, except such sum as the said Directors may, in their discretion, exonerate you from—

And if any person shall neglect or refuse to make payment of the amount due by him for such tax within thirty days from the time of demand so made, it shall be the duty of you, the collector aforesaid, to levy such sum by distress and sale of the goods and chattels of such delinquent, giving ten days' public notice of such sale, by written or printed advertisement, and rendering the surplus (if any there be,) to the owner in cash. And if goods and chattels sufficient to satisfy the same, with the costs, cannot be found, you are hereby authorized to take the body of such delinquent, and convey him to the jail of the proper county, to remain until the amount of such tax, together with the costs, shall be paid, or secured to be paid, or until he shall be otherwise discharged by due course of law. Provided, That nothing herein contained shall authorize the arrest or imprisonment for non-payment of any tax, of any female, or infant, or person found by inquisition to be of unsound mind. Hereof fail not.

School Life.
I am convinced from my own recollections, and from all I have learned from experienced teachers in large schools, that one of the most fatal mistakes in the training of children, has been too early separation of the sexes. I say has been, because I find that everywhere this most dangerous prejudice has been giving way before the light of truth and a more general acquaintance with that primal law of nature, which ought to teach us that the more we can assimilate on a large scale the public to the domestic training, the better for all. There exists still, the impression—in the higher classes especially—that in early education, the mixture of two sexes would tend to make the girls masculine and the boys effeminate, but experience shows us that it is all the other way. Boys learn a manly and protecting tenderness, and the girls become at once more feminine and more truthful.

Where this association has begun early enough, that is, before five years old, and has been continued till about ten or twelve, it has uniformly worked well.—On this point the evidence is unanimous and decisive. So long ago as 1812, Francis Horner, in describing a school he visited at Enmore, near Bridgewater, speaks with approbation of the boys and the girls standing up together in the same class.—It is the first mention, I find, of this innovation on the old collegiate or charity-school plan, itself a continuation of the monkish discipline. He says: "I like much the placing of the boys and girls together at an early age. It gave the boys a new spur of emulation." When I have seen a class of girls standing up together, there has been a sort of empty utterance, a vacancy in the faces, an inertness, which made it, as I thought, very up-hill work for the teacher; so, when it was a class of boys, there has been often a sluggishness, a tendency to ruffian tricks, requiring perpetual effort on the part of the master.

In teaching a class of boys and girls, accustomed to stand up together, there is little or nothing of this. They are brighter, readier, and better behaved; there is a kind of mutual influence working for

good; and if there be emulation, it is not mingled with envy or jealousy. Mischiefs, such as might be apprehended, in this case, far less likely to arise than where boys and girls, habitually separated from infancy, are first thrown together, just at the age when the feelings are first awakened and the association has all the excitement of novelty.

A very intelligent schoolmaster assured me that he has had more trouble with a class of fifty boys than with a school of three hundred boys and girls together, (in the midst of which I found him,) and that there were no inconveniences resulting which a wise and careful and efficient superintendent could not control. "There is," said he, "not only more emulation, more quickness of brain, but altogether a superior healthiness of tone, body and mind, where the boys and girls are trained together till about ten years old, and it extends into their life. I should say, because it is in accordance with the laws of God, in forming us with mutual dependence for help from the very beginning of life."

What is curious enough, I find many people—fathers, mothers, teachers—who are agreed that in the schools for the lower classes, the two classes may be safely and advantageously associated, yet have a sort of horror of the idea of such an innovation in schools of the higher classes. One would like to know the reason for such a distinction, instead of being encountered, as is usual, by a sneer or a wilo innuendo.

The Public Works and the Railroad.
A Harrisburg correspondent of the Franklin Repository and Whig makes some grave charges against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company which may involve the latter in serious trouble, if correct. He says "one part of the charges made is that the Railroad Company has bought off the transporting companies—by giving one company \$10,000, another \$50,000—to withdraw their boats from the Canal, and thus force all the carrying trade upon the railroad."

"When I first heard this charge made, I thought it untrue, but I am now convinced that there is some reason for making it. I am also informed on good authority, that the Attorney General, under the direction of the Governor, has inquired of the Railroad Company in regard to these charges, and that the Company has admitted that there is some truth in them, but say "they are not so bad as represented." The Attorney General has demanded an explicit answer, and the Company has fixed an early day for giving their version of the matter. You may rest assured that the Governor has determined to probe the matter to the bottom, (in which he will be sustained by the people) and will call to his aid all the power of the law to stop any such abuses. If true, a more illegal act was never committed, and the Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will find, when it is perhaps too late, that they will have raised a storm of popular indignation before which they will be hurled from office, as charged before the angry wind, and their charter rights, and ill-gotten possessions resumed by the Commonwealth. They have been so uniformly successful in controlling the Legislature of the State to suit their own purposes, that they have become emboldened by past success, and think themselves omnipotent. They are, however, woefully mistaken. The people will as one man sustain the action of their independent and fearless Executive in all that he may do in the premises, for if through the venality of the employees of the Canal Board no revenue does accrue to the Commonwealth, still the carrying trade of the country can be accommodated, and we are not willing to be cheated out of the value of our public improvements by a corporation which has grown up through our care, and prospered through our indulgence."

SOME PUMPKINS.—There is a pumpkin vine growing in Mr. William Coulter's garden, in Monongahela city, Pa., that has already attained the enormous length of 225 feet. The vine has 25 pumpkins on it.
A Gallant was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of any thing else to say, asked her why she was like a tailor?—"I don't know," said she with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

A LONG ABSENCE.—John Gilman, a citizen of Dexter, Jefferson county, N. Y., who had been one of the unfortunate "sympathizers" in the Canadian revolt, in 1838 taken prisoner and sent to a British penal colony, returned to his family on the 26th, after an absence of 17 years.
A woman was recently fined seventy-eight dollars, in Milwaukee, for throwing "suds" at a neighbor.