

# THE JEFFERSONIAN

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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

From *Graham's Magazine*.  
Pop, Goes the Question.

List to me, sweet maiden, pray,  
Pop goes the question?  
Will you marry me, yea or nay?  
Pop goes the question!  
I've no time to plead or sigh,  
No patience to wait for bye and bye,  
Snare me now, I'm sure to fly.  
Pop goes the question!  
"Ask papa," Oh, fiddle de dee!  
Pop goes the question!  
Fathers and lovers can never agree,  
Pop goes the question!  
He can't tell what I want to know,  
Whether you love me, sweet, or no  
To ask him would be very slow,  
Pop goes the question!  
I think we'd make such a charming pair,  
Pop goes the question!  
For I'm good looking, and you're very fair,  
Pop goes the question!  
We'll travel life's road in gallant style,  
And you shall drive every other mile,  
Or if it please you, all the while,  
Pop goes the question!  
If we don't have an enchanting time,  
Pop goes the question!  
I'm sure it will be no fault of mine,  
Pop goes the question!  
To be sure my funds make a feeble show,  
But love is nourishing food, you know,  
And cottages rent uncommonly low,  
Pop goes the question!  
Then answer me quickly, darling pray,  
Pop goes the question!  
Will you marry me, yea or nay?  
Pop goes the question!  
I've no time to plead or sigh,  
No patience to wait for bye and bye,  
Snare me now, I'm sure to fly.  
Pop goes the question!

## Do Suckers Rain Down.

A correspondent of the Rochester Union states facts and asks questions as follows:

During the storm which occurred at Avon and vicinity on Thursday last, several workmen engaged at Chandelers' shops in the town named saw a large fish—a sucker about six inches long—that descended with the rain and lodged upon the grounds near by. And more remarkable still, the fish was alive when picked up—Now, Messrs. Philosophers, where did he come from? is the question. Are suckers of this magnitude sucked up by the sun when it is said to draw water from the earth? or have they a place up above where they live and move and have a being, as fishes do here below? And how long ought a fish to live in the clouds if they are not his proper habitation?

## Very Ungallant.

An old fashioned naval captain stood up to go through a country dance with a very fine lady, who was shocked to observe that his huge and warm hands were not covered according to etiquette. "Captain," said his fair partner, "you are perhaps not aware that you have not got your gloves on." "O, never mind, Ma'am!" answered the commander, "never mind." "I can wash my hands when we've done."

## Lager Bier—How Tired.

An interesting lager beer trial came off in Petersburg, Va., on Saturday, in which interesting lager beer statistics were brought out on oath, and may therefore be believed. Mr. Solomon Keyser was defendant, and was charged with keeping a disorderly lager saloon. A very respectable German witness in the case defined what lager beer was. He said it was manufactured of malt and hops, and to make it bitter, an extra amount of the latter was thrown in—that was beer. This compound was placed in a barrel lined with a casing of resin, and was laid in a cellar, from which laying in store was derived the name of lager. This was lager beer, or stock ale. The witness thought it might hurt a man, but would not make him drunk. He had known German ladies in New York and Philadelphia to put 17 to 20 glasses (pints) under their waistbands in one day, and never feel the effects.

The Albany Knickerbocker says that there is a man in Greenbush who believes in rotation of crops. One year he raises nothing, the next year weeds.

## From the National Intelligencer. Mason and Dixon's Line.

These are words which, it may well be said without poetry, have been for years past more familiar in men's mouths than even the distinguished and the gallant band who shed their blood with Prince Hal on the memorable "feast of Crispian;" but we doubt whether one in ten thousand of those who have been in the habit of repeating them ever took the trouble of inquiring how they originated or what they meant. This was a task for the curious seeker into musty records and the forgotten annals of our colonial history; and the knowledge of them which has been recently unveiled, is one of the happy results of the many Historical Societies scattered over our union. Their learned and laborious researches have already illustrated many obscure passages in our early history; for, young as our nation yet is, the country is old enough to bear within its bosom many monuments of a race infinitely superior in all the arts of life to the aborigines found here by Columbus, Cabot, or Smith, showing antecedents of a nature and character to excite the interest not only of Americans, but of the world; which but for their profound investigations might have remained, like the origin of the Gipsies, unknown to the present day. If it had been made a penal offence in any one to utter a phrase or a word which he could not interpret the meaning, what a multitude of culprits would "Mason and Dixon's Line" have caused to be called before the tribunal of justice! And what a crowd of mingled feelings must the repetition of them awaken in those who can remember the evil uses made of them by the lovers and promoters of excitement for excitement's sake! Those words, we verily believe, had as much to do in bringing about our first sectional disputes and jealousies as any other taunt, or all other irritating taunts together, ever uttered by North or South against each other. They were the war cry of Round Heads and Cavaliers; the tocsin that invited demagogues, in and out of Congress to civil discord—the menace of separate and independent empire. And yet there never were words of more harmless import in their origin and meaning. If the venerable men crossed the Atlantic for the sole purpose of laying down this invisible and innocent line, which has given immortality to their names, could have foreseen "to what base uses" it would be brought, we are persuaded, little as we know of their characters, that even a royal mandate would have failed in moving them to undertake it.

For our attention being brought at this time to the geographical significance of this famous line we are indebted to the researches of John H. B. Latrobe, of Baltimore, a gentleman whose profound acquirements and literary taste have contributed much to enrich the common stock of knowledge. The subject was chosen by him for an address before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania; and, as we presume but a very limited number of copies were printed for distribution, we shall not subject ourselves to the charge of carrying figs to Athens if we quote a few passages from it for the benefit of our readers. Speaking of the political turn given to a purely geographical question, he says:

"A consequence of this state of these things has been to perpetuate the memory of the old surveyors who established it—a rare good fortune as regards their fame; for, while the engineers who located the road across the Shenandoah have been forgotten in the all-absorbing renown of the master whom they served; while, of the thousands who sail past the Eddystone, not one perhaps knows who it was that erected, on a crag in the midst of the sea, the wondrous light-house that has now defied the tempests of a century; while oblivion has been the lot of other benefactors of mankind, whose works, of every day utility, should have been their enduring monuments. Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, who, eighty-six years ago, ran a line through the forest, until the Indians forbade the further progress of chain and compass, and whose greatest merit seems to have been that of accurate surveyors, have obtained a notoriety for their names as lasting as the history of our country."

It was in 1763 that the proprietaries of Pennsylvania and Maryland agreed with Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon to survey the boundary between their respective grants; and these "two mathematicians or surveyors" landed in Philadelphia in November of the same year, and entered at once upon the work agreed upon. According to their own account their new line did not vary an inch eastward or westward of that which had been established by previous surveyors; "so that, after all," says Mr. Latrobe, "the sighting along poles and the rude chain measurements of 1761 and 1762 would have answered every purpose, had the proprietors only thought so."

He gives a minute account of the progress of this work from time to time, and thus continues:

"The lines whose history has thus been given were directed to be marked in particular manner, both by the agreements of the parties and the decree of Lord Hardwicke; and the surveyors accordingly planted, at the end of every fifth mile, a stone graven with the arms of the Penns on one side and of the Baltimore family on the other, marking the intermediate miles with smaller stones having a P on

one side and M on the other. The stones with the arms were all sent from England. This was done on the parallel of latitude as far as Sideling Hill; but here all wheel transportation ceasing in 1776, the further marking of the line was the vista of eight yards wide, with piles of stone on the crests of all the mountain ranges, built some eight feet high, as far as the summit of the Allegheny, beyond which the line was marked by pots, around which stones and earth were thrown the better to preserve them."

All the efforts of Mr. Latrobe to discover some information in regard to the characters and personal appearance of these two remarkable individuals proved fruitless. "Their letters," he says, "are the merest business letters, their journal is the most naked of records," and he, therefore, amused himself by divining their characters from their respective autographs. From these he very ingeniously deduces that "Mason was a cool, deliberate, pains-making man, never in a hurry; a man of quiet courage, who crossed the Monongahela with fifteen men because it his duty to do so, though he would have much preferred thrice the number at his heels." From Dixon's signature he infers "that he was a younger man, a more active man; a man of an impatient spirit and a nervous temperament; just such a man as worked best with a sober-sided colleague."

In a note he tells us that Lalande, in his *Diographic Astronomie*, says that Dixon was born in a coal mine. He died at Durham, England, in 1777, but Mason survived him ten years, and according to the *Encyclopedia Americana* died in Pennsylvania in 1787. One of the stones—that which marked the north east corner of Maryland—being undermined by a brook, in the course of time fell, and was removed to form part of a chimney to a neighboring farm house. Upon the stone being missed Mr. Latrobe says "the Legislatures of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware took the matter in hand, and a joint commission was appointed, which obtained the services of Lieutenant Colonel James D. Graham, a distinguished officer of the Topographical Engineers of the United States, caused the work of Mason and Dixon to be reviewed as far as necessary. Colonel Graham's work corroborated in all important particulars the work of his predecessors. Some errors were discovered, however."

By the correction of one of these errors the State of Maryland gained an addition to her territory of "one acre and eighty-seven hundredths of an acre," but whether the loss fell upon Pennsylvania or Delaware does not appear. Another of the errors corrected was of a rather singular character. Colonel Graham says in his report: "Mr. W. Smith, a gentleman who has once served as a member of the Legislature of Delaware, resided a full half mile within the State of Pennsylvania," and Christiana church, by the same survey, was found to be in Pennsylvania.

These are all curious facts, well worthy to be made the subject of an address to any historical society; and the manner in which Mr. Latrobe executed his task shows the discriminating judgment of the Pennsylvania society in selecting an individual so every way competent to its satisfactory performance.

## Legislative Smartness.

In the early history of the State of Indiana, Sullivan county, a portion of the State famed for its inflexible adherence to democracy, elected Sol. Turman, of Turman's Creek, to represent it in the State Assembly. It was his first experience in legislative life, but by holding his tongue, and voting as his democratic friends did, he managed to steer along pretty well, until one day he 'brought the house down,' as follows: He happened to come into the Hall in the midst of some business which rendered it necessary to know the population of several of the counties, and the speaker, not having the documents at hand, was asking the members for the information. As soon as his eye fell upon Mr. Turman, what is the population of your county? Mr. Turman, taken entirely by surprise, said: 'Sir, we have scarcely no population in the county; the timber is all oak, hickory, birch and maple, with a very small chance of poplar in the bottom.' Mr. Speaker—'You misunderstand me. What is the census of your county?' Mr. T., very badly scared, replied: 'Oh, they have no senses. They are a damned ignorant set, I assure you!' An enthusiastic member from Clay county immediately invited Mr. T. out to drink.

## A Delicate Creature.

Youthful Swell.—'Now Charley, you're just in time for breakfast; have a cup of coffee?'

Languid Swell.—(Probably in a Government office.—'Thanks! No! I assure you—my de-ah fellah? if I was to take a cup of coffee in the morning, it would keep me awake all day!')

A horse shoe of novel construction has lately been brought forward. The main merit claimed for it is that it can be used without the ordinary nails, the mode of fastening it being by means of a thin iron cap fitted as an external covering to the foot, to which the body of the shoe is appended, the whole being kept on the hoof by a small nail-rod, attaching the sides of its ends.

## Professor Julius Cesar Hannibal's Lecture on Economy.

BRUDDEREN—In studying de science ob de Almanack toddey nite by de light ob de moon and de firely, on de banks ob Coney Island, I come to dis tex:—'A Stitch in Time Saves Nine,' and as the sketer hummed around me like a bee in an empty barrel, I tort I'd jis find out who it was said it, and wharfor he do de same.

I found upon deep reflection and a lief ob de book dat it was uttered afore Singer discubered de sewing machine by a poor man named Richard—(who don't know poor Richard, or seedy Dick as he was vulgarly called in de days he printed de almanack in ole Boston, ni Bunker's Hill! If any ob you am sich big fools as not to know dat Poor Richard was Massa Ben Franklin, de ole kite flyer, I am n't gwane to tell you, for you'd ort to know'd it long ago, when de free school am on ebery corner, and teacher's wages am so low.)

When Massa Franklin sent out de chunk ob wisdom, as found in de tex. he was in de act ob mending a seat in de hole of he trowsers, which he had torn only de day previous before in skiving a fence in catchin his kite, when it broke loose at de time it was unfortunately struck by lightning. He had split dem only a day or two before in trying to solve some sianfice proverb, which proved too much for he breeches, and de truff ob de tex flash 'pon he mind when he seed what an almighty rip he corduroys had sustained by not taken a stitch in time, when it was only a tare.

De same idia 'curred to Bradder Marcy when he was Gubner ob de State of New York, but not till de hole seat ob he trowsers war ripped and gone, and he begun to show his true colors to de world frue de bust; den he had dem resacted, and charged de same to de State—darfore you see, my frens, if Marcy had only studied de Almanack haff as much as your poorly supported shepard, de State would be fifty cents better off to-day and Marcy would not hab shown de wite feller, or radder de wite flag—but sich is life. What am one man's rip am another's sew up.

But my melting frens, de tex don't ply to torn trowsers only, as it would at fist appear to your innocent minds; a stitch in time consurs ebruying in life. If de drunkard had, in de offset ob he career, only adopted dis tex; if he had only took a stitch in de seam ob wretchedness he was sewing for heself and family, in time, and took a baek stitch wid larger beer and soger water, how meny ten days sogourn in de Tombs he would be saved during the thread ob his existence—but no! he would now den bite it off wid de teef of repentance and make a knot with resolution only to rip it all out ober and ober again wid de sissers ob don't care a milldam.

If de gambler had taken a stitch in time, before his future and good name had been ripped from him, what nites ob poker and torture, and days ob loafin and regret would hab been saved him.

If de young 'b'oy, jis mingling on de (Bowery) stage ob action, would take a 'stitch in time' in him rum, tobacco and swearing, how much more his Lize would tink of him, and if she don't say so den she'd be-Lize herself.

If de politicians would only take two stitches in deir conscience, dar would be less raseality in de Post-office, and Treasury bilding at Washington.

If de thief would take herrin-bone stich backwards in his career, and make a good soled knot, and stop and break off his ways, but he won't until he finds de knot under his left ear, and den it will be too late when de sheeff hab got him, and am in de act ob introducing him to de debil.

If de spendriff don't take a stite in his expenses, he will soon find herself sewed up like a puddin-bag without no puddin in it. De only ting in life dat de tex don't touch, am lub and my salary; it don't make a bite ob difference how long or how solid a seam you sew in de course ob true lub, de stronger de seam ob affection am de longer it will last; darfore de stouter de needle and bigger de tread used de better, so long as you don't sew wid oats. Tie knot arter knot in de string ob affection till it grows big as a cable, and then it will stand all ob brakkers ob adversity till one or de odder slips it, and am carried to Pottersfield by de raleroad—darfor, to de lubbers, I say, lub on, sew away, and let ebry stich in de tread of your existence be a link ob true affection; and lastly, don't forget dat ebry good sixpence you put in de sasser, am a stich in time for my bord and washin bill. Anty Clawson sez she's tired ob countin free cent peeces, and laments wid your suspected shepard de introdushun ob dem in dis Hall ob siance, kase ebry one I git I lose free cents on. May de blessings ob a sketerent descend on dis stingy koegregashun.

## A Toast by a Printer.

At the Franklin Festival, recently held in Lowell, the following sentiment was proposed, and most heartily responded to by the company:

The Printer—the master of all Trades. He beats the farmer with his fist 'Hoe,' the carpenter with rule, and the mason in setting up tall columns; he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending to his case, and beats the parson in the management of his Devil.

## Educational.

### Farmer Burrit and his Library.

Farmer Burrit was a plain, honest Pennsylvania husbandman, who had been brought up very much as his father and grandfather had been before him—that is, with just knowledge enough to make him a respectable tiller of the soil. For several winters, when farm work was slack, he had been sent to a country school, and having some aptitude, he learned to read and write tolerably well, and to east up simple accounts. There his literary education ended, and henceforth his energies were devoted to that kind of labor which is so necessary to make a practical farmer. On the death of his thrifty father, he entered into possession of a large and good farm, and in due time married. At the time to which we now refer, he had six children, all young, who had come into the world alternately boys and girls, and their father never dreamed of their being brought up in any other way than he and his ancestors had been. Each one was destined to receive a little schooling, and to do a good deal of work, suited to their respective ages. As is unhappily the case with too many farm-houses, there was but a dim light in that dwelling. There was no thought of cultivating the higher faculties of its inmates. They were to go through the dull, plodding life of those who had preceded them; and although the farmer had a good family Bible and Psalm-book, his library consisted of some few ragged elementary school-books, with the necessary annual almanac. It was in this state of affairs that an intelligent neighbor, who had turned his attention from a city business to farming, with the view of recruiting his health, became acquainted with Mr. Burrit, and deeply interested in his family. The confidence he inspired, and the kindly feelings he manifested, made him a welcome visitor, and gave him no small influence. In the course of many conversations, he threw out occasional hints about the proper training of children, and the advantages resulting from cultivating their mental faculties and moral powers. Although he found farmer Burrit and his wife rather dull scholars, who with difficulty could look beyond the narrow sphere in which they themselves had been educated, he was nevertheless encouraged to give them line upon line and precept upon precept. Taking advantage of what he supposed a favorable opportunity, he engaged one day in the following conversation with the farmer:

"Neighbor Burrit, I was thinking to-day that you were one of our most substantial and thriving farmers."

"Thank you; I am pretty well to do in the world, but it is because I work my way. I have no idle folks about me."

"True, friend Burrit; and it is commendable in you; but you will excuse me if I say I have felt some surprise that you have not all the implements which a good farmer should have."

"Haven't I, though? I guess if you will look about, you'll find I have all I need."

"Well, I have been looking about, and I have not found half a dozen good books in the house."

"Oh! that's it; and what do I want with books? What's the use of them? I guess they can't teach me farming. Your book farmers aren't worth much—always trying something new, and coming out with short crops."

"Ah! but, friend Burrit, books teach many good and useful things besides farming; and to tell you the truth, I really think they would be very useful to your children, whom I know you love, and would like to see a little more intelligent than their neighbors." Now, if you would spend fifty dollars in good books, I will make such a selection as I am sure would be instructive to your children."

"Wiew! fifty dollars laid out in books! Why, you must be jokin'!"

"No, I am not; I never was more serious in my life. My only motive for suggesting it is, the interest I feel in your family; and I will promise you that if at the end of six years you repent of the purchase, I will refund the fifty dollars, with full interest for the whole time."

Farmer Burrit looked puzzled. He respected his neighbor; he knew him to be a good friend, and although he thought the suggestion a foolish one, yet he was touched at the kind interest expressed in his children. After a silence of some few minutes, as if he knew not what to say, he replied—"Well, well, I will think of it." A day or two afterwards, the same friend visited the farmer, and before he had had time to return to the conversation, the farmer said, "I have been thinking of what you said, and out of respect to you, here are the fifty dollars for the books; it's a foolish affair, and I wouldn't like to have it get abroad; but," added he, laughing, "I'll hold you to your promise of paying principal and interest at the end of six years."

His friend took the money with great pleasure, and he saw that a new light was about to dawn on farmer Burrit's household. The books were purchased. Besides some good religious books, including several biographies, he had selected a choice volume or two on agriculture and gardening, several on general history and natural history, a few good books of travels, and various other books, some to entertain and others to awaken thought.

In due time they were properly disposed in a little case, and the kind friend, already familiar with the children, now carefully showed them how books were to be used, enticed them to read, and even made them promise to spend some of their leisure time in finding out what the books contained. After some difficulty, he got things into a right; both boys and girls began to be interested.

We pass over two years. The seed had been sown, was there any prospect of a harvest? No one can pass Mr. Burrit's farm without perceiving some improvement. The external aspect of the old homestead has a more cheerful and comfortable appearance. "Instead of the straggling and unsightly objects which used to be seen around the house, everything has a tidy look. The grass is growing, the flowering shrubbery creeps up the walls and adorns the pathway, the vegetable garden is in better taste, the ornamental accompanes the useful, and gives evidence that the youngsters of the family have been studying the books on gardening. A glance inside shows a better regulated family, and more obedient and well-dressed children. Farmer Burrit acknowledges that Thomas, his oldest boy, has got something out of his books which has saved labor and improved his crops.

Other years pass, and the improvement is still more visible. Mr. Burrit, rather ashamed of his deficiencies, has been reading, and marvellous to tell, has spent an additional fifty dollars in books. His conversation has become more intelligent. He knows something besides farming, and his whole manner has undergone a favorable change. The religious books have accomplished their mission. Religion dwells in that household, and has its altar there. There can be no complaint that books have rendered the children idle, for they have been a new stimulus to industry. The farm prospers more than ever, and the farmer has abandoned his prejudices against the various improvements in agricultural implements, and has obtained a good insight into the advantages of agricultural chemistry. Mrs. Burrit has become proud of her girls and boys—and well she may be, for there are none like them in the neighborhood—so sensible, so refined in manners, so attentive to their duties, so anxious to excel.

We should mention that the kind friend who had been the cause of this improvement, had so far recruited his health, that he had returned to his city business; but he had never lost sight of the Burrits.—Some ten or twelve years after our narrative begins, he spent a week or two with his old friends. How did he find things there! Changed, most agreeably changed. James, the third son, was obtaining a good practice, as the best physician in the neighborhood; Thomas, the eldest, was the farmer, and looked up to as an oracle in all agricultural matters, and had exerted a happy influence in raising the characters of all the farmers around him, and Robert, the second son—what was he? It is the Sabbath; many vehicles are on the road that leads to the stone church; the house becomes crowded. In the front pew sits an anxious family—it is the Burrits; the cause is soon apparent—Robert is to preach for the first time in the old church, and in the presence of many a one who knew him when a little boy. Although with some signs of timidity, he commenced the service, and before he had closed, there was many a moist eye in that assembly. He had spoken to them in an earnest, affectionate, and impressive manner—one of the most promising young ministers of the day. Elder Burrit, for so he was now designated, and his kind-hearted wife, were almost overcome with emotion, as many a strong hand grasped theirs, accompanied by hearty congratulations.

Next day, the city friend smilingly inquired of farmer Burrit why he had not called on him for the fifty dollars with interest in full! With a tearful eye, and a strong grasp of the hand, he said, "Look at these sons, look at these beloved daughters, look at my prosperous business, look in upon our minds and changed hearts, and you will get the answer."

## Wages in Germany.

Clerks in mercantile house get from \$200 to \$300 per year; wages of a earpenter (per day) in summer, 29 cents net; in winter 27 cents net; of a mason (per day) in summer, 29 cents net; in winter, 27 cents net; of a blacksmith per day 40 cents, or 50 cents per week, and boarded; coopers 43 cents per week, and boarded; bakers, 40 cents per week and boarded. House servants—women from \$1 to \$2.40 per month; men at all prices, from \$3 and \$5 down to their board only.

Never marry a man until you have seen him eat. Let the candidate for your hand pass through the ordeal of eating soft boiled eggs. If he can do it and leave the table spread, the napkin, and his shirt unspotted—take him. Try him next with a spare-rib. If he accomplishes this feat without putting out one of his own eyes, or pitching the bones into your lap, name the wedding-day at once; he will do it to tie to.

The man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, is going East to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.