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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

I'm growing Old.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn nor weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate of erowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All tell me in the pleasant voice,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand hints proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah, me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears;
And every boon the hours bequeath
But makes me debtor to the years!
E'en Flattery's honied words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years, whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden life
That tint the darkness of their wings!
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest and none may sigh,
I'm growing old!

The Right Talk.

A straight-out writer gives the following excellent advice to those young men who "depend on father" for their support, and take no interest whatever in business, but are regular drones in the hive, subsisting on that which is earned by others:

"Come, off with your coat, clinch the saw, the plow handles, the axe, pickaxe, spade—anything that will enable you to stir your blood! Fly round and tear your jacket, rather than be the passive recipient of the old gentleman's bounty! Sooner than play the dandy at *dad's* expense, hire yourself out to some potato patch—let yourself to stop hog holes, or watch the bars; and when you think yourself entitled to a resting spell, do it on your own hook. Get up in the morning—turn round at least twice before breakfast—help the old gentleman—give him now and then a generous lift in business—learn how to make the lead, and not depend forever on being led; and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new earth, wake to a new destiny—and you may then begin to aspire to manhood. Take off, then that ring from your lily finger, break your case, shave your upper lip, wipe your nose, hold up your head, and, by all means, never again eat the bread of idleness, nor depend on father!"

It is singular, says the *Banner*, that the name of God should be spelt with four letters in almost every language. It is in Latin, Deus; French, Dieu; Greek, Zeus; German, Gott; Scandinavian, Odin; Swedish, Codd; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Ida; Spanish, Dios; East Indian, Esgi, or Zeul; Turkish, Addi; Egyptian, Aum, or Zeul; Japanese, Zain; Peruvian, Lian; Wallachian, Zene; Etrurian, Chur; Tyrrhenian, Eher; Irish, Dieh; Croatian, Doge; Magyarian, Oese; Arabian, Alla; Dalmatian, Rogt.

The Monster Snake Taken.

Correspondence of the Buffalo Daily Republic.

PERRY VILLAGE, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1855.

This part of the country is wild with excitement. The immense snake, with various descriptions of which the papers have been crowded for two weeks back, is at length captured. You have undoubtedly heard all the particulars of his appearance, the many doubts and sneers as to the existence of a *Lusus nature* of this character in a lake but four miles long and not quite three-quarters of a mile in width. At any rate it has never been doubted. Daniel Smith, an old whaler, came here about two weeks since, after hearing of the appearance of the creature, and while here had the good fortune to see him. He immediately sent to New York for an old shipmate of his and his 'trons, and on Friday last both arrived with harpoons, cordage and everything necessary to catch a monster.—Many strangers who are stopping at the Walker House in this city, attracted to this part of the country by the excitement in regard to the monster, and who had obtained no glimpse of him, laughed at them for their pains; but they kept on with their preparations all over the lake for upward of eight days, and the two whalers had a sharp look-out kept all the time beside watching themselves.

The lake has several outlets, the largest of which runs through this village and finally empties into or becomes Genesee River. In the vicinity of this outlet he was seen first, and on Sunday he came to the surface, displaying about 30 feet of his long, sinuous body, remaining, however, but a few moments. The boats were on the watch all Sunday night.—The whalers had 1,200 feet of strong whale line in their boat, the end of which ran ashore and fastened to a tree. On Monday morning everything was on the alert. The shores were lined with towns-people and strangers, and every body seemed very much excited. About 9 o'clock the animal made his appearance between the whaler's boat and the shore revealing twenty or thirty feet of his length. He lay quiescent upon the surface, when the whaler's boat moved slowly toward him.—Mr. Smith of Cornington posing a Lilly-iron in the air, a Lilly-iron is a patent harpoon, a heavy cutting knife being attached by the middle to the end of the iron by a rivet. As soon as the knife enters the body of an animal this movable blade turns at right angles to the wound and being entirely blunt and flat on one side it is impossible to extricate it except by cutting out.—When they had got about ten feet from the animal the iron whistled through the air and went deep into his body. In a moment the whole length of the monster was lashing the air, at a bound revealing his whole enormous length, and then making the water boil in every direction, he described rapid, foaming circles and areas of circles, with such a swiftness the eye could scarcely follow him. Then he darted off in another direction toward the upper part of the lake, the suddenness of his movement almost dragging the boat under water. Line was gradually given him, and after the space of half an hour, it was plain that his strength was almost exhausted. The whaler then came ashore and gradually hauled the line in.—The body was within fifty feet of the shore, when renewed life appeared to have been given him, and with one dart he carried nearly all the line out. This was his last, great effort. He was slowly dragged ashore, amid the wildest excitement and tumult ever known in the vicinity of Silver Lake. Four or five ladies fainted upon seeing the monster, who although ashore was lashing his body into tremendous folds, and then straightening himself out in his agony, with a noise and power that made the very earth tremble around him. The harpoon had gone entirely through a thick muscular part of him about eight feet from his head.

The snake, or animal, is fifty-nine feet five inches in length, and is a most disgusting-looking creature. A thick slime covers his hideous length a quarter of an inch thick, which, after being removed, is almost instantly replaced by exudation.—The body of this creature is variable in size. The head is about the size of a full-grown calf; within eight feet of the head the neck gradually swells up to the thickness of a foot in diameter, which continues for fifteen inches, and then tapers down the other way, constantly increasing in size, however, as it recedes from the head until the body of the monster has a diameter of over two feet in the center, giving a girth of over six feet. It then tapers off toward the tail, which ends in a fin which can be expanded in the shape of a fan until it is three feet across, or closed in a sheath. Along the belly, from the head to the tail, are double rows of fins, a foot in length—not opposite each other, but alternately placed. The head is a most singular affair. The eyes are very large, white, staring and terrific.—Attached to the edge of the upper and lower lids, which are like those of a human being, a transparent film, or membrane is seen, which, while it protects the eye of the animal, does not interfere with its vision. He has no nostrils or gills, apparently. The mouth of this serpent, or whatever it may be, is underneath—is almost a counterpart of the mouth of the fish called a sucker, possessing the same valvular power, pursued up—but it can be stretched so as to take in a body of the

diameter of a foot or a foot and a half.—No teeth can be discovered. A hard bony substance extends in two parallel lines around the upper and lower part of the head. His color is a dusky brown on the sides and back, but underneath the belly it is a dirty white. It is sinuous like a snake, but has along its back, and on each side, a row of hard substance, knob-like in shape—the largest raised four inches from the surface of the body, extending from head to tail.

The news of his capture spread like wild-fire, and before night hundreds and hundreds of people from the neighboring towns and villages had collected to see this wonder. The animal still has the harpoon in him. It passed through the muscular portion of the back and touched no mortal part. He lies in the water, an ingenious contrivance of ropes having been placed on him while he was on shore, keeping his body in a curve, preventing him from getting away or proving dangerous. He can use but his head and tail, with which he occasionally stirs up the water all about him for rods. He keeps his head under water except when he rears it up as if looking around, and presents a most fearful aspect. When rearing he expands his mouth and exhibits a cavity blood-red, most terrible to look upon. As he does this air rushes forth with a heavy, short puff. I have no more time to write you. The hotel is full, and people have great difficulty in getting a meal in the village. Some of them go up to Castle to get their meals. The whalers contemplate keeping the monster in his present position until an agent of Mr. Barnum arrives, who has been telegraphed. He is expected here to-night. Very truly your friend and a subscriber.

O. M. E.

Since the capture of this great Snake, the New York papers announced that it had made its escape, breaking the leg of one man in the struggle. He will doubtless be re-captured, as the most diligent search is being made.

From the National Intelligencer.

How Best to Preserve the Teeth.

It is probable that no department of the healing art is subjected to more frequent abuses than that relating to the treatment of the teeth, and all intelligent persons should know that no practitioner of that specialty can be safely trusted whose character and professional standing are unknown to them. I would call attention to the subject because of having heard of recent abuses practised in this city. The teeth should never be cleaned by other than *mechanical* means. Any chemical agent that will act upon the tartar on the teeth will act upon and destroy the enamel of the teeth also. Hence although the teeth may be made to look very white in a minute or two by the use of acid, they soon become darker than ever, to be whitened no more, and early decay and pain are sure to follow. In cleaning the teeth by mechanical means the only caution to be observed is that they should not be broken nor scratched, and that the tartar shall be so perfectly removed that a smooth surface shall be left, as upon a rough surface there is sure to be a fresh accumulation of tartar. To have this done properly it is necessary to obtain the aid of a practised hand, with appropriate instruments. To keep the teeth clean, when once made so, a full and soft brush should be applied in a rotary manner at least once a day with water not very cold. As often as once a week prepared chalk may be used for a dentifrice. When more than this is needed it is best to obtain the assistance of the dentist. Charcoal, pumice stone, &c., wear away the teeth too severely, and indelible itself between the gum and the neck of the tooth, which latter, not being covered by enamel, soon decays when thus exposed. Filling and filing teeth are operations which no one but an educated dentist should attempt; nor will a prudent person ever have a tooth drawn by any other hand if a dentist is near. If one is not, then let a handy and firm person, having first cut the gum well from the neck, embrace the tooth as near the root as possible with a pair of forceps, and extract the tooth just as he would extract a nail from a piece of furniture he would not like to injure. For such a class of teeth there is a peculiar motion in drawing; but these none but the dentist will be likely to remember. To relieve an aching tooth apply a drop or two of any essential oil or of laudanum, if you can get it into a cavity, or a single drop of creosote, not around the tooth, but *in the cavity*; and having done so, close up the cavity, first with a little cotton and then with a little beeswax. The repeated application of such a remedy will sometimes destroy the sensation of the tooth but more powerful agents for this purpose should be applied by the dentist alone.—Even these are sometimes injurious to the mouth when carelessly applied. Above all, however, never trust your teeth (injury to which can never be repaired) to any person in whose personal integrity and professional skill you have not entire confidence.

ALVEOLUS.

A SLOW READER.—An old fogey was asked why he did not take a newspaper. 'Because,' said he, 'my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers and I haven't read them through yet.'

From the Clarksville Tobacco Plant.

Extraordinary Marriage.

Our readers will remember that some time since we stated it was very usual for ladies to institute suits for breach of marriage promise, but that no instance of such a suit, in which the gentleman was the plaintiff, had fallen within the range of our observation or reading. The following facts may lead to such a denouncement:

Squire John Bradsher, of Person county, N. C. had been a widower for only a few months. After the loss of his partner, he felt sadly oppressed with the unwonted loneliness of his situation, and naturally fell into the habit of visiting a Miss Franky Lea, of the neighborhood, by way of dispelling his gloom. It is not in human nature for two persons of opposite sexes, with warm impulses and throbbing hearts, to associate constantly and intimately, without becoming strongly attached, one to the other. The thought of marriage, at first, perhaps, entered the brain of neither. But Miss Franky, as is the saying, had the quills. Twelve thousand was her dowry. This, with other attractions, (for mind you, she was only 57,) operated like magic upon the ardent nature of the Squire, who, though in his seventieth year, was rejuvenated by the inspiration of Miss Franky's smile. He proposed—she accepted. The morning of Saturday, the 14th July, just passed, at 8 o'clock, was fixed upon for the marriage. The Squire procured his license, paid an extra price for it, in view of the expected accession to his wealth, employed a parson, rigged himself off in a suit of black, and made every other imaginable preliminary arrangement for the ceremony which was to consummate his bliss.

The daughters of Mr. Samuel Johnson, another widower of the neighborhood, were invited to the wedding. Johnson was only 57—Miss Franky's age exactly. They had been children together; and while they were both young they had loved. He was not satisfied that she and the Squire should marry. On Friday evening, the day before the expected wedding, seeing a neighbor passing his house, he hailed him. The neighbor found Johnson very much excited and disturbed. Johnson stated to him that he could not bear the thought of Miss Franky's marrying Squire Bradsher, and that he wanted him to go to Miss Franky at once and say to her for him that if she preferred marrying him to Squire Bradsher, she could do so. The neighbor insisted on his writing her a letter to this effect, offering to deliver it. "No," says he, "I am entirely too nervous to hold a pen.—You must go and deliver the message." Finally he consented and repaired to Miss Franky's residence, charged with this message of love. Miss Franky, in reply, authorized him to say to Mr. Johnson, that if he would get ready to marry her at sunrise the next morning, she would marry him.

It was then late in the afternoon. Having no time to spare, he put off under whip and spur to Roxborough, the county seat, for his license, and at the same moment started off a servant to Leesburg, for a parson. The servant took care not to inform the minister what it was his master wanted with him, but only said that his services were imperatively required at sunrise the next morning.

Mr. Johnson, the minister, who had been engaged to officiate, and the friend who had borne the messages of love between Miss Franky and the bridegroom, were at their post at the appointed hour. The marriage rites were performed, and Miss Franky Lea became Mrs. Franky Johnson.

An hour afterward Squire Bradsher and his retinue were to come. Accordingly the bride hastily addressed a note to the Squire, informing him that she was no longer Miss Franky Lea but Mrs. Franky Johnson, and that he need not trouble himself any further about her.

The astonished yet incredulous Squire could not believe the note authentic, but regarded it as a hoax attempted to be practised upon him by some of the wild young men of the neighborhood. To settle the matter he hastened over to see his inamorata. Arrived in her presence he presented the note to her and inquired if she wrote it. She replied in the affirmative. Incensed at her faithlessness, he indulged (who that is mortal would not!) in bitter complaints of her ill-treatment. (Johnson meantime in the next room, reclining on a sofa, easily smoking his pipe, and listening with more of merriment at the imprecations heaped upon his bride.) Indeed having foiled his competitor, while in the very act of plucking the fruit for which he so much yearned, he could well afford to endure the pain of a few bitter reproaches.

After a free ebullition of his indignation, the Squire retired, resolved, as our informant tells us, upon a resort to the law to stanch his heart wounds, and heal as far as possible, his bruised and lacerated affections.

Having derived these facts from undoubted authority, they may be regarded as true to the letter.

Old Howqua, the rich China merchant, not being able to find a burying place to suit him, saved the bodies of his deceased wives until he had forty of them, when he purchased ground and buried twenty of them at one funeral—giving a great feast, which two hundred dogs were

The Importance of Punctuality.

'BEHIND TIME'—A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down-train was to wait had nearly elapsed: but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

A great battle was being fought. Column after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking in the West; reinforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy.—As it had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and, if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at day-break; but it was found on inquiry that she brought no funds; and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been *behind time*.

A condemned man was being led out to execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve, a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and, although it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up.—The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, the steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved partially to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer *arrive behind time*.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness itself are sacrificed because somebody is 'behind time.' There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake simply because they are 'behind time.' There are also others who put off reformation year by year till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever 'behind time.' The Atlas have lost nearly a year at Sebastopol because they delayed a superfluous day after the battle of Alma, and came up too late for a *coup de main* just twenty-four hours 'behind time.' Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided it is being *behind time*.

What a Change.

Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of France, when in this country, a few years since, was, one night, so ungalant as to strike a "woman of the town" over the head with a champagne bottle. This occurrence took place in a brothel in New York City, and soon after. His Princely Highness was under lock and key, in the Tombs, with four or five hundred of the very worst villains as his companions.

Recently, this same prisoner of the N. Y. Tombs, was the guest of Queen Victoria, at Buckingham Palace.

At one time he was a peniless wanderer in the streets of Gotham—now he is the Emperor of a powerful nation, surrounded with all the wealth and luxury that royalty can bestow. It is not unlikely that the time will soon come, when he will be obliged to suddenly vacate the throne, and again seek refuge upon our shores.

Seven Years' Mail.

The Mobile Tribune says, that in November, 1848, a gentleman in Baldwin mailed a letter to a grocery in that city. It was never received or heard of until last week, when it came exactly to its destination, after an absence of nearly seven years. It would be pleasant to hear that letter give an account of its travels during that long period.

Is it so?

Somebody—we don't know who, and it makes no difference—thus warns young men to look out for the women:

'Young man! keep your eye peeled when you are after the women! Is the pretty dress or form attractive! Or a pretty face even! Flouresce, boy, are no consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile of the flirt will give way to the scowl of the termagant. The neat form will be pitched into calico. Another and far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiles sweet and eats sour candy. Keep your eye peeled, boy, when you are after the women. If the little dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all around the house. If she apologizes for washing dishes, you will need a girl to fan her.—If she blushes when found at the wash tub with her sleeves rolled up, be sure sir that she is of the odious aristocracy, little breeding and little sense. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit woman slaughter on the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find one whose mind is right, then pitch in. Don't be hanging around like a sheep thief, as though you were ashamed to be seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough, and ask for the articles like a man.

"Before the Men Come."

Women folks like strong tea. We make the assertion boldly, without fear of successful contradiction. We never saw a mature matron who did not relish it with as much gusto as a confirmed toper does his "tod." And many times have we seen a "wild, impulsive, gushing, ancient maiden," toss off a cup of Old Hyson that would almost take the fur off a bison.

The ladies generally consider good tea thrown away upon "the men," however, and resort very freely to dilution when serving them. One housekeeper, we once knew, used to get the females of her flock around the table a little before the regular time, and serve up a rousing cup of tea all round the party, before the masculines made the appearance; and as she poured out the beverage "that cheers but not inebriates," steaming hot, her invariable ejaculation, as she passed the cups hastily to the ladies, was—"Quick! quick! before the men come!"

Large Mass of Silver Ore.

A solid mass of silver ore was received in New York by the steamer George Law, last week, weighing 25 pounds, and valued at \$3,000. It is the product of one mine on the Isthmus, and sent on to be coined. The Express says:

It is very curious that silver is becoming abundant, and that at the Mint in Philadelphia, it is now paid out freely at rates equivalent to \$1.20 per ounce. No doubt but that when we have a regular communication with New Granada, by steam, the world will be astounded with the results of a newly directed industry, of an American character, throwing possibly California and Australia into the shade.

The mass of silver was in shape the half of a cylinder, whose length was about two feet, and diameter one foot. It had a rough exterior, and looked like a piece of wood with the bark on, only that it was of pure silver.

A DIAMOND FOUND IN PENNSYLVANIA.—A supposed diamond of extraordinary size it is stated, has recently been found in Lancaster county, Pa., and is deposited in Professor Phillips' office, Philadelphia. It is colorless, perfectly crystalline, resembling a drop of clear spring water, in the middle of which you will perceive a strong light playing with a good deal of spirit. The geologist does not announce it to be of the first water, although there is not the least doubt of its being of considerable value. Offers of importance, it is said, have been declined for it. Nothing, it is supposed, like it, was ever discovered before in the United States.

BAD LOOKING GIRLS WANTED.—A gentleman at Elmira, N. Y., wishes to secure the services of a girl to do house work, who isn't run after by more than ten men—who can be contented at home one evening in a month—who when she is out will come in before midnight, through some other way than the window—who hasn't more than three families of friends and relations to provide for—and who can get a meal of victuals without sensuous with dirt, hair and fathers.—(Good looking girls needn't apply, and one over forty preferred.)

'Does the razor take hold well?' inquired a darkey who was shaving a gentleman from the country, a few evenings since. 'Yes,' replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, 'it takes hold first rate, but it don't let go worth a cent.'

A Gipsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husband's faces in a pail of water. They looked, and exclaimed, "Why, we only see *our* faces!" "Well," said the gipsy, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

A fellow writing from Arkansas, says that when he went there he had a rag on his back, and now he is all rags.