

# THE JEFFERSONIAN

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

VOL 15.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. OCTOBER 4, 1855.

NO. 45.

## Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square (ten lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.  
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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Mrs. Partington on the Sag Nights.  
"Mother," said Mrs. Partington's like, "here's a word in this 'ere paper I can't make out."

"Spell it, child," said the old lady.  
"S-a-g N-i-g-h-t-s!"  
"Sage Nits, sonny, what does it say about 'em?"

"It says that they started in old Kentucky and are spreading all over."  
"Dear us!" said the old lady, "the world must be comin' to an end! Chintz lugs, cut worms, and locusts was bad enough; but here must come those filthy things, the *sage nits*! No assegers for this year, Isaac!" and Mrs. Partington sighed.

## Independent in Religion.

The Liverpool (England) Albion relates the following:—"A friend of ours met his neighbor's coachman looking remarkably facetious one Monday. As the man touched his hat, he said to him:—"Well, John, what has happened to make you look so pleasant to-day?" "Why, sir," was the reply, "what do you think? We are a pretty lot at our house—the wife and I started with five of us in the old carriage yesterday morning. First of all, I drove the young mistress to the church, and then old master to the Wesleyan; next, I took young master to the Roman; my wife went to the Ranters; and when I had put up the horse, I took a turn myself with the Calvinists."

One of our religious exchanges has the following strong remarks on the religion of paying debts. They drive the nail into the head and clinch it:—"Men may sophisticate as they please. They can never make it right, and all the bankrupt laws in the universe cannot make it right for them not to pay their debts.—There is a sin in this neglect, as clear and as deserving church discipline as in stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds the payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet the engagement, ought to be made to feel that in sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide, but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having."

## The Fate of a Flirt.

It is very rarely, indeed, that a confirmed flirt gets married; ninety-nine out of every hundred old maids may attribute their ancient loneliness to juvenile levity. It is very certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms or any other place of gaiety; and as few are influenced by what may be called showing off in the streets, or any other allurement of dress. Our conviction is that ninety-nine hundredths of all the flirty women decorate or load their persons for nothing as far as husband catching is concerned. Where, and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fireside where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as the humble. Against these, all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance.

## A Thick-headed Husband.

A pious old lady who was too unwell to attend meeting, used to send her thick-headed husband to church, to find out the text the preacher selected as the foundation for his discourse. The poor dunce was rarely fortunate enough to remember the words of the text, or even the chapter or verse where they could be found; but one Sabbath he ran home in hot haste, and with a smirk of self-satisfaction on his face, informed his wife that he could repeat every word without missing a syllable. The words were as follows: "An angel came down from Heaven and took a live coal from the altar."  
"Well, let us have the text," remarked the good woman.  
"Know every word," replied the husband.  
"I am anxious to hear it," continued the wife.  
"They are nice words," observed the husband.  
"I am glad your memory is improving, but don't keep me in suspense, my dear."  
"Just get your big bible, and I will say the words, for I know them by heart. Why, I said them a hundred times on my way home."  
"Well now, let's hear them."  
"Ahem," said the husband, clearing out his throat. "An Ingen came down from New Haven and took a live colt by the tail and jerked him out of his halter."

## The Philosophy of Life.

### MODERATION.

"Moderation is not only wisdom, but virtue."

How shall man live so as to lengthen his days, and at the same time to increase his social and intellectual comforts and enjoyments? This is a question that possesses vital interest to all, and yet there are few who discuss it with thought, reflection and philosophy. The multitude live on, careless of to-morrow, and as if they were to live forever. "All men think all men mortal but themselves." In youth, and when life is full of excitement, this, perhaps, is natural. Then the present alone is cared for, and the future at least, has no gloomy forebodings. Fancy colors everything with rosy hues, hope is buoyant, the heart is impulsive, and care, and anxiety, and responsibility, have not yet influenced the mind or marked the forehead. But when youth has gone by, and the character has to a certain extent ripened and matured, the modes of life, even with those who can afford to pause and reflect, are not adapted to prolong human existence, and to increase its social enjoyments. Thousands and tens of thousands perish annually, who might, by the proper means, live for years and years. They are the victims of excess and imprudence, and are, in fact, moral suicides.—They cannot master their passions they cannot control their tastes, they cannot restrain their appetites, they cannot resist the temptations around them.

The true philosophy of life is moderation—moderation, not only in eating and drinking, but in all indulgences and excitements. The head should be kept cool, the mind should be kept clear, the heart should be kept true, and the conscience should be kept easy. These to a very considerable extent, comprehend the duty of man. They teach him, not only how to live, but they prepare him for the close of life. The ancients perished, understood these things better than the moderns. They recognized the intimate connection between the mind and the body, between the physical and the mental man, and they endeavored to make the two harmonize. They lived, not for the day or the hour, but so as to prolong human existence, and at the same time make it agreeable. But in modern days, all is excitement, and everything is up to fever heat. We leap, as it were, by telegraphic impulse, from one world to the other. Moderation is ignored. It is regarded as out of place. The young rush on wildly and recklessly, the middle-aged strain and exhaust themselves in an effort to keep up, while the old gasp and groan, and sink into the grave. All live too fast. The exceptions, at least, are few and far between. Even enjoyment is made a sort of madness, and nothing will now do, but the keenest and most absorbing excitement. And thus it is, that while with all our improvements and discoveries, with the wonderful march of science, and the many triumphs of civilization, the span of life is rather diminished than extended. There are few who linger on the stage at these score years and ten, and the number, it may be feared, is constantly diminishing. The reason is palpable and plain. We neglect or forget the experience of by-gone sages. We disregard the teachings of wisdom. We turn a deaf ear to the admonitions of even Death himself. The philosophy of moderation is constantly violated. We yearn, and grasp, and clutch, and thus we strain and snap the springs of existence. How few are there among the sons of men who can practice a spirit of content! How few who adapt their tastes and expenditures to their means! How few who pause calmly at some critical point on the road of life, and determine their future course in a spirit of common sense, not to say of enlightened wisdom! All more or less shut their eyes to the truth. All yield to some delusion. All permit themselves to be self-deceived. And thus it is that errors are committed, that dilemmas are encountered, that suffering is experienced, and that much of life itself is exhausted. "A sober life," according to an eminent author, "implies moderation in all things. It consists in moderate eating, in moderate drinking, and in the moderate enjoyment of all the pleasures of this world—in keeping the mind moderately and constantly employed in cultivating the affections moderately, in avoiding extremes of heat and cold, and in shunning excessive excitement, either of body or of mind." This is the true doctrine, the real philosophy. But how difficult it is to practice! The rich cannot or will not, for their means and temptations are so abundant. The poor cannot, for they often lack the essentials, and are compelled to overtask as well the body as the mind, in order to secure the actual necessities of life. The middle classes will not, for they are constantly seeking and striving to be ranked among the rich. And so, too, the ambitious, the avaricious, the selfish and the vain. All are absorbed by some passion of pursuit. All are discontented or anxious, and thus the beauty, the duty and the philosophy of moderation are neglected, disregarded, mocked at and violated. In ordinary affairs, a daily account is kept of the receipts and expenditures, and thus a sort of check and balance in a financial point of view. But how seldom do we extend the system to all the important matters of health and life, mental equipoise and social employment. In other words, how rarely, as the barque of life floats or tosses along the sea of time, do we take a thoughtful observation, and so direct our

future course that the voyage may not only be prosperous, but the destined port be reached. On, wildly, blindly, on seems to be the spirit which actuates the many, while moderation, we repeat, is contemned and discarded, and all its admirable teachings are given to the wind. And yet the moderate man is not only the wise, but in a great majority of cases, he is the contented, the happy, the prosperous and the long lived.

## The Lord's Prayer.

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian, which we do not recollect having seen in print. It occurred in the palmy days of his fame, before the sparkle of his great black eye had been dimmed by that bane of genius, strong drink. Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and the atre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all his scruples and prejudice. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted and the company seated in the drawing room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deadly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth, "Our Father, who art in Heaven; 'ke, with a pathos and fervid solemnity that thrilled all hearts. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (their host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand.

"Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure to which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from my boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I have never heard it before *never*."

"You are right," replied Booth; "to read that Prayer as it should be read, has cost me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and in words so simple. That Prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of Divinity."

So great was the effect produced (says our informant, who was present) that conversation was sustained but a short time longer, in subdued monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up and retired to their several homes, with sad faces and full hearts.

## Blind People.

Stanley, the organist, and many blind musicians, have been the best musicians of their time; and a schoolmistress in England could discover that two boys were playing in a distant corner of the room instead of studying, although a person using his eyes could not detect the slightest sound. Prof. Sanderson, who was blind, could, in a few moments, tell how many persons were in a mixed company, and of each sex. A blind French lady could dance in figure dances, sew, and thread her own needle. A blind man in Derbyshire, England, has actually been a surveyor and planner of roads, his ear guiding him to the distance as accurately as the eye of others; and the late Justice Fielding, who was blind, on walking into a room for the first time, after speaking a few words, said, "this room is about two feet long, eighteen wide, and twelve high," all of which was revealed to him with accuracy through the medium of his ear.

## Little Trials.

It is the little trials of life that irritate the temper, and destroy the quality of the mind; just as the continual falling of water-drops, one by one, wears away the solid rocks. Pride—sense of wrong—consciousness of the sympathy and pity of others, may assist us to meet great trials, and strengthen us to endure severe sufferings; but the grace of God alone is sufficient for us, in the numberless petty annoyances which continually beset us in the path of daily life. Without it, we are indeed weak to endure suffering, powerless to resist temptation. The daily life of a Christian, may through watchfulness and prayer, be a silent admonition to the unconverted, an incontrovertible proof to the unbelieving, of the reality of his faith.

An Irishman, having been told that the price of bread had fallen, exclaimed: "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

## Anecdote of a Sheep.

Anecdotes of animals are always amusing; and moreover if observed accurately and told without embellishment, may some day serve to solve a great problem in philosophy—the distinction, namely, between the spirit of a man that goeth upward and the spirit of a beast that goeth downward to the earth—a problem that the great Bishop Butler could not solve, and left a blemish in his argument, but a monument to his candor. The subject of the one I am going to tell happened many years, when I was an orphan of eight or ten, but I remember it well.

One fine summer morning it was my province to aid in driving a flock of sheep to the brook to be washed, preparatory to shearing. The man who had charge of them led the procession with the salt dish in his hand, in which he ostentatiously rattled some lumps of salt, and from time to time made pretence of throwing a handful on the ground, to draw the flock onward from place to place, while I followed to drive up the loiterers.

The old patriarch of the troop, a fine old buck, led the van of the quadrupeds, and carefully examined every spot where the false motion of throwing salt was made, till he was fully satisfied in his mind that no salt was deposited. He then paused, shook his head with his ample horns, and waiting till the shepherd was about a rod in advance, charged upon him from the rear with his whole momentum, fairly raising him off his feet.—I saw, and from the first comprehended the manoeuvre, but there was so much fun in it, it was impossible to give the alarm; and when the man turned to "blow me up" for my tacit complicity, I was rolling on the green sward in a convulsion of laughter so contagious he was forced to join in it, and let me off without a rebuke.

Will it do to attribute to so simple an animal as a sheep, so high a moral sentiment as indignation at deceit? Perhaps not; but we may at least make the "practical inference," that those having charge of flocks cannot securely lead them long with mere occasional handfuls of—wind.—Church Journal.

## The Retired Naval List.

A very important movement has just taken place at Washington in reference to the Navy, by which that arm of the nation's defence will be freed from a large amount of inefficient or useless personnel, and its place supplied by promotions from below. It will no doubt be of great advantage to the service. There have been dropped from the rolls of the navy three captains, six commanders nineteen lieutenants, twelve passed midshipmen, and nine masters—all voted to be useless men. There have been placed on the retired list, or "leave of absence" pay, seventeen captains, at \$2,500 per annum; twenty-one commanders, at \$1,800 do.; eighteen lieutenants, at \$1,200 do.; fifteen masters, at \$600 do. In order to fill the vacancies occasioned by these displacements, thirty-five commanders will be promoted to be captains, seventy-four lieutenants will be promoted to be commanders, and one hundred and sixty masters in the line of promotion and passed midshipmen will be made lieutenants. This is the first time a measure of the kind has been applied to the navy; but the army has been twice subjected to a more severe test under the plea of reduction; the first time after the peace of 1815, and again after the Mexican war, when on the judgement of the President alone, hundreds were dropped from the rolls, without the benefit to any of them of a liberal retired list, as in the present case with the navy.

## Recipe for making a Tattler.

Take one handful of the vine called Runabout, the same quantity of the root called Nimble tongue, a sprig of the herb called Backbite (at either before or after dog days) a table spoonful of Don't-you-tell-it, six draughts of Malice, a few drops of Envy, which can be purchased in any quantity at the shop of Miss Tabitha Teatable, and Miss Nancy Nightwalker.

Stir them well together, and simmer them for half an hour over the fire of Discontent, kindled with a little Jealousy—then strain it through the rag of Misconstruction, and cork it up in the bottle of Melovolence, hang it up on a skein of Streetyarn, shake it occasionally for a few days and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the subject will be enabled to speak all manner of evil and that continually.

P. S.—Old maids and widows do not need so large a dose.

Ticks on Sheep—When sheep are fed salt, mix common sulphur with it thoroughly, so as to give each sheep a common sized tea-spoon full; and by the time you have given them three such portions, you will find the ticks have taken a fur-lough, and left for parts unknown. This is the cheapest remedy we have ever found, and we are satisfied that if sheep are fed with sulphur once a month in this manner through the year, they will never be troubled with ticks, and will condescend to keep sheep in a healthy condition.—Rural New Yorker.

## Danger of Foreign Influence.

Fifty years ago, when but 5,000 Europeans in a year there was no pressing necessity for requiring of them a very long probation. Their numbers were so few that their influence on the government was not felt. Even to the year 1830, the annual arrivals did not average 10,000. The great increase commenced with the famine which afflicted Ireland and Germany in 1846. Look at the following statement:

Emigrants arriving in 1820	5,093
" " 1830	23,074
" " 1843	74,607
" " 1840	220,182
" " 1855	460,000

There are now in the United States over four millions of European Emigrants, or nearly one fifth of the whole white population. Official statistics furnished from the Custom House reports show that about two fifths of the emigrants are grown males over 20 years of age. It may therefore be safely estimated that there are now in the United States, at least 1,250,000 men of foreign birth, the greater part of whom have arrived within the last nine years. But the danger does not stop here. By the ratio of increase witnessed since 1846, the European emigration in nine years from this time or 1846 will have reached 1,000,000 per year.—Of these, about 400,000 per year will be grown men, prepared to become voters in five years from the day of their landing. By the returns of the Presidential election of 1852, it will be found that the total of voters was then but a fraction over 3,000,000. Under existing laws and under the encouragement held out for increased emigration by the Pierce party, there will be in the year 1865 in the United States four millions of men of foreign birth. American born voters will then find themselves in a minority in their own land. Is it not true that every lover of his country should anxiously labor to avert this danger? Now is the time for action. Amend the Naturalization laws. Adopt checks to prevent promiscuous emigration of felons and paupers.—Cease to offer our public domain as a bribe to induce increase of emigration. Cease putting foreigners into the offices of government at home and abroad. Cease from giving them a preference as mechanics in the construction of national buildings, and in the Navy Yards. Do these things and the present emigration will lessen rather than increase. Persevere in the present Pierce policy, and our country will soon become the Botany Bay for the old world, and Anarchy or Despotism will, at no distant day rule in the land now blessed with Republican liberty.—Baltimore Republican.

## Stop that Boy.

Stop that boy! A cigar is in his mouth, a swagger in his walk, impudence in his face, a care-for-nothingness in his manner. Judging from his demeanor, he is older than his father, wiser than his teacher, more honored than the Mayor of the town, higher than the President. Stop him; he is going too fast. He don't see himself as others see him. He don't know his nerves, ere pride ruin his character, ere the loafer master the man; ere good ambition and manly strength give way to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are legion, the shame of their families, the disgrace of their towns, the sad and solemn reproaches of themselves.

Newspaper reporters should not drink. Here is a scrap handed in by one of the craft, which shows in very strong colors, the manner in which things become distorted by viewing them through the bottom of a tumbler:

Yesterday morning at 4 o'clock, P. M., a small man named Jones, or Brown, or Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trousers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to the facts in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament the end of his untimely loss. In death we are in the midst of life.

A western editor, who lives among the mud holes where rocks never grow, has been travelling in New-Hampshire, and thus writes to a Toledo newspaper:—"All along the route, I noticed great fields of rocks carefully fenced in, for no other reason that I could imagine than to keep the cattle out, and thus prevent their starving to death." Pretty good for a chill-and-fever" subject.

A SINGULAR MISS-ADVENTURE.—A French newspaper gives a serious account of a thunder storm, which recently occurred in Neuales, during which the lightning struck a little girl about seven years old, completely changing her sex and transforming her into a boy! France is a great country, and wonders are always happening.

To plunge a young lady six fathoms deep in happiness, give her two canary birds, half a dozen moonbeams, twelve yards of silk, an ice cream, several rose buds, a squeeze of the hand, and the promise of a new bonnet. If she don't melt, it will be because she can't.

## Foreign News.

Arrival of the Steamer America—Sebastopol fallen—terrible slaughter—about 20,000 Allies and 10,000 Russians slain—Sebastopol in ruins—the fleet burned—Forts blown up, &c., &c.

New York, Sept. 27.—By the United States mail steamship Washington, Capt. Connelly, from Bremen and Southampton, we receive English despatches and newspapers to the 11th inst. She brings 320 passengers.

The steamer America arrived at Liverpool on the 9th inst. The Washington brings the important intelligence of the "Fall of Sebastopol!" On the 8th inst, the allied forces attacked the defenses of Sebastopol, and the French succeeded in gaining possession of the Malakoff. The English, who attempted the Redan, were not successful. During the night, the Russians began to sink their ships, blow up their magazines, and burn their city, and on the following morning Sebastopol was evacuated, and the communication between the north fort and the town broken off.

The following telegraphic despatch, received by Lord Panmure from General Simpson, appeared in the English morning journals of the 11th instant: "Sebastopol is in possession of the Allies. The enemy, during the night and morning, evacuated the south side, after exploding their magazines and setting fire to the whole of the town. All the men-of-war were burnt during the night, with the exception of three steamers, which were lying about the harbor. The bridge communicating with the north side is broken." Gen. Simpson regrets that the casualties in the attempt on the Redan were somewhat heavy, but there was no general officer killed.

In a supplement of the Monitor, received by the French government from General Pelissier, appears: Karabelina, the south part of Sebastopol, no longer exists. The enemy, perceiving our solid occupation of the Malakoff, decided upon consuming the place after having destroyed and blown up by mines nearly all the defenses.—Having passed the night in the midst of my troops, I can assure you that everything in the Karabelina is blown up, and from what I could see, the same must be the case in front of our left line of attack! This immense success does the greatest honor to our troops. Everything is quiet on the Tchernaya.

The assault on the Malakoff was at noon of 8th inst. The redoubts and the Redan, of Careening bay were carried by storm by the French soldiers, with admirable intrepidity to the shouts of Vive l'Empereur. The Redan of Careening bay was not tenable, owing to the heavy fire of artillery which was poured upon the first occupiers of that work. On beholding the French eagles floating on the Malakoff, Gen. de Salles made two attacks on the Central Bastion, but did not succeed. The French troops returned to their trenches. The losses were serious.

The plan of the battle appears to have been as follows:—The place was attacked in four directions. The British troops attempted the storming of the Redan; the French attacked the Malakoff. The extreme right of the French made a diversion on the little Redan, and a united attack of the English, French, and Sardinians was made on the Central Battery.—All the attacks were made simultaneously with great spirit and energy; but the one which was most eminently successful, was led by Gen. Bosquet and Gen. McMahon on the Malakoff. Both the Redan and Central Bastion were at times in the hands of the storming parties, but so accurately did the guns of the Russians cover these, that as soon as the English had gained possession of them it was found impossible to hold them.

The following despatch is from Prince Gortschakoff, and is dated the night of the 9th. The garrison of Sebastopol, after sustaining an infernal fire, repulsed his assaults, but did not drive the enemy from the Malakoff Tower. Our brave troops, who resisted to the last extremity, are now crossing over to the northern part of Sebastopol. The enemy found nothing in the southern part but blood stained ruins. On the 9th of September the passage to the northern side was accomplished, with the loss of 100 men. We left, I regret to say, 600 men previously wounded, on the southern side.

The intelligence of the fall of Sebastopol was received in London with demonstrations of great joy. At the various theatres and places of public amusement, and the bands at each place immediately played the national anthems of England and France, and throughout England the demonstrations were general.

The English loss in the assault on the Redan is estimated at 2000 killed and wounded.

A loofer in the west, says: "It is wonderful what immense quantities of grain are used for distillation, besides considerable that is wasted for bread."

Dr. Cox, speaking of persons who profess to do a great deal for religion, without possessing any, says they resemble Noah's carpenters, who built a ship in which other people were saved, although they themselves were drowned.

None are so fond of secrets as those who don't mean to keep them;—such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.