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WRITTEN FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 6, 2, 3, 10, 22, is used by a dentist.
My 13, 16, 22, 8, 14, is a town in N. H.
My 6, 10, 5, 1, 22, 12, 9, are eat by many.
My 17, 12, 20, 13, 21, 4, is a Co., in Tenn.
My 8, 22, 2, 23, is a town in Mass.
My 22, 13, 16, 19, is used by the farmer.
My 18, 23, 1, 16, is a river in Europe.
My 7, 4, 21, 8, 12, is used by a choir.
My 23, 9, 12, 2, 16, is a country in Asia.
My 19, 8, 21, 12, 10, 4, is the name of a distinguished American.
My 4, 15, 9, 6, 22, is a division in Africa.
My 12, 8, 23, 4, 23, a past war in Europe.
My 16, 19, 2, 20, 14, 23, is a town in France.
My 19, 10, 8, 12, 18, is a county in N. C.
My 16, 6, 12, 8, 21, 23, are used in a Printing office.
My whole is expected from all persons, who wish to prosper.—Answer next week.
Strodsburg, Pa. J. R. D.

A Dollar or Two.

With cautious steps as we tread our way thro' This intricate world as other folks do,
May we still on our journey, be able to view The benevolent face of a dollar or two:
For an excellent thing Is a dollar or two;
No friend is so true As a dollar or two;
Through country or town, As we pass up and down,
No passport so good As a dollar or two.
Would you read yourself out the bachelor's crew,
And the hand of a gentle divinity sue,
You must always be ready and handsome to do—
Although it would cost you a dollar or two,
Love's arrows are tipped With a dollar or two;
And affection is gained By a dollar or two;
The best aid you can meet, In advancing your suit,
Is the eloquent chink Of a dollar or two.
Would you wish your existence with faith to imbue,
And enroll in ranks of the sanctified few,
To enjoy a good name and a well cushioned pew,
You must freely come down with a dollar or two.
The gospel is preached For a dollar or two,
And salvation is reached By a dollar or two;
You may sin at some times, But the worst of all crimes Is to find yourself short Of a dollar or two.

From the Home Journal.

A accomplished contributor, "A. R. H.," thus prettily answers the song "Call me Pet Names":—
Ask me not, darling, to call thee "a bird," Sweet though thy song be at eventide heard, Captive, I never could list to thee sing, Free, thou mightest ever be trying thy wing, Tenderly seek thou another "fond word";
Ask me not, dearest, to call thee "my bird," Ask me not, darling, to call thee "a flower," That wastes its soft perfume on air and on shower;
That lures the wild bee and the butterfly bright; That weeps with the tears of the dew-driven night;
That droops when 'tis borne from its own native bower:
Ask me not, dearest, to call thee "my flower," Ask me not, darling, to call thee "a star," Whose brightness I worship, alas, from afar; A fair one, though distant, coquetish and free, Whose smiles beam on others as well as on me; Who ne'er could be woo'd from the heaven afar:
Ask me not, dearest, to call thee "my star," Fondly, my darling, I'll call thee "mine own," Mine only, mine ever, in true "love's low tone";
Thrilling, as first, from my bosom it came, Tell me, where is there a sweeter pet name! Stars set, flowers fade, the birding is flown; But ever, forever, shalt thou be "mine own."
A Lad in a state of mental absence, gave three cheers for the stars and stripes, during school hours, and perceived his error when he got the stripes without the stars.

The Old Village Printing Office.

BY H. F. TAYLOR.

But the old village had no hotels: only two houses of entertainment. One was "up street," and that was an inn; so-and-so's inn; the other was "down street," and that was a stage house, the stage house, where, once a day, the yellow, mud-bespattered stage rocked up and brought up to, and the well conditioned boniface came shuffling out from the grated corner in the bar room, like an over-fed old pig, opened the stage coach door and let out the hungry passengers. They were always hungry when they got there, for breakfast was just ready for southern emigrants and dinner for northern; but then the landlord was not an old spider, but a very jovial, pleasant sort of man, who made every body feel as much at home as he was, and nothing more home like could be imagined; and so, very well to do did he get, at two shillings a meal.

So much for the old village, for here we are just now passing an orchard, and there, with a broader phylactery of tan bark, is the printing office, whence was issued weekly in olden times, the *Black River Gazette*. The office, a low, white building, once tenanted by a lawyer, who had gone up to a higher court than any they have organized yet on earth, stood next the church. So they were, for once, side by side, the pulpit and the press; and no body has learned to turn out such engraving from forge and foundry, even to this day. We enter; there is ink on the door, the print of five small fingers. Incline your ear, delicate reader, it is the *devil's*. Not he who wears but one boot, and is disagreeably redolent of brimstone, but the begrimed urchin in shirt sleeves, just creeping through the broken pickets of the orchard fence, with apples in each hand, and one in his mouth, followed in his flight by something bearing a striking resemblance to a brick-bat.

But here we are. The walls are cobwebbed and dusty; the windows are curtained with newspapers; a very dim lantern to hold a great deal of light. Click, click; the footstep of type, and there in the corner is the editor, publisher, proprietor and printer, "setting up" an editorial from a very queer old case, Click, click; there's a pale young man busy with a "death." D-i-e-d, and so he goes slowly on as though he were actually following the bier. But then a death was a very rare thing, very rare in the village, and round in the woods, and it was worth pondering over. True, everybody knew it already, but it must go into the paper, nevertheless, for there was somebody or other, that had gone out into the "Genesee country," that loved the living, and so the paper must follow him away there, if it could, that he might mourn the dead.

Wonderful decorations they are upon the walls; what marvellous borders, to the handbills; what wonderful, "Selims" that the man with a short coat and long whip, could hardly hold; what "great sales" of small articles; what gay coaches, riding on the top of a cloud, the four in hand all running away, and the "nine inside" as merry as punch.

But not a picture of railroad, or a reaper, or a steamboat. A strange old office in those days.
But there in a further corner stands a square frame of heavy timber, like a huge loom. It is a loom, such as they wove thought on: it is the old "Ramage Press." Its huge lever, its lazy platen, its ponderous tympan, its great ink balls, its creaking, groaning mechanism—there it stands in all its rudeness, the greatest triumph of this or any other age. A pair of tin sockets swung up by a wire above the dingy engine, bearing each a "brief candle," were the Castor and Pollux of the place. In the corner in the dark, stood a solitary keg of ink; not a great way off, four teams of a very grayish blue paper, but the proprietor was "passing rich at less than forty pounds a year. It is publication day, and editor, pale apprentice, and dingy devil are in an active state of unrest. The editor writes, and says "we," and "our readers"—he has two hundred and fifty—and then the printer sets type, and then the publisher looks over the "form," and then the pressman places it on the press, and then "comes the tug of war." It is pull and repeat, pull again and repeat, and then the "inside" comes off, sheet after sheet, with the gravity of so many elephants; the candles get briefer and dimmer, but the two hundred and fiftieth is off at last, and they all, editor, publisher, printer, and pressman get into the same coat and beneath the same hat, and leave the devil to fold up the papers and sweep out the office.

Where then were your compound levers, your glittering cylinders, your faithful rollers, your panting furnaces, your press, instinct with life and energy, that jarred on like a chariot over whole highways of white paper in an hour?—Where were the busy "journs" and the editorial corps? Where the steamers and the railway trains and the telegraphs, panting and shrieking and flashing, to transmit that paper's contents to the world's dim, cloudy ends?

The morning comes, and the inky imp of yesterday, indulges in a clean face; his unkempt locks are out of snarl; he is transformed into a Mercury. Forth he goes, packages of papers beneath each arm, in his capacity of carrier-boy. He is none of your brisk, pert fellows, of the now-a-day order, but very meek is he indeed: and when the squire speaks out to

him strong and hearty, "good morning, my boy," he holds down his head and deposits the answer in his bosom, as if it were a very delicate thing, and not yet able to fly. Like death, he visits every house, and his burden grows higher as he proceeds. He does not chuck papers as they do now, over the gate and under the fence, but decently and demurely places it folded and damp into the hand of somebody commissioned to receive it. But he don't "ring" for there is nothing to ring in all the town, except the church bell, that the Doctor brought home in his "cutler" one day, from Utica or somewhere thereabout.

His rounds are soon made; meanwhile a sorry sort of horse,—an editor's horse, you know—is blowing a solitary oat about a large manger, the last survivor of a very large family. Pretty soon Rosinante is led forth, and a pair of saddle-bags, distended to the suffocating point, is brought out, followed by the Mercury and no devil, with his pockets plethoric with dough-nuts—what has become of that old-fashioned twisted luxury?—and a tin horn tethered to a button-hole by a bit of green string. It is with a sort of sheepish importance that he mounts by the aid of the proprietor, and wends his way, as they were very fond of saying, "out in the country," as if the old village was not positively lost in the very bosom of it.

And so he went, his horn resounding through the solitude, and he as happy as a knight fresh from a tournament. And that was the north "N. S. E. W.," of the *News* of those old days. But what there was in the *Gazette*, and who they were that read it, must be passed over in the silence like that, that now, alas! hangs like a great wing over the most of them—the fairest, and loveliest, and best.—*Cayuga Chief.*

Percussion or Fulminating Powder

If the word "diabolical" can be properly applied to any substance that chemical artifice has produced, it certainly belongs to this, which, from the terrific power and force of its explosion, deserves that title. The extraordinary power of fulminating mercury, or, as it is commonly termed, percussion powder, prohibits its use as a projectile, because we have not made any cannon capable of withstanding its force, in any quantity at once. Sufficient to project a ball or a bomb-shell, would completely shatter a cannon on the instant of explosion. It is a strange mixture that produces fulminating powder, such a combination as none but a true chemist would think of making. Fulminate is prepared with nitric acid, (that is, spirits of wine), and mercury. These substances are the representatives of the atmospheric, the botanic and mineral portions of the world; and although they are here united, they have little affinity to each other, and are waiting to fly asunder at the slightest call.—The fall of a feather upon pure fulminating powder will cause it to explode. We would describe the method of its manufacture did we not fear to do so, lest some of our ingenious readers should attempt to produce it. None but persons of the greatest experience should ever touch it. Not long ago the principal operator of Apothecaries' Hall, a man extremely cautious, and of profound experience, was shivered to pieces while drying an ounce of it.

As a means of igniting gunpowder, it has proved in warfare of great service, as it adds to the force of the powder.—Eight and a half parts of powder fired with percussion caps, are quite equal in force to ten parts of gunpowder, fired in the old way by means of the "gun and flint." One ounce of fulminate is more than enough for charging a thousand caps. In charging the caps, the fulminate is mixed with a quarter of its weight of water and half its weight of gunpowder; the whole is then ground together with a wooden muller upon a marble slab. Percussion powder, like gunpowder, owes its terrific force to the concentration into a solid form of the elements of air in the immediate juxtaposition of combustible materials, which when fired, assume instantaneously the air, shape and bulk, which is, by the heat developed at the instant of explosion, fearfully increased in size. All substances that contain a great deal of oxygen will "explode more or less when in contact with combustibles; although not included in the category of warlike stores. Thus, at Gateshead, during the late fire there, dreadful explosions took place, although no gunpowder was present. Some of the warehouses contained vast quantities of nitrate of soda, a substance of similar composition to nitrate of potash (saltpetre). The naphtha and sulphur being mixed with this, formed a compound precisely similar to, although not identical with gunpowder. Chemists are however, acquainted with many substances far more explosive than fulminate, such as chloride of nitrogen, a pound of which would annihilate the strongest fort in the world. By the time the chemist have taught us to control this frightful power, let us hope that the peace of nations will have rendered it useless.—*Scientific American.*

"My wife is very attentive to the pigs," said a gentleman the other day, in the presence of several ladies.
"That accounts for her attachment to you," responded one of the fair damsels. Pretty sharp joking that.

"Beware of an Imposter."

Some of the citizens of Chambersburg have recently been imposed upon by an imposter, in a shameful manner, as the subjoined card will show, which we copy from a late number of the *German Reformed Messenger*.

SIR WALTER PERCY BEAUMONT.—An Englishman, calling himself by the above name, and who claims to be nearly related to many of the most distinguished of the British Noblemen, made his appearance in this place about the beginning of March last. He called on Rev. Mr. Geyer of the Methodist Church, and pretended that he was a minister of said Church. He preached two or three times in the Church, and because he was not fully confided in, ceased his clerical services. He, however, formed a small party in the Church, who clung to his fortunes, because, as they said, the "big Methodists were opposed to him."

He represented himself as having received his letters from England through Mr. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington. According to his statement, he was a man of immense wealth in England. He was to have control over his means in next May.

He preached to the negroes in their church. He was, as he said, a very goodly man. He made parties at other people's expense, that were attended by respectable ladies and gentlemen. He gave references to Sir James Murray, London, to the Earl of Dacie, near Bristol, and to the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle, Northumberland Shire, England.

He purchased a carriage, and several horses, though he was not successful in obtaining the horses, as he could not pay down the pester. He passed sometime at Graefenburg Springs, and terminated his career there by purchasing the Establishment at a high price. He obtained good clothes and some money on account of his great pretensions. He also said, he was to receive £10,000 from Lady Percy of London, on or about the 15th of September last. The money was to be sent by a draft or bill of exchange to the St. Nicholas House, New York. Her attorney was to bring it, and his attorney was to come, at the same time, and the two were to prove his identity, so that future remittances would be paid him.

With these bright prospects ahead, he left for New York, in company with a merchant of this place, to receive his ten thousand pounds, promising to return in a few days, to pay for all he had bought. He was very profuse in his promises; for one person he was to buy "a cottage 'ouse," for another, a mill, and for another "a 'ouse in town," while he was to pay for the "boats furnished his 'orse."

When he got to New York, he, however, made out to 'ave business in the direction of the Hingham possessions in Canada, and since has not been heard of.—He is believed to be the same person, who figured at Denton, Caroline county, Maryland. There is no doubt, but that he is now showing letters in other parts, and obtaining money on false pretenses, as he did here. Mr. Crampton, the British Minister was written to, and says he never knew of such a man, and that there is no English Baronet of the above name. On some articles of his clothing there is the name of "James Keys." It is presumed, that he has a new name wherever he goes. He is about 35 years of age, has dark hair, is about 5 feet 6 inches high, and stoutly built. He has two teeth in front, and his side teeth are broken out. His features are rough. People everywhere are warned against his falsehoods and impositions.

Newspapers generally will do a service to the public by copying the above facts.
JOHN BROWN,
SAMUEL OTT.
Chambersburg, Oct. 10, 1855.

Hanging in Old Times.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript gives the following incidents:

While John Hancock was Governor of the Commonwealth, Rachel Whall was hung in Boston for high-way robbery.—Her offence consisted in twirling from the hand of another female a bonnet, worth perhaps 75 cents, and running off with it. The most urgent applications for her pardon were unsuccessful. I mention this not to the disparagement of the Governor. He doubtless acted from a sense of duty—thinking it best for the community that the laws of the land—however frightfully severe—while they were laws—should be executed. A lad of 18 years of age was hung in Salem for arson, during the administration of Governor Strong, similar appeals in his favor being considered and overruled. Yet the intelligence and the humanity, alike of the Executive and of the Councils, notwithstanding the result arrived at in both these instances, were unquestionable.

Within the same period, a gentleman of this city saw a girl of 17 hung in London for stealing a silver cream-pitcher. Edward Fall Brown was hung in Boston for burglary committed in the house of Captain Osias Goodwin, in Charter street, and stealing therefrom sundry articles.—I once owned a set of the Old Bailey Trials, (1775, 1825,) embraced in a series of perhaps fifty quarto volumes. The earliest of these volumes contained the details of the trial of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, for forgery, whose touching appeal for mercy, here recorded, was fruitlessly

enforced by the splendid eloquence of Johnson. In a later volume, long after the commencement of the present century, eight separate capital convictions are recorded as *one days job* of a single tribunal, the culprits being all boys and girls between the ages of ten and sixteen, and their offences petty thefts.

One case I remember of peculiar judicial atrocity. A young girl of 17 was indicted for stealing a roll of ribbon worth three shillings. The prosecutor's testimony was to this effect: "The prisoner came into my shop and bought some ribbon. I saw her secrete this piece also.—I personally know her and was on the most friendly and sociable terms with her. When she left the shop I accompanied her, and offered her my arm, which she accepted. We chatted together. As we reached the corner of a street leading to the Bow street office, I turned it. She said she was going in another direction, and bade good morning. I said to her, 'No! you are going with me! I saw you steal a piece of my ribbon!' She immediately implored me for God's sake to overlook it, and restored to me the article.—I said to her that I had lost many things in this way, and was resolved to make her an example—that I was determined to have her life!" And he got it. I can never forget how my blood boiled as I read the testimony of this cold-hearted wretch.—In view of the judgment of a merciful God, for rather, it seemed to me, would I have been in the place of that poor, frail, erring girl, even on the scaffold, than in the place of her heartless accuser.

I rose from the perusal of these volumes horror-struck with the continuous record of inconceivable legal cruelty. It seemed to me that the 70,000 hangings in the reign of Henry VIII, were matched by an equally long list of persons condemned to be hung in the reign of George III. Since this time, much has been done in England by Romilly, Brougham, Mackintosh and Sidney Smith, and as much—perhaps more—by kindred philanthropists on this side of the Atlantic.

A Successful Trick.

A young and skillful disciple of Robert Houdin was some time ago traveling in the northern provinces of France, giving exhibitions in natural magic, in company with a young wag, now director of a printing establishment in Paris. In their wanderings they arrived at the town of R— more renowned for its manufactures than for the natural brilliancy of its inhabitants. Here the receipts of the magician were absolutely, nothing, and despair reigned in the hearts of our adventurers. What was to be done?
"By my faith," exclaimed the assistant magician, "it will not do to say that we did not make our expenses. I have it! Let me write a poster for one or more entertainments; and if the attraction don't answer, call me no assistant for a high priest of diablerie."

"At the urgent request of the large and intelligent audience of our former entertainments we have consented to perform the astounding feat of making the cathedral bell ring any hour indicated by the audience."

"There how will that do?"
"But how are you to fulfill the promise?"
"Oh! never mind. Am I not a worthy pupil of a skillful mechanic? Leave that to me."
Night came on with it a crowd of the curious.—All went off well, and now came the feature of the evening. Any one was asked to name a number.—"Four," came from the crowd.

In fear and trembling the mighty magician extended his hands towards the cathedral, when one! two! three! four! boomed slowly from the cupola. The cool respiration started to the exhibitor's brow, and the audience with delight and surprise.

"Encore! encore!" resounded from all parts of the room. Again! What was to be done? But a voice from behind the curtain said: "Go ahead old boy—it's all right!"

With a sigh of relief the exhibitor repeated the miracle again and again, and the spectators departed filled with enthusiasm!

What in the name of wonder have you been doing?" exclaimed the puzzled principal to his laughing assistant, as soon as the doors were closed.

"Why, I gave the bell-ringer five francs to stay in the belfry and ring as many times as I placed candles in the window, and I think it succeed pretty well, *nest ce pas?*" replied the other, shaking the well filled cash book.

The next day as they were starting in the cars, one of the city councillors came to them and begged that they would explain the miracle.

"It is magnetism, my friend," said the magician, with a grand flourish of his hand, and the magistrate departed, much edified and perfectly satisfied.

Cool.—"My dear Jerusha Ann, may I see you home from singin' school to night, and keep the spooks away from you!"
"No Jonathan!" pettishly answered the down Easter, "I don't want you, nor your company."

"Perhaps yer didn't hear what I said?" asked Jonathan, stepping up to her.
"Yes, I did. You asked me if you could see me home?"
"No I didn't," yawned Jonathan, "I asked yer how yer mother was."

Educational.

Truths Well Expresed.

In his address at the New York State Fair, Gov. Wright, of Indiana, made the following excellent suggestions. They comprise a volume in a nut-shell:

"We must cultivate the roots, not the tops. We must make the family government, the school, the farm, the church, the shop, the agricultural fairs and laboratories of our future greatness. We must educate our sons to be farmers, artisans, architects, engineers, geologists, botanists, chemists—in a word, practical men. Their eyes must be turned from Washington to their States, counties, townships, districts, and homes. This is true patriotism and the only patriotism that will perpetually preserve the nation."

"Don't Speak so Cross."

"Don't speak so cross," said one little boy yesterday in the street to another.—"Don't speak so cross, there is no use in it." We happened to be passing at the time, and hearing the injunction, or exhortation, for it was uttered in an exhortatory manner, we sat the juvenile speaker down as an ambyro philosopher. In sooth, touching the points involved in the boyish difficulty which made occasion for the remarks, he might properly be considered at maturity. What more could Solomon have said on the occasion!—True, he has put it on record that 'soft answer turneth away wrath,' and this taken as true—and everybody knows it to be so—it is evidence of the superiority of kindness over that of wrath. But our young street philosopher said pretty near the same thing substantially, when he said, 'Don't speak so cross—there's no use in it.' On the contrary, it invariably does much harm. Is a man angry? It inflames his ire still more, and confirms in his enmity, him who by a kind word and a gentle and pleasing demeanor might be converted into a friend. It is, in fact, adding fuel to the flame already kindled. And what do you gain by it? Nothing desirable, certainly, unless discord, strife, contention, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, be desirable. The boy spoke the words of truth and soberness, when he said 'Don't speak so cross—there's no use in it.'—X.

Early Rising.

There is no time spent so stupidly as that which inconsiderate people pass in the morning between sleeping and waking. He who is awake may be at work or play; he who is asleep is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours may spend in doing and slumbering are wasted, without either pleasure or profit. The sooner you leave your bed, the less you will be confined to it; for early rising conduces to healthfulness. When old people have been examined, in order to ascertain the cause of their longevity, they have uniformly agreed in one thing only that they 'all went to bed, and all rose early.'

Self-Government in Children.

A modern writer says: I know nothing more touching than the efforts of self government of which little children are capable when the best parts of their nature are growing vigorously under the warm and light of parental love. How beautiful is the self-control of the little creature who stifles his sobs of pain because his mother's pitying is upon him in tender sorrow; or that of the baby who abstains from play and sits quietly on the floor, because somebody is ill! I have known a very young child slip over to the cold side of the bed on a winter's night, that a grown up sister might find a warm one. I have known a little girl submit spontaneously to hours of irksome restraint and disagreeable employment, merely because it was right. Such wills as these—so strong and yet so humble, so patient and so dignified—were never impaired by fear, but flourished thus under the influence of love, with its sweet excitements and holy supports.

Music serves to make a home pleasant by engaging many of its inmates in a delightful recreation, and thus dispelling the sourness and gloom which frequently arise from petty disputes, from mortified vanity, from discontent and envy.

The wisest period in a man's life is between eighteen and twenty-two; after that, his knowledge so falls off that by the time he reaches fifty-five or sixty, he makes up his mind that he is a fool.

The ungrateful man's like a leaky cask—You may pour your favors in— But when after a time, without a doubt, You come with a picher to draw them out, There is not one to be seen.

From the palace to the cottage, in Germany, there is scarcely a room to be found which does not possess its ivy tree. As you walk through the streets and cast your eyes upon the houses, there is scarcely a window which is not twined into a very bower by the graceful and gracious festoons of ivy.

The following is the inscription on the headboard of a grave on the Plains:—"Mr. J.— was carried away By the diarrhoea and cholera."

The heart-strings will snap, just like harp-strings, from excess of cold and neglect.