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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Answer to the Miscellaneous Enigma of last week.—“Live up to your engagements.”

WRITTEN FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 12, 6, 5, 2, 7, is a descendant of them.
My 3, 4, 2, 6, is what some become.
My 1, 5, 4, 7, is used on a vessel.
My 12, 11, 6, 9, are eat by many.
My 9, 8, 4, 12, is used by merchants.
My 7, 5, 4, 13, 10, is sold by druggists.
My whole is the name of a class of persons, residing in our village.—Answer next week.
J. F. D.

The Old Cottage Clock.

Oh! the old, clock, of the household clock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
‘Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived through nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice and friendship faltered!
“Ticky, tick,” it said—“quick, quick, to bed—
For ten I’ve given warning;
Up, up, and go or else you know,
You’ll never rise soon in the morning.”
A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And bless the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at dyebreak holiday,
When the dawn looked gray o’er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly;
“Ticky, tick,” it said—“quick, out of bed—
For five I’ve given warning;
You’d never have health you’ll never get
Unless you’re up soon in the morning.”
Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that could never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
“Ticky, tick,” it said—“to the church yard bed
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!”

Antiquity of the Earth.

The following sublime description of the Earth, and argument as to its probable antiquity, is from a work on Theological Science, called pre-Adamic Earth, written by the eminent Doctor Harris.—This is the most sublime description of the Earth that we have ever read, and we hope none of our readers will fail to peruse it attentively.

Now revelation and science harmonize with reason, and are decisive on the subject that, as far as the visible universe is concerned, the formation of its material preceded the formation of everything else. Turning first to the inspired record to ascertain the origin of things as they now are, we learn of our earth, that it assumed its present state a few thousands of years ago, in consequence of a creative process, or of a series of creative acts concluding with a creation of man, which extended through a period of six ordinary or natural days. Possessed of this fact respecting the date of man’s introduction on the earth, we proceed to examine the globe itself. And here we find that the mere shell of the earth takes us back through an unknown series of ages, in which creation appears to have followed creation at the distance of mighty intervals between.

But though in the progress of our inquiries we soon find that we have cleared the bounds of historic time, and are moving far back among the periods of an unmeasured and immeasurable antiquity, the geologist can demonstrate that the crust of the earth has a natural history. That he cannot determine the chronology of its successive strata is quite immaterial. We only ask him to prove the order of their position from the newest deposit to the lowest step of the series; and this he can do. For nature itself—by a force calculable only by the God of nature—lifting up in places the whole of the mighty series in a slanting, ladder-like, direction to the surface, has revealed to him the order in which they were originally laid, and invites him to descend step by step to its awful foundations.

Let us descend with him, and traverse an ideal section of a portion of the earth’s crust. Quitting the living surface of the

green earth, and entering on our downward path, our first step may take us below the dust of Adam, and beyond the limits of recorded time. From the moment we leave the mere surface-soil, and touch even the nearest of the tertiary beds all traces of human remains disappear; so that let our grave be as shallow as it may in even the latest stratified bed, we have to make it in the dust of a departed world. Formation now follows formations, composed chiefly of sand, and clay, and lime, and presenting a thickness of more than a thousand feet each.—As we descend through these, one of the most sublime fictions of mythology becomes sober truth; for at our every step an age flies past. We find ourselves on a road where the lapse of duration is marked—not by the succession of seasons and of years,—but by the slow excavation, by water, of the deep valleys in rock marble; by the return of a continent to the bosom of an ocean in which ages before it had been slowly formed; or by the departure of one world, and the formation of another. And accordingly, if your first step took us below the line which is consecrated by human dust, we have to take but a few steps more, before we begin to find that the fossil remains of all those forms of animal life with which we are most familiar, are diminishing, and that their places are gradually supplied by strange and yet stranger forms, till, in the last fossiliferous formation of this division, trace of existing species become extremely rare, and extinct species every where predominate.

The secondary rocks receive us into a new fossiliferous world, or into a new series of worlds. Taking the chalk formation as the first member of this series, we find a stratification upwards of a thousand feet thick. Who shall compute the tracks of time necessary for its slow sedimentary deposition! So vast was it, and so widely different were its physical conditions from those which followed, that only one trace of animal species still living is to be found in it. Crowded as it is with conchological remains, for example, not a shell of one of the seven thousand existing species is discoverable.—Types of organic life, before unknown, arrest our attention, and prepare us for still more surprising forms. Descending to the system next in order—the politico—with its many subdivisions, and its thickness of about half a mile, we recognize new proofs of the dateless antiquity of the earth. For, enormous as this bed is, it was obviously formed by deposition from sea and river water. And so gradual and tranquil was the operation, that, in some places, the organic remains of the successive strata are arranged with a shelve-like regularity, reminding us of the well-ordered cabinet of a naturalist—Here, too, the last trace of animal species still living, has vanished. Even this link is gone. We have reached a point when the earth was in the possession of the gigantic forms of Saurian reptiles,—monsters more appalling than the poet’s fancy ever feigned; and these are their catacombs. Descending through the later sand-stone and siliferous marls of two thousand feet in thickness, and which exhibit, in their very variegated strain, a succession of numerous physical changes, our subterranean path brings us to the carboniferous system, or coal formations. These coal strata, many thousands of feet thick, consist entirely of the spoils of successive ancient vegetable worlds. But in the rank jungles and luxuriant wildernesses which are here accumulated and compressed, we recognize no plant of any existing species. Here, too, we have passed below the last trace of reptile life.—The speaking foot-prints impressed on the preceding rocks, are absent here. Nor is there a single convincing indication that these primeval forests ever echoed to the voice of birds. But between these strata, beds of limestone of enormous thickness interposed; each proclaiming the prolonged existence and final extinction of a creation. For these limestone beds are not so much the charnel-houses of fossil animals, as the remains of the animals themselves.

The mountain masses of stone which now surround us, extending for miles in length and breadth, were once sentient existences—testaceous and coralline,—living at the bottom of ancient seas and lakes. How countless the ages necessary for their accumulation; when the formation of only a few inches of the strata required the life and death of many generations! Here, the mind is not merely carried back through immeasurable periods, but, while standing amidst the petrified remains of this succession of primeval forests and extinct races of animals piled up into sepulchral mountains, we seem to be encompassed by the thickest shadow of the valley of death.

On quitting these stupendous monuments of death, we leave behind us the last vestige of land-plants, and pass down to the old red sandstone. The geological character of this vast formation, again, tells of ages innumerable. For, though many thousand feet in depth, it is obviously derived from the materials of more ancient rocks, fractured, decomposed, and slowly deposited in water. The gradual and quiet nature of the process, and therefore its immense duration, are evident from the numerous “Platforms of death” which mark its formation, each crowded with organic structures which lived & died where they are now seen; and which, consequently, must have perished by some

destructive agency, too sudden to allow of their dispersion, and yet too subtle and quiet as to leave the place of their habitation undisturbed.

Immeasurably far behind us as we have already left the fair face of the extant creation, while traveling into the night of ancient time, we yet feel, as we stand on the threshold of the next, or Silurian, system, and look down towards ‘the foundations of the earth,’ that we are not half way on our course. Here, on surveying the fossil structures, we are first struck with the total change in the petrified inhabitants of the sea, as compared with what we found in the mountain limestone; implying the lapse of long periods of time, during the formation of the intervening old red sandstone which we have just left. But still more are we impressed with the lapse of duration, while descending the long succession of strata, of which this primary fossiliferous formation is composed, when we think of their slow derivation from the more ancient rocks; of their oft-repeated elevation and depression; of the long periods of repose, during which hundreds of animal species ran through their cycle of generations, and became extinct and of the continuance of this stratifying process, until these thin beds had acquired, by union, the immense thickness of a mile and a half. Next below this, we reach the Cambrian system, of almost equal thickness and formed by the same slow process. Here, the gradual decrease of animal remains admonishes us, that even the vast and dreary empire of death has its limits, and that we are now in its outskirts. But there is a solitude greater than that of the boundless desert, and a dreariness more impressive than that which reigns in a world extant. On leaving the state rocks of the Cambrian, and descending to those of the Cambrian formation, we find that the worlds of organic remains are past, and that we have reached a region older than death, because older than life itself. Here, at least if life ever existed, all trace of it is obliterated by the fusing power of the heat below. But we have not even yet reached a resting-place. Passing down through the beds of mica-schist, many thousand feet in depth, to the great gneiss formation, we find that we have reached the limits of stratification itself. The granitic masses below, of a depth which man can never explore, are not only crystallized themselves, but the igneous power acting through them, has partially crystallized the rocks above. Not only life, but the conditions of life, are here at an end.

Now, is it possible for us to look from our ideal position, backwards, and upwards to the ten miles height—supposing the strata to be piled regularly—from which we have descended regularly, without feeling that we have reached a point of immeasurable remoteness in terrestrial antiquity? Can we think of the thin soil of man’s few thousand years, in contrast with the succession of worlds we have passed through; of the slow formation of each of these worlds on worlds, by the disintegration of more ancient materials and their subsidence in waters; of the leaf-like thinness of a great proportion of the strata; of the consequent flow of time necessary to form only a few perpendicular inches of all these miles; or of the long periods of alternate elevation and depression, action and repose, which mark their formation, without acknowledging that the days and years of geology are ages and cycles of ages! Let us conceive, if we can, that atoms of one of these strata have formed the sands of an hour-glass; and that each grain counted a moment, and we may then make some approximation to the past periods of geology; periods in the computation of which the longest human dynasty, and even the date of the pyramids, would form only an insignificant fraction. Or, remembering that only one species of animals has, so far as we know, died out during the sixty or seventy centuries of man’s historic existence upon earth, can we think of the thousands, not of generations, but of species, of races, which we have passed in our downward track, and which have all run through their ages of existence and ceased; of the recurrence of this charge again and again, even in the same strata; and of the many times over the strata must be repeated in order to equal the vast sum of the entire series, without feeling that we are standing, in idea, on ground so immeasurably far back in the night of time, as to fill the mind with awe!

How dreadful is this place! Here, at an incalculable a secular distance, probably, from the first creation of organic life, as that is from the last creation—here, silence once reigned: the only sound which occasionally broke the intense stillness being the voice of subterranean thunder: the only motion (not felt, for there was none to feel it), an earthquake; the only phenomenon, a molten sea shot up from the fiery gulf below, to form the mighty framework of some future continent.—And still that ancient silence seems to impose its quelling influence, and to allow in its presence the activity of nothing but thought. And that thought—what direction more natural for it to take than to plunge still farther back into the dark abyss of departed time, till it has reached a First Efficient Cause?

A Divine, once praying, said, ‘O Lord, give me neither poverty nor riches,’ and pausing solemnly a moment, added, ‘especially poverty.’

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Threescore and Five.

By FRANCES DANA GAGE.

It was a beautiful autumn sunset.—The God of day had laid aside his dazzling splendor, and sank to rest with a clear, broad face, glowing and benevolent, as if he would express his regret that so soon the chill winds, which were piping through the trees and screaming round the corners, shaking every stray leaf from the climbing creeper, or scar trumpet from the honeysuckle, should waft the frost to cut down the beauty of the garden, the wood and the prairie. It was autumn, late autumn. It was the last waning day of the moon, too, and, with her great disk, she seemed answering the half-regretful smile of the sun, as he went down; for well she knew that she must ere long give place to the flippant horn, at which the young maids could look over their right shoulders, and breathe out the silent aspiration for the success of their loves. Yet the earth looked cheerful, though it was autumn. The diaphanous were in their full splendor, and the petunias and verbenas seemed resolved to look beautiful to the last. The full moon was cheerful, though to-morrow it would be no more. The katydids were cheerful, though every surge of the chill wind threatened their destruction. The swallows upon the house-tops were cheerful, as they held their family gathering, perchance for the last time. And the winds themselves, as they toyed with the leaves of the locust and catalpa and Lombardy poplar, seemed helping us play hide-and-seek, as we looked through them at the stars, as they came glinting out in their places, one by one, to bid the departing glory of the day good-night.

The old man was cheerful too—the old man of “threescore years and five,”—as he sat in his arm-chair, looking out of the west windows at the departing sunlight; watching the twirling leaves, and listening to the piping winds. Aye, cheerful was he, as he played the old tunes of his boyhood on the child’s accordion, a soft smile played over his face, his eye undimmed by the survice of life, looked out clear and brilliant; his lips half-moved, and his toe patted time to the music.

“When did you learn to play the accordion?” said Will, as he watched the time-worn yet nimble fingers.

“Only three years ago, my boy, only three years ago, and a deal of comfort it is to me, to be sure, to sit, at twilight, when my work is done, and play these tunes—it takes me back to my boyhood.”

“Did you learn these tunes then?”

“Aye did I. While I was an apprentice, my master used to take me to the houses of the wealthy and grand; as I worked in the parlors, hanging the curtains, and putting up the papers, the pictures and the mirrors, I often heard the young Misses playing upon the piano, the guitar and harpsichord. I worked all the more merrily to their cheerful voices and instruments, and laid the tunes away in my storehouse, where they have rested many a year, while I have fought life’s hard battles. But now the garnered treasures of my boyhood cheer my old age, and almost make me feel young again. And the old man placed the instrument upon his knee, and his youthful face shone out from beneath his silvery locks and brow, as he touched off, with apparent glee, the merry airs of the olden time.

“Did you ever see such an old man playing music, mamma,” said little Bettie, “I think it’s so funny. Why grandpapa Jones won’t let me play and sing a bit when he’s in the house. He says he don’t want our nonsense. I wonder if Mr. Johnson thinks it’s nonsense? May I ask him?”

“Oh, yes, child, I would like to hear his answer.”

The golden-haired spring blossom, that had felt the dew and sunshine of six summers, bounded to the old man’s side.

He caught her eyes and suspended his tune.

“What is it puss?”

“Do you think playing accordions and singing pretty songs, and playing and jumping and dancing is nonsense. My grandpapa says it is!”

“Hoot a toot,” answered the old man, with a hearty chuckle, “nonsense—no! it’s the spice of life, darlings; your grandpapa has gone into his grave before his time. Why the merry song of the birds, the humming of the insects, the piping of the frogs, and the sweeping surges of the winds, all show me that God meant we should be cheerful and merry. Who ever heard of a black-bird too old to whistle—a wren that could not chirp and flutter because of his years! And why should old men turn aside from that which made youth joyful and happy. It is as right to sing songs and play the accordion at sixty-five, as at sixteen, provided we have the ability so to do; which I’m of the opinion we should more frequently have, if we were not taught to suppress the buoyant life within us because we are growing old. I learned to play when I was an old man; I am threescore and five, and many a hard day’s toil has been rounded off, and made delightful by a little mirth and music. I am sure I am all the better, and I believe others are too. For the children welcome me wherever I go to my work, with a shout of glee. Here comes the old man and his accordion! I am tired sometimes when night comes. But when I get home, it is

rest to my weary limbs to see the merry laughing faces that ran to meet me.—Tommy put by my cane; Nellie draws up my easy chair; Joe gets my slippers and puts them on my feet; and then the accordion is brought for grandpapa, and I forget my toils amid the dance, and I grow young again for the morrow.

“Aye, madam,” said the old man of threescore and five, turning to Bettie’s mother, “it is not nonsense to be cheerful and merry, to keep the spirit fresh, while the body bears the buffeting of the winds of the hour. The whirlwind may tear the branches, and the lightning scathe the trunk of the old tree, but if the heart be sound it will still bring forth the bud and blossom to the last, or put forth the green leaves of its youth till the winds lay it low.

“No no; it is not nonsense to be merry and cheerful. Let your children be joyful. Frown not down the exuberance of childhood and youth beneath the forms of dignity, or the monotony of utilitarianism. Let it bubble and sparkle and glow, long as it flows in right channels.

“The brook that dances through the valley, singing its accompaniment to the birds and the flowers, make all brighter by its presence. But dam its sunbright waters, and they will become stagnant and impure, or leap over their barriers, carrying evil and destruction with them.

“I am threescore and five. I have lived in the old world and the new. In the village and in the great metropolis of the civilized nations. My trade led me into the houses of the lord and the peasant, the merchant and the mechanic—my love of investigation into the prison and the poor-house, the school and the haunt of vice.

“I have watched the child upon the street, and in the drawing-room, in the crowded city, the quiet village and the woodland home. Half of my threescore years were spent in England, half in the ‘Land of the West,’ in its new houses of village, town, city and country; and I have come to believe that a large proportion of the vices of humanity are the outgrowth of restricted virtues.

The pent up streams of nature have become turbid and vile, through unnecessary and uncomfortable bondage. Some of the worst of crimes, if traced back to their beginning, will be found to originate in the best feelings of the human heart. Cold, un sympathizing harshness has turned sweet into bitter, and rendered life accursed. Many a boy has found his ruin in the brothel, or at the gaming-table, because his father was too dignified to make himself agreeable to his young companions at home, or too severely pious to shorten the hours and temper the impetuosity of youth by joining in the evening game, or merry dance at the fire-side.—Many a mother has seen her daughter go down to destruction, or wear out a miserable life, because she could not condescend to make one of the evening party, or take an interest in the sport or amusements of her child, thus bringing her into nearer and closer relations with herself than the endearments of parental love could ever do, while the cold, formal barriers of proud dignity and sobriety are kept between them. The people of this country assume old age even in the very prime of life, and it is not unfrequent to find men, and women, too, bowed and broken at thirty-five. Ere sixty winters have bleached their locks, or cooled the warm current of life, they cease to be useful to themselves or others. This would not be so much matter, if they would cease to be annoying; but their life is spent in drawing dark lines over every beautiful picture; and in their deep groanings and discontents, they became the scare-crows of old age to all the young. No wonder it has become a popular, though vulgar saying, often in the mouths of both young and old in this country—

“Go it while you’re young!”

and no wonder that Young America rushes headlong into pleasure, and like the bee in the sugar-bowl, takes a surfeit at once. For the teaching and practice of age are too often that

“When you’re old you can’t.”

“I would rather be the blind fiddler in the chimney corner, who gives innocent life and mirth and joy to the house, than the sombre statesman or learned philosopher, whose presence brings a hush of mirth; whose eye makes the young heart tremble; and whose cold stern life makes laughter-loving childhood exclaim—‘Oh, may I never grow old.’”

The merry old man played

“Life let us cherish.”

while the little ones capered with glee, and the gentle mother smiled her thanks for the lesson of wisdom, drawn from the experience of

Threescore and Five.

St. Louis, Oct. 9.

The Apinwall Courier says: “Santa Anna and family are safely installed in and near Carthagen. Our readers are aware that he has a beautiful residence but a few miles distant from Carthagen. His hacienda was under good cultivation two years ago, when he left it at the call of his partisans in Mexico. He now returns to private life for the third time; and we presume the little pueblo of Tobacco must have strong attractions to induce him to locate his retirement there a second time, after his exciting and varied career.”

Educational.

Teaching by Example.

The influence of example upon the young is proverbial. With the juvenile mind it is far more powerful than precept. We may tell a child, for instance that it is wrong to angry; but in a half an hour afterwards, he sees us irritated by some petty provocation, he will think there must be some important exceptions to the rule—and be likely to conduct himself accordingly. The little ones are in strife, perhaps about some trifling matter. You tell them it is wrong. If you can truly appeal to them, whether they ever heard an unkind word between father and mother, your decision is established, but if not, certain luckless remembrances will be sure to undermine it; it cannot be so very wrong to imitate father and mother. Parents should be careful of their own conduct.

I was once Young.

It is an excellent thing for all who are engaged in giving instruction to young people frequently to call to mind what they were themselves when young. This practice is one of the most likely to impart patience and forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expectations. At one period of my life, when instructing two or three young people to write, I found them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I happened about this time to look over the contents of an old copy-book, written by me when I was a boy. The thick up strokes, the crooked down-strokes, the awkward joinings of the blots in the book, made me completely ashamed of myself, and I could, at the moment have burned the book in the fire. The worse, however I thought of myself, the better I thought of my backward scholars; I was cured of my unreasonable expectations, and became in future doubly patient and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember that you were young, and in reproving their youthful errors, endeavor to call to mind your own.

Ruin of two Country Girls—A Sad Warning.

Among the delegates to a recent convention at Syracuse, New York, were two young men well known to the political portion of this city. These persons were taking a stroll through the streets at Syracuse one evening when they met two very respectable young seamstresses, sisters, aged 17 and 19, of whom they inquired their way. Thoughtlessly these girls walked along together with the young men, in conversation, until the gathering darkness warned them of their prudence, when they started to return, the hour being about half past nine. Terrified at the lateness of their stay, and afraid to compromise their reputation by returning to their boardinghouse, they yielded to the pressing invitation of the two young men, and accepted an invitation to pass the night at the hotel where they were staying, not doubting that they would receive considerate treatment.—But by surreptitious means they were forced to avail themselves of an apartment provided with two double beds, presenting no opportunity for their escape. They were not molested during the night, but their companions, under an apparent guise of sincerity, in the morning induced them to accompany them to this city as a means of averting any exposure, and at the same time securing lucrative employment.—They finally consented and came on with them. The unsophisticated girls were then, on their arrival here, inveigled into a house of infamy in Elizabeth street, where their ruin was accomplished. Afterwards they succeeded in escaping, and by selling their jewelry managed to get board in a respectable house. But employment was not to be procured; and after selling everything they had, excepting the garments they wore, they applied to Mayor Wood for relief when in the very last extremity. Their betrayers were sent for, when the Mayor required them to pay the girls’ passage home which was all they required. At first they indignantly refused, but the consequences of exposure and prosecution were too formidable to be braved, and finally the two scoundrels placed the required sum in the hands of officer Lecker, who procured the necessary tickets, and the unfortunate sisters were then dispatched homeward. Such are the doings of some of the vermin known as stanch supporters of “the par-ty,” in this den of office-seekers and political ruffians, New York City.

A deacon who became rich in a grocery not a hundred miles from Boston State House, used to boast how much he had done for temperance, by mixing at least a gallon of pure water with every gallon of liquor he sold.

A friend who has resided in North Carolina for the last twenty years, says he still holds his own. He commenced with nothing and has got it all left.

Women always want something to lean upon. As a stick is to green peas, so is the masculine gender to the feminine.

“If a body see a body carrying off his wood, should a body whale a body—if a body could!”