THE JEFFERSONIAN

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☞ All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

☞ Answer to the Geographical Enigma of last week.—The Monroe Mountaineer.

Historical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 16, 22, 18, 27, 8, 3, was an American officer, in the Mexican War.

My 22, 31, 6, 5, was a Queen of England.

My 12, 19, 29, 7, 20, 13, 15, was King of the Franks.

My 21, 24, 19, 18, 33, was a distinguished Roman General.

My 28, 17, 9, 21, 2, 1, was the birthplace of one of God's apostles.

My 32, 22, 31, 7, 33, 18, 1, were an ancient race, in northern Europe.

My 30, 17, 28, 23, 24, 19, 8, 26, was a distinguished person during the English Rebellion.

My 7, 14, 22, 12, 10, was a Grecian lawgiver.

My 25, 12, 23, 17, 32, 20, 2, 21, was a Roman General.

My 11, 18, 10, 24, 7, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

My 12, 24, 4, 2, 21, was King of Persia.

My whole was an important event, which occurred during the Revolutionary War.—Answer next week.

Stroudsburg, Penn. J. P. D.

Honor to whom Honor is Due.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Honor him whose hands are sowing
Seeds for harvest in their time—
Reverence those whose tho'ts are growing
Up to ultimates sublime.

All the progress of the ages
May be traced back to their hands—
All the illuminated pages
Of the books, into their plans.

Every worm beside you creeping,
Every insect flying well,
Every insect in earth's keeping,
Has a history to tell.

The small, homely flower that's lying
In your pathway, may contain
Some elixir, which the dying
Generations sought in vain.

In the stone that waits the turning
Of some curious hand, from sight,
Fiery atoms may be burning,
That would fill the world with light.

Let us then, in reverence bowing,
Honor most of all mankind,
Such as keep their great thoughts plowing
Deepest in the field of mind.

The Old Love.

BY FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

I met her; she was thin and old;
She stooped, and trod with tottering feet!
The hair was gray that once was gold,
The voice was harsh that once was sweet.
Her hands were dwindled, and her eyes,
Robbed of their girlish light of joy,
Were dim; I felt a sad surprise
That I had loved her when a boy.

But yet a something in her air
Restored me to the vanished time,
My heart grew young and seemed to wear
The brightness of my youthful prime.
I took her withered hand in mine—
Its touch recalled a host of joy—
I kissed it with a reverend sigh,
For I had loved her when a boy.

That is a Boy I can Trust.

'I once visited,' says a gentleman, a large public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the master; and as he turned to go down the platform, the master said, 'That is a boy I can trust. He never failed me. I followed him with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess.—He had a fine, open, manly face. I tho't a good deal about the master's remark.—What a character had that little boy earned? He had already got what would be worth to him more than a fortune.—It would be a passport to the best office in the city, and what is better, to the confidence of the whole community. I wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by elder people. Every boy in the neighborhood is known, and opinions formed of him, he has a character either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, 'I can trust him; he never failed me,' will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness, and industry which he has shown at school are prized everywhere. He who is faithless in little shall be faithless in much.'

Von Sweitzel on Politics.

"Mine neighbor, Wilhelm, vot you tink of bolitics, hey?" asked Peter Von Slug, of his neighbor Von Sweitzel, the Twelfth Ward blacksmith, last evening as he seated himself beside him in a 'Rierhaus?'

"I tinks much," said Sweitzel, giving his pipe a long whiff.

"Vell, vot you tinks?"

"I comes to der conclusion dat bolitics is one big fool."

"Ah!" exclaimed Pete, after taking a draught from his mug, "how do you make him dat?"

"Vel, mine frien, I tell you," replied Sweitzel, after a few whiffs and a drink, "I comes to dish place ten years last evening by der Dutch Almanac, mit mine blacksmit shop. I builds fine little house, I poots up mine bellers, I makes mine fire, I heats mine iron, I strikes mit mine hammer, I gets plenty of work in, and I make monish."

"Dat is goot," remarked Pete, at the same time demanding that the drained mugs be re-filled.

"I say that I made much friends," continued Wilhelm, relighting his pipe. "Der beeples all say, Von Sweitzel bees a good man, he blows in der morning, he strikes in der night, and he mind his business. So dey spraken to me many times, and it make me feel much goot here," slapping his breast,

"Yaw, yaw, dat ish gooter," remarked Pete, who was an attentive listener.

"Vel it goes long dat way tree year.—Tree? Let me see, one year I make tree hoodred tollar, der next tree hoondred an' fifty, der next four hoondred and swonzy, and der next five hoondered tollar. Dat make five year, when old Mike, der watchman, who bees such a bad man, comes to me, and he says—

"'Sweitzel, what makes you work so hard?'

"To make monish,' I tell him.

"I tells how youm ake him quicker as dat,' he say.

"I ask him how, an' den he tells me to go into bolities an' get big office. I laugh at him, ven he tells me dat Shake, der lawyer—vat make such burty speeches about Faderland—bees a-goin' to run for Congress, and dat Shake der lawyer dells him to dell me, if I would go among der beeples and tell them to vote mid him all der while, he would put me in von big office, where I make twenty tousand tollars a year."

"Twenty tousand! mine Got!" exclaimed Pete, thunderstruck.

"Yaw, twenty tousand. Well, by shinks, I shust stops der strikin', an' goes to mine friens, an' all der Yarmans vote for Shake, an' Shake bes elected to der Congress."

Here Mynheer Von Sweitzel stopped, took a long draught of beer, and fixing his eyes on the floor, puffed his pipe as if in deep thought.

"Vell, mine neighbor," said Pete, after waiting a due length of time for him to resume, "vat you do den, eh?"

"Vell, I ask Milke, der swellhead watchman, for der office, an' he dells me I gets him de next year. I waits till after der next krout making time, an den I say again,

"'Mike vhen vill Shake give me dat twenty tousand dollar office?'

"'In two year, sure,' he say, 'if you work for der barty.'

"Vell, I stop a blowin' mit mine bellers agin, an' I blow two years for der barty mit mine mout."

"Two years mit your mout?" asked Pete, in astoishment.

"Yaw, two year. Den again I go to Mike, der swell-head watchman, an' dell him der twenty tousand tollar about, an' he dells me in won more year I gets him sure. I dinks he fools me, yet I blow for the party anudder year, an' den, vat you dinks?"

"Dinks! Vy, you gets him twenty tousand tollar!"

"Gets him. Py shinks! Mike, der swell-head watchman, dells me I bees von big fool, an' dat I might go to der bad place, an, eat sour krout."

"He tell you dat?"

"Yaw. Sure as my name bes Von Sweitzel."

"After you do der blowing mit you mout for der barty?"

"Yaw."

"Mine Got! vat you do den, mine neighbor?"

"I makes a fire in mine blacksmit shop, I blows my own bellers again, I heats mine own iron, and strikes mit mine own hammer. I say to mineself,

"'Wilhelm Von Sweitzel, bolities bes a humbug and boliticians bes a bigger von. Wilhelm Von Sweitzel, do yer own blowing and let boliticians do ders!'"

Neighbor Pete thought he had come to a wise conclusion, and after wishing all sorts of bad luck to boliticians, that class of men whose patriotism and integrity lies in their pocket, they ordered their mugs to be again re-filled, and changed the topic of conversation.

'Now'—'Now' is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. 'Now' is the watchword of the wise. 'Now' is the banner of the prudent.

Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that now is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world by putting it off till to-morrow, saying:—'Then I will do it,' No! This will never answer. 'Now is ours; then will never be.

The Last of the Chimney Sweepers.

We met on Chesnut treet, a day or two since, what we should judge to be the last living representative of this once distinguished race. He was the centre of attraction to quite an admiring crowd, the pavement being thronged with old and young, gay gentlemen and gayer ladies, white-haired octogenarians and chubby-cheeked children, all of whom involuntarily stayed their steps to gsze upon the unwonted sight. It is long since Chesnut street could boast of such an attraction. The race is nearly extinct.—Modern innovations, in the shape of patent flues, heaters, gas oves, &c. &c., have superceded the necessity for scrapers and brushes and machinery now does the work of the hands. The chimney sweeper's occupation is gone. It is long since we have heard, at break of day, his merry song, issuing at once from his own and the chimney's throat.—We no longer are startled, as we walk along the street, by the once familiar cadence that seemed born in the upper atmosphere and floated melodiously far above our heads. We see no uncouth visages and stangely accoutred arms stretched forth from the sooty caverns of the chimney tops, nor do mysterious urchins, resembling imps of darkness, having mistaken their way, drop unaccountably upon our parlor or bed-room hearths. Our broad cloths and satins are no longer liable to be brushed by the sooty blankets as we pass along the busy thoroughfares. The once familiar race now scarcely exists but in memory or in some work of art, the effort of some daring painter or engraver. Where did they all betake themselves? They dis appeared as mysteriously and noiselessly as the leaves in autumn.—They were here, and they have vanished, and so ends their history. From what subterranean cavern the specimen in question emerged is more than we can tell, but there he was, the monarch of the sidewalk, the 'observed of all observers,' the hero of the passing hour. He was honored alike with awe and curiosity. He wore the same old blanket, once so familiar, thrown gracefully around his shoulders and falling in unstudied drapery about his form; and he evidently had not revised his toilet, for the soot stood in ridges on his sable face and nestled lovingly in the folds of his garment. There he stood, silent and immovable (for your true sweep is loquacious, the peculiar character of his professional labor teaching him to keep his mouth closed,) entirely unabashed, before the numerous eyes that were bent upon him, reminding one of some dignified Indian warrior confronting his enemies. The sight was interesting and effecting. The race has evidently deteriorated and dwindled down from the robust and athletic figure of a full grown man to the insignificant proportions of a pigmy, for this representative might easily have made his bed in an ordinary band-box. What physical or other causes have led to so sad a retrogression in the scale of being? Of the personal history of this mysterious visitant we were unable to learn anything. There he was, on the pavement in Chesnut street, surrounded by a group of admiring wayfarers, and there must we leave him, simply asking him the two questions in the old song, with which his predecessors were doubtless all familiar—

"Oh! whar did you come from,
And where are you going to!"

A Teetotal Monkey.

Doctor Guthrie relates the following amusing anecdote of a domesticated monkey:—'Jack, as he was called, seeing his master and some companions drinking, with those imitative powers for which his species is remarkable, finding half a glass of whiskey left, took it up and drank it off. It flew, of course to his head. Amid their roars of laughter, he began to skip, hop and dance. Jack was drunk. Next day, when they went, with the intention of repeating the fun, to take the poor monkey from his box, he was not to be seen. Looking inside, there he lay, crouching in a corner. 'Come out!' said his master. Afraid to disobey, he came out, walking on three legs—the fore-paw that was laid on his forehead saying, as plain as words could do, that he had a headache. Having left him some days to get well, and resume his gaiety, they at length carried him off to the scene of revel. On entering, he eyed the glasses with manifest terror, skulking behind the chair; and on his master ordering him to drink, he bolted, and was on the house-top in a twinkling. They called him down. He would not come. His master shook the whip at him. Jack, astride on the ridge-pole, grimmed defiance. A gun, of which he was always much afraid, was pointed at this desciple of temperance; he ducked his head, and slipped over to the back of the house; upon which, seeing his predicament, and less afraid apparently of the fire than the fire-water, the monkey leaped at a bound on the chimney-top, and getting down into a flue, held on by his fore-paws. He would rather be singed than drink. He triumphed, and although his master kept him for twelve years after that, he never could persuade the monkey to taste another drop of whiskey.'

☞ Affection, like the spring flowers, breaks thrugh the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks but for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

Dr. Nott on the Sphere of Woman.

The sceptre of empire is not, the sceptre that best befits the hand of woman; nor is the field of carnage her field of glory. Home, sweet home, is her theatre of action, her pedestal of beauty, and throne of power. Or if seen abroad, she is seen to the best advantage when on errands of love, and wearing her robe of mercy.

I would not, if I could, persuade those of the sex who hear me to become the public, clamorous advocates of even temperance. It is the influence of their declaired approbation; of their open, willing, visible example, enforced by that soft, persuasive, colloquial eloquence, which in some hallowed retirement, exerts such controlling influence over the hard heart of man; especially over a husband's, a son's, or a brother's heart; it is this influence which we need: an influence, chiefly known by the gradual kindly transformation of characters it produces, and which, in its benign effects, may be compared to the noiseless balmly advances, renovation over every hill, and dale, and glen, and is let, and changing throughout the whole region of animated nature, winter's rugged and unsightly forms, into the forms of vernal loveliness and beauty.

No, I repeat it, I would not, if I could, persuade those of the sex who hear me, to become the public, clamorous advocates of temperance. It is yours to wield the club of Hercules, or bend the bow of Achilles. But, though it is not, still you have a heaven approved theatre of action. The look of tenderness, the eye of compassion, the lip of entreaty, are yours, the omnipotence of fashion. You can, therefore—I speak of those who are the favorites of fortune, and who occupy the high places of society,—you can change the terms of social intercourse, and alter the current opinions of community. You can remove, at once and forever, temptation from the saloon, the drawing room, and the dining table. This is your empire, the empire which God and the usages of mankind have given you domain.—Here within, these limits, and without transgressing that modesty which is heaven's own gift, and woman's brightest ornament, you may exert a benign and kindly, but mighty influence.

The Life of a Country Doctor.

On a cold stormy night Doctor Jenkins was aroused from his slumbers by a loud rap at the door, accomponied by the stirring summons—'Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Banks.' His child is dead.' 'Then what do you want with me?' 'He's pizened. They gin him laudunum, too—paragoricky.' 'How much did they give him?' 'Do'no—a great 'eal. Think he won't git over it.' The doctor pushes off through the storm, meets with divers mishaps on the way, and at length arrives at the house of the poisoned patient. He finds all closed, not a light to be seen. He knocks furiously at the door, and at last a night cap appears at the chamber window, and a woman's voice squeaks out: 'Who's there?' 'The doctor, to be sure. You sent for him.'—'Oh, it's no matter, doctor, Ephraim's better. We got a little kinder skeert; gin him laud'num and he slept kinder sound, but he's woke up now.' 'How much did he swallow?' 'Only two drops! 'Taint hurt him none. Wonderful bad storm to night.' The doctor turns away, buttoning up his overcoat under his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away his mortification and anger, when the voice saluted him again—'Doctor, doctor!' 'What do you want?' 'You hain't a gwing to charge nothin' for this, are ye?'

Squire Jones's Georgia Widow.

'Oh!' says the Squire, 'I wish I was married, and well over it. I dread it powerful. I'd like to marry a widow. I allers liked widows since I know'd one down in Georgia, that suited my ideas adzactly. About a week after her husband died, she started down to the graveyard, whar they planted of him, as she said, to read the prescription onto his monument. When she got there, she stood a minute a looking at the stones which was put at each end of the grave, with an epithet on 'em that the minister had writ for her. Then she burst out, 'Oh! boo!' Says she: 'Jones, he was one the best of men. I remember how the last time he come home, about a week ago, he brought down from town some sugar and a little tea, and some store goods for me, and lots of little necessaries, and a little painted hoss for Jeems, which that blessed child got his mouth all yaller with sucking of it: and then he kissed the children all round, and took down that good old fiddle of his'n, and played up that good old tune:

Rake her down, Sal, oh! rang-dang-diddle,
Oh! rang-dang-diddle, dang, dang, da!

Here,' says the Squire, 'she begin to dance, and I just thought she was the greatest woman ever I see.' The Squire always gives a short laugh after telling this anecdote, and then filling and lighting his pipe, subsides into his arm chair and indulges in calm and dreamy reflection.

☞ The loss of a friend is like that of a limb. Time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.

Queer Pranks of an Australian Widow.

Some three years ago Mr. S. V. S. Skidmore, of Albany, New York, thought he would like to "try his luck" in Australia. He broke the matter to Mrs. Skidmore, who wept over the subject for a week, and then consented that Mr. S. might seek his fortune as he desired, but she gave him to understand that he must never expect to see her alive again. Mr. S. undertook to talk her out of "such foolish notions," but without effect. Mrs. S. was determined to seek the soothing influences of the quiet tomb, and nothing could or should keep her out of it. In consequence of this, Mr. S. quitted home with a heavy heart, but as he was "doing it for the best," he was resolved not to sacrifice a great duty to uncalled for weakness. Mr. S. sailed for Australia, from New York, in the year 1852. During his stay in "the land of Kangaroos," he accumulated some $5,000 over and above his doctor's bills.

When Mr. S. left Albany he was somewhat corpulent, and sported a neat little pair of "one horse whiskers" When he returned—which was on Monday afternoon of last week—he was as thin as pauper's soup, and had a pair of whiskers large and shaggy enough for a door mat. Mr. S. was an altered man, so much so that his intimate acquaintances did not recognize him. In consequence of this transformation, he thought he would treat his wife to an agreeable surprise. On enquiring he ascertained that Mrs. S. was keeping a boarding house in High street. Mr. S. immediately repaired to his domicil—knocked, and after a moment's waiting was asked into the parlor. In another moment Mrs. made her appearance. Mr. S wished to know if he could be accomodated with board for the next six weeks. Mrs. S. replied, "with pleasure." Mr. S. wished to know if she had any other boarders. Mrs. S. replied "no one but her cousin—a very amiable and religious young gentleman." Mr. S. allowed that this was very nice, and immediately engaged a parlor and a bed room, at eight dollars a week. Mr. S. wanted to see how things "were coming out." He was gratified. A moment after he made arraingements for his parlor and bed room the cousin, "the religious young gentleman," rang the door bell. Mrs. S. let him in, a favor that the cousin paid with a kiss. Mrs. S. then remembered she had something to do in the back bed room up stairs. The cousin said that he would "go along and help." Mr. S. said that that was unnecessary. The cousin wanted to know what he had to say about it. Mr. S. replied a great deal—whereupon he took the cousin by the neck, opened the front door, and kicked him off the stoop. Mr. S. then gave his attention to Mrs. S. and informed her that he was not "Benjamin Simpson," as he had represented himself to be, but Samuel Skidmore, her husband. Mr. S. wanted to know what "such actions" meant. Mrs. S. answered by going off into a swoon. Mr. S. informed Mrs. S. that the game was played out; that he wanted an explanation, or he would serve her as he had her consin. This restored Mrs. S. to consciousness. She insisted that Mr. S. was jealous without cause, and that what he took for a kiss, was the snapping of a whip in her cousin's hand. Mr. S. wanted to know where that cousin had come from, why he never hear of him before he went to Australia, and whether he was often in the habit of snapping his whip in Mrs. S.'s back bed-room? Mrs. S. replied that previous to the year 1852 he had resided in the State of Maine, and that the reason why she dad not spoken of him was because she had not seen him since childhood, and supposed he was dead. Having accounted for the appearance of her cousin, Mr S. wished Mrs. S. to explain the other matter, and that was, how two children had been born to him during his absence? Mrs. S. said she would not answer "such insulting questions," that she was "not going to allow any brute to come from Australia to trample on the feelings of a poor lone woman." Here Mrs. S. seized her shawl and bonnet, and darted out of the house, since which departure "the poor lone womon" has not been seen by any one. On Tuesday Mr. S. appeared before Justice Parsons, to see what disposition could be made of "those two last boys." The Justice refered Mr. S. to Mr. George Herbert, the Poor Master. Mr. Herbert advised Mr. Skidmore to "keep the boys," and sue the "cousins" for adultery. Whether he will do so will be seen at the next court.

MORAL.—When you go to Australia, take your wife along. Solitude is as corrupting as idleness.

☞ A writer has compared worldly friendship to our shadows, and a better comparison never was made; for while we walk in the sunshine it sticks to us, but the moment we enter the shade it deserts us.

☞ We never knew an early rising, hard working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and good industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of.

☞ Beauty is a fleeting flower.—Handsome is that which handsome does.

Educational.

Address to Children.

During the recent session of the Teachers' Institute in this place, Professor Sanders, of New York, delivered a beautiful and interesting Address to the children of Doylestown and vicinity. The crowded house manifested the interest felt in the subject by the community, and at an early hour the room was filled, and the large number of earnest little faces in the audience, proved that the Professor had not mistaken his object in calling together those for whom he has labored so faithfully—the children of our land.

I often feel, said the Professor, when looking on the youth of our beloved country, that children's hours are indeed the sunny ones of life; and there comes from my inmost heart those beautiful words of the poet:—'Oh! would I were a boy again.' These golden hours, these days so free from care; there are for you; from us, they have passed forever, and oh! my dear children, how much you can do to promote the happiness of all whom you love, and who love you. When I was a boy, we had but very few advantages for receiving an education in our public schools, yet I was very happy; I used to throw myself upon the green grass, and gazing on the fair blue sky, think this a most lovely world and I the happiest boy in it. But you who are children now, have so much to aid, encourage and interest you in acquiring an education, if you only strive for it. You can all rise to eminence and leave this world the better for your having lived in it. The great God who watched so tenderly over your childhood, whose eye knows no slumber, whose vigilance never relaxes, He holds your reward. Learn early to love and obey your parents. 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' You love this beautiful world and would not like to leave it, remember you have God's word, that they who love their father and mother 'their days shall be long in the land.'

Twenty-five years ago, in one of the eastern counties of New York, there lived a widow with one son, whom she tenderly loved, and for whose happiness she constantly strove. In return for this kindness, he ought to have been a support and comfort to her, but instead of this, he was a continual source of anxiety and sorrow; his bad conduct and evil habits caused her weary days and sleepless nights. One sultry August afternoon, instead of going to school whither he had been sent, he went with a companion as idle as himself, on a fishing excursion.—Late in the afternoon the horizon became obscured, masses of ebon clouds rolled from the west, darkening the fair face of Heaven and betokening the near approach of one of those terrible storms which sometimes burst upon us in midsummer, with tropical fury. The companions of the widow's son became alarmed, and urged him to return. This he refused to do, cursing and swearing in the most awful manner, imprecating the wrath of God. The elements paused in their warfare, and for a moment an awful stillness reigned; then, as if concentrating all their fury in one dread blow, there came a blinding flash, a terrific report, a red bolt sped from the sky, and again there was a pause, but there upon the green-sward, cold in death, lay the blasphemer. With the dark passions raging in his soul, with the sinful words upon his lips, he was ushered into the presence of his maker. This may seem an exaggerated account; my friends, it is the simple truth; I was the teacher of those boys; I saw that blackened corpse; I heard that poor mother's agonized shrieks as she gazed upon the lifeless clay; I saw the look of terror on his companion's countenance, and the impression will never be effaced.

Think of this, children, when you are tempted to disobey your parents, or take the name of your God lightly. Oh! try to be all that you can and ought to be, now while you are enjoying so many advantages for acquiring an education, when you have comfortable school buildings, competent teachers, and everything to add to your welfare and happiness, try and make the best use of them; you are all that your parents live for; let them feel that they have not lived in vain. Never be false, mean or cruel, but be true, noble minded, pure hearted men and women; then will your course through life be a bright one, then will love and gratitude strew your daily path with flowers, and when at last the summons for your departure comes, gentle hands will lead you to the eternal gates, and sweet memories be your epitaph.

If you want to know the way to the penitentiary, follow the man who beleives that the world 'owes him a living.'

If girls would have roses in their cheeks they must do as the roses do—go to sleep with the lillies and get up with the morning glories.

If you want an ignoramus to respect you, 'dress to death,' and wear watch seals about the size of a brickbat.

☞ The story of the man who had a nose so large he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder, is a hoax.

☞ Blows and cuts are felt more keenly after a dispute, in the same way that wounds hurt a great deal more when the battle is over.