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ADDRES OF THE CARRIER OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

JANUARY 1, 1857.

Huzza! Huzza! Good New Year comes

Once more,

And scatters in our humble homes

Good store

Fat Turkeys, Geese and rare mince pie

In great profusion, tempting, lie

Upon our boards. And gladly we

With appetite edged right keen, d'ye see,

Await the Cooks most tempting call.

Of "Turn up good folks, great and small."

And as we rush I'd have you mind

The Jours and I are not behind;—

For when good eating's to be had

We're all around that spot be had.

Hold on, says Jour, ye lubber there,

Don't lie

We've neither Turkey, Goose nor rare

Mince pie;

Who'd think of such things these hard times

When 'twixt the banks and crinolines

Were kept close bitted—scarce can turn

Without our fingers we badly burn

To do better we've righteous wills

But our pockets are fill'd with bills,

And being like other men organic

We, e'en though printers, feel the panic.

What folly, then, thus loud to boast

When were e'en glad to nib dry toast.

I'll call back then all that stuff,

Which I only meant by way of puff,

Of our living, and own the truth

That we are sadly off forsooth;

And that for want of surplus dimes

Folks feel the pressure of the Times.

The Rummies feel it hard I ween

As they are now at all times seen

Standing in bar-room or on corner

Looking as glum as funeral mourner.

And though they smile and rub the chin

No one now asks them to "step in

And take a drink" in a quiet way;

And they, poor chaps, have nought to pay.

The Fancy men too feel the pinch,

For Landlords and Tailors put a pinch

On credit—their whole stock in trade—

Of which their greatness all is made.

And Fast Young men too look so blue,

No longer they their sports pursue,

The breaking banks and smashing times

Have stopped their flow of surplus dimes.

Its bad, I vow, these hard time pranks

Have even stopped the money banks;—

And they, great bodies without soul

Have almost reach'd the dismal goal

Of bankrupt business, empty vaults,

Though, I guess, perchance the fault's

Their own. It may be years before

The masses crowd again their door.

The Merchant lit feels keenly too

(This reader's between me and you)

The tightness which so tightly grips

His neighbors quarters, shillings and fips.

Bills due, and creditors dancing,

Are not exactly things for fanning.

For if upaid the Sheriff soon

Demands in turn a rigid boon:

The key, and, much against the will,

Free passage to the money till.

Laborers, too, look sad and worn,

Because the loss of work they mourn.

With labor they have hard earned bread—

Without it seek a hungry bed—

Indeed near all—great and small—

Are victims to the crashing fall

In rail-road shares and lightning stocks,

From which they drew their shining rocks.

But there are some who do not feel

The gloom which shrouds the public weal.

Can well be spared the pain of want,

While out upon their shopping jaunt.

I guess, though, that, for all I know,

They feel the times more than they show.

But yet to see them all bedecked

In dresses plain, and striped and specked

Out at all times and in all weathers,

Hats hid with Ribbons and Feathers,

One could but think they never thought

From whence the cash which they thought

bought.

But they are privileg'd in all times

To rock the cradle and spend the dimes.

So to have them on my own side

I'll say no more, and let them slide.

Of hoops, I might a word remark,

But I won't, as the girl I spurn,

Is in that line; and she might greet

My next visit, with notice neat

To take my hat, from off the floor,

And ne'er again darken her door.

And now kind patron I have done—

I made this rhyme up just in fun—

If naught you give the carrier boy,

You'll fill his heart brim full of joy:

If naught, I still will greet you here

With wishes for "Happy New Year!"

And may they oft to you return—

And may your life-lamp brightly burn.

And when in years old age craves rest

May you lie down among the best.

EDWARD.

That this is the age "bogus" opera-

tions no one will deny, and somebody

has fairly hit the mark in the following

"Bogus Ditty:"

There's bogus doctors—bogus pills,

Bogus charges—bogus bills,

Bogus stories—bogus teachers,

Bogus saints and bogus preachers,

Bogus friends and bogus names,

Bogus cures and bogus claims,

Bogus sighs and bogus fears,

Bogus smiles and bogus tears,

Bogus looks and bogus airs,

Bogus faith and bogus prayers,

Bogus sales and bogus notes,

Bogus laws and bogus votes,

Bogus words and bogus deeds,

Bogus coins and bogus deeds,

Bogus gents and bogus ladies,

Bogus wives and bogus babies,

Bogus rumors on the wing,

And bogus almost everything.

Of all the mon-sters come to rogue us,

There's none can match old brandy bogus!

Flowing by Steam.

This is an important subject for farm-

ers, and is claiming considerable atten-

tion in the United States. We notice that

in the vicinity of Chelmsford, England, a

successful experiment of the kind was

made a few weeks since, in the presence

of a large number of persons engaged in

agriculture. The Chronicle, of that place

says:

The field selected was a piece of twenty

three acres, called Mill Field, near the

White Hart Inn. The first start was

with two double-plows, but as it was an

exceedingly heavy soil, usually plowed

with three or four horses, very foul, and

from being lately drained, not lying well,

it was difficult for the engine to pass over

it, and after a pause, four single plows

were attached, and although at first, from

not being able to get the going gear to

work favorably, some little delays were

caused, after a time they did work admir-

ably, plowing from six to nine inches

deep. The work was wonderfully straight,

though done in the midst of a large con-

course of spectators, who were evidently

deeply interested in the experiment. So

clung and tough—so close and heavy was

the nature of the soil, that in answer to

inquiries made as to how the matter was

going on, the observation of all those who

knew the locality was:

"Well, if it can plow now, it can plow

any thing." Many farmers who entered

the field prejudiced were unreluctant in

their praises, and acknowledged that the

wonderful machine, being still in its in-

fancy, would, as improvements followed,

effect an extraordinary change in the cul-

tivation and management of land of every

description.

DANCING.—The Alabama Methodist

Protestant Annual Conference has adopt-

ed the following resolution:—"That any

parents or guardians belonging to our

Church who shall patronize that school of

sin by sending their children or wards,

shall be subject to trial and reproof, sus-

I'LL CALL AROUND AND PAY.

"What is this!" said Mr. Redwood, as

with an indolent, half-indifferent air, he

took a folded paper from the hand of a

boy. The day was Saturday—the hour

about one.

"Oh! yes—I see!" he added, a moment

afterward. "Very well. Say to Mr.

Barker, I'll call around and pay him.—

Can't attend it just now."

Mr. Redwood's fire proof stood only

six feet from the place where he was sit-

ting—the door was wide open—the check

book in sight—and the balance in bank

was just four thousand dollars. It would

have taken only a slight effort and con-

sumed but two minutes' time for him to

have drawn a check for sixty-eight dol-

lars and fourteen cents—the amount of

Mr. Barker's bill. But he was in an in-

duolent frame of mind, and it was so much

easier to say, "I'll call around and pay,"

than to rise from his quiet position, and

go to all the trouble of writing a check

and taking a receipt.

The boy looked disappointed and linger-

ed a moment.

"Do you understand me?" said the mer-

chant, speaking rather sharply.

"Yes, sir; but—"

"But what?"

"It is Saturday, sir—and—and—"

"I didn't inquire of you as to the day

of the week," was testily answered.

The boy looked half frightened and

went off instantly.

"Saturday, indeed!" muttered Mr. Red-

wood to himself. "A rare piece of infor-

mation! A bright boy, really! What

has Saturday to do with the payment of

my shoemaker's bill?"

"Did you get the money from Mr. Red-

wood asked the shoemaker, as the boy

came in. His face had an anxious look.

"No, sir. He'll says he call around and

pay."

"When?"

"He didn't mention any time," replied

the boy.

"Did you tell him it was Saturday and

I had my workmen and workwomen to

pay off?"

"I tried to sir; but it seemed to make

him angry; and as he is a good custom-

er—

"Too bad! too bad!" ejaculated the

shoemaker, breaking in upon the boy's

words. "Call round and pay." Why

didn't he send the money? That would

be easier."

Rising from his bench, the shoemaker

went to his little unpainted pine desk, on

which was an old square cork inkstand,

and the stump of a quill five inches long,

which was dignified by the name of a pen

and took therefrom a package of bills.—

He went over twice before selecting one,

for there seemed but little promise for

that day in any of them. "Take this to

Mr. Glenn," said he to his boy, "and

tell him that he will particularly oblige me,

if he will let me have the money. Say

that I would not trouble him again, but

it is Saturday, and I have my workmen

to pay."

The boy was gone nearly half an hour.

Mr. Glenn's store was in a distant part

of the town, though his family for which

Mr. Barker worked lived in the neigh-

borhood. A dozen times before he came

back had the anxious mechanic paused in

his work and fixed his eyes upon the door

hoping for his boy's return. At last he

came in.

"Well, Andrew, what success?" He

tried to speak cheerfully.

"Mr. Glenn says he will call round and

pay."

The Shoemaker's countenance fell.—

He let his eyes drop to the work in his

lap, and bent his face downward so that

its expression might be partly concealed

from the boy.

"Did you say that he would particu-

larly oblige me by settling the bill, as it

was Saturday, and I had my workmen to

pay?"

"Yes, sir; but he turned off, saying he

didn't wish to hear anything more from

me."