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Hydrophobia.

The following recipe and remarks, which are taken from the *Lancet*—*Express*, should be preserved by every household. It has been effectual in preserving the lives of many, as attested below:

"Dr. Stoy's infallible cure for the bite of a Mad Dog.—Take one ounce of Red Chick Weed and put it in a clean earthen pot; pour on it a quart of Beer; place the pot over a gentle coal fire, and boil it until it is reduced to the half; strain it hot from the pot through a clean linen cloth into a pewter dish, and then, while still hot in the dish, add one ounce of Theriac, and stir it well, until it is thoroughly mixed. Give the patient a dose like warm in the morning, the patient being duly sober, that is to say without anything having been taken that morning; after this he must fast at least three hours, and during that time drink no cold water, and must take great care not to eat any pork, and everything which has any connection with pork; for fourteen days the patient must not partake of any animal food, not even the fish kernel.—To children of 12 years give the half, and so in proportion with the water as above mentioned to be observed.

N. B.—You must cut the weeds in June, when it is in blossom, and starchy it in the shade. The weeds to be fried in fresh butter, without salt, and then put on the wood three times, by rubbing the each off with an oak chip.

Chick Weed is the popular name for a species of *Stellaria*, and that with white blossoms affords a remarkable instance of the sleep of plants; for at night the leaves approach in pairs, and incline the tender rudiments of the young shoots.—The leaves are cooling, and are deemed useful for mammals. *Theriac* is a name given by the ancients to various compounds, esteemed efficacious against the effects of poison, but afterwards re-trained chiefly to what is called *Venice treacle*, which (says the *Cyc.*) is a compound of sixty-four drugs, prepared pulverized, and reduced by means of honey to an electuary. Both these articles can be had at the drug-gists. The beer will probably be more difficult to obtain in this region, where beer houses are prohibited by law.—*Lancet* *Express*.

The *Middleton Journal* says in relation to the recipe: "Mr. Younz, who was so badly bitten by a mad dog a few days since, an account of which we gave in our last, is getting well from the effects of the bite. He with a number of others procured medicine from a lady at Lebanon, who has the original recipe of the late Mr. William Stoy. This medicine is very strong and operates when first taken like an electric shock. Those who have taken it, declare that they felt it through the whole system. After remaining on the stomach for about two hours, it acts like an emetic. When the effects are produced, the patient may be considered cured. Stoy was not a doctor, as some papers state but a farmer, and at one time he published his recipe to the world. It was copied into the *Almanacs*, and newspapers; yet, strange to say, there are few who know anything about it.—We read a recommendation, a few days since written on parchment—signed by three men who had been bitten by mad dogs. The document states that they were all perfectly cured by Stoy's infallible remedy. One of these men had experienced symptoms of hydrophobia before using the medicine.

The Germans have a habit of sometimes using P for B, vice versa, which occasionally sounds decidedly ludicrous. A German minister being invited to officiate in an English prayer meeting, said, "Prethin, let us pray."

A lady, one night at a party, was much annoyed by the rude and impudent remarks of a coxcomb who sat near her. At length, becoming tired and vexed, she turned towards him with an angry countenance, and said: "Be pleased, sir, to cease your unbecoming impertinence."—The fellow was astonished at so sudden a rebuke, and could only say, "Pray, Miss, do not eat me." "Be in no fear," she replied, "I am a Jewess."

Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar, do ye not know some quiet spot, where plovers are worn no more! Some lone and silent dell, some island or some cave, where women can walk three abreast, along the village pave! The loud wind hissed around my face, and, spickering, answered, "nary place."

OUR LOST LUCY.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

It was a beautiful afternoon in early June. Mother had flung open the sitting room windows, and beside one of them we sat together, sewing and talking.—The climbing rose vines had begun to bud about the pillars of the piazza, and the panes that ran in a little border, along by the path to the gate were opening, one by one, their purple hearts to the summer.

Little Lucy, the pet and plaything of the whole household, from our stern father down to the youngest and most boisterous of our brothers, sat upon the carpet sorting out a lap full of wild violets and honey suckles that she had just brought in from the fields. Bravo, our house-dog, lay curled up at her feet, watching her as she threw away and selected her flowers with a queer mixture of extravagance and fastidiousness. Once in a while he would growl and snap his jaws as a malicious fly buzzed about his ears—or wag his tail gratefully as Lucy would pause in her dainty employment to brush away his tormentors, and stroke his long, silky ears with her dimpled fingers.

All at once the music of a hand organ came in through the window. Lucy sprang to her feet, grasped her apron of flowers, and ran out upon the piazza; while Bravo, shaking himself, and treading with a sort of doggish disdain upon those she had discarded, stalked leisurely behind her.

We stopped sewing and leaned forward to catch a glimpse of our entertainers.—There were two of them, a man and woman the latter carrying in her hand a tambourine.

"May I dance, Maggie?" called Lucy, as they struck up a lively measure. I nodded assent, and the next moment she was tripping across the piazza to the music of the organ. It was a simple dance I had taught her for amusement, and she could execute it without a single misstep. A pretty picture she made out there, where the shade of the roses, and the sheen of sun were plaited together so lovingly; her long, yellow curls floating backward from her shoulders; her neck and arms bare, plump and dazzlingly white; one hand clasping the broad ribbons of her hat, which had half fallen from her head in her breezy motion, and the other holding up her white fan with its wreath of blue and scarlet blossoms; her cheeks flushed to crimson with excitement, and her clear, brown eyes, sparkling with delight.

I noticed that the women watched her with evident admiration, never once taking her eyes from her until she stopped, exhausted and with a coquettish courtesy threw herself down in the cool portico, leaving her head back against one of the pillars, till her hair looked like tendrils of gold dropping through the emerald vines.

I tossed a small bit of coin out of the window to her, and she, with a gleeful laugh, put it between Bravo's teeth, and bade him carry it to them.

The man shouldered his organ with a low bow, and had started to go, when his companion touched him on the shoulder and spoke a few words to him in a foreign, jarring language. He turned and looked at Lucy, and then answered in the same low, and rapid, indistinct tone, which I could not understand, while an expression, strange cunning and almost cruel, passed over his face.

call, with a voice as sharp and clear as a young savage's. Soon he came in out of breath, but without Lucy.

"Perhaps she has gone into some of the neighbors, and they have invited her into tea. Let's eat supper, and then she don't come, we'll hunt her up," spoke Caleb, my oldest brother.

Tacitly consenting, we took our seats at the table. But that was an unusually quiet meal. It was no common occurrence to miss the golden head from the foot of the table, and the vacant high chair drawn up so stiffly before the unused plate and the untouched tumbler of fresh white milk seemed ominous of desolation. There was a shade of anxiety on mother's naturally serene countenance; father scarcely spoke during the meal, and I could not help glancing often and wistfully at the open door, hoping every moment to see it shadowed by the entrance of a little dancing figure, which yet something told me, forbiddingly, would not come. Only my brothers, thinking of no possibility of harm, and with the healthy, eager appetite of growing and working boys, ate with avidity.

Supper over, they went out, taking different paths to the neighbors, and after clearing away the tea things, we seated ourselves to wait for them.

The faint shadow of early dusk was beginning to fall, when Willie returned lingeringly toward the house.

"Hasn't she come yet?" he asked as he came within hailing distance.

"Then I must go right back," he added in reply to our anxious "no." Father and Caleb are waiting for me at Mr. Gould's. They thought they would send word before they went any further—and he ran off without stopping to answer our eager enquiries.

Mr. Gould's was as far as we had ever known Lucy to go alone, and I knew by the distressed look on mother's countenance that she was getting seriously alarmed.

I could not bear to sit there, with the dreadful uncertainty of our darling's fate weighing on my heart like ice, and throwing on my bonnet and shawl, and bidding mother keep up good courage, for I was sure we should find Lucy, I went out into the sober twilight.

He leaped to his feet, and the look of mingled malignity and confusion that crossed his features, frightened me. I would have retreated, but the rain was now pouring in contents without; and more than all a quick overwhelming suspicion flashed across my mind. Lucy had not been seen since they went away, and who knew but what they had stolen her.

I looked all around. There was no place for concealment, unless it was the chest, and by that Bravo was still lingering, scratching it with his fore paws, and whining most piteously.

With that instinctive caution which comes to persons in sudden emergency, I called Bravo away; for the conviction that I was nearer Lucy than I had been before that evening, settled upon me with a force that I could not shake off, and I must be crafty.

"I hope my good people," said I, in a mollifying tone, "you will excuse me if I intrude; but as you see, I am caught in the shower and cannot go on. May I sit here?"

And I advanced toward the chest. They had sat staring at me while I spoke, and apparently no more than half comprehending what I said; but when I made a movement toward that the woman, with a fierce scowl, and an oath worded in bad English, sprang to intercept me.

She was too late. I had already taken my seat, and was unconcernedly stroking the head of Bravo, who coughed, still whining at my side.

Thrown off her guard, by my apparent listlessness, she returned to her place, and took up her pipe. Evidently, though she eyed me narrowly, she had not recognized me.

And now I heard a movement in the box beneath me, that made my very heart stand still to listen—a movement as of some living object confused, and feeling about in its prison. I turned my eyes carelessly, while stooping down, apparently to caress Bravo and discovered two or three rows of holes in the side of the box. They seemed to have been newly bored, by the little ridges of sawdust that surrounded them. Nothing more was needed to convince me. Lucy was there, and those holes were for ventilation!

I could hardly restrain my agitation within bounds. Doubtless she had heard either my voice or the whining of Bravo, and had taken the only method in her power to manifest her presence. Even then her little heart might be aching with its burden of uncertainty, terror and despair. What could I do to save her?

rations to resume their journey. I feigned sleep, determined to delay the crisis as long as possible. Presently the woman came and took me by the arm, giving me a rough shake, and muttering to the purpose that they must be moving, and I might as well let them have the rest of their duds.

I stared at them stupidly, rubbed my eyes and relapsed again into feigned semi-unconsciousness. Another shake. I did not stir. Still another, and this time it lifted me squarely upon my feet. I could hesitate no longer. The worst had come, and I must face it courageously.

"Go about your business!" I said resolutely, standing up firm and unflinching before them; "but leave this box. If you carry it one inch from here you will have to kill me first."

She stepped back a few paces and glared at me with the malignity of a fiend—but though I trembled from head to foot with fear, I did not quail or falter at her gaze. They looked at each other understandingly, and then, as if some sudden plan had been silently matured between them, they both sprang towards me.—Quick as the movement was, I had time to comprehend it, and as the woman came forward with the bound of an enraged tiger, I stretched out my hands and planted them full in her chest so forcibly that she reeled and staggered back against the board wall. The next moment the fierce brawny arms of her companion. I felt his strong hand upon my throat, his hot, filthy breath in my face. I gave a quick silent prayer to Heaven for protection, and knew nothing more.

When I came back to consciousness, the dim rays of a lantern illuminated the hotel, and Lucy, white, frightened and sobbing, was clinging to my neck. Father, Caleb and Willie, with two of our neighbors, were standing over me, and in one corner of the room, bound fast together, were the man and woman, whose very presence made me shudder and grow faint again.

Going home that night, with Lucy by my side, Willie in front, carrying the lantern, and father, Caleb and the neighbors bringing up the rear with the prisoners, Willie told me the story.

Bravo had reached home about five minutes after they had returned from a fruitless search. They had deciphered the ill-written message, and started immediately to the rescue. Falling in with a couple of the neighbors, they had asked them to accompany them; and what had seemed such an age of waiting and suspense to me, could not have been more than three-quarters of an hour.

They had found me just after I had fainted, and had no difficulty in overpowering and binding the wretches who assailed me. Finding escape impossible, and hoping by that means to obtain their release, they had confessed to the abduction of Lucy, and told them where to find her. When they opened the chest, she was lying tied, upon her back, her tunic was torn off and used as a gag, her hands fastened by the ribbons of her hat, and her ankles bound.

They had stolen her because they thought she would make a valuable addition to their number, and attract money by her beauty and dancing. They had watched her from the piazza, and under pretence of showing her some pretty images, deceived her into the woods. They had intended to travel that night, to escape detection, and not compel her to exhibit herself till they were safe from pursuit; but their plans were thwarted, and they were punished by imprisonment.

The Hoop Trade.

Douglas & Sherwood, the hoop-kirt manufacturers, turn out 4000 skirts every day, and constantly employ five hundred hands, beside 180 sewing machines; so says the *Journal of Commerce*. There is used each week not less than one ton of steel, to aid the ladies in spreading themselves. Several floors in a large building are exclusively occupied to their full extent with persons engaged in cutting cloth, tape, bone and steel, and manufacturing small metallic pieces used in constructing the skirt,—for all of which process cunningly devised machinery is employed by those who are engaged in adjusting these parts to each other, and bringing order out of apparent confusion. Hoop-kirt making is a science, and one on which patient study has been bestowed, till by successive improvements, an article of dress has been produced which is thought to be favorable to health, while it conduces to comfort and beauty. To illustrate the difficulty experienced in obtaining the exact desideratum, rattan, cord, whalebone and brass have been successively employed and rejected, in whole or in part, as too brittle, too rigid, too flexible, etc., and of course, much valuable machinery had to be thrown aside as useless, with each change introduced.—Now, a kind of English steel is substituted, after being subjected to a high heat, and suddenly plunged into cold oil and again transferred to a bath of melted lead to give it the proper temper and elasticity. Such quantities of the material thus prepared are used, that the railway train which forwards the weekly instalment from Connecticut to the factory in New York, is yelped the "hoop train," and of course, is regarded with more than ordinary consideration. The factory, with its industrious population of 500 young women, is an interesting place to visit.

Yesterday was hydrophobically horrible, luescent, lymphatic, oozy, humid, balustric, drizzly, slobby, rainy, stormy, regurgitory,—in fact wet. The heavens were adumbrated and obliterated with caliginous clouds, through which no ventilation, convection, fulguration or even slight lucidity could reach us from the lusculent and fulgent sun, eclipsed as he was by the opacity of pneumoblastic phenomena. It was a beautiful day for the study of hydrolytics, and the rearing of juvenile of the genus *anser*; but for any anthropomorphous being, except mermaids, it was unendurable. All day long it was immanely stormy; every breeze brought the flood, as though the earth was to be converted into an aquarium as complete as that which distinguished the days of Noah. Late at night the storm was keeping it up and pouring down dismally.

Salmon. There is, perhaps, no fish in the catalogue of the finny tribe, superior to our Susquehanna salmon, and they appear to be unusually abundant this season. We understand that over 2 thousand of these fine fish were taken from the outlines of the different fishermen, between this place and Selin-grove, on Wednesday night.—Some of the largest of these weighed over ten pounds.—*Sunbury American*.

The expenses of our Government, under Mr. Buchanan, are said to be half a million of dollars more a week than the revenue. This is running into debt pretty rapidly.

A HINT FOR THE SEASON.—The simplest and best way of preserving woollens through the summer from the destruction of the moths, is to wrap them well up after brushing and beating them, in cotton or linen cloths. The moth can pass neither. Two covers well wrapped around, and secured from the air will be effectual. An old sheet will answer, and save all expense of cambric, &c.

James D. Dunlap, compiler of a book of legal forms, bearing his name died recently at Erie, Pa.

A pint of water will make 216 gallons of steam, which will supply force enough to raise a weight of thirty-seven tons a foot high.

Strawberries are vended in the streets of Augusta, Ga., the crop is said to be abundant.

Distinctions from a new school-book:—"John, what's a bakery?" "A place where they bake, sir!" "What's a brewery?" "A place where they brew." "What's a gallery?" "Ti hi—a place where there is gals!"

A Lunatic once informed his physician that he was classifying cases of insanity, that he had lost his wits by watching a politician, whose course was so crooked that it turned his train.

The New-York Boy Preach r.

We have a new prodigy in this city, in the person of a boy preacher. He is about fifteen years of age. His name is Cranford Kennedy. He is a Baptist, and belongs to the church of the Rev. Mr. Adams, on Christopher street. He is a convert in the late revival, has already been licensed to preach by that Church, and is just now attracting large crowds to hear him. His style is vehement; his sermons have in them much method; he speaks wholly extemporaneously, and his system of theology seems to be mature and after the school of the founder and more conservative schools of the day. He preaches and speaks nearly every night. His houses are crowded to overflowing; and for a season he will be the great attraction of our city.

[N. Y. Correspondence of Boston Journal.]

NEW COUNTY.—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature, providing for the formation of a new County, to be called "Mavison," from portions of the county of Erie, Crawford and Warren.

HIGHLY COMPLIMENTARY.—The *Lycorn Gazette* says:—"That exceeding useful body, the Pennsylvania Legislature, adjourned on Thursday. Last year it sold the best of the public improvements of the State, and this year sold the balance. If it will sell the Capitol next year, we do not know of anything else belonging to the State to sell.—the Legislature sold itself many years ago."