

THE JEFFERSONIAN

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL 18.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. AUGUST 19, 1858.

NO. 35.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements of one square (ten lines) or less, one or three insertions, \$1 00. Each additional insertion, 25 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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SUMMER.

Now the sun, with burning glare,
Lengthens noontide hours;
Men to cooling valves repair,
Or to shady towers.
Slowly through the meadow green
Sluggish streams are flowing;
All along their banks are seen
Roses deeply glowing.
Come we'll seek the leafy grove,
Sip the cooling fountain,
And, when evening steals, we'll rove
Round the shady mountain.
Then, at nightfall, will we throng
Home through balmy flowers,
And, with many a grateful song,
Bless the summer hours.

THE MISER'S HEIR.

"I tell you no, Agnes! I won't have it. The fellow only wants my money. I know him—I know him. I know all these dandified jimeracks. They hang around a few bags of dollars, as crows do around carrion. I won't have any such thing. Now you know."
"Father, you judge Walter too hastily. He is a good man—honored and industrious, and—"
"Industrious, say you? By the big lamp I'd like to know what he's got to show for his industry."
"He has a superior education, father."
"Education! Fiddlesticks! Can he live on his education? Can he make dollars of it?"
"Yes. He can live on it. He has already obtained a good situation as a clerk."
"And, will earn just about enough to keep him in the fine clothes he wears. I know these fellows. But there's an end on't. If you choose him rather than your poor old father, you can do so. I can live alone—I can't live long—you can—"
"Stop—stop, father. You know I could not leave you. And Agnes Bremen threw her arms about the old man's neck, and kissed him, and then she left the room.
"It's curious how these young folks act, the miser uttered to himself, after he had watched the sparks after that girl—twenty of 'em hovering around her like man-eaters after a dead body. Don't I know what they want? It's MY MONEY! But Agnes has never loved one of them till this Adams came along. The jack-traps! And now she wants to get married right away. Nonsense!
"The old man bowed his head as he spoke, and he saw a drop, upon the back of his hand, it was a bright drop, and the rays of the setting sun were playing in it.
"She cried when she kissed me," he whispered, wiping the tear from his hard hand. "I don't see what makes her so tender-hearted. She never took it from me; but she may have taken it from—"
The old man stopped, and a cloud came over his wrinkled brow, for there was a pang in his heart. He remembered the uncomplaining being who had once been his companion—the mother of his child. He remembered she became his wife, even when the bloom of manhood had passed from him, how she loved him, and nursed him and cared for him. And he remembered how she had died, with a smile and a blessing upon her lips though the gold of her husband brought her no comforts.
Noah Bremen bowed his frosted head more low, and in his heart he wished that he could forget all but the few fleeting joys of his wife. But he could not forget that it had been whispered how his wife might have lived longer, if she had had proper clothing and proper medical attention.
"But it would have cost so much! I saved money!"
Ah—the reflection would not remove the pang. The other memory was uppermost.
Noah Bremen had passed the allotted age of man, being over three score and ten, and all his life had been devoted to accumulating money. He had denied himself every comfort and his heart had been almost as hard as the gold he had hoarded. But as his hair grew more white and sparse, and the years came more heavily upon him he thought and reflected more. The sweet smile of his dead wife was doing its mission now; and the pure love of his gentle child was a continual remembrance to him that there were better hearts than his own.
At length the miser arose, and passed out from the room. He would have left the hut, but as he reached the little entry way he heard a voice from the garret.—It was his child! He crept up the rickety stairs, and looked thro' a crack in the door. He saw Agnes upon her knees. Tears were rolling down her cheeks and

her hands were clasped towards Heaven. And she prayed.
"O, God! be good to my father, and make his heart warm and peaceful!—Make me to love him with all tenderness, and enable me to do well and truly the duty I pledged to my sainted mother.—I promised her I would love and care for him always. Father in Heaven help me!"
The old man crept down the stairs and out of doors, and for a whole hour he walked among the trees. He thought again of his wife—again of his child—and then of his gold! And this was not the first time he had walked alone there.—He did not himself know how great was the influence his child was exerting over him.
Agnes—pure, good, beautiful Agnes— wept long and bitterly in her little garret, and when she had become calm, and her cheeks were dry she came down and got supper. But she was not the smiling, happy being that had flitted about the scanty board heretofore.
A few days after this, Noah Bremen approached his cot, one morning, he heard voices from within. He peeped through a rent in the coarse paper curtain, and saw Walter Adams with his child. Her head was upon Walter's shoulder, and his arm was about her.
Walter was an orphan, and had been Agnes' school mate, and her fervent lover through all the years of opening youth. He was an honorable, virtuous man, and loved the gentle girl because he was of all her suitors, the only one whose character and habits promised joy and peace for the future.
"I cannot leave my poor old father, Walter," the old man heard his daughter say, "I must live to love and care for him. Of all the earth I am the only one left to love him. It is hard! My heart may break! But the pledge of love I gave to my dying mother must be kept."
"And so the great joy-dream of my youth must be changed to sad reality!" exclaimed Walter, sorrowfully. "I cannot ask you to leave your father sweet Agnes, for the very truth in you which I worship would be made a lie could you do so. But I have a prayer—an earnest sincere prayer. I pray that God, in his mercy, may remove the curse from your father's cursed form!"
"The curse Walter?"
"Aye—the GOLD CURSE!" rejoined the youth, fervently. "I hope God may render him penniless!"
"What? Penniless!" repeated Agnes, with a start.
"Aye penniless!" replied Walter, "for then he would be far more wealthy than he is now. Then he would know how to appreciate the priceless blessings of his sweet Agnes' love, and then the crust might be broken, and his heart grow human again. And more than all, Walter continued, winding his arm closely about the fair form of his companion, and speaking more deeply, "then I could prove my love to him. Then I could take you to my home—and I could take your father to my home—and we would both love him and care for him while we lived!"
Noah Bremen stopped to hear no more, and as he walked away, he muttered to himself.
"The rascal! He'd do great things—Me penniless!—and he prayed for it!—The young villain!"
When the old man gained his accustomed walk among the great sycamores, he wiped something from his eye. He acted as though a mote had been blown in there.
Two weeks passed on and Agnes grew pale and thin. She did not sing as she used to, nor could she smile as had been her wont. Still she murmured not, nor did her kindness to her father grow less.
"Oh, God! help me to love my father!" she prayed one night. "Let not my grief make me forget my duty!"
One night Noah came home from the city and in his hand he brought a small trunk. He barred the door, and drew the tattered curtains close.
"See!" he said, as he opened the trunk, and piled the new bank notes upon the table. "Look there Agnes, and see how I have worked in my life-time. I had no education but I've laid up money—money—MONEY! How many men would sell all their brains to-night for this! See one thousand, two, three, four, five. Count them, Agnes. There's two thousand good dollars in each package."
Agnes counted them over, for she thought her father wished it, and she made fifty packages.
"Fire! Fire!" sounded a voice from the entry, and she hears the sharp crackling now and feels the heat. "Agnes! My child!" And in another moment she meets her father on the stairs. He is dressed but she is not.
"Take all your clothing, Agnes, and you can put it on in the entry. The house is all on fire."
In a few moments more the father and child stood in the road, the latter with a bundle of clothing in her hand, while the former had a small trunk. They gazed on the burning building, but neither of them spoke.
And others came running to the scene, but no one tried to stay the flames. And the effort would have been useless had it been made, for the old shell burned like tinder. But more still—no one would make the effort even had success been evident, for the miserable old but had no money, and looked thro' a crack in the doorway. He saw Agnes upon her knees. Tears were rolling down her cheeks and

he's sick," muttered Noah Bremen, without looking around.
"No, no—not sick," returned the young man, starting up; "but I am the victim of a miserable trifling."
"Eh?—how so," asked old Noah, now turning his chair.
"I'll tell you," said Walter, with a spasmodic effort. "I had some long entries to post this evening, so I remained in the counting room after the rest had gone.—I was at work when Mr. Osgood came in and placed some papers on my desk saying as he did so—'Here Walter these are yours.' And then he went out. When I had finished my work, I opened the papers. The first was a sort of inventory of what Osgood had owned in the business, and footed up, in square numbers, forty-nine thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars. The next paper was a deed conveying the whole vast property to me and making me a partner in the concern upon equal footing with the other two!"
"Well," said the old man, thumping his foot upon the carpet, and keeping time with his hands, "I don't see anything very bad in that."
"But I do," replied Walter. "It is cruel to trifle with me thus."
"There was something in Noah's eye again but he managed to get it out, and then he spoke thus:
"Walter Adams, when young men used to hover around my child, I believed they were only after my gold; I know that in most cases I was correct. I believed the same of you. My heart had become hardened by it, and my soul darkened. But it was for my sweet child to pour the warmth and light in my bosom. It was her to keep before me the image of the gentle wife whom I had loved and lost, but alas! who occupied a place in that love second to my gold! It was for my child to open gradually, but surely the fount of feeling which had been for a life-time closed up. I heard her prayer for me—pray that she might love me—that she might have help from God to love me; and that was after I had refused to let her be your wife. I saw her grow pale and sorrowful and I knew I had done it—and she loved me still. And she prayed to God to help her. Help her what! Help her love her father! I was killing her, and she tried to smile upon me. One evening I heard you both conversing in the old hut. My child chooses misery with duty to her father rather than break that duty in union with the man she loved. And you uttered a prayer. You prayed that I might be made penniless—stop. Hear me through—you would then show your disinterestedness. I walked away and pondered. Could it be that I had found a man who would love an old wreck like myself, with no money. If it was so, then that would break the last layer of crust from my soul. I determined to test you. I had gained a glimmering of light, my heart had begun to grow warm, and I prayed fervently that I might not be disappointed."
"I went to the bank and drew out fifty thousand dollars in bills. That night my miserable old hut was set on or caught a fire. I shall always think 'twas my candle did it. But the shell burnt down and room was made for a better building. I came out with a wrong trunk, and the other trunk was burnt up. But the money wasn't in it. No, no, I had that safely stuffed into my bosom and deep pockets, and all stuffed up; and the next day I carried it all back to the bank, and had it put with a few thousand more which I hadn't disturbed. And so my experiment commenced; and I found the full sunshine at last—aye Walter, I found you the noble true man I had prayed for. You took me into your home, and loved me when you thought me penniless, and you took my child to your bosom for just what God had made her. And now, my boy, I've been doing a bit of work in the dark. I've paid Mr. Osgood fifty thousand dollars in cash for his share in the business, and it is all yours. And let me tell you one thing, my boy, if your two partners can raise fifty thousand dollars more to invest, just tell 'em he has found a heart—a HEART, my boy! come here Agnes—come here, Walter. God bless you both—bless you as you have blessed me!"
An Editor turned Printer.
The editor of the Pittsburg Post has been trying his hand at "setting type."—His effort appeared under his editorial head a few days since, and will be found below. He will no doubt be "one of them" some of these days.
A New printer.
This is our first effort at type setting. We presume that it will appear in the next issue of the Post. We want no help we will have it with wit out aSis lance! The droop will need no correction 'we don't intend to traEATY da; but we will let the pPintoz quom that me ure oNe of 'em' ArK about the vat of printing; My jts just as eusf as roll in of aLOQ.
A Druggist sent his Irish porter into a darkened cellar; soon after, hearing a noise, he went to the opening, and called out "Patrick, keep your eyes skinned." "Och! divil an eye," roared Pat, "but it's my nose that's skint entirely."
In what ship have the greatest number of men been wrecked?—Courtship.

The Trout.
The trout is the only fish that comes in and goes out of season with the deer; he grows rapidly, and dies early after reaching his full growth. The female spawns in October—at a different time from nearly all other fish; after which both male and female become lean, weak, and unwholesome eating, and if examined closely, will be found covered with a species of clove shaped insects, which appear to suck their substance from them; and they continue sick till warm weather, when they rub the insects off on the gravel, and immediately grow strong. The female is the best for the table. She may be known by her small head and deep body. Fish are always in season when their heads are so small as to be disproportioned to the size of their body. The trout is less oily and richer than the salmon; the female is much brighter and more beautiful than the male; they swim rapidly, and often leap, like the salmon, to a great height when ascending streams. When I first stocked my trout pond, I placed fifteen hundred in it, and was accustomed to feed them with angle-worms, rose bugs, crickets, grasshoppers, etc., which they attacked with great voracity, to the amusement of those looking on. They grow much more rapidly in ponds than in their native streams, from the fact that they are better fed, and not compelled to exercise. Trout are the only fish known to me that possess a voice, which is perceived by pressing them, when they emit a murmuring sound, and tremble all over.
Another authority says shad cannot live through a second season. The spawn of this year are caught or die next year. Such is the theory of experienced and intelligent fishermen. The general uniformity in the size of the fish is one of various reasons for this belief. It is true of no other fish. Trout live for many years.
To Prevent Rats Undermining Cellar Walls.
The stability of cellar walls is sometimes seriously affected by rats digging underneath them and thus weakening the foundation. In order to prevent such injury, after the cellar walls are completed and pointed, you must dig a small trench inside of them about one foot wide and half a foot deep. Now fill the trench nearly full of small stones and water-lime mortar; then cover the stones and mortar with the earth taken from the trench. If thus you guard the bottom of the walls, you will find the efforts of rats at undermining to be utterly vain; they will have to go sneaking out at the very door or hole by which they entered. Some people say that rats from the outside dig down under the wall, and thus under the cellar; but this is a mistake. The fact is they enter the cellar by the door or some hole, and then, if this entrance is closed against them, they dig a passage out under the wall. Such a passage they cannot make if the inside trench is as described, as they always begin to dig close to the bottom of the wall; and hence when they encounter the stones and mortar, they are disheartened and abandon the undertaking. If a plank close to the wall should lie on the cellar bottom, they will commence digging at the inside edge, although it be a foot or more from the wall. If a quantity of potatoes should be piled up in the middle of a cellar, the rats will begin to dig under the pile, or even under the bottom of the chimney, perhaps instinctively expecting thus to work their way out. But to guard against their digging operations cover your cellar bottom with a thick coating of water-lime and sand, and the saucy depredaters won't trouble you any more.—Rural American.

Correct Speaking.

We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use—avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.
"Ma, I am going to make some soft soap for the Fair this Fall!" said a beautiful Miss of sweet sixteen to her mother the other day.
"What put that notion into your head Sallie?"
"Why, Ma, the premium is just what I have been wanting."
"What is it?"
"A New Jersey Farmer, I hope he will be a good looking one, tho!"
SHE HAD HIM THERE.—"I would do anything to gratify you; I would go to the end of the world to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections.
"Well, sir," said she, "go there, then, and stay, and I shall be pleased."

Value of Land in Kansas.
The Kansas correspondent of the Boston Journal writes:
Thus far, during the present season, the dull times have prevented people from rushing as wildly into speculation as they did last year. A few days since a lot in Leavenworth, which was bought for \$2,000 last year, was sold at forced sale for \$1,000. This deterioration is unusual; but a great deal of property has depreciated from 23 to 50 per cent. The present is an excellent time to invest money in Kansas—a much better time for buying than selling. It is generally believed that the hard times will be over before another Spring, and that next season will be a "flush" one. In that case we may look for a repetition of the scenes of last year, though property is not likely to rise with such an unhealthy rapidity as it did then.
In many of the towns, during the Spring of last year, lots went up 100 per cent in five or six weeks. The land adjacent to some of them rose in five months from \$15 to \$100 and \$150 per acre! I met a gentleman in Leavenworth the other day who, three years ago, sold eleven lots in that town for \$55. The same lots would now command, on an average, \$2,000 a piece.
More attention is paid this year to purchasing farm lands than city lots.— Though the latter costs the pro-emptors but a dollar and a quarter an acre, they will seldom if ever sell for less than from \$5 to \$15, so much faith is felt in the rapid advance of property. In this city buildings are springing up on every hand and many substantial improvements are going on.
A Revolutionary Incident.
Mr. J. T. Headley is publishing in a New York weekly religious paper, "The Diary of a Chaplain in the army of the Revolution." From the last chapter we extract the following:
"Sept. 18, 1776.—I was told an incident to day, that illustrates more painfully the unnatural war now raging between the Colonies and mother country, than anything I have before heard. At the battle of Banker Hill, as the British were advancing through Charlestown, to the attack, a soldier entered a house where the husband lay sick. His wife was young and beautiful, and hearing the soldier in the next room went out to meet him. He immediately addressed insulting proposals to her. Being angrily repulsed, he attempted violence, when her screams aroused her sick husband from his bed. Nervous with the sudden excitement he leaped up, and seeing his wife struggling in the arms of a British soldier, ran him through the body. The man fell back on the floor, and as his eye met that of his destroyer, he shrieked out "my brother!" The recognition was mutual and, with the exclamation, "I have killed my brother," the over excited invalid husband fell dead on the corpse.— These unhappy brothers were Scotchmen. One had emigrated to America several years before, the other had joined the English army, and after a long separation had thus met to perish together."
The Printing Press.
Among the curious things to be seen in New York city, we know of nothing more likely to interest a stranger than the sight of one of Hoe's ten cylinder presses in full operation. New ones have recently been added to the Daily Times and Tribune establishments, where they can be seen at work at certain hours of each day, and in the latter establishment, during the whole of Thursday. Hoe's new patent ten cylinder press is made up of 14,730 pieces, and 20,060 yards of tape and blankets are used. The presses weigh over twenty twenty tons and cost \$30,000. When at full speed, they will print 20,000 impressions an hour, or over 300 each minute.
An improvement in this press has been made by Mr. M. S. Beach, of the Daily Sun, by which the sheet, after being printed on one side in the usual way, is immediately drawn back and printed on the other side, from the second form, which takes the place of the balance weight on the type drum. By this arrangement the sheet is drawn back without checking or changing the ordinary action on any part of the Press; and the amount of work done in the same time is said to be more than double. Mr. Beach claiming that his press will print 44,000 impressions an hour.
An editor of Indiana, was attacked by a man for some personal grievance.— The editor says: "To avoid injuring him, and prevent his injuring us, we got out of the way!" Sensible editor!
It is estimated that \$20,000 worth of huckleberries will be sent this season from Monmouth, Ocean, Burlington and Camden counties to the New York and Philadelphia markets.
Whoever is honest, generous, courteous and candid, is a gentleman, whether he be learned, unlearned, rich or poor.
He loves you better who strives to make you good, than he who strives to please you.