

THE JEFFERSONIAN

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

VOL 18.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. MARCH 10, 1859.

NO. 11.

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.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Justices, Legal and other Blanks, Pamphlets, &c., printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms at this office.

THE PRISONER'S CHILD.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

It was early morning.

"Is this the way to Sing Sing?"

"Yes," roughly replied a brown-faced countryman, and passed on.

It was afternoon. The child was somewhat fragile in her appearance. Her bonnet was of broken straw; her shoes were very much torn, the sun played hotly on her tender forehead. She walked on and on an hour longer.

"Is this the way to Sing Sing?"

"Yes, little girl, but what are you going there for?"

The child trudged on, her lip quivering not daring to answer the pleasant-faced old man who had stopped the jogging of his horse to note her hurried manner, and who liked that little face, anxious and sad as its expression was.

The dew was falling. Katy had fallen too, almost. A round stone by the way imbedded in moss received her tired little frame. She looked so weary and aged, sitting there, her tangled hair falling on the hands that were clasped over her face! By the shaking of her frame, the tears were coming too, and she was bravely trying to hold them back.

"Why, what is this dear little girl doing here?"

The exclamation came from a pair of eager young lips.

"A curiosity! I declare!" exclaimed a harsher voice, and Katy looked up suddenly, covered away from the sight of the pretty young girl and her agreeable-looking companion.

"What are you doing here, little girl?" asked Nell Maywood, moving a little nearer to the frightened child.

"Going to Sing Sing," said Katy, in a scared way.

"Did you ever, George! this child is going to Sing Sing; why, it's ten miles off. Child, did you know it was so far off?"

Katy shook her head, and wiped away the hot and heavy tears one by one.

"Why, yes, you poor little goose. What are you going to Sing Sing for? Have you had your supper?"

Katy shook her head.

"Have you had any dinner?"

Again the sad child shook her head.

"Nor breakfast! Why George, the poor little thing must be almost starved!"

"I should think so," mechanically replied her brother, just recovering from a yawn and showing signs of sympathy.

"Look here; what's your name?"

"Katy."

"Well Katy, you must come up to the house, and get something to eat. Going to Sing Sing on foot; dear me how ridiculous! Follow me, Katy, and we'll take care of you to-night, somehow, and see about your going to Sing Sing to-morrow."

Katy followed. What a glorious vision burst upon her view! The palace house; the rocks reddening in a low western sun; the shining river; the signs of luxury on every hand.

They walked up a wide avenue. Elms and oaks threw their pleasant branches on each side; here and there a flower bush might be seen; vines grew around the noble pillars, twisting up to the glittering windows.

"Susan, give this poor child a good supper; she is hungry, and tired too, I imagine. After that, I will see what can be done for her."

Susan wore a mild face. She looked pleasantly down at the poor tired little one and taking her hand which trembled now, led her into the kitchen.

Meanwhile, her story, or that brief part of it which we know, was being told in the drawing room. The sylph figure in white lounging gracefully in the midst of delicate cushions, accompanied her narration with expressive gestures, and now and then a little laugh.

"I should like to know what she is going to Sing Sing for!" she said, leaning languidly back. "We must get her something to wear; a bonnet; a pair of shoes; and then, may be, we can manage to have her carried some way, if her mission is of any importance. Oh! such an odd-looking little thing."

"Who is that, my daughter?"

"Oh, Papa you are come home; why, I was talking about the mate of a child; she cannot be more than ten, if that. I saw her out here sitting on a moss-rock, the most forlorn object. She says she is going to Sing Sing."

"I met her on my way," said the pleasant faced old man; "she asked me about it, and I would have stopped her, but she trudged on. Where is she? It was noon when I saw her."

"In the kitchen, Papa. Susan is taking good care of her, I expect, and when she has had a hearty supper we will talk with her."

A gay trio of young girls came. The nettles were put up; the gas burned brightly; and music and mirth banished

all thought of care. Suddenly Nell Maywood remembered the little odd figure and clapping her hands, cried, "Oh, I've something to show you, girls, and disappeared."

Susan was picking gooseberries near the pantry in the kitchen.

"Where is the child, Susy?" asked Nell Maywood.

"On the door-step, Miss," Susan replied, picking away.

"Why, no, Susan, there's nobody here; nobody to be seen."

"Yes, Miss." Susan placed her pan down, held her apron up to catch the stems of the berries, and walked deliberately to the door. "Why, she sat here some time after supper. I turned and came in; she was sitting there, looking at the stars, I expect. I thought she was a mighty quiet child; but she's deep, deep, Miss Nelly! she's gone. Let me see—there isn't any silver round—I should be afeared she'd took something, they're mighty artful."

"Why, didn't you tell her she might stay all night?" Nell Maywood was peeping here and there to spy her if possible.

"Yes, Miss Nelly; and told her what a good bed there was over the wood-bed; but she looked strange over of them large eyes of hers, and never seemed to hear."

"The poor child is in trouble," said Nell, quite sorrowful that she could not relieve her necessities. "I'd have given her something to wear, and we could have sent her to Sing Sing, but perhaps she will come back again; if so, will you send her to me?"

"If she do, I will, Miss," answered Susan, going to the gooseberries again.

But little Kate did not come back—She had been watching her opportunity to get off, and had already been gone some time. She slept in an open field; crawled into some hay; she would have walked all night, if she had dared; but she was afraid of the darkness.

"Mr. Warden, there is a queer case over at my house," said a bluff-looking fellow meeting the Warden of Sing Sing prison. "We found her last night in some out of the way place, and nothing would do but my wife must take her in. We can't find out her name, except that it is Katy, and I expect she wants to see somebody in the prison. But we can't get anything out of her; where she came from, or anything about it."

"Bring her over here," said the Warden. "My wife is wanting a little girl for help; maybe she's just the one." So Katy stood trembling more than ever, in a few moments, in the presence of the Warden and jailor. Katy was a pretty child—Her large blue eyes wore an expression of intense melancholy; her hair had been combed and curled, and some one had put a good pair of shoes on her feet.

"Well, my little girl," said the Warden, kindly, for he was prepossessed in her favor, "where have you come from?"

"New York," said the child faintly.

The men looked at each other incredulously.

"Do you mean to say that you have come to Sing Sing, from New York, on foot?"

"Yes sir," said the child, frightened at his manner, which had in it something of severity.

"And what have you come for?"

"To see my father," the child burst forth with one great sob, and for a moment her little frame was shaken with a tempest of feeling.

"And who is your father?" asked the Warden, kindly.

"He is Mr. Loyd," said the child, as soon as she could speak for her rushing sobs.

The Warden looked at the jailor.

"Loyd; there are three Loyds here, Jim, Bondy, and Dick," said the jailor.

"They may not be their proper names," responded the Warden.

"That's so," said the jailor, "but I can try 'em all. Little one, was your father's name Jim?"

The child nodded her head, or they thought she did; she was all convulsed with the reaction brought on by the termination of her Journey.

"If it's Jim, he's a bad one," said the jailor in a low voice; he is in irons this morning for tempting to break jail; he don't deserve a little gal as looks like that one the villain. Come child I'll go and find your father."

He took Katy's shaking hand, with the other she dashed the tears away as fast as they fell. It frightened her almost into calmness to see the ponderous door at which the jailor applied the great key; and the stillness of the long stone passages; the dimness thrown over all; the constant succession of bare and bleak walls was terrible to a sensitive mind like hers. How the heavy tread of the jailor, and the tread of the Warden behind him, echoed through the gloom and space. It was in truth a great tomb through which they moved; a tomb in which were confined living hearts; whose throbs could almost be heard in the awful stillness. On, on they went, now through this massive door, now through that passage way—Everything spoke of crime, of fierce passions subdued and held in stern control; everything, from the grim face of the ferocious watch-dog, to the sentinels armed.

Then they turned, and went up the stairs, the jailor holding the scared bird close to his side with a tender clasp, the Warden following. Another tramp, and at last they came to a stand still. The

jailor rapped at a cell door. Slowly a man with a harsh, hair-covered face appeared.

"Here's your little girl come to see you," said the jailor.

"Little girl! hem! your'e green," said the man, in grum accents; "I've got no little girl, or you wouldn't catch me here."

"Father," said the childish voice. It sounded so sweet, so childish, in that terrible prison. But as the scowling face came closer to the bars, the child hid her head quickly in the jailor's arms, half sobbing; it wasn't him.

"We'll try the next one." He walked further on, and spoke more pleasantly this time. "Well, Bondy, here is little Katy; don't you want to see her?"

"Little Katy—" there was a long pause. "I had a Katy once—not a little Katy—I broke her heart—God pity me. Go on, it can't be for me."

Again the sweet voice rang out. "Father."

The prisoner came up to the bars; a youthful face framed with light wavy hair; a face in which the blue eyes looked innocent; a face that it seemed a sin to couple with a foul deed, gazed out. I saw the child's earnest, pleading, tearful eyes; a dark expression rolled like a wave across his brow; a groan came up from his bosom, and with a low moan he staggered against his bed, crying, "Take her away; I can't stand the sight of anything like that."

Katy had hidden her face a second time, as she feebly cried, "It isn't him!" so they kept on to the third cell.

"Jim, here's a little girl, little Katy, your daughter wants to see you."

"A stupid 'what' came from the bed; the man probably just awakened.

"Your little daughter!"

There was a sound of rattling irons that made the child shiver. Dimly appeared the face and outlines of a well made man—the countenance handsome, but evil. He seemed not to comprehend. But as fast as his chains would permit him, he came forward and looked out at the anxious face below. It was almost too much for the child. With a loud convulsive cry, she exclaimed—"Father!—Father!" and fell nearly senseless against the jailor.

"Katy!" exclaimed the man, and there was a nervous twitching about the muscles of the mouth. "What in Heaven's name has brought you here."

The jailor was calling the child to consciousness.

"Shal we let her come in the cell?" asked the Warden.

Jim was dashing his hands across his face. A smothered 'yes' issued from his lips. They opened the ponderous door, and put her within. Her arms were outstretched; his wide wide open, and they came together with a clanking sound; together about the form of that poor little child.

"Oh, Father! 'Oh, Katy, Katy!' and then there was a quiet crying. By and by the man lifted the little head whose glossy curls were falling on his shoulders, and oh! what a sharp rattle of the chains smote on the ear, and looked in her face. After a moment's irresolution he kissed her, and then his head fell under her earnest, loving look.

"Katy, what made you come!"

"I wanted to see you, Father," and the head was on his shoulder again.

"How did you come, Katy; never mind the noise, they are locking up; they will be here again and let you out, how did you come Katy?"

"I walked here."

"From New York, child?"

"Yes, Father!"

There was no sound save that of the chains as he strained her to his bosom.

"And how did you leave—her—Katy—your mother?"

The question was fearfully asked but not responded to. He gazed eagerly in the child's face; her little lip was quivering.

"Katy, tell me quick!"

She died, Father!

A groan, a terrible groan followed; the convict's head fell in the lap of his child and he wept with strong cries. The jailor and the Warden said that they never saw a sight so woful. And the child tried to comfort him, till his strength seemed to be gone, and his sobs were like gasps.

"Oh, Katy, when did she die? Oh my poor May! my poor girl!"

"Ever so long ago, I guess, ever so many weeks," replied the child; "but she told me to come and see you, and comfort you."

"O God! this is hard; she always forgave me."

"She told me to pray for you, too; she told me to ask you if you would be real good after you come out, and meet her in Heaven."

"In Heaven! I in Heaven!" groaned the man giving way again to his agony. The child was angel-guided. Her soft touch was better for his soul's good, than the stripes and the chains. He had been hardened; her little love had melted down the adamant;—had found the locked-up good of his nature and she had sent her sweet smiles through his prison door. Long he sat there, his head in the lap of his beautiful, quiet child. None dared disturb him, jailor and Warden walked to and fro.

"Father, when you come out, I'll take care of you."

He lifted his head; his eyes, red with weeping were fastened on her face.

"Mother said I might."

"God's blessing on you, my angel child; you may save your miserable Father!"

"I will save you, Father."

The Warden cleared his throat; the jailor spoke roughly to one of the prisoners; it was to hide his emotion. "You had better come now," he added, going to the cell.

"Katy, you must go; will you come again my child?"

"Can't I stay?"

"No, dear; but you shall come and see me again."

They took her gently from the dark cell; she sobbed very quietly. In the Warden's room stood a pleasant-faced old man.

"I have come after that little girl," he said. "She must go home with me. I'll take good care of her; I've heard her story; and when her father comes out, if he's a mind to behave himself, I'll give him plenty to do. Besides that, I'll bring her up once a week to see him. What say, little one, will you go with me?" and good old Mr. Maywood stroked her hair, as he said pityingly, "poor child! poor child!"

Reader, ten miles from Sing Sing, there is a little cottage occupied by a laborious man and his one daughter. Little Katy is fulfilling the commands of her dying mother. She is taking care of her father, and he, thank God, is taking care of himself. Men respect him and God has forgiven him.

A String of Curious Facts.

The following striking scientific facts were picked up in the course of our reading, from various reliable authorities.—We think many of them will be new to our readers:

The difference between the skulls of the domestic hog and wild boar, is as great as that between the European and negro skull. Domesticated animals that have subsequently run wild in the forest, after a few generations lose all traces of their domestication, and are physically different from their tame originals.

It is not natural for a cow, any more than for other female animals, to give milk when she has no young to nourish. The permanent production of milk is a modified animal function, produced by an artificial habit for several generations. In Columbia the practice of milking cows having been laid aside, the natural state of the function has been restored. The secretion of milk continues only during the sucking of the calf, and is only an occasional phenomenon. If the calf dies, the milk ceases to flow, and it is only by keeping him with his dam by day, that an opportunity of obtaining milk from cows by night can be found.

The barking of dogs is an acquired hereditary instinct, supposed to have originated in an attempt to imitate the human voice. Wild dogs and domestic breeds which become wild, never bark, but howl. Cats, which so disturb civilized communities by their midnight "catawaul," in the wild state in South America, are quite silent.

The hair of a negro is not wool, but a curled and twisted hair. The distinction between hair and wool is clearly revealed by the microscope.

The dark races have less nervous sensibility than the whites. They are not subject to nervous disease. They sleep soundly in every disease; nor does any mental disturbance keep them awake.—They bear surgical operations much better than the white people.

A certain species of fungus has been known to attain the size of a gourd in one night; and is calculated that the cellulose, of which it is composed must amount to forty-seven thousand millions. If it grew in twelve this would give four thousand millions per hour, or more than sixty-six millions each minute.

Animalecules have been discovered so small that one million would not exceed a grain of sand, and five hundred millions would sport in a drop of water. Yet each of these must have blood vessels, nerves, muscles, circulating fluids, &c., like large animals.

One of the most wonderful achievements of astronomers is the weighing of the bodies of the solar system. It is certain that the mass of Jupiter is more than 322, and less than 323 times the mass of this globe—so accurately has this work been accomplished. The mass of the sun is 339, 551 times greater than that of the earth and moon, and 700 times greater than the united masses of all the planets.

The planet Saturn is composed of matter only half as heavy as water; Mercury is considerably heavier than lead; and our own globe is twice as heavy as lead—a fact shows the great density of internal parts.

A flash of lightning on the earth would be visible on the moon in a second and a quarter; on the sun in eight minutes; on Jupiter, when farthest from us, in fifty two minutes; on Uranus in two hours; on Neptune in four and a quarter; on the star Vega, of the first magnitude, in forty-five years; on a star of the eighth magnitude in four thousand years; and such stars are visible through the telescope.

La Place, the great astronomer, says: "I have ascertained that between the heavenly bodies all attractions are transmitted with a velocity which if it be not infinite, surpasses several thousand times the velocity of light." His auotator estimates it at eight million times greater than that of light.

The circumference of the earth is 25,000 miles. A railway train, traveling incessantly night and day, at the rate of twenty-six miles per hour, would require six weeks to go round it. A tunnel through the earth, from England to New Zealand, would be nearly eight thousand miles long.

A Mysterious Gambler.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

I have made several passages up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, and never without seeing on board the steamers more or less professional gamblers. It is a thriving business on the boats where time hangs so heavily over the heads of the passengers, and the blacklegs carry off large sums of money. They usually remain on board but a day or two—long enough to have their true character exposed.

These gentry had become such an intolerable nuisance that the captains of the boats did not knowingly permit one to come on board, and not unfrequently a brace of blacklegs were landed in the woods when their profession was discovered.

During one of my trips the boat put in at the mouth of the Arkansas river, and as usual, I took a stroll on shore. I heard the bell for the departure of the steamer, and hastened back to the landing. As I was on my way, I was overtaken by a gentleman with a broad brimmed hat, green goggles, and a white neckcloth, tugging along with a heavy valise.

"I am rather late, am I not?" said he, as he joined me.

"True enough, sir," I replied, respectfully, for the gentleman was a clergyman, a Methodist itinerant, I supposed.

"My valise is rather heavy, and I feared I should miss the boat."

"Let me help you carry it, sir."

He accepted my civil offer, and I took hold of the valise, which was certainly loaded very heavy for a Methodist parson. In a few moments we reached the steamer, and I passed on board; but my acquaintance had accomplished but half the distance, when the plank canted, and he was thrown into the river, I was prompt in my efforts to rescue him, and he was immediately drawn on board, with no other detriment than a thorough ducking.

My friend, whom, as I never learned his name, I shall have to call the Rev. Mr. Goggles, retired to a vacant state room. It was now nearly dark, and I did not see him again that night.

As usual, in the evening, there was a table in the cabin, devoted to the cards; in a word, there was gambling without stint. No one objected to the practice, as long as it was not done by professional blacklegs. I never played, but I often stood by the table to observe the progress of the game; and study the looks of the players, as they were agitated by the fickle changes of a moment.

While I was thus watching them, I observed on the opposite side of the table a well dressed gentleman, who was regarding with eager interest the plays of the gamblers. He manifested a desire to engage in the place of one who had been 'cleaned out.'

It was soon apparent that the new comer was a skillful player, and time after time he swept the board of all that had been staked. In a short time his companions had enough of it and withdrew. He had won a large sum of money, and was evidently satisfied with his evening's work.

He smoked on the boiler deck until all the passengers had retired, and then left. Much curiosity had been manifested to know who and what he was. Nobody had seen him before, and nobody remembered when he came on board, and what seemed most singular of all, he was not seen the next day though the boat was not stopped during the night.

The next day was Sunday, and at breakfast time my Methodist friend made his appearance.

"My good friend, I have to thank you for the good service you did me last evening. I am poor; I have none of this world's goods, I trust that all my treasures are laid up in heaven. But the Lord will reward you if I cannot."

"Don't mention it, my dear sir. I am happy to have been the means of saving you."

We conversed a while upon the matter and my friend then spoke of having a service on board, if agreeable to the passengers. Of course it was agreeable, and the parson prayed and exerted with a zeal that would have done honor to the most celebrated of the revivalists.

The impression produced by the service, I am sorry to say, was not so permanent, for when evening came, the gaming table was spread out as usual, and the games commenced. The mysterious gambler appeared again, much to the surprise of all, for it was believed that he had landed, or been lost overboard. He played, and swept the board as before. Some of the weaker ones began to think he was the devil in disguise, and their belief was almost confirmed when the next day nothing could be found of him.

The passengers made him the subject of their conversation, and quite an excitement was kindled. The Captain swore if he appeared again he would throw him into the river. A thorough search was made for him but all in vain. My Meth-

odist friend was especially indignant, and believed it would be a good plan to bang every gambler, as soon as the true character was discovered. I agreed with him entirely.

One young man was particularly distressed in the sudden disappearance of the blackleg, for he had, under the influence of an overdose of brandy, staked and lost a half eagle, which his mother had given him just before her death. It was not the loss of the money that had distressed him, for he had plenty of that but it was the associations connected with the coin itself. There was a history belonging to it, he said, and he would give the gambler double the value of it, if he would return it and a little ring attached to it.

That evening, to the disappointment of all on board who were prepared to deal with him in a summary manner, the blackleg did not appear. Man or devil, he had the means of knowing of the indignation his acts had caused. There was a strange mystery about him. Every part of the steamer was again searched in vain for him. And it seemed certain that he could not have gone ashore.

The next day I was talking with the Rev. Mr. Goggles, not about the gambler, but of general topics. Of course his life as an itinerant, was full of interest to me. He told me how cheaply he lived and traveled from place to place; that he was often hungry and never had over ten dollars at once.

"I have only five, now," he said; and to verify his statement, he took from his pocket a half eagle.

I glanced at it. There was a hole in it, with a ring attached. It was certainly the property of the young man from Cincinnati.

"What is the ring for?" I asked.

"This piece was given me by a woman in Arkansas, who was converted under my preaching."

The liar I had already made up my mind was an imposter, in short, that he was the mysterious gambler. Before dinner time, I had an opportunity to whisper my views to the captain, and while we were at dinner, his state room was searched. A large sum of money was found there, and many of the gambler's tools, as well as the dress the "unknown" had worn.

"Parson, can you swim?" asked the captain as the Reverend Mr. Goggles came up on the boiler deck.

"A little," he replied, with a demure smile.

"You will have a chance to try; I am going to throw you overboard."

The Captain took him by the collar, and explained the matter to the astonished passengers, who were quite ready to assist in emptying his pockets, and then throwing him overboard. The money taken from him was paid over to his victims.

The last we saw of him, he was swimming vigorously towards the shore, cursing the captain with as much zeal as he had used in praying and exhorting.

The young man from Cincinnati got his cherished coin, and I trust learned a useful lesson.

A Good Humored Rebuke.

A certain good natured old farmer preserved his constant good nature, let what would turn up. One day, while the black tongue prevailed, he was told that one of his red oxen was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man, "well, he always was a breechy old cuss. Take off his hide and take it down to Fletcher; it will bring the cash."

I an hour or two the man came back with the news that "line back" and his mate were both dead.

"Are they?" said the old man, "well, I took them from B— to save a bad debt I never expected to get. It is lucky that it ain't the brindles. Take the hides down to Fletcher; they will be as good as cash."

In about an hour the man came back to inform him that the nigh brindles was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man, "well, he was a very odd ox. Take off his hide, and take it down to Fletcher; it is worth more than either of the others."

Hereupon his wife, taking upon herself the office of Eliphaz, reprimanded her husband severely, and asked if he was not aware that his loss was a judgment for his wickedness.

</