



The Jeffersonian.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1859.

Read the advertisement of A Shoemaker & Co's Grand Gift Enterprise in another column.

Not Dead Yet.

In the immortal language of "Danyl Webster," The Stroudsburg Cornet Band, we are pleased to state, "is not dead yet." Owing to an honest difference of opinion between the Leader and the Members of the aforesaid Band, the latter, we understand have placed themselves under the leadership of Mr. William H. Wolfe, who served in that capacity a year or two ago. Mr. Wolfe is a good musician and under his efficient instructions, the Band no doubt will amply maintain the enviable position to which they have attained.

GONE ASTRAY.—On Saturday afternoon a man having received a sum of money from the Bank, sat down on the steps to count it, when Boreas rudely snatched a five dollar note on an Easton Bank from his grasp, and fled away with it, howling in savage glee. Up to the time of going to press, the felon had not been apprehended, although diligent search had been made by our Borough Constable, for his whereabouts. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that diligent search had also been made by the boys in the neighborhood for the whereabouts of that "Bill."

Last Tuesday afternoon was pregnant with events of stirring interest. It was in fact a time long to be remembered in the history of Stroudsburg. "Cause Why?" We were aroused from a gloomy meditation, to which we are peculiarly subject at this season of the year (probably owing to the close approximation of the first of April) by a subscriber's tendering to us a year's dues. We had hardly recovered from the shock consequent upon such an unparalleled transaction, when we were aroused by an immense commotion in the street, which called us to the office door, when we found the cause of the row to be two rival hand organs, and a drunken man; and the main ingredient therein, to be one hundred and fifty jubilant urchins, of all ages, sizes, sexes, colors, and conditions. We gave the organ grinders two cents each to render themselves invisible; we gave the drunken fellow a pair of thick boots in consideration of which he became invisible; we then gave ourselves one glass of lager, and set down, fully persuaded that we had established our claims to the title of a Benefactor to the human race.

A new counterfeit \$5 note on the Stroudsburg bank has just appeared. It is similar to the genuine note in the vignette—man feeding horses on the right, male and female under tree on the left; sailors on the right lower corner; farmers on the left; figure 5 on each upper corner. The note is a fair specimen of workmanship, and calculated to deceive.—Easton Daily Times.

Protect The Birds.

Nothing can be pleasanter than to have these little feathered songsters making their summer homes in the vicinity of your dwellings. Encourage them, then, and put up a few boxes that they may find convenient places where to raise their little families. We do not suppose that any body in Monroe county is mean enough to kill one of these birds, but still it may do no harm to publish a section of the act passed April 21, 1858, for their protection. This is it.

That from and after the passage of this Act, it shall not be lawful for any person within this Commonwealth to shoot, kill, or in any way trap or destroy any Blue bird, swallow, Martin, or other insectivorous bird, at any season of the year under the penalty of two dollars.

Reduction of Postage to Denmark.

We are requested by the Post Office Department to announce that the single rate of letter postage between the United States and the Kingdom of Denmark, by the Bremen or Hamburg mail, has been reduced from twenty-five to fifteen cents; pre-payment being optional, as heretofore.

This reduction goes into effect immediately, and is the result of a recent reduced rate of German and Danish postage to five cents the single letter on American correspondence transmitted via Hamburg or Bremen.

POSTMASTERS will note this reduction upon their tables of postage to foreign countries, and levy postage accordingly.—National Intelligencer

Exodus of Slaves.

We learn from The Keokuk Gate City, that a drove of seventy fugitive slaves, from the northern counties of Missouri, passed through Burlington, Iowa, last Sunday morning, on their way to the land of freedom.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN.

The Criticism on Cuba.

MR. EDITOR:—I see by last week's issue of the Democrat, that Mr. Burrell, that terror to essayists, as he would have the public believe he is, has clothed himself again in his rich and elegant attire of critic, laid off his hat and with hair combed aside, whiskers brushed up, and dissecting knife and saw in hand, with all the grace of a French dancing master, has made his bow to the public, and, like a butcher, most lustily calls out to the readers of that Journal to take a piece of the Philomath whom he fancies he has so dexterously dissected. We will confess that when we at first beheld all this condescension and ostentation manifested over the imaginary remains of ourself, that diffidence caused our cheeks repeatedly to become suffused with blushes at the vanity of (some) men. And in consequence of our not being in favor of undue parade were led to inquire into the cause of all this boisterous triumph, when we learned that it originated in the publication of an essay on Cuba in the Jeffersonian of the 17th inst. And by still further inquiry and investigation we feel compelled to take the following exceptions to this apparently ostentatious bid for literary notoriety: Mr. Burrell seems to be filled with stunning wonder and surprise that two essays should have emanated from me in succession; as he "had hoped" that each member would have been on hand to take his turn at the wheel." Now what does this critic mean by "wheeled?" But I presume that he has reference to that instrument of punishment on which criminals, in certain countries, are put to death by breaking their bones. It would seem that Mr. Burrell has got an imaginary "wheel" erected, and that he has turned executioner, and "had hoped" to break each member of our society in his order; and judging from circumstances, it would appear that he is greatly annoyed because his "wheel" don't seem to kill.

This critic tells us that it is not remarkable that outsiders should "speculate as to the probable cause of the thing."—What does this critic mean by "the thing?" We might guess, perhaps, but it is not the duty of persons of his classical pretensions to be more concise in their language?—Now how does this critic know but that he is doing the Society gross injustice by intimating that the two who have published their essays represent the writing talent of our Association? For be certain—ly does not know but that they are the most inferior members in this respect,—at all events he has no knowledge that they were selected from the Ten, as this critic seems to intimate, as falling offerings in order to appease the wrath of this assumed literary god. Our critic next finds fault with the minute description given of Cuba, and with tearful eyes arrives at the sorrowful conclusion that I have somewhat retrograded in grammatical construction since giving my first paper to the public. He further states that "it is very common with some authors to confound adverbs with adjectives," and quotes the following from me to prove that I belong to that class: "Cuba extends from longitude 74 degrees to near 85 degrees West." This critic tells us that the adverb nearly should have been used instead of the adjective near. Now, near as above used is not an adjective, but is an adverb. In evidence of which we cite Kirkham's grammar, which informs us that near is an adverb, and gives the following example: "The man lives near by." This settles the question in our favor. Again, "it is our purpose to bribe review and see as near as we can." Near in this sentence the critic calls an adjective. He seems to have no idea that the manner in which certain words are used determines the parts of speech to which they belong. Our critic, like the Modes and Persians in regard to their laws, thinks once an adjective, always an adjective. But Webster says, that near is occasionally an adverb, and gives the following examples: "It is near twelve o'clock; the payment of such a sum would go near to ruin him." This, I think, favors us again.

Some argue that "Cuba must naturally gravitate back to us, (figuratively of course.)" Here, as ridiculous as it may seem, I am censured for doing what he before mistakenly thought I did not do. This critic tells us that we should have used the adjective figurative instead of the adverb figuratively. This undoubtedly would have sounded very smoothly on Mr. Burrell's "cultivated ear." But we must, nevertheless reject it. Figuratively has reference to or qualifies speaking understood, and it is therefore correct.—"Cuba's exports, and Cuba's commerce," are forms of the possessive case which do not suit our critic. Our form would justify us in saying, John Smith's cow, and John Smith's horse. But his form, (the commerce of Cuba, &c.) would compel us in order to be consistent to say, the "cow of John Smith, and the horse of John Smith."

"The true value of men's opinions, however, great or small," &c. Here our critic inquires apparently with great concern,

whether we "mean great or small men, or great or small opinions;" and declares that he cannot understand us, but he finally very wittily arrives at the conclusion that the word small is a small affair. Now, Mr. Burrell, we freely admit that the word is small, but your criticism upon it is smaller. "The slave trade which has been covertly carried on for years, back, &c." In commenting on the word "back" as used in this sentence he again grows witty, and inquires whether "we could not get the authors whole meaning without a back to it." This form of expression is used more or less by many of our best writers, and although it is not absolutely necessary in order to get the sense, it is said to be more emphatic.

The verbs "freed" and "substituted," this critic says refer to the future time, which is not the case. They were used in the present tense. I admit that our form of expression is somewhat at fault; but our critic is more out of order; and his criticism on this point is equal to attempting to whitewash a smoky wall with a strong solution of lampblack. "Secessionist," in the manuscript was written in the plural, and "group" was correctly spelled, but the typesetter made the mistake, which in reading the proof were not detected.

Now for a specimen of Mr. Burrell's spelling. In his criticism on capital punishment he spells grammatical, gramatical. This is doing it up in rather short hand style. Animal, he spells animal; but this is reversing the process and greatly damages his new system of spelling.—Further, I was informed by a person of undoubted veracity, who saw a part of Mr. Burrell's criticism in manuscript, that he in it spells dozen, dozen, and sentence, sentence. But the editor knowing that he had enough grammatical sins to answer for, very kindly and sympathetically corrected his orthography.

Our critic taking his leave of us makes up his mind that he is not suited with various minor things and threatens our views with demolition, but charitably forbears, as he would give us to understand, to destroy us as yet, but finally assigns as a reason for arriving at this conclusion that it would require more time than he has to spare, and that the Democrat is too small a paper to spread himself in for such a purpose. Now Mr. Burrell, we have never intimated that we desired quarters, nor do we thank you for offering any. We have never wished for anything more than that your criticisms should be conducted fairly, but this you are not inclined to grant, and indeed it is very questionable whether circumstances would admit of your thus acting, even if you were inclined to do so. I repeat, that if Mr. Burrell had confined his criticism to legitimate matter, I should not have noticed it. But inasmuch as he has done quite the contrary, and has made several unwarrantable attempts to make me answerable for his own errors, I have felt it incumbent upon me to attempt at least to show the absurdity in part of this critic's criticism. As most persons at all acquainted with writing know, it is a very easy matter occasionally to make mistakes solely in consequence of the mind being engrossed in the matter, which, for this reason, will not be detected at the time of writing; and authors when reading their compositions at some future time with the intention alone of criticising the construction of the same, have often wondered how it happened that they did not detect errors of so gross a character, as they have sometimes found.

An able and fair critic will treat correctly whatever he attempts to criticise; the good will not be unduly magnified, nor the bad unfairly commented upon. But this critic has sought out with great diligence, every trifling mistake and has, in most instances, insultingly commented upon it; and when he failed to find legitimate matter for criticism, he has either ignorantly or intentionally asserted that to be erroneous which was correct. But in dealing thus unfairly I trust our critic has only succeeded in giving us a full length and life-like likeness of Mr. A. B. Burrell; and it may be that we ought not to complain, for it is but natural that a person should use most freely that which he has the most of; "Out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

J. LANTZ.

The Republicans of Reading have carried that city at the late election by a majority of nearly One Thousand, and the Journal rejoices at the result with great exultation.

Wherever party lines were drawn throughout the State, The Republicans seem to have carried the victory—a sure indication of what is to come next fall and in 1860, if prudence continues to guide our counsels.

"Talk about mean men!" said old Fox, "why there's that Bill Johnson, he's the meanest man I ever heard tell on—Bill was a constable here."

Why, don't you think he had an execution against me for a little matter of groceries, and came out and levied on my old woman's ducks, and wanted me to drive 'em up and catch 'em for him, and I told him to catch 'em himself; and so he chased 'em round the house and every time he'd catch a duck, he'd sit down and wring its head off, and charge 'em back.

Sale at the Residence of the P. Barton Key.

The administrator's sale of the furniture and household effects of the late P. B. Key, was commenced at Washington on Friday, McGuire & Co., being the auctioneers. The Star says that at the hour, a number of carriages were drawn up before the Key house on G. Street, and indoors a goodly assemblage, the ladies largely in the predominant, was gathered in the parlors or streaming up and down the staircases. Some disappointment was expressed by the ladies, in the fact that the house was much more plainly furnished than was anticipated, especially the lower rooms. The furniture of some of the upper rooms, however, made amends in its solid mahogany respectability.

Mr. Key's chamber, fronting on G street, was furnished with rather Spartan like simplicity—a plain bed, medium sized oval glass, a small mantle clock, &c., and the walls adorned with a single print—Fanny Ellsler.

In the chamber above this, a curious group were overhauling the contents of a small closet, which held the military (captain's equipments of the deceased—a pair of old fashioned brass horse pistols, a handsome sword, and on a lower shelf a hat box, containing the well-remembered "Montgomery Guards" cap worn by him when in command of that company. In a recess by the closet stood a fine rifle, with barrel sight.

In the nursery much attention was attracted to a beautiful miniature house, some five feet in height, and which with its tiny green blinds, carpeted rooms, and curtained and glazed windows, must have been the marvel and delight of the children for whom it was procured.

Pike's Peak Gold.

Mr. Wm. S. Walsh, fresh from Denver city, has brought to Leavenworth \$400 worth of gold dust, which he dug in twenty days with indifferent tools. Mr. Samuel Curtis, who left Feb. 16, tells the editor of The Ottawa Republican that a miner, with rockers, will make from five to eight dollars a day during the Summer, and from eight to twenty dollars where water can be obtained from sluices. The best diggings are on Cherry Creek, Dry Creek, Platte River, and Yaquees Fork. Shot gold has been found on San Vrain's Fork. The old Californians at the mines, are satisfied with their prospects, and all feel confident that great discoveries will be made in the mountains.

The English druggists are about adopting a hexagonal bottle with deep fluting, to put poisons in, which are sold by retail. This is to prevent persons making mistakes by getting hold of the wrong bottle. As an additional security the neck of the bottle is so contracted that but a drop at a time can be poured out. The very deliberate and cautious action thus produced will, it is believed, deter any one from taking overdoses of medicine; while it is difficult to imagine a case in which a person could pour out and take the whole contents of one of these bottles in mistake for something else.

All the governments of Europe are wanting to borrow money. Austria wants to borrow \$30,000,000; England, \$35,000,000; Sardinia, \$100,000; France wants a large sum; and Russia, it is expected, will also be trying its credit to a large extent. About \$100,000,000 is the aggregate wanted by these different governments to put themselves in a position to prevent one being eaten up by the other.

Census of Louisiana.

Official information, reported to the Legislature of Louisiana, gives the following population of the State; Whites, 325,007; slaves, 203,800; free colored, 18,864. Total, 547,671. 234, of which New Orleans has 98,256,725. The assessed taxes on the whole are \$1,399,593, of which New-Orleans furnishes \$483,554.

A gentleman in Cincinnati, a few days since emptied his pockets of a parcel of letters and papers which he had accumulated there and burnt them. The next morning he discovered that among them was one containing five hundred dollars in bills which he had intended for the mail.

Brave Girl.—Jane Bonesteel recently shot a wild cat, and brought him down from a tree, near her father's house in the town of Matrol, up North. The animal then grappled with her dog, when she joined in and pounded the "baste" until he was dead.

A Long Courtship.—Married, in Iredell county, by Jacob Fraley, Esq., on the 20th of January last, after a close courtship of twenty-three years, Mr. Reuben Barbour and Miss Sarah Thompson, both aged about sixty years.—Iredell (N. C.) Express.

At a social party in Providence, a few evenings ago, a lady thrust from her a young man who attempted to kiss her, with such violence that he fell and broke his wrist.

If you wish to offer your hand to a lady choose your opportunity. The best time to do it is when she is getting out of an omnibus.

See advertisement of Dr. Sanford's LIVER INVIGORATOR in another column.

The Counterfeiting Business.

Some of the most astounding developments are being made at the present time in relation to the counterfeiting of bills and money in New York and Ohio, from which it would seem that in some sections of the country it is becoming a regular branch of business, as eagerly pursued, and, within certain limits, almost as openly as any other branch of speculation in the North, or as the foreign slave trade in the South or in Cuba. Books are published giving full descriptions of cheap methods of imitating the precious metals. All the tricks of counterfeiters for sweating, boring, splitting, and filling coin are here detailed with great exactness, and on payment of five dollars any one has been admitted into one of their circles. In some sections quite large bodies of men have gone into this business as the easiest and most literal way of making money. Only the other day a Cleveland paper tells us that in that city a Methodist minister of high standing was preaching a funeral sermon to a crowded congregation, when the officers of justice arrested him as a counterfeiter. All the implements for carrying on a very extensive business of this kind were found in his house. Finally he made a clean breast of it before the whole multitude, and told them that having been brought up an engraver, he had during the last two years become connected with a gang of this sort, and had been hard at work manufacturing false bank bills on a large scale.

The question naturally presents itself, what is going to become of honest men?—What can those do who live by buying and selling? The losses of the retail storekeepers are becoming every year larger and larger, notwithstanding counterfeit detectors and every other precaution. In the East Indies the Kings and Princes have cheated so in the coinage that in Burmah every man who sells carries his scale and weights, and weighs all his silver as he receives it; and they have become excellent judges of the quality of silver, and can tell how much it is adulterated. But we seem about to have no security that our coins are what they seem.

Agas before the birth of Chemistry the alchemists were occupied in seeking some means by which all metals might be transmuted into gold. It never seemed to enter into their minds that the ultimate effect of all this would, if successful, be to transmute gold down in point of value and importance to the average of other metals. It is so in all these modern attempts of a baser kind to counterfeit, instead of transmitting. It is ten times as injurious to the community as so much money abstracted or stolen, or so much lead openly mixed with all our coins.—The uncertainty, the time, the risk of buying and selling, makes men avoid exchanges, except at much larger profits, to pay for all this. Unless it can be broken up, our whole currency will become depreciated incalculably.

But there is a worse depreciation than all this indicated in the extension of counterfeiting operations; it is the depreciation of moral character among men of sufficient mechanical ingenuity and intellectual attainments to render them most dangerous to the community. The social position of many of these operators makes them doubly dangerous and doubly detestable. Sometimes we build great hopes for the future of our country from the increased education of the masses. But let us not be blind to the fact that mere intellectual progress, without proper training in the habits of moral and social virtue and conformity to law, will only tend more rapidly to demoralize and destroy, rendering those who possess these advantages more ingenious and therefore a more dangerous race of pickpockets, and counterfeiters. Who would wish to see a razor in the hands of every mad man? Yet such is knowledge and skill to the unprincipled.

There are times when virtue and religion seem to carry their triumphs into the highest quarters of public as well as private life, so openly and powerfully that all begin to hope a new era had dawned upon mankind. But, on the other hand, such glimpses of life, public and private, as are sometimes seen are not flattering to our progress in virtue. The revival of the slave trade in the South, and the progress of frauds and counterfeiting at the North and West, all in defiance of the laws equally of God and man, shows that law as law has not that power on the public conscience it ought to possess, and must be brought to possess, to insure the perpetuity of a free Government. Unless children are instructed, in the school-house and at home, that law and right are to be respected, that not ingenious merely, but honest and true ways of making money are alone to be sought—unless specific instructions on these points enter into pulpit teachings, the lesson will have to be enforced in other and sterner methods. The neglect of education is not the remedy to be sought, but the additional instructions of which we speak are loudly called for.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Smart Spell.

A gentleman in North Chester, Vermont, two or three weeks since, offered as a prize a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to one of the scholars in all the public schools in town who should "spell all the others down." Seven schools were accordingly represented, and about a dozen teachers and a large crowd of spectators were present when the trial took place on the 25th ult. But one trial was to be had on a word, and the unfortunate who missed must take his or her seat. Eighty scholars contested for the honor and the prize, and after five hours trial, five pupils remained standing, and the enthusiastic audience soon raised the needful to purchase each a copy of the great Unabridged.

Duck Egg.—The Adler notices a large egg, measuring 8 1/2 inches in length, and 4 1/2 inches in circumference, laid by a Quack on the farm of Wm. Heffer, of Oley township.—Reading Times.

Suspected Murder in Warran County, N. J.

We stated in our last, that the wife of a young M. E. clergyman had died suddenly, under suspicious circumstances, and that painful reports implicating the husband, were in circulation. We regret to say, that there appears to have been sufficient foundation for those reports.—The unfortunate lady was the wife of the Rev. Jacob S. Harden, and her death occurred on the morning of the 9th inst. The Hackett-town Gazette says:

The parents of the deceased suspected that their daughter had come to her death by foul means, and accordingly a post mortem examination of the body was had by Drs. Blackwell, Cole and Glen, who soon became satisfied that the deceased had died from the effects of poison. A Coroner's Jury was immediately summoned, and the State's Attorney, Joseph Vliet Esq., proceeded to the examination of witnesses.

The Rev. Jacob S. Harden, husband of the deceased, being subpoenaed, testified, under oath, that his wife had told him on the night previous to her death that she had swallowed arsenic three or four times, and that she was impelled to do so because of difficulties existing between her mother and himself. Witness also stated that before he received this information from his wife, she bound him by a solemn obligation not to divulge this statement to any living being, except it was to save his own life!

Several other witnesses were examined, the burden of whose testimony went strongly to exonerate the husband and the deceased. From the facts sworn to by the mother of deceased, derived from information imparted to her by her daughter some time previous to her death, the conviction was forced upon the minds of all who heard her testimony, that the Rev. gentleman in question was a most consummate villain, and it was more than suspected that he had been at least accessory to a horrid murder.

The examination of witnesses continued from Wednesday of last week until Monday evening last, during which time, by a most unaccountable and criminal oversight, the Rev. gentleman remained at large.—On Tuesday morning he was missing, and the utmost excitement prevailed in the neighborhood when the fact became known. It was soon ascertained that a disguise had been purchased for him at Washington the previous evening, and on the following morning he had fled to Ashbury, which place he reached in time to get on the early morning train of the Central Railroad for New York. The fact of his escape was telegraphed to various stations along the road, and a Melancton likeness of him sent on to the Chief of Police at New York.

The verdict of the Coroner's Jury has not been made public, but we understand that the Jury are unanimously of opinion, from the evidence adduced, that the deceased was foully murdered.

Governor Newell has offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of Jacob S. Harden and his delivery to the jailor of the county of Warran, and his conviction of the crime aforesaid.

DESCRIPTION OF HARDEN.—Jacob S. Harden has been a clergyman of the M. Episcopal denomination, about five feet five inches in height, about 22 years of age, blue eyes, face slightly pimpled, communicative and quick in motion.

Up to the hour of putting our paper to press, nothing has been heard of Harden. It looks now as if he had made good his escape, and it is possible that he may not be heard of for years. The Trenton True American adds a few particulars in relation to this painful case, which add to its interest. It says of Harden, that—

He entered the M. E. ministry two years ago, on trial, and had not been received into full connection. His age is only twenty-two years, and he married a very estimable girl about six months ago.—His parents reside near Blairstown, Warren Co., near the Paulins' Kill, his father being a respectable farmer in that neighborhood.

It is said that a young woman, with whom he enjoyed some intimacy before his marriage with his wife, was at his house on a visit, and that the crime was concocted between them. The woman, it is said, purchased the poison, and, at the proposition of Harden, it was taken in a dose of salts, he at the same time also taking a dose, but not compounded with the poison. Who made the mixture is not stated, but it is said, and probably, with truth, that it was the combined act of both. Harden's story is, that his wife, in consequence of a difficulty between her mother and himself, destroyed herself.

A Correct Portrait.

Col. Forney continues to pitch into the late Convention of office-holders, and says the people were indifferent to it because "of a double feeling of contempt for its managers, and a full foreknowledge of its policy. Nobody expected decent, much less Democratic action. The great body of the delegates did not come to reiterate principles, but to earn wages. They did not vote the wishes of the people, but thanks to their masters. They had mostly been elected as office-holders, or by office holders; and, although they might have averted defeat from a great party by some unexpected concession to truth, they dared not to perform an act of magnanimity, which, while it would have won for them the applause of a surprised and gratified people, would have lost them their places, and the smiles of an Administration which now stands a reeking infamy before the nation." This is what may be called a clear statement—emphatic and true.

Murder of a Baptist Clergyman and his Wife.

HARRIS, Marquette Co. Wis., March 26, 1859.—The Rev. Jonathan Post, a Baptist preacher and his wife, were killed yesterday by their son. The murderer is about 30 years old, and has been insane for several years, but was thought to be harmless until this occurrence. He made no effort to escape.