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AT THE OFFICE OF
THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Wishing.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all amusements to the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There is not one that you can find
So very cheap as "wishing!"
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.
I wish—a common wish, indeed—
My purse was something fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it!
I wish—that sympathy and Love
And every human passion,
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That Scorn, and Jealousy, and Hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep,
Beneath the waves of Ocean!
I wish—that friends were always true;
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that persons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that practising was not
So different from preaching!
I wish—that modest worth might be,
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that Innocence were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind;
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers!
I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,
And every good ideal,
May come, erewhile throughout the earth,
To be the glorious Real;
Till God shall every creature bless
With his supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing in possessing!

Hint.—A contemporary says—
"There is a man up country who always pays for his paper in advance. He has never had a sick day in his life—never had any corns or tooth-ache—his potatoes never rot—the weevil never eats his wheat—the frost never kills his corn or beans—his babies never cry in the night, and his wife never scolds. Reader, have you paid the printer in advance?"

A distinguished divine was walking with a friend past a new church in which another distinguished divine was a shepherd. Said the friend to the D. D., looking up at the spire, which was very tall and not yet completed: "How much higher is that going to be?" "Not much," said the D. D., with a very sly laugh, "they don't own far in that direction."

In one of the courts, recently, an individual, attired in a Quakerish looking garb, was called to the stand. The Judge, taking him for a member of the Friends, thus addressed him:
"Will you swear or affirm?"
"Just as thee d—n pleases, sir was the reply."

The newspapers seem to think that the way to keep ladies' dresses from sweeping the streets, is to "hold them up"—to ridicule.

Old friends are like old trees—they cannot be replaced.

The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain, is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse—after which he would manufacture a plume for General Intelligence.

The snow being a foot in thickness in Franklin County, Maine, the Franklin Washington Jefferson Madison Debating Associations are discussing the absorbing question whether the snow fell a foot deep or a foot high.

Preaching a Practical Sermon.

A number of years ago, Parson B— preached in a town in the interior of this State. A sound theologian was Parson B—, as a published volume of his sermons evinces; but like many clergymen of the past generation, he was too much given to preaching, 'doctrinal sermons,' to the exclusion of 'practical themes; at least so thought one of his parishioners, Mr. C—.

'Mr. B—,' said he, one day, to the clergyman, 'we know all about the doctrines by this time. Why don't you sometimes preach us a real practical discourse?'

'Oh, very well. If you wish it, I will do so. Next Sunday I will preach a practical sermon.'

Sunday morning came; and an unusually large audience, attracted by the report of the promised novelty, were in attendance. The preliminary services were performed, and the Parson announced his text. After 'opening his subject,' he said he should make a practical application to his hearers. He then commenced at the head of the aisle, calling each member of the congregation by name, and pointing out his special faults. One was a little inclined to indulge in creature comforts; another was a terrible man at a bargain, and so on.

While in mid volley, the door of the church opened, and Doctor S— entered.

'There,' went on the parson, 'there is Doctor S., coming in, in the middle of the service, just as usual, and disturbing the whole congregation. He does it just to make people believe that he has so large a practice that he can't get time to come to church in season, but its not so—he hasn't been called upon to visit a patient on Sunday morning for three months.'

Thus went on the worthy clergyman.— At last he came to Mr. C—, who had requested a practical sermon. 'And now,' said he, 'there's Mr. C—; he's a merchant—and what does he do? Why, he stays at home on Sunday afternoon and writes business letters. If he gets a lot of goods up from New York on Saturday night he goes to his store and marks them on Sunday, so as to have them all ready for sale on Monday morning. That's how he keeps the Sabbath; and he isn't satisfied with doctrinal sermons, he wants practical ones.'

At the conclusion of the service, the parson walked up to Mr. C—, and asked him how he liked the 'practical sermon.'

'Mr. B—,' was the reply, 'preach just what you please after this. I'll never attempt to direct you again.'

From the New York Times.

Young America's Weak Side.

Young folks miss it when they think to start in life upon the same scale of expenses that they leave the old ones living on. Old house-keepers gather around them scores of convenient implements for their labor, which young house-keepers cannot afford to buy at once, under penalty of a garret-full of rubbish in half a dozen years, and rooms lumbered with stuff for which the demand passed away with the year that they bought it. And yet young men generally sail under heavier capital than old ones. It costs more to fit out a man of the world aged twenty-five, than one aged fifty. Old men can't afford canes, and rings, and heavy watch-chains, though their pocket-books crack with the size of the roll of bills inside. Young ones can't afford to seem dressed no better than the President dresses. Middle aged men of literary habits will buy half a dozen clear pine-boards, and put a book-case together for themselves, lay a couple of coats of white paint on the front of it, and having shoved in their treasures of favorite authors and books of reference, ask their company right into the room where it is. Young literateurs must have the best editions, bound in the best style, and a walnut, mahogany, or rose-wood case to put them in, because 'they are liable to have company in the room where they keep them.' All this is great nonsense; the young man is paying for his vanity more than his comfort would have the face to ask for.

But very often young people persuade themselves that Society requires a rate of expenditure of them which they find it very hard to comply with. It is partly true, but not altogether so.

A clerk, whether he gets five dollars a week or twenty, may be in such a business that a fashionable coat is essential to

him. His employer won't have him to wait upon customers unless he dresses neatly and even genteelly. In such case there is no help for him. He must lay aside his old coat before it is half worn out. It is one of the misfortunes of his business, which he would have done well to have estimated before entering upon it. All he can do is, to exercise his shrewdness in keep up as fair an outside as possible. The young professional man must go before his patrons dressed a good deal more expensively than either his wish or his private judgment would dictate. But fortunately Society has a blind side always. If it makes the clerk or young doctor wear a finer coat than his good old father will consent to, it does not oblige him to be a fop, or to live in costly quarters. Let him, then, when he brings his willing offering to Fashion, be sure not to lay a farthing more on the altar than is required, nor to deck his sacrifice with garlands which are not down in the order.

But in a great many points, Fashion (or Society, as sensible people prefer to call this tyrant,) makes demands which no Yankee can honestly admit. As when it says that you, good bachelor reader, must not marry till you can give your wife a handsome Turkey carpet for her parlor floor. It may be very good reason why you should decline to take some certain Miss whom you have been dreaming about lately, but when you find the maiden who is ready to go into partnership with you, not as a silent partner, but as an active business member of the firm, who will be satisfied with three-ply or even ingrain, until your salary can afford a more costly floor-covering, if you have any of your father's blood in you, turn Fashion out your tent and take the girl to a clergyman's at once. When you are married, Fashion may tell you to furnish your rooms as you can't afford to furnish them. You want to rise in the world, and if you ever expect your friends to help you, you must be able to invite them to a home of which they will not be ashamed to enter. If really you can make it pay in a business way, why go ahead; make the investment. But don't be deceived. We will wager you the price of all your fuel for the year, that your grand acquaintances, your friends who call in their carriages, will cost you more than they will ever come to. They will encourage you with words, but they will keep clear enough of your store. They will flatter you on your prospects, but a spurious shilling will buy all the practice they will give you until you get rich enough not to need their aid; then, indeed, you will have enough of them. It would be good economy to cut the whole of them. Those who stand on a level with yourselves require of you that a part of your house—the parlor at least—should be fitted to their taste. As their tastes and yours agree, it will be easy to suit them. But don't knuckle to society too much; it isn't creditable to independent people.

If your big acquaintances choose to call in spite of your lack of preparation, let them; but, at the best, they will prove costly luxuries, and of no great service. Young America has set down his foot that neither John Bull, the Austrian, nor any other body, shall presume with impunity upon any improper liberties. Why should Young America consent to be ordered about like a slave by Fashion, which is ten times as presumptuous as England; or by Society, which is just about as reasonable as Austria? If the young will have a Fourth of July at their house over these grievances, they will find the rigor of the times marvellously softening, and their annual salaries stretching much further into each succeeding year than now.

Going Down Hill.

'That looks bad,' exclaimed farmer White with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fence.

'Bad enough,' was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed.

'Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember when everything around his place was trim and tidy.'

'He always appeared to be a steady industrious man,' rejoined the second speaker. 'I have a pair of boots on my feet at this moment of his make, and they have done me good service.'

'I have generally employed him for myself and family,' was the reply, 'and I must confess that he is a good workman; but nevertheless, I believe I shall step in to Jack Smith's this morning and order a pair of boots, of which I stand in need. I always make it a rule never to patronize those who appear to be running behindhand. There is generally some risk in helping those that won't help themselves.'

'Very true; and as my wife desired me to see about a pair of shoes for her this morning, I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine, however—an idle quarrelsome fellow.'

'And yet he seems to be getting ahead in the world,' answered the farmer, 'and I am willing to give him a lift. But I have an errand at the butcher's. I will not detain you.'

At the butcher's they met the neighbor who was the subject of their conversation. He certainly presented rather a shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was a regard to economy which

did not escape the observation of farmer White. After passing remarks, the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account book with a somewhat anxious air, saying as he charged the bit of meat—

'I believe it is time that neighbor Thompson and I come to a settlement.—Short accounts make long friends.'

'No time to lose; I should say,' remarked the farmer.

'Indeed! have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?'

'No; I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his own eyes, you know; and I never trust any one with my money who is evidently going down hill.'

'Quite right; and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind a little, but still I must take care of number one.'

'Speaking of Thompson are you,' observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the conversation. 'Going down hill, is he? I must look out for myself then. He owes me quite a snug sum for leather. I did intend to give him another month's credit, but on the whole I guess the money would be safer in my own pocket.'

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability of his going down hill, and the best way of giving him a push.

In another part of the little village similar scenes were passing.

'I declare,' exclaimed Mrs. Bennet, the dress-maker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window, whence she had been gazing on the passers by; if there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand. She wants me to do her work, I suppose, but I think it would be a venture. Every one says they are running down hill, and it is a chance if ever I get my pay.'

'She always has paid us promptly,' was the reply.

'True; but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risk.' The entrance of Mrs. Thompson prevented further conversation.

She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennet to do any work for her; but as great pressure of business was pleaded as an excuse, there was nothing to be said, and she soon took her leave. Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the village dress makers had suddenly become.

On the way home, the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her children attended.

'Ah, Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you' was the salutation. 'I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle our little account this afternoon?'

'Our account?' was the surprised reply. 'Surely the term has not yet expired!'

'Only half of it; but my present rule is to collect my money at that time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late.'

I was not aware that there had been any change in your rules. I have made calculation to meet your bill at the usual time. I fear that it will not be in my power to do sooner.'

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as she passed on in a different direction, she muttered to herself—

'Just as I expected. I never shall get a cent. Everybody says they are going down hill. I must get rid of the children in some way. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two for payment for the half quarter, if I manage right; but it will never do to go on in this way.'

A little discomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a neighboring grocery to purchase some trifling articles of family stores.

'I have a little account against you.—Will it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?' asked the polite shopkeeper as he produced the desired article.

'Is it his usual time for settling?' was again the surprised inquiry.

'Well, not exactly; but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get all that is due me. In future I intend to keep short accounts. There is a little bill, if you would like to look at it. I will call around this evening. It is but a small affair.'

'Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now,' thought Mrs. Thompson, as she thoughtfully pursued her way toward home.

'It seems strange that all these payments must be met just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expenses of the winter. I cannot understand it.'

Her perplexity was increased by finding her husband with two bills in his hand and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

'Look, Mary,' he said as she entered. 'Here are two unexpected calls for money; one from the doctor, and the other from the dealer in leather from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both very urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortunes never come single, and if a

man gets a little behindhand, trouble seems to pour in upon him.'

'Just so,' replied the wife; 'the neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push.—Here are two more bills for you, one from the grocer and the other from the teacher.'

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad, who presented a neatly folded paper and disappeared.

'The butcher's account, as I live!' exclaimed the astonished shoemaker.—'What is to be done, Mary! So much money to be paid out and very little coming in; for some of my best customers have left me, although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have as much employment as usual and the usual credit allowed me, I could soon satisfy all these claims; but to meet them now is impossible, and the acknowledgment of my inability would send us still further on the downward path.'

'We must do our best and trust in Providence,' was the consoling remark of his wife, as a second knock at the door aroused their fear that another claimant was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenance of Uncle Joshua a rare but ever welcome visitor, presented itself. Seating himself in the comfortable chair that Mary hastened to hand him, he said, in his eccentric, but friendly manner,

'Well, good folks, I understand the world does not go as well with you as formerly. What is the trouble?'

'There need be no trouble,' was the reply, 'if men would not try to add to the afflictions which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one. We met with sickness and misfortunes, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well if those around me were not determined to push me in the downward path.'

'But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world.—Everybody, or at least, a great majority, care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their first thought is whether it will affect their own interests, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is to keep up appearances. Show no signs of going behindhand and all will go well with you.'

'Very true, Uncle Joshua, but how is this to be done? Bills which I did not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months are pouring in upon me. My best customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival. In short I am on the brink of ruin, and nought but a miracle can save me.'

'A miracle which is very easily done then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of your debts which press so heavily upon you, and how soon in the common course of events could you discharge them?'

'They do not exceed one hundred dollars,' replied the shoemaker; 'and with my usual run of work, I could make all right in three or four months.'

'We will say six,' was the answer. 'I will advance you one hundred and fifty dollars for six months. Pay every cent you owe, and with the remainder of the money, make some slight addition or improvement in your shop or house, and put everything about the grounds in its usual neat order. Try this plan for a few weeks, and we will see what effect it has upon our worthy neighbors. No, no, never mind thanking me. I am only trying a little experiment on human nature. I know you of old, and have no doubt that my money is safe in your hands.'

Weeks passed by. The advice of Uncle Joshua had been strictly followed, and the change in the shoemaker's prospects was indeed wonderful. He was spoken of as one of the most thriving men in the village, and many marvellous stories were told to account for the sudden alteration in his affairs.

It was generally agreed that a distant relative had bequeathed to him a legacy, which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties. They had never before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The polite butcher selected the best pieces of meat for his inspection, as he entered, and was totally indifferent as to the time of payment. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among her best scholars. The dress-maker suddenly found herself free from the great press of work, and in a friendly note expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

'Just as I expected,' exclaimed Uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly, as the grateful shoemaker called upon him at the expiration of six months, with the money which had been loaned in the hour of need. 'Just as I expected. A strange world! They are ready to push a man up hill if he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down, if they find that his face is turned that way. In future, neighbor Thompson, let everything around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper.—And with a satisfied air Uncle Joshua placed his money in his pocket book, ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence, whilst he whom he had thus befriended, with cheerful countenance turned to his happy home.

From "Castle and Andalusia."

The Women of Spain.

BY LADY LOUISA TENISON.

On the Alameda or public walk of Malaga such a variety of colors meet and dazzle the eye as to make the stranger at once conclude that, whatever attractive qualities Spanish women may possess,—taste in dress cannot be considered among them. The most striking novelty on first landing in Spain is the mantilla or black veil, which is generally worn, although here and there bonnets are creeping in, and Spanish women are sacrificing the only becoming peculiarity they have left, in order to imitate the fashions of their neighbors. There is an elegance and a dainty appearance about the mantilla which create surprise at its having been adopted by other nations; and the Spaniards could only be made to feel how unbecoming bonnets are to them, the rich masses of whose splendid hair prevent the bonnet being properly worn, they would cherish the mantilla, as conferring on them a peculiar charm in which they are safe to fear no rivals. I know that I shall be accused of insensibility and want of taste, when I confess that my first disappointment, on landing in Spain, was the almost total absence of beauty amongst the Spanish women. Poets have sung of Spain's 'dark glancing daughters,' and travelers have wandered through the country with minds so deeply impressed with the preconceived idea of the beauty of the women, that they have found them all their imaginations so fully pictured, and in their works have fostered, what I cannot help maintaining is a mere delusion—one of the many in which people still indulge when they think and dream of Spain. The women of Spain have magnificent eyes, beautiful hair, and generally fine teeth; but more than that cannot be said by those who are content to give an honest and candid opinion. I have rarely seen one whose features could be called strictly beautiful, and that bewitching grace and fascination about their figures and their walk, which they formerly possessed, had disappeared with the high comb which supported the mantilla, and the narrow basquina which gave a peculiar character to their walk. With the change in their costume those distinctive charms have vanished. The gaudy colors which now prevail have destroyed the elegance that always accompanies black in which alone, come years since, a lady could appear in public. No further proof of this is required than to see the same people at church, and on the Alameda, with red dresses and yellow shawls, or some colors equally gaudy, and combined with as little regard to taste.

Although I have not yet discovered the beauty of Spanish women, I must say that the Malagueñas are fairly entitled, in all that does exist, to dispute the palm with the inhabitants of any other town we have visited. There are some very pretty faces, and very characteristic of the Spanish countenance. They are generally very dark, and almost all have that peculiar projecting brow which gives to the face quite a character of its own. The women have a universal custom of putting fresh flowers in their hair. It strikes one much, upon first arriving, to see those of every class, even the poorest, with some flower or another most gracefully placed in their rich black hair; the beauty of which is not a little enhanced by the bright red rose or snowy jessamine contrasting so well with their raven tresses. The hair is generally worn plain—curls being seldom seen, for they do not suit the mantilla; and if flowers cannot be procured, some bright ribbon is invariably worn as a substitute. The love of brilliant and showy colors, appearing to form a ruling passion in the present day, offers a singular contrast to the fashion twenty years ago, when a lady, who would have ventured into the street dressed in anything but black would have been mobbed and insulted by the people. Our first visit to the theatre at Malaga confirmed my impressions of the exaggerated accounts generally given of Spanish beauty.

A rash youth in a neighboring town, who had received a much better education than an elderly female with whom one day he found himself in controversy, was foolish enough to contend with her upon the subject of Women's Rights; a subject on which he was, of course, totally ignorant.

During the argument, which waxed warm, he rashly asserted that 'women were no better than they ought to be.'—The lady flew into a rage.

'Eh! what!' she screamed, 'who isn't which of 'em? Do you mean me, sir?'

'You! why, yes! any of 'em; you ain't. The interpretation given to his words was not precisely as he intended, and he therefore left the room only a little in advance of a two-foot ruler, a portable inkstand, and one copy of 'Advice to Young Men,' very nicely bound; which latter just as he left, and not before, struck him as being a very solid and useful work.