

# THE JEFFERSONIAN.

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

VOL. 14.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. JANUARY 5, 1854.

NO. 9.

**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.  
E7 Advertisements not exceeding one square (ten lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly subscribers.  
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**AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.**

**A Friend.**  
BY MISS JULIA PLEASANTS.  
Commend me to the friend, who comes,  
When I am sad and lone,  
And makes the anguish of my heart  
The sufferings of his own.

Who coldly shuns the glittering throng  
At pleasure's gay levee,  
But comes to gild a sombre hour,  
And give his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er,  
And when the task is done,  
He freely gives me all I ask,  
A sigh for every one.

He cannot wear a smiling brow,  
When mine is touched with gloom,  
But like the violet, seeks to cheer  
The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart,  
Which, like the pine on high,  
Uplifts the same unvarying brow  
To every change of sky;

Whose friendship does not fade away,  
When wintry tempests blow,  
But like the winter's ivy crown,  
Looks greater through the snow.

He flies not with the fluttering flock,  
That seek the southern sky,  
But lingers where the wounded bird  
Hath laid him down to die.

Oh, such a friend!—he is, in truth,  
Whate'er his lot may be,  
A rainbow on the storm of life,  
An anchor on its sea.

**A Good One.**  
Riding over the Hamilton and Dayton railroad the other day, under the charge of Mr. John Van Dusen, (the gentlemanly conductor, pro tem.) he told us the following incident, which we thought worth making note of:—

'One day last week,' said he, 'there came on board of the cars, from one of country stations, a very pretty, genteel young lady, en route for this city. She was alone, so I waited upon her to a good seat, and made her as comfortable as possible. It was a few minutes before the starting hour, and she was so agreeable and so talkative, I lingered and had quite a pleasant chat. Afterwards when collecting the tickets she detained me again an instant, and gave me some fine peaches, which she said came from her friend's orchard, in the country; and I began to think that I had not met with such a charming lady passenger for many a day. Well, we arrived at the depot—there I attended her to a carriage, handed her up the carpet-bag, and after all, what do you think she said?'

'Now, we thought, of course, that the lady would say, very politely, "thank you, sir, smile like a gleam of sunshine, the carriage would roll off, our friend John would bow an adieu, and, with a sigh, perhaps, turn away and forget the matter. So we stated that as our supposition.

'No,' said John, 'she done no such thing,' but just as her foot was on the step, she turned, and with a sort of look I can't describe, observed:

'You must consider this, sir, merely a car acquaintance. You must not expect to be recognised if we chance to meet you anywhere else; and John drew a long breath.

'What did you say?' we asked.  
'Why, I thought that rather unkind, at least so I replied very quietly—  
'Certainly not, madam; I was just going to remark that you must not feel slighted if unnoticed by me anywhere but on the cars—for, really, we conductors have to be careful about our acquaintances!'

'And the lady?' said we.  
'She looked quite silly, as she drove off,' replied John.—*Ex.*

'Tom, why did you not marry Miss G—?'  
'Oh! she had a sort of hesitancy in her speech, and so I left her.'  
'A hesitancy in her speech, I never heard that before. Are you not mistaken?'

'No—not at all; for when I asked her if she would have me, she kinder hesitated to say yes, and she hesitated so long that I cut out for another girl.'

It is said during the coming year of 1854 there will be fifty-three Sundays, and that five of the twelve months will have five Sundays each.

## The Young Soldier's Story.

'Generally speaking,' began the youth, 'stories have what is called a moral to them; and if you don't know what that mean's I shall not stop to tell you—'  
'Yes, yes, we know,' ran in low murmurs round.

'Well, mine has no moral, because it comes too late,' and his voice thrilled as he spoke; 'and if it had, its uses would be very doubtful.  
'It matters very little who or what I am,' he continued. 'I have lain in silk and purple, and grew up as one born to command. I went to college, and very likely you think I was a wild, harum-scarum devil of a fellow—boating, driving, hunting, "going and toting" it—cultivating wine, cards, and so on, as you may have heard that young fellows with plenty of money do. Well, if you think so, you are mistaken. I was a quiet, studious young man, I might add moral;—and his sardonic laugh jarred as before; 'and it would have been perfectly true. I loved books, study, and peace, was a good scholar, studied music and the arts, fenced like Angelo—there is not a man in the army, perhaps, that can play at the small-sword with me—and quiet as an infant. I still had a fiery devil in me.'

'I fell in love, ha! ha! with a little doll of a girl about my age, that was seventeen, and for whom I would have taken my heart out of my bosom. She was so frail and fairy-like a creature, that I could have put her in my breast to shelter as one would a little bird; and she loved me with such a strength of faith, that had I been Don Juan himself, there was such lavish trust in her that she would have converted me from a debauchee into a true, honest man.'

'She is as still now as a frozen rill—sleeping like the streams in winter—she will never waken again!' and his head fell on his breast, though his eyes which were burning with the pain of his strong agony, were not moistened with a tear. They had dried at the very fountains.

'I dare say more than one among you know what it is to be in love, my lads.—Here is Charley, for instance,' and our hero gave a start; 'he, I imagine, can understand me.'

'Yes, yes,' again murmured the soldier; 'we know it.'

'Yes!' he repeated, somewhat scornfully; 'all very well that, but different men have different ideas of love. Some are sensual and depraved, and with them love is mere pollution and miscomprehension of the sublime passion; and I have met with but few that could understand it as I did, but it was with me a portion of life—of existence!'

'Yes, with me it was different; she was a lovely little trusting flower, the daughter of a very worthy, honest tradesman, who loved her like the apple of his eye! but she was worthy of a throne, and I would have given her one. As it was; I could make her, I thought—fool that I was!—honored, great, wealthy. She is poor enough now, and so am I!'

'Our dream of love was delicious, but very brief. She eloped with me, and as the Lord God liveth, I meant her no harm—for I made her my wife!' he added, with a solemnity that startled the soldiers, who were not often moved by any strength of expression.

'Yes, she became my wife!' he continued.

'Your wife!' ejaculated one or two of the men. 'Thunder and lightning, here, Dick, give us your hand, my boy!' and a cordial grasp was given. We thought you trifled with the little child.'

My parents heard that I had eloped with the child of a tradesman, the soldier, heedless of this, went on; 'and threatened the poor old fellow with ruin and annihilation. It would not have taken much to have broken his heart, for it was half gone already; but what was done could not be undone; and I thought my father and mother loved me too well to thwart me, and that I had only to bring her home to give her another father and mother, who would love her like her own.'

'I meant to have put her back into his bosom, and said, "Embrace your daughter, but also embrace, my wife, and you can love her still!" but that day never came. I believed, however, very firmly in it, and I was happy, living in a little Eden of my own, far from the turmoil of life, and expecting then my little baby hourly.'

'My parents prevented this,' he continued

after a convulsive pause, during which he drew his hand over his brow several times, as though things were crowding into his brain, and confusing him with their multitudinous variety. 'Yes, they hindered all. We lived in Wales at the time, and when my baby was born, and she put it in my bosom, and laid her own sweet little head like a blossoming flower beside it, I—I prayed for her, for both, and loved them more and more. Then I made up my mind to return to my father's house.'

'One day I went to my little home, after walking, or fishing, or something, and I found her—gone—both gone! Oh! then the sleeping devil within me woke up. I learned from the people of the house, that a stern man, and a proud, pale woman, richly dressed, drove up in a splendid chariot, drawn by four horses, and carried her off—robbed me of my wife and my child. This man—this woman, were my parents. I traveled night and day, and arrived at their house in town.'

'I demanded my wife! they called her a designing, cunning girl—and they said something worse of her than I could bear, and I silenced them, and made them turn pale and tremble. I demanded my child. They knew nothing of either. I cursed them both, and quitted the house, never to return to it more.'

'I need not tell how long after, or by what means, I traced my Alice through stages of wretchedness and penury, till I found both mother and babe, my wife and child, dying on a mean pallet in a parish workhouse.'

'I could have called curses from heaven, and fires from hell to avenge this immitigable wrong—for what had this pale, crushed, tender dove done to win such an atrocious injury! But when I saw her pale, thin cheeks, and heard her moaning, and saw her wasted babe on the half-starved breast of the woman I adored, as devotes adore heaven, I stifled my soul—I shed no tears; I heard her utter a cry of joy and pain, and then the thin helpless hand wandered over my head, as I laid it kneeling by her side in that horrible hole, upon her breast beside my child.'

'Little Alice!' I said, 'little Alice, you and your sweet babe shall live here no longer.'

'No, George, no,' she said. Oh, her thin lips, how they trembled! 'No, George, dear, we shall not live here long—not very long—'. Give me that brandy, my lads!' said the soldier abruptly.

'To lose a parent—to lose a mother one loves—to lose a friend one is devoted to—to lose a dog that has been your companion for years, is all painful; what is it to this?' continued the soldier.—'When I heard what she said I had a terrible foreboding of the future. Was it for this I had sought her? Was it to see her die that I had moved the heaven and the earth to discover her? If tears were rain and not the bitter acid shower which scalded my face like a caustic, roses would have sprung to life around her dying pillow; and that golden hair so dabbled—'

'Take my head in your arms, my dear George,' she said faintly. 'Take my child in your arms, too. Kiss me—kiss the baby. You love us, do you not? God bless you! God protect you! Do not separate us. Do not forget us. I have borne much—but I loved you so dearly; and I forgive every one, as I hope to be forgiven.'

The rough soldiers turned away, and one or two wiped their eyes furtively.—A few sturdy but suspicious "hems" sounded suspiciously, and they inverted their faces.

'Little Alice,' I said, 'are you going without me? Well, I won't wait long.'

'I am only going before you,' she said and I felt that she was speaking the truth. 'I am going before you; clasp me closer—let me feel your lips—lift up my head—put my baby's mouth to mine,—and—' and so she died, my lads! and for an hour after I held her baby in my bosom till I felt it cold. It was dead, too!—There was a long, deep, impressive pause, and again he went on.

'They had made my heart desolate, wrecked, and void; and I—I, in turn, desolated their household, and wrecked their peace forever. As they had two passions to feed and foster,—the most boundless love for me, their only child, and a pride which, God forgive them! they had also given to me, and the latter the greater, they sacrificed me to that pride. Well, I trampled on their pride. They knelt to me in the dust and ashes of humility, and I scorned them. They offered me a bride the fairest of the land, and I laughed at them. They could not give me a little Alice, and I had nothing else to ask for. I had a grand funeral from that workhouse for my wife and child and I put my name on her coffin-lid, and after that day I forgot that I had avenged Alice, for their house is a house of mourning, and the world is to them, as to me—a sepulchre.'

'And this is the reason my boys, that I don't care for anything that comes or goes, that happens or does not happen—I want to be dead. I want to sleep, for my eyes burn so at night, I do not close them; I do not see little Alice, my golden-haired little wife; and I only clasp in my arms the dead baby, till the drum or trumpet wakes me up, and then I have only the bullet that hits me, to look for.'

It has not come yet, but to-morrow I will have better luck; and so hand me the brandy!'

He took a deep, deep draught, and a strong hectic hue came into his white cheeks. The soldiers were deeply shocked, and their rude emotions made their hearts throb painfully in their broad chests.

'If none of you can match that story,' said the soldier, 'go to sleep and don't disturb me; I am going to dream of my Alice and her child again,' and he fell back on his side and a mournful wind swept wailing by, as if it had been the voice of the dead.

## A Few of the Ancient Blue Laws.

A friend has furnished us a copy of some of the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut, which we here insert. They may be a curiosity to many of our readers:

The Governor and Magistrates, convened in general assembly, are the supreme power, under God, this independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly, no appeal shall be made.

Whoever says there is a power and jurisdiction above and over this dominion, shall suffer death and loss of property.

The Governor is amenable to the voice of the people.

The Governor shall have a single vote in determining any question, except a casting vote when the assembly shall be equally divided.

The assembly of the people shall not be dismissed by the Governor, but shall dismiss itself.

Conspirators, attempting to change or overturn this dominion shall suffer death.

The judge shall determine controversy without a jury.

No one shall be a freeman or give a vote unless he be a member in full communion with one of the churches allowed in this dominion.

No one shall hold any office who is not found in faith, and faithful to his denunciation; and whoever gives a vote for such a person shall pay a fine of twenty shillings for the first offence; and for the second he shall be disfranchised.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God, to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only king.

No Quaker, or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrate or any other officer.

No lodging or food shall be offered to a Quaker, Adamate or other heretic.

Whoever sets a fire in the woods and burns a house shall suffer death; shall be imprisoned without the benefit of bail.

No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or Saint's day, make minced pies, play cards, dance or play any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and jewsharp.

No minister shall join people in marriage—the magistrate only shall join people in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's Church.

When parents refuse their children a convenient marriage, the magistrate is to determine the point.

The selectmen on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents and put them into better hands at the expense of their parents.

Fornication shall be punished by compelling marriage, or as the court shall think proper.

Adultery shall be punished with death.

A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of ten pounds.

A woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without first obtaining consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second; and for the third an imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

Married persons must live together or be imprisoned.

Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.—*History of Connecticut.*

Note.—The above laws were originally printed on blue paper, on which account they were called the Blue Laws of New England.

## An Election Story.

Years ago, in a certain county in Pennsylvania, the northern part of which was peopled by the descendants of Germans, politics were running high, though merely on local questions. The opposing candidates of the Whig and the Democrat parties were both lawyers. One a Democrat nicknamed Dignity Brown, and the other a Whig, known to his brother lawyers and the public as Volunteer Davis, and sometimes as 'With-all-due-deference Davis.'

Election was drawing near—a meeting was appointed by the Democratic wire-pullers, to be held in the upper portion of the county, for the purpose of making sure of the German interest. Our friend, Dignity Brown, had never been in this region of his county to be known, nor had the inhabitants been at court often enough to distinguish one lawyer from another.—As witnesses they hated them all alike, and as jurymen they admired all alike.—He had never been among these people, we say, but as the contest was approaching, and the chances for Dignity's staying at home or going to Washington being evenly balanced, it seemed necessary that the Germans should be aroused to a sense of their duty and danger. Accordingly the call for the meeting had been published.

Now on the meeting day—or rather evening—it happened, altogether accidentally, that our Whig candidate, Volunteer Davis, was returning from a conference with his friends of 'the upper end.' Twilight was just melting into night as he drove up to the tavern where the meeting was held, at which he thought unobservedly, to stop a few minutes to refresh his horse and himself, and pick up a few points in Dignity's harangue for a speech when a Whig meeting should be held.

As he drove up, fingers were pointed at him, short conferences held, some of the untrifled were smiling, and others laughing outright, until Volunteer Davis began to joke they meditated some practical joke upon him for thus coming as a spy into his enemy's country, when all at once his doubts were relieved by the appearance of a committee of two who simultaneously took him by the hand, plying each arm vigorously in the pump-handle and cross-cut style, saying at the same time, 'Welcome Mishter Brown, and up went three lusty cheers from the "lion-hearted Democracy.'

'On! ho!' thought our hero; 'sits the wind in that quarter? Well here goes; I'll do 'once my friend but now my foe, a bit of service. I'll make a speech for him! If any mischief's done, why I'll prove an alibi, if fortunately these mistaken men don't take out a writ of Habeas Corpus for my body before I am done.'

The meeting was organized—while Davis was hurriedly refreshing himself, concocting a speech, and trembling less the Simon Pure, Dignity Brown, should appear. But that individual was in blissful ignorance of the state of things at Grundle Town, for having stopped at the tavern of a good Whig, he found, after travelling a mile, that his lynchpin was gone and there was no getting along without it. No blacksmith was nearer

than the one at the inn he had just left—so back he trudged to have the loss repaired while the opposing general was in his very camp. All this was accidental, of course, and it was accidental that the blacksmith was half an hour making the pin, and that he should burn his fingers so seriously in the job, that the apprentice should finish it—accidental that all resulted in a detention of Brown for two hours from the road.

In the meantime affairs were approaching a crisis at Grundle Town.

Davis is beginning his peroration—his German friends are all ear. 'Follow citizens, with all due deference to the opinions which men entertain concerning their own language, I frankly tell you that I can see neither wit nor sense in German.' Looks of astonishment from his auditors. 'So much am I convinced of this that I introduced a resolution last winter against printing our laws in German.' Much feeling evinced, and here and there a low murmur of dissatisfaction. 'But I intend this winter to bring forward a more strenuous regulation. I shall abolish German schools! Cries of 'Trow him mit eggs!'

'Schlag him on the koff!' and similar pleasant and re-assuring remarks came thick and fast. 'If a man can't speak English, I intend he shall have no vote!' Dunder and blitzen, donner mit dorio, and the gentlest of the last arguments of an incensed crowd, an egg spread its golden hues over his breast like a gorgeous sunflower growing out of his vest pocket. It was time to be gone. 'And with all due deference,' shouted he as he made a retrograde movement, 'if any man, after the year 1836, teach his child German, I shall have him imprisoned!' He had to run for his life. Imprecations, stones, and clubs, were behind him thick as hail, and the cloud whence they had come was following.

The landlord, who had been busy in his bar, had heard none of the obnoxious sentiments of his favorite candidate, was thunderstruck to see him flying through the house, followed by the yelling crowd, and not knowing how to gain a knowledge sooner spread himself between the pursuers and the pursued, crying 'Lilber Himmel, was is?' The crowd had no time to answer, but the burly figure of mine host obstructed them sufficiently to give Davis time to mount his horse, a fleet little animal that could not easily be overtaken.

A pursuit was attempted, but the crowd finding it in vain, sulkily dispersed without going back to the scene of the difficulty, but swearing eternal hatred to Brown and all his kith and kin forever.

This ill-ventured individual rode up to the town about two hours after this fatal blow had been struck at his fortune, but finding the inn closed concluded that the meeting had adjourned in despair of seeing him that night, and so he quietly turned his horse and jogged on homeward.

At the election he was surprised to find that Grundle Town, a rock of Democracy in former times, had gone dead against him, with the exception of the landlord, who never could rightly understand the matter. Davis kept his own counsel, and held his place in congress for three years. It is not reported that he ever volunteered a speech for any one since.

## India Rubber.

The Scientific American says that the adaptation of purified white India rubber to the manufacture of artificial teeth, gums and palates, has been patented in England. Many advantages, hitherto deemed unattainable are contained in this substance. The adhesion is complete; it can be moulded with perfection to suit every inequality of surface, and supplies an artificial periosteum, as it were, to the teeth, when they become painful by the wasting away of the gum. Improvements have also been made in the manufacture of India rubber thread. It has been discovered that threads of this material, if heated while on the stretch, do not shrink back to their former dimensions; and by repeated stretchings and heatings, any degree of fineness can be produced. In this way about 65,000 yards, or 37 miles of thread may be obtained from a single kilogramma (a little more than two pounds), of rubber.—The proprietor of a factory in Grenelle (155 miles) of this thread daily. The superiority of the threads produced by the new method, is that they are perfectly round. Rubber is certainly getting to be a very useful auxiliary to the comfort of man. We have, or soon shall have, if reports tell true, besides India rubber noses, footballs, and the like, India rubber bedsteads, India rubber railroad cars, India rubber consciences, (an old invention by the way.) India rubber teeth, and India rubber thread! We hope the world will not be peopled by India rubber men, or newspapers filled with India rubber advertising.

A restless genius who went to a Quaker meeting, and after bearing the decorous gravity, as patiently as he could for an hour or two, at last declared he could not stand it any longer. 'Why,' said he, 'it's enough to tire the very D—l out.' 'Yea, friend,' responded an elderly member of the congregation, 'does thee not know that is exactly what we want!'