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Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, Jan. 29, 1843.

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From the Southern Literary Messenger.

SOUR-KROUT.

Hear what a German poet saith, and his are the only words worth following:

German, who relish sour-kROUT
Which no true patriot is without,
Should, for the honor of the land,
Tell how our people make it—and
What is important let them see—
The process of the cookery.

First, take the largest cabbage heads
Out of the lowest sunniest beds,
And then, when frosty days set in,
Put them together in the bin,
Now let your barrel be prepared,
All water tight and nicely aired,
And four weeks ere the Christmas comes
Go down among the Bergen drums;
Cut the stalks close—but mind I pray,
Don't fling a single one away;
For when set out in early spring,
Many a mess of sprouts they'll bring.

Now pick out rotten leaves, and such
As make the heads spread out too much;
And after cutting them in quarters,
Wash them well out in two good waters,
For many a sly creeping thing,
Will often to the outside cling.
Cut careful out that callous part,
In common parlance called the heart,
And on a table, boards or trough,
Lay them to drain the water off.

Soon as night comes, call in the men—
You must not tax a woman then—
For sour-kROUT making is hard work,
And must be finished in a jerk.
The kROUT machine is hired out,
And each horse takes an hour about.
At seven o'clock, to-morrow you
Get it, perhaps from twelve to two,
And so the neighbors use the power,
For a whole week, from hour to hour.

The cutter has four blades, they lie
Close to each other slantingly,
Two quartered cabbages are driven
Across the blades, until they're driven
By one man's hands, in shreds so small
That down between the knives they fall.
A tub receives them; there they lie,
Until the man who's standing by,
Finds there is quite enough to make
A good deep layer for the brake.

Or powder. Now the important part
Of sour-kROUT making is the art
By which we all avoid the fault
Of too hard pounding—too much salt.
As to the salt—three pints is what
We to a hundred heads allot;
But vulgar minds, who love to drink,
After a sour-kROUT dinner—think
A peck of salt will scarcely do
To saturate the barrel through.

Now when you have a layer in,
Sprinkle the salt evenly, but thin;
Then gently pound away, not stop
Until the layers have reached the top;
Over this stretch a strong white cloth,
Four double, to receive the froth,
Across this put two sticks—which done,
Lay down a heavy, broad flat stone,
Put a cover up the head,
Then eat your supper and go to bed.

In a few days the pickle rises,
Which the experienced eye perceives,
(As well by this as by the smell)
That fermentation goes on well.
On Christmas morn the good grow goes,
(She only has to follow her nose.)
A good piece of clean earthen pan,
With tub of water in the van,
First she skins off the thick white froth,
Then throws the stone and sticks and cloth,
Into the tub—her ready hand,
Drags up the golden treasure—and
Fills up the dish, unsparingly,
For hungry folks enough there'll be,
And now she nicely washes out
The cloth which lay upon the kROUT,
As well as sticks and stones—and then,
She covers up the cask again.
This process she goes through each day,
When a kROUT dinner comes in play.

Now comes the important part at last,
To insure a genuine rich repast,
First goes the sour-kROUT in the pot,
And in the middle of the lot
A goodly piece of pork appears,
Parboiled the day before. She fears
The mess will be too salt. And now
In goes four pounds of beef—I vow
Next comes a tough old cock, and he
Will help to make all savory.

On goes the pot, the water's in;
To spoil it now would be a sin;
Slightly it simmers—near at hand,
With skimmer, dut', the good vew stand,
To take the scum off. This well done,
The cover closely is put on.
Five hours it slowly boils—if fast,
'Twill only be a mush at last,
When nearly done, she on the kROUT
Lays links of sausage about.

Off goes the pot, she laughs and brags,
The tough old cock is boiled to rags;
But that she puts aside—the poor
Will soon be at the kitchen door.
With face like scarlet and with eyes
As bright as diamonds, up she rises,
And proudly, to the table brings
A dish that's fit to nourish kings.
Gods of Ambrosia make a rout;
But what is that to sour-kROUT!

Black Eyes and Blue.

Black eyes most dazle at a ball;
Blue eyes most please at evening fall;
The black a conquest soonest gain;
The blue a conquest never retain;
The black bespeak a lively heart;
Whose soft emotions soon depart;
The blue a staidler face betray,
That burns and lives beyond a day.
The black may features best disclose;
In blue may feelings all repose.
Then let each reign without control—
The black all stir—the blue all soul!

From the Lycoming Gazette.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

A SHORT CHAPTER FOR THE YOUNG.

The following note, addressed to Lieutenant Wallace, was inserted in the Harrisburg Telegraph, of the 6th inst. Read it carefully:

"HARRISBURG, Nov. 2, 1842.

LIEUTENANT WALLACE:—By publishing the following 'Advice' to young men, accompanied by your comments upon it, you would much oblige one of your readers. I think I know your sentiments too well, to suppose that you concur with the 'Star.' A woman of worth will not, however warmly she may love, bestow her hand upon a man unsought; and at times for the purpose of testing the sincerity of that love which seeks her hand, she may seem to refuse, though her heart reproaches her for so doing. Is not a woman under such circumstances excusable? and would not a man who truly loved renew his suit? Men are altogether too sensitive on this point, and appear perfectly disheartened at the least obstacle that opposes them. They consider the 'sack'—as they term it—the worst thing in the world, and no sooner do they hear of it, than they instantly give up in despair, or turn upon their heels, crying 'I've caught it,' 'I've caught it.'

Should you be unable to come to a conclusion upon it, be good enough to refer it to your cousin of the Lycoming Gazette.

With the greatest respect for you, &c.

MARIA.

Subjoined is the "Advice" alluded to. It is copied from the Richmond Star:

"ADVICE.—If you ask a gal to have you, and she says 'no,' don't for gracious sake ask her again. If you do, she might twit you about it, when you growl because the toast is burned and the coffee isn't. Take our word for it, if you ain't worth snapping up, reasonably quick, you had better open shop at some other place. We know it strains one's gizzard, awfully, to want a pretty lump of human flesh, for which the spirit burns—but then, hang it man, you must grin and endure it, if she don't sigh right off when you squeeze her fist, and blush, vermillion deep, her stammering consent. Beg a man to give you a cast-off shirt, but never beg a woman to pick you up, like an old stick. Don't go in for compassion—but strike for the hearing, wheezing, glorious, extatic delight of true Love, and not a peg less.—Them's our remarks on the subject."

The Harrisburg Telegraph comments on the above after this fashion:

"We fully concur with the fair 'Maria' that Corporal Streeter, of the Star is wrong—and that a woman that jumps at the offer, as if it was the first and the last chance she expected ever to have, would not give to the gentleman the pleasure he would realize from a hard chase. Also, if a gentleman gives up the suit upon being rebuffed, by a hesitating, unwilling refusal, he is not worthy of the hand and heart of a spirited, sensible woman. But our judgment is fallible, and we turn the subject over to the serious consideration of Colonel Carter of the Lycoming Gazette, agreeing to take his judgment as law incontrovertible on this point. Our experience has been quite too limited to set our judgment on such a question."

As this important subject is left to our serious consideration—no appeal to be taken—we shall treat it with all the dignity and delicacy it demands.

Girls are queer little animals—angels, we intended to have said; and we love 'em all, in spite of their faults, folly, and flitting. We have "popped the question" at least a dozen times; and a dozen times have we been refused. These frequent reverses have not engendered a feeling of despair; and, strange as it may sound, we are on as good terms with ourselves as ever. We rather attribute this want of success to a want of taste and discernment on the part of certain fair ones; and dark as the prospect now is, we entertain a faint hope that perhaps at some distant, distant day, we may yet woo and win some young, middle aged or even old lady, worthy of our small means but extensive prospects; worthy of our high standing, (six feet in our socks,) and worthy of those graces of mind and person, which we are supposed by many to possess. But this is an episode—only indulged in, to show our dear 'Maria,' that the decision of this momentous question has been left to a person who has had some experience in the wayward, strange, queer, puzzling, provoking, perplexing, incomprehensible, and capricious ways of lovely woman! Now, to the text.

If a gentleman should meet with a repulse—a refusal—it is wholly and solely his own fault. It is in his power to ascertain the state of the lady's feelings, before he "unbosoms" himself. But how! Of course, she will never make a tender confession in tender words or tender looks. O, no! She will use every little artifice to convince him that she does not care two straws for him; but if she really loves, she betrays the existence of the tender passion in a hundred different ways in the presence of the

"dear object." If she meets the "object" in the street, she tries to look cold and composed; but blushes to her temples. If they should be left alone, and are in close proximity, they become execrably embarrassed; have a sort of choking sensation about the throat—trembling of limbs—faltering of words—changing of color, &c., &c. If he admires any peculiar mode of wearing the hair—any particular style of dress, he will discover that she innocently and unconsciously enough accommodates herself to his fancy. If, on entering the room, she is the last to look up, the last to greet his approach, he may set it down as a very favorable symptom. We might go on, adding other favorable symptoms, *ad infinitum*; but we have furnished enough for all useful purposes.

If, then, a gentleman finds a lady in the state which we have attempted to describe he may propose with perfect safety. He must be careful as to time and place. The season of sunshine and flowers is the time—when mountain and hill, plain and valley, are clothed in the richest verdure—when the birds carol forth their songs of joy and love—when the balmy winds of the South give color to the cheek, and life to the step—when the sweet murmuring of the running brook breaks upon the silence of the forest—when the rosy goddess of the morn bathes the smiling landscape in one stream of golden effulgence—when the eyes become soft, tender, and dewy, and the lowing of herds proclaim the close of day—when each field speaks of joy and plenty, when every trembling leaf whispers of love—O then, is the time! As to the place—in some secluded walk, where there is no possibility of interruption. Tremblingly place her delicate, white, soft hand, within your own mutton fist, pop the question, and murmur into expecting ears vows of love and constancy! If she is a sensible, candid, off-handed sort of girl, she will say, "yes," and thank you. If she is a timid, loving girl, she will probably burst into tears, hide her head in your bosom, and refer you to her "pappy." If she is a foolish girl, she will say "yes" eagerly, and jump up and kiss you. If she is a coquetish girl, she will look pleased, but pretend to be astonished, and it will require many succeeding interviews before you are able to make her "define her position."

True love, we all know, is difficult, and the question is frequently "popped," without the "popper" knowing what the complexion of the answer will be from the "poppee." If the lady hears you coolly and unmoved—betray no alarm—no embarrassment—no soft flattering of the heart, hand, and voice—and blasts your hopes by the polite utterance of the terrifically terrible monosyllable "no," we advise you immediately to get on your feet again—carefully brush the dirt off your knees—take your hat in your hand, bow politely and indifferently to the lady, as if the disappointment was not so great as she expected—walk yourself off to your lodgings, light a cigar, take a stiff brandy cork tuck, dwell on the imperfections of the sex, the blessings of a bachelor's life, and it is probable you will soon forget her. It must be evident that she don't care a copper about you. It is true, by dogged perseverance, you might eventually obtain her consent; but, in nine cases out of ten, hearts do not accompany hands won that way. But if the lady says "no" when all her looks and actions say "yes," do not, we beseech you, tear your hair, and fly off in a tangent. The hook has caught, and by giving her plenty of line, and playing with her delicately and scientifically, you can in good time draw her to your arms, as she blushing confesses the power and potency of your charms. A booby of a fellow, now, might spoil all, in this stage of the proceedings, by his haste or tardiness, and the fair one escape his unskillful hands to be caught in the net of some old sportsman.

Them's our sentiments, dear "Maria," given in a roundabout way, to be sure; but still honestly given, and given for the especial benefit of the young and inexperienced. That's all.

The New York Mercury has the following brief chapter on the peculiarities of language which mark the difference between an Englishman and an American.

When an Englishman wishes to offer a wager he says, "I'll lay you what you like." The American, "I'd bet you a dollar." "We went on a jolly spree," says Jonathan. "We had a bit of a lark," says Johnny Bull. American: "I'm busy now." Englishman: "I'm busy just now." American: "He's an odd chap." Englishman: "He's a rum customer." American: "He's got very angry." Englishman: "He got so wild!" American: "Well, ye see, we went then, ye see." Englishman: "Well, ye know, we went back, ye know," &c.

The English generally use the word 'clever' in its proper sense, whereas we substitute 'smart'; but how the cockneys ever came to pronounce *hill*, *ill*, and *it* 'hill', and say *no* 'think' instead of 'nothing', is more than we can imagine.

Parental care of Children.

We occasionally find a lady, who is the kind friend of all the young mothers in the village. I was once acquainted with such a lady, and can speak of her friendly service with great gratitude, and have reason to know that many others can do the same.

I remember the lady used to say, that in the first few weeks of a child's existence was generally laid the foundation of its constitution, and often of its character through life. "Attend to it yourselves," was always her advice to mothers; "keep it moderately warm, and scrupulously clean. Feed it from your own bosom, and do not overload its tender stomach with heavy and unsuitable food.—Never be tempted to procure it sleep by means of heating cordials or poisonous drugs. Attend to all its little wants, and keep it thoroughly comfortable, and then it will sleep as much as is necessary or beneficial. Do not grudge good nursing for a few months; the liveliest children are soon out of hand. Do not drag it about, and attempt to make it walk before it has strength and knowledge to guide itself. Let its limbs be free and easy, and it will be sure to walk all in good time." I once asked her how early she thought a child could be made to mind, because I had heard some women say it was of no consequence how a child was humored the first few months while it knew no better. She replied, "If a child can be humored it can be managed; and whatever silly people may say about its knowing no better, its crying when any thing is done for it, or when it wants to get hold of anything, is just the trial whether the child or the parent shall be the master. You will soon find, when you wash and dress your child, if you leave off for its crying, next day it will cry louder; but if you go quietly on, the child will soon be quiet too. If you put the child to pain, there would be a reason for its crying, but washing and dressing, if properly done, do not hurt it, but are very refreshing to it. What can it cry for, except it be to get its own way! This, then, is the easiest time for teaching it that it cannot have its own way, but must be content with something better—and you can hardly imagine how valuable this lesson, thoroughly learned in infancy, will be to the child in future life."

Another of this lady's rules was this—"If children are to be made obedient and tractable both parents must be of one mind. If one denies an indulgence and the other grants—or if one corrects and the other pities and soothes, and says, 'Poor thing! I did not mean any harm,' the children are not likely to regard either parent. It is the father's part to insist upon it that the children obey their mother, both in his presence and in his absence, and the mother's part to teach them to love and respect their father. By this means both may hope to maintain their just authority, and to preserve order and harmony in their family." I set down some more of her sayings. "Remember your children are born with inclinations, which soon show themselves in a spirit of selfishness. This you must very early resist, not only by making them to be kind one to another, and to find pleasure in giving up a thing they like for the gratification of another. This is the way to make them beloved by others, and happy in themselves. Whatever you do, set a good example before your children. Never say a word or do an action that you would not like them to imitate. Be not hasty or passionate in correcting them. When you find it necessary to correct, let the child see that it is according to the sin of the action committed, not according to the inconvenience it may occasion you—and make your children sensible, by your calm, serious and affectionate manner, that you correct them from the sense of duty, and a desire for their real advantage.

"Never deceive children in the smallest matter or the greatest. Never promise that which you cannot perform or which you do not intend to perform. Never get them to act as you wish by telling them a thing is different from what it really is, or by any foolish threats of 'an old man,' 'black man,' 'a chimney sweeper,' 'ghost,' &c. It is foolish to make them fear what has no being, and wicked to make them fear or hate what does exist, but would never injure them. People talk of 'white lies' to children; there are no white lies; but some of the blackest are those which, by deceiving children, teach to practice lying and deceit themselves. A trick helps once, but hinders ever after. If you tell a child that bitter physic is sweet, you may get it to take it that once; but do not think he will ever believe you again, or what is of more consequence still, do you think you can ever convince him that there is any harm in telling a falsehood, when he can gain his purpose by doing so!

"Have no favorite, but treat all your children alike, according as their circumstances require, and their conduct deserves. If children are treated alike when all things are equal, it enables the parents to make a difference with advantages when circumstances require. Family at Home.

FROM HAMILTON'S RESEARCHES IN ASIA MINOR.

USE OF CHAIRS IN ASIA MINOR.—This was bazaar or market day; and as we rode through the town on our way to Niksar, we saw exposed for sale many decently manufactured four-legged chairs. I had never seen them used in the houses, and it was long before I ascertained the purpose to which they were applied by the peasants. Corn is thrashed in Asia Minor, as in some other parts of the East, by dragging a heavy board stack full of sharp flints over the straw, on which, in order to increase the pressure, a man or a couple of boys generally stand; but, besides the difficulty of keeping their balance, this is a fatiguing operation, and therefore they sit on a chair whenever they can procure one.

FLATTERERS BIT.—Many anecdotes were current at Smyrna respecting Hussein Bey, the Governor, who had the character of being the most notorious and rapacious money-maker in the empire. Some of his expedients are worth recording as instances of Turkish manners. He possesses a large house and garden, near Burnoulat, which produces excellent fruit, and in which two years ago he had a most abundant crop of cherries. Anxious to sell them to advantage, he sent for the principal fruiterers to value them; who were all equally desirous of propitiating the Governor by praising his fruit. They vied with each other in estimating the quantity as well as the quality, and ended by congratulating Hussein Bey on his good fortune and success. But they did not know whom they had to deal with; for no sooner had he got them to declare unanimously that his cherries were worth some highly preposterous sum, than he invited them to their bargain, and declared they should not leave his house until they had bought his fruit at the price they had named. Remonstrance was useless, and they were compelled to pay the penalty of their flattery.

PAYMENTS IN TURKEY.—It is contrary to all the habits and practices of Turkish society or domestic life to pay an inferior; he is merely lodged and fed, and occasionally receives a present. The usual mode by which a Paeha Agia, or Governor remunerates his followers, is by sending them to some neighboring town or district, to convey an order, to receive taxes, or to settle a dispute; in these cases the town, village, or district, is charged with the payment of a certain sum to the bearer, according to the distance and importance of the business, the amount being generally written on the order. This explains how the Turkish Governors are enabled to support so many and such large establishments.

BITTER REWARD OF CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.

—A wretch named Dr. Peake, known by many persons in Memphis, he having spent a part of last summer here, was recently killed in Columbia, Arkansas, by Lieut. Wilcox, of the United States Army, under the following circumstances. Peake several months since, with an interesting little daughter of hers, about three years old. The injured husband searched for them until he found them.—He walked into Peake's house, told him his business, saying to him he was welcome to the woman, but he wanted his child; and although threatened by Peake, took his little girl and went into the tavern.—Peake soon followed, went to Wilcox's room and threatened to kill him if he did not give him the child back. Wilcox told him not to enter his room door, or he would kill him.—Peake rushed his hand into his bosom for a pistol, when Wilcox, being quicker, drew his and shot him down, afterwards run him through with a Bowie knife. He went before a magistrate and was acquitted. Peake deserved his fate, and a more lasting and painful punishment. Wilcox and his wretched wife, we learn, had lived happily together for fifteen years, when the beguiling serpent entered the domestic paradise, and with the poison of seduction, changed it into a hell of wretchedness. O, how miserable that woman! An outcast on the world, forsaken by a wronged husband, bereft of her children and her demoniacal seducer, unpitied and unnoticed except by the finger of scorn, she still exists, buried in crime and wretchedness, the weight of which must soon crush her were the pitying earth will cover her shame and her woe from the thro' of man. The wretched husband, still kind to the mother of his child, left provision for her winter's maintenance. This was noble in him. Memphis Eagle.

MEMPHIS EAGLE.

STRAYS.—We commend the following to the attention of such of our fair readers as find fault with gentlemen who will not use straps: Dr. Smith, of the Medical and Surgical Journal, says tight straps under the feet, when the leg is flexed, press the knee-pan so forcibly into the cavity of the joint, that it is by no means strange that there are numerous instances of weakness, rheumatic pains, and soreness of muscles.

DEFINING HIS POSITION.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, who styles himself "PARDON JONES, Currier and so on," and who has been writing letters to the Pic. for the last twelve months, has lately taken it into his head to run for Congress. He says "Mister Tyler and the rest of my friends in Washington has fixed it so's't to have a vacant, desceerick at this State (Louisiana) tho' nobody don't know 'zactly what part of the State it's to be in. I shall therefore run on the giral ticket." Among the many promises made to the "free and independent voters of Louisiana" by this military aspirant after civil honors, we extract a few of the most prominent.—The "Currier" says:—

"I shall make a motion, as quick as I go into Congress, to have all the levees built by the United States, and mean to have few chains run across the river, to the Balize and to the upper part of the State, so's't every ship and steamboat that don't belong to this glorious State can't enter into it without it pays toll, and the money shall be divided among the voters. I mean to have a steamboat law past here Congress, if I'm elected, regulatin the price of freight in Louisiana, so's't every planter can have his crop carried to New Orleans for half price, and his formerly necessaries kerried to him for nothin, and his passage throwed in.—All steamboat captings that votes in this State shall be exempt from the law, and shall be allowed the rate to charge as much as they've a mind to. I'll present a bill to have the militia officers of this State (if they're voters) paid by the United States, the same as if they belonged to the reg'lar army, on account of our bein so near Mexico. As to a National Bank, I shall agree fully with Mister Clay and Mister Van Buren about that, and will have few branches 'tablished in this State. About the Distribushun and Bankrupt laws I shall take the same patriotic course. The money that Congress gets by selling live oak off of the public lands in this State shall be 'propriated for the diffusion of usefull knowledge 'mong the rising generation of the voters of our beloved State. I shall, if I'm elected, intrigue with the President to have John Quincy Adams sent on a forrin mission to Africa, and will make the Postmaster General run a daily mail all up and down the coast. The army and navy, and civil departments shall appoint a putty good sheer of their officers from 'mongst the voters of Louisiana."

HOW TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—Take a piece of flannel, moisten it with a little milk, rub it on a cake of nice hard soap, and then apply it to the soiled part of the glove. As soon as you have removed the dirt, rub the kid with a dry piece of flannel. Care must be taken not to make the glove too wet. In these hard times people scour up and make every thing go as far as they can.

A LONG COURTSHIP FINALLY CONCLUDED.—In

Locke, Cayuga county, N. Y., on the 22d of November, by Levi Henry, Esq., Seth Stevens, Esq., of Hartford, Cortland county, to Miss Sylvia Heath, daughter of Benjamin Heath, Esq., of the former place. This interesting marriage took place after a nineteen years' courtship! Mr. Stevens is a man of 61 years of age, and the fair bride 51. The young bridegroom has visited his bride once a month during the above mentioned time, which amounts to 232 visits, a distance of 20 miles which will make 9,670 miles travel, occupying 464 days. The str'ppling and his 'lady love,' probably had aw'ple time to become acquainted.

THE BETTER WAY.—A Mr. Wright was

married to a Miss Betterway in some parts unknown in this State. An exchange paper says that Mr Wright had no doubt read Pope's Universal Prayer, particularly the following verse of it.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Gild in the right to star;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find the better way.

HUSBANDRY.—A man with eleven daughters

was lately complaining that he found it hard to live. "You must husband your time," said the other, "and then you will do well enough." "I could do much better," was the reply, "if I could husband my daughters."

MEMORISM.—"Am you willin if I mesmerize you, Sambo?"

"Sartin I is Cuffy."

Here follow the passes, quite a la-Mesmer, and the "community of sensation" is soon established.

"Is you gone to sleep, Sambo?"
"Yes, Cuffy, fust asleep!"
"Well, den, what hab I got in my mouff?"
tasting a bit of sugar.

"How dibil I know Cuffy! I'm fast asleep."
"Gawl darn it!" says a Yankee "I feel hungry enough to eat a horse and sand cart and chase the driver half a mile."