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THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

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Jeffersonian Republican.

Pew Talk and Church Scandal.

That tall young fellow's here to-day!

I wonder what's his name!

His eyes are fixed upon our pew—

Do look at Sally Dame.

Who is that lady dressed in green?

It can't be Mrs. Leach:

There's Mr. Jones with Deacon Giles!

I wonder if he'll preach!

Lend me you fan; it is so warm,

We both will sit to prayers.

Mourning becomes the widow James—

How Mary's bonnet flares!

Do look at Nancy Sloper's veil!

It's full a breadth too wide;

I wonder if Susannah Ayres,

Appears to-day as bride!

Lord! what a voice Jane Rice has got!

Oh, how the organ roars!

I'm glad we've left the singers' seats—

How hard Miss Johnson stores!

What ugly shawls those are, in front!

Did you observe Ann Wild?

Her new straw bonnet's trimmed with black,

I guess she's lost a child.

I'm half asleep—that Mr. Jones!

His sermons are so long:

This afternoon we'll stay at home,

And practice that new song.

A Temperance Story.

The following excellent temperance story is told by the editor of the Grand River Eagle:

"We were highly amused yesterday. On the bridge that passes the tumbling waters of the Grand Rapids we met a hale old man, with eleven sons, seven daughters, thirty-seven grandchildren, and his own wife, (the only one he ever had,) with numerous horses, carts, wagons, oxen, cows, and furniture of very antiquated appearance, among which were to be seen cradles for babies, cradles for grain, spinning-wheels, pots, kettles, and almost every thing requisite for a settlement such as fifty-seven blood relations will make in the Grand River county. After stopping the train and making many inquiries, we asked the old gentleman what use there could be of a bottomless jug which was carefully laid in a safe place among his domestic equipments, and received the following reply:

"Why, sir, I am a man of many years and lots of children, and have worked other people's land all my days; paid for four to nine bushels of grain an acre rent; for so doing have all that time used a jug with a hole in it, and I got sick of feedin' other people with my hands, either land or rum-seller; so I sent seven of my boys to Mexico to fight for some land, and they all got back safe, after fightin' with Gen. Taylor, time enough to vote for him, and they got seven quarter-sections of land, that, please God, will be our own without rent. And now, that old jug you see there (pointing at the bottomless thing) shall hold all the whiskey or rum that will be used in my whole family while I control 'em, because old General Taylor told my son John that a jug without a bottom was the best kind of a jug to put liquor in, and if he was my son John he'd serve all the jugs to him just as they did the Mexicans—take away their power to kill us.—Good day."

DEAFNESS.—James Yearsley, an English surgeon, has discovered, according to the Medical Examiner, a curious and efficient mode of relief for deafness resulting from scarlet fever. &c. to cases where the drum of the ear has been broken. It is simply to moisten a small pellet of raw cotton, and gently push it down the passage of the ear till it produces the best hearing. This adjusting is necessary, else it may make the deafness at first only greater. Moisture is indispensable. The cotton should be changed every morning. Many other cases are cited as proof.

Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D.

The public, through the newspapers, has been pretty generally informed that this lady was a regular student of Geneva Medical College, and received the diploma of that institution at its last Commencement. As she is the first medical doctor of her sex in the United States, the case is, naturally enough, one of those questionable matters upon which there must be a great variety of opinions, and the public sentiment is, besides, influenced by the partial and inaccurate statements of facts and conjectures which usually supply the place of correct information.

Miss B. is 28 years of age. She was born in the city of Bristol, England. Her father settled with his family in New York when she was about 11 years old. After a residence there of five or six years, he failed in business, and moved to Cincinnati. A few weeks after his arrival there he died, leaving his widow and nine children in very embarrassed circumstances. Elizabeth, the third daughter, was then 17 years, and assisted two of her sisters in teaching a young lady's seminary. By the joint efforts of the elder children, the younger members of the family were supported and educated, and a comfortable homestead on Walnut Hill was secured for the family. The property which, in the midst of their first difficulties, they had the forecast to purchase, has already quadrupled the price which it cost them. I give this for the illustration of character which it affords.

The enterprise of these young ladies is still farther indicated by the next steps which they severally took. Anna, the eldest, some years ago took up her residence in the city of New York, where she has until lately worked at the trade of periodical authorship, French translator, and composer of music. She is now in England, under an engagement with a publisher there to translate the whole of Fourier's works. She was selected for this task for her very high ability in French translation, and the excellence of her English style. Another sister Emily, is teaching a boy's school in Cincinnati, preparing them for college in the departments of Mathematics and the classic languages. And Elizabeth after two or three years' hard labor and study in North and South Carolina, and two years more, exclusively devoted to the study of medicine, in Philadelphia and Geneva, has her medical diploma in her pocket.

About five years ago she first entertained the idea of devoting herself to the study of medicine. Having taken the resolution, she went vigorously to work to effect it. She commenced the study of Greek, and persevered until she could read it satisfactorily, and revived her Latin by devoting three or four hours a day to it, until she had both sufficiently for all ordinary and professional purposes. French she had taught, and studied German to gratify her fondness for its modern literature. The former she speaks with fluency and translates the latter elegantly, and can manage to read Italian prose pretty well.

Early in the spring of 1845, for the purpose of making the most money in the shortest time, she set out for North Carolina, and after some months teaching French and music, and reading medicine with Dr. John Dickson at Asheville, she removed to Charleston. Here she taught music alone, and read industriously under the direction of Dr. Samuel H. Dickson, then a resident of Charleston, and now Professor of practice in the University of New York.

Two years ago she came to Philadelphia, for the purpose of pursuing the study. That Summer, Dr. J. M. Allen, Professor of Anatomy, afforded her excellent opportunities for dissection, in his private anatomical rooms. The Winter following she attended her first full course of lectures at Geneva. The next summer she resided at the Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia, where she had the kindest attentions from Dr. Benedict, the principal physician, and the very large range for observation which its great variety and number of cases afford. Last winter she attended her second course at Geneva, and graduated regularly at the close of the session. Her thesis was upon ship fever, which she had ample opportunities for observing at Blockley. It was so ably written that the Faculty of Geneva determined to give it publication.

It is in keeping with my idea of this story to add that the proceeds of her own industry have been adequate to the entire expense of her medical education—about eight hundred dollars.

In a few weeks she will leave for Paris, with the design of remaining there one or two years, hoping to obtain there still greater facilities for the farther study of her profession than this country affords; especially in the department of surgery, which she has had but little opportunity to see.

She will return when this purpose is accomplished, to practice medicine in all its branches, and will probably settle in the City of New York.

National Era.

Taking the Starch out of 'em.

A COLD WATER SKETCH.

A knot of idlers stood upon the end of a pier which ran out into the Hudson River, in one of the small towns near Albany, a few days ago, amusing themselves with hurling stones into the broad stream, each vying with his neighbor in the endeavor to pitch a missile at the furthest distance from the shore, when a tall, rugged built Vermonter, direct from the Green Hills, suddenly made his appearance in their midst, and for awhile remained a quiet observer of their movements.

He was a brawny, strong-looking Yankee, and was decently clad. The efforts of the little party had been exhibited over and over again, when the stranger quietly picked up half a brick which lay near him, and giving it a jerk, it fell in the water a long way beyond the line which had not as yet been reached by the foremost of the crowd. At the conclusion of this feat, a loud "bravo!" went up from a half-dozen voices around him.

It was a cold clear day in October, and the men determined not to be out-done, renewed their attempts; but the Vermonter, without saying a syllable to any one, continued to pitch the pebbles far out into the stream, which seemed to annoy one of them in a green jacket, the apparent leader of the gang, who declared, he wouldn't be beaten by a "foller right strait out 'o the woods, no how," and sidling up to the stranger, he determined to make his acquaintance.

"Where do you come from neighbor?" inquired the other.

"Me? Wal, I hails from Vermont, jes' now friend."

"Haint been in these parts long I reck'n."

Wal—no. Not edzackly, yere—but up and down, sorter."

"Yes—so I 'sposed."

"Yaas," continued the green 'un, carelessly, and seizing a big billet of wood, he twirled it over his head, and it landed several rods from the shore, in the water.

"You've a little strength in your arms neighbor."

"Sum 'pum'kins—is them flippers, stranger. Up in our town more'n a month ago, I driv them are knuckles rite strut thru a board, more'n a ninch-'naff thick!"

"Haw—haw!" shouted the hearers, the man in the green jacket laughing loudest.

"May be you don't b'lieve it."

"Not much," answered the crowd.

"We aint very green down here in York—we aint," said the fellow in the green jacket; "we've been about you see."

"Wal, jes yer look year, friend," continued the Vermonter, in the most plausible manner; "up in our country, we've a purty big river, considerin'—Inyun River, it's called, and may be you've heard on it. Wal, I hove a man clean across the river 'o'other day, and he came down fair and square on to'her side!"

"Ha, ha!" yelled his auditors.

"Wal noaw, you may laff, but I kin deu it a-gin."

"Do what?" said the green jacket quickly.

"I kin take and heave you across that river yonder, jest like a shot."

"Bet you ten dollars on it!"

"Done!" said the Yankee; and drawing forth an X (upon a broken down east bank!) he covered the bragger's shinplaster.

"Kin you swim, feller?"

"Like a duck," said green jacket—and without further parley, the Vermonter seized the knowing Yorker stoutly by the nap of the neck and seat of his pants, jerked him from his foothold, and with an almost superhuman effort, dashed the bully heels over head, from the end of the dock—some ten or more yards out into the Hudson River.

A terrific shout rang through the crowd, as he floundered in the water, and amidst the jeers and screams of his companions, the ducked bulley put back to the shore and scrambled up the bank half frozen by this sudden and involuntary cold bath.

"I'll take that ten-spot, if you please," said the shivering loafer, advancing rapidly to the stake-holder. "You took us for green horns, eh? We'll show you how we do things down here in York!"—and the fellow claimed the twenty dollars.

"Wal, I reck'n you want take no tenspots jes' yet cap'n."

"Why? You've lost the bet."

"Not edzackly. I didn't calculate on deuin it the fust time—but I tell you, I kin deu it."

And again, in spite of the loafer's utmost efforts to escape him he seized him by the scruff and the seat of his overalls, and pitched him three yards, further into the river than upon the first trial.

Again the bulley returned, amid the shouts of his mates, who enjoyed the sport immensely.

"Third time never fails," said the Yankee, stripping off his coat; "I ken deu it, I tell ye."

"Hold on!" shouted the almost petrified victim—

"And I will deu it—if I try till to-morrow mornin'."

"I give it up!" shouted the sufferer, between

his teeth, which now chattered like a mad badger's—take the money!

The Vermonter very coolly pocketed the ten-spot, and as he turned away, remarked:

"We aint much acquainted with you smart folks daoun here'n York, but we sometimes 'take the starch out of 'em' up our way—and 'praps you wont try it on tu strangers again. I reck'n you want," he continued, and putting on a broad grin of good humor, he left the company to their reflections.—Flag of Our Union.

Are the Planets Inhabited?

Are the planets inhabited? is a question which naturally presents itself to the human mind, and for a solution of which we as naturally look to the science of Astronomy. But when the immense distance which separates us even from the nearest of the planets is remembered, it can scarcely be a matter of surprise, when the telescope affords no direct evidence of the question, whether the planets, like the earth, are inhabited globes. Yet though it gives no direct answer to the inquiry, modern Astronomy has collected together a mass of facts, connected by the positions and motions, the physical character and condition, and the parts played in the solar system by the several globes of which that solar system is composed, which form a vast body of analogy, leading the intelligent mind to the conclusion, that the planets are worlds, fulfilling in the economy of the universe the same functions, created by the same Divine hand, for the same moral purposes, and with the same destinies as the earth. Thus, for example we find that those orbs like our own, roll in regulated periods round the sun; that they have nights and days, and successions of seasons, that they are provided with atmosphere, supporting clouds and agitated by winds; and thus, also, their climates and seasons are modified by evaporation, and that showers refresh their surfaces. For we know that wherever the existence of clouds is made manifest, there water must exist; there evaporation must go on; there electricity, with its train of phenomena, must reign; there rain must fall; there hail and snow must descend.

Notwithstanding the dense atmosphere and thick clouds with which Venus and Mercury are constantly enveloped, the telescope has exhibited to us great irregularities on their surfaces; and thus proves the existence of mountains and valleys. But it is upon the planet Mars, which approaches nearest to the earth, that the greatest advances have been made in this department of inquiry. Under favorable circumstances, its disc is seen to be mapped out by a varied outline, some portions being less reflective of light than others, just as water would be less reflective than land. Baer and Meadler, two Prussian astronomers, have devoted many years' labor to the examination of Mars, and the result has put us in possession of a map of the geography of that planet, almost as exact and defined as that which we possess of our own; in fact the geographical outlines of land and water have been made apparent upon it. But still more extraordinary fact, in relation to this planet, remains to be considered. Among the shaded markings which have been noted by the telescope upon its disc, a remarkable region of brilliant white light, standing out in bold relief, has been observed surrounding the visible pole. This highly illuminated spot is to be seen most plainly when it emerges from the long nights of the winter season; but when it has passed slowly beneath the heat of the solar beams, it is found to have gradually contracted its dimensions; and at last before it has plunged into light on the opposite side, it has entirely disappeared. But the opposite pole, then coming into similar relations, is found to be furnished with a like luminous spot, which in its turn, dissolves as it becomes heated by the summer sun. Now these facts prove to us inconceivable, that the very geographical regions of Mars are fac similes of our own.—In its long polar winters the snows accumulate in the desolation of its high northern and southern latitudes, until they become visible to us in consequence of their reflective properties; that there are slowly melted as the sun's rays gather power in the advancing season, until they cease to be appreciable to terrestrial eyes. The fact is a most striking one in reference to the present question.

If the moon has proved to us, incontrovertibly, that one of the celestial luminaries is a solid sphere, carved into elevations and depressions, analogous to those familiar to us, as the mountains and valleys of the terrestrial surfaces. Mars teaches us as emphatically that another among them is a world, filled with its rains and snows, and clouds and seasons suited to the purposes and wants of organic life, which is intimately dependent upon such adaptations for its being.—Westminster Review.

Negro Wit.—During the pugilistic excitement in Philadelphia, and when Hyer, after the encounter, was dining at Miller's, a friend of his antagonistic, wishing to cast a slur upon the victor, ordered the waiter to bring him some Sullivan potatoes. A moment after, the waiter returned, and presenting him a dish, exclaimed aloud, "Here dey is, massa, smashed, of course." An instantaneous roar was the result.

Cause and Cure of the Potato Rot.

As every suggestion likely to be of service, on a subject of so much importance, is worthy of attention, we insert from the Morris Jerseyman the following:

"One of our farmers, a few days since, while in conversation on this subject, said he planted his potatoes earlier this season than usual, and that he dug and put in his cellar some thirty or forty bushels before the rain come on. These are still perfectly sound, while those which remained in the ground during the recent heavy rains are utterly worthless. To the autumn rains many persons have attributed the rot, and consequently they put their crops in very early, to enable them to arrive at maturity before the heavy rain commenced. The experiment mentioned below may be considered of some consequence, as we have seen it sufficiently tried. A lady from Mississippi spent the past season with her friends in our town. The all-engrossing subject of the potato rot was on the tapis, when she observed, that in that region many of the planters had been experimenting on that vegetable, and the best result was from transplanting the slips into rows, similar to the method of cultivating the Carolina potato. Her friends tried an experiment, and finer potatoes we have not seen or eaten in many years. The potato is planted early in a hot bed, and the slips, when about 3 inches in length, are taken off and transplanted some eight or ten inches distant. The original will continue to send forth shoots for a long time."

Sometimes Mistaken.

We have often heard of the term he "is a singed cat,"—which, we take it, means, "he is not such a fool as he looks"—applied to individuals in whom somebody was deceived. But we never saw the saying so fully verified, as in a little instance that occurred a few days ago. A tall, gaunt specimen of mankind, dressed in red jeans, looking as if he would have sold himself, and all he had on for two dollars and fifty cents, entered a banking establishment, where he had called to procure some small change, and addressed the Teller with—

"I say, stranger, have you any Kentuck?"

"Any what?" asked the gentleman spoken to.

"Why, any Kentuck money—the Ohio trash don't go in our parts."

The Teller, supposing from his appearance, that he only wanted a few dollars, told him that he had nothing short of some \$500 notes—nothing shorter."

"Well, how many have you got of them?"

"Oh, twelve or fifteen, I think; do you want them?"

"Yes, old fellow, I call you on the whole," said the Kentuckian, as he pulled out a roll of bank bills as big as your fist—and that is no small one. The money was counted out, and the fifteen \$500 notes handed over to the stranger, who, on pocketing them, said, "You couldn't see the same amount and go a little better, could you, for this pile is so big it bothers me to carry it," hauling out of another pocket just about as large a roll as the first one.

"No! I'll be hanged if I can," replied the banker; "rake it down, my friend—that beats me."

The Kentuckian was a hog drover, who had just received his pay for hogs, amounting to about \$15,000, and he thought he would rather have Kentucky money to take home than the Ohio that was given to him. We concurred with the banker that it would not do to judge the depth of a man's purse by his personal appearance.—Cincinnati paper.

Nothing Previous.

We have often heard of persons trying to use "big words," and placing themselves in rather a ludicrous situation by misplacing them; but the best one of the kind came off at a dancing party not many miles from this place, a short time since. One of the exquisite present, slipped up to a dashing young lady, the "belle of the town," by the way, who was then on the floor ready to dance the cotillon then formed.

Said he:

"Miss B——, shall I have the pleasure of dancing with you in the following set?"

"No sir," replied she, "I am engaged for the next set."

"Oh well, Miss, the previous one, then, if you have no objections," continued he, looking very dignified.

"Why, sir," replied the blushing belle, "I have danced that one."

"Well," said he, very anxious to dance with the belle, "the next to that, if it suits your pleasure."

"Indeed, sir, I am sorry I can't accommodate you, as I am now dancing that one."

"Well, I'll be d—d," said he, addressing a gentleman who was in hearing, and had discovered the joke, "if that girl ain't engaged for all night."

"I guess she's engaged for 'nothing previous,'" said the person addressed; and here the music struck up and we heard nothing more.

Obadiah Critic.