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WORLD-WEARY.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

O Nature solemn and hushed and wild,
Take back to thy bosom a faithless child;
Though a weary spirit, a wasted frame,
Upon tenderness are a fragile claim,
The soul is firm and the thought is free,
And the heart is virgin I bring to thee!

Where the quail and the blackbird whistle loud,
And the vale is dim with a leafy cloud;
Where the waters are breaking in dimpled floods,
And the vines hang heavy with golden buds,
Forgetting, forgot, I would linger fast,
And never go back to the world again!

No peace to my soul can its idols lend—
Be thou my lover, my more than friend;
No song but the blue-bird's shall soothe my rest,
No lip but the zephyr's to mine be prest,
No arm but the moonlight's around me twine.
In life and in death I am thine, all thine!

If the cloud should rise, and the dim rain fall,
And the young flowers die, I can leave it all;
And when the woods with the snows are white,
And the tempest cries on the hills all night,
In thy rough arms' clasp I will still remain,
Till borne where they never are cold again.

And when the spring shall again be there,
With her kirtle of green and her yellow hair,
Missing the child of vanished years,
Her blue eyes haply may fill with tears,
As her sweet hands sadly, silently spread
A cover of violets over my head.

Fashionable Girls.

Mrs. Swisshelm, of the Pittsburg Sunday Visitor, one of the pleasantest and most original writers of the age, gives the following matter-of-fact information in one of her admirable "letters to country girls."

"There are hundreds of girls in every large city, who parade the streets in feathers, flowers, silks and laces, whose hands are soft and white as uselessness can make them, whose mothers keep boarders to get a living for their idle daughters. These mothers will cook, sweep, wait on tables, carry loads of marketing, do the most menial drudgery, toil late and early with very little more clothing than would be allowed to a Southern slave, while their hopeful daughters spend their mornings lounging in bed, reading some silly book, taking lessons in music and French, fixing finery and the like. The evenings are devoted to dressing, displaying their charms and accomplishments to the best advantage for the wonderment and admiration of knights of the yard-stick and young aspirants for professional honors—doctors without patients, lawyers without clients—who are as brainless and soulless as themselves. After a while the piano-sounding simpton captivates the tape-measuring, law-expounding, or pill-making simpton.—The two ninnies spend every cent that can be raised by hook or crook—get all that can be got on credit in broad cloth, satin, flowers, lace, carriage attendance, &c.—hang their empty pockets on somebody's chair, lay their empty heads on somebody's pillow, and commence their empty life with no other prospect than living at somebody's expense—with no higher purpose than living genteelly and spitting the neighbors. This is a synopsis of the lives of thousands of street and ball-room belles, perhaps of some whose shining costume you have envied from a passing glance. Thousands of women in cities dress elegantly on the streets, who have not a sufficiency of wholesome food, a comfortable bed, or fire enough to warm their rooms.

I once boarded in a 'genteel boarding house in Louisville.—There were two young ladies and a piano in the house; hall and parlors handsomely furnished. The eldest young lady, the belle, wore a summer bonnet at ten dollars; a silk and blond concern that could not last more than two or three months; silk and satin dresses at two, or three and four dollars per yard, and five dollars a piece for making them, and the entire family, women, boys and babies, nine in all, slept in one small room, with two dirty bags of pine shavings, two straw bolsters, and three dirty quilts for bedding; no slips, and there on the wall hung the peagreen and white satin, the rich silk and lawn dresses.—These ladies did not work, but played the piano, accordion and cards; and nearly broke their hearts the week before we were there, because another, who I presume lived just as they did, called on them with a great clumsy gold chain on her neck. None of them had one, and Miss Labalinda, the belle, could eat no supper, and had a bad fit of the sulks to console her for the want of a chain.—But, dear me! I had no notion of running away off here. I was just thinking how busy you country girls are apt to be in the fall, and this led me to think what a blessing it is that you have something to do, and that you think it a disgrace to live idly. It is a great blessing to live in a country where it is a credit to work, for idleness is the

parent of vice and misery. So do not get weary, or think your lot a hard one when putting up pickles or preserves, apple butter, sausages and sauces for future use.

EXTRACTS

from the Speech of Mr. Webster,

At the Massachusetts Agricultural Festival.

There is nothing that I know of in my mode of culture of the thin light lands which I possess different from the general method of cultivation in the Commonwealth, except this, that I have been persuaded, by reading and by observation abroad, that there is one species of cultivation almost unknown in the State of Massachusetts which is still very well suited for places where there is a great proportion of light land, I mean the root cultivation—that of turnips and beets. And from all flights of oratory upon agriculture, I come down to the simple beets and turnips, and to give you one word of recommendation upon that subject.

Now the time is coming when the light lands must yield themselves to this culture. I argue it from analogy; I see that the cultivation of the turnip crop is the very soul and substance of English husbandry. I see that England would fail to pay the interest of her national debt if turnips were excluded from her culture.

It is just as certain as anything in the world, it would be impossible for the cultivation of England to go on without the culture of turnips. It is several years since it was first introduced there. Nobody here has hardly yet attended to it. It is the green crop of turnips which has rendered England so rich in agriculture.

What are the cattle and the sheep of England supported on? On corn or dry wheat? It is not extravagant to say that four fifths of the beef of England (the best in the world) is fattened upon the turnips of England. As to rearing so many sheep, (I do not know the number—perhaps sixty or seventy millions of fleeces per year,) without turnips, nobody thinks of doing such a thing.—Now, I would say, that the light lands of this part of the country are as favorable for turnips as in England, with one exception. In England the turnip crop is usually consumed by the animals in the field. It is not a country where there is a great severity of winter. The ground is not frozen for any considerable part of the time to prevent the sheep from being out in all weather.—But this is not the case in Scotland where the crop is equally profitable. There they draw it, as it is called—they house it, and a very light covering will keep off the frost there and also here.

This is the basis of their prodigious production of animal food and wool which those countries yield. I have compared statistics—I have looked at the products of my own small field, and I find that I have now down there—the poorest farmer on the poorest farm in the poorest county—I have turnips which I am willing to show to and to compare with any farmer in Yorkshire. (Hear hear)

We talk about the breed of cattle, and to be sure, it is very important. But allow me to say, that no breed can be good and strong, and fat and handsome, without good keeping. (Several rounds of applause) We must adopt three rules which the old Cato gave with regard to the raising of animals—"Feed," "Feed well," "Feed high." ("Cato's the man—three cheers for Cato's rules.")

Now, gentlemen we see in the eastern parts of the Commonwealth, cattle not such as they should be, because we see pastures so dry, so rocky, so covered with bushes, that they would be able to defy all the breeds in creation. The great point to which improvement should tend is, to improve the means of sustaining animals—to increase the quantity and improve the quality of the food for animals.

I wish well to Agriculture, and yet I think Agriculture is dead and lifeless unless other pursuits are encouraged. I know that the agricultural producer is nothing unless there is a consumer. I know therefore, that the interests of manufactures are and ought to be as dear to the farmer as his handsomest stock, his choicest implements, or his best soil, (applause,) even as, indeed, all these interests. There cannot be good farms with ample remuneration where there is no successful ship-making or navigation. Observe I speak of farming—FARMING in our New England sense. I am not speaking of that which is called the planting interest, where the most is produced for exportation. I speak of farming. Planting is connected with commerce—with capital. That capital is usually slaves. The success of that business depends on the fall or rise of the commodity raised in a foreign market. It is different. If we have a surplus, we send it to market if the price be high, and that makes our profit. But, if the market be low, yet we have enough in our own houses, without selling or buying food and drink, and are happy for the winter. But we consider that if we go to a plantation concern where tobacco and cotton are the only things sent to the market you perceive that any change in the market necessarily runs through the whole year. The planter's success depends entirely on one crop, and it compels him to buy everything and sell only one thing.

Now, gentlemen, I do not speak merely of one thing, and not of others. Farming consists of raising articles for the subsistence of human life, and selling the surplus to friends. I say that it is as much dependent on the success of other classes of industry as it is upon the success of its own class. I say that in this view the agricultural, commercial and manufacturing interest is a common one, bound together by an indissoluble connection. One cannot rise if others fall. One will not fall if others rise.

Accept my thanks for your kind attention, gentlemen, to my poor remarks.

KENNEDY'S LIFE OF WIRT.

The Church Mandamus Case in Baltimore in 1827.

The Life of William Wirt, by the Hon. John P. Kennedy, is undoubtedly the most popular work which has been published for a long time. The extracts which have been made from it in the public papers, is evidence alike of the ability with which the author has performed his task, and of the general interest which belongs to the work. The following extracts, giving an account of the great mandamus church case which created such sensation in Baltimore in 1827, will have special attractions for every one:—

In May, 1827, Mr. Wirt was engaged in a trial in Baltimore, which attracted great attention, and in which he made one of his most popular and felicitous speeches. A breach had occurred between the members of a Presbyterian congregation in that city,—a schism upon some doctrinal question, which found a considerable body of adherents and advocates on either side. Mr. John M. Duncan was the pastor,—a gentleman of distinguished eloquence, of a very high order of talents,—a bold and earnest preacher, and of irreproachable life and conversation. He was, therefore, at this period, as he is still, a greatly esteemed and admired minister, with many followers and friends.

Without troubling the reader by an attempt to make him acquainted with the merits of the controversy, it is sufficient only to say that the chief point in dispute seemed to be—to whom belonged the church property, especially—who was entitled to the possession of the pulpit, after this unhappy division in doctrine? It was popularly understood in the community where the parties lived—and I speak upon no other authority than this common opinion—that the majority of the congregation, with their pastor at the head, were, in fact, the dissenters from the ancient doctrine which was now maintained by the minority. The church had been built and the property purchased by the contributions of the congregation, of which contributions the majority had supplied the greater part. The dispute was sufficiently irreconcilable to find its way into the courts and to be consigned to the guardianship of the lawyers.

The period of trial had now come round. The most eminent counsel were employed.—On the side of the pastor and the majority, was Mr. Wirt. On the other side, was Mr. Taney, the present Chief Justice of the United States. The case was heard upon an application by the minority, for a mandamus to put them in possession of the property. The trial was before the court. The court room was filled to overflowing by an eager and excited crowd—composed, in part, of the members of the congregation; in great part, also, by ladies of the highest fashion and consideration in the city, attracted thither by the general interest of the cause and by the fame of the counsel. Seats were especially provided for them. It was the first time that the court had ever been honored by such a fair assembly. The interest, therefore, of the trial was greatly increased. The weather was exceedingly hot, and the court room much worse than the weather out of doors.

This was the condition of things on the last day, when Wirt was to close the case before the court. The previous stages of the trial had provoked less interest, and were, therefore, without this extraordinary attendance of spectators.

"I had been told the evening before," says Mr. Wirt, in a letter to his wife, of the 10th of May, "that the ladies had determined to come and hear me; but I had discouraged it, sincerely believing that they would find no interest in the discussion to require them for the pain of such an attendance; but they wouldn't take the point. On opening, I gave them warning that the discussion would prove very tiresome, and that I should not feel the least mortified at their retiring whenever they should find it so. This, of course, was to the Judge; no mention of ladies; but the intimation was directly and very intelligibly given, in terms as delicate, graceful, and cautious as I could find. I did not expect them to stay half an hour, for having sat up almost all the preceding night, to make myself more thoroughly master of the cause, I had a head-ache, and was almost stupefied. I had no idea that I should be able to do more than argue the cause dryly like a lawyer. But somehow or other, my faculties seemed to recover themselves by a sudden spring. I never witnessed an audience more interested. I spoke three hours, when the exertion and the oppressive heat of the room had so much exhausted me, that I had to beg the Judge for an intermission of a few minutes.—It was now one o'clock, and I was in hopes the audience would disperse, and leave me to finish my argument at my ease. But not a man or woman budged."

"Mr. Wirt begged the Judge, on my behalf, for an adjournment till the afternoon. The court was accordingly adjourned till half-past four. I made sure that I should then have a comparatively thin room, and no ladies, and so make cool work of the sequel."

"When we re-assembled, instead of a cool, empty room, I was scarcely able to get to the door; and instead of no ladies, the number was double. I was dismayed; for I came fatigued and worn down, and felt certain that I should lose all the laurels of the morning. But again, to my surprise, my mind recovered a fresh spring. I spoke an hour and a half, and when I closed, there was a clapping of hands, as loud as you have heard in the theatre; ladies and all, even one of the judges joining in it."

This is his own account. The speech is well remembered in Baltimore for its wit as well as its eloquence. Never was a dry legal subject lightened and relieved, whilst it was most fully

discussed, by more brilliant flashes of the finest wit and humor, or adorned with a richer eloquence. The public conversation was full of it for weeks afterwards. The newspapers attempted to preserve some of the happiest hits; but, as in all such experiments, only half preserved them; necessarily giving them without the accompaniments of the context, the manner, the gesture and the reciprocal sympathies between the orator and his audience, which could alone render them fully intelligible; in the absence of which they appear flat. The writer of this Memoir heard the speech, felt its effect as others felt it, and saw, without surprise, being himself held in the same thrall, that he would not have believed unseen, how marvellously the orator wrapt in delighted attention that large crowd, composed of both sexes, and many to whom the courts were altogether unfamiliar, whilst he discussed, for the greater part of a day, a question abounding in technical law and occasions for the review of numerous judicial precedents.

He concluded with a passage that was singularly happy in its application to his client, and which, taking the court and auditory unawares, broke upon them with a mingled grave and comic effort; grave from its connection with one of the grandest scenes in Macbeth, and comic from its unexpected and pointed application to the gentleman who was there present, and upon whose shy and modest countenance it drew all eyes, provoking laughter at his apparent discomfiture. Mr. Duncan, as I have said, was a great favorite, and the public interest in the trial was, in large part, owing to the concern which was felt for him. The advocate, in drawing to a close, spoke of the severity and unkindness of this contention to displace a pastor so much respected by his flock and so useful in his vocation; expatiated upon the stake which the cause of religion had in this proceeding, upon the necessity of avoiding the scandalous such divisions were likely to bring upon this cause; upon the reflections to which it would give rise, and the great duty of harmony among Christian brethren; and, whilst all seemed to respond to the truth of what he said, he turned unexpectedly towards his client, who was sitting near him, and with most graceful elocution, said:

"Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking off."

This conclusion of the speech was greeted with the clapping of hands mentioned in the letter; in which act of applause the large assemblage seemed to find a sudden and a pleasant vent for the feelings which had been chained up in mute attention for several hours, and which now broke forth in general congratulation of the orator.

The cause was gained; and Mr. Duncan is, to this day, in possession of the church, illustrating his ministry by a zeal and talent which have abated nothing of their original strength.

A few days after this trial, Mr. Wirt writes again to the same confidential correspondent who was the repository expressed in my last letter:

"I find myself gazed at wherever I go, as if I had just entered Baltimore, for the first time; and hear passages of my speech constantly repeated. They are getting parts of it, I find, into the newspapers; and I had notice to-day, from one of the printers, that a stenographer had been employed on the occasion, and was trying to draw out the whole speech. I am afraid he will make poor work of it, and had much rather that he should let it alone altogether. Indeed, it is more than probable that many things which went off brilliantly in the delivery, from time, place and manner, will lose their effect on paper. There is another thing that makes me averse to the publication. The opponents of Mr. Duncan are mortified at some little pleasantries which I hit off upon them in the course of my speech; and if these trifles are made to assume a durable form, I fear they will never forgive me. These produced explosions of laughter, and I do not wish to see the laugh perpetrated by the press. I really had no serious intention to "bite much." On the contrary, meant only to be a little playful, and relieve the tedium of a law discussion by an occasional pleasantry. But Meredith told me, on a former occasion, that my playing in discussion was pretty much like an elephant amusing himself by giving a man a cant with his proboscis to the clouds, in order to see how he would come down. Now, this never entered my imagination; and I could not, and cannot conceive how a thing manifestly said in laughing, good nature, can give offence. I shall certainly try to stop the publication."

The following refers to the same subject.

To Judge Wm. H. Cabell.

WASHINGTON, June 2, 1827.

My Dear Cabell: What puts it into your head that I am working for fame only? You are very much mistaken. I have the corn to show as well as the tally. It is true that the corn does not travel to Richmond; and why? Because it travels, or has travelled, or will travel, or might, could, would or should travel to Florida. "Prepare for the future and let the present take care of itself"—has not this as good a right to be a maxim as the converse? I have seen the automaton chess-player, and have learned to look ahead, taking care to guard against a check-mate at present, and at every progressive step also—or as he very quaintly and laconically calls it, "e cheque."

With regard to the *fac simile* of the Baltimore speech, I beg to be excused;—a good thing may be too often repeated. Besides, the goodness of a thing depends so often on time, place and circumstances, and with regard to my good things, so essentially on their novelty, that I am quite content with the past success

and have no disposition to submit to another scrutiny. You would be very apt to say of my eloquence as you used to say of my jokes, about half an hour after every body else was done laughing.—"Well, that may be a good thing but I confess I can't see it." And to tell you the truth, I was pretty much of the same opinion with regard to some of my good things in Baltimore. But the people were so determined to be pleased that the most foolish thing I could say went off with *relat*. Give me such an audience as that!—where a man can gather laurels without any expense of brains. Plague on a Roman Senate, or Athenian areopagus, or a Virginia court of appeals, where a man is obliged to talk sense or be thought a blockhead!" Besides, talking sense is such an every day business. Every body talks sense now-a-days. But how many are there who can talk successful folly and gait the reputation of wisdom by it? That is a species of mental legerdemain which puts a man on a level with the far-famed Maelzel, the exhibitor of the Androides, compared with whom the Chief Justice himself is but an every day sort of a man.

There was a stenographer who took down the speech, but I have laid my *velo* on the publication, and I trust it will be respected; for I have long since learned to know that reading is a very different thing from hearing. If they will publish, I have this consolation that, however identical the speech may be, the people who heard it will swear, it is not the same.—They will be obliged to do this in their own defence, or be considered blockheads themselves for being so taken in, "to approve such stuff!" But for all this, it was a tolerable good speech—for a hot day—and would have passed very well even at—Fluvanna court house, *alias* "The State." And now I think we have had enough of the speech.

Yours affectionately, Wm. WIRT.

Curiosities.

A brace of curiosities, carefully wrapped up and labelled as follows, has been sent to the National Museum.

The rope with which Jacob ' lifted up his voice—a few stitches taken by a tailor in a coat of paint—a little perfume from the flower of the army—a minute quantity of the jelly made from the current of the Mississippi—a few soaked logs from the drift of a discourse—and a thimble full of dust supposed to have been made when Macbeth ' filled his mind."

Popping the Question.

'Sally, don't I like you?'
'Law, Jim, I reckon so.'
'But don't you know it, Sally. Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of any tom cat that dare look cross at you?'
'I s'pect you would.'
'Well, the fact of it is, Sally, I...'
'Oh, now, don't Jim—I feel all overish.'
'And Sally, I want you to...'
'Don't say anything more, I shall...'
'But, I must, I want you to...'
'O, hush, don't I, oh...'
'I wan't you to-night to get...'
'What, so soon? Oh, no impossible. Father and mother would be angry at me.'
'How, be mad at you for doing for me such a favor as to...'
'Yes, dear me, I'm so agitated.'
'But there's some mistake, for all I want to have you do, is to—mend my shirt collar!'

A Strike.

A meeting of the b'hoys, in favor of more work and higher wages, was held at the 'corner,' on Monday evening, August 25, 1849, when it was unanimously

Resolved, That we the b'hoys of New York, consider the Police of New York, a nuisance that should be removed.

Resolved, That we lam the Cubans; eat up the Canadians; smash the Musquitemes; and elect Tom Bigger the next president.

Resolved, That we go agin the Cholera and Hose Company No. 9.

Resolved, That we are opposed to Colleges and Mustaches.

Resolved, When this meeting adjourns, that it break up in a grand row, and we all go on a bender for a week.

Resolved, That we are in favor of Coney Island, American Segars, and Target excursions.

Luther on Dancing.

In the life of Martin Luther, by M. Audin, an elegant French writer, the following opinion of dancing is quoted from the Reformer:—"Is dancing sinful?" his disciples asked him. He replied, "Was not dancing allowed to the Jews? I am not able to say; but one thing is certain—people dance now-a-days. Dancing is a necessity of our state, like dress with women, and like dinner or supper. And, indeed, I do not see how dancing can be prohibited. If people commit sin, it is not the fault of the dance, which does not offend against faith or charity. Dance, then, my children."

Bishop Chase told his congregation a short time since, in one of his sermons, "that there was among his female auditors corset boards sufficient to shingle a hog-pen."

TO SOFTEN PUTTY AND REMOVE GLASS WITHOUT BREAKING.—As it is often of importance in glaziers, and others to remove glass from frames without breaking it, they will be glad to know that a very strong solution of caustic potash, or caustic soda, applied round the panes for a few hours by laying upon them an old rag dipped in the solution will have the desired effect.

[The potash combines with and separates oil from the whitening of the putty, thus forming a soap.]