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A-Dream of Summer.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The south-west breezes play;
And through its haze the winter noon
Seems warm as summer day.
The snow-plumed angel of the north
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his rook,
The blue-bird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free,
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So in the winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear,
O'er-swept, from memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear,
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And low beneath the winter's snow
Lie gems of summer flowers.

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling;
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loathes all his works,
Has left his Hope with all.

"Uncle Ned"—politely.

I knew an old negro and his name was Uncle Edward,
He's deceased long ago, long ago,
He had no wool on the top of his cranium,
The place where the wool ought to vegetate.
Then lay down the agricultural implements,
Hang up the Violin and the Bow,
There's no more labor for poor Uncle Edward,
He's gone where the holy colored gentlemen go.

Chapter on Printing.

"Can't you print me a Bible?" said a good old lady, who a short time ago came into a printing office in the country.

"Certainly," said a man at the case who was dabbling at the types like a hen picking up corn, "certainly, but not just at present; it'll take some time to do it."

"Oh," returned the lady, "for that matter, I'm in no great hurry—any time to day will answer."

"To-day!" said the printer in astonishment, "why madam, you don't think—"

"Oh, yes," said the good woman, setting herself on a bench, and taking out her knitting, about one o'clock now an I 'spose you'll get it done by tea time."

"What! print a bible in one afternoon? Why ma'am it would take me and my devil a whole year to print a bible!"

"Oh my gracious!" exclaimed the old lady, starting up in astonishment—"you don't have the Evil One to work for you do you?"

"Evil one! Yes he's evil enough, the lazy dog."

"I wouldn't have him to print a bible for me on no account. I shouldn't believe a word on't if he did—'for he's a liar and the father of liars, from the beginning."

"I don't know whether he's the father of lies or not, but he's truly a little devil—there's no trusting him, I mean to cancel his indentures."

"Well good by Mr. Printer—I could not think of having a good book done in such a bad office. Employ the devil! Oh dear."

Medical use of salt.

In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt taken three times a day is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, (termed cholera) add a handful of salt to a pint of cold water, drink it and go to bed; it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same must be done on the first symptoms of plague, and will revive a person who seems dead from a heavy fall, &c. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring salt and water down the throat, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the senses return when salt and water will completely restore the patient from the lethargy. In the fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, &c., and a cool apartment procured if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, when other remedies fail, Dr. Rush found two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the flow of blood. In case of a bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, then bind on some salt with a rag. This prevents ill consequences and cures. In tooth-ache, warm salt and water held to the part and renewed two or three times, will relieve in most cases. In scorbutic habits use salt plentifully, and a vegetable diet; if the gums be affected, wash the mouth with brine; if the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt and water. In swelled neck, wash the part with brine, and drink it also, twice a day until cured. Salt will expel worms, if used in the food in a moderate degree, and aids digestion, but salt meat is injurious if much used.

The Wild Fawn of Pascagoula: Or, the Chumpa Girl of Mobile.

We copy from an elegant paper, felicitously called "The Bow of Cupid," or a "Journal of Love, Laughter, Fashion and the Fair," and issuing from "Cupid's Realm," which was started for the occasion, to give additional zest to the entertainment. It is edited by the "Ladies of the Telegraph office," at Mobile, and streams over, with choice gems of wit and humor. As a sample of its contents, we extract the following beautiful tale:

Shall I tell you a story of real life, as romantic and affecting as any in fiction! Well, listen.—Every citizen of Mobile is familiar with the sight of the Indian girls who are seen in our streets in the winter. With their little bundles of light wood upon their backs, they mark the advent of cold weather as regularly as the mocking bird and the cardinal chronicle the approach of spring. They peddle their small parcels of pine from door to door, and all are familiar with the soft, quick, petitionary voice in which they exclaim "chumpa," as they offer their cheap burdens for sale.

These Indian girls, it is well known, belong to certain Choctaw families who refused to emigrate with their tribe beyond the Mississippi, and yet linger upon their aboriginal hunting grounds, on the waters of the Pearl and the Pascagoula.—Though they thus exhibit an unconquerable attachment to their native soil, they have yet refused to adopt the habits, language, or pursuits of the whites by whom they are surrounded, and are perversely indifferent to all the inducements of civilization. They persist in leading a species of savage gipsy life—the men sustaining themselves by hunting, and the women by peddling wortleberries and other wild fruit in the summer, and bundles of pine in the winter. With these simple productions they visit Mobile semi-annually, and for the time reside in the vicinity, in small huts or camps, constructed of bark, boards, and the limbs of trees. This has been their usage from time immemorial, and it yet continues.

These Indians are generally a miserable and ignorant race, but with all their degradations, they possess some of the virtues in a singular degree. The women are proverbially chaste and modest, and of all the young girls that annually visit our city, none have been known to depart from the paths of rectitude. A strong interest, therefore, surrounds these simple daughters of the woods, who resist all the blandishments of their station and pass unharmed through the streets of our city. Many of them are quite handsome, and possess, beneath their rustic garbs—the calico gown and red blanket—considerable grace of manner and appearance. As they invariably refuse to talk English, very little conversation can be had with them, and that only in reference to the small bargains they wish to make. Chumpa and picayune are almost the only words they employ in their intercourse with our inhabitants. Still they are not reserved in their movements, where they wish to make a bargain, and enter the different houses of the city, stores, dwellings and offices, without hesitation, ceremony or announcement. Who has not been started many a morning by the low voice, at the chamber door, exclaiming—"Chumpa!"

The stoical demeanor of these Choctaw maidens has the natural sensibilities and sentiments of the sex. They have bright flashing eyes, well developed, symmetrical and flexible forms, beautiful small hands and feet, and show, in their love of brilliant articles of dress, rings, beads, and other personal decorations, the taste and vanity of their civilized sisters. Is it possible that they are destitute of those delicate sympathies and tender affections which have marked women in all other classes and conditions of life? This question has no doubt suggested itself to many, as an interesting problem of character. In one instance, at least, an attempt—perhaps a heartless one—was made to solve it, and it is to that story I have to tell refer. It came to my knowledge in all its details, but I will attempt to narrate it in such a manner as not to detain the reader with particulars which he can imagine himself.

Among the Choctaw gipsies who visited Mobile in the winter of 1846, was one of unusual beauty and attractiveness. Although scarcely developed into womanhood—not more than seventeen "suns" having kissed the rich bronze of her cheeks—she was yet tall, round-limbed, straight and graceful—a very model of feminine form. Her features, more prominent and regular than is usual with her tribe, were delicately sculptured; and the erect attitude of her head, with her large, fawn-like eyes, and abundant coal-black hair, always neatly plaited in massive folds, gave to her appearance an air of superiority such as the youthful Pocahontas is said to have possessed. Her dress was extremely neat, though with a large number of silver and wampum ornaments, and her small feet, which any of the fair promenaders on Dauphin might have envied, were invariably dressed in moccasins, ornamented in the most fanciful style, with many colored beads. As she walked about the streets of Mobile arrayed in this way, with her parcel of pine swung across her shoulders, she attracted the attention of all spectators for her beauty, though she would hold converse with none except in the words by which she endeavored to dispose of her burden.

Much interest was naturally felt for this girl, and many efforts were made to learn something of her character and history. Nothing further could be gleaned (and this was told by Capt. Billy, a drunken Choctaw, frequently seen in garrulous moods in our streets,) than that she was the daughter of an Indian chief of much note, who died many years before, leaving her, an only child, with her mother, in their cabin on the Pascagoula—

Her singular beauty had made her quite a belle with the Choctaw warriors; but she was very sly, and was called in the Indian tongue, the Wild Fawn of Pascagoula. She supported her mother, who was very old, and herself, by her traffic in berries and "light-wood." Her personal charms made her one of the most successful dealers in these articles, and every one—particularly the young men of Mobile—were glad to give the preference, in their patronage, to this young and attractive creature. Many were the efforts made to gain her smiles, and enlist her in conversation, but they were all in vain. She would go her daily round, enter with entire unreserve the rooms or offices of her patrons, deposit her little load of pine, receive her dime, and then quickly retire with her sticks in her hands to procure another parcel.

Things glided on in this way for some months; during the winter of which I speak. At last an event occurred which tested the stocism and character of the young Fawn of Pascagoula. Among those whom she daily supplied with lightwood was a young lawyer, residing in an office in the second story of a building on one of the principal streets. Admiring the beauty of his timid visitor, and feeling a strong interest in her, he determined to discover if he could not by kindness of manner, deferential notice, and elegant little presents, win the heart of this simple child of the woods.— Though his motive was mainly curiosity, his purposes were not bad, and he had no idea of doing any injury to the object of his experiment—by paying her those attentions which he had found potent to enchant the admiration and win the love of more enlightened maidens. He was a man of uncommon personal beauty and singularly fascinating manners, and all these he brought to bear, as well as he could, to effect his innocent, and, as he thought, harmless flirtation.

It is needless to detail the arts resorted to by Henry Howard to win the heart of the Fawn of Pascagoula. He began in the most modest and deferential manner. He purchased from her much more frequently than he needed, supplies of fuel, paid her larger sums than she asked, made her presents of trinkets, pictures, and little ornaments of dress and accommodated himself in every way to her apparent wishes. These things—continued for some weeks—at last began to have obvious effects. The Fawn tarried longer in her visits at his office than elsewhere; she always came there first, and took an evident interest in his attentions. At length she began to answer his remarks in such few words of English as she could command, and to look upon his handsome and fascinating countenance with pleased smiles and earnest continued attention. The spell evidently began to work! Henry Howard understood the secrets of woman's heart; but here he had to deal with an untutored Indian girl, as timid as a bird, and whose springs of emotion and sympathy could not be determined by the ordinary standards of feelings.

Do not think that I am depicting those subtle arts of fascination by which the rattlesnake lures and captivates the humming bird. There was no purpose of evil in the heart of the young attorney. He was but practising, with a simple savage heart, those tricks and elegancies of intercourse which are recognized as legitimate in civilized society. He wished to see if the same effects could be developed in the beaded beauty of the forest as are to be found with the polished belle of the ball-room and boudoir. The probabilities were that the experiment would not succeed—a casuist would therefore think it was harmless.

Months had passed in this way, and Henry Howard at last determined to make a more obvious demonstration of his love to the Fawn of Pascagoula. One cold morning in February, just as he had finished his toilet, he heard a slight tap at his door, and a well-known voice, as the speaker entered, playfully exclaimed, "Chumpa! Chumpa!" Arrayed in her most beautiful dress, with a band of silver round her hair, and long necklaces of beads falling from her graceful neck, the Fawn stood before him. She threw her armful of pine upon the hearth, and looked smilingly into his face. In his most graceful manner he approached her, and took her hand in his. Suddenly he encircled her waist with his arm, and drawing her to him, imprinted upon her lips a long and fervent kiss. Modestly she looked into his face, with a slight expression of surprise, but not dissatisfaction; and then he poured forth to her warm and urgent words of love. Neither were these coldly spoken, for the young and ardent admirer had been no little interested in the object of his attentions. As he was about, however, to repeat his kisses, the now startled Fawn, by a quick movement, unloosed herself from his embrace and glided across the room.

"Stand off, Mr. Howard!" she exclaimed, in better English than he had ever heard her speak before. "Me good friend to kind gentleman—but no love! The Fawn must marry her own people.—She love young warrior up on Pascagoula! He have heart and skin the same color. Mobile man not good for Choctaw girl. Me go to my home—to Choctaw chief's cabin—to-morrow. Good bye! Me love you very much—you so kind—but no wife!"

As she said this she drew her red blanket as proudly about her as ever a fashionable belle donned her mantilla at a ball, and glided from the door. Struck as motionless as a statue, the elegant Henry Howard—the Mobile dandy—stood gazing at the door through which the Choctaw girl had vanished. His lips were slightly parted—his eyes wide open; a look of wonder and doubt upon his handsome face.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "is it possible! Caught in my own trap! Jilted by an Indian!—Well it's a good joke, and all right. But by Te-cumseh and Pesh-mataha! I must take care that the belles of Mobile do not find out the story.—Let who will hereafter experiment upon Choctaw character, to discover whether these chumpa-girls have not like affections with other people; I, for one, am satisfied. The Fawn of Pascagoula has

for months taken all my presents and delicate attentions with the timid gentleness of a nun, and now has given me 'the sack' as completely as it could have been done by a fashionable coquette, in a glided saloon, by the light of a chandelier.—Well, that's something rich! Bravo! Henry Howard! Recollect hereafter, as Tom Moore says, 'What'er her lot, she'll have her will, And woman will be woman still.'"

Raising the Wind—and the Dust.

"We're out of funds," sighed Digges.

There was no denying this.

But at this moment, a very respectably clad person, who was going down Broadway at New-York speed, tipped his hat, and said "Good morning, Mr. Digges." When he said this, he was gone, but his words made a great impression on the mind of Bob.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"Don't know his name; he belongs to my Lodge. A very clever fellow."

"Your Lodge?" he echoed—"you are an Odd Fellow then?"

"Yes!"

"And a Son of Temperance?"

"Yes!"

"And a Rechabite?"

"Yes!"

"And a United American Mechanic?"

"Yes!"

Bob's face grew radiant.

"Are your dues paid up?"

"Yes; why do you ask?" exclaimed Digges, astonished at the sudden delight of his friend.

"How much do these societies give to a sick brother?"

"Some three and some four dollars a week."

"What proof do they require of sickness?"

"The certificate of a respectable physician," answered Digges.

"A pause ensued. Bob seemed running over with a superabundance of delight.

"And with these facts before you, my misguided Digges, you have perished in the enjoyment of good health?"

"Never was sick a week in my life, only"—he paused; "only in the pocket."

Without another word, Bob took the arm of Digges within his own, and led him into a neighboring oyster cellar. Seated within the box, he closed the curtains, and said, in a tone of great feeling;

"Digges, you ought to take care of yourself.—You now exhibit all the premonitory symptoms of a bilious attack—"

"Eh!" cried Digges, jumping from his seat in surprise.

"Your skin is sallow, your tongue furred, and your eyes feverish. In an hour, my friend, you will be in bed with a raging fever. By night you will be delirious. To-morrow you will not be expected to live, and next week—"

"Next week, what?" echoed Digges.

"Next week," resumed Bob, "you will—are you listening!—you will draw at least twelve dollars from these societies. I will sign your certificate. And as you will be sick a great many weeks, you will continue to draw twelve dollars per week for a considerable time. Digges I pity you!"

At these words the countenance of Digges became overspread with mild resignation. He extended his hand. He clutched Bob with a hearty grasp.

"It's a great deal of sickness to look forward to, but I am resigned. You see I am. By the by, Bob, I don't feel well. 'Spose you go home with me, and put me to bed?"

It was quite touching to see how Bob went home with him and put him to bed.

For twelve weeks Bob watched night and day by the bedside. Every one marked his devotion. The Committees of the various societies who came with the weekly benefits for the sick brother, were delighted with Bob. They spoke of the devotion of the young physician to their sick brother, in all their lodges and divisions.

"Sit down my friends," Bob would remark in a subdued voice, when a committee appeared; "our poor friend falls fast. He has been delirious all night. Speak low—the least noise disturbs his slumber."

And then the Committee would sit down in that darkened room, in the fourth story of a boarding house, and gaze through the gloom upon the form of poor Digges, who was stretched upon a bed, his cadaverous face appearing above the edge of the coverlet.

After a few moments they would leave, first placing in the hands of Bob the money due his sick friend.

After the committee had left, and gone down stairs, Bob would give orders that his patient should not be disturbed, and would then lock the door, and then approach the bed, address his patient in these words—"Digges, my boy, will you take your toddy hot or cold?"

"To which the patient, flinging off the bed-clothes, and jumping out of the bed, would respond— "I'll take it hot Bob."

Increasing Longevity.

The assertion by Dr. Stevens, of New-York, in a recent lecture, that the longevity of the human race was gradually increasing under the influence of the improvements in the medical profession, has been reviewed by Prof. Gatchell, of the Eclectic Medical Institute, Cincinnati, taking an extended view of the facts furnished by history and statistics, and showing that from the time of the roman empire down to the present day, a progressive amelioration in the condition of man, and an increase of average longevity, had been taking place, on account of improvements in industrial pursuits and the comforts and securities of life.— He traced the operation of these causes in G. Britain, producing an average longevity at present nearly twice as great as in the days of the heptarchy, and the subsequent periods anterior to the establishment of the rights of the people. To attribute the increase of longevity to the labors of the medical profession, he considered contradictory to the whole testimony of history. It would be far more rational, he thought, to attribute the improvement to the steam engine, the printing press, the magna charta, or any other of the great agencies which have assisted the progress of civilization.

The exports of ice from Boston, during the month of January, were 9,419 tons.

The Different Color of the Jews.

Although the Jew becomes the subject of every form of government—from the autocracy of Russia to the democracy of America—he retains his theocratic creed. Neither barbarism the most rude, nor civilization the most refined, have succeeded in altering his peculiar countenance; for, in the back woods of the New World, and at the Court of the British Sovereign, he is instantly known. Time, that changes all things else, seems to stay his rough hand when he approaches the Jew. Compare his lineaments when sculptured in marble and cast in bronze—for the arch and the medal of Titus still exist—with those of the living Jew, and be convinced of the unchangeableness. The permanence of physiognomy is evidently traceable to a supernatural cause, which prevents the usual modification of feature, in order to accomplish an important object. Into this it is not our province now to enter, yet we cannot help remarking that the Jew is a witness not of one truth, but of many truths. Marvelously does he illustrate the consistency of the original unity of man with the most extensive diversity.— His features have been cast in an eternal mould, but his color is dependant on outward causes.— Natural law is forbidden to operate on the one, but left to take its course with respect to the other. A fixed physiognomy declares the unity of the people, while their diversity of complexion as distinctly manifests the influence of climate. Every shade of color clothes with its livery the body of a Jew, from the jet black of the Hindoo to the ruddy white of the Saxon. The original inhabitant of Palestine was doubtless dusky skinned and dark haired; but the cooler sky and more temperate air of Poland and Germany have substituted a fair complexion and light hair. On the other hand the scorching sun of India has curied and crisped his hair, and blackened his skin, so that his features alone distinguish him physically from the native Hindoo. On the Malabar coast of Hindoostan, are two colonies of Jews—an old and a young colony—separated by color. The elder colony are black, and the younger (dwelling in a town called Mattacheri) comparatively fair, so as to have obtained the name of the "White Jews."— This difference is satisfactorily accounted for by the former having been subjected to the influence of the climate for a much longer time than the latter.—*British Quarterly Review.*

Sustain your Own.

Home industry, home enterprise and home trade, in the hands of worthy and competent men should always be nourished and supported by the community of which they constitute a portion.— Many reasons can be adduced for the justice of this position. Do we propose to sustain men of integrity and high moral qualifications? In what soil do the moral sentiments flourish and grow with more vigor than in the hearts of toiling human beings, in the various branches of laborious industry or in the drudging professions? Who so richly deserve support as those who depend upon their daily labour for sustenance, and are always the submissive agents of the will of communities and individuals! An answer would be superfluous. If you wish to break down and ruin any country village, go to the city and purchase such articles of various kinds as are made at home by your own hard working neighbors, and leave them to receive the wretched depreciated patronage of such as are compelled to make exchanges to get along, and subsist upon mere barter deal. This is one excellent mode of ruining a place. But there is another road which leads you straight to the precious pool of conscious and active benevolence. Go to the weary Artizan of your own town and buy his wares and articles, and pay him. Cheer his labours with a just compensation: Give him a chance occasionally to see the light of hope through the clouds of care and poverty. A wife and children perhaps cling to him for the necessities of life. He may have wandered the weary journey of life until the sun of his existence has passed its meridian; his locks may be "intermingled with gray," and still he has no "shot in the locker." Most assuredly the good citizen and philanthropist will appropriate his influence, patronage, and money at home, in support of all the Mechanic Arts and Professions as much as is practicable or consistent. Example has its wonted effect in this matter, consequently we look to our townsmen of standing and character to give permanence and direction to the "Ball" of home industry and enterprise. It is for them to indicate by their acts, the success or failure of our stores, shops, Presses, and professions, and whether itinerant persons of unknown and doubtful reputation, should possess so peculiar a charm as to secure their regard as well as money-patronage, while the worthy and qualified are among our number at home.—*Lackawanna Journal.*

Anecdotes of a Western Preacher.

"Brother," said a famous native Indiana itinerant preacher, "what would you think were you to see a strong angel take hold of the Rocky Mountains, by the brow, and pull them up by the roots, and throw them into a mill pond?" On another occasion, defining human depravity he said, "It is a paradox in the stamina of our nature!" At another time he remarked: "Missionary and Bible societies are immortal levers for spreading the lamp of salvation over the world." Another at the conclusion of a fearfully dull and dry discourse, observed: "Now my friends, I'm going to be in earnest: I am going to press this subject home: and sinners, I tell you, you resemble a blind man, blindfolded, standing unto the edge of a very precipitate place."

A mechanic in Baltimore has invented a process by which a fan can be kept in motion over a bed during the hot nights of summer.