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

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From the Knickerbocker.

A Charge of Infamy.

Betsy's got another baby!
Darling, precious little type;
Grandma says—and she knows surely—
That you never saw its like.
Isn't it a beaming beauty,
Laying there so sweet and snug!
Mrs. Jones pray stop your scandal;
Darling's nose is not a pug!
Some one says 'tis Pa all over,
Whereat Pa turns very red,
And, to scan his features, quickly,
To the looking glass has fled;
But recovers his composure
When he hears the nurse's story,
Who admits that of all Babies,
This indeed's the crowning glory.
Aunt Belinda says she guesses—
Says, indeed, she knows it, poz—
That it will prove to be a greater
Man than e'er its father was;
Proving thus the modern thesis,
Held by reverend doctors, sage,
That in babies as in wisdom,
This is a "progressive" age.
Uncle Tom looks on and wonders
At so great a prodigy;
Close and closer still he presses,
Thinking something brave to see.
Tip they hold the babe before him,
While they gather in a ring,
But, alas! the staggered uncle
Vainly tries its praise to sing.
As he stares, the lovely infant,
Nestling by it's mother's side,
Opens its little mouth, and smiling,
Gurgles forth a milky tide.
Uncle tries to hide his blushes,
Looks about to find his hat,
Stumbles blindly o'er a cradle,
And upsets the startled cat.
Why, oh! why such awkward blunders?
Better far have staid away,
Nor have thrust yourself, where woman
Holds an undisputed sway;
Do you think that now they'll name it,
As they meant to after you?
Wretched mortal! let me answer,
You're deluded if you do!
Round about the noisy women
Pass the helpless stranger now,
Raptured with each vacant feature,
Chin and mouth and eyes and brow;
And for this young bud of promise
All neglect the rose in bloom,
Elders born, who, quite forgotten,
Pouts within her lonely room.
Sound the stage horn! ring the cow bell!
That the waiting world may know;
Publish it through all our borders,
Even unto Mexico.
Seize your pen, oh! dreaming poet,
And in numbers smooth as may be,
Spread afar the joyful tidings,
Betsy's got another baby!

Interesting.

We observe by the Delaware papers, that a most interesting mass has been created in one of their churches, about whether it should have a choir or not—which has now come to a focus in the shape of threats and libels, upon correspondents who wrote, and editors who published communications on the subject, which have been adorned by such insinuating names as "Half Bushel," "Peach Basket," the great "I AM," or he who "Keeps himself as straight as a cow's tail in church," &c. A notice of the spree has found its way to England already, and Douglass Jerrold's Weekly News gives an account of a "Riot in Bethel Church, Brandywine Hundred," which states that a quarrel took place about the choir, when a fight ensued, in which the ladies pulled each other's hair, tore each other's dresses, scratched faces, &c.

There is only one thing worse than ignorance, and that is conceit. Of all intractable fools, deliver us from an overwise man.—You may make idiots, philosophers—you may coax donkeys to forego thistles—but don't ever think of driving common sense into the heads of conceited persons. They are as impregnable to argument as Gibraltar is to an apple dumpling.

A young miss having been invited to a military ball, inquired with great simplicity, if all the ladies were expected to bare arms!

At a printer's festival, old bachelors were toasted as "Quads"—Only fit to fill out the blank lines of society.

Initiating a Domestic.

Mrs. Walter Fairfield wished to initiate a new domestic into the secrets of tending door. "You will be sure, Biddy, and not suffer a person to stand long in the vestibule without answering the bell."

"Certainly not, ma'am, may it please your ladyship."
"And there will be ladies call, Biddy, about whom I must give you certain instructions. I hope you will learn to discriminate characters.—All is not gold that glistens."

"And don't I know that by the brass pin Michael O'Flaherty give me of a Thanksgiving evening!"
"Biddy, there will be a young lady, very genteely dressed, with a pink drawn hat and a rich embroidered grey cloak, and whenever she inquires for Mrs. Fairfield, be sure and say she is out."

Biddy looked wild. "And what else should I say if you're gone, my mistress!"
"But that's not it, you stupid girl! You are to say I am out, even if I am in my parlor chatting with a friend."

Biddy groaned out, "Yaes ma'am."
"And to another, who comes in a brown velvet hat and marabout feathers, and a short satin cloak, you are to say the same."

Biddy nodded assent, and waited further orders. "To a young lady who calls with a music book under her arm, I am out. To a young gentleman with a little file of papers, who has a large quantity of hair about his face—recollect, Biddy, to say I am out—yes, out of the city for a few days. To an elderly lady dressed in black, who will demand very uncivilly to see me, be sure biddy, and say to her I am out."

"Lord help me, ma'am, and to whom shall I say you are in!"
"First let me see your power of memory. To whom, Biddy, have I directed you to say 'Not at home!'"

"To the man so very hairy—to the woman in black—to the pink and the velvet one."

"Right, Biddy—you certainly promise well—be sure and practice as well. All other ladies who may call from twelve to two be sure and admit into the farther drawing room."

Biddy courtied.
"I think, remarked Mrs. Fairfield to her husband, that evening, we shall have a treasure in this young Irish girl—she really seems to have a good understanding of things."

Mr. F. hummed a tune in reply.
The next morning a gentleman called and inquired for Mrs. Fairfield. He had large whiskers, but Biddy concluded it was not the young gentleman she was warned against admitting; so she threw open the drawing-room door. "Say to Mrs. Fairfield, Mr. Sykes called."

"Mr. Sykes; why, Biddy, that's our minister; just uncover that mirror in the front room—it looks hideous, and the minister will not observe what you are doing in the distance."

"I called, Mrs. F. to secure your valuable aid in inducing kousekeepers to patronize the Intelligence Office of Mrs. Wheeler. She is a member of our church, and a very worthy woman, dependent on her own exertions; she will select only those females for servants whose moral characters are well established."

"A worthy object, Mr. Sykes. I certainly will give it my warmest encouragement. Of course she will secure no places for those given to theft, lying and similar vices, and this will make quite model homes for us all. The practice of artful deception, Mr. Sykes, has caused me unparalleled mischief. Church members, of all others, ought to instil sound principles into domestics."

Mr. Sykes admired the Christian spirit which pervaded Mrs. Fairfield's discourse; and wished all his church were as worthy. The bell rang, and a young man inquired for Mrs. Fairfield. Biddy bowed him in also; but not a sign of a name would he give as to who called.

"Is he light complexioned, Biddy?"
"Yes ma'am, bating his hair."

"O, I know who it is," and all complacency and smiles Mrs. Fairfield entered, when lo! Mr. Simonds had called for payment for a Parisian head-dress, amounting to the sum of ten dollars, worn at Cordoni's last concert! She could have killed that stupid Irish girl for admitting him.

The next morning the lady in the pink hat called, and Biddy of course let her in, forgetful of her mistress's orders.

"Mrs. Fairfield, I have brought you Miss Ellen's tuition bill for dancing three quarters—\$75."
"Mrs. Fairfield put it in the card-rack, remarking 'she would show it to her husband'—and again gave Biddy a tirade for disobeying orders."

Finally, the lady in deep black called, and Biddy made no scruple to say, "My mistress bade me say she was out." The woman looked imploringly—"Will you say to Mrs. F. that that small bill for making a dozen of shirts for Mr. Fairfield is again presented and must be paid."

Biddy did as the woman directed, but the poor seamstress was obliged to wait a little longer; and Biddy was the next day dismissed for stupidity and want of discrimination.

Mrs. Fairfield in future is going to the Intelligence Office to procure good, truthful, honest help; for she says it is a duty she owes to the woman on account of being connected with her in the same church. She says, moreover, she must have a new cloak, similar to Mrs. Blair's, which cost only fifty dollars. And so the dancing-master, and the seamstress, and the French milliner must wait, for she has already expended the sum twice over which her husband had given her expressly to pay those bills; but she still maintains, like many other nominal Christians, that one must dress fashionably to be respected.—Saturday Rambler.

Remedy for the Curculid.

The following, which we find in the Cleveland Herald, is worthy of trial, though we have not much faith in its efficacy.

A gentleman of this city informs us that a lady of his acquaintance has for several years past practised hanging one or more bottles, filled with sweetened water or the like, among the branches of her plum trees, and the result has been an abundant supply of both curculios and plums. The curculios are caught in the bottle, and the plums left to ripen without suffering from the curculios usual depredations.—Some little attention is necessary to note when the bottles get filled, and then of course they must be emptied and refilled afresh.

The gentleman states that this course has been full successful; resulting in abundant crops from trees so managed, while others around had their fruit entirely destroyed.

A Wife as is a Wife

One Christmas morning, the wife of a worthy mechanic in Albany, made her husband a present of a beautiful purse containing fifty dollars in gold. This snug little sum she saved by economy and good management, out of the money her husband allowed her during the year for clothing their children and furnishing provisions, for the family. Is she not a modeste "better half," and worth her weight in gold?

A Stretcher.

The York, Pa., People's Advocate, outtops the "Rochester Knockings," by the following account of a chimney in a house in that borough. If any body can spin a more wonderful yarn, we should like to see it.

The first discovery that the present occupant of the house made, was by means of a sweep, whom he had employed to clean the chimney. It appears that he ascended a considerable distance, when on a sudden he found his path obstructed by numerous pieces of stove pipe, which were drawn into the chimney. These pipes were taken piece by piece, from the stoves at different times, and no one could imagine where they had gone to, until they were found as above stated. Since the discovery of the pipes nothing is safe in the room. We are informed by the occupant himself, that large pieces of coal are drawn up the pipe into the chimney, and that it is necessary to chain the coals down, in order to keep them in the stove. Chairs, from the extreme end of the room, will walk towards the mouth of the stove, as if they were desirous of warming their shins; and, in fact, every piece of furniture is moved by the wonderful attracting power of the chimney.—Even the carpet, which had been nailed down unusually fast, was torn up, nails and all, by the mysterious power; and had in not been for the tremendous exertions of the owner they would have been drawn up the chimney. The children are often in the greatest danger, as the power is so great that even they are drawn towards the stove. Cats are no circumstance, when they venture into the room, as their struggles are but short, before they are sailing through the pipe into the chimney.

Great Discoveries yet to be Made.

In the January number of the Edinburgh Review, in an article upon the British mines, the writer thus lifts the veil of the future, and discloses the magnificent discoveries yet in store for mankind, the accomplishment of which will tax the energies of genius, as well as crown it with imperishable honors:

We have a confident hope, however—or rather a firm belief—that, long before our coal-fields are thus really exhausted, discoveries will be made, both of new motive powers and new sources of heat or caloric, which will make all future generations independent of these clumsy and dingy resources. Motive power, we think, will probably be supplied, either directly by such omnipresent and inexhaustible elements as electricity and galvanism, or by the employment of some gas, far more elastic than steam, and capable of being called into action and again condensed by slight mechanical impulses, or by changes of temperature incalculably less than are now necessary for the management of that comparatively intractable substance. But, even if we should still require to use steam, we are persuaded that means will be devised for its generation, or rather for the production or evolution of heat for that and all other purposes, far less onerous, indirect, and precarious, than the combustion of coal. This may probably be effected without any process of combustion at all, either by the great agents of galvanism or electricity already referred to; or by the friction, hammering, or rolling of solid and practically indestructible bodies; or by the forcible compression of common air or of other elastic fluids; or by the chemical combination of different substances; while, if combustion must still be resorted to, might it not be constantly maintained without the tremendous expense of the working and transportation of fuel, by merely contriving a method of burning the inexhaustible, omnipresent, and eternally reproduced element of hydrogen, as it exists in the great ocean, and in all our lakes, rivers, fountains, and tanks and tubs of rain-water, with the equally omnipresent, inexhaustible, and constantly reproduced oxygen of the circumambient atmosphere?

These, we are aware, may now strike many (perhaps most) people as mere utopian or laputan fancies; and undoubtedly they are, as yet, but vague and general suggestions. But when we consider how much wider and more audacious (as less warranted by any analogous experience) similar anticipations of electric telegraphs, photographic painting, or railway locomotives, must have appeared but fifty years ago, we really cannot consent to put them into such a category; but, on the contrary, confess to a certain feeling, both of pride and of confidence, in thus recording what we cannot but consider as a truly prophetic, though it may be but a dim and somewhat indistinct, vision of a good and a glory to come.

The Boston Mail says that "getting divorced in Pennsylvania is 'easy as lying.'"

The Lancaster Banks advertise \$200 reward for the detection of the persons who have mutilated their notes, and pasted together the pieces so as to form new ones.

Henry Clay has been presented by a gentleman of Virginia, with a cane made of a piece of a gum copal tree, cut on the coast of Madagascar. The head is formed of the tooth of a sperm whale, which the donor assisted in capturing. It was manufactured during the leisure hours of a whaling voyage.

Depopulation by Cholera.

The Natchez Free trader of the 27th ult. announces the entire depopulation of the thriving village of Trinity, in Louisiana, about thirty miles distant from Natchez. It says:

"That awful scourge, the Asiatic cholera descended upon the population with a fatality almost unheard of. Ten or twelve physicians resident there, or called in from the adjacent country, were scarcely able to save a patient who had been taken sick. Flight was the only safety for the well, and death only reigned in Trinity. Mr. Snyder, formerly a resident of Natchez, kept a boarding house there with twenty five or thirty boarders, all of whom who did not run away died. Mr. Snyder stayed and took care of them until the last one died, then descended to the mouth of Red River, and we are sorry to add that he too died on the steamer Cincinnati going to Natchez."

The Best Recommendation.

A youth seeking employment came to this city, and on inquiring at a certain counting-room if they wished a clerk, was told that they did not. On mentioning the recommendations he had, one of which was from a highly respected citizen, the merchant desired to see them. In turning over his carpet-bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor.—"What book is that?" said the merchant—"It is the Bible, sir," was the reply. And what are you going to do with that book in New York? The lad looked seriously into the merchant's face, and replied, "I promised my mother I would read it every day, and I shall do it," and burst into tears. The merchant immediately engaged his services, and in due time he became a partner in the firm, one of the most respectable in the city.—American Messenger.

Grumbling Against Editors.

It is amusing to hear the contradictory complaints which are sometimes made against a newspaper. A prefers a quarto sheet—B declares he could never get the "hang" of one. C admires the elegance and neatness of fine type—and old Mr. D abhors a paper that requires a microscope. E wonders you insert so few sentimental ghost stories—F detests your abominable lies and cock-and-bull-stories. G would like to see an exact and minute account of Congressional and Legislative proceedings—H curses the journal that contains the endless, hodge podge doings and undoings of selfish partisans and demagogues. I won't subscribe because your news department is so contracted—J takes the "city" papers, and has read your stale items a week ago. K has a mortal antipathy to a paper crowded with riots, horrible accidents, frightful robberies, and other demoralizing statements—L is mad as a hare because his miserable paper contained no account of that bloody murder last week. M detests your stereotyped advertisements—and all N wants of the paper is to see what's for sale. O threatens to discontinue because your editorials lack ginger, and don't lash private vices—P, a leaden-head, points you to—'s paper, and wonders you never moralize like him. Q hates the rascally abolitionists—R holds in perfect contempt the dastard editor who is too cowardly to avow his abhorrence of Slavery. S demands long and solid articles; T wants the close-packed essence, and not the thin, diluted mixture. U extols a journal that reaches him "a week before it is printed;" and V tells you he is not yet quite green enough to be gulped by such despicable humbuggery. W is astonished that you never print sermons—and all that X cares for is fun. Y is on fire because you will not deduct more advance pay—and Z is amazed at the impudence of a publisher who duns him for three years' subscription and objects to being paid in cider and apples.—Yankee Blade.

Simple Cure for Stammering.

At a recent meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, says a Boston paper, Dr. Warren stated a simple, easy and effectual cure for stammering, which is known to be generally a mental and not a physical defect:

It is, simply, at every syllable pronounced, to tap at the same time with the finger; by so doing, the most inveterate stammerer will be surprised to find that he can pronounce quite fluently, and by long and constant practice he will pronounce perfectly well. Dr. Warren said that this may be explained in two ways—either by a sympathetic and consentaneous action of the nerves of voluntary motion in the finger and those of the tongue, which is the most probable; or we know as Dr. Gould remarked, that a stammerer who cannot speak a sentence in the usual way, can articulate perfectly well when he introduced a rhythmical movement, and sings it—or it may be that the movement of the finger distracts the attention of the individual from his speech, and allows a free action of the nerves concerned in articulation.

A Fox Story.—In the town of Newbury, Vermont, a fox hunter, with two hounds, lately got upon the track of a poor fox, which was pursued until toward the close of the day.—Just at this time the whistle of the railroad train was heard, when the fox struck off in the direction, and approached the track just as the train came up. He leaped it immediately preceding the engine, and the two hounds close in pursuit. Each hound was caught by the wheels of the engine; the foremost lost about a foot of his tail, and the one in the rear was cut off just behind his hips, and off went the fox "alone in his glory."

There has been sleighing for ninety successive days in Berkshire county, Mass.

Great Fall of Blood and Flesh.—Extraordinary Phenomenon in Sampson County, North Carolina.

We received on Wednesday last the following communication from Mr. Clarkson, through Mr. Holland of Clinton, and take great pleasure in laying the astonishing particulars before our readers.

"On the 15th February, 1850, there fell within one hundred yards of the residence of Thomas M. Clarkson, in Sampson county, a shower of Flesh and Blood, about thirty feet wide, and as far as it was traced, about two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards in length. The pieces appeared to be flesh, liver, lights, brains and blood. Some of the blood ran on the leaves, apparently fresh. Three of his (T. M. C.'s) children were in it, and ran to their mother, exclaiming, 'Mother, there is meat falling!' Their mother went immediately to see, but the shower was over; but there lay the flesh, &c."

Neill Campbell, Esq., living close by, was on the spot, shortly after it fell, and he pronounced it as above. One of his children was about 50 yards from the shower, and came running to the rest, saying he smelt something like blood. During the time it was falling there was a cloud over head, having a red appearance like a wind cloud. There was no rain.

The above you may rely on, and by Mr. Holland you have pieces of the flesh, which are reduced by being kept so long.

Yours, &c., T. M. C.
The piece which was left with us, has been examined with two of the best microscopes in the place, and the existence of blood well established; but nothing was shown giving any indication of the character of the matter.

It has the smell both in its dry state, and when macerated in water, of putrid flesh; and there can scarcely be a doubt that it is such.

It is astonishing, and we may say provoking also, that an occurrence of the kind should happen within thirteen miles of a village, and among intelligent persons, and no one felt interested enough in it to go and get information about it. It is three weeks after it occurred before any account of it is sent to the press. An occurrence that is calculated to strike men with awe, and we are told that some persons listened to the relation of it, and looked upon it as an idle tale, deeming it impossible that such a thing could have occurred.

The cloud from which it fell is said to have been of a red appearance, which is ascribed to the clouds in former cases of this kind.

Although by no means frequent, this is not the first time that such an occurrence has taken place, even in this country. But as yet, the most learned are unable to give any rational conjecture as to the cause of such a singular phenomenon.—Fayetteville (North Carolina) Carolinian, 9th inst.

Important Discovery.—A mammoth vein of white ash coal, of superior quality, has been struck on the property of Dr. McCarty, short distance north of Port Carbon, Schuylkill county, in this State. It is from twenty to fifty feet in thickness, and as it was struck on the "saddle," as it is called, or where an upheave has thrown the vein near the surface, they drove across it, through nearly solid coal, a distance of 93 feet. This is regarded as the beginning of new discoveries of coal beds in that vicinity, for which several costly explorations are now in progress.

"THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE."—Friday evening's N. Y. Mirror says: A woman was brought into the Hospital yesterday, suffering the most excruciating pain from the following means she adopted for the cure of a bad cold:—She took a large dose of opium, and going to bed put a bottle of hot water to her feet. The opium induced a sound sleep almost in an instant, and rendered her void of feeling; and the water being too hot, burned the flesh of the bottom of her feet, of which she was not aware until she awoke.

Mrs. Partington, while visiting a museum, not long since, on looking among the old Revolutionary relics and Scotch claymores, asked the Superintendent if he had among his famous cutlery the "axe of the Apostles."

"PA, what is punctuation?" "It is the art of putting the stops." "Then I wish you would go down in the cellar and punctuate the cock of the cider barrel, as the cider is running over the floor."

A man boasting in a company of ladies that he had a very luxuriant head of hair, one of the fair damsels remarked that it was owing entirely to the mellowness of the soil!

The election of a Speaker cost the United States \$80,000. An exchange says that Corn ought to be high when a Cobb bears such a price.

Large Pieces of Gold.

The New York Tribune has a letter, dated San Francisco, which says—

Some astonishingly large pieces of gold are reported to have been found at the Stockton mines, within the last two weeks. One piece weighing twenty-three pounds, was brought to Stockton on Thursday. Another piece of incredible size and weight was also reported to have been brought to Stockton on Friday—it was said to weigh ninety-eight pounds. I saw a number of persons on board the Stockton boat, who had seen the lump weighing twenty-three pounds. The gentleman who carries the express between Stockton and San Francisco, told me he saw, and had in his hands, the piece weighing ninety-eight pounds. If this be true, it is the largest piece of gold ever found, excepting one found in the Ural mountains, which weighed nearly one hundred pounds, Troy.

Multiplying Rather Rapidly.—In Ramapo, Rockland county, New York, a few days since, an English woman was safely delivered of three children. This is the second time this three-fold favor has been bestowed on the same lady.

No orator can measure in effect with him who can give good nicknames.