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## Peculiarities of our Granny.

BY J. J. HOOPER.

Everybody has a Granny; at least, we never saw anybody that had not one. They appear to be as necessary as patents—else why their universality? In every village, town, or city (we speak now within the range of our own observation), you will find a Granny Jones, or a Granny Smith, or a Granny Mitchell, or a Granny Elliott. There is no getting along without them! Science has voted them useless—a nuisance! Intelligent people curl their noses at them! We all say, "your granny!" in derision or contempt; and yet there—rather here—they firmly remain, useful, God-serving, garrulous hand-maidens of Diana. So we really believe that Grannies are a part of the "fitness of things," and that to make war upon them, is to strive against nature. We, for one, are more than willing they should remain; for we have always found them good old people, and they do so treasure up the past that with their queer recollections, and fanciful legends, they are enabled to beguile most pleasantly the tedious hours of a sick room.

All mankind, and all womankind too, know what are the special functions of a granny; so it is unnecessary to expatiate particularly thereon. We may say, however, that the practice of our venerable friends is not restricted, by any means, to the principal duty and business of their lives. If they preside at births, the natural sympathy and connection between the extremes of life, brings them appropriately to the chambers of disease and death.

Kind souls! how they languish with the sick! And with what reduced and insinuating and commiserating accents they recommend their baby's root, and balm tea, and aly-cumpane, and multitudinous other domestic nostrums and decoctions! And how miraculous are the cures which these simples have effected, under their "own dear eyes!"

Our granny is "Granny Mitchum"—and she is an "exception" (as the saying is) to all grannies. She can sit up with the sick a greater number of consecutive nights; walk more lightly across the floor; look wiser; heave deeper sighs; turn up her eyes higher at the wonderful; tell the age of more people, and the exact color of more dresses—than any granny of them all. She excels, too, in pantomime. The sick man is sleeping; she would not wake him, for the world—but it is absolutely necessary that some particular thing should be done, for his comfort. Straightway, she catches the eye of the drowsy maid across the hearth—she points to the fire—makes a motion as if throwing on wood—twists her mouth dreadfully—contracts her brow—sits an imaginary cup with her finger—and ends by looking at the sufferer and giving a series of nods. All this means—"Get the balm tea, warm it, put some sugar in it, and hand it to me!" Let Granny Mitchum alone for communicating her ideas, either with or without the aid of her tongue! And then she is always so careful. Sirs never tread on the cat's tail, causing an hideous squall just as the baby has dropped off to sleep! On the contrary, she looks daggers, pokers, and brick-bats, at whoever does; and soon our Granny establishes most wholesome police regulations in whatsoever household wherein she happeneth to come.

Granny Mitchum is short, fleshy, squab. True, all grannies are so, but in these the strong points of granny-hood, the old soul, to our partial eye, seems remarkable. Her old face is round and wrinkled, and her eyes are moist; and there is a mole or wart on her upper lip, concerning which she relates some very remarkable stories. As for her figure, it resembles an egg with the small end downwards—with the trifling exception that a waist is made, a few inches below her shoulders, by the tight drawing of her apron string. It seems as if the old lady were trying to cut herself in two; but as it is the way with all grannies, and as we have never known a case among the tribe of complete bisection, we rather suspect that Granny Mitchum will preserve her unity to the end of time.

Our Granny has a deep-seated horror of pert, lively young ladies; even if she were "in at" their swathing, she likes them not. It is perhaps the only unamiable trait in her character. There's that Bolina Eastus—the saasy heifer, that thinks "some of the greatest fools she ever saw were among the oldest"—she hain't no use for her, at all. Such an awdacious thing, stickin' out her mouth and shakin' her shoulders at old people! It's well for her she ain't her mammy! And Granny winds up with a very uncharitable expression of opinion about all book-learn't young ladies.

Granny Mitchum has always been the telegraph of our village; and we will do her the justice to say, that her wires seldom break, and her posts never are blown down. She is always "in operation," and if your despatches are not transmitted by lightning, they at least go "on the wings of the wind." From house to house speeds our granny, delivering her budget, always making the trip "inside of schedule time," and never, in any weather, or from any accident losing a mail.—Her intelligence is almost invariably correct. Once, only, was our granny mistaken, and then in this wise:—

Mr. Snodgrass had moved in our town, from a neighboring county in Georgia, and had brought with him the notion that he was considerably in advance of the civilization of our place. He had an idea, which we hardly know how to express it—in fact, an idea against Grannies. It was wrong (so all our people thought,) but still it was true, that Mr. Snodgrass would not employ a

granny. He thought it safer, more sensible, and decidedly more fashionable, to supersede the Granny with the Physician; and when at length it became necessary, in the progress of his domestic affairs, to call in one or the other, he said he would have no *nasty old woman* about him, and forthwith sent for the Doctor. Granny Mitchum heard all about the matter, and immediately prognosticated that Mrs. Snodgrass's baby would be a boy, and that she would have a *bad time*. Immediately, too, upon the announcement of the birth, confiding in the verity of the premises whence she had drawn her conclusions—she circulated the report that the infant *was* a boy, and the mother in a *bad way*. It turned out, however, that the child was *not* a boy, and that Mrs. Snodgrass did considerably better "than could have been expected." Granny Mitchum met these uncomfortable facts, simply by demonstrating that the laws of nature had somehow got topsy-turvy in favor of Mrs. Snodgrass; and that the baby *ought* to have been a boy, and that its mother *ought* to have approached the grave so nearly, that only the miraculous dejection of Granny Mitchum, herself, could have saved her.

We will not wish our granny long life, for who ever heard of a granny's dying?—but we trust that she may witness a thousand more Malthusian facts; and that whenever she comes in competition with the gentlemen of the faculty, she may force them to haul in their horns, and give up that there's other people knows something, besides themselves; for we know that such a consummation would bring to her heart such a degree of felicity, as neither wealth nor honors could bestow.

## Settling the Question.

In a backwoods Lyceum, a few evenings since, the very original question, "Which is the greatest evil, Slavery or Intemperance," was discussed. In the course of his speech, the first on the floor, spoke of the inhuman treatment of the masters towards their slaves, of the cruel punishments inflicted, alluding particularly, to one, well-known, termed "cat-hauling."

His opponent, whose appearance on the occasion, "must be seen to be realized," then and there making of his terrestrial coil a lame apology for perpendicularity, was delivered of a lump of sublimity, of which the following is a true and attested copy.

"Mr. President—spozin you was a wife to somebody or other, and your husband should come home drunk, and should *stew* you, and should *beat* you, and should *maul* you, and should *pound* you! I say, Mr. President, wouldn't that be wus than scratch-haulin'!" We didn't stay to hear the decision, but, of course, the able debater "got his case."

This reminds us of the Scotchman who, a few years ago, called at the house of Lawyer Fletcher of Vermont to consult that legal gentleman professionally. "Is the Squeer at home?" he inquired of the Lawyer's Lady, who opened the door at his summons. He was answered negatively.

Disappointment was now added to the trials of Scotia's son, but after a moment's consideration, a new thought relieved him. "Mebby yourself can give me the necessary information as weel as the Squeer—seein' as're his wife."

The kind lady readily promised to do so, if, on learning the nature of his difficulty, she found it in her power, and the other proceeded to state the case as follows:

"Spouse ye was an auld white mear, an I should borry ye to gang to mill, with a grist on yer back, an' we should get no farther than Stair hill, when, all at wonce, ye should back up, and rear up, and pitch up, and keel down backwards, and break yer dearned auld neck, who'd pay for ye? not I, dearn me if I would!"

The lady smilingly told him, as she closed the door, that as he had himself passed sentence on the case, advice would be entirely superfluous.

## A Hopeful Convert.

A friend tells a good anecdote of a young Jonathan up in Vermont, who attended a great revival meeting, and was so far worked upon as to be induced to tell "how he felt."

He commenced in the usual penitential strain by saying that he felt himself to be a "poor, independent critter," when his pious old father interrupted and kindly told him that *dependent* and not *independent* was the proper word. Jonathan took the correction in a becoming manner, simply remarking that "he couldn't see the great difference 'twixt the two." The young sinner then continued to berate himself, and in the course of his remarks declared that he felt himself entirely worthy to be the recipient of the many blessings which a bountiful Providence had showered upon him, when he was again interrupted in his eloquent denunciations, by his father's informing him that he should say *unworthy*.

This was too much; the fire of the Yankee was up, and turning indignantly on his heel he exclaimed, "Well father, if you can talk better than I can, you can go ahead." The effect of his speech, the orthography of which could not be questioned, can be better imagined than described.—*Boston Sunday News.*

## A Joke for the Ladies.

The editor of a paper in Providence lately informed his readers that the ladies always pull off the left stocking last. This, as may be supposed, created some little stir among his fair readers, and while in positive terms they denied the statement, they at the same time declared that he had no business to know it even if such was the fact, and pronounced him no gentleman. He proved it, however, by a short argument: when one stocking is pulled off first, there is another left on; and pulling off this is taking off the left stocking last.

YOUNG MOTHER.—Mr. Walter Colton saw at Rio a woman only 12 years old, who had 2 children. She was married at the age of 10 to a man of 65.

From the Scientific American.

## Curious Drugs for Producing Hallucination.

From time immemorial the singular effects produced upon the mind, by drinking wine, &c., has been known to the inhabitants of every nation. It is however but a short time since a knowledge of inhaling certain gases into the lungs produced effects akin to that of drinking alcoholic drinks. It is but a few years *ether* was discovered and intelligently applied to produce entire insensibility of the nerves; and it is only two years since Chloroform was brought to light, as the best substance to be used for this purpose. This singular substance is now employed in our Hospitals for the most humane purposes. A knowledge of a letheon, like Chloroform, has been claimed for the Chinese Doctors, as far back as the third century, but when was there a discovery brought forward that was not claimed by some pedantic antiquarian, for the Chinese, Hindoos, or the Egyptians. That the Chinese Doctors used opium to produce insensibility, we do not doubt, and that they have been long acquainted with some singular things, unknown to us, no one will deny, but not gases; and this is especially true of a singular drug called *Hashish*, which, when eaten or smoked, produces the most singular mental phantasmagoria. The Hindoos, however, seem to be better acquainted with it than the Chinese, but it is only within a few years since a knowledge of its peculiar effects was made known to Europeans. This drug is a preparation of Indian Hemp. A recent article in the Paris Medical Times gives an account of an experiment made by a physician with some of it upon a number of individuals. He went to a familiar *Cafe* selected his subjects and give a single grain to each. Some bolted it, others smoked it; one individual merely smeared about a quarter of a grain over his cigarette paper. About one grain was dissolved in a glass of Curacao, and this was allotted to the master of the house. His two young and handsome daughters were forbidden to taste of the drug; but the physician had here evidently forgotten his Scriptural history. About three-quarters of an hour passed quietly over, and the curious were rapidly lapsing into incredulity, when a short laugh, followed by an awful and most piercing shriek, issued from an inner apartment. The youngest daughter, following traditional example, had tasted of the forbidden object, and was suddenly struck with delirium and hysterical movements of a very alarming appearance. Consciousness was only one half obliterated, and the mind seemed to make supernatural efforts to escape from the chain about to be thrown around it. The shrieks were rapid, most violent, and a peculiar kind. The girl felt conscious that she was raving, and earnestly entreated all around her not to conclude that she was mad; each appeal being terminated by a heart-rending scream. Some internal sensation also compelled her to cry, every now and then, that she was dying. With great difficulty she was conveyed to bed, where the delirium continued for four hours. As if a signal were sent by this mischance, the young men in the *cafe* went off about the same moment. The effects were not, however, so violent. They were extremely varied. The individual who had smoked some hemp (half a grain) in his cigarette was suddenly attacked by violent fits of laughter, which compelled him to roll on the floor, during which he exclaimed that something was raising him up to heaven. These fits resembling hysteria, did not last more than ten minutes. Another individual, instead of being agitated, fell suddenly into a deep sleep, bolt upright against the wall, with the chin sunk on his chest, features in the most perfect calm. Were it not for the deep, slow inspirations, one would have thought him defunct, for the face was deadly pale. So profound was the sleep, that it continued for three hours; despite the shouts and screams of the excited bacchanals who danced around him, for in the majority the hemp merely procured intoxication. In all, the excitement was soon followed by an invincible tendency to sleep; the benches were strewn with the slain, and delightful dreams, producing strange laughter, repaid the adventurous tasters for their curiosity.

The love of excitement is so strong in man that he seek it by some means or other, hence in those countries where wine is forbidden, opium and tobacco are used as substitutes. At the foot of the Himmaleh mountains, a hemp grows wild, from which a liquor is made which produces intoxication of the most dreadful kind, exciting every passion in a high degree. A man under its influence looks like a madman, and exhibits his excitement by dancing, singing, shouting, and tossing his arms. The Hindoos, some of them, are very fond of it; particularly peltry-bearers. They say it makes them forget all their pains and fatigue.—The name of this hemp, and the preparation from it also, is "Bhnm." The drug "hashish" is made from this hemp, and it has been reared in France for experimental purposes. The peculiar effect of the "hashish" is the inversion of the order of time—a minute becomes an hour, and scenes like those described in the Arabian Nights Entertainments flit before the mind, with all the wonderful phenomena of geni, faries, palleces of gold and silver—the real scenes of "Alladdin and his Wonderful Lamp." A frequent use of the drug is dangerous to sanity and health, as is the use of all unnatural stimulants. In commenting upon any subject, authors and editors should always have a moral in view—to warn where there is danger, to encourage where there is hope. It is a fact that almost every person often craves for some mental stimulant, and, alas! too many are weak enough to indulge in gratifying an appetite which feeds on that which destroys it. He who conquers his

passions and appetites, and brings them into the subjection of whatsoever is pure and lovely, exhibits a greatness of mind. Regular habits, plain food, cheerful and healthful exercise, the performing of charity and the reading of good authors, will impart a cheerfulness of mind and a healthfulness of frame, which no one knoweth but those who follow after these things.

## Sleeping in Meeting.

There are some persons of a temperament which should preclude them from indulging in sleep at meeting. Of this class are those who start, kick, or jump in their sleep. Such an unfortunate predisposition is annoying and troublesome in the extreme. A single sleeper of this description may break the slumbers of a whole slip of orderly hearers. We once held a seat by the side of a man who regularly overturned the cricket on waking up, and who had, on several occasions, scattered the contents of the box of sawdust in every direction. Persons afflicted with such constitutional maladies, if they will go to church, should take some soporific or composing powder before starting.

We have seen those who, on awaking, betray a feeling of manifest amazement and bewilderment, as if they did not immediately recollect where they were, or what they had been doing. Such conduct is, to say the least, highly impolite. An experienced sleeper, under whatever circumstances he may awake, will exhibit no unusual emotion of surprise. It is equally bad taste to appear to notice the slumbers of others. A single officious gazer will often direct the attention of half the house to a sleeper, who, but for him, would have escaped observation. Snoring in respectable congregations has long since passed into disuse. But it may sometimes happen that you have taken an old style sleeper into your pew, who either has not abandoned the habit or cannot do so. In such a case, the only way of saving yourself from mortification is, to resolutely determine to sacrifice your own comfort for the good of your friend; in other words, to keep awake yourself that you may keep him awake.

In this connection we may suggest, that children who have not been taught to smother their risible or lachrymose tendencies, should be sedulously kept from church. Ladies also, who have ever been known to faint, should, in warm weather, sit near a window, or else be well instructed in the fan exercise. The bustle and confusion created by a regular faint awakes many who would otherwise have enjoyed their nap to the last prayer. A choleric old gentleman of our acquaintance was once so exasperated on being awakened in the middle of his nap, by a woman who had fainted, that, in the heat of his passion, he solemnly vowed never again to sleep in meeting, from sheer spite.

## Kites.

These being the days of high winds and high kites, we suggest to our young friends the idea of trying their artistic skill of making their kites into forms of living things. It is rather too bad that our boys should be away behind the hearthside Chinese in this respect; but they are, nevertheless, a missionary in that country says: "The sky is in a universal flutter of kites. I counted this afternoon from my window ninety-three, which were flown at various heights with great skill, some represented hawks, and admirably imitated their manoeuvres in the air, poisoning themselves, and sailing and darting; gaudy butterflies floated around; and dragons formed of a long succession of circular kites, with a fierce head, flew about the sky. The majority were of merely fanciful shape. Loud noises, like a wind instrument, could be heard from them. The most amusing form was that of a huge fish, as it swam through the blue above, moving its tail and fins with a ludicrously natural effect.—"Those like animals are also flown in pairs and made to fight." Now, boys, try your Yankee ingenuity, and let the Celestials know that you are up to the age with something in the wind worth looking at.—*Tribune.*

## Cæsar's Ride.

Cæsar had been a faithful servant at one of our country Inns for many years. His master was kind to him, fed and clothed him well, and told him he should be well cared for in his old age. Cæsar took it into his head one day that he would like to take a ride, put up at an Inn, be waited on, as he did to others, and put through in style.

"Well, Cæsar," replied the good master, "you shall have my best horse and chaise, and take Phillis with you, and here is a five dollar note for you to spend. So you may go and blow it out straight."

Cæsar and his lady were soon "done up" in their best "fixens," the chaise was ready, they jumped in and drove off in high glee. They pulled up at the inn at the next village; Cæsar gave his horse in charge of the ostler with directions to give him a peck of oats, and rub him down well—he then waited upon Miss Phillis into the house, called for a room, a pack of cards, a bottle of brandy and a good dinner. As soon as dinner was over, the brandy used up and they tired of playing "high low Jack," Cæsar called for his team and his bill. "The horse was soon harnessed, and 'items' placed in Cæsar's hand; he could not read, but when the landlord told him the amount was two dollars and a half, the eyes of our ebony hero

"In their relaxing circles rolled in white!" in utter astonishment. "Is dat all?" he exclaimed, "wal, if dat be the case, just take out de hoss again, rub him down, gib him annoder peck, and send up annoder dinner, bottle of brandy and cards, for I've on a blow out, you see, and Massa gib me de V to do it up brown!"

## Acquittal of a Witch.

In Montrol's life of Brissot an anecdote is given of Lord Mansfield. On going the circuit, he had one day a poor old woman brought before him under an accusation of witchcraft. Tho' exceedingly infirm, it was asserted by all the inhabitants of the village in which she resided, in exact proportion to the absurdity of what they advanced, that she had been seen walking with her feet in the air and her head downwards. The witnesses exhibited the greatest eagerness that she should be punished as a witch. The Judge, after listening with the greatest composure to the depositions, observed with a solemn countenance,

"Since you have seen this poor woman walking in the air, though her legs are scarcely able to support her on the earth, I can of course, entertain no doubt of the fact; but this witch is an English woman, and a subject as well as you and I to the laws of England, every one of which I have just run over in my mind, without being able to hit upon any one which prohibits persons from walking in the air if they should find it convenient. All those persons, therefore, who have seen the accused perform her aerial promenades are at liberty to imitate her example."—*Cradle of Twin Giants.*

## Printers' Curiosities.

BY THE TYPOS.

A crust from a printer's pi.  
A cloven foot of the devil.  
A wheel from the royal cha(i)se.  
A toe-nail of a foot-line.  
A heel-bone of the sheeps-foot.  
The pleasures received from an *em brace*.  
A tear that fell from a capital I.  
A lawyer that plead a printer's case.  
Some fur from the top of a small cap.  
A candle made from printers' phat.  
Some bark from a printer's stick.  
A sting found in the devil's tail.  
A sight from a shooting-stick.  
A glass of grog drunk from a printer's bar.  
A feather taken from the bed of the press.  
A quoin from a printer's bank.  
The index of a printer's guide.  
A uniform worn by General Intelligencer at the battle of Composition.  
An insult from an imposing-stone.  
And a few debts from delinquent subscribers, which we hope will be paid as soon as circumstances will permit.

The solution of the chloride of zink is an effectual remedy against bed bugs. It is applied with a brush, and is the discovery of Sir Wm. Burnett.

## Pretty Good.

An old lady living on one of the telegraphic lines leading from the city, observed some workmen digging a hole near the door. She inquired what it was for. "To put up a post for the telegraph," was the answer. Wild with fury and affright, she incontinently seized her bonnet and ran to her next neighbor with the news. "What do you think?" she exclaimed, in breathless haste, "they're a settin' up that *causid parapragh* right agin my door, and now I reckon a body can't spank a child, or scold, or chat with a neighbor, but that plaguy thing'll be a blabbin' it over creation. I won't stand it—I'll move right away, where there ain't none of them onnateral fixins!"

## Newcastle Coal in Pottsville.

The strange fact is stated that coal from Newcastle, England, is taken to Pottsville to be used in the workshop of the Reading Railroad company, the price of it under the present tariff being lower than American coal.

Henry Clay is now in his 74th year. Daniel Webster is in his 69th year. Col. Benton is about 67 years of age. Lewis Cass is 68, John C. Calhoun is 68. Mr. Seward is about 50. Mr. Cooper is 40. He is one of the youngest members of the Senate. Mr. Bradbury is about 45 years of age. Truman Smith is about 60. Mr. Bright, of Indiana, 38. Mr. Douglass, of Illinois, is 37. Mr. Dayton, of New Jersey, is 43. Mr. Downs is 49. Mr. Dickinson is 50. Mr. Clemens is 55. Mr. Upham is 50.

## Stringent Liquor Law.

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed a stringent license law, prohibiting the sale of all spirituous or fermented liquor in a less quantity than twenty-eight gallons, except for mechanical and medical purposes. It authorizes town corporations to appoint suitable agents for the sale of liquors, who shall be paid for their services from the corporation treasury. The penalty for infringement of this law is imprisonment in the county jail, or hard labor in the house of correction from ten to thirty days—\$20 fine, and sureties to keep the peace and the liquor law for a year. For a second conviction, sixty days' imprisonment.

## Cigar Making in Havana.

The proposition to get up an "industrial exposition" of Cuban manufactures, at Havana, in May next, has brought out some curious statistics relative to the tobaccoists, by far the most important branch of manufacturing industry of Havana. The report of the *seccion de industria* states that each cigar maker will roll daily 300 cigars, at an average of 50 cents a hundred. Supposing them to work twenty days in each month, this will give 72,000 cigars annually per hand. The consumption in the island they estimate at 440 millions, and supposing the exports to be 160 millions, this will give 600 millions as the annual cigar manufacture, giving employment in its various branches to fully 10,000 people, the value of whose labor is not less than four millions of dollars.