

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 10.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1850.

No. 36.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER PAMPHLETS, &c. Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

HOW TO SELL A CLOCK.

AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

"Madam, can I sell you a clock to-day?" inquired a pedler as he was met at the door by the woman of the house before which he had stopped. "No," replied the woman civilly, yet decidedly, "we want no such article." "I have several fine clocks, madam," said the pedler. "Very likely," said the woman, "but we want none." At the same time retreating a few paces from the door. "May I ask, madam," inquired the pedler, advancing within the door a little, but cautiously and civilly, as the woman retreated, "whether you have a clock?" "The woman cast, I will not say an indignant look at the clockman—but a look certainly not kind; at the same time saying with a great deal of spirit, "we want none of clocks, sir." The pedler took a seat. The scene which we have thus briefly described occurred some years since in the "Old Dominion," but in what particular section we are not at liberty to say. The house at which it occurred was a well looking habitation; old, indeed, but kept in clever repair. It was owned and occupied by a farmer of some consideration in those parts, but singular and very set in his way. Like some others, in other quarters, he had imbibed strong antipathies against Yankeeedom and all its inhabitants. He fairly hated the sight of a pedler; and although disposed to treat his species with civility, he had not at all times been so fortunate as to do so. In several instances indeed, he had dismissed with some severity those itinerant merchants, who had offered their commodities for sale within his precincts. Even his dog seemed to growl when one drove up, and started and growled with more than ordinary spirit, to the evident satisfaction of the master. As to purchasing an article of any of the detestable fraternity—that he would never do—no, not he, whatever were his necessities. And he was true to his word.—For more than once, it had happened that articles had been offered just at a time when he needed them, and which could not be obtained in the retired situation in which he lived—but he would not even look at them. The corn might remain unhoed, and the house never be swept, before he would purchase a hoe or a broom of a pedler. The sentiments of Mr. M.—, moreover, had obtained no small notoriety among the peddling fraternity. They all understood the matter; and although several, prompted by an ordinary share of confidence in their selling powers, had made a visit to the place, determined not to leave the game till they had run it down, they had all to a man been foiled. The Virginia farmer was proof against their strategy, and had urged his wife never in his absence, to purchase any article, especially a clock.

This day Mr. M.— had gone to a neighboring town to transact some business, expecting to return the same evening. Shortly after his departure the pedler drove up. Jasper Callum was no ordinary specimen of a Yankee. He had all the tact and shrewdness of the codfish State, all the hardness and impenetrability of the granite State—and all the determination of a Green Mountain boy. He was a Yankee—and one of the straightest sect—a keen, sharp-sighted, ready-witted man of some two or three and twenty. He was a tactician at selling—no matter what article or commodity, he could always sell; and he delighted in nothing more than to follow hard upon a brother pedler, and to compare notes with him at the end of the tour. Generally Jasper could show more dollars taken in a given time than any other pedler who traveled in the "Old Dominion." Besides he was well mannered, and was seldom off his guard. He had, as we have seen, made known his errand and received a denial. Most pedlers would have retired. He took a seat. There was a seeming rudeness in so doing as the woman had given no such invitation; but the manner of his doing it divested it of all impropriety. It was taken hesitatingly and with an appearance of weariness, and he did that which is not always done by pedlers, he removed his hat. Minutes passed—or they seemed minutes to the pedler—during which he sat in silence pondering upon the course most likely to insure success—at length he ventured to say. "Madam, with your leave, I'll show you one of my clocks." "You may show as many as you please," said the woman; "but we want none—haven't I already told you?" She had indeed told him so; but nevertheless he had gained an important point, the permission to show his clocks. In a short time therefore, he was again entering the door, bearing in his hands a handsome looking clock—brass wheels, mahogany case, gilded at various points, and with a pretty landscape painted on a glass in front below the face—in short, it was one of Jerome's best Bristol make. Fortunately, so the pedler thought, the mantle happened to be unoccupied, and there in the centre the clock was duly installed. It was wound up and soon began its duly—click—click—click. The pedler resumed his seat. "I said he had gained something. So he thought; but despite of all that he had done, the woman seemed as unmoved as a marble statue—she took not the slightest notice of him or his clock. This was strange. She left the room, and as the door closed the pedler noticed that she more than half turned round, and cast a momentary glance at the clock. And that look was voluntary. It cost her an effort—it betrayed curiosity—the pedler did not quite despair.

But his hopes were ere long again on the ebb. The woman seemed to have no disposition to return; at least she didn't make her appearance; and with a good deal of reason the pedler thought she did not intend to return. Probably she supposed that he had departed. Be this as it may, the pedler was giving up, and had actually risen and was in progress towards the clock with the view to deport it once more to his wagon, when she again entered. She seemed inclined to pause—and perhaps did pause—but what was more to the pedler's purpose, he fancied she was about to bazaar some remark—he hoped a commendation of the clock—at least a word to its good appearance. But he mistook. She did indeed speak, a word or two only, however; but for the life of him the pedler couldn't decide whether the drift was for him or against him. "I wish Mr. M.— was at home—," she paused. What was she going to add? The pedler would have given almost the price of a clock to have had his doubts resolved. "He"—did she mean that her husband could decide for himself? So the pedler wished to believe, while his better opinion, judging from her manner was, that she meant to intimate that her husband would be even more summary—more indifferent he could not appear—more set and determined was impossible. But putting the construction upon her words most favorable to his present interest, he ventured to supply what she had failed to say. "Yes, indeed," said he, "if Mr. M.— were at home, I dare say he would not lose such a bargain." "Bargain!" The pedler had unconsciously used a word of talismanic power all the world over.—That word seemed the arouse to woman's attention—and, for the first time she raised her eyes and fairly looked at the clock. And so it happened, that at this critical moment in the history of that clock, and in the proceedings of the pedler in relation to a sale of it, it struck one, two, three, up, to eleven; its tones were soft, musical and attractive. It ceased—and for a moment there was silence, but it was soon interrupted by the woman's adding. "It certainly strikes prettily." The ecstasy of the pedler was near being betrayed; but it was for his interest to conceal his pleasure, and so rising, he moved towards the clock, saying. "It's striking in good, better I think myself than is common," at the same time opening the door and pulling the striking wire, upon which its musical tones filled the room. "It does sound well," said the woman. "Good!" whispered the pedler to himself. "Hark! there have been some improvements in clock making!" asked the woman. "Better and better," thought the pedler. "Madam, said he rousing from his apparent reverie, 'you asked me about improvements. O yes, many improvements; clocks are made now—a-days in great perfection, and very cheap; but I was about making a proposition in relation to that clock—'" "I can save you all trouble of that sort," broke in the woman again, "I may take none of your clocks." "There again, all aback," thought the pedler, now at a loss how to retrieve lost ground. But a second thought came to his aid. The language of the woman was very peculiar—"I may take none." "Madam!" the pedler resumed, and with some little more assurance, "I was going to put this clock to you on such terms as that you may on any other woman in the wide world might take it." The woman listened. She raised her hand to her forehead—she hesitated—she seemed inclined to asked a question—and at length she ventured to inquire. "How do you sell them?" The pedler was too politic to betray his sense of the advantage he was gaining, and rather coolly remarked. "You seem so reluctant to purchase a clock, madam that I am at a loss how to reply; but if you will take one I'll put it pretty much at your own price." "You will!" said she, her countenance relaxing into a sort of smile, mingled with a spice of incredulity. "That's not a common way with you pedlers." "Oh, no," said he, "we live by our trade, and must make a trifle at least now and then; but we must sell if we don't make much." While the pedler was talking, she had approached the clock for the purpose of examining it, the pedler hoped with reference to a purchase; and by way of helping on this decision he opened the clock—displayed its machinery—and cautiously recommended it by saying. "It's a handsome piece of furniture you see—useful—and with your leave it occupies just the place for it." "It looks well," rejoined the woman; "but—," she paused. "I—" she began and again stopped. At length, however, she added, "I may not purchase it." She had laid a more than ordinary emphasis, perhaps unconsciously, on the word purchase. "What!" thought the pedler, "does she expect me to give her a clock?" "No, he could not give the clock. That would deprive him of an anticipated and now much desired triumph. But matters now stood in such a position as to demand prompt and decided action. The pedler therefore met the emergency like a tactician. "Madam," said he, "I ask no money for the clock. I am willing to take such articles in payment as you have to spare and at your own price." "The woman fairly stared. The matter wore a new aspect. "I mean just what I say, madam," said the pedler, observing her surprise. "Just what you have to spare and at your own price." "But what do you ask for the clock?" "Fifteen dollars, madam, the small sum of fifteen dollars." The woman took a seat. For a few minutes she seemed to be abstracted and lost. But at length she said, "On the terms you propose I will take the clock." That was the decision which the pedler had been looking for, with all imaginable desire, now no time was to be lost—and none, indeed, was lost. "Follow me," said the woman rising and leading the way to an outer room, where was standing a cask with about a bushel of flax seed, which had been there time out of mind. Her husband had often wished it away and now the pedler might take it. "All right," said the woman, "and at what price?" "Three dollars," replied the woman. (It was double the price of the clean fresh seed.) "Agreed," said the pedler, his mind running over the loss he must sustain on this basis, but

loss or no loss, he was glad to sell a clock. "What next, madam?" "Well," said the woman, "we've got a calf you may take." "A what!" asked the pedler, a cold shudder following the announcement. "A calf, sir; you said you would take anything we had to spare." "Right, right," said the pedler recovering himself as well as he could, "a calf,—O yes, all the same, that is nothing amiss by way of trade in this world;—I can turn it to account I dare say." By this time the woman had conducted our hero to a small pen adjoining the barn, and there lay—a skeleton! "This is the calf." The pedler started back involuntarily; he bit his lips and for a moment was on the point of demurring. What on earth was such a sickly looking creature worth! What could he do with it!—How could he carry it! These and half a score of kindred questions flitted across his mind. The pedler was perplexed; he was out generated; but re-installing his waning confidence with the thought that he could deposit the sorry looking brute by the wayside, like a veteran soldier in the battles of life, he marched up to the emergency, and with commendable good humor said: "Yes, yes—a calf truly, but is it alive?" at the same time spurning it with his foot. "Yes, and alive 'tis surely. I thought it was dead. Here, you young ox rouse up." The calf yawned. "Well it does breathe upon my soul," said the pedler, "yonder old cart can't yawn." "Indeed," said the woman her countenance relaxing into a veritable smile, "I thought myself at the instant that the creature was, it has been lying for more than a week, but it looks a little better now." There was no escaping from this dilemma, so with as good a grace as possible he inquired the price of the calf. "Only ten dollars," replied the woman. The pedler started. "Ten dollars!" he exclaimed with surprise. "Ten dollars! who ever heard of such a price for a calf just gasping." "You are committed," drily observed the woman. "I see I am—committed—out generated, madam." "Isn't it fair?" asked the woman. "Fair!" repeated the pedler, "fair as the day itself, right—all right; ten dollars—never mind—it's to account, I dare say." This half way controversy about the calf was thus summarily settled, and a few other matters added, the clock was paid for. But the pedler did not feel to boast, as they say. He was vanquished, and yet the victor. He had made a *bona fide* sale of a clock where all hitherto had failed; and though for the present he couldn't show the shiners for his bargain, he hoped in some way to bring up arrears, and return to tell a fair story to his competitors. The blood freshened his cheeks a good deal more than usual, it must be confessed, as he helped the helpless "young ox" to mount. It was quite a lug, as they say, and to tell the truth he was right glad when his wagon with its added contents of dying and dead stock was fairly in the public highway. On emerging from the premises of Farmer M. he turned south towards V—n Court House, situated some few miles distant. He now ascertained that the court was in session, and his plan of operation was prejudicated on this unwelcome intelligence. On reaching the green he was satisfied that the court was in session. Accordingly he drew up at some little distance from the front door, unhitched his horses and made all ready. Shortly after the court adjourned. The throng issuing from the building in great good humor—a cause having just been decided the right way to please the populace. At this critical moment the pedler stepped upon his cart, and in a civil way begged to announce that he had a few articles on sale, which he would be happy to show them. The crowd gathered around, and the inquiry rose thicker and faster. "What have you got?" "What have you got?" Responding to the already clamorous demand, the pedler, with a calm and composed front said, "that if the gentleman pleased he would take the liberty to exhibit a specimen of flax seed. He had paid a large price for it, and not having a great quantity, he would sell only a single spoonful of it to one individual. In this way he could give them all a chance; but mark me, gentlemen, if you please," said he, "I sell only one spoonful to an individual: one spoonful—not a thimbleful more." "Price!" inquired a farmer. "One dollar, gentlemen, per spoonful," said the pedler. "I know its high—but such flax seed, gentlemen, you don't see every day." "A dollar for a spoonful of flax seed!" exclaimed an old settler with a long pendant queue at his back, "I never heard of such a price." The door had been opened. I found a pan near by; "a fair price, if its genuine—the genuine—there, now I can't think of the kind—it's the new sort. I'd give five dollars if I couldn't get a spoonful without." Only for seed sir—for seed." "Pray, Mr. pedler," said another, "is the seed imported?" "Why, I rather think it was. I imported it." "From what country did it come?" asked another. "Well, that's more than I can say, whether from Flanders or Ireland, or New Holland." But these names were enough; and as the last seemed to linger longest on some one's mind, he immediately exclaimed. "New Holland, yes, I dare say—a grand country for flax; and presently the multitude had improved upon these hints, and round it went that there was flax seed of a choice kind just in from New Holland; and one man, who seemed to know something of geography, and his logic was about equal to what he knew of the face of the earth, declared that it had come some thousands of miles, it was, therefore, probably, a very long or tall kind." "Gentlemen!" said the Pedler, who had watched the increasing enthusiasm with great satisfaction, "gentlemen one dollar per spoonful for this flax seed—your only chance—don't expect ever to offer flax seed here again; last chance, gentlemen—who'll—?" He was cut short by the advance of a staid-looking man, who said, "I'll take a spoonful." "And I,—and I,—and I," said half a dozen voices all together. "One at a time, gentlemen," said the pedler, "serve you all, and just as fast as I can." And so he went on parceling out the flax seed, and pocketing the dollars, till at last he had the profound pleasure of stowing away in his money wallet the seventy-fifth dollar for the seventy-fifth spoonful of the flax seed taken from an old cask in the out-room of Mr. M., in the "Old Dominion," in part pay for a clock, but which some purchasers would have it, came directly from New Holland.

"Seventy-five dollars for the flax seed," said the pedler, "seventy-five dollars—seventy-five—that will do." And now the pedler's voice was again heard, and in a somewhat higher key: "Gentlemen," said he, "I're a still more remarkable article to dispose of—only one, and only one can have it; and the question is, who will be the fortunate purchaser. Gentle—men, this calf is for sale." The welkin rang. "A calf for sale!" said half a dozen. "Come, walk up—who'll buy! Who wants a calf?" "You had better sell yourself," said a rogueish looking stripling addressing the pedler. "Quite likely, my man," responded the pedler, "I lately felt a good deal more like a calf than I do just now. But I'll sell the calf first, and then think about selling myself. This calf for sale.—Who bids?" "Price!" said one. "Twenty-five dollars," replied the pedler. "What breed?" asked another. "Well, you all see, as for that matter, that he's short horns." "Very plain matter of fact, that," said a good-natured jolly sort of a fellow. "Is he Durham, or what is he?" "That's more than I know—his short horns, but whether Durham or Dedham—how can I tell!" "Durham!" exclaimed a prompt, rosy cheeked fellow, stepping up; "why, you simpleton, don't you know the value of the creature you are selling—even a bigger simpleton might see with half an eye that he's Durham; look at his white spots—his handsome as a picture." "Handsome," retorted another, "I wonder where you see beauty?" "Well," said another, "never mind for beauty—what's his name, Mr. Pedler?" "Durham," said the pedler. "I don't know exactly what to call him. I guess we'll call him Dromo." "Romeo, you fool," said a voice in the crowd. "Oh yes, what a mistake; funny enough," said the pedler. "Romeo, gentlemen Romeo—who'll buy!" And now, as in the case of the flax seed, the praises of Romeo went the round till there was even controversy who should have him. "A square-built man was the purchaser. The money was paid even before it was let down on terra firma. But that operation was now gone through with, and the first result was that the calf fell like a flounder. "Oh aint you ashamed of yourself," said the pedler; come, stand up in the presence of these gentlemen." The calf however, couldn't find his legs, as they say; and the pedler had to apologize for his want of manners. "He had been a little ailing," he believed, "but the person of whom he purchased him, said he looked better." "No wonder if he does a little," said a man who was helping him to stand up; it's a long voyage he's come, and cattle are quite likely to get sick on a voyage." "That indeed," said another 'he looks like as if he'd been very sea-sick, indeed—I dare say he was.' "He needs something to eat," said the pedler, "It's a good while that he's been fasting." "Well," said the purchaser with some assurance, and well satisfied with his bargain, "plenty of milk hard by—come boys, give him a lift into the wagon and I'll import him a little further." Accordingly, some half a dozen hands were soon occupied in raising the calf into the farmer's cart. Meanwhile the pedler rolled up the bills, and safely deposited them in his pocket-book, which, on returning it to its usual place he said, "One hundred dollars! one hundred dollars for a clock!—that will do!" No time was now lost by the pedler in re-litching his horses; which done, he left for headquarters, there to tell and exult over the success of his experiment in selling a clock. The multitude which had been some time thinning now left the court house and its precincts to their solitude. At about half-past seven that evening, farmer M. having returned, was quietly seated with his wife at the supper table. He seemed, though wearied, in excellent spirits. Several circumstances had occurred during the day to put him in good humor. And for some reason his wife looked he thought, more than ordinarily interesting; she was dressed with more taste. The room was neat and tidy; the light shone more brilliantly, and the table had a better bill of fare; in short Mrs. M. had exerted herself to give her husband as kind and welcome a reception as she well could. And she had evidently succeeded. He seemed pleased, while she herself was unusually cheerful and sociable. She had just poured out a third or fourth cup of tea, and was in the very act of handing it to her husband across the table, when from the adjoining room was heard the clock striking one, two, three,— Mr. M. had taken the cup, but it fell as suddenly, as if at that instant a paralysis had seized his arm—the cup broke, and the tea flooded the table; at the same time the glance of a kindled eye shot across at his wife. "Caroline!" said he in a somewhat sharp and inquisitive tone. "Husband!" at the same time exclaimed Mrs. M. "My dear husband, will you hear me?" "No said the exasperated man; 'hear what? What is the meaning of all this? No I don't want to hear any explanation. You have violated—'" "My dear husband," interrupted Mrs. M. "only hear me—one instant—one brief explanation." "None," said he rising from his chair. At the same time his wife rose, and approaching him gently laid her hand upon his shoulder, and supplicated his calm and kind attention to her explanation. "Have you purchased that clock?" he inquired. "Husband, may be that I have done wrong," she replied, "but how can you judge till you

hear!" Mr. M. was a man of impulse, as the reader will readily perceive; and yet he was kind in his nature; and when reason was permitted to speak, he was disposed to listen and judge with candor. At his wife's request he resumed his seat. She drew her chair to his side. She explained. First, she spoke of the calf and the ten dollars already allowed her for it. "You recollect, husband, that only yesterday you wished it dead." "Ah, that indeed," said Mr. M. his choleric beginning again to wax hot, "but I had rather lose twenty calves than patronize one of those detestable pedlers. You know my wishes." "I did, my husband; but for the opportunity of getting rid of articles absolutely valueless to us, I should never have presumed to have made such a purchase." "Well, let that pass," said the husband, his own good sense confessing that she had got a large price for the calf, only he didn't wish to be tho' patronizing a pedler. "You got a large price," he added. "Well," replied Mrs. M. 'the clockman,' she avoided the mention of the word 'pedler,' allowed me to have my own price, and I aimed to please you." "To please me!" said Mr. M. peevishly. "Not to excite your displeasure, rather, I should have said." "Well, what next?" "Well, then, husband, you recollect that cask of old flax seed out in—'" "Flax seed!" he exclaimed, his voice absolutely sounded through the whole house, at the same time the blood rushing to his face—"flax seed!—did you sell that flax seed?" "Pray, what is the matter?" said Mrs. M. "what have I done to raise this awful storm?" "Done?" said he, "done? That flax seed!—was it, then, that?" He paused. "And pray what did you get for it?" "There was nearly a bushel of it," replied Mrs. M., and I was allowed three dollars for it." "Three dollars a bushel?" he exclaimed. "Yet it must be that—it must be." The whole truth was now before him. He understood the length and breadth of the matter. His wife was the dupe of a keen and practised pedler; but she was less a dupe than himself. Slowly putting his hand into his pocket, he took thence a paper, which he handed to his wife and bid her open. She did so, and it was a spoonful of what once was flax seed. Judge her surprise! "Husband," said she, "what does this mean?" "Mean?" said he, "why it means that I am more of a fool than yourself. You sold a bushel of flax seed for three dollars, and I paid one dollar for a spoonful of it. That is what it means." The story was soon told. He was one of the seventy-five who had that day purchased the flax seed. He had left the ground before the selling was over, and was ignorant of the fate of the calf. But now the whole was unravelled. And while husband and wife both experienced some mortification, the joke was too good to allow any protracted disturbance of their composure. Mrs. M. poured out another cup, as her husband declared that the matter of the clock should not deprive him of his usual allowance, especially after a day of such fatigue. This meal was at length finished; but before that, both had recovered their equanimity, and even smiled at the events of the day. The pedler didn't escape some little malediction for the part he had acted; but Mr. M. declared that a man deserved some credit who would carry his purposes despite of such obstacles; but after all, he thought his wife the better salesman, who could dispose of a bushel of flax seed for three dollars, and a calf as good as dead for ten dollars.

Discovery of a Great Lake.

A great Lake has been discovered in the interior of South Africa during a journey of exploration by two gentlemen Murray and Os-wall. It is situated in longitude 24 deg. east and latitude 19 deg. south, and its limits appear to have been undiscernible. According to the natives, however, it takes twenty-five days to travel round it. The vegetation on its banks is tropical, and palms are abundant, but it contains no crocodiles, alligators, or hippopotami. It is approached by a river, which for some distance is of small size, and which as it approaches the lake, becomes as large as the Cloyde. The lake itself has no islands in it, but it is said these are densely populated by a race entirely different from those near the borders of the lake. Pelicans are numerous, as also fish, some of which resemble perch and carp, and weigh between 40-lb and 50-lb. There are likewise a great number of elephants, although of a much smaller description than those nearer the colony. The natives, whose language was unlike any known dialect spoken by the other tribes in South Africa, appeared to be of an inferior nature, and to be much afflicted with pulmonary disease. A "gentleman" is in training for a prize fight in Albany. He feeds on blood-pudding, and drinks gunpowder tea. To increase his muscle, he holds himself out by the collar an hour every day. A young and beautiful damsel, near Frankfort, Ky., having two lovers, and not knowing which to prefer, settled the matter by marrying one and eloping with the other. A shop-keeper was asked how he had obtained the appellation of little rascal? He replied—"To distinguish me from the rest of the trade, who are all great rascals."