

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 10.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1850.

No. 40.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and 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.

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Filial Affection.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wast young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he!
He caught the first accent that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow,
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind she hath been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'ne to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have derath,
If smiles of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
If love and affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

Kind of had him Foul.

Some people have a very ugly way of laying violent hands on small trifles that don't belong to them; which costs others money, and which they don't think of paying for. Now it is very well known that groceries pay about the smallest profit of any other merchandise, hence the habit some folks have of going into a store to purchase ten to twenty-five cents worth of groceries—to be sent home, too—and while they wait for the goods to be put up, they amuse themselves by a mouthful of sugar, gormandise an apple or two, or guzzle a bunch of raisins, figs, slice of cheese, plug of tobacco, biscuit, or whatever else lies around temptingly exposed to view. You may rest assured that people don't trade and traffic for the fun of it, and if you gouge the grocer he'll be justified in keeping square with you by sending light weight and scant measure. A facetious old mercantile friend of mine used to be thus addressed by a customer who came in daily to order something or other in the grocery line, and who, having an amazing sweet tooth in his head, thought nothing of nibbling chunks of sugar, bunches of raisins, &c. One morning, Nibble came into the store before breakfast, evidently disturbed in mind.
"Mr. —, you sent my quarter bill last night."
"Yes, sir, I did."
"Well, there's one item I don't understand—'nibbles, three mos., daily—\$3.' What the dickens do you mean by that?"
"You keep a dry goods store, Mr. —?"
"Yes, I do."
"Now suppose I came in every day to buy two or three shillings worth of goods, and each time I should levy on a spoon of cotton, a paper of needles, or a piece of tape, which I never of course thought of accounting for—"
"Oh, ah, yes, yes: I take the force of what you are about to say; those little things do count up. You've got me now."
The bill was paid. The dry goodist did not take the matter as an insult, and what is still more strange—has quit nibbling.

A Conscience Direction.—Come to my room, I want to see you.
"Where is your room?"
"In St. Charles's Exchange."
"Well, I believe there are several rooms in that house—how shall I go to get to yours?"
"Come right in, turn round left—come up one pair of stairs, turn round left again, come forward, come up, turn round, come up two pairs of stairs, turn round three times, come forward and knock at the door."
"Stop! don't you think I could get there easier if I was to go down the middle and up again, cross over, turn round, forward two, a dos-a-dos, Indian file promenade, shake a stick, cut fiddle stick, dance round two pair of partners, and so follow my nose?"
"No, no; just follow my directions, and you will be sure to find me."
"Or lose myself to a certainty."

THE BERKSHIRE PIG.

An Electioneering Anecdote.

"The fact is, gentlemen," said one of a party who were enjoying themselves in a private room over a glass of wine, and talking politics, "there are mighty few who know how the State of Louisiana was carried by the Whigs during the last Presidential campaign."

"How was it?" asked the party.
"Well, I'll tell you," said the speaker, who had a sly twinkling of humor in his eye. "During the campaign of '48, when the prominent advocates of Democracy and Whiggery were canvassing the State, one of the distinguished men of each party met by appointment at a small village, where the people were nearly equally divided in politics.—The Democrat spoke after the Whig, and it was the general opinion that the Democrat had carried the day."

"After he had concluded his speech the people were about to disperse, when a tall, raw boned, ugly-looking customer got up on the stand and said, 'Gentlemen, afore you disperse I want to say a word or two in reply to the last gentleman that talked.' At first the crowd commenced hissing and hooting, to put him down, but he wasn't one of the kind to say put."

"Fellow citizens," shouted the stranger, in a stentorian voice. "I will introduce myself to you as a Kentuckian. (Shouts of hurrah for Kentucky.) They say Rome was once saved by the cacklin' of geese, but I don't think the hissing of any of you here will save Louisiana, or elect old Zack!" This speech was received with rounds of applause and shouts of laughter. He had won the crowd over on his side. They perceived at once that he was a character, and they became anxious to hear him.

"Fellow citizens," continued the Kentuckian, "I want a chance, if you will give it to me, to put the gentleman that last talked to you about General Cass, through a course of sprouts." (Laughter, and cries of go on.) Here the stranger put both hands into his coat pockets, and drew out of one the Cleveland Plaindealer, and out of the other the Nashville Union, and with a sort of seriocomic expression of countenance said—

"Fellow citizens, you mustn't be down on me because my talk is like sawed plank in the rough. It is too late now for me to commence plannin' my language though I once had a pretty smart sprinklin' of larnin', but I have always thought when I was young I collapsed a flue, and a right smart chance of it leaked out." He then read from the Plaindealer the most strenuous assurances to the Democracy of the North that Gen. Cass was a Wilnot proviso man, and from the Union assurances just as positive that Gen. Cass was a pro-slavery man.

"Now, I am not good at speaking," continued the Kentuckian, "but the Michigan man's position puts me in mind of a little circumstance which happened in my neighborhood in Kentucky, some time ago, which I must tell you. You all remember what a perfect mania prevailed some years ago on the subject of Durham calves, Berkshire pigs, South Down Sheep, &c. Well, I had a neighbor by the name of Martin, who was an uncommon clever physician and an importer of fine stock. One day the Doctor stopped to get his horse shod at neighbor Bird's the blacksmith, who lived about two miles from the Doctor's house.—The Doctor commenced talking about his beautiful Berkshire pigs, and told the blacksmith, in a fit of liberality, that he would give him a pig out of the next litter that "Su" had.

"In the course of two months or such a matter, the doctor called at the shop and told neighbor Bird that "Su" had a fine litter, and to send and get his pig. So Bird posts his man Bob off with his wife's large willow basket to get the pig.—Between Bird's and Martin's, Sam Smith, who was a great quiz, kept a little grocery, and seeing Bob come post haste on his master's horse, old Tom, with the basket on his arm, he sang out "holloo, Bob, where are you going in such a hurry this morning!"

"I is gwine to Massa Doctor Martin's to get Massa Tom's Berkshire pig, what massa doctor promise massa Tom de last time he shod he hos," said the negro as he reined in his animal.

"Well, Bob, you must stop as you come back, and let me see the pig."

"Dat I will, massa Sam; dat I will, and away he went, at the top of "old Tom's speed." In less than an hour Bob returned, with a genuine swine, and alighting at the grocery, he lifted the cover of the basket, and to the astonished gaze of the grocery man, who imagined a Berkshire to be something more than a mere hog, exhibited a very beautiful specimen of a jet black pig. An idea struck Sam Smith to play a joke on Bob, and knowing his propensity to imbibe, told him to go in the grocery and get a dram. While Bob was gone, Smith ran round the back of the house and got a little black pup, nigh about the same heft, and took the pig out of the basket and put pup in. When Bob came out and mounted his nag, Sam Smith handed him the basket and off he went. On arriving at home, the blacksmith asked him if he had got the pig. "Yes, massa, and very fine pig he be too," said Bob, lifting up the cover; "black as a coal," when to the utter astonishment of Bob and Bird, there lay a black curly puppy. "Is that a Berkshire pig?" asked the blacksmith in amazement; "Why it is a pup, not a pig!" "Bless de Lord," said Bob, "he be pig when I put him in de basket, but he change to pup!" "Take him back, sir," said Bird, highly indignant. "and tell Dr. Martin that I don't want to be fooled with his puppies, and if he don't want to give me a Berkshire pig, to say so."

Bob started back, and naturally enough stopped at the grocery to relate his mishap to Sam Smith, who heard him out with a countenance expressive of wonder, at the same time doing his best to control his increasing desire to burst into fits.—"Well, get down Bob," said the grocer, "and take another dram." Bob did not require a second invite, and while he was getting his "bald face," the grocer took the pup from the basket, and put back the pig. "Massa Sam," said Bob, coming out to mount his horse, "I am mighty obfuscated 'bout dis pig. Fust I tink him pig, I know he pig fust, but den I know he his pup too. Ar'n't you sartain, Massa Sam, he was pig fust?" asked Bob, as he mounted his critter. "I'll swear to it," replied Smith, and away Bob rode for the doctor's.

On arriving at the house, Bob delivered his message, but the doctor seeming somewhat incredulous as to the truth of the story, Bob, with a flourish of insulted veracity, opened the lid of the basket, when lo, there was the identical pig that he had started with. Bob stood transfixed, and with eyes protruding, and mouth open, remarked, "for God, 'taint no use Massa, he be pup or pig, just as he pleases." The crowd became convulsed with laughter, and gave the Kentuckian three cheers. The fellow was hired to tell the same story in the democratic parishes, which he did with such powerful effect, that the Whigs carried the State.

The Baby Jumper Beat.

Some cute Yankee, in Boston, has invented and brought out a grand concern for nursing infants. You put your squaller into the machine, and, by a series of straps, cogs and screws, agitated by the spasmodic splurges of the infant's arms and legs, the machine rolls gently over the floor, while a species of hand organ music is emitted, equalling ten penny whistles and a dozen baby's rattles.—If this fails to amuse the little "sugar lumps," you may turn a screw and set in motion a manipulator, something like a human hand, it "by hys' the mudder's box of diamonds," tickles and pats it until it roars with laughter or goes to sleep! We believe the inventor intends to make sundry additions to his baby nurse, whereby it may dress and undress the youngster, feed it, wash it, &c. If these Yankees keep on a spell longer, the men may shut up shop and go a fishing, while the women lie back in white kids and play overture on the accordion or piano. This equals the patent "clecquer," and knocks the telescope for, seeing through a brick, clean into the Fourth of July.

Use of Sleep to the Body.

Solidification—that is, the conversion of blood into the solid parts of the body—goes on during sleep. The chief end, indeed, an object, and intention of sleep would seem to be this final assimilation of our food, this solidification of the blood, into the several solid parts of the body.

The accomplishment of this miraculous change seems to have required, for every thing, both within and without the body, should be hushed into profound repose during the accomplishment of the mighty wonder, in order that nothing might disturb or interfere with the exquisite and miraculous processes employed to effect it. To this end the portals of sensation are closed—the eye sees not—the ear hears not—the skin feels not—the very breathing is scarcely audible—the pulsations of the heart are scarcely perceptible—all the living energies are now concentrated into the greatest possible intensity, like rays of light into a focus; and directed, with almost complete exclusiveness, towards this simple object.

In the day, therefore, we make blood—in the night that blood is converted into solid matter.—In the day we garner up the building materials—in the night we repair up the building. The hour of rising, therefore, ought to be at the time at which our physical strength is at the greatest—and with perfectly healthy persons this is the case. The languor which sickly persons feel in the morning, arises from the process of repair not having been fully accomplished; the building has not been restored. The apparent additional strength which is felt during the day, after eating, is only apparent—it is merely excitement derived from the stimulus of food; in the first instance in the stomach; and after that food has been assimilated, of new blood in the system.

How to Cure A Cold.

Of all other means of killing colds, fasting is the most effectual. Let whoever has a cold eat nothing whatever for two days, and his cold will be gone, provided he is not confined in bed—because, by taking no carbon into the system by food, but consuming that surplus which caused his disease by breath, he soon carries off his disease by removing the cause. And this plan of fasting will be found more effectual if he adds copious water-drinking to protracted fasting. By the time a person, able to be about, but suffering, however severely from a cold, has fasted one entire day and night, he will begin to experience a relief, a lightness, a freedom from pain, and a clearness of mind in delightful contrast with that mental stupor and physical pain caused by cold. And how infinitely better is this method of breaking up colds and freeing the system of disease, than medicines, especially than violent poisons.

"Ah, doctaw, does the cholera awfect the higher ordaws?" asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician in New-Orleans. "No," replied the doctor, "but it's death on fools, and you had better leave the city immediately." The fellow sloped.

A NAME.—The Astoria (Oregon) Pioneer, says "the little stream which skirts our town on the east is called Occunneoccegecocahecheechee-a-dungo. This name signifies laziness." It isn't a lazy job, however, to pronounce it.

Extraordinary Case of Longevity.

Dinah, an old negress, died in Norfolk, Va., a few days ago, at the age of one hundred and twenty three years old. She was a servant in a family residing at the Great Bridge, when the memorable battle was fought there in 1775, between Col. Woodford's Virginia troops and the British grenadiers, under Captain Fordyce, and was, at that time, a grandmother—a fact which attests her age. She was blind for a number of years, but recovered her sight when past her hundredth year, so that she could see to thread a cambric needle, and having lost all her teeth, she cut an entire new set about the same time. She was remarkably sprightly and industrious to the last.

Norfolk Herald.

DR. FRANKLIN speaking of Education, says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

The Van Rensselaer Suits Decided in Favor of the People!

We learn from the Albany Freeholder, of Wednesday, May 8, that Judge Hand has at last given his opinion in these important cases, viz: the People vs. Stephen Van Rensselaer, and in both cases has decided in favor of the People, giving the defendants leave to amend within twenty days, with the payment of cost.

ADDRESS.

To the People of Pennsylvania.

The undersigned Whig members of the House of Representatives believe it to be due to themselves to state some of the reasons which impelled them to vote for the Apportionment Bill as it was reported from the Committee of Conference. This Bill, we are fully aware is in some of its provisions unequal and unjust. It gives to some Democratic districts great advantages, while it deprives certain Whig districts of such a representation as they are in justice entitled to.

The Democratic districts of Berks, York and Cumberland have a representation greater than in justice they could claim, while the Whig counties of Union, Allegheny, Butler, &c. are deprived of three members of the House, which by a fair and just apportionment they would have. The Senatorial districts of Chester and Delaware, and of Mountgery are obnoxious to the charge of gross inequality and injustice. The county of Chester alone has more than a sufficient number of taxables to entitle it to a Senator. Yet the strong Whig county of Delaware with a taxable population of over five thousand is attached to her, whilst Montgomery, which also borders on Delaware, without a sufficient number of taxables, is by this bill, given a Senator.

The opposition party resisted every attempt to unite Montgomery and Delaware.

The uniting of Indiana, Armstrong and Clarion as one Senatorial district is another feature of the Bill, which, in its political aspect, is peculiarly obnoxious to us as Whigs, and we made every effort to form a district which would have been less objectionable to the people of the old district, but without success.

But time will not permit us to enter further into details or do more than to say that the subject was extremely embarrassing and surrounded with difficulties, and that we endeavored to bring to the consideration of it that calm and dispassionate exercise of judgement which it was our duty as Representatives to do. We feared that some desperate men desired that the Legislature should adjourn without passing an Apportionment Bill—a result fraught as we believe, with the most dangerous consequences. For although the laws have made provision, as we believe, for a failure to make an apportionment law, and the apportionment act of 1843, (as do all its predecessors,) enacts "that until the next enumeration and an apportionment thereon made, the Senate, at a ratio of 11,746, shall consist of thirty-three members and be apportioned as follows," &c., and so of the House; yet it was asserted that the Legislature failing this year to make an apportionment, the people of the State would be thrown back upon first principles, anterior to the Constitution, and that each county would send to the next Legislature the number of members she would believe herself entitled to, bringing anarchy and confusion into our Legislative Halls, a state of things no well wisher of his country could look forward to otherwise than with the greatest apprehension and alarm.

Our Constitution makes no provision for a state of Revolution. Our fathers who framed it, never entertained the idea that their descendants, representatives of the people, could so far forget their duty as to produce such a state of things by refusing to perform duties imposed upon them by their oaths of office.

The principles of our party, to which we are attached, because we believe them to be best calculated to promote the happiness of the whole people and increase the prosperity of the Commonwealth, though dear to us, sink into insignificance when compared with the obligations we are under to preserve inviolate the Constitution.

Under a full sense of the responsibilities we have assumed by voting for a bill which we believe has done great injustice to our party and has obliged some of us most unwillingly to sacrifice the feelings of our own particular districts, to subserve the great interests of the party throughout the State, and to protect our common constituency against the inroad of a torrent of revolutionary disorder, fatal to their peace and security, we throw ourselves upon a constitution supporting and law-abiding constituency for judgement and support, believing that they will appreciate our motives in voting for a bill, certainly not such a one as we wished, but the result of a compromise—and probably the best under the circumstances that could be obtained.

A. K. CORNBY, JAMES J. LEWIS,
J. W. KILLINGER, GEO. H. HART,
JAMER FLOWERS, J. B. BUTHERFORD,
JOHN M'LAUGHLIN, LEWIS HERFORD,
NICHOLAS JONES, ROBT. C. WALKER,
ROBERT BALDWIN, A. SCOTT EWING,
THOMAS DUNCAN, THOMAS C. STEEL,
C. E. KINREAD, JOHN MILLER,
JOHN ALLISON, DANL. M. SMYSER,
JAMES C. REID, J. R. BURDEN,
CRAIG BIDDIE, CHARLES O'NEILL,
WM. EVANS, W. BAKER,
DAVID J. BENT, J. C. POWELL,
JACOB NISSLY, JOHN M'LEAN,
JOHN S. BOWEN, JOHN ACKER,
ANDREW WADE, D. H. BROWER,
B. P. FORTNER, HIRAM A. WILLIAMS.

Harrisburg, May 15, 1850

A Dandy entered a book store, and with a very consequential air, inquired, "Hab you a few quires of letter paper of the very best rate, for a gentleman to write lob letters on?" "Yes," was the reply, "how many will you have?" "I s'pose," said he, "my stay at the spring will be about two or three weeks. Give me 'nough quires to write four letters."

Horace Greely says that this is a free country, and a man isn't obliged to use common sense unless he has it.

A Word to Young Men.

Wishing and sighing, imagining and dreaming of greatness, said William Wirt will not make you great, but cannot a young man command his energies? read Foster on decisions of character. That book will tell you what it is your power to accomplish. You must gird up your loins and go to work with all the indomitable energy of Napoleon scaling the Alps. It is your duty to make the most of time, talents and opportunity.

Alfred, king of England, though he performed more business than any of his subjects, always found time to study.

Franklin, in the midst of his labors, had time to drive into the depth philosophy, and explore an untrodden path of science.

Frederick the Great, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war and on the eve of battle, found time to revel in the charms of philosophy, and feast on the luxuries of science.

Napoleon, with Europe at his disposal, with kings at his antechamber, and at the head of thousands of men, whose destinies were suspended on his arbitrary pleasure, found time to converse with books.

And young men who are confined to business even twelve hours a day, may take an hour and a half of what is left for study, and which will amount to two months in the course of a year.

The unabated gassing of a portion of the press, of our rich lead mines, our inexhaustible coal mines, and the never to be estimated wealth of the gold diggings, has at last excited good Mrs. Partington's apprehension for the safety of the world. She declares this everlasting boring and digging out the inside of the world, will make a regular piece of off-hollow-ware of her, and some day or other off she'll go, sailing among the stars and planets, a monstrous monster of a balloon, inflated with her own gas! Shouldn't wonder.

Never Give a Kick for a Hit.

I learned a good lesson while I was a little girl, says a lady. One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed and said, "See what comes of kicking when you hit. Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning. Afterwards if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, "take care my children. Remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."

The Tea Culture in South Carolina.

Dr. Junius Smith of Greenville, South Carolina, in a letter dated May 1st, speaks of his experiments in growing tea in this country as highly successful. The plant maintains its original physiology and follows its Chinese patrimony, putting out its foliage at the same period that it does in China. All Dr. Smith's plants have taken roots, the buds began to develop leaves about the 20th of April, though the spring has been backward, and he could at this time collect sufficient quantity of leaves to make first rate tea. He says the leaves are most tender and delicate, and he can now understand why it is that we cannot obtain the first quality of tea from China. The first growth of the leaf is so delicate that it is quite impossible to divest it of humidity by firing or roasting to sustain so long a voyage, besides the almost certainty of utterly destroying its rich and precious aroma. When the tea is cultivated here, this process of roasting may be dispensed with. With variety of soil, abundance of cheap land and facilities of transportation, Dr. S. thinks that if we do not cultivate our own tea, we ought to be tributary to those who call us barbarians. Every farmer, certainly in the Middle and southern States, may grow his own tea in his own garden, without the slightest interference with his ordinary agricultural pursuits. We think now that it is demonstrated that tea will grow here, some of our agricultural societies should offer premiums for the first and best supply of tea grown upon American soil.

Iron Chimneys have come into use in Jersey City, an invention of Andrew Clark, Esq.—The chimneys are of iron, cylindrical in form—seven inches diameter, and weigh about 14 lbs per foot—at a cost of 5 cents a pound. The cylinder is enclosed in a chamber, from which, by means of registers, a current of fresh air may be thrown into and warm upper apartments of the house. A contrivance is also added for the evaporation of water to give a healthful moisture to the air. The cost of each chimney complete, with the registers and fixtures \$109—there being three stacks.

The Western Wheat Crop.

The recent timely, and seasonable rains, the propitious winter, the cool and late spring have all tended to produce the most favorable prospect of a harvest. There never was a period in Michigan when the wheat crop gave a fairer promise than at present, although much vicissitude has yet to be met, there is every ground to expect that the yield will be abundant, and of the best quality. In the present season of scarcity for money, the wheat crop is all important, and we have reason to be thankful that among our other misfortunes, a failure in that respect is not to be numbered.—Detroit Advertiser, Bih.