

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 11.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1850.

No. 5.

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 75 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages 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 BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c. Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

A Lot of Breaks.

BY L. SOUTHWICK.

- Break up the haunts of vice and crime,
- Break rocks with Dupont's Powder;
- Break up house-keeping, if you don't know how to make a chowder.
- Break off bad habits, and break out into a fit of laughter,
- But if you break the Temperance Pledge, You'll rue it ever after.
- Break not your promise or your pate,
- Affection's ties ne'er sever;
- Break not the Sabbath or your neck, In any case whatever.
- Break no glass-lamps or wholesome laws, Nor crockery or china;
- But break all vessels which contain The stuff that gets men shiny.
- Break open letters, eggs and clams, And oysters fat and greasy;
- Break off the squashes and your sins, And make your conscience easy.
- Break lobsters' claws, and nuts to find The meat that's in them hidden;
- But never break the Temperance Pledge, For that's a thing forbidden.
- Break not a link in friendship's chain, Break not your nose by falling,
- Break not the broomstick o'er the heads Of brats to stop their bawling.
- Break not a window-pane or sash, No shoe-strings or suspenders;
- But break away from tipping-shops, And shun all toddly-renders.
- Break up a piece of ground to plant, When all the ice and snow's off, Then put an old rum bottle in Your field to keep the crows off.

The Prince of Magicians.

It is related of Signor Blitz, that wishing one day, while in Pennsylvania, to procure a draft on New York, for a certain amount, he stepped into one of the country banks in this State, and made known his wishes to the proper officer, who, by the way, was a staid old Quaker. Being informed that he could be accommodated, he was asked—
"In whose name shall I draw the draft?"
"In my own, Signor Blitz," was the answer.
"Art thou the wonderful man who is performing all these mysterious things?" asked the Quaker.
"The same," answered the Signor.
"And now, friend, will thou show me one of thy tricks?" interrogated the Quaker.
"With pleasure," answered the magician, and taking a quarter of a dollar from his pocket, he handed it to the officer and requested him to mark it so that he would be able to distinguish it. This the Quaker did.
"And now," said Signor, taking a glove from his pocket and placing it over the quarter, which he had laid upon the counter "are you sure that the quarter is under the glove?"
"Quite sure," answered the Quaker, gently lifting the glove, and beholding the quarter snugly ensconced under it. "Sure, quite sure of it?" asked the Signor.
"Yes, my friend, I see it with my own eyes," answered the other.
"Lift the glove," said magician.
The Quaker did so, and to his consternation the quarter was gone.
"Friend," said the Quaker, "wilt thou do that once more?"
Again the Signor placed the quarter in the same position, and motioning the Signor to stand back, the Quaker placed his eyes down upon a level with the counter, and then making a sudden drive at the glove, he lifted it and the quarter was gone.
"Jonathan," said the Quaker, drawing a long breath, "place that money," referring to the amount received for the draft—"away in the safe, and lock it up, and put the key in thy pocket."
"Well," said the Signor, who is always fond of joke, "now I will give you a proposition. If I can, standing where I am, draw that money in my pocket, I am to keep it; if I cannot, I will surrender the draft, and both draft and money is yours."
"Go thy way, friend, thou should'st not do such things," said the Quaker, politely bowing the Signor to the door.

Mrs. Dubois, in describing an insane Tom cat, says—
"He dashed under the bed, where he converted his eyes into two balls of phosphorus, his tail into a Bologna sausage, while his voice assumed an 'uncertainty' that reminded her of Old Scratch himself. She got him out of the house by shooting him with the slop pail."

Mrs. Jones's Experience, or the Art of Living Easy.

From the Ohio Cultivator.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

"I can't see for my life, how you get along so easy, Mrs. Jones," said the merry Ellen, to her nearest neighbor; "your family is larger than ours, and you have less help—but you are always in time—come when I will, I find things in good order—no bustle, fuss or confusion. Now we all work from morning to night, at our house, and our work is never done. There must be some witch work about it—some secret: do tell us, won't you?"
"Why, Ellen, I do not know that there is any great secret about it; all I can tell is, that I don't seem to work very hard, but some how I do get along very easy, you say, with all that seems to fall to my lot."

"Well we know that, Mrs. Jones, and we know too, that you do more reading and writing than any of the rest of us, and visit the sick more, and find time for everything that is good—oh, there is a secret, I know there is, and you must tell me all about it."

"Yes, Ellen, I will tell you all I know about it, for you're a real smart girl, and will make a first rate wife for our Fred, some day, but you must first promise to try and make my secret of practical use to yourself and teach every body else."
Ellen blushed, and almost wished she had not been so impertinent. But Ellen was a good sensible girl, and was impressed with the idea that Fred would want a wife somewhat resembling his mother in domestic matters; so she stooped down and tied her shoe, to hide her confusion. Mrs. Jones laid down the cheese knife, (for it was early in the morning,) took up the baby which her kind heart and arms had taken home, and picked up a basket of green peas that were to be shelled for dinner, and sat down to nurse her little orphan to sleep, take the peas out of the pod and tell her the story.

"Well, Ellen, my secret is just this: when I go out to shake the table cloth, I always bring in a stick of wood, or when I nurse the baby I shell the peas, or read my newspaper; or in other words I economise time: seldom take two steps where one will answer, and try to do everything the shortest and easiest way. I pulverise saleratus enough to last a month at one time, keep it in a convenient vessel, and then it is always ready for use—no untying papers and scattering the floor and cupboard, no table, no rolling pin, or mortar to clean, but once; instead of beating my eggs with a knife or spoon, I have a whip made of pieces of wire bent in an oblong shape like a tassel, and tied with a bit of twine to a bicory handle, and I can beat the whites of six eggs to a standing foam in two minutes, as easily as you could in half an hour with a knife. Any body can make a whip that can whittle a stick or find a piece of wire, if they cannot afford to buy one. I only mention these things as samples of my time saving. But if you will not be offended I will tell you a little story."

"Offended! not I. It is the silliest thing in the world to get offended, particularly at those who wish to do us good. The doctor often has to administer unpleasant drugs to effect a cure."

"Well then, Ellen, I was taking tea with a neighbor last week, and we went into the milk room and cheese room to see the cheese; and as we came back we stopped a few minutes to chat in the kitchen; the lady told one of the girls that she might make some flannel cakes, or griddle cakes, as some call them, for tea. She started off on the bound to her duty. First she ran down cellar and brought up the butter-milk jar holding almost a pailful; then she ran back for the eggs, untied half a pound of saleratus, scattered a spoonful on the floor and another on the table, rolled it and tied it up; next turned her butter milk out and splattered a new dress all about the waist, splashed it all over the table on divers things, said 'oh shaw!' picked up the saleratus from the floor, cleaned her dress, and caught a plate and ran to the meal room; came back with a heaping plate of flour, threw it into the pan and stirred away, back and forth, till it was all submerged and all lumps. There was not flour enough; away she ran again, brought a little more; there was still not enough, and the third journey had to be made, in all was dashed, and stirred away till her face glowed like peony; all at once she thought of her eggs, and broke them into the batter. She had forgotten the salt, and ran the fourth time to the meal room. Now her batter was too thick, and more butter milk had to be used, and consequently the saleratus paper had to undergo another operation. Finally, after much labor and toil, and an expenditure of much time and waste of material, the lumpy batter was ready for use. But here was a new trouble; the fire that was just right half an hour before was exhausted; the griddle which had been set on the stove in the beginning, burned rough, the kitchen and ante rooms full of the unpleasant smoke and odor of burnt grease—the cakes stuck fast to the iron—and two messes were wasted before the griddle could be rubbed smooth; the dish cloths were all in a sad plight, and the young lady had expended as much actual labor as would have prepared the whole meal, set the table and all."

"Oh, dear—that was me; any body might know that picture! But how would you have managed?"

"I should have taken my pan and spoon, put my saleratus into the pan, gone down cellar, and with my cup, which I keep in the jar for that purpose, dipped the butter milk without splattering it, into my pan; then broke the eggs carefully into the milk—gone from there to the meal room and

sifted the proper quantity of flour in and stirred it carefully, thus beating the eggs while I stirred in the flour—dropped in a little salt, and returned to the kitchen, all in five minutes, without having one thing out of place, except the egg shells, and those I should have removed at some other time. So you see instead of four journeys to the cellar, two to fetch and two to carry back, and four to the meal room, I should have done the whole work, saved my strength, saved the wear and tear of shoes, saved the soil of my dress, saved the fire, the annoyance, and a good half hour for something else, and had better cakes for supper, into the bargain. And this is only one half hour saved in getting supper by one hand. It took three that night longer to get tea by one hand, than it would have taken me to have got it alone."

"But, law me! here's the baby fast asleep—the peas are all shelled, and my story must be wound up, for it is time to whey off the curd." If this bit of experience does you any good, we may tell you another story some day.

OCCUPATIONS.

The following excellent remarks from the *Waverly Magazine*, are so strongly characterized with good sense and practical everyday applications, we have at once set them down as sound doctrine:

There is a most radical error pervading society at the present in regard to plain, honest, hardy industry. A greater or more foolish mistake, never associated itself with popular prejudices, than that it is the nature of his avocation that gives character and dignity to the man. For our part, we should be sadly puzzled to discover the distinction between any two of the varied occupations which employ the industry of man, that would raise the operative in the one case above the one in the other. One occupation is precisely as creditable in itself, and as commendable to its industrious pursuer as another, provided it be honorable, and in perfect harmony with the laws of God and man. It is the man that ennoble the occupation, not the occupation that dignifies the man. It is well that we are not all fitted, by habit, education, and taste, for the same avocation. However, these natural divisions are by no means distinctions. It is the diversity of taste, together with good and wholesome laws and regulations, that harmonize this vast workshop of intricate industry, the world. Without this diversity, all would be riot and confusion, and physical power alone would reap the benefits of labor. As it is, the weak and strong have each their several and appropriate allotments.

The man who follows in the wake of the plowshare, in his striped frock, and with bronzed and toughened hands, plants his seed—the man with smutty face and leather apron, who, with strong and vigorous sinews, swings his clanging sledge from early morn to twilight eve—or the man who bends over his ringing lap stone the live long day, is not the whit below the smooth-faced, keen-eyed merchant, who follows the feminine employment of measuring tape and ribbon—the eagle-eyed barrister, who expounds, or rather mystifies the law, or he whose stately tread resounds in our halls of legislation. Still, there exist in the community a low and baneful prejudice in regard to this matter of labor. Why, fathers now a-days must keep a sharp eye on their sons, lest they stray from "the learned profession," and take up the degrading occupation of a mechanic, and thus entail a calamity upon the family which can never be wiped out.—The daughters, too, must have a maternal spy upon their every glance and footstep, lest she be 'tipping the light o' her eye upon some poor mechanic! Horrible! Why, the good lady would as soon think of linking her daughter with a Patagonian heathen as a mechanic.

Are not the use of the trowel, the anvil, the spade, and the hammer, just as laudable employments wherewith to build up our comforts in life, as the yard stick, the pestle and mortar, or library? Equally as honorable and respectable, since they are all employed for the same purpose. Labor is labor, whether performed in the field and workshop, or behind the counter, and in the study. Honesty and honorable labor are the same, whether performed by the king or the peasant, by the priest or layman; it is just as honorable in the one as in the other, and as worthy of the respect and admiration of the world.

"Vat's de matter! Vat's de matter!" exclaimed an old Dutch friend of ours, as he tucked up his apron and ran out of the shop to know the meaning of a crowd in his neighbourhood; "vat's de matter?"

"There is a man killed," replied a bystander.

"Oh, is dat all!" said our friend, evidently disappointed; "ish dat all! spouse a man killed! humph! I thought it was a fight."

Editorial Courtesy.

The editor of the *Clarksville Chronicle*, in speaking of the *Hopkinsville Free Press* says:

"Mr. Noble is said to be a good writer, and we know him to possess a lively imagination, he being the self-same individual who once charged us through his paper with being a robber of hen-roosts. We bear him no malice, however, on this account, and offer him our best wishes for his success."

To this Mr. Noble, with noble magnanimity, replies:

"Thank you Bob. We reciprocate your good wishes; and since we have learned something of your captivating beauty, we withdraw the hen-roost charge, being satisfied that no hen of respectable instinct would list you get close enough to make her your captive."

A Marriage in St. Petersburg.

A fair correspondent supplies us with the following "Chip" from St. Petersburg:

In England we used to think the marriage ceremony, with all its solemn adjuncts, an impressive affair; but it is child's play when compared with the elaborate formalities of a Russian wedding. In England, the bride, though a principal, is a passive object; but in Russia she has, before and at the ceremony, to undergo as much physical fatigue and exertion as a prima donna who has to tear through a violent opera, making every demonstration of the most passionate grief. But you shall hear how they manage on these occasions.

The house keeper of Mons. A., who has been in his service for eighteen years, and consequently no youthful bride, took it into her head to marry a shoemaker, who, like his intended, is not remarkable for his personal beauty.—Friday was fixed for the happy day, and about two o'clock in the afternoon, I caught sight of the bride, weeping and wailing in a most doleful manner. I heard nor saw no more of her till 6 in the evening, when she appeared in Mad. A.'s room, attired for the ceremony. Her dress was of dark silk, (she not being allowed to wear white, in consequence of some early indiscretions,) with a wreath of white rose around her head, and a long white veil, which almost enveloped her. She sobbed, howled, went off into hysterics, and fainted; I felt excessively sorry for her, but did all my soothing in vain, for she refused to be comforted. As soon as she became calm, we all assembled in the drawing room, and Mons. A.'s godson, a little fellow five years old, entered the room first, bearing the patron saint, St. Nicholas, then came the bride, followed by her train of female friends. She knelt down before Mons. A. and Mad. A., and they each in turn held the image over her head, saying they blessed her, and hoped she would "go to her happiness." She kissed their feet frantically; and they assisted her up, and she was conducted weeping to the carriage.

On arriving at the church, about half past 7, we were met by the friends of the bridegroom, who stood at one end of the church, surrounded by his family, and every now and then casting anxious looks at the beloved one, who was sobbing and howling like a mad woman. I thought how painful it must be for him, poor man, to witness such distress, and wondered why she should marry any one for whom she manifested such dislike. After administering restoratives, she became calmer, and the priest appeared—when off she went again into hysterics more sudden, though not so violent as her previous performances; but this time, was soon restored, and the ceremony commenced.

One priest stood at the altar, and two others at a kind of table or reading desk at some distance. The happy couple were placed beside each other, behind the priests, who commenced chanting the service in beautiful style. The bride and the bridegroom held each a lighted wax taper in their hand; a little more chanting, and then a small piece of carpet was brought, upon which they both stood; two crowns were then presented to them, these were held over their heads by the bridesmen. More chanting; then there was wine brought, while they were obliged to drink, first he and then she; they made three sips of it, though at first there appeared only about a wine-glassful; after this the priest took hold of them and walked them round the room three times, the bridegroom's man following and holding the crowns over their heads to the best of his ability; but he fell short of his duty, for the bridegroom was rather tall and his man rather short; hence there was much difficulty and slight awkwardness in this part of the proceedings; then followed a kind of exhortation, delivered in a very impressive manner by the senior priest.—After this they proceeded to the altar, prostrated themselves before it, kissed the ground with great apparent fervor; then all the saints were kissed, and lastly the whole party assembled. We then adjourned to the carriages, and after a quick ride soon found ourselves at home.

Here Monsieur and Madame A. performed the part of *Pere et Mere*, met the bridal party carrying the black bread and salt which is always given on such occasions. This was, with some words—a blessing of course—waved over the heads of the newly married couple, who were on their knees kissing most vehemently the feet of their *Pere et Mere*. After this ceremony, which means, "May you never want the good here offered you," they arose and again the kissing mania came upon the whole party with greater vehemence than ever. Nothing was heard for some time but the sound of lips: at length a calm came, and with it champagne, in which every one of them drank "Long life and happiness to the newly wed pair," all striking their glasses till I thought there would be a universal smash, so violently were they carried away by their enthusiasm; then came chocolate, and lastly fruit.

As soon as the feasting was over, he dancing commenced with a Polonaise; the steward and a great man in the house, leading off the bride, who by this time had forgotten all her sorrows. About twenty couples followed, and away they went through one room, out at another, until they had made the whole circuit of the apartments.

We left them at half past eleven, but they kept up the fun till five in the morning, when they conducted the happy pair to their dwelling.

Upon my expressing pity for the bride, and also my astonishment why she married a man so very repugnant to her, I learnt that she would not be considered either a good wife or a good woman unless she was led to the altar in a shower-bath of tears; in fact, in Russia, the more tears a woman sheds, the better her husband loves her.—*Dickens's Household Words*.

The Lace Merchant's Dog.

Who would have imagined that a dog had been made serviceable as a clerk, and had thus made for his master upwards of a hundred thousand crowns? And yet an accident like this happened upwards of thirty years since. One of those industrious beings who know how to make a chaldron of coals out of a billet of wood, determined, in extreme poverty, to engage in trade. He preferred that of merchandise which occupied the least space, and was calculated to yield the greatest profit. He borrowed a small sum of money from a friend, and repairing to Flanders, he there bought pieces of lace, which, without any danger he smuggled into France in the following manner;

He trained an active spaniel to his purpose. He caused him to be shaved, and procured for him the skin of another dog, of the same hair and shape. He then rolled the lace round the body of his dog, and put over the garment of the stranger so adroitly, that it was impossible to discover the trick. The lace being thus arranged in his pedestrian bandbox, he would say to his messenger, "Forward, my friend." At these words the dog would start, and pass boldly through the gates of Malines or Valenciennes, in the face of the vigilant officers placed there to prevent smuggling. Having effected this he would wait for his master at a little distance in the open country. There they mutually caressed and feasted, and the merchant placed his packages in a place of security, renewing his occupation as necessity required. Such was the success of the smuggling, in less than five or six years he amassed a handsome fortune and kept his coach. Envy pursues the prosperous: a mischievous neighbour betrayed the lace merchant, and notwithstanding his efforts to disguise the dog, he was suspected, watched, and discovered.

American Tea.

The tea grown here turns out far more highly and deliciously flavored than that imported, being in all respects like that drunk by the wealthy in China, the grand difference between the American grown and the imported being in the loss of flavor occasioned by the sea voyage. Latitude thirty-four north, in Alabama, Georgia, and North-Carolina proves better suited for cultivation of the plant than any other region. Dr. Davis of South-Carolina who originated the experiment, is already realizing handsomely by the sale of his young trees, which are eagerly bought up at any price by southern agriculturists.

There are some persons yet living who can recollect when the cotton plant was only seen in flower-pots in which it was cultivated on account of its lovely blossom; one of the prettiest flowers in the calendar of horticulture.—Observing men in the south who know the history of the cotton-raising business of this country are generally of opinion that tea-growing is about to become quite as important to us, in even less time than it has taken us to become the great cotton-producing country of the world. The character of soil and climate adapted to the growth of the tea-plant, are not such as to make it interfere at all with the production of the cotton.

Newspaper Impositions.

The following bit, which is as true as it is spicy, we clip from an exchange. It is peculiarly applicable to some office seekers, and office-holders in this region of country. Some men make themselves annoyingly agreeable when in search of the "loaves and fishes," but after having obtained the object of their pursuit, it not unfrequently occurs that they act upon the principle which all ingrates adopt as their Koran—"Feed your enemies and starve your friends!" We publish it for the special benefit of this class of politicians.

Every body seems to think the printer a fair subject to plunder. Not unfrequently leading politicians receive the paper for years and never think of paying for it, and when their bill is sent in, quite indignantly return a letter with "stop my paper." Mr. so-and-so wishes to become a candidate for an office. He has no talents, it may be, or no influence, or is known frequently to have opposed the regular nominations, but he gets some friend to puff him through the newspaper, and thus succeeds in getting himself nominated. Then, perhaps, for the first time, he comes forward and subscribes for that paper which he expects to promote his ambitious aspiration. Now what claims has such a man to the support of a paper, to which he never contributed a dollar? And yet we have been called upon to support men for lucrative offices, who had never taken our paper before they had received their nomination from the county convention, and were too mean and niggardly to subscribe and pay for it even if we had spent both time and money to secure their election. But unless we are mistaken, we will never do so again, and now state our position, that we will put forward no man for any county office, who is not a regular paying subscriber for our paper."

In Paris the fashionable bathers are provided with drawers, and show much of the plumpness of Norman ponies in their developments. There are jumping steps and diving places, and at one end a cafe restaurant. Here some of the swimmers, in Eden costume, enter and seat themselves at the tables, where they are waited on by female attendants. All this is in the heart of Paris, on a river wide enough to refresh without cutting into lifeless twain the halves of the city.—*Trib Cor.*

The Debt of Texas.

In June 1837, Texas passed an act to consolidate her debt and then found its amount \$5,000,000. In 1848 this had increased to upwards of \$11,000,000, and probably amounts at the present period, 1850, to \$12,000,000. The appropriation by Congress will be applied, one-half to the payment of the Bond holders and one-half to the State for her own uses and purposes. The value of Texas bonds has largely increased since the passage of the Bill.