

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE

## Jeffersonian Republican.

### A Leaf of Tobacco.

And then my friends, just think there's naught exceeds;

Two ounces chewed a day, 'tis said produce  
A full half pint of tobacco juice;  
Which, if continued five and twenty years,  
(As from a calculation it appears.)

With this foul stuff would near five hogshead fill,  
Besides old quids, a large parcel still;

Nor am I with this calculation done,  
He in that time has chewed a half a ton;  
A wagon load, of that which would of course  
Sicken a dog, or even kill a horse.

Could he foresee, but at a single view,

What he was destined in his life to chew,  
And then the products of his work survey.

He would grow sick, and throw his quid away.  
Or could the lass, ere she had pledged to be

His loving wife, her future prospects see;  
Could she but see that through his mouth would

pass

In this short life, this dirty loathsome mass,  
Would she consent to take his hand for life,  
And wedded to his filth, become his wife?

And, if she would, say, where's that pretty miss  
That envies her lips she has to kiss?

Nor is this all, this dirty practice leads

To kindred habits, and to filthy deeds.

Using this seed an able statesman thinks,

Creates a thirst for stimulating drinks,

Full many a one (who envies him his lot?)

Smokes, and chews, and drinks, and dies a rot,

If you would know the deeds of him that chews,  
Enter the house of God, and see the pews;

The ladies parlor carpet, painted floor,

The chimney-piece, or panelling of the door,

Have all, in turn, been objects of abuse.

Besmeared and stained with his tobacco juice

I've seen the wall beside a certain bed

Of one, who chews tobacco, near the head

Bedawbed and blackened with the hateful juice,

While near it lay old quids for future use;

I've seen the woman who loved snuff so well,

(How much she took no mortal tongue can tell),

Pick up old quids, and dry them by the fire,

And grind them up, to satiate her desire.

I've seen the bride, upon her wedding gown,

The dirty pipe and filthy weed lay down.

And then prepare the hateful thing to smoke,

Before she had the nuptial silence broke;

And like a daughter true of mother Eve,

Her new made husband she did not conceive

Was constituted head, and not a limb,

She smoked herself, and gave the pipe to him;

And he like Adam, with submission true,

Took from her hand the pipe, and smoked it too.

### A Man's A Man.

The beaux are cautious, coy, and shy,

Though quite polite, and all that;

They smile and flutter, look and sigh,

And talk of love, and all that.

For all that, and all that,

Their talk of love, and all that,

They don't propose;—yet what I want,

A husband is, and all that;

There's one that's thrifless, idle, poor,

Who asks to wed, and all that;

But father turns him from the door,

And scolds and frets, and all that;

For all that, and all that,

The man's a man, for all that;

'Tis better, sure, to marry him

Than none at all, for all that.

Let others sing live and die,

Lonely and sad, and all that;

Because they hold their heads so high;

And are so nice and all that,

I'll be a bride for all that;

And though I cannot choose my man,

I'll married be for all that. HELEN.

If you transpose what ladies wear—VEIL,  
'Twill plainly show what bad folks are—VILE.  
Again, if you transpose the same,  
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name—LEVI.  
Change it again, and it will show  
What all on earth desires to do—LIVE.  
Transpose the letter yet once more,  
What bad men do you'll then explore—EVIL.

HARD RUN.—A poor fellow who took the overland route to California, writes back that he was so hard run in May last, that he had to boil his cotton umbrella for greens—for a knuckle of ham he had to use an old boot. There's a bill of fare for you.

At Chicago, 27,000 oxen are slaughtered annually, and the beef packed for sale in other markets.

### Anecdote of Hugh L. White.

The late lamented Judge L. White, of Tennessee, became conspicuous, at an early period of life, as a jurist and a statesman. He fixed his permanent home near Knoxville, amid the scenes of his youthful sports and the companions of his boyish days. Rarely has a young man continuing in his own country and among his own kindred, so soon attained such literary and political pre-eminence. From his youth the Judge was characterized by profound reverence for the ordinances of the Gospel. He was a regular attendant at the house of worship. A while he was Presbyterian, that being the church of his choice, he was benevolent and generous towards other branches of the Christian family, and often attended the Methodist church.

had in my mouth an unusually large quid of tobacco. Axley in a singular manner and train had strongly arrested my attention. While he was striking right and left, hitting those things, that he was not going to talk about, my curiosity was roused and conjecture was busy in finding out what he could be aiming at. I was chewing my huge quid with uncommon rapidity and spitting and looking up at the preacher to catch every word and gesture; and when at last he pronounced upon tobacco behold, there I had a 'great puddle' of tobacco spit! I slipped the quid out of my mouth, and dashed it as far as I could under the seat resolving never again to be found chewing tobacco in a Methodist church."

[Western Sketch Book.]

To EXTRACT THE ESSENTIAL OIL FROM ANY FLOWER.—Take any flower you choose, place a strain in a clean earthen pot, and over them a stratum of fine salt. Repeat the process until the pot is filled, cover closely, and place in the cellar. Forty days afterward strain the essence from the whole through a crape by pressure. Put the essence thus expressed in clean bottles, and expose them for six weeks in the rays of the sun and evening dew to purify. One drop of this essence will communicate its peculiar and grateful odor to a whole quart of water.

The value of the Slave property in the U. S., is computed to be a thousand million of dollars.—In all the Slave States, the blacks increase more rapidly than the whites, in proportion to their numbers. The number of free blacks in the Southern States is about fifty thousand greater than in the Northern.

### A Case of Compunction.

The other day, while we were visiting a secluded spot near town, we saw a man who, from his actions and appearance, seemed to be laboring under some violent mental paroxysm. He was seated on the fence, with his head buried in his hands, which position he frequently changed by throwing forward his arms in a very perturbed manner, as if in the act of casting from him some harrowing phantom that was disturbing the equanimity of his imagination. At first sight of him, it was our impression that he was going through with a pantomime performance; but upon further observing, that ever and anon he drew a pistol from his breeches pocket and applied the muzzle of it to his temples, we concluded that he was a melancholy individual who formed designs against his own life, yet was reluctant to cut the thread of his existence. Not relishing the idea that any one of our fellow creatures should take French leave of this world without making due preparation, we saluted forth from the place where we had been observing him, with the intention of preventing the consummation of his object. Upon seeing us approach, he applied the pistol again to his crazed noddle, and pulled the trigger. An explosion of the cap merely was the result.

What has placed you in this suicidal position?" exclaimed we, with emotion.

"Crime—crime—black, damning crime!" he replied despondingly.

"Do you intend," said we, "to erase your guilt by blowing out your brains? Pause—reflect! Your case can not be hopeless."

"There is no hope for me," he answered

bringing his fists down upon his breast with a jerk peculiar to play-actors.

"What is the complexion of your offence?" we asked.

"Comfort, perhaps, can be offered you!"

"Must I be the interpreter of my shame,

the trumpet of my sinful actions?" "Oh, my offence is rank—it smells to heaven!" I can not remain in the presence of him whom I have irreparably injured!" he cried, as he attempted to rush past us.

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We grasped him by the coat-tails while in the act of beating a retreat. "Stay, madman!"

was our ejaculation, "we're unconscious of being injured by you! Speak explicitly—you shall find a confidant!"

We ironed into his soul, as with a low, hissing whisper, that nigh congealed our blood, he said 'I HAVE NOT PAID THE SUBSCRIPTION ON YOUR PAPER FOR SIX YEARS.'

At the mention of this impious head swam round—everything before us grew green

a fiendish noise, like the laughter of a legion of maniacs, sounded in our ears, and we were on the point of fainting. But we recovered.

"Although your sin is dark as Erebus," we said, almost overcome at the thought of the wickedness men would commit, "yet, if you pay up without further defalcation, you may yet be forgiven."

A weight was removed from his heart. He again breathed freely. His feelings, as elastic as gutta percha, expanded upon the removal of this burden, and striking upwards, spread a new-born glow over his re-animated countenance. Looking up into our face with eyes that seemed like the embodiment of hope and thankfulness he asked if we'd take corn!—[Sunbury Gaz.]

### Price of a Wife.

"Mr. Brown, the American Dragoman at Constantinople, who is now in this city accompanying the Turkish Envoy through the United States, says that the female Circassian slave markets continue in full blast at Constantinople. M. B. affirms that the prices range from six hundred to ten thousand dollars, according to their age and personal charms, and that the slaves are sold in what is called the Circassian quarters of the city."

It is stated, by the N. Y. Transcript, that on his arrival in Constantinople, Mr. Brown was not a little astonished to receive from a Pasha, an offer of ten thousand dollars for his wife, who is a lady of remarkable beauty.

### The School Mistress and her Dog.

A young lady of one of the northern towns of Vermont, while engaged in teaching school, the past summer, a few miles from her home, was singled out, towards the close of her engagement, without any apparent inducement, by the dog of one of her employers, as the peculiar object of his regard, which soon unaccountably increased to such a degree that he could scarcely be beaten from her side, or prevented from entering the school house, to which he daily repaired. At the termination of her school, which she left in failing health, when about to start for her parental residence, the dog gave signs of his determination to follow her, which perceiving, she turned to the owner, and soon effected a purchase of the animal, which now joyously attended her home. Her first words, on entering the house, were—"Mother, I have come home to die, and have brought a friend here to watch over my grave." After making this announcement, she immediately took to her bed, and sunk rapidly in a typhoid, which in about a week, terminated in her death. During the whole sickness, the faithful and evidently sorrow-stricken dog, never, but a few moments at a time, left the sick room, constantly lying dejectedly near the head of her bed, and seeming but too blest when permitted to lick her fevered hand, which was occasionally extended for his tender caresses. As her final hour drew near, he became indifferent about food, and soon refused it altogether. After her death, which he seemed to comprehend, he continued to watch by the corpse, only at one time leaving it, and that was when the coffin case, which, having arrived with the coffin, was carried and placed by the side of the grave previously dug in an enclosure near the house. He then, having somehow been made aware of what was going on, came out of the house, went to the case, and with his paws on the side, looked in, and seemed to examine it attentively. He next jumped down into the grave, and appeared to inspect that also with care and attention. He then came out, and hurried back to his post by the corpse, which he continued to watch, till it was brought out for interment, when he closely followed the coffin, and looked sorrowfully on, as it was lowered to its final resting place, and the grave filled up. When his human fellow-mourners retired, however, he remained behind, and lying down at the head of the grave, could not be induced to leave the spot, refusing, for the first few days, all food, then, for a week or two, sparingly receiving it when brought to him, and at last, going occasionally to the house for it, but only to dispatch in haste what was set before him, and return to his sad and lonely vigil, which, night and day, he still continues to keep over the remains of his beloved mistress.

### Uncle Bill's First Love.

My Uncle Bill and my aunt Airy resides on Long Island, not far from the fair famed resort, Rockaway. One evening last week as aunt Airy was boiling some chestnuts for us "Yorkers" to eat, and as uncle Bill was smoking a good Havana, we had brought down with us, we persuaded him to tell us a story. Uncle Bill tells a good one when he chooses, and being a man that loves to please, he dipped deeply, very quickly into the merits of the one he proposed telling us, somewhat thus: "When I was a slip of a chap I had occasion to travel some distance in a coach, as steamboats and rail cars were not too plenty in those days.—Now, I had heard tell often of sellers fallin' in love at first sight, but I never much believed it, till that stage made me kinder think so. I had the luck of sitting along side of one of the prettiest women I have ever seen. (Uncle Bill looked stily at aunt Airy.)

"I soon fell in love up to the brim, chuck, with the gal. As it was growin' dark, the stage was passin' through thick wood, when I thought my time was come surely. As I felt my strength goin' quickly, I kinder gently lifted my arm and drew it round the fair one's waist; she moved not, but only made a slight noise, which I supposed was a love sigh; says I, dear one, won't ye love me, can't ye love me, will ye marry me? The stage just then drove out of the wood and the moon shone on her face—and I looked on it—and—and—" "and what?" we all exclaimed, "and," says Uncle Bill, "she was sleepin' and snorin' in my arms." When our roar of laughter had somewhat subsided, Uncle Bill said, "there she sits bittin' chestnuts!"—Scraggs.

Onion Custard.—Peel and slice some mild onions, (ten or twelve, in proportion to their size,) and fry them in fresh butter; draining them well when you take them up. Then mince them up as fine as possible. Beat four eggs very light, and stir them gradually into a pint of milk, turn with the minced onions. Season the whole with plenty of grated nutmeg, and stir it very hard. Then put it into a deep