

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 11.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1850.

No. 16.

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 1-2 cents, per year, extra.
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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 vile tobacco juice;
Which, if continued five and twenty years,
(As from a calculation it appears.)
With this foul stuff would near five hoghead 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 the lips she has to kiss?
Nor is this all, this dirty practice leads
To kindred habits, and to filthy deeds,
Using this weed 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 sot.
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 panels 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
Bedaubed 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 flatter, 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 single live and die,
Lonely and sad, and all that,
Because they hold their heads so high,
And are so nice and all that,
For all that, 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 transpouse what ladies wear—VEIL,
'Twill plainly show what bad folks are—VILE.
Again, if you transpouse the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name—LEVY.
Change it again, and it will show
What all on earth desires to do—LIVE.
Transpouse 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 boat. 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 I. 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.

In those days there was a presiding elder in that region, called Father Axley, a pious, laboring uncompromising preacher of the Gospel, who considered it his duty to rebuke sin wherever it should presume to lift its deformed head within the limits of his district. And while Father Axley was a man of respectable talents, undoubted piety, and great ministerial fidelity, he had moreover a spice of humor, oddity, and drollery about him, that rarely failed to impart a characteristic tinge to his performances. The consequence was, that amusing anecdotes of the sayings of Father Axley abound throughout the country.

On a certain day, a number of lawyers and literary men were together in Knoxville, and the conversation turned on the subject of preaching and preachers. One and another had expressed his opinion of the performances of this and that pulpit orator. At length Judge White spoke up:

"Well, gentlemen, on this subject each man is of course entitled to his own opinion; but I must confess that Father Axley brought me to a sense of my evil deeds—at least a portion of them, more effectually than any preacher I ever heard."

At this every eye and ear was turned; for Judge White was known never to speak lightly on religious subjects, and moreover he was habitually cautious and respectful in his remarks concerning religious men. The company now expressed the most urgent desire that the Judge would give particulars, and expectation stood on tiptoe.

"I went up," said the Judge, "one evening to the Methodist church. A sermon was preached by a clergyman with whom I was not acquainted; but Father Axley was in the pulpit. At the close of the sermon he arose and said to the congregation: 'I am not going to detain you by giving an exhortation. I have risen simply to administer a rebuke for improper conduct, which I have observed here to night. This of course waked up the entire assembly, and the stillness was most profound while Axley stood and looked, for two or three seconds, over the congregation. Then stretching out his large, long arm, and pointing with his finger steadily in one direction. "Now," said he, "I calculate that those two young men who were talking and laughing in that corner of the house, while the brother was preaching, think that I am going to talk about them."

"Well it is true, that it looks very bad, when well dressed young men, who, you would suppose from their appearance belonged to some genteel, respectable family, come to the house of God and instead of reverencing the majesty of Him that dwelleth therein, or attending to the messages of his everlasting love, get together in one corner of the house (his finger all this time pointing steady and straight as the aim of a rifleman,) and there, through the whole solemn service keep talking, uttering, laughing, giggling, thus annoying the minister, disturbing the congregation and sinning against God. I am sorry for the young men. I am sorry for their parents. I am sorry they have done so to night. I hope they'll never do so again. But, however, that's not the thing that I am going to talk about. It is another matter and so important that I thought it would be wrong to suffer the congregation to depart without administering a rebuke. "Now," said he stretching his huge arm and pointing in another direction, "perhaps the man who was a sleep on the bench out there, while the brother was preaching, thinks I am going to talk about him. Well I must confess it looks very bad for a man to come in to a worshipping assembly, and instead of taking his seat like others, and listening to the blessed Gospel carelessly stretch himself out on a bench and go to sleep. It is not only a proof of great insensibility with regard to the obligations which we owe to our Creator and Redeemer, but it shows a want of genteel breeding. It shows that the poor man has been so unfortunate in his bringing up, as not to have been taught good manners. He doesn't know what is polite and respectful in a worshipping assembly among whom he comes to mingle. I am sorry for the poor man, I am sorry for the poor family to which he belongs. I am sorry he did not know better. I hope he will never do so again. But however, that is not what I am going to talk about." Thus Father Axley went on for some time 'boxing the compass,' and hitting a number of persons and things that 'he was not going to talk about,' and hitting them hard, till the attention and curiosity of the audience were raised to the highest pitch; he finally remarked—

"The thing of which I was going to talk is chewing tobacco. Now I do hope, when any gentleman comes here to church who can't keep from chewing tobacco during the hours of public worship, he will just take his hat and put it before him, and spit in it. You know we are Methodists. You know that our custom is to kneel when you pray. Now any gentleman may see in a moment how exceedingly inconvenient it must be for a well dressed lady to be compelled to kneel down in a great puddle of tobacco spit!" "Now," said Judge White, "at this very time I

had in my mouth an uncommonly large quid of tobacco. Axley in a singular manner and train of remark 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 stratum 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 phantasm 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 sallied 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 trumpeter 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.
We grasped him by the coat-tails while in the act of bearing a retreat. "Stay, madman," was our ejaculation, "we're unconscious of being injured by you! Speak explicitly—you shall find a confidant!"

We saw the iron enter 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 our 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 Dragoon at Constantinople, who is now in this city accompanying the Turkish Envoy through the U. S. 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 Paasha, 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-mortals 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 reside on Long Island, not far from the far famed resort, Rockaway. One evening last week as aunt Airy was boiling some chestnuts for us "Yorkers" to eat, and as uncle Bill sat smoking a good Havana, we had brought down with us, we persuaded him to tell us a story. Uncle Bill told 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 purposed 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 then in those days.—Now, I had heard tell often of feller's 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 slyly 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 a thick wood, then 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 sweet one, I love yer, will yer love me? The girl said nothing but made the noise I supposed was a love sigh again. I then pressed her to me, and her head fell on my shoulder, and I began to tremble all over; but still I kept my tongue agoon, and says I, dear little one, won't yer love me, can't yer love me, will yer 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 roars of laughter had somewhat subsided, Uncle Bill said, "there she sits bilin' chestnuts."—Scrags.

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, in turn with the minced onions. Season the whole with plenty of grated nutmeg, and stir it very hard. Then put it into a deep white dish, bake it about a quarter of an hour. Send it to table as a side dish to be eaten with meat or poultry. It is a French preparation of onions, and will be found very fine.

A FAT OFFICE.—A County Treasurer in Ohio, is said to receive \$1,600 per annum salary, and \$10,000 perquisites from interest on the money of the county, which he is accused of loaning. Only seventeen candidates are mentioned as being desirous of holding that office.

Henry Bibb, a fugitive slave, is going to start a newspaper at Sandwich, Canada West, to be called the "Voice of the Fugitives."

The Patent Cow Milker.

Our readers may have seen it stated in the papers, that an ingenious Yankee has recently invented an Indian Ruber fixture for milking cows. One of our friends has made trial of it, and the result was quite satisfactory. It consists of a sack for each teat, of a size to receive that organ, and to adhere so closely to it as to stop the admission of the surrounding air. Connected with the lower end of the sack is a silver tube, which passes into the teat about an inch. To each tube is a stopper. When the sacks are all properly adjusted, the pail is placed in a position to receive the milk, which, as soon as the stoppers are drawn, commences flowing in uninterrupted streams till the whole has made its escape. The process is hastened, if not entirely occasioned, by the pressure of the atmosphere upon the bag. The cow appeared to experience no sensation that caused her in the least measure to move or be uneasy, from which it may be inferred that the insertion of the tubes caused no irritation. As soon as the milk ceased to flow the tubes and sacks were removed; and it was found by making trial with the hand no milk remained in the bag. The operation was of short duration, probably not exceeding a minute for the discharge of the milk after the stoppers were removed from the tubes. The conclusion was drawn that when a person became familiar with applying the sacks to the teats, he would milk eight or ten cows while milking one by hand. To milkmen and all others keeping a large number of cows, the saving of time will be no trivial consideration. One person would probably milk thirty or forty cows in an hour. The fixture is certainly very ingenious, and should be well tried. No objection to it was apparent in this experiment; yet it might not be an object for those who keep only one or two cows. If it saves time at the rate above supposed, it is no difficult matter to estimate the amount saved in a year to an individual having fifty cows. One of them may be seen at this office; and, if desired can be purchased at the Union India Rubber Depot, Nassau street, New York. We believe the cost is only fifty cents.—Newark Eagle.

Farming Successfully Without Manure.

We find the following in the Paris correspondence of the Globe: "Considerable sensation has been created among the agriculturists of this department, by the results of the experiments made by M. Dussan, on a farm of about 250 acres at St. Maur. M. Dussan is the patentee of a liquid in which the grain is steeped for 24 hours before it is sown. On some of the land sown with this prepared seed, and without manure, the crop has been one-sixth more than ever on the same land when richly manured—and on richly manured land sown with prepared seed, the crop is double. Sometime ago, a good deal was said about a liquid for the same purpose, invented by M. Bickers, but the results were not satisfactory. This, however, is not the case with the liquid of M. Dussan, and his results have been verified by the authorities. The cost of this liquid is only one-tenth of the average price of the ordinary manure, and consequently, even at the low price of corn in the market, the 250 acres at St. Maur, yielded an enormous profit."

A Question for Debating Societies.

Suppose five men owned a piece of land, having a portion of it set apart for pasturage in common, but each having a piece reserved for his own use to till. One man owned a horse, another a dog, another a flock of geese, another two goats, and another had his piece of land in meadow. The goats, yoked together, were trespassing on the meadow. The horse was standing in the common adjoining the meadow, at the foot of a high bank on the top of which were the goats. The dog was sitting on the road. The flock of geese were passing by with the gander at their head, and in order to drive the dog away, to make room for his flock, hissed at him. The dog, mistaking it for a human voice, ran at the goats, who being frightened, immediately fled, and as they leaped off the bank, jumped one on each side the horse standing below, and there hung by the yoke. The horse taking fright, ran away with the goats on his back into a pond of water, and drowned both himself and the goats. The owner of the horse sued the owner of the goats for riding his horse into the pond of water; the owner of the goats sued the owner of the dog for frightening his goats; and the owner of the dog sued the owner of the geese; the owner of the geese sued the owner of the horse for drowning his goats; and the owner of the meadow sued the goats for trespass. Who of the persons are entitled to a verdict?

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