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

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## The Gentle Word.

A gentle word hath a magical power  
The weary breast to beguile,  
It gladdens the eye, it brightens the brow,  
And changes the tear to a smile;  
In the genial sunshine it sheds around,  
The shadows of care depart,  
And we feel in its soothing and friendly tone  
There's a balm for the wounded heart.  
Oh! watch thou, then, that thy lips ne'er breathe  
A bitter, ungentle word,  
For that which is lightly and idly said,  
Is often too deeply heard.  
And though for the moment it leaves no trace,  
(For pride will its woes conceal.)  
Remember, the spirit that's calm and still  
Is always the first to feel.  
It may not be in thy power, perchance,  
To secure a lofty place,  
And blazon thy name upon history's page  
As a friend to the human race,  
But oft in the daily tasks of life,  
Though the world behold thee not,  
Thy kind and considerate words may soothe  
A desponding brother's lot.  
'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,  
Wherever our fortunes call,  
With a friendly glance, and an open hand,  
And a gentle word for all;  
Since life is a thorny and difficult path,  
Where toil is the portion of man,  
We all should endeavor, while passing along,  
To make it as smooth as we can.

[From Chambers Journal.]

## The Blind Squatter.

Nearly four hundred miles up the Trinity river, Texas, at the extreme point to which flat-bottomed steamboats ran in search of cotton and other productions, is Robbins Ferry. Below the river is narrow with high, steep banks, within the deep shadow of which the waters roll noiselessly and swiftly towards the ocean, while groves of somewhat stunted trees run down to the very edge of the cliffs: here however the stream expands into a broad and shallow lake, the shores of which are low and even, and generally the case in Texas.

We arrived at a landing place three miles below the junction of the lake and river, late one night, and early the next morning I was paddling up against the stream in a light bark canoe, which having but a slight hold in the water, served better to stem the current than one of larger dimensions. For some time I continued within the shadows of the cliffs in comparative gloom; but after a somewhat fatiguing hour my eye first caught a glimpse of the shallow lake, where I had hoped to find sufficient abundance of wild fowl to glut my most murderous appetite as a sportsman. The dawn had long since passed, but nature appeared yet asleep, so calm, so still, was that almost untrodden spot. Gliding swiftly out of the influence of the current, I allowed my canoe to stand motionless, while I gazed around. Far as the eye could reach, spread a perfect wilderness of waters, forward and to the right and to the left, perfectly unruffled, for not so much as a blade of grass or a leaf was stirring on the shore. Here and there rose huge trunks of trees, borne from above by the almost periodical inundations, and which reaching some shallow part, became stationary, until time and decay removed them from their resting place. Snags were visible all around, while a low bushy island lay about a quarter of a mile to the southward. The water sparkling in the sun, revealing at some distance the presence of hundreds of ducks, geese, and swans floating upon the surface; for some time they remained unheeded, so charmed was I by the quiet beauty of the landscape; but at length the prospect of a late breakfast awoke my killing propensities, and raising my paddle I gave a true Indian sweep, and glided noiselessly towards the little island above alluded to.

My progress was rapid, but not a sound could have been detected save by an aboriginal. The hoey of ducks which had drawn me in that direction was sailing towards the island, and I was within gun shot long before I was perceived, as better to deceive them, I lay almost on my face and paddled with my hands. At length I allowed the canoe to drift with whatever impulse it had previously received, and clutching my double-barrelled apology for a Joe Manton, rose in the boat. Here, however, I could gain my feet, crack! crack! went two barrels of a fowling piece, a whistling was heard close to my ear, and the ducks, save and except a few victims, flew away with a loud rustling of wings. I was wounded. My first im-

pulse was to return the fire at random; as the idea of Indians crossed my brain.

I could, however, plainly detect the presence of a fowling piece by the peculiar report, while it was clear the ducks had been the object aimed at. Still the proximity of the lead to my ears was far from pleasant, and I hastened to prevent a recurrence of so dangerous an experiment. "Hallo friend," cried I in a loud and somewhat angry voice, "are you duck shooting or man shooting, because I'd like to know!" A man rose instantly above the bushes;—"Merciful Heaven!" cried he, "have I wounded you sir! Come in, I will explain this accident."

I readily complied and a few minutes placed me beside the sportsman. I at once saw that he was blind. Nearly six feet high, thin, even gaunt, he presented a most remarkable appearance.—Clothed in the ordinary garb of a backwoodsman, there was an intellectuality, and even nobility of character in his features, which struck me forcibly while the sightless orbs revealed the cause of what nearly proved a fatal accident. "You are not alone!" said I glancing curiously around the bushes. "I am," he replied smiling "quite alone. But let me most sincerely beg your pardon for having endangered your life." "No excuse said I depositing the victims of his folly at his feet;—"but if you would explain to me how you are alone, and how being here, you are thus employed, you will assuage a very strong feeling of curiosity."

"With pleasure," he replied, "I owe you an explanation, and besides he continued, I believe we are countrymen, and the meeting gives me true delight."

"I am an Englishman," I said. "And I am a Scotchman. In Britain it makes us countrymen, in a strange land it makes us brothers."

Struck with the blind man's manner, I loaded, prairie fashion, a couple of corn-cob pipes with some excellent leaf tobacco, and handing him one, seated myself quietly by his side. Closing his eyes from habit, as if to read the past, he was silent for a few moments. "My name is Campbell," he said without further preface "and by trade I am a cabinet maker. To begin at the beginning.—When I was twenty, and that is not so long ago as you think. I received an offer to go to New York. I was engaged to be married to a sweet cousin of mine. Poor Ellen! I could not go without her, and yet it was, they said, over young to marry. Still the offer was good, and rather than lose the opportunity of advancing myself, they all consented it should be a wedding. The day after our happy union, we sailed for the far west."

"We reached New York in safety; I entered upon my employment with a firm and settled determination to secure if not a fortune a competence. Wages in those days were very high: I was a workman; my master had confidence in me, and besides my wages as a journeyman, paid me a salary as foreman and clerk. Determined to lose no opportunity of advancement, I kept all his books after my regular day's work was done. I saved more than half my earnings, and was happy as an industrious man can be; and if he, sir, cannot be happy I do not know who can."

"You are right," said I, "an honest, sober, industrious, working man, with ample employment, respected by his master, with a little family about him, can be the happiest of created beings. His wants are all supplied without the cares and troubles of wealth. So it was with me, I was very happy. At the end of ten years I had saved a large sum and then, and only then, my wife presented me with my first and only child."

"With the consent, and by the advice even of my employer, who had my true interest at heart, I determined to start in business for myself; but not in New York. New Orleans was a money-making, busy place, and thither I moved. My success was unexpectedly great; my own workmanship was eagerly bought up, and I employed many men at the enormous wages of the South. Two misfortunes, however, now clouded my felicity, both attributable to my desire for independency.—The south did not agree with my wife, and ere I could restore her to a genial climate, she died.—Sir, my sorrow was the sorrow I hoped, of a man and a Christian, but I felt it sorely. He only who has seen wife or child removed from him by death, can estimate my feelings. Existence for a time was a blank—I worked mechanically, but no more did her cheerful voice encourage my labors. I ate, I drank, ah, sir! it was then I missed her—at the morning meal, at dinner, over the tea-board. As my eyes rested on the empty chair, on the opposite side of the table, I could see in the accustomed form, and then my heart seemed to turn cold, and the very blood ceased to flow. He who has not lost a wife or child, knows not the real sorrows of this world. It is the severest trial man is ever put to. Well, sir she died, and I was left alone with a little image of herself—my Ellen. A gayer, happier being, never lived—always smiling—always singing. In time she brought back some joy to my heart."

"One morning I awoke with a peculiar sensation at my head—I had caught the yellow fever. I will not detail the history of this illness. Suffice that it was three months ere I was restored to health, and then by some extraordinary accident, it proved that I was blind; while my business was gone from me. I knew not what to do. You know, sir, the usual course of ruined men in New Orleans; they sell off secretly, shut their shutters, write G. T. (Gone to Texas) on the door and are no more heard of. But I sir could not do this. I was, however no longer fit for business; a quiet retreat in the woods was my best course of proceeding. Besides, my health was shattered and I should not have lived in New Orleans. Accordingly I contrived to raise a thousand dollars

when I wound up my accounts, and with this and a negro slave, I and my child started for Texas. Blind, I was not fit to cope with men, and my object therefore was to retire as far as was consistent with safety into the woods."

"Eight years ago I journeyed up this river, and reached this very spot. Francisco my negro was a devoted and faithful fellow and worked hard because I was a good master to him. We erected a hut upon the shore; it was a laborious operation, but was at length finished. I have said I was a cabinet maker; so was my negro; we therefore furnished the place elegantly for a backwoods dwelling."

"Now to speak of my daughter. When we left New Orleans she was 8 years old, and up to that age had been most carefully educated, her existence being of course, that of a town girl. You know the lazy luxurious habits of that pestilential city, and how little they fit one for roughing life, in the woods. Well, Nelly transplanted hither, persevering and increasing her accomplishments, and yet she had become a perfect prairie bird.—Her fingers ply the needle required to make these coarse garments; she and Francisco prepare them for use. We have a female slave, Francisco's wife, but hers is out door work, and Nelly makes butter, cooks, aye, sir, and even cleans. And she is quite happy, singing all the day long; and if half an hour can be found for a book she is in Paradise."

"Singular as it may seem I do most of the hunting, at all events, all the wild fowl shooting.—With the dawn I am up, and in my dug-out, which I pull, while Nelly steers, I land here, while she returns to prepare breakfast. With my loss of sight I have gained an additional strength of hearing. I can detect immediately the approach of the ducks and geese on the water, and if once they come near enough, I am sure not to waste my powder and shot. After a couple of hours she returns for me. Her time is now nearly up; you shall see her, and breakfast at New Edinburgh." At this instant a diminutive sail caught my eye at the distance of a hundred rods. Rising, I perceived a small canoe gliding before a slight breeze which had risen, and rapidly approaching. The foresail and mainsail concealed its occupant; but presently a melodious voice was carolling a merry ditty.

"There is my child," said Campbell, his voice hushed to a whisper, "there is my child, I never hear her sing but I see her mother before me."

"Well, father," cried Nelly, taking in her little sail, "no ducks for me to pick up, not one. You are unlucky this morning."

"At this moment she caught sight of my naval uniform and stopped short. "This gentleman was kind enough to pick them up for me and you must give him a seat in the boat."

Nelly approached. "Though tanned by the sun, one could see the blue eyed Scotch girl in her.—Light curls fell from beneath her vast straw hat, over her shoulders, while a simple fur pelisse, and buckskin moccasins, with red worsted stockings, was all her visible attire."

But never had I seen anything more graceful or more elegant. A woman and yet a girl, she had evidently the feelings of the first, and the joyous artlessness of the second. We were friends directly.

In a few minutes more we were sailing for the shore, and in a quarter of an hour were in sight of New Edinburgh. To my surprise I discovered a substantial log hut with several out houses, Indian corn-fields, while pumpkins, &c., flourished in abundance. Two cows were grazing in the neighborhood; as many horses were near them; while pigs and fowls were scattered in all directions.—I was amazed; the blind Scott's industry was no novel in Texas. I expressed my surprise. "Eight years of perseverance can do much," said Campbell quietly; "thank Heaven, I am very happy, and my Nelly will not be left a beggar."

"But you must find her a steady hard-working young man for a husband," returned I, "to preserve all this." "I think," said he, smiling, "if you were to ask Nelly, she would tell you that was done already." The slightly heightened color of the moccasin was her only answer—and at that moment we reached the landing, where the negro couple and their pickaninies were standing. The slaves were sleek and hearty, and showed their teeth merrily.

Campbell led the way to the house, which was, for Texas, superabundantly furnished. Comfort and abundance was everywhere. The breakfast was, to a hunter, delicious, consisting of coffee, hot corn cakes, venison steaks and wild honey, wild cold turkey graced the center of the board. What I enjoyed, however, better than the breakfast, was the attention of the daughter to her blind father. He seated himself at the board, and Nelly after having first helped me, supplied all his wishes with a care and a watchfulness which was delightful to behold. She anticipated all his desires, her whole soul being seemingly bent to give him pleasure. She was in fact more like a mother with a child than a daughter with a father in the prime of life. Breakfast concluded, we talked again of his history, particularly since his arrival in Texas.

The routine of the day was simple enough as they explained to me. The negroes owned by the father and daughter worked in the fields from dawn till six in the evening; the father fashioned some rural implement, an axe or plough handle, while the daughter plied her needle. They breakfasted at half past six, dined at half past eleven, and supped at six. After this meal, Nelly generally read to her father for two hours. Their library was the first, including general standard works, and the first four volumes of 'Chambers Edinburgh Journal.'

Campbell went out into the air after a little while to talk to the negroes, and I was left alone with Nelly. I took advantage of his absence to learn more of her character. Not a regret nor a wish for the busy world of which she read so much! while it was clear to me that her lover, whoever he was, had only succeeded by promising to live with her father. To leave her blind parent seemed to her of those impossibilities which scarcely ever suggested itself to her mind. Yes, Nelly Campbell was a sweet creature, perhaps the only romantic recollection I bore with me from Texas.

I remained with them all day; I visited their whole farm; I examined Nelly's favorite retreat, in a grove at the rear of the house and then left them. We parted with a regret which was mutual—a regret which strange to say, was quite painful on my side and I never saw them again. Still I do not lose sight of them. I always wrote by the steamer to Nelly, and many a long letter I obtained in reply. More and more did I discover that she was a daughter only, and that even a husband must for a time hold a second place in her heart. At length she wrote—

"And now, sir, I am married, and am happy though I almost regret the step, as I can no longer give my whole time to my dear blind father. He is, however, so happy himself, that I must resign myself to be less his nurse, especially as the only quarrel John and I have is, as to who shall wait on him. If he has lost part of his daughter, he has found a son." This picture of happiness made me thoughtful, and I owned that great as is the blessing of civilization, yet do I think if I were an old blind man, I would be a backwood squatter with a daughter such as Nelly.

I heard no more from them, as I soon returned to England, and the busy life of the world and other avocations have always prevented my writing. Should I, however, ever re-visit Texas, my first care would be to run up the Trinity, and more enjoy hospitality at the table of the BLIND SQUATTER.

## Russian Superstition about Potatoes.

WHEN potatoes were introduced into Russia, towards the end of the last century, the people conceived a great dislike to them and called them the "Devil's fruit," on account of some foolish tales that had been told of this now almost indispensable edible. One of the stories, was, that they were created on purpose for the Devil when he complained on being turned out of the garden he had no fruit. He was told to dig for it which he did, and found potatoes. Hence the common people of Russia, who are very superstitious, would neither plant nor eat them at first.

There is a curious and somewhat similar tale in Scotland, about the introduction of potatoes into that country at a period long before that assigned in history for their introduction by Sir Walter Raleigh.

The legend is that one Michael Scott, who was called the Wizard of the North, entered into a compact with the Devil to rent a farm in partnership. The Devil was to furnish money and the Wizard do the labor, giving him alternate crops. That is, the first year, he was to have all that grew below the surface and the next year all that grew above, and the Wizard the other part. Thinking to outwit the Devil, he planted all his land in wheat the first year and all in potatoes the next, so the Devil got nothing but stubble and vines. But he beat the Wizard at last, for the severe system of cropping exhausted the land, so the Wizard could neither raise wheat nor potatoes, and he was obliged to grow more honest to his land as well as to his landlord.

It would be well for some farmers at the present day, who follow the same dishonest course in the cultivation of rented land, as well as their own, to take the hint, or they may find themselves in a fair way of being ruined.

Some of the first cultivators of potatoes picked and eat the balls, and conceived a violent dislike to the new kind of fruit, and at once said potatoes were good for nothing. Opinions have very much changed since then. R.

## Ashes are Deodorizers.

It is a fact of which few persons are aware, that both wood and coal ashes are disinfectants for animal and vegetable odors, when brought into contact with them. So effectual are they for this purpose, that human feces when buried in them, at once cease to give off any offensive smell. This property renders them of much value for city, or even country privies, where it is as an object to use these rich manures.

By throwing a quantity of ashes into a box to cover their droppings, they are at once rendered inodorous, while they retain most of their enriching properties till the owner chooses to transfer them to his land, when it can be done without any inconvenience from their smell. In consequence of the presence of so large a quantity of the alkalis in ashes, a portion of the incipients for forming ammonia is driven off, and for this reason charred fuel, as wood coal, or half-burned peat, is better. But in the absence of these, ashes of these may form an economical, and in most cases, an entirely convenient substitute. The ashes from a small, single grate have been found sufficient to neutralize the effluvia from the feces of a family of a dozen persons. Here, then, is a triple benefit procurable gratuitously—a benefit to the health, to the comfort, and to the community.

"Go it, Boots!"—A Mrs. Boots, of Pennsylvania, has left her husband, Mr. Boots, and strayed to parts unknown. We presume that the pair of Boots are rights and lefts. We cannot say, however, that Mrs. Boots is right; but there is no mistake that Boots himself is left.

A GOOD COUNTRY.—An Irishman writing from California, says—"It's an elegant country. The bedbugs are as big as dinner pots, while the fleas are used for crossing creeks with; one hop and they are over, with two on their backs."

If you would learn the value of money, go and try to borrow some.

A "Queer 'un" does up the "Town Francis" for the *Pennsylvanian*. The following is a sample:

CITY POLICE, NOVEMBER 5. A Foundling.—A Mrs. Esther Stansbury, (residing in a Court running from Race street below Sixth) was about to bring a bucket of water from the hydrant last night,—she found an old basket suspended from the knob of her front door. Pating her hand into the basket, she felt something alive and kicking—but so enveloped in rags that no further discovery could be made without unwrapping the object.—A piece of paper folded like a letter,—lay by the side of the animated bundle. Mrs. Stansbury immediately returned into the house and by the lamp, examined the billet. It was addressed to her husband. She tremulously broke the seal and read as follows:

To Joe Stansbury: Sir.—I send you the baby, which you will please to take good care of and bring up right, so that it may turn out to be a better man than its daddy: Oh Joseph!—what a sly old rake you are!—who would think that such a staid, sober old spindle-shanks could be such a toring down sinner? The child is yours. You may swear to that. Look at it—it is Joe Stansbury all over. You deceived me shamefully, Joseph,—letting on to be a widower—but do a father's part by the young one and I'll forgive you. Your heart broken. Nancy.

P. S. Don't let that sharp nosed wife of yours see this letter. Gammon her with some kind of a story about the baby — N.

Mr. Stansbury was in the basement kitchen quietly eating his supper and little imagining what a storm was brewing over his head.—The door of the kitchen stair-case was violently thrown open and Mrs. S's voice yelled out "Stansbury;—come up here you villain;—here's a mess for you!" The astonished Stansbury hastily wiped his mouth and obeyed the summons.—"Don't you want to see Nancy? the heart-broken Nancy" cried Mrs. Stansbury, when her guilty husband had hobbled up into the room. "Nancy!—what Nancy's that?"—said the sly old rogue in well-feigned perplexity.—"Why Nancy the mother of this baby that's been hung up at your door, Mr. Stansbury. Oh you look mighty innocent;—but just read that letter and then look into that basket. Don't be afraid it won't bite—its got no teeth, poor thing!—you'll know it,—for as your huzzy says, it's just like you all over. Please goodness, I'll expose you before every body."

And in less than five minutes, Mrs. Stansbury had collected a room full of spectators,—(half of the inhabitants of the Court) to witness the process of unwrapping the baby.—Anxious expectation sat on every countenance,—as the lady tore away rag after rag from the body of the foundling,—with vigorous movements which astonished every body. "It is full of the devil already," said Mrs. S.—"that shows it is his, you'll soon see that it is like him in every thing." At last, all the swaddling clothes being removed, out jumped the baby and made its escape through the open door.

It was a big tom-cat. The Stansburys had been victimized by a practical joke, the contrivance of which was traced to a female neighbor.—Mrs. S. who has no taste for fun of that kind,—made her complaint against the suspected party, but as this trick appeared to be without malice, no binding over took place.

## An Impressive Lesson!

Sentence of Tay.—This notorious burglar has been sentenced at Toronto to 20 years hard labor in the Provincial Penitentiary. He was found guilty on two indictments, and condemned to ten years' imprisonment on each. When brought up to hear the judgment of the Court, he was asked if he had any thing to say why the penalty of the law should not be pronounced against him: He replied as follows:

"No, my Lord; I have violated the laws of my country. I have been tried by an impartial jury and convicted, and I humbly bow to their decision, throwing myself entirely upon the leniency and mercy of the Court. There are, however, two favors which I would ask, if a fellow in the dock dare ask a favor; first, that as I have no means of my own, though a portion of the money taken from me belonged to myself, the Court would see my counsel properly feed, since he has ably, though unsuccessfully, defended me. The second is, that when I am sent to the penitentiary, they would intercede and have me taught some trade or profession, in order that, should I ever be released from it, I may be able to earn an honest livelihood. I attribute my present course of life solely to the circumstance that I was never brought up to any trade. Should I not be taught any occupation while in the penitentiary, when I come out I shall be friendless, homeless, penniless, and tagged; and I must necessarily resume my old habits and become what I was before, a robber!"

FOR FARMERS.—Dr. R. T. Baldwin has recently made public the result of several years investigations and experiments upon manures, and the various ways of fertilizing the soil.—He states that the best and speediest way to fertilize any soil, is to cover it over with straw, bushes or any material, so as completely to shade it. The surface of the earth being made cool, dark, damp and close, soon undergoes a chemical process like putrefaction, and becomes highly fertilized. This plan of fertilizing, he says, may be applied with success to any soil whatever, no matter how poor, and the result will be astonishing.

A FALL TRIP.—A friend of ours was congratulating himself upon having taken a very pleasant trip. Upon inquiry, we found that he had tripped and fell into a young lady's lap.