

# 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.

## The Pure Spot in the Heart.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

There is within the heart of man—

Corrupt as it may be—

A touch of that which Eden knew

Ere Eve profaned the tree.—

A love of guileless innocence

Forever lost, yet dear,

Which makes the first words of a child

All music to his ear.

One time, in a fair sunny land,

And years long, long ago—

A land of love, and tale, and song,

I saw a scene of woe.

I stood within four noisome walls

That formed a felon's cell;

I listened to his dark cold words,

I marked his visage fell.

Kind I bespoke him; for I ne'er

Could trample on a worm,

And fain would raise each flower again

That's broken by the storm.

After a sort, his bosom warmed;

He spoke of his past life;

And many an awful deed he own'd;

Told tales of bloody strife.

He was a man without remorse,

Who feared not God nor fiend;

Pleasure, not happiness, he'd found,

Companions, but no friend.

And there he was, next day to die

For his worst deed of all,

He'd murdered one who trusted him,

For pittance bare and small.

Yet no companion he betray'd,

No hope, no fear, no grief:

He seemed a man without a soul,

And herd beyond relief.

Yet as we talk'd, the sounds of life

Came upward from the street,

And merry laughs, and joyous tones,

And children's voices sweet.

At that last sound, a pleasant smile

Passed o'er his iron face,

Which seemed to give each haggard line

A strange redeeming grace.

"I love to hear a child's dear tongue,"

That man of horrors said:

"It brings back days when I was young

And by my mother play'd.

"And gather'd flowers and foolish things,

And chased the butterfly,

And little thought I thus should live—

Still less, I thus should die."

He fell into a fit of thought,

His face grew cold and grey,

No further converse would be heard.

I turned and went my way.

## Galls on Horses.

More than twenty years ago, when our large ferry boats were propelled by horse power, and the horses, by moving round in a circle, were exceedingly liable to be galled by the collar, I learned from the ferrymen the use of alum and whiskey. They bathed the neck and back, wherever the harness rubbed, with whiskey into which pounded alum had been put until no more could be dissolved.—When a gall had occurred, constant bathing would secure the continued use of the horse, and actually heal the wound while in service. I resorted to this remedy, carrying it with me when I journeyed, and have continued its use with undiminished approval, for more than twenty years. I apply no other remedy.—When a horse has been put out for the winter, and has not been used, his breast and back will be tender. A single hour's use of saddle or collar, in a hot day, will then scald the breast so as to produce serious injury.—My uniform practice, therefore, has been, for a week before beginning to use the harness, to harden the breast and back by bathing them regularly two or three times a day. No injury has then resulted from the application of the collar. And when a bad gall has actually occurred, a frequent and persevering use of this remedy has secured the constant use of the animal, and healed the wound while in continued service.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A man must ask his wife's leave to thrive.

## Three Months in Egypt.

ON THE WAY FROM ALEXANDRIA TO BAYROUT.

February 14, 1851.—One paper only, is published in Egypt—at Cairo, in Arabic,—which appears in a small sheet, monthly, at four dollars a year, which every one in the employment of the Pasha, is obliged to pay for. A surgeon of the hospital informed me that although charged for it, a copy rarely came to hand,—and when one did arrive, he could not read a word of it. It is a herald in praise of the powers that be; with scraps of orders for one party and another.

The amount of wheat, beans, peas and flaxseed raised in Egypt is truly amazing.—Mounds of these grains are to be seen in the open air near Boulac, that must contain millions of bushels. Rain never falls to injure it, however long exposed. At Alexandria, boats are continually arriving from up the Nile, laden in bulk with breadstuff, which is conveyed into a granary of vast size by pouring it through the roof. From there it is conveyed in cars, moving on a railway track to the end of the wharf, stretching out into the harbor. By raising a valve, they are emptied into scows, to be carried into vessels lying near, which float it principally to England. Seed is furnished the farmer for sowing the land—every inch of which is the property of the government. He must pay for the use of the soil, not what he could voluntarily,—but the price fixed by the Pasha. When the crop is harvested, the rent, the seed and the interest whatever it may be, or the value of it while in the service of the cultivator, must be handed over to a receiving officer; whatever remains he is farther compelled to sell to the Pasha at his price, and not his own.—Thus every kernel runs into the magazine at Alexandria. About 30 cents is allowed him for every twelve bushels—transportation money. When weighed and measured, laborers obtain not far from 10 to 30 cents a day for carrying it in bags from the canal to the storehouse. All in all, the government pays somewhere near three dollars for eight bushels of wheat for which it receives of the foreign merchant an advance that brings a profit without precedent anywhere else. There being no part of the year when the fields are not in bearing save at the annual overflow. Egypt under a generous system of encouragement, and improved agricultural instruments, as in the days of her pristine glory, might feed the whole world.

Grand Cairo, the capital—so called to distinguish it from Old Cairo,—or Fastat, which for some centuries was the capital, is made up of a singular mass of odd-looking and more oddly contrived half stone, brick and mud houses. Some rather fine edifices are met with, however, but they are novelties. The streets rarely exceed five feet in width. In the thickest of the town,—dwellings by jutting-out stories as they ascend, touch the top, "almost to the exclusion of the sun's rays."—Whatever is new there, is fabricated out of something old. Thus a new house is made out of stone, brick and mortar, that may have figured a hundred times before. Wherever there has been a town in Egypt, however remote the epoch of its existence, there is from one to several mounds of great size varying from 10 to 150 feet in height, which appear to be wholly formed of broken bricks, pieces of dressed and other kinds of stone, fragments of pillars, cornices and smashed red earthen vessels. Whoever wishes to erect an edifice, has only to tap one of those anomalous piles of rubbish to procure materials. Thus the wall of a modern stable may have been walls in the palace of Menes, the first King; next in Shishak's and by and by they will be liberated from their present ignominious durance to take a new position, in a future cycle. Hundreds of small boys and girls are employed in carrying trays of mortar on their heads, marshalled by overseers, who direct their movements with a stick.—They pour down the contents on the top of the uprising work. A mason plumps a stone into it with his hands, trowls rarely being in requisition in ordinary undertakings. Women are seen mixing mortar with their hands in sufficient quantity to keep the workmen liberally supplied. One straight street had been commenced in Cairo before Mahomed Ali's death,—no one knows when it will be finished. Alexandria was re-laid out by some master-spirit, and from its excellent harbor, fine commercial advantages, and the only seaport worth having in Egypt, I imagine it will again become the capital, as it once was to the neglect of Cairo, which is in a waning old age. Still, Cairo is a curiosity from being the focus of manners and customs which are the antipodes of Christian communities. It is a queer sight to see mighty multitudes of men dressed in some respects so nearly like the females, that were it not for their turbans, it would be difficult to determine to which sex they belonged. Through the dey the stranger finds enough that is strange and new to him, to make the time pass off pleasantly; but night comes with a dreariness. At the end of every little dark alley, or street or lane, there is a heavy wooden gate to cut off all communication with the next, so that the inhabitants are absolutely prisoners till morn-

ing, let what may happen. A gentleman with whom I dined made an apology for not being at home to receive his guests at the hour appointed for them to re-assemble; as he had been to procure a permit for us to pass through the doors on the way to our lodgings, at the conclusion of the entertainment; but being unsuccessful, the table was abandoned at the latest moment, and away we rushed for fear of being locked in. The gate closed; luckily however the servant who ran before us with a lantern, declared a doctor must pass through immediately, which the Janitor probably supposed it meant a physician was wanted in a sudden emergency, pushed the bolt, and we fortunately reached our quarters without a further interruption. Alexandria is walled, but the streets within are not controlled by separate gates. A few soldiers are posted in different parts of Cairo, when the daylight disappears; but there is no patrol as in Alexandria, in which watchmen are as thick as grasshoppers. In the centre of the Consular square one of them cries out once in half an hour at the top of his voice—a signal for all the rest—a terrible noise follows simultaneously over the whole length and breadth of the city. These two cities, the first with a presumed population of over 200,000, and the latter 100,000, have neither Mayors, Boards of Aldermen, Common Council, a debt or any of the municipal machinery with which we are familiar. A military officer in command of a fortress is the medium through which communication is held with a home department—near the Pasha, from whence yes or no comes. A police Court takes cognizance of the citizens, while it takes care of rogues; but the crimes are comparatively few, bearing no sort of relation to many which appertain to Christian settlements.

Some of the guide books speak in terms of admiration of public fountains, and they either wilfully or ignorantly misrepresent them. All the water in Egypt raised above the level of the Nile, is in an earthen pot on the rim of a wheel, or by a pole and bucket.—Thus elevated, there are troughs in mosques, rarely any where else, to which it is conducted—unless the sakers near the gardens are reckoned as fountains. Water is poured out of the skins into tanks within very many of the mosques, with which two small tubes communicate that jut through the wall. These contrivances are the gift of pious Mahomedans, who looked for favors in return from the prophet, for such charities on earth.

No statistics of the population are collected by the government—consequently nothing is certainly known of the resources of the country or of individuals. Parents, ordinarily, are ignorant of their own ages, and their children inherit a dislike to all records. If the taxes are forthcoming which have been assessed, very well, if not the delinquent is flogged till the money is paid. An English gentleman related the case of a fellow who had been repeatedly punished and released, because his inability was declared over and over again, till the collectors were on the whole convinced of his hopeless poverty.—Rumor, however, bruted it about that he could meet the demand, and consequently he was again subjected to a cruel beating—as on all former occasions, he plead inability.—After allowing breathing time a few minutes, the minions of despotism resumed the lash, giving him a hundred stripes. In rising from the lock, a small gold coin fell from his mouth, where it had been concealed. The tormentors instantly applied another hundred, and he was told to go. With a chuckle of self-satisfaction he was afterward overheard telling his wife they did not get all the money till they were obliged to give him all those stripes.

An account of the manner of conducting schools, studying the koran to become a priest, lawyer, or anything else—for it is the book of books to Mahomedans—must be passed over. So also the way and manner of hearing and deciding suits of the various courts of law, must have the go by at present. A courbash—a whip from the hide of the hippopotamus—is the chief instrument for settling difficulties between contending parties. The head of the police in Alexandria—equivalent to our city marshal—carries one of them mounted with silver, the emblem of his authority. A blow from it is comprehended by an Arab. They listen to no proposition, nor are they restrained from evil acts by any other punishment. When Christianity takes the place of the faith which was established by violence, the cruelties that accompany the administration of justice, will be less inhuman, but not before.

Domestic comfort is unknown to the Egyptians. There is no family circle of affectionate fathers, mothers, brother and sisters—no happy home where are concentrated the comforts and refinements of a Christian family.—Men and women never visit together, eat at the same table, or associate in a way to improve or create respect for each other.

A wife in high life or low, is purchased like any commodity, in the bazaar. She neither knows or sees her husband till she becomes his slave; nor does he know anything of her features, disposition or qualifications beyond the description of some one interested to some extent in conducting a negotiation, till he is clothed with authority to drown her in a red sack, or send her out of the door in disgrace,

without creating a surprise. The abuse of his power is so common as to excite no astonishment whatever. In conversation with a noble specimen of physical development, a man of about six and thirty, from Hamlah, in Palestine, whom I met in a caravan on the desert, who asked a variety of questions about America,—he observed that he had divorced four wives, and had recently taken four new ones. He had only six children among them all.

## Newspaper Collecting.

Written for South Carolina paper, but suited to most meridians.

MY DEAR SIR—I have just returned from a tour through this State, and proceed to furnish you with an account of my labors and their success. I have been gone for three months, and assure you, in all sincerity, that I am fully satisfied. You furnished me with a list of one hundred and seventeen owing subscribers, as you will recollect. I have called upon one hundred and four of them and have the honor of paying over to your order three dollars and twelve and one-half cents, being the amount to which you are entitled. I return you the list, numbered 1 to 117, and now give you the reply of each.

No. 1.—Is a minister. He says in the first place, he never got one half of the numbers, (a lie according to the account of the Postmaster,) and in the next place, your joker's column was too scurrilous. He can't think of aiding to sustain a paper that advertises horse races and gander pullings. Besides, he knows from the tone of your editorials that you drink and paying you would only be the means of your ending your days in the kennel. He wonders at your impudence in sending him his bill after publishing the account of the great prize fight between left-handed Smoke and Battering Bill. He wants nothing to do with you—never wants to hear from you again.

No. 2.—Is in jail for debt. He has not seen a half dollar for a year. Says he would pay with the utmost cheerfulness, if he only had the money, but had to borrow a shirt to put on last Sunday. Admires your paper wonderfully, and hopes you will continue sending it to him. He wishes you to take a bold stand in favor of the abolition of imprisonment for debt, as he thinks it would be a very popular move with gentlemen in his situation.—If you send him any more papers he hopes you will see that the postage is paid, as otherwise he will be unable to enjoy your lucubrations. Sends his best respects.

No. 3.—Is a young Doctor. Says your paper is beneath the notice of a gentleman.—Wouldn't give a — for a cart load. Says you inserted an article reflecting on the profession. Only wishes he could catch you here he would make you smell —. Is going to persuade every body that takes your paper to stop it. Cus'd your bill and says you may collect it in the best way you can.

No. 4.—Is an old maid. Says you are always taking a fling at single ladies of an uncertain age. Wouldn't pay you if she was rolling in wealth, and you had'n't cash enough to buy a crust of bread. Sent all the papers she has sent a month ago, and says now that she has sent them back, she don't owe you anything. Says she is even with you and intends to keep so till the day of judgment. Asked me not to forget to tell you that you are no gentleman, or you wouldn't undertake to slander a large and respectable class of the female population of the country.

No. 5.—Is a gambler—a sporting gentleman. Says he got completely cleaned out last week at the races. Couldn't accommodate his grandmother with a half a dime, if she was starving. Likes your paper tolerably—would like it better if you published more races and would occasionally give an account of a cock-fight. Liked the description of the prize fight amazingly—it redeemed a multitude of your faults. Hopes you won't think hard of him for not paying you now—but he has got a prospect of soon having some loose change, as he is after a rich young green-horn who arrived here last week. Will pay your bill out of the pluckings.

No. 6.—Is an old drunkard. Hasn't got anything and never expects to have. Gathered up all the papers he had and sold them for a half a pint of rum, to the doggy keeper to wrap groceries in. Wished you would send him a pile, as they cost him no postage as his brother-in-law being postmaster and permitting him to take out his papers for nothing. Winked at me when I presented your bill, and enquired if I was't a distant relation to the man that butted the bull off the bridge.

No. 7.—Is a magistrate. Swore he never owed you a cent, and told me I was a low rascal for trying to swindle him in such a barefaced manner. Advised me to make tracks in little less than no time, or he would get out a warrant against me as a common cheat, and have me sent to prison. Took his advice. Is by all odds the meanest man I have seen yet. Never go near him again I swear.

No. 8.—Is a politician. Says although you profess to publish a neutral paper, it is not so. Thinks he has seen considerable squinting towards the side he is opposed. Meant to have told you a year ago to stop his paper but forgot it. Tells you to do so now, and thinks you are getting off very cheaply in not losing any more by him. Believes you to be a rascal, and is too honorable to have anything to do with you, as it might compromise him and injure his prospects.

No. 9.—paid up like a man. The only one. Likes your paper first rate, and means to take

and pay for it as long as you publish it or he lives. Asked me to dinner and treated me like a king. An oasis in the desert! A man fit for heaven!

No. 10.—Is a merchant. Expects to break shortly, so must save all his small change.—Offered me a pair of breeches and a cotton handkerchief for the debt. Refused him with scorn. Told me to go to the devil. Long jaw. Threatened to break my head. Dared him to do it. Threw a hatchet at me. I dodged it and put out.

No. 11 to 117.—Mean as rot. Had no money—wouldn't pay—didn't owe. I swore I'd sue. Said I might sue and be hanged.—Cursed all the little ones and hurried from the big. Never got the first red cent from one of them.

The foregoing is a true extract from my note book. I have not succeeded a whit better with the patrons of the other publications for which I am agent, as it is impossible to collect from those who are determined not to pay. I have said I have been away three months. I have expended in that period two hundred and ten dollars, travelling, and my entire commissions amount to eighty-two dollars and forty-five cents. I am very willing to do my share towards the propagation of news, but more than that no reasonable man could ask. The business don't exactly suit me. I can't stand it.

Please accept my resignation and strike my name from your list of agents. I admire you paper very much myself, but it would be a queer looking sort of a concern that would come fully up to the requirements of everybody. One wants independence in an editor—another don't want any. One wants all slang—another wouldn't touch a journal that contained an irrelevant line with a ten foot pole. One sentimental lachrymical Miss in pantlets reads nothing but love poetry—another never reads anything but the marriages.

All kinds of abuse I have to hear, too.—I would not mind it so much if they only cursed you and your paper, but they curse me too! Swindler, rascal, villain, bloodsucker. These are some of the names they think proper to bestow upon me. I tried fighting for a while, and thrashed some of your young patrons like blazes, but occasionally I got licked like thunder myself. Once I was put in jail for assault and battery, and only escaped by breaking out.

Send me a receipt for the three dollars twelve and half cents, and believe yours in despair,  
AARON SWEATWELL.

## Story of a First Kiss.

BY FREDERICA BREMER.

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student,—a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means of pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied on, living in great poverty, but keeping up a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, prating away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a very young and elegant lady, who at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upland, residing in the city, and the lady, with her was her governess. She was generally known for her beauty and for her goodness and gentleness of character, and was looked upon with great admiration by the students. As the young men now stood silently gazing at her, as she past on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed: "Well it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!" The poor young student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently at that pure angelic face, exclaimed as if by inspiration, "Well I think I could have it." "What!" cried his friends in a chorus, "Are you crazy! Do you know her!" &c. "Not at all," he answered; "but I think she would kiss me, just now if I asked her." "What! in this place, before all our eyes?" "In this place before your eyes." "Freely!" "Freely." "Well if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars." "And I!" "And I!" cried three or four others, for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event, and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero—my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain,—I have my peculiar reasons for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good looking at the same time—our hero walked off to meet the young lady. He bowed to her and said, "My lady, (min froelen,) my fortune is in your hands." She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he had ceased to speak, she said blushing, but with great sweetness: "If by so little a thing so much good could be effected, it would be very foolish in me to refuse your request."—and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day the young student was sent for by the governor. He wanted to see the young man who had dared to ask a kiss of his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a severe and scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation, was so pleased with him

that he offered him to dine at his table during the course of his studies in Upsala.

Our young man now pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the University. Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the lovely daughter of the Governor, as his betrothed bride.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure forever among the works of science, and from his happy union sprung a family well known in Sweden in the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with its wealth and goodness of love.

## Give your Children a Newspaper.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are very familiar, and he will make progress accordingly.

A newspaper one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied, becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study are of course considerate and more easily governed. How many thoughtless young men have spent their evenings in a tavern or grog shop, who ought to have been reading. How many parents who never spent twenty dollars for books for their families would have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly or thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

## Botts.

Horses are often troubled with the disease called the "botts." To prevent this, make use of the following recipe:—

Take of bees-wax, mutton tallow and sugar, each eight ounces, put into a quart of warm milk, and heat till the ingredients are all perfectly melted and mixed. Put the whole into a large bottle, and just before the wax and tallow begin to harden, give it to the horse. In three hours after administer a physic—a strong one, and the horse will be cured. I have often seen the above remedy tried, and can speak decidedly of its effects.

## Unpatented Lands.

The Surveyor General has given notice to persons in possession, or owing unpatented lands within this Commonwealth, that the act of Assembly passed the 10th day of April, 1835, entitled "An act to graduate lands on which money is due and unpaid to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania," and which act has been extended from time to time by supplementary laws, which expire on the first day of December next; after which time no abatement can be made of any interest which may have accrued upon the original purchase money. It will therefore be highly important to those interested to secure their patents and the benefits of the said act, and its supplements, during the time the same will continue in force.

**Water in the human Body.**—A man weighing 140 pounds, if squeezed under a hydraulic press, 105 pounds of water would run out of him, and only 35 pounds of solid dry matter would remain. A beef steak pressed between blotting paper under a press, give out four-fifths of its weight in water. Water, therefore, is the first necessary of life.—And this accounts for the healthiest of those districts where good water is supplied to the inhabitants. The water of the ocean absorbs two per cent. of air.—*Scientific American.*

The following is Aunt Betsy's description of her milk man. "He is the meanest man in the world," she exclaimed. "He skims his milk first on the top, and then turns it over and skims the bottom, and then he skims the sides, and then he divides it into ten parts, carefully skimming each part."

The man who first introduced a fanning mill into Scotland was denounced as an atheist for getting up gales of wind when Providence intended a calm.

A clerk in a mercantile establishment writes to his friends at home, "plaguey easy times now-a-days—very little work to do—our firm don't advertise."

If you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

There have been several deaths from Cholera recently at Jerseyville and Springfield, Illinois.

There is one piece of experimental legislation of which the State of Wisconsin is said to be heartily sick, viz. the abolition of any limit on the rates of interest. It is said that not less than one-half of the State is mortgaged for the payment of money borrowed at not less than twenty-five per cent. interest.