

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

Published by Theodore Schoch.

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 Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same.— A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.
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AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

(From the New York Tribune.)
The Rich Man.
 BY J. W. WHITFIELD.

The Rich Man thinks his gold his own,
 And all his gold can bring;
 The Rich Man thinks, when thus he thinks,
 A very foolish thing.
 He builds a palace, beautiful;
 The graceful columns rise,
 And while he thinks them all his own,
 They glad a thousand eyes.
 He spreads his floral garden round—
 The roses bud and bloom;
 But with himself we all enjoy
 Their beauty and perfume.
 His noble chargers paw and prance—
 The Rich Man's heart is proud;
 He sees them with one pair of eyes,
 But thousands have the crowd.
 His parlor walls are loaded down
 With gems of art—to please
 Himself, he thinks—to please in truth,
 The poorest man that sees.
 The stately hall, the cuitar'd grove—
 The park with pebbled walk—
 The leaping fount that sweetly sings,
 For these he has to pay:
 And pay that other eyes may gaze
 And feast without a care;
 The joy is ours—the task his own
 To please them and prepare.

Just Judgment.

Last fall we gave an account of a most brutal outrage near Wilmington, Clinton county, Ohio, by which a poor man was murdered in the presence of his wife, by some persons whose wealth and position made them presuming and tyrannical. The facts were these: A laboring man had a judgment against him for a small amount, which he paid, all but the cost, amounting to about \$2,50.—On that sum execution was issued, and some standing corn sold, improperly, it was said, to a person by the name of Robison. The debtor gathered and cribbed the corn after it had been sold. Two of the Robisons, a constable, and some six or seven other persons went after night to bring away the corn.—They were met at the bars by the debtor, and forbade to enter, telling the Robisons that the corn was all he had to feed his wife and little children, and they should not have it.—The party commenced taking down the bars to let in the wagon they had with them, when the poor man told his little son to go and bring the axe, whereupon he was set on by the party, knocked in the head and kicked to death in the presence of his wife and children. The one who hit him on the head fled, and has not been retaken; the constable has since died of a crushed spirit; four of the others were tried last week, and found guilty of manslaughter. One of the Robisons was sentenced to nine years hard labor in the penitentiary, another Robison to seven years, another of the party for five years, and a fourth to three years. They were started off the next morning for the penitentiary and served the afternoon of the same day in the penitentiary, where it is hoped they will remain, without Executive clemency, every day of their sentence. Three others remain to be tried.
 As the parties are wealthy, we suppose the widow will recover full damages for the loss she has sustained by the murder of her husband, at their hands. We hope so with all our hearts.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

An exchange paper gives the following advice to the fair sex, which will doubtless be treasured up for future reference:—
 "If ladies would eat meat but once a day, pickles one a week, and sweatsmeats but once a year—if they would take a cold bath every night and morning, and would walk five miles a day they would have no need of cosmetics to make them beautiful."
 SMART.—A man down in Lynn, Mass., it is said, made so many pairs of shoes in one day, that it took him two days to count them! He was a smart one, but not equal to the men in New Hampshire, who built so much stone fence in a day, that it took him all night and part of next day to get home.

Penn's Conference and Treaty with the Indians.

This conference has become one of the most striking scenes in history. Artists have painted, poets have sung, philosophers have applauded it: but it is nevertheless clear that in words and colors it has been equally and generally misrepresented, because painters, poets, and historians have chosen to draw on their imaginations for the features of a scene, every marking line of which they might have recovered from authentic sources. The great outlines of nature are easily obtained. There the dense masses of cedar, pine, and chestnut, stretching far away in the interior of the land; here the noble river rolling its waters down to the Atlantic ocean; along its surface rose the purple smoke of the settlers' homesteads; on the opposite shores lay the fertile and settled country of East New Jersey.

Here stood the gigantic elm which was to become immortal from that day forward—and there lay the verdant council chamber formed by nature on the surface of the soil. In the centre stood William Penn; in costume undistinguished from the surrounding group, save by the silken sash. His costume was simple, but not pedantic or ungainly. An outer coat, reached to the knees, and covered with buttons, a vest of other materials, but equally ample; trousers extremely full, slashed at the sides, and tied with strings or ribbons; a profusion of shirt sleeve and ruffles, with a cavalier shape (wanting only the feather), from beneath the brim of which escaped the curls of a new peruke—were its chief and not ungraceful ingredients. At his right hand was Col. Markham, who had met the Indians in council more than once on that identical spot, and was regarded by them as a firm and faithful friend; on his left Pearson, the intrepid companion of his voyage; and near his person, but a little backward, a band of his most attached adherents.

When the Indians approached in their old forest costume, their bright feathers sparkling in the sun, and their bodies painted in the most gorgeous manner, the governor received them with the easy dignity of one accustomed to mix with European courts. As soon as the reception was over, the schemes retired to a short distance, and after a brief consultation among themselves, Taminet, the chief sachem or king, a man whose virtues are still remembered by the sons of the forest, advanced again a few paces, and put upon his own head a chaplet, into which was twisted a small horn; this chaplet was his symbol of power; and in the customs of the Leni Lenape, whenever the chief placed it upon his brows, the spot became at once sacred, and the person of every one present inviolable.

The venerable Indian king then seated himself on the ground, with the older sachems on his right and left; the middle-aged warriors ranged themselves in the form of a crescent, or half moon, round them; and the younger men formed a third and outer semi-circle. All being seated in this picturesque and striking order, the old monarch announced to the governor the natives were prepared to hear and consider his words. Penn then rose to address them, his countenance beaming with all the pride of manhood. He was at the time thirty-eight years old; light and graceful in form; the handsomest, best-looking, most likable gentleman she had ever seen, wrote a lady who was an eye-witness of the ceremony. He addressed them in their own language; the topics were few and simple; and the beauty of his ideas would compensate with such an audience for the minor errors of diction.

The Great Spirit, he said, who ruled in the heaven to which good men go after death, who had made them and him out of nothing, and who knew every secret thought that was in the heart of white or red man, knew that he and his children had a strong desire to live in peace, to be their friends, to do no wrong, but to serve them in every way to the extent of their power. As the Great Spirit was the common Father of all, he wished them to live together not merely as brothers, as the children of a common parent, but as if they were joined with one hand, one heart, one body together; that if ill was done to one all would suffer; if good was done to any, all would gain. He and his children, he went on to say, never used the rifle or trusted to the sword; they met the red men on the broad path of good faith and good will. They intended to do no harm and they had no fear in their hearts. They believed that their brothers of the red race were just, and they were prepared to trust in their friendship. He then unfolded the writing of the treaty of friendship, and explained its clauses one after the other. It recited that from that day the children of Onas and the nations of the Leni Lenape should be brothers to each other—that all paths should be free and open—that the doors of the white men should be open to red men, and the doors of the red men should be open to the white men—that the children of Onas should not believe any false reports of the Leni Lenape, nor the Leni Lenape of the children of Onas, but should

come and see for themselves as brothers to brothers, and bury such false reports in a bottomless pit—that if the Christians should hear of any thing likely to be of hurt to the Indians, or the Indians hear of any thing likely to harm the Christians, they should run, like true friends, and let the other know—that if any son of Onas were to do any harm to any red skin, or red skin were to do harm to a son of Onas, the sufferer should not offer to fight himself, but should complain to the chiefs and to Onas, that justice might be declared by twenty honest men, and the wrong buried in a pit with no bottom—that the Leni Lenape should assist the white men, and the white men should assist the Leni Lenape, against all such as would disturb them or do them hurt—and lastly, that both Christians and Indians should tell their children of this league and chain of friendship, that it should grow stronger and stronger, and be kept bright and clean, without rust or spot, while the waters ran down the creeks and rivers, and while the sun and moon and stars endured.

He then laid the scroll on the ground.—What King Taminet replied is not known, except that in substance he was favorable to the view of Penn. The sachems received his proposal with decent gravity, and accepted it for themselves and for their children. No oaths, no seals, no official mumeries were used; the treaty was ratified on both sides with a yea,—the only one, says Voltaire, that world has known, never sworn to and never broken.

This scene remained to the two races who were witnesses and actors in it, and inheritance of good will and honorable pride for an entire century. From year to year, says the venerable historian of Six Nations, Heckewelder, the sachems assembled their children in the woods, in a shady spot as like as they could find to that in which the great Onas had conferred with them, when they would spread out his words or speeches on a blank or clean piece of bark, and repeat the whole again and again to their great satisfaction.

In a few years Penn, going beyond the seas and never returning, became to them a sort of mythical personage; they not only held his memory in the greatest veneration, but treated the whole body of white men with more kindness for his sake. To be a follower of Onas was at all times a passport to their protection and hospitality.

Nor have his own countrymen been less indebted or less grateful to the Great Treaty. To it, and to the strictness with which its provisions were maintained by Penn, is owing that striking fact recorded by Bancroft—that while every other colony in the New World was visited in turn by the horrors of Indian warfare, no drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by a redman in Pennsylvania.

It is humiliating to the pride of the white man to think that one of his race should have been the first to break this noble league of peace. Forty years after the famous treaty, and five years after the death of Onas, one of his unworthy children murdered the first red man who lost his life in Pennsylvania. The deed was attended with circumstances of unusual atrocity; but it shows in a striking light the power of a noble sentiment, that the Indians themselves prayed the murderer's life might be spared. It was spared; but he died in a very short time, and they then said the Great Spirit had avenged their brother. The venerable elm-tree under which the meeting took place served to mark the spot until the storm of 1810 threw it to the ground. It measured twenty-four feet in girth, and was found then to be two hundred and eighty-three years old. A piece of it was sent home to the Penn family, by whom it was mounted on a pedestal with appropriate inscriptions; and the remainder was manufactured into vases, workstands, and other relics now held sacred by their possessors. A plain monument has since been erected on the spot, inscribed on each face with four short and simple sentences commemorative of the Great Treaty.

The Use of Mosquitoes.

I never knew mosquitoes turned to any good account save in California; and here it seems they are sometimes ministers of justice. A rogue had stolen a bag of gold from a digger in the mines, and hid it. Neither threats nor persuasion could induce him to reveal the place of its concealment. He was at last sentenced to a hundred lashes, and then informed that he would be let off with thirty, provided he would tell what he had done with the gold; but he refused. The thirty lashes were inflicted, but he was still stubborn as a mule. He was then stripped naked and tied to a tree. The mosquitoes with their long bills went at him, and in less than three hours he was covered with blood. Writhing and trembling from head to foot with exquisite torture, he exclaimed, "Untie me, untie me, and I will tell where it is." "Tell first," was the reply. So he told where it might be found. Some of the party then, with wicks kept off the still hungry mosquitoes, while others went where the culprit had directed, and recovered the bag of gold. He was then untied, washed with cold water, and helped to his clothes, while he muttered, as if talking to himself, "I couldn't stand that anyhow."—*Colton's Three Years in California.*

To Remove Paint from Clothes.

Many persons by misfortune get pain on their clothes, and from the want of proper knowledge to remove it, their clothes are spoiled for all decent purposes. This is a great loss especially when fine clothes are spotted or daubed with paint.—Many fine and excellent coats have, to our knowledge, been laid aside for common purposes, because of a few spots of paint. Paint can be very easily removed from woollen clothes, although it may be quite hardened. The way to do this is to pour some alcohol on the cloth, saturating the paint, and after it has remained on it for about ten minutes, pour on a little more, and then rub the cloth with the paint spots between the fingers. This cracks up and breaks the paint from the surface, after which a piece of clean sponge dipped in the alcohol, should be rubbed on the cloth, with the grain. Paint can be taken out of silk in the same way, only it is best to steep the part of the silk with the paint on it, in a cup containing the alcohol; and it will not do to rub the silk between the fingers, for fear of breaking and creasing its surface. This is true, as it respects lute string or any hard surfaced silk, but figured soft silk, may be gently rubbed. The way to treat the painted silk, is this: after it has been steeped for about 15 minutes, then it should be spread out on a board, and rubbed along the grain with the selvaige, by a sponge dipped in the alcohol. This seldom fails to remove all paint. Some use camphene for removing paint, but alcohol is more cleanly. Black paint on a white surface, or even on any delicately coloured surface, always leaves a stain, although the paint, itself, strictly speaking, may be removed. It is much easier to clean a white surface, than one of a light colour, like French grey, lilac, pink, &c. For cleaning light coloured cloths from paint, use only a clean sponge, or if a sponge is not handy, use a piece of clean white flannel.

All the others are very effective, in removing paint, also grease spots, but fish oil always leaves a stain, and is exceedingly difficult to remove. There are some who use coloured oils for the hair, these always make a bad stain, especially those of a red colour. The reason of this is that madder is used to colour them, and this is a very permanent dye drug. The best substance for removing paint, grease, &c., from all kinds of clothes, those of the darkest and lightest colours, is that beautiful ether discovered by Prof. Simpson, in Scotland, a few years ago, and by Mr. Guthrie, of America, a few years before, unknown to the Doctor,—we mean chloroform. It is employed in the same manner as the alcohol, only care must be taken to work it more rapidly, as it is more volatile, and care must also be exercised so as not to inhale it. No one should use it but careful persons of mature years: it is of too high a price to be used in general, and young people, in no case, should be allowed to tamper with it.

After what has been said about the removal of paint and grease, no person need be much frightened at a paint stain on a fine cloth coat, but, at best, let us be candid and say, that upon silk it is not possible to remove the paint and leave the silk as it was before being injured. Prevention, in all cases, is better than cure, but misfortunes will take place and seldom come singly, therefore the above will be found useful and of great benefit to many.

The Charms of Life.

There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but, O! how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—with objects that gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills we cannot escape, the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, the sundering of earthly ties, and the canker-worm of grief, but a vast majority of evils which beset us, might be avoided. The course of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human race. It should not exist; it must not. Do away with all this—let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity, and kindness, mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier would we be, were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home which is not all dark. There is sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon the earth, there would be in most hearts, if we would look around us. The storms die away and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a Being so beautiful, and we can live happier than we do.

The well-known plant called arrow-root is said to owe its name to the belief of its being an antidote to the poisoned arrows of the Indians.

Capital Ghost Story.

That apparitions do not always wander about without sufficient cause, is proved by the well attested fact which we give with the endorsement of the Montreal Transcript.—Last Tuesday fortnight, as Mrs. —— (a lady of literary taste and rather studious habits) sat reading in her drawing room, the clock on the mantle piece struck twelve; as the last stroke reverberated through the apartments, the door was suddenly flung open. In the act of raising her head to reprove the intrusion (unwring for) of her servant, her eyes rested on the form of her late husband; she screamed and fell senseless on the carpet. This brought up such members of the family as had not retired to rest, restoratives were administered, and when Mrs. M—— had regained possession of her suspended faculties, and being a woman of strong mind and highly cultivated intellect, she felt disposed to consider the whole distress she had undergone as the result of certain associations between the melancholy tale she had been perusing and her late loss, on a partially deranged nervous system. She however, considered it advisable that her maid servant should repose in her chamber, least any return of what she had determined to consider a nervous affection should distress herself and alarm the family. Last Tuesday night, feeling stronger and in better spirits than she had been for several months past, Mrs. M—— dispensed with the presence of her attendant, retiring alone to her chamber, and went to bed a little before ten o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck twelve she was wakened and distinctly beheld the apparition she had before seen, advancing from the table (on which stood her night lamp) till it stood opposite to, and drew aside the curtains of her bed. A sense of suffocating oppression deprived her of all power to scream aloud.—She describes her very blood retreating with icy chillness to her heart from every vein.—The countenance of her beloved in life were not its benevolent aspect; the eyes, once beaming with affection, were now fixed with stern regard on the trembling, half dissolved being, who with the courage of desperation, thus adjured him: "Charles! dear Charles! why are you come again?"
 "Jessie," slowly and solemnly aspired the shadowy form, waving in its hand a small roll of paper, "Jessie, pay my Newspaper accounts, and let me rest in peace!"

Miss Susan Nipper gives a loud certificate in favor of some of the popular patent medicines of the day. She was suffering from general debility, sick head ache, heart burn, indigestion, tapeworms, constipation, rheumatism in the back, shoulders, and hips, and besides these she didn't feel well herself more'n half the time." At length, she says, "I was brought very low that my most impudent friends did not know me, and the regular faculties didn't expect me to live from one end to the other."

"About this time a friend recommended, as the last resort, that I should try a few bottles of the Pictorial Oxenated Compound Sassailla Extract of Wild Cherry Wine Bitters, satisfaction given or money refunded, to be well taken before shaken, destroy the label as soon as possible, *no pay no cure*, beware of counterfeits—none are genuine unless the proprietor is on the wrapper. I took three dozen bottles of this most truly invaluable medicine, and it gave immediate relief in three months."

Personally appeared the said Susan Nipper, as aforesaid, and swore to the foregoing and said she'd be darned—if it wasn't true.

Milk.

Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If milk is therefore desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep, narrow dish; and if it be desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad, flat dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. At the usual temperature of the dairy, at 50 deg. of Fahrenheit, all the cream will probably rise in thirty-six hours; at 70 deg. it will perhaps rise in half that time, and when the milk is kept near the freezing point the cream will rise very slowly, because it becomes partially solidified.—In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in dry and warm; and on this account more cheese is obtained in cold, and butter in warm, though not thunders weather. The season has its effect.—The milk in spring is supposed to be best for drinking, and hence it would be best suited for calves. In summer it is best suited for cheese, and in autumn cows give richer milk and consequently more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than any other part of the milk, and much richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.

An Irishman, endeavoring to put out a gaslight with his fingers, cried out "Och, murder, the devil a wick's in it."

Tobacco Dust.

As a protection against insects.—We last year produced from a snuff mill a barrel of dry, but damaged snuff flour, and prepared drudging boxes, covered with a fine bolting cloth, with which we sifted it over the surfaces of any plants attacked by insects, and with most signal success. The snuff should be applied, if practicable, while the plant is wet with dew, and repeated every shower. If the boxes are properly made, (like a common flour drudge,) and the snuff is perfectly fine and dry, but little time is necessary to go over an acre of plants. Even the rose bug, cabbage louse, thrips, on grape vines, &c., all yield to the influence of snuff, and the most delicate plant of the hot-house is not injured by its application. For field vegetables, caustic lime, made into a fine powder, while dry, and applied before slaking by contact with the air, will produce similar results.
 Prof. Masps.

Dress.—Eloquence in dress is cheap and simple. What it costs a man for tobacco who uses it, is sufficient, if added to the present cost of his clothing, to dress him with elegance. A few more shillings a yard for cloth, the work of a tasteful tailor, a decent regard to the prevailing mode, and certain likeness and simplicity, is all! Elegance is never gaudy, never outre, never out of fashion, nor in the extreme of fashion. It allows of a few ornaments, and no studied display. The difference of a single dollar in an article of dress may make the whole distinction between elegance and vulgarity. A single tawdry ornament may spoil the effect of the best tailor's workmanship. The slightest eccentricity of cut betrays the inborn rowdy.

Barnum and Jenny Lind.

THEIR INCOME AND EXPENSE.—The editor of the Cleveland Plaindealer, writing from Cincinnati, when Jenny Lind was there, says:
 A person at a distance of Cleveland, has but little idea of the costliness, magnitude and magnificence of this show. Its like was never before seen. There are forty attendants now under pay—one of them receives one thousand dollars per night; two one thousand dollars per week; several one hundred dollars per day, and so on, down to ten, five, and two dollars a day, and all expenses paid. This makes an aggregate of about three thousand dollars per day, on an average, whether singing, travelling, or doing nothing.

Who, besides Barnum, would undertake such a risk, and what show in the world besides this, would make it pay? But the wonder as to the expenses is nothing when compared to the mysteries of the enormous income. We speak by the card when we say, that the gross receipts from the tickets already sold here are a trifle over sixty thousand dollars. It is a discouraging fact to us dime-a-day "delvers," that Barnum is salting down as net profits by the concern about twenty thousand per week. This we got from "one who knows." He has constant application for his money, which he loans freely, but securely. He is also flooded with invitations by letter and otherwise, to devote to public and private charities, which he does to an extent the world as yet knows not of, but will some day, we know.

I have spent most of the morning with Barnum and his associates, and think I never saw so large a business so systematically conducted. He is the reigning prince, sits at his table with velvet slippers, genteel morning gown and blue velvet cap, with a golden tassel; receives messages, messengers, and telegraph despatches from all parts of the country; talks, and dictates to clerks the answering business, at the same time entertains his friends with much useful information and the best of jokes. The great secret of his success lies in his perfect knowledge of human nature, coupled with great boldness, energy and tact in adopting means to an end. He never reasons—conclusions are ever present with him. While another is thinking, he is acting, and when other showmen are calculating the gains, he is counting the dimes.

So much for the Hero of this troupe.—The Heroine we have not seen—Jenny is as yet quite invisible. It was late at midnight when we arrived last night, and this morning she, although a Lutheran, was off with Bishop Purcell to a mass before we were up.

Barnum paid \$75 per day for her board and findings, while in Louisville. The last check from Barnum's cashier was handed her yesterday, amounting to thirteen thousand dollars. Notwithstanding her large donations, she has accumulated from \$800,000 to \$1,000,000. She is a little inclined to be home sick, and anticipating such an event, left a loop in the contract with Barnum, whereby she can stop at the one hundredth concert by paying £, \$60,000. It was through fear of this feat that Barnum withdrew his appointments on the lakes.

The sum of behavior is, to retain a man's own dignity, without intruding upon the liberality of others.