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The Way-Faring Man.

BY MONTGOMERY.

A poor way-faring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay;
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I know not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake,
Just persisting for want of bread,
I gave him all—he blessed it, brake
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then—
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was *manna* to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock—his strength was gone,
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on,
I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er—
I drank and never thirsted more.

'Twas night. The floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warned, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In *Eden's* garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound upon my broken heart.

In prison, I saw him next condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked me if I for him would die,
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes;
He spake, and my poor name he named,
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be:
Fear not, thou didst it unto me."

A Story of a Wooden Leg.

A Boston correspondent of the *N. Y. Spirit of the Times* gives the following amusing yarn.

I heard a good story the other day, which I will tell you. A distinguished member of the legislature was addressing a temperance society, and he got rather prosy, but showed no disposition to "let up," though the audience waxed thinner and thinner. Finally, the presiding officer got excited, and replying to a friend of the speaker's, inquired how much longer he might reasonably be expected to speak? Whereupon the friend answered he didn't exactly know—when he got on that branch of the subject he generally spoke a couple of hours!

"That'll never do; I've got to make a few remarks myself," said the President, "how shall I stave him off?"

"Well, I don't know—in the first place I should pinch his left leg, and then if he shouldn't stop, I'd stick a pin in it."

The President returned to his seat, and his head was invisible for a moment. Soon afterwards he returned to the "brother" who had prescribed "the pin style of treatment," and said:

"I pinched him, and he didn't take the least notice at all; I stuck a pin into his leg, and he didn't seem to care a d—n; I crooked it in, and he kept on spouting as hard as ever!"

"Very likely," said the wag, "that leg is cork!"

Nothing has been seen of the President since!

A Moorish Execution.

A correspondent of the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, who is writing a series of interesting letters from Tangier, narrates the following incident:

Notwithstanding the peculiar laws of this country, capital punishment are very rare.—During the past fifteen years, three only have taken place in the town of Tangier. On one of these occasions my informant was present. The occurrence was brought vividly to his mind some two hours ago, as, on our way home from a hunting excursion, I directed his attention to a number of exquisitely beautiful white lilies, on the left of the road which grew within a space of about four feet square. Checking his horse as I spoke, and turning half round in the saddle, he remarked, "There is a melancholy interest attached to that spot, for where grows the lily in such profusion, I beheld a scene which has caused me many a sleepless night—the like, I pray Heaven I may never again look upon. I had risen at break of day, and accompanied by a friend, had set out to shoot near the town in ignorance of the execution which was about to take place. On reaching the principal gate, we found it shut, which surprised us much, knowing old Ben Khajji, the porter, to be an early riser. We then proceeded to the castle gate called Bab Marsheh, which was also shut, but Ben Khajji was there, with a multitude of people, who, like ourselves, were desirous to leave the town.

"Why are you so late to-day," said I to the old porter. Ben Khajji replied in enigmas; he had his orders not to let any Mussulman pass outside of the gate for the next half hour.

"Surely," I said, "your instructions do not extend to us. If there has been a robbery in the town—to which alone I can attribute this unusual order—we are not likely to be the persons."

"Well," said the old gatekeeper, as I slipped into his hand a small silver key, "you and your friend may pass, but no Moor can."

We sallied forth, wondering what could be the cause of such a novel order. This however, was soon explained; for the first object that caught our eye was a party of soldiers moving slowly down this road. As we hastened towards the party, we perceived they had two prisoners, who were secured with ropes fastened around their arms and waists. I recognized one of them to be a native of Reef, who had formerly been a gardener in the service of one of my friends at Tangier. He was a fine tall, handsome youth, indicating anything vicious or depraved. Having joined them, I inquired of the Kaid of the soldiers the cause of these men being led as prisoners.

"The Sultan—may God prolong his life!" said he, "has ordered their heads to be cut off; they have been carrying on a contraband trade in oxen on the coast of Reef with the Infidel Spaniard."

"This, indeed," I replied, "is a severe punishment for such a crime; and if it be intended as a warning to others, why prevent the people of Tangier from seeing it?"

"Reason not with me, Nazarene," said the Kaid; "I have my orders, and shall obey them."

Here were we now stand was then the Jewish slaughter-ground, and this (touching with the muzzle of his gun the group of lilies to which I had referred) had been selected as the spot for the execution. Here we found a depraved-looking Moor, dressed as a butcher, holding in his hand a small knife about half a foot in length. He was a stranger, and had been hired to act on the occasion, for the Mahomedan butchers of Tangier, who are the person constrained to perform such service when the executioner cannot be found, had taken refuge in the sanctuary of Mesmody; and had it not been for this person offering his services the authorities would have been much perplexed to obey the mandate of the Sultan.

A morbid curiosity claimed me to the spot, although I foresaw I should have to behold a scene of horror. Some wrangling now ensued between the Kaid's soldiers and the executioner, as to the reward the latter was to receive for decapitating the poor wretches, who, all the time, were standing by, compelled to listen to this bartering for their blood. The butcher insisted that four dollars had been offered him for one head alone, and contended for a like amount for the other.—The Kaid unwillingly yielded the point, and immediately the first victim, who was already half dead with terror, was thrown down on the ground by the executioner, who kneeling on his breast, put the knife to his throat. I turned away, a violent struggle ensued, and I heard the executioner say, "Give me another knife—mine won't cut." I looked around, the wretched man was lying with his throat half cut, his breast heaving, and every limb writhing. My companion now loudly reproached the party for their cold-blooded atrocity, and called upon them to put the suffering man out of his misery. After a time another knife was handed by a soldier to the executioner, and the head was severed. The

soldiers shouted feebly, "May God prolong the life of our Sultan!" though I observed that many of them were as much horrified as ourselves.

I remained riveted to the spot where yet another victim awaited his fate. This was the fine looking fellow of whom I have spoken.—Again there took place a bartering for his blood; the Kaid denying his late promise, and declaring that he would not give the four dollars already earned, unless the head of the second criminal was cut off. To this the executioner was at length forced to consent. This request being acceded to, he took off his galeb, and giving it to the soldier who performed this act of kindness to him said, "Accept this; we shall yet meet in another world."—His turban he threw to another who had uttered a word of pity, instead of joining in the insulting shout of the soldiery; and walking steadily to the spot where his companion lay, he cried out with a distinct voice—"There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." Then turning to the executioner, he loosed his girdle, and gave it to him, saying—"For the love of God, sever my head with better despatch than you did that of my brother."—He laid himself flat on the ground, yet moist with blood; and the knee of the rufian was placed on the Reefian's breast. A horseman was now seen galloping towards the party.

"A reprieve!" shouted my friend. "Stop! stop!" The executioner withheld his knife. "It is only the son of the Governor," exclaimed a soldier; "he is coming to see the execution. Wait for him."

I rushed away in horror; and soon afterwards we saw the soldiers bearing in their hands the two bleeding heads.

No sooner were the gates opened, than a troop of boys rushed out and attacked the executioner with stones. The man fled into the country, pursued by a young mob—and it was reported he had fallen senseless some three miles from the town, covered with a hundred bruises.

On entering the town, the soldiers seized the first Jew they met, and obliged him to salt the heads, which were subsequently hung from the top of the square tower on the town wall, fronting the great market place.

As I returned homeward, I met in the little sok a Reefian, whom I knew to be a cousin to the deceased gardener, armed with a brace of pistols and a dagger, hurrying along. On asking him what was the matter, he replied, "I am about to revenge the death of my relation on that accursed stranger, who alone was found ready to cause our blood to flow."

Next day it was reported the executioner had been shot and buried on the spot. No investigation was had by the authorities of Tangier; and the cousin returned and remained unmolested.

After three days' exposure, the heads were sent to the Sultan, to convince his imperial majesty that his orders had been obeyed.—They were met on the road by a courier bringing a reprieve, who was said to have been detained in consequence of one of the rivers being impassable from heavy rains.

A Western Stump Oration.

The subjoined anecdote of a demagogue candidate for the legislature of a western State, a man of low moral stature, has been sent us by a new correspondent:

There was a 'stump speaking,' and Abner G. D.—had the platform, enlightening the "unfertilized" long and loudly. 'Fellow citizens,' said he, 'I now come to a slanderous rumor which has been most dastardly circulated against me from one end of the country to the other. My enemies not content with endeavoring to ruin my political prospect, have assassin-like, attempted to blast my good name by their insidious reports. Abner then stated what the rumor was, and continued: 'I rejoice, fellow citizens, to have it in my power instantly to fasten the lie on this malicious and atrocious slander. I see among you one of the most estimable citizens of the country, whose character for truth and integrity is above all question.—Squire Schooler, to whom I allude, is acquainted with all the facts, and I call on him here to state whether this rumor is true or false. I pause for a reply.'

Whereupon Squire Schooler slowly arose, and in his strong, slow and sonorous voice, said—

"I rather think you did it, Abner!" "You old scoundrel!" exclaimed Abner, "why do you interrupt me, while I am discussing great constitutional questions with your low personalities?" And he accompanied this obnoxious exclamation with such a 'surge of gesticulation,' that he stepped beyond the platform, fell backward on a big dog, amid the howls of which, and the deafening roars of the 'sovereigns,' the meeting was effectually broken up.—*Kickerbocker.*

Gapes in Chickens.

It is said that if you keep iron standing in vinegar—or, what is the same thing, we suppose, vinegar standing in an iron vessel, and put a little of the liquid in the food every few days, it will cure or prevent the gapes in chickens.—So simple a remedy for a fatal disease may be worth trying.

Influence of Clothing on the Skin.

It is a fact which must be important to every one that clothing in itself has no property of bestowing heat, but is chiefly useful in preventing the dispersion of the temperature of the body, and in some instances in defending it from that of the atmosphere. This power of preserving heat is due to the same principle, whatever the raiment may assume, whether the natural covering of birds and animals, or whether the most beautiful and elegant tissues of human manufacture. In every case it is the power which the coverings possess of detaining in their meshes atmospheric air, that is the cause of their warmth.

We have an exemplification of this principle in the lightness of all articles of warm clothing, as compared with water; the buoyancy, for example, of a fleece of wool or the lightness of a feather. In the eider-duck or the sea-bird, it is the accumulation of warm air within their downy covering that defends them alike from the temperature of the water, and from its contact. The furs from the piercing regions of the north, which we prize so highly as articles of dress, are, to the animals they invest, so many distinct atmospheres of warm air, and the same principle is carried out in the clothing of men. Our garments retain a stratum of air kept constantly warm by its contact with the body, and as the external temperature diminishes, we increase the number of layers by which the person is enveloped. Every one is practically aware that a loose dress is much warmer than one that fits close—that a loose glove is warmer than a tight one, and that a loose boot or shoe, in the same manner, bestows greater warmth than one of smaller dimensions. The explanation is obvious—the loose dress encloses a thin stratum of air, which the tight dress is incapable of doing, and all that is required is that the dress should be closed at the upper part to prevent the dispersion of the warm air and the ventilating current which would be established from below. The male summer dress in this climate consists of three layers, which necessarily include two strata of atmospheric air; that of females contains more; and in the winter season we increase the number to four, five or six. As the purpose of additional layers of dress is to maintain a series of strata of warm air within our clothes, we should in going from a warm room into the cold, put on our defensive covering some little time previously, in order that the strata of air which we carry with us may be sufficiently warmed by the heat of the room, and may not be in need of borrowing from our own bodies. Otherwise we must walk briskly in order to supply heat, not only to keep up the warmth of the strata of atmosphere nearest ourselves, but also to furnish those which we have artificially made by our additional coverings. When we have been for some time in the air, if we could examine the temperature or climate between the several layers of our dress, we should find the thermometer gradually falling as it was conveyed from the inner to the outer spaces.

These observations on dress have reference to the number of layers of which the covering is composed, but they are equally applicable to the texture of the garment itself. The materials employed by man in the manufacture of his attire, are all of them bad conductors of heat—that is to say, they have little tendency to conduct or remove the heat from the body, but on the contrary, are disposed to retain what they receive; hence they are speedily warmed, and, once warmed, preserve their temperature for a lengthened period, and convey the sensation of warmth to the hand. They are also bad conductors of electricity, and on this account become sources of safety in a thunder-storm.

They are all derived from the organic world, some from the vegetable and some from the animal kingdom—for instance, hemp and flax are the fibres of particular plants, while cotton is the covering of the seed of a plant.—Silk, wool, hair, feathers and leather, are animal productions; of the materials, the first five are chiefly employed as articles of clothing, and in order to be fitted for their purpose, are spun into threads, and then woven into a tissue of various degrees of fineness and closeness. It is evident that this tissue will have the effect of retaining a quantity of air proportioned to the side of the meshes; hence, besides the strata of atmosphere imprisoned between the different articles of clothing, each article is in itself the depository of an atmosphere of its own.

Thick textures are warmer than thin ones made of the same material, because the body of air retained in its meshes is greater, as we see illustrated in blankets and woollen garments.

To the inhabitants of cold climates, feathers are a source of peculiar comfort, but from their bulk are not easily convertible into body garments.

Linen is a bad conductor and bad radiator. On this account it is that, despite its excellence in other particulars, it feels cold when it touches the skin. From the porosity of its fibre, it is very attractive of moisture, and when the body perspires it absorbs the perspiration actively, and displaces the air, which in a dry state, held in its meshes; so that in place of an atmosphere of dry air, it becomes the means of maintaining a layer of moisture.

Now, water is one of the best conductors of heat, and moves it so rapidly from the body as to cause a general chill. But this is not all; the moisture in the tissue of the linen has so great a capacity and attraction for heat that it continues to rob the body more of that element, until the whole of the fluid is evaporated. These circumstances have caused the entire abandonment of linen as a covering next the skin, in hot climates, where the apparel must be necessarily thin. But in temperate and cold climates we get over the inconvenience by wearing over the linen a woollen or leather covering in the winter, and a cotton or thin woolen in the summer.—*Erasmus Wilson.*

Aaron Burr.

About the year 1795, Colonel Burr was owner of nearly one-fourth of a block fronting Nassau, Cedar, and Liberty streets Broadway. He was an eminent lawyer, with an extensive practice. I was informed by one of the profession that his practice at one period was worth ten thousand dollars a year. I used frequently to sit on juries in the old City Hall (now the site of the custom-house) when Hamilton and Burr were the opposing counsel.—They were both acute lawyers and eloquent speakers. A remarkable incident took place one day. They were trying the validity of a will. Hamilton having the will in his hand, happened to hold it between the window and his eyes. He rose, and prayed the court to stay the proceedings, and handing the will up to the judge, (I think it was Brockholst Livingston) remarked: "If the court please, there is a witness from Heaven that will set this matter at rest. If the court please, hold the instrument so as to look through the paper. The water-mark is dated five years after the will was signed. The testator could not make a will five years after he was dead." Of course a verdict for the defendant was given at once.

In the year 1800, Colonel Burr was elected to the office of Vice President of the United States. On the 11th of July, 1804, he retired from political life. The fatal termination of the duel with Hamilton, and the verdict of "wilful murder" rendered by the coroner's jury, caused him to absent himself from this part of the country. He travelled through the southern and western States, for the purpose of getting up an expedition against Mexico, for which he was tried for high treason. He then fled to England, where his papers were seized, and himself thrown into prison. He was liberated soon after, traveled in France and Germany, and returned to New York in 1812. He resumed the practice of law at No 15 Nassau street. Being lightly esteemed by his fellow-citizens, the effort was unsuccessful, and he soon fell into decay in mind, body, and estate. Mathew L. Davis, his last solitary friend, stuck to him closer than a brother, and had him lodged in a solitary hut, with a lonely window, on the desert sand bank in the wilds of Staten Island. Here, through the bounty of Mr. Davis, he lived for eighteen months; and here, on the night of the 14th of September, 1836, died Aaron Burr, in the eighty-first year of his age, with not a friend to close his eye, or wipe the dew-drops of death from his brow. Washington, Adams, Jay, and Hamilton died surrounded by weeping friends, and their graves bedewed by the tears of a continent. "He that honoreth me I will honor; he that despiseth me shall be lightly esteemed," said the book whose Author is Divine. Burr was buried at Princeton, New Jersey.—[*Laurie Todd.*]

Balking of Horses.

We have always looked upon the habit of balking in horses as incurable.—We have lately seen it stated that the Mexicans overcome this propensity by the following kindly treatment:

The driver approaches the head of the horse, pats him gently on the neck and head, speaking soothingly to him all the while; after a few minutes, while the horse's sulky humor somewhat subsides, the driver commences to blow very gently upon the horse's nostrils, which he continues to do a few minutes, then soothes and pats him again, and repeats the blowing upon the nostrils, when, it is said, the animal will be found to have been subdued.—This is the plan, also, as stated by Catlin, that the Buffalo calves are tamed by the Indians; whether it will prove successful in conquering this radical fault in the horse, we know not; it may however, be worth a trial.

So far as our experience goes, kindness is one of the best correctives of bad habits, either in man or beast, and it may be that the gentle treatment indicated above may be efficacious.

Visitors to the World's Fair.—As nearly as can be ascertained, not less than 4, 600 passengers have left Boston, Philadelphia and New York since the 5th of February last, in packets and steam vessels, a large proportion of whom are visitors to the London exhibition. About 4, 400 went in steam ships, and 1,900 in packet ships.

A friend of ours thus eulogizes his musical attainments.—I know two tunes, the one is *And Lany Syne*—the other isn't—I always sing the latter.

To have Green Beans, Peas, and Corn in Winter.

A gentleman says he saw in January green peas as succulent, to all appearances, as they were when plucked from the vine five or six months before. The mode of preparing them is, to pick, when of proper size for eating, shell and carefully dry in cloths in the shade. All the care necessary, is to prevent them from moulding; this done, they will be fine and sweet the following spring. Beans may be preserved in the same way; and with perfect success.

Green corn may be preserved in the following manner: "Pluck the ears of the green corn when fit for boiling, strip off the husks, and throw the ears into a kettle of boiling water: leave them in until the water boils over them, when they must be taken out; shell off the corn by running the prong of a fork along the base of the grain, holding the ear with one end against the breast; this is more expeditious, and saves all the grain, including the heart or germ, which is the sweetest part.

After being thus prepared, it must be spread out on cloths, in a shady, airy place to dry. It should be stirred every day until dried thoroughly. When cooked it should be put in cold water and boiled about an hour or more, the water to be pretty well boiled off. When the water is nearly off, a little milk added will improve the taste.—*Mission Tribune.*

Good Retort.

A humorous young man was driving a horse, which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the road-side; passing a country tavern where were collected together some dozen countrymen, the beast as usual, ran opposite the door and then stopped in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might, to drive the horse on; the men on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell that horse? "Yes," said the young man, "but I cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears any calves bleat." The crowd retired to the bar in silence.

Duch Prayer.

A Dutch preacher, who was warmly inclined towards the tory party during the Revolutionary war, happened once to get into an American camp, on Sunday, and was consequently called upon for a sermon and a prayer. He from force of habit commenced the latter with—"Got bless the king"—whereupon there was considerable excitement among the soldiers, when he perceiving it, with admirable presence of mind, said—"Yes, mine hearers, I say Got pless te king—pless him mit plenty hardt dimes, pless him mit a whip parlick—pless him mit all kindshs of pad lument—pless him mit a short life—unt, Lordt, may we have no more of him."

An old Dutchman took a job of hauling cotton across the country to a certain river, and one day he stopped the team for the purpose of eating his dinner, and giving rest and refreshment to his horses. Perceiving indications of water at a little distance from the road, he left his son in charge of the horses, and carried his tin pail over to the water. It proved to be a hot spring, and the Dutchman cried out in terror to his son, with a loud voice.

"Hauusel! trive on! trive on! de team for Got's sake! Hell ish not von mile vrom dish playshs."

Cure for a Felon or Whitlow.

Take yolk of one egg; an equal quantity of strained honey, one tea spoonful of spirits of turpentine, fresh drawn; one tea spoonful of spirits of camphor; mix well and thicken with flour to the consistency of thin paste. Spread it upon the sore thinly and cold. It takes hold with astonishing power and draws matter to a crisis rapidly. Every body ought to know it.

A letter came to our Post Office last week, directed "To My Mummy, living in the city of Philadelphia." A day or two ago, a little, fierce looking old woman, stuck her head in the Post Office window, and calling to the young man in the office, said: "Mister, is you got arrta letter here, from my son Jonny?"—"Yes!" said the young man, handing her the letter; which was from her son Jonny.—*Exchange.*

Vegetable Poison.

Almost every farmer is more or less troubled with poison ivy, sumach, parsnip, and the like. After trying a variety of remedies, I have found that a poultice made of buckwheat flour and butter-milk, with a piece of blue vitriol the size of a pea, pulverized and dissolved, added to the mixture, has had the happy effect of removing the trouble and effecting a cure in a short time.

"I SAY, PAT," said a Yankee to an Irishman who was digging in his garden, "are you digging out a hole in that onion bed?" "No," says Pat, "I am digging out the earth, and leaving the hole."