

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.

From the New York Picayune.

People of Olden Time.

The men of olden time
Earned their living by hard labor,
Now, every man earns his
By swindling from his neighbor.

The men of olden time
Were content with what they got;
Our avaricious race
Most certainly are not.

The men of olden time
Benignly loved each other;
Now, each man's hand is raised
In combat with his brother.

The men of olden time
Fought at the calls of justice;
The fiercest fighting now
Is at the "Hawls of Justice!"

The youth of olden time
On the Sabbath worshipped God;
We drive in frantic tandems,
On the dusty Harlem road.

The youth of olden time
Never swore, or drank, or bet;
We, by such pleasant pastimes,
Run our fathers into debt.

The wife of olden time
Was her children's only nurse;
Our wives look up the babies,
And go off to bleed the purse.

The wife of olden time
Held her husband's memory dear;
Our widow dells her weeds and grief
And marries in a year.

The maid of olden time
Could often sweep and dust;
We, all such servile labor,
To the kitchen girl entrust.

The maid of olden time
Sang, as should a simple girl;
We must shriek "Ah non guingee!"
With the operative twirl.

The maid of olden time
Wore long, flowing skirts; ah, yes!
Far longer and more graceful
Than the present Bloomer dress.

Couldn't cure Him.

A good story is told in an eastern paper of the treatment of a drunken husband by his amiable spouse. After trying various expedients, all to cure drunkenness, she at last bethought herself of another plan for making a reformed drunkard of her lord.

She engaged a watchman for a stipulated reward, to carry Philander to the watch-house while he was yet in a state of insensibility, and to frighten him a little when he recovered. In consequence of this arrangement, Philander waked up about eleven o'clock at night and found himself lying on a pine bench in a strange and dim apartment. Raising himself on his elbow, he looked around till his eyes rested on a man seated by a stove smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" said Philander.
"In a medical college," said the cigar smoker.

"What doing there?"
"Going to be cut up!"
"How come that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk and we bought your body, (to make a 'natomy.)"

"It's a lie—I'm not dead!"
"No matter—We bought your carcass from your wife, who had a right to sell it for it's all the good she could ever make out of you if you're not dead, that's not the fault of the doctor's and they'll cut you up, dead or alive."

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"Aye, to be sure we will, directly," was the resolute answer.

"Well, can't you let us have a little something to drink before you begin?"

This last remark satisfied the watchman that Philander was a hopeless case; and as his reward was contingent on his successful treatment of the patient, he was not a little chagrined at the result; so, with no gentle handling, he tumbled the irreformable inebriate out of the watch-house.

"Why are the Polka like bitter beer?"
Because it has so many hops in it.

A Leaf from our Scrap Book.

POLITENESS is an air cushion; there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

Busy not thyself in searching into other men's lives; the errors of thine own are more than thou canst answer for. It more concerns thee to mend one fault in thyself, than to find out a thousand in others.

FORMATION OF OPINIONS.—We are men all subject to errors. Our opinions are not in our own power; they are formed and governed much by circumstances that are often as inexplicable as they are irresistible.

A GREAT MAN.—A great man commonly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the look out for his thunder and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people; nay, sometimes he may be seen laughing. He proportions his exertions to his excitements; having been accustomed to converse with deep and lofty thoughts, it is not to be expected that he will flare or sparkle in ordinary chit-chat. One sees no pebbles glittering at the bottom of the Atlantic.

SMART CHILDREN.—The great objection to smart children is, that when they commence having whiskers they leave off having brains. Boys who are philosophers at six years of age are generally blockheads at twenty-one. By forcing children you get so much into their heads that they become cracked in order to hold it.

FESTIVITIES.—No one should begin a festivity with any situation that is meant to trade, particularly that is meant to be a trade, a mode of living. Festivities are fit for what is happily concluded; at the commencement they but waste the force and zeal which should inspire us in the struggle, and support us in long continued labor. Of all festivities the marriage festival seems the most unsuitable; calmness, humility, and silent hope befit no ceremony more than this.

ORIGIN OF THE DANCE.—The dance, which at the present day is so much admired as a diversion, was in its origin a sort of mystery and ceremony. The Jews, to whom God himself gave laws and ceremonies, introduced it in their festivals; and the Pagans, after them, consecrated it to their divinities. After the passage of the Red Sea, Moses, and Miriam his sister, to return thanks to the Almighty for the preservation of the people, and the defeat of the Egyptians drowned in the Red Sea, arranged two great dances, with music. One was for the men, and the other for the women. They danced singing the substance of the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, and performed a graceful ballet.

PRIDE REBUKED.—In Philadelphia, where there are no noblesse, the merchants set up a dancing assembly; and, desiring to assume rank above the mechanics, they proposed among the rules "that no mechanics, or mechanic's wife, or mechanic's daughter should be admitted." Upon this, Franklin remarked that such a rule would exclude God Almighty. "How so?" said the manager. "Because," replied the philosopher, "he is notoriously the greatest mechanic in the universe, having, as the scriptures testify, made all things by weight and measure." The intended new gentlemen, ashamed of their rule, struck it out.

It is said that a pair of pretty eyes are the best mirror for a man to shave by. This is probably the reason why so many have been shaved by them.

Miss Fantadling says, the first time she looked arms with a young man she felt like hope leaning on an anchor. Poetic young woman, that.

A PROMISE.—A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. A promise should be made by the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of intention, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performances should, like the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt paid.

PEDESTRIANISM.—There is no exercise that opens so many sources of enjoyment, or charms away so many cares. Are you tormented with the constant predominance of one idea? harassed with an overweight of business? or stupefied with some grievous and heavy affliction? our advice to you is, set off and walk; no matter where, so as to be open country.—Away with you, over hill and dale, until you are thoroughly leg weary, and if there be a cure for your ailments, you will find it in the change of air and scene, the lovely face of nature, that natural and divine-appointed medicine, which, next to religious trust, is perhaps most effectual in soothing human sufferings. Even the torments of a guilty conscience, as the old philosophers said, may be lulled, if only for awhile, by the potent charm pedestrianism. For our humble part, we have ever been passionate admirers and diligent practitioners of this exercise, and owe to it a world of enjoyment most precious at the time of fruition and no less pleasant in the retrospect.—*Sharp's Mug.*

INDUSTRY.—All exertion is in itself delightful, and active amusement seldom tires us.

Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play on an instrument all day long. In all pursuits, efforts, must it not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not to be circumnavigated by one wind. We should never do nothing. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," says Bishop Cumberland. "There will be time enough for repose in the grave," said Arnauld to Nicole. In truth, the proper rest for man is change of occupation.—*Richard Sharpe.*

TUTORING.—A tutor should not be continually thundering instruction into the ears of his pupil as if he were pouring it through a funnel; but after having put the lad, like a young horse, on a trot before him, to observe his paces, and see what he is able to perform, should, according to the extent of his capacity, induce him to taste, to distinguish, and to find out things for himself; sometimes opening the way, at other times leaving it for him to open; and by abating or increasing his own pace, accommodate his precepts to the capacity of his pupil.—*Montaigne.*

MENTAL CULTIVATION.—The real object of education is, to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

Sorry comfort for Tea Drinkers.

The last investigations of the *Lancet* with regard to the adulteration of articles of consumption, have been directed to tea. As far as our own dealers are concerned, the results obtained are not unsatisfactory; but the extent of deception practised in China is beyond what most people are prepared to learn. The Chinese themselves not only use a vast number of injurious materials, but also other leaves than those of the tea-plant—a system which has increased since the trade was thrown open, and the inspection of the East India Company ceased. In England, some of the spurious manufactures consist of the leaves of the beech, elm, horse-chestnut, plane, fancy-oak, willow, poplar, hawthorn, and sloe, the latter being most frequent on account of their stringy quality. The use of re-dried tea-leaves, however, has been the most general form of imposition here; and in 1843, when the process was interrupted by the vigilance of the Excise, it is supposed there were not less than eight manufactories for the purpose in London alone, besides many in the provinces. The leaves were bought up at coffee-houses at two and a-half pence a pound mixed with a solution of gum, re-dried, and then coloured with rose-pink and black-lead to "face" them—a bloom being sometimes also imparted with a vegetable red mixed with carbonate of lime. The practice still prevails to some extent, catechu being added for its tannin, but it is greatly limited by the proceedings of the Excise. Certain mixtures lately sold as "tea-improvers," under the names of "La Veno Beno," and "the Chinese Botanical Powder," in packages at 3d each, have been ascertained to consist of seventy-six per cent. of catechu, the habitual use of which is calculated to cause serious evils, while the rest is sumach leaves or wheat flour. Out of thirty-five samples of black-tea tested upon their arrival from China, twenty-three, consisting of congos and souchongs, were genuine; while twelve, which consisted of scented pekoe and scented caper, chulan, or black gun powder, were adulterated. This adulteration consisted in the leaves having been faced, so as to improve the appearance of the teas, with black lead, an iridescent powder resembling mica, indigo, and turmeric. Of one coarse sort, which contained fragments of rice or paddy glazed in the same manner as the tea-leaves themselves, it is understood over two hundred boxes were disposed of public sale on the 13th of June last. In another kind, there were found little lumps like the dung of silk-worms, which has been stated to be one of the articles the Chinese send us for tea. None of these samples, however, contained any other leaf than that of the tea-plant. With the green teas tested on their importation, the results were much more serious. Thirty samples were tried, and all were found to have been adulterated. Five consisted of what is commonly called "lie" tea, which is simply tea-dust and sand made up with rice-water; one was composed of paddy, husk and other substances; and one was a mixture of "lie" tea and spurious leaves of other plants. Every one of the thirty sorts was artificially glazed or colored, Prussian blue, indigo, turmeric powder, and China clay, being the substances employed. A curious additional fact was likewise arrived at. In no instance amongst all these trials was a single leaf discovered possessed of a green color, other than that which was produced by artificial means; and an irresistible inference consequently arises, that there is most probably no such thing as genuine green tea of the colour ordinarily supposed to be its characteristic.

Two specimens from Assam were tried, and these were found genuine; but their colour

was of a yellowish dullness, without the slightest tinge of green. The same thing was noticed also in a specimen from Java, which was found genuine, except that it was slightly faced, apparently with China clay.—The system of fabrication seems to be general among the Chinese, and the spurious sorts have their regular market quotations. With regard to British operations of the same kind, the skill exercised is described as little inferior. In three specimens lately seized by the Excise, the materials variously employed were exhausted tea-leaves, Prussian blue, turmeric, China clay, Chinese yellow, soap-stone, indigo, catechu, and the leaves of the sycamore and horse-chestnut. As respects the samples purchased in London shops, the facts are not more unfavorable than might have been expected from the Chinese adulterations; and the belief is warranted that amongst the vendors themselves the practice is not at present extensive. Out of twenty four samples of black tea brought in the metropolis, twenty-congous and souchong—were all genuine, while four, which were of scented descriptions, were adulterated—most probably, however, in China, without the knowledge of the dealers.

The conclusion from all the facts is, that the great bulk of the black tea used in this country, viz., congo and souchong, is genuine, and that the scented teas—the pekoes and capers—are invariably adulterated. Of green tea, out of twenty samples purchased in London, all were artificially colored, glazed, or painted with a mixture of Prussian blue, turmeric powder, and China clay. Eleven were also adulterated with "lie" tea, which although it may have been introduced before importation, is still so easy of detection, and also so dangerous, from the extent to which it is coloured with Prussian blue, that the dealers are not justified, by the plea of ignorance, in selling a mixture in which it is contained. It is, moreover, known to be sent over to this country in vast quantities, and disposed of at 6d. per pound, so that there is reason to apprehend it may not frequently be mixed on the spot.—*London Times.*

"Doing a Landlord."

There really seems to be no limit in the art of swindling. The following case given in the *Baltimore Sun*, illustrates the prevailing style at present:

Some few days ago a man called upon the owner of a vacant house, obtained the key, examined the premises, approved, and agreed with the landlord to take them. Before he had time to move in, however, a person met the landlord, and asked if the house aforesaid had been taken by the former party naming him. The landlord said it had; and the querist then cautioned the landlord against receiving him as a tenant, alleging that he designed to use the house for certain illicit practices, which shall be nameless. Shocked at the idea, the honest landlord posted off in quest of his new tenant, and having found him, pressed an objection to his taking possession. The tenant remonstrated, vowed he had been slandered, but could not give a very clear account of his purpose. However after some higgling, the man having taken possession of the key on his side, consented to relinquish his right for the sum of five dollars, in good and lawful money then and there paid over. The bargain was struck, and the money paid and the landlord retired with the satisfaction of a moderate premium; but he had the further satisfaction to find shortly afterward, that his tenant and his precious advisers were confederates in a game which had cost him, as their honest and credulous dupe the five dollars aforesaid.

A Banker's Dodge.

A story is current here, of a little sharp practice on the part of the Cashier of the *People's Bank of Paterson*, which is too good to be lost. The morning this institution failed he came into town, expecting to make arrangements to go on as usual; but his agent here very properly refused to redeem the bills unless supplied before with the *needful*, which was not forthcoming; and the Cashier accordingly started on his return to make preparations for closing the bank. On arriving at Jersey City he found quite a number of brokers collected, who had got wind of the trouble, and were on their way to Paterson to secure, if possible, the redemption of the bills in their hands. The train started, the hungry bill-holders seated in the cars, and the Cashier, who is President of the Railroad Company, standing with the engineer on the locomotive. After a run of a few miles, the bolt by which the engine drew its burden was quietly withdrawn, and the locomotive carrying the Cashier, shot onward to Paterson, leaving the cars to follow at their leisure. As soon as he had taken leave of his passenger, the engineer put back to bring up the train, and found it at a dead stand in an interesting locality, where the passengers had abundant time and opportunity to examine the scenery and cool their impatience. When the train reached Paterson the score of brokers rushed to the bank, but found it closed, with an interesting placard attached to the door!—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

Don't think of love till your upper lip ripens with a moustache; nor of matrimony till you have harvested your wild oats. Husbands, like wines, are all the better for a little age.

A Series of Villainies Confessed.

A *Confederate of Monroe Edwards*.—The *San Francisco Herald* contains the confession of Robinson, one of the three men lately hung at Sacramento by the people, which is an account of a series of successful villainies, without a parallel, in Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia and other cities. The following, embracing his operations in Baltimore, is interesting:

November, 1837, I was in Albany. I then became acquainted with Monroe Edwards, at the exchange Hotel; he inquired for M. Hunt; he said he was very anxious to find him; I told him he was at the Howard House, New York. I went with him and found him there, they consulted together for some time, and then concluded to make me one of their partners, as I was a very good scribe. I was dressed rather rough; they expended about \$300 in jewels and clothes to make me look genteel, and not suspicious; then we went to business; we forged a check on Hodges, Beals & Co., I presented the check; they told me the firm had not as much money on deposit as the check called for; I returned to my partners and told them what had happened.

Mr. H. took \$300 and made a deposit in the name of H. B. & Co., by this means he ascertained the amount; he drew another check to the amount of \$20,000; I presented it; they paid it without any hesitation; I got there \$1,000 bills and the balance in \$500 bills; I took it to our room, and my partners gave me \$2,500 of it; April 4th I met them in Philadelphia at Jones' Hotel, in Chesnut street, above Sixth street; after being there two days they asked me to write Ridgways name; I practised three or four hours every day; by this time I could counterfeit very well; there was laid before me twenty bank checks; I wrote on them all, and out of the number got one with a perfect signature of Mr. Ridgway; I filled the check for \$20,000; then Mr. Edwards finished the check by writing Brown & Co.; at the end of Ridgway, which made the firm Ridway; Brown and Co.; Hunt took the check very coolly and put it into his pocket and walked out; presented it to a certain bank and drew \$20,000, all in \$100 and \$50 notes; he came with his wallet full; it was divided; I got \$6,000; I sent \$4,000 to my mother, and wrote to her that I drew it in a lottery.

Mr. Edwards said we must put the Baltimore Bank through next; on the 16th of May we met in Baltimore; Mr. Edwards and me drew a check for \$15,000, signed Koths, Coles & Co.; he gave it to me and told me to get the money for it; I refused to do it; says he what are you afraid of; I am afraid of nothing, but will not take this check there; by that, says Edwards, I will go into the bank and get some gold for some paper money; I then agreed to go and take the check; he told me to let him go and get some gold, and when they are paying me the gold, you present the check; I did so; the cashier merely looked at the check, and told the teller to pay me; he gave me two thousand dollars in one hundred dollar notes, the rest in five hundred dollar notes; Edwards staid there some time afterwards in order to detect any suspicion; we separated, met in Wheeling, Cumberland and Cincinnati; we were in Cincinnati in January, 1841; remained there about four days, Edwards and myself forged a check on the Gas Light Company Bank, belonging to Hodges & Co. I signed Hodges, as President, and Edwards signed Will's name on across the back of the check, which had to be done before the check was good; Hunt signed the cashier's name; Hunt took the check and drew the money; the amount was twenty thousand dollars;—Edwards said he despised a check that was drawn for less than twenty thousand dollars; he either wanted to make a big raise or none at all.

We then went to Louisville together; Hunt and Edwards forged a check on Hiram Goodrich for twenty thousand dollars; Edwards presented it at an Exchange office at a heavy discount for the money, the banker said he did not have that much money in his office; (this was after banking hours was the reason he offered it at a discount,) but would take him to the cashier of the bank it was drawn on, we went to the Cashier; I presented it; he told me he would go to the President, we saw him; I presented it, and he ordered it paid; they would not give me any of that money; we quarrelled and separated; they went to New Orleans, and I went in another direction.

They forged checks on the New Orleans, and Mobile Banks; they returned to New York, and forged a note there, which caused his conviction; I was not interested in the three last crimes; not having time, I am compelled to close my confession in reference to Edwards and Hunt.

On the scaffold, this fellow made another confession, implicating some of the most respectable men in California in his villainies. His last confession we believe to be occasioned by spite, because those persons did not interfere to save him. In his last confession he said his name was Wm. Benjamin Heppard.

It appears that Robinson was found enlisted

in the mounted rifles, on his way to Oregon, which seems rather strange, after years of successful villainy making his thousands.

The Traveling Card.

One lovely morning in July a boat touched at Wheeling, and the senseless form of a man in the prime of life was borne from its deck and laid upon the planks of the wharf. The stranger thus left to die like a dog was suffering the tortures of that fever peculiar to our western waters, and the delirium was raging in his brain. Fancy carried him back to his home where sat his loving wife praying for the blessings of heaven upon her absent lord. This memory as much as the fever, caused him to utter a deep groan, which attracted the notice of two police officers who were passing and who at once advanced to the spot where he was lying and began turning him over with their sticks to ascertain who he might be. Just at that juncture Pat Malone, an Irish drayman, passed, and observing that there was fun on hand, stopped his horse. Pat left his dray for a moment and advanced towards the man; as he did so he detected a small piece of paper which had fallen out of his pocket upon the wharf. Pat scanned it narrowly; and after ascertaining that his first surmise was correct said to the officers, "You needn't be after poking the poor man about that fashion, Mr. Perlicmeen;" and raising the sufferer upon his dray he bore him to a hotel. Once there he ordered a good bed, and took his departure for a physician, who was soon at the bedside of the sick man. Night came, and with it two men, who nursed him until morning, and were then relieved by a woman whose business it was to attend upon the sick. Several weeks passed ere the demon fever removed his grasp from the system of the stranger, and then, when consciousness returned, he gazed round, and enquired of his nurse "Where am I?" She told him; and also of the situation in which he was found; but did not inform him who his benefactors were. At his suggestion, a letter was sent to his wife and in a few days she arrived. The scene was deeply affecting—the interview between the husband and wife. At night, when the hour of retirement was come two men entered the chamber and urged the lady to retire to rest while they attended to her husband. At length he arose from his bed, snatched almost from the jaws of death by the kindness of those who found him a stranger and took him in.

"My husband," said his wife, "where are we and what kind of people are these among whom we have come? Every night two men have been here and sent me to my room while they watched over you until the nurse or myself came in the morning. Pray tell me what this means?"

"These," said he, "are my brothers of the Sons of Temperance."

"Thank God," said she, while tears of gratitude streamed from her eyes:—"Thanks be to God for such a noble institution. Surely, He will prosper it."

During the day she heard the whole story, and when, at her instance, the rough looking old Pat came into her presence; she rushed to him, threw her arms around his neck, and with uncontrollable emotion, cried out, "God bless you!" A few days thereafter they left for their home, and the last words that fell upon the ears of those who followed them to the wharf, was the heartfelt prayer of the grateful wife, "God bless you, Sons of Temperance."

Fresh Air.

Gentlemen and Ladies, open your windows—let in the fresh air. Light, physical or moral, is not more essential to vision than air is to health and happiness. Yet how careful are most of us to exclude it! You close up the windows, nail list around the doors, and appear to do all in your power to exclude Heaven's free gift of fresh air; and the reason why people are not smothered is, that the air is so subtle it will work its way through every little crevice, so that it is almost impossible to get it shut out altogether. But, if people do not get themselves quite suffocated, they continue to get pale, stupid, nervous, and heavy-headed for want of pure air which is so anxious to force itself into their rooms, but which they contrive to keep barred out. What would you think of a man coming down the river on a raft who would get a basin of water and keep it for weeks to wash himself every day, when the broad river was running level with his feet! You would say he was a fool. Are you any wiser who have miles deep of fresh air above you, and not allow yourself but a few square feet to be used over and over again hundreds of times! I wish every one of you knew what a curious piece of machinery your lungs and heart are, and how well the atmosphere is adapted to our use. If you are afraid to have the fresh air blow upon you while you are asleep, brake a pane of glass out of the top of the window until you get used to fresh air, and then a stream of it hard enough to blow the quilts off the bed will not hurt you.