

JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 12.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1851.

No. 8.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cents per year, extra.
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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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Young Grimes.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
But he has left a son, who bears
The name that old Grimes bore.

He wears a coat of latest cut,
His hat is new and gay;
He cannot hear to view distress,
So turns from it away.

His pants are gaiters, fitting snug,
O'er patent leather shoes;
His hair is by a barber curled;
He smokes cigars and chews.

A chain of massive gold is borne
Above his flashy vest;
His clothes are better, every day,
Than were old Grimes' best.

He wears a gold watch in his fob,
From it hang golden seals,
He daily drives around the town
Behind a horse's heels.

In fashion's court he constant walk's
Where he delights doth shed;
His hands are white and very soft,
But softer is his head.

He's six feet tall, no post more straight,
His teeth are pearly white;
In habits he is sometimes loose
And sometimes very tight.

His manners are of sweetest grace
His voice of softest tone;
His diamond pin's the very one
That old Grimes used to own.

His jetty hair conceals his mouth,
His whiskers hides his cheek;
He has an aunt of Christian mould,
Of temper mild and meek.

A dickey tall adorns his face,
His neck a scarf of blue;
He sometimes goes to church, for change,
And sleeps in Grimes' pew.

He dissipates the cash more free;
Is lavish as the air;
I grieve to hear, from those who know,
That sometimes he will swear.

He has drunk wines of every kind,
And liquors cold and hot;
Young Grimes is just the sort of man
Old Mr. Grimes was not.

Now let us pray old Grimes may stay
His quiet grave within,
'Twould grieve him much I think to see
The young 'un spread his 'tin.

Impromptu.

The best impromptu in English is said to be the following, "perpetrated" by the author of "Night Thoughts," when two ladies, with whom he was walking in a garden, (one of them his "intended,") compelled him to leave them, to answer a summons from the Duke of Wharton, his "patron":

"Thus Adam looked, when from the garden driven,
And thus despatched orders sent from heaven,
Like him I go, but yet am loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind:
He Eve went with him—mine remains behind."

A late traveller, in speaking of Egypt, says her products consist of wheat, flies, and sore-eyed children. So much for her crops. In remarking on her commerce, he observes that her imports are made up of underdone Englishmen in pursuit of the pyramids—while her exports consist of the same Englishmen "done brown," and fleeing from beggars and bed-bugs. Nice country that.

Freaks of Genius.—"Kitty, where's the frying pan?" "Johnny's got it carting mud and clam shells up the alley with the cat for a horse." "The dear little fellow, what a genius he will make; but go and get it. We're going to have company, and we must fry some fish for dinner."

A lady on being separated from her husband, changed her religion, being determined, as she said, to avoid his company in this world and the next.

A Leaf from our Scrap Book.

A man's virtue should not be measured by his occasional exertions, but his ordinary doings.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Every one complains of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.

Virtue, writes somebody, springs from industry rather than religion. We care not how pious a man is, let him loaf for a week, and he will feel the devil in him bigger than a woodchuck.

The Boston Post thinks that some folks hearts would make good lap-stones!

A man who gives his children a habit of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

A friend of ours says he would have remained single, but he couldn't afford it.—What it cost him for "gals and ice-cream," is more than he now pays to bring up a wife and eight children. Bachelors should think of this.

To improve a man is to liberalize and enlarge him in thought, feeling, and purpose.

Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

SMART SAYINGS.—To kiss ladies' hands as some do, is like little boys, who, after eating the apple, fall to the paring—out of love they have to the apple.

Old sciences are unravelled like old stockings by beginning at the foot.

Education begins the gentleman—but reading, good company, and reflection, must finish him.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

Never build after you are five and forty; have five years' income before you lay a brick; and always calculate the expense at double the estimate.

Some men are only great, because their associates are little.

The balls of sight are so formed, that one man's eyes are spectacles to another to read his heart with.

He who marries a wife and he who goes to war must necessarily submit to everything that may happen.

LOVE.—A sweet contagion, which attacks people with great severity between eighteen and twenty-two. Its premonitory symptoms are sighs, ruffled shirts, ringlets, bear's grease, and whiskers. It feeds on moonlight and flutes, and looks with horror on "biled pork" or baked beans.

FRIENDSHIP often ends in love; but love, in friendship—never.—*Lacon.*

MAXIMS FOR LOVERS.—Love takes deepest root in the steadiest mind.

It is a degree of impurity in woman, to love a sensual man.

True love is ever accompanied with fear and reverence.

Platonic love is platonic nonsense.

The proof of true love is respect, not freedom.

But few first-impressions ought to be trusted or encouraged in love.

A lady can have but small hopes of a lover, over whom his own worthy relations can have no influence.

The more ardent a man is while a lover, the more indifferent he will, probably, be when a husband.

Pride and vanity are often the source of love.

Respectful love inspires noble actions.—*Old Novel.*

Girls who "aint" handsome, hate those who are—while those who are handsome, hate one another. Which class has the best time of it!

CHARITY.—Every good act, says Mahomet, is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow men to virtuous deeds is equal to alms giving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your removing stones, and thorns, and other obstructions from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow men. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels who examine him in the grave will ask, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

Philanthropists.—Gentlemen who think they atone for a long life of extortion, by leaving a hundred thousand dollars to buy "moral handkerchiefs" for the use of the benighted citizens of Timbuctoo. They live by cheating their fellow-citizens—while they die in the hope that they can cheat God.

Too much fancy is not necessary in our conversation or writings: it begets vain and peevish ideas, which tend neither to make us wise nor better. Our thoughts should be produced by good sense and right reason, and ought always to be the effect of good judgment.

"There is nothing," said Sir Samuel Romilly, "by which I have through life more profited than by the just observations, the good opinion, and the sincere and gentle encouragement of an amiable and sensible woman."

He who is an ass and takes himself to be a stag, when he comes to leap the ditch will find out his mistake.

If the ladies had votes, how long would it be before a bill would be enacted, compelling men to go home to their wives every night before ten o'clock.

Wary manhood hesitates to commit himself by any sudden yielding to his natural sympathies, while eager youth grasps at a friend as childhood at a pleasure, and erects fairy palaces of hope out of dreams beautiful and fleeting as the Morgana of the Sicilian Sea.

Let us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfilment of its duties, does honor to a man.

True practical philosophy makes the most of little pleasures, and the most of everything.

We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—*Seneca.*

Speaking of the goods of life, Sir William Temple says—"the greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest ease is sleep, and the greatest medicine is a true friend."

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks but for another heart to make it happy will never seek in vain.

The First Baby.

In a new novel, "The Glens," recently published, occurs the following striking picture of domestic felicity, which will be read with great interest.

"If the baby was asleep, no one was allowed to speak except in a whisper, on pain of instant banishment, the piano was closed, the guitar was tabooed, boots were interdicted and the bell was muffled. If Mr. Vincent wished to enjoy a quiet cigar, he must go out of the house, lest the smoke might hurt 'the baby'; and, lest the street door might disturb its slumbers, he must make his exit by the back way, and reach the street by the garden gate.—The doctor was scarcely ever out of the house; not because the baby was ill—for indeed it was most alarmingly healthy—but because she was 'afraid it might be taken with some dreadful disease, and no doctor near.' If coal was to be placed in the grate, either Mr. Vincent must put in lump by lump with his fingers, or 'Baker' must come in on tiptoe, leaving his boots below, lest the noise should disturb 'the baby.' Mr. Vincent might lie in one posture until he was full of aches from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he must not move nor turn over—for fear of awakening 'the baby.' And yet he must not take a bed in the 'another part of the house, because 'the baby might be attacked with the croup, or might cry to have some one walk up and down the floor with it in his arms, and then he would not be within call. In short when 'the baby' slept the whole house was under a spell, whose enchantment consisted in profound silence and unbroken stillness, and all who came within the magic circle were at once under its influence.

On the other hand when 'the baby' was awake, the household was equally subject to the tyranny which seemed to be a condition of its existence. If Mr. Vincent's watch chain attracted its attention, the watch must come from the pocket and be delivered over, at the imminent risk and to the frequent smashing of crystal and face. If 'the baby' cried for the porcelain vase on the mantle, or the little Sevres card baskets on the table, they were immediately on the floor or in the crib beside it, and were soon afterward in many pieces. If it wanted 'papa's' papers, either they must be forthwith given up, or both baby and mother would concur in raising a domestic storm. If an important paper was missed, when the inquiry was for it, the chances were twenty to one that it had been given to the baby,—and on all such occasions, Mr. Vincent's chagrin or vexation was treated with merited indifference. If, as it often happened, after obtaining everything that could be broken, 'the baby' still cried immoderately and annoyingly, it was quite as much as Vincent's life was worth to express the least vexation or impatience. He might be roused from a sound sleep, and forced to get up in the cold ten times in the night for something for 'the baby' and yet a murmur or natural wish expressed to know the necessity of all this was high treason to the household sovereignty. The lawful master of the premises had sunk, like a deposed monarch, to utter insignificance, and become the lowest servant of the young usurper. The mother was the Grand Vizier of the little Sultana, and in her name ruled every one herself included, with an iron rod. There was no law but the will and the pleasure of the despot, and no appeal from her terminations. And this was the woman whom Abraham Glenn had loved!"

What are Kisses?

The Knickerbocker publishes the following, with the remark that the lines are for the perusal of young lovers in particular, and not for "general circulation":—

What are kisses?
Short lived blisses
As the dew-drops in the sun;
Yet in giving
And receiving
Them, are hearts oft lost and won.

Foolish lipping,
Nectar sipping
Sweeter than the honeyed flowers;
Such employment!
What enjoyment
It imparts to twilight hours!

Bright eyes shining,
Brown locks twining,
Checks as ruddy as the rose;
Smooth chin rounded,
Straight neck bounded
By a heaving bosom's snows!

All these charm me,
But not harm me
Half so much as ruby lips
Sweetly smiling,
Soul-beguiling,
As sweet poison thence it sips.

Words they've spoken,
Trembling, broken,
Low, but all my frame they thrill;
'Thine for ever!
I will never
Cease to love thee, come what will!"

With a blessing,
Fondly pressing
Many a time those lips to mine,
'Thus I murmur,
'Lovely charmer
I too am for ever thine!"

London Thieves.

Some of the tricks of the swell mob at the Crystal Palace have been curious. One thief, dressed and looking like a gentleman, pretended to find a bug on a lady's dress, begging her to allow him to kill a noxious insect; and she saw him take it off. She thanked him warmly, and off he went. Fortunately she immediately perceived that she had lost a valuable bracelet. She suspected her friend, went to a policeman and told what had passed. He said, are you sure you would know the man? She said she was certain she would. Then go and stand by the door till I come to you. She did so, and the policeman soon joined her. He had by telegraph, had every door shut but the one they were at; they had not waited long when the lady said, that's the man. The person was taken into custody, searched, and on him was found a small box, full of bugs, and the lady's bracelet.

Another "artful dodge" is thus related:

The high sheriff of a city in the south of Ireland, while on a visit to the Crystal Palace, was accused, to his great amazement, of picking pockets, and upon this transferred to the care of the police. The worthy gentleman repudiated the charge with horror and indignation; nevertheless, a purse of 18 sovereigns was found in his pocket, which he avowed did not belong to him. The protestations and assurances of the high sheriff, who gave his address, set the local authorities upon the alert, and after a sharp scrutiny of the visitors, the detectives recognized a noted member of the swell mob, who, it appears, a few minutes before had relieved a visitor of the identical purse, which was instantaneously missed, and the scoundrel, fearing exposure, conveyed the purse with singular dexterity to the pocket of the Irish high sheriff, who was in his vicinity, and as quickly disappeared in the crowd. Explanations and apologies followed quite satisfactory, and the innocent gentleman was restored to the society of his sister and her daughter, whom he accompanied from Ireland to see the wonders of the Exhibition.

Here is a third illustration, showing the principle of "fraternity" among the swell mob:

A French gentleman walking in the Crystal Palace with an English friend, when the conversation turned upon the pick-pockets of London; the former boasting that he did not fear them, but defied them. His companion determined to play a trick, and, seizing a favorable moment, abstracted his handkerchief from his pocket. At the same moment the joker felt himself touched on the shoulder by a very elegant gentleman, who took him aside, and said, with a gracious smile—

"Sir, I see that you are one of us. Permit me to offer you the first duties of hospitality, by returning to you your snuff box, which I this moment made a seizure of."

The Englishman, slightly confused, but very well satisfied with the result, bowed, took his box, restored the handkerchief to his friend, and continued his route with his hands in his pocket.

There is a grocer up-town, who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a flea off his counter; hold him up by his hind legs, and look into the cracks of his feet, to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his sugar.

Play of Words.

Somebody (Captain Donohoe, if we must give the names,) mentions an old saw-miller, in Maine, whose profane ob-structure of the steam which "carried" his mill was itself carried away by a sudden freshet. The mill was old; the machinery in its decadence; the whole establishment "tottering to its fall."—The owner was regarding the "floodwood of his fortunes with a sad and wistful eye when a friendly by-stander consolingly said to him:

"Build another: it won't take you three weeks to do it."

"Ah," said the *ci-devant* miller, looking at the old naked edifice, which had no more "back-water" for a back-ground, "it ain't worth a dam!"

Mentioning this the other evening to a friend, he said it reminded him of a dam which stopped the waters of a river between the mountains in one of our northern States and which, by a sudden "fresh," was swept away during the night. The owner of the works thereon was a well known gentleman of honor and intellect, but irritable, notwithstanding, and apt at times to give vent to his aroused emotions. The neighbors, as usual, gathered around, awaiting the arrival of the owner, and speculating as to the manner and language he would adopt, under the strong provocation to his "pheelinks." He soon after arrived and probably suspecting from movements and signs about him, that the assembly was waiting for an out-break, very coolly surveyed the rushing river, and the sluice-way it had opened, and turning to the people with a bland smile, he said:

"I think, neighbors, you will agree with me that this river ought to be dam—d!"

Accuracy.

'Betty,' said a learned lady to her dingy Abigail, 'go for some spirits for the lamps and tell Mr. Mixum that the last he sent was so very weak that it only served to make the darkness visible.'

'Yes'm' replied Betty, and away she went with the message, which she delivered as follows: 'Missus says the last sperrits you sent wark't good for nothin' and it only served to make the darkies miserable—it was so weak, it was.'

New Cure for Consumption.

We find the following statements in the Mobile Herald and Tribune, and if substantiated, the discovery will be invaluable. The quantity of the medicine to be given at a dose is not stated:

In the first number of the New Orleans Monthly Medical Register—which we noticed a few days ago, we find an article by Professor Stone on the virtues of "Phosphate of Lime in Serofula and other depraved states of the system," which is of some moment. It was suggested by an essay in the London Lancet on physiology and pathology of the axalate and phosphate of lime, and their relation to the formation of cells.

"The conclusions of the author (says Professor Stone) are based upon careful chemical research and results from the use of the remedy. His researches show that in man, as well as in vegetables and inferior animals, phosphate of lime as well as albumen and fat is absolutely essential for the formation of cells, and he considers that many of the pathological states of the system depended upon a deficiency of this salt. The affections in which it is advised are ulcerations dependent upon a general dyscrasia, and not a mere local affection; infantile atrophy; in those suffering from rickets and consequent diarrhoea and tuberculous diseases, particularly of the lungs in the early stages."

Struck by this article, Professor Stone tested, and he thus describes three cases in which its effects were obvious. The first was that of a slave, who was admitted to the Professor's Infirmary in July, with a disease of the nose, the whole system showing great progress in serofulous decay. The usual remedies were unsuccessfully applied until August, when cod-liver oil was used, but the disorganization of the stomach was increased by it. The phosphate of lime was then applied—eight grains, three times a day. Its good effects were soon apparent. It and the oil were therefore administered together, and the patient soon was restored to health.

The second case is that of a young lady aged 24. Her disease was one of "unmixed pathosis, which might have been expected to terminate in the course of a few months" fatally. The upper part of both of her lungs were filled with tubercles, and in some places were beginning to soften. The case was evidently a bad one. The treatment of cod-liver was first used, but without marked improvement. The phosphate of lime was then administered with the oil, and the result, as in the case of the negro, was soon apparent. The patient was rapidly getting well.

The third case was that of a child seven years of age, in which the phosphate of lime was used with complete success.

We can only refer briefly to those cases for the purposes of directing attention to the subject. Before the dreadful diseases which they describe scientific men have stood abashed. That there is some remedy for them we can hardly doubt; and this may, if a new thing, be the desideratum which science is in search of.

How They do It.

The Boston Post drives a nail in the right place:

"An English paper complains that "for some time past, it has been the open practice of the French authorities to clear their country of idle, profligate, or criminal foreigners, by sending them to England. Not fewer than eight hundred doubtful characters have been, within a limited period, sent to this country." That's the way it goes—the French send their rogues to England; the English add enough of their own to the lot to double the number, and then ship the whole squad to the United States! Having done this, the knaves who remain at home, sit down and deplore, and philosophize about "the low state of American morals." Modest isn't it!

Quick Wit.

Curran was a rare wit, but even he sometimes met his match. He was once examining a cross-grained, ugly-faced witness from whom he in vain sought to obtain a direct answer. At length he exclaimed, "It's no use trying to get the truth out of you, for I see the villain in your face!" "Do you, sir!" retorted the man with a grin, "why then it must be so—faix, I never knew my face was a looking-glass before!"

The Shop Girls of Paris.

The following is an extract from "Fresh Cleanings" by Ik Marvel, and is a fair specimen of the sprightly style which pervades the whole work:

"But if it be good philosophy to bear meekly with the characteristics of the shopmen—it is doubtless so with the shop girls.

"The high-heeled shoes, the light head-gear, that turned the soul of poor Lawrence Sterne, have indeed gone by, but the grisette presides over gloves and silks yet; and whatever she may do with the heart-strings she makes the purse strings yield. You will find her in every shop of Paris—(except that of the exchange brokers, where are fat middle-aged ladies, who would adorn the circles of Wall Street,) there she stands, with her hair laid smooth on her cheek, over her forehead, in the prettiest blue muslin dress you can possibly imagine—a bit of narrow white lace running round the neck, and each little head set off with the same—and a very witty at the bargain. He who makes the shop girl of Paris bate one jot of price, must needs have French at his tongue's end.

There may be two at a time, there may be six, she is unabashed, she has the same pleasing smile—the same gentle courtesy for each; and her eyes glance like thoughts from one to the other. You may chat she will chat back; you may scold, she will scold back. She guesses your want; there they are, the prettiest gloves, she says, in Paris. You cannot utter half a sentence, but she understands the whole; you cannot pronounce so badly but what she has your meaning in a moment.—She takes down package upon package; she measures your hand, her light fingers over yours—*Quelle jolie petite main!*—She assists in putting a fancy pair on—and how many pair does Monsieur wish?

But one!—ah, Monsieur is surely joking. See what pretty colors—and she gathers a cluster in her fingers; and so nices a fit—and she takes hold of the gloves upon your hand.

Only two, ah, it is indeed too few, and so cheap. Only fifteen francs for six pair—which is too little for Monsieur; and she rolls them up in paper, looking you all the time fixedly in the eye. And there is no refusal—you slip the three pieces of money on the counter, and she drops them into a little drawer, and thanks you in a way that makes you think as you go out, that you have been paying for the smiles and nothing for the gloves."

A Jewish Divorce.

A Jewish divorce was granted in this city a few days ago. It is the first case that has occurred here during thirteen years. The applicant was the husband. The mode of untying the knot is very simple. The aggrieved party lays his case before the Chief Rabbi, who selects two other Rabbis, and the three hear the statement, call witnesses, and, if satisfied there are grounds for a divorce, give to the suitor a writing of twelve lines—no more nor less—on parchment. This is signed by witnesses, who also see that this party delivers it to the party criminated. When this has been done, the separation is complete, though the parties can be re-married if they wish; but if the wife, for instance, should marry another man, and he should die, the former husband cannot again marry her.—The woman in this case is not a Jewess by birth or education. She was connected with a church. Shortly after the marriage, she appealed most earnestly to the Rabbis here to be admitted to the Jewish faith. After considerable opposition, her wish was granted. This is very rare, and only one other instance has occurred, so far as we can learn.—*Cleveland (Ohio) Plaindealer.*