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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.
Outward Bound.
The day has past and evening grey
Fades o'er the murmuring sea—
Our white winged vessel glides away,
From love, and home and thee—
Unconscious that our tearful eyes
Still watch the less'ning shore,
Like a wild sea bird on she flies,
To climes unseen before.

When murky, troubling thoughts have pressed
The drooping heart with dread,
I'll watch you moon, whose beauty blest
The trusting hours long fled.
But many a moon as bright as this,
Its star-lit path will roam,
Ere I return—again to kiss
The prayerful lips at home.

Life in the West Indies.
N. P. Willis is writing a series of letters from the West Indies, in his peculiar vein, which appear weekly in the *Home Journal*. We copy from the last of the following account of some of the customs at St. Thomas:—

We have two mornings a day in this climate—the second one at 3 P. M., after the siesta, just now beginning. I resisted these noon indulgences at first, but have given in. From 5 A. M. to 1 P. M. is as long a day as even a healthy man can do justice to, in an atmosphere so steeped in lassitude. The inhabitants eat two dinners in the twenty-four hours.—Coffee and bread and butter are brought to one's bed a little before sunrise, and at ten in the forenoon there is precisely such a dinner on the hotel table as is served at 6 in the evening—a bottle of claret to every man's plate, and meats, fruits and coffee, in regular succession.—All the boarders assemble at this meal most punctually, and it is quite as long, conversational and hearty as dinner No. 2.

I wish I could give you an idea of the out-of-doors—y free and easy character of this "crack hotel" of the West Indies. It has but two public apartments, a vast billiard-room and a vast dining room.—These occupy about two-thirds of the second story, but the other third is a marble-paved verandah, fronting on the bay, and this last serves the purposes of ladies' drawing-room, gentlemen's parlor, smoking-room and bar. The ladies are receiving company in one group, while sherry cobbler are being drank in another; ices being served here, coffee there, and cigars in all directions. The choice is between this publicity and a very small bed-room, and the preference for the former is unanimous. It seems to be an element of a tropical climate that nobody can intrude. Privacy seems as much forgotten and out of its latitude at St. Thomas as are muffs and tips.—While our lady fellow-passengers were at breakfast this morning, two young gentlemen were promenading to and fro in the dining-room, with their hats on, smoking and looking at the strangers, as if wholly invisible themselves. It is impossible not to overhear the conversation of the different groups of men on the veranda. With no shades nor glass to the windows, there is no shutting out sounds, and the most delicate of invalids must lie on her pillow, listening to the rattle of billiard-balls, the shaking of ice in glasses, the laughter and jokes of the drinkers, and, loudest of them all, the eternal and vociferous chatter of the negroes—merry, undifferentiated, and omnipresent.—The man who waits on me came into my room last night, after I had been two or three hours abed, and woke me to say that a steamer had arrived. The black landresses talk French to me as I sit writing at my window opening on their court-yard. Every negro in the street will speak to you if you look at him.—Your neighbors at table converse with you. Nobody is stranger to anybody.—The equator seems to be not only an astronomical but also a moral and social equalizer.

A Western paper claims a triumphant election for a candidate, because he never stole any public money.

Preparing for Death.
When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning, consider that new day as your last, and live accordingly. Surely that night cometh, of which you will never see the morning; or that morning of which you will never see the night; but which of your mornings or nights will be such, you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyments hang loose about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the corn is forsaking the ground, it is ready for the sickle; when the fruit is ripe, it falls off the tree easily. So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be the more easy for him. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for heaven, when our heart is there before us. [Burton]

A Clock that is a Clock.
A great clock in the Cathedral at Stratsburg, (Europe) has been described, by one who particularly examined it, as follows. The letters were written by a traveller who was in that country during the political difficulties a few years since:—
"The priests and military have retired and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock—from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet, and many strangers are waiting to see the working of this clock, when it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes to twelve. The clock has struck, and the people are gone—except a few—whom the sexton, or head man with a wand and sword, is conducting around the building. The clock is struck in this way; the dial is some twenty feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub, or a little boy with a mallet, and over the dial there is a small bell. The cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, and the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet over the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of Time, and then glides with a slow step round behind Time; out comes an old man, raises his mallet, and places himself in front of him. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet, and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building and is heard round the region of the church. Then the old man slowly glides after father Time, and the young man comes round again. Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some twenty feet higher still. It is thus; there is a high cross with an image of Christ on it. The instant twelve has struck, one of the apostles walks out from behind, comes out in front, facing the cross, bows, and walks round to his place. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, bows, passes in; so twelve apostles, figures large as life, walk round, bow, and pass on.—As the last appears, an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is as silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1500, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years, when it was out of repairs.—*Watchtower.*

Land Warrants.
The Commissioner of the Pension Office, J. E. Heath, Esq., in answer to many inquiries states that where a party dies before the issue of his land warrant, under the act of 25th September, 1850, the right to it dies with him unless there be a widow, or children who were minors at the time of the passage of the act. If he left a widow, the application may be renewed in her name; or, if none, then in the name of such minor children. If there be neither widow nor minor children no right vests in any one. The act of 22d March, 1852, is silent as to the right of the widow or children to renew the application if the party dies before obtaining the warrant. If the claimant dies after the issue of the warrant, the title thereto vests in the heirs in the same manner as real estate, and can be assigned only by those who could convey a tract of land descended from the ancestor.

The Philosophy of Contentment.
The following letter copied from the *Journal of Commerce* is interesting and profitable, as exhibiting a state of contentment which is as rare as it is worthy of imitation. The letter is written by a gentleman in Maryland to a friend in New York, who had expressed a wish that some good luck might occur to make him rich:—

MY DEAR FRIEND:—But I am rich! I have got a boy whose eyes sparkle like "jewels of the mine," and whose smiles are purely Angelic, and there is so much of Heaven in his face, that when I see him I am out of the ills of this life. Why, I have such tranquility, such bliss, that the moments flying are of more value, each of them, than the brightest sands of California.
I am rich! for I daily witness scenes in the "drama" of the World's affair that make me humble, make me thoughtful, make me thankful, make me peaceful.
I am rich! for I live in an age big with events of the World's progress. In my boyhood I read of the stirring scenes of American Revolution; of the Meteoric whirl of Napoleon: of all such events as would fire the mind of youth, and I wished that I could live at a time when I could be in the midst of such mighty events; and now here I am at a period in the history of the World more interesting than any before it, when there is a more general, a greater development of mind than ever before; when there are mightier revolutions than ever before, and not so much by leading individual spirits, as by a universal and voluntary spirit pervading all classes.
There was a time when the poet sang thus:—
"How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrows of light!"
Not so could he sing now, for we follow in the lightning's wake, and are up with the "glance of thought."
I am rich! for I witness the struggle for the gold of California, the lives sacrificed, the desperate reaching forth of tottering old age for that gold which it worships in the rays of the setting sun, and I am happy that the current has not born me thither.
I am rich! for I have a virtuous mind, and have no relish for the society of the dissolute and vicious; and their pleasures, to me, seem all blackness.
I am rich! for I have a peaceful mind; and though the vicissitudes of life have been many and severe to me, their effect upon my mind has been such that the prospect is softened, and I look back upon my experience, and a dream-like vista welcomes my view. I am at times annoyed in my pecuniary affairs, and I feel that destiny has given me to a service that is unworthy of me; but I rally from the influence of those stings when I can, as the tree rises when the storm has passed by, and I have hours of tranquility that afford me a balance for all the trials.
Look out from the window; perchance you see the fine carriage and the trappings of wealth—(which things I do not object to; I speak not of them in a cynical way) gay in dress may be the occupants, but possibly the weight of sorrow upon their hearts, if expressed in pounds, would stop the wheels of that carriage. Such reflections must teach us that we each have our share of wealth in the true sense of that word.
I live on, and in trouble something always comes to my rescue; and my wish to be rich is prompted less by a desire for my own gratification than to be able to reciprocate acts of kindness I have experienced from others.
You see that I turn at the touch of your pen to show you that the sun shines here and that it is not such a serious thing to live, and taken all in all, this world is about what it was intended to be.
Yours truly.

STRANGE STORY.—Bayard Taylor says in one of his letters from Africa, that he heard of a "country of dogs" in Arabia where the women were in all respects human, but the men had faces like dogs, claws on their feet, and tails like monkeys. They could not speak, but carried on their conversation by wagging their tails. This ludicrous account is no doubt true, for Dr. Werne, a German traveller, tells precisely the same story.

In New York artificial hands are made of wood, steel, and gutta percha. Covered with a glove, no one could detect its falsehood, and with it the wearer can fold a newspaper, take up a cup of coffee, put on his hat, use a knife, or spoon.

A Case of Conscience.
In a certain 'Ladies Moral Reform Society,' existing not many miles from the banks of a certain river, the members were required to sign a pledge not to 'set up' as it is termed, or do anything else that might be supposed to have a tendency, however remote, to immorality. One evening, as the President was calling over the names, to know whether each member had kept her obligation, a beautiful and highly respectable young lady burst into tears, and on being questioned as to the cause, said she feared she had broken the pledge.
"Why, what have you done?" asked the President.
"Oh! sobbed the young lady, Dr.—, kissed me the other night when he waited on me home from meeting."
"Oh, well that is nothing very bad," said the President: "his kissing does not make it that you have broken the pledge."
"Oh, that isn't the worst of it," exclaimed the conscientious young lady, "I kissed him back again."

The Charleston (S. C.) News says there is a surprisingly monkey-fied specimen of sable humanity now in that city. He is fifteen years old, 33 inches in height, when erect, but when seated, or rather squatted lies doubled up in a very singular manner, with his head upon the floor, and two fingers in his mouth—always his position when asleep. In the length of the arms and lower extremities, expression of physiognomy, as well as peculiar conformation of head, he bears a remarkable affinity to the monkey. He is very fond of playing with marbles, but has never been heard to utter any sound other than a kind of scream like that of an ape. He feeds on bread and milk. His mother was an ordinary negro woman; and last, though not least, his name is "Squire."—He is a native of North Carolina, and—HAS NO TAIL!

The Death Penalty in Michigan.
Michigan is getting heartily sick of the abolition of capital punishment, which the philosophers out there—far in advance of the age—contrived to obtain some years since. And no wonder, (says the *New York Express*.) in view of the following, one of many statements we often meet with in the journals there. We copy from a Detroit paper:
"THE PROGRESS OF CRIME.—A late grand jury which sat in the county of Wayne had its eyes opened in the course of its deliberations to the remarkable fact that the classes of crime involving violence and showing contempt of human life are upon an alarming increase in this city.—It is needless to look for the cause; it stands confessed, prominent, undisguised, in the repeal of the only adequate penalty which the bloody criminal fears—Death. The nature of the investigations which that grand jury were called upon to make satisfied its members that the city of Detroit is a dark and bloody ground, whose soil has drunk the blood of many a victim, and whose quiet river has choked the gurgling death-cries of many a wretch of whose end nothing more is known, but that he was and is not, and the secret of whose 'taking off' is between the murderer and his Maker. The river flows in close proximity to purlieus of a most dangerous and disreputable character, and offers a ready receptacle for all traces of proof which are subject to human ken."

Second Sight.
A southern correspondent of the *New York Spirit of the Times* relates the following good anecdote:
A capital old gentleman of the old style, that lives not over one thousand miles from this, has one very funny optical peculiarity, viz: an aggravated and multiplied form of double sightedness, occurring at dinner, after the fifth or sixth bottle has become smaller and beautifully less. He is constantly followed by a faithful pointer dog, answering to the name of "Watch." The other day, while dining with him, and after we had made sundry and divers appeals to a few bottles of old Port, we arose to leave the table. The old 'un's eyes, in turning round, fell on Watch, who had been reposing at a comfortable distance behind his master's chair, and at his master's rising, came forward to meet him, wagging his tail, tongue out, &c., as dogs usually behave when delighted. The old 'un looked at him for an instant, rubbed his eyes, looked at the dog again, elevated his cane to a striking position—hesitated—drew his "specs" from their case, placed them on his nose, and took a survey of Watch.—In an instant, down came the cane on the dog's back, with—hic—get—out—Watch—hic—you're getting to d—d numerous.

Rasing Potatoes.
William Sutton, of Salem, Mass., last year made an experiment in cultivating potatoes, of which he gives the following account:
In 1850 the ground was planted with corn and potatoes. Part of the potatoes rotted. This year (1851) it was laid out into squares, fourteen paces each way.—A small coating of barn yard manure was spread, after plowing, and harrowed in.

No. 1. The potatoes were covered with salt hay, about six inches thick, over the whole square. Yielded four bushels.
No. 2. The potatoes were covered with slacked lime, then covered with soil, then spread half a bushel of soft over the square. Yielded four bushels.
No. 3. The potatoes were covered with soil, then a coating of lime on top. Yielded four and a quarter bushels.
No. 4. The potatoes were placed in the hills on the lime, and then covered with soil. Yielded four and a quarter bushels.
No. 5. First put a shovel full of tan in the hill, then the potatoes on tan, and covered with soil. Yielded four and three quarter bushels.
No. 6. Put a shovel full of barn manure from the stall where my oxen were kept, and covered with soil. Yielded four bushels; the poorest lot in the field.
No. 7. Dropped the potatoes, and threw a shovel full of tan upon them, and then covered with soil. Yielded four and a half bushels.
No. 8. Dropped the potatoes and then threw a shovel full of meadow mud upon them, and then covered with soil. Yielded four bushels.
No. 9. The same as No. 8, with the potatoes dropped on the mud. Yielded four bushels.
The potatoes in Nos. 5 and 7 were up a week before the others.
In most of the parcels, except where the tan was used, there were found more or less defective potatoes. Those that grew in tan were larger, smoother, and of better quality than the others. I have grown no better potatoes than these this season.

Yeast.
The bitterness of yeast, which is often a cause of complaint, may be removed by straining it through bran, or by dipping red hot charcoal in it. But the most effectual and easily available remedy is to put the yeast into a large pan, and cover it with spring or well water, changing it every three or four hours.—The bran seems to impair the strength and the coal sometimes stains it, but the water purifies it in color and taste.
This mode of using water for keeping and purifying yeast has been adopted by some of the American housekeepers with entire success. So says the *Gardener's Chronicle*.—*Exchange.*

A still better plan would be not to make the yeast bitter. We can see no good or sufficient reason why housekeepers should make bitter yeast unless it be merely for sake of puzzling themselves and other people to advise ways and means for sweetening it again. If there are not too many hops in yeast it will not be bitter, or if, for sake of keeping longer, it be made with a strong decoction of the hop, put less of it in the bread. Two ordinary puds of hops are enough to make cast for ten loaves. Then, American housekeepers would save themselves a great deal of trouble if, instead of keeping yeast crocks to be watched and tended, they would boil an ounce of hops in a half gallon of water, strain this water, boiling in two of flour, and stir it into a smooth paste; let it stand until it cools to blood heat, then add two table-spoonfuls of good yeast and half a tea-cupful of salt. Set it to rise over night, and next day work as much flour into it as will make it a very stiff dough; roll thin, and spread it in the shade until thoroughly dry. Then put it in a muslin bag and hang it up in a dry airy place, and there is a supply of good fresh yeast to last any ordinary family from four to six months. The fall of a pint bowl of these yeast-cakes steeped in water before going to bed, and next morning there is a quart of lively yeast which, if properly set in what house-wives call "a sponge," will make ten large loaves. To our fancy, this yeast with a table-spoonful of salt for every three loaves, made up with warm water and nothing else, is the best bread for family use. All mixtures of milk, water, saleratus, potatoes, alum or any other of the many additions so often made, detract from the quality.—*Pittsburg Visitor.*

The *New York Tribune*, speaking of money matters in that city, says that one of the city banks has over two millions of coin in vault, and another had, a few days since, over a million and a half.—The aggregate amount in Bank and Sub-Treasury, it estimates as probably reaching nearly seventeen millions of dollars.

Salt.
We do not know but salt, (chloride of sodium) will soon become as famous for cures among our physicians, as it is among old salt-sailors, who apply it to cure a wonderful number of the ills of this life. The following is what the *Charlestown Medical Journal and Review* says about it as a substitute for the sulphate of quinine, in intermittent fever:—

"Our readers doubtless remember, that this substance was proposed some time ago by Dr. Piorry, of Paris, as a remedy in an intermittent fever, in evidence of the utility of which, numerous cases were adduced by him. He administers it in doses of two table-spoonful once or twice daily, and asserts that it not only promptly arrests the paroxysms, but also exerts on the spleen as marked an influence as quinine does.

Professor Herrick, of the Rush Medical College, has also reported in the September number of the *N. W. Medical and Surgical Journal*, the results of several trials made with it, which go to corroborate the success obtained by Mr. Piorry. Prof. Herrick suggests that it acts by preventing the destruction of the blood globules, (which takes place to a considerable extent in this disease) and at the same time by furnishing the materials for the manufacture of a fresh supply of this constituent. Chloride of sodium is known to possess the property of preserving the blood globules; it is an alternative and a tonic, and is also claimed to possess a specific influence in arresting exacerbations of intermittents.

"He prescribes it in the dose of three to four drachms twice daily in mucilage. After the fever is checked he gives it in smaller doses, say ten grains, with the same quantity of carb. ferri, twice or three times daily, as a tonic or corrective of the secretions of the alimentary tube."

Salt as a Laxative.—Here is what the *Western Journal of Medicine and Surgery* says about common salt as a useful and mild laxative:—

"Without any experience in regard to the febrifuge powers of the chloride of sodium, we can speak with great confidence of its efficacy, in habitual constipation. Of all the laxatives we have found this to act most pleasantly, uniformly, and naturally. Where the only object is to dislodge the contents of the bowels, it is all that physician or patient could desire. Dyspeptics, sedentary persons, the subjects of hemorrhoids, all, in a word, who are troubled with costiveness, will find the remedy a mild and sure cephalic, emptying the bowels freely and without nausea, irritation or exhaustion. We direct it to be taken before breakfast, from two to three drachms, dissolved in two or three tumblers of cold water. The same dose continues to act from year to year, without diminution of effect.

How a Mohammedan Duns.
In civilized countries the collection of "bad debts" is attended with considerable difficulty. The Mohammedans, however, have a method of managing a reluctant creditor which is at once, and simple efficacious. It is thus described by a recent traveller:—

"Meeting a person in any spot, to whom you wish to apply the *khatt*, you exclaim, 'The Sultan detains you here.' He instantly stands still; and, without bond or guard, remains there until delivered. The *khatt* is prescribed for slight faults, and for debt. When a creditor has several times met his debtor and asked for his due, and the debtor, while recognizing the debt, puts off payment, the creditor can, at discretion, stop his man, make him sit down, and then, with the point of his lance, he traces on the ground a circular line, saying, 'In the name of Allah and the Prophet in the name of the Sultan and the mother of the Sultan!' in the name of the tena (a particular office), supporters of the state, thou shalt not leave this circle until thou hast paid thy debt.' The debtor is obliged to remain enclosed and sitting in his *khatt* until some one intercedes with the creditor, and he consents to release the prisoner.—If the creditor remains inflexible and inexorable, the prisoner remains in his *khatt* until he pays his debt. If breaking the bounds he crosses the line, and the creditor complains to the Sultan, the fugitive is pursued, taken wherever he is found, and severely punished."

"Mister, your *sign* has fallen down!" cried a temperance man to a grogshop-keeper, before whose door a drunken man was prostrate. We do not know whether this temperance man was the same into whose store a customer reeled, exclaiming: "Mr. — do you—keep—any—thing good to take here?"
"Yes, we have excellent cold water—the best thing in the world to take."
"Well, I know it," was the reply. "There is no one—thing—that's done so much for—navigation—as that."