

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.

County Doctors.

The Knickerbocker Magazine has a biography of a County Doctor, from which we select the following incident as a specimen of the annoyances to which 'the profession' are subjected in the rural districts:

When men are sick, they want to be cured, cost what it may, but when they are on their feet, and at their business again, they do not want to pay, especially if the bill be a little one. The poor doctor is called from his bed on a stormy night with the stirring summons—

'Doctor—want you to come right straight away off to Banks's. His child's dead.'

'Then why do you come?'

'He's pisoned. They give him laudanum for paragonickly.'

'How much have they given him?'

'Don't know. A great deal. Think he won't get over it.'

The doctor pushes off through the storm, meets with divers mishaps by the way, and at length arrives at the house of his poisoned patient. He finds all closed—not a light to be seen.

'I knocked at the door, but no answer. I knocked furiously, and at last a night-cap appeared from the chamber window, and a woman's voice squeaked out, 'Who's there?'

'The doctor, to be sure; you sent for him. What the dogs is the matter?'

'Oh, it's no matter, doctor. Ephraim is better. We got a little skeered kind o' Gin him laudanum, and he slop' kind o' sound, but he's woke up now.'

'How much laudanum did he swallow?'

'Only two drops. 'Taint hurt him none. Wonderful bad storm to-night.'

The doctor turns away, buttoning up his overcoat under his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away mortification and anger, when the voice calls—

'Doctor, Doctor!'

'What do you want?'

'You won't charge nothin' for this visit, will you?'

A New Marriage-Trap.

The British government is trying to hire the convicts at Van Dieman's Land to get married by promising them freedom, as a reward for their hardihood in undertaking that hazardous enterprise.—It is said that the old maids and bachelors on the island are embracing this opportunity to change their condition, by marrying handsome young thieves and vagabonds of either sex. Some of the cunning rogues, however, will not swallow the matrimonial hook, even when it is baited with such a sweet morsel as liberty. A similar government policy was adopted once before in England.—When a man was convicted of certain offenses, and sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn, if any woman could be found willing to espouse him under the gallows, he was forthwith pardoned and set at liberty, the marriage being considered punishment enough. On one occasion, when Jack Ketch was about to perform his office on a certain criminal, a lady stepped forth from the crowd and offered to take him for better or worse. The poor fellow looked at her, then at the cord, hesitated for a moment, and finally expressed his determination in the following distich:—

'Long nose, sharp chin;
Tie the rope, hangman!'

Candidates for office are making General Pierce all sorts of presents. From one set he gets a splendid carriage, from another a pair of blood horses, from a third a complete wardrobe, &c., &c.—These fellows probably think they understand the trick of getting a good deal of water out of a pump by pouring a little in.

Blacksmiths, it is said, forge and steel every day; but we think people speak ironically of them.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Slave-Catching—Who Pays?

Most of our readers will recollect the case of John Bolding, the Poughkeepsie Tailor, who was arrested in August, 1851, as an alleged Fugitive Slave, brought from Poughkeepsie to New York, and went through the form of a three days trial; and although proved to have only one-tenth of Negro blood, was sent back to South Carolina into Slavery.

Owing to the good character of John, and the intellectual and religious standing of his wife, his friends resolved to purchase him. The history of that negotiation is interesting. The price first proposed \$1,250, or thereabouts; his friends offered to give that, but wished the claimants first to make out a *prima facie* case of his Slavery. This was agreed to. After the trial had proceeded a little, the sum was increased to \$1,500, because "additional costs had been incurred."—His friends, however, determined to give even that sum.

When the trial was over, \$1,750 was demanded, and the plea for this extra \$250, was that the Marshal would have to be paid.

However, under the circumstances, Bolding's friends submitted to this exaction, and set about raising the money. It was soon ascertained that the amount was forthcoming. Then a new condition was attached to the purchase, which was, that Bolding must go back into Slavery, at all events, so to make an example of him, and teach the North the law. This was a sore condition. His friends demurred; but seeing no alternative and moved by tender sympathy for him and his sorrowful wife, this humiliating condition was agreed to.

John was seated in a carriage, taken to the steamboat, and just as he was bidding his friends and his wife's kindred good-by, expected to return a free man in a few days, both he and they were astounded to learn that two thousand dollars was now the price of his redemption.

This intelligence, communicated at this late hour, was both to John and his friends, chilling in the extreme. The liberality of those generous and sympathetic friends had been taxed to his utmost. The claimant was remonstrated with, but all to no purpose. The plea for this last exaction was, that the Marshal's fees would be increased, with the other expenses, in taking him to South Carolina.

Bolding was then told by his counsel and friends that it was doubtful if this demand would ever be submitted to, and that he must not indulge any delusive hopes. He left peaceably and quietly, but sorrowful emotions. He was taken back, shut up for weeks in prison by order of a mob, and had no intimation for a long time of what was doing by his friends. Those friends rallied once more, made a noble push, the \$2,000 was raised and deposited in Poughkeepsie Bank and a telegraphic dispatch sent to that effect. The claimant, in the absence of Bolding's counsel, pocketed the funds, and after weeks and weeks delay, Bolding returned.

But the cream of the story is yet to be told. After four, five, eight and nine hundred dollars had been from time to time clapped on, to meet the costs, expenses, "Marshal's fees," &c., we have a document from Washington that gives us yet another bill, that Uncle Sam seems to be connected with.

Here it is properly certified:

IN THE MATTER OF JOHN BALDWIN A FUGITIVE SLAVE.
Mileage conveying Fugitives from New-York to South Carolina, 773 miles, at 37 1/2 cents per mile \$289 87 1/2
Maintaining prisoner 3 days at \$1 3 00
Mileage of two assistants conveying fugitive from New-York to South Carolina, at 37 1/2 cents 579 75

Total \$872 62 1/2
Dated, March, 1852.

ANDREW T. JUDSON.

I certify that the above is a true copy of the original which is concluded in the account of H. F. Tallmadge, Marshal of Southern District of New-York, and filed on record in this office.—Treasury Department, Feb. 2, 1853.

N. SARGENT, Register.

So it seems that not only Bolding's funds were bled a couple of thousand, for a man who would not have brought his claimants on the auction block \$600, but that \$872 62 are taken from the Treasury to pay for a genteel ride to Charleston

and back.

There is one feature more in this respectable man-hunt on which we make a passing remark, and we have done. It is this.

Barnett and Anderson, the two claimants of John, were both present at the trial. When he was committed to their custody as their slave, there is not, we venture to say, in New York a man so fool-hardy or insane as to believe, after witnessing the quiet, orderly, gentlemanly deportment of Bolding throughout the whole affair, that any danger of a mob, or rescue, or escape could be apprehended. And, least of all, was any such danger to be apprehended after he was seated in the cars, or on the steamboat, between his two captors. A cord or single pair of fetters, at one dollar's expense, could have made all secure. But they knew that even such was unnecessary.

Why then we ask is a Deputy and his two sturdy "Assistants," to ride 773 miles at \$1 12c. per mile, to aid these claimants. But who were these "two assistants"?—Were they Barnett and Anderson themselves? If so, Uncle Sam was very liberal to carry them home at his expense. Or were they extra "Assistants"? If the latter, then the expense was a most outrageous one, wholly unnecessary. But the job on the whole is not a Jean, but very fat one—and a Marshal can well afford to be nimble in slave hunts. Let us see. One dollar and twelve cents each mile. We believe few of our Railroads or Steam Boats charge beyond three or four cents per mile, call it four, and Marshall Tallmadge pockets the net pretty sum of one dollar per mile for 773 miles.

So that we now learn, that not only the Commissioner gets 100 per cent premium for sending back the fugitive, but the Marshall pockets a still larger fee. But never mind the Treasury pays. "What has the North to do with slavery?" Oh nothing gentlemen only to be skinned, lie still, let you sprinkle in fine salt and pepper and not flounce, else the Union will be jostled.

Tobacco—Chewing and Spitting.

A spicy debate sprung up in the House of Representatives at Washington some days ago, between Stanly of N. Carolina, Davis of Mass., and some other members, on Tobacco and Spitting. Doubtless our readers observed a sketch of the discussion in our telegraphic reports of Congressional proceedings. Those who overlooked it, missed some of the characteristic pungency of Edward Stanly, which is always worth hearing and reading, and also some valuable hints in regard to the filthy habit of chewing tobacco and spitting the juice of it in miniature cataracts up and down the ways of life. If those who befool their persons and infect the atmosphere by this pernicious and nauseous habit, could be affected by expostulation, or satire, or ridicule, it might be worth while to discharge a full volley at them.—But we fear they are incorrigible. For ourselves, we have a feeling sense of this enervate habit of filthiness. We presume we get spit upon forty times a year. We never get into a crowd, and never go to leeward on board a steamer, that we do not apprehend and very generally experience a shower of tobacco juice ejected from the nasty tobacco-crusted mouths of chewers and spitters. We always feel that such fellows should not be allowed to go at large, unless each had a spittoon attached to his nose by a ring, into which he might expectorate his saliva.

But it is a foul subject, and we will not write about it. The dirty dogs who chew and spit, and spit and chew, are not worth the words we have already wasted upon them.—Tribune.

Preparation for Boots.

The February number of the American Farmer contains the following recipe: *Composition for rendering Boots and Shoes Water-Proof*—"Take 1 pint of boiled linseed oil, 2 oz. of bees-wax, 2 oz. of spirits of turpentine, and 2 oz. of Burgundy pitch. Let them be carefully melted over a slow fire. With this mixture new shoes and boots are to be rubbed in the sun, or at a little distance from the fire, with a sponge or brush. This operation should be repeated without wearing them as often as they become dry, until they are fully saturated; which will require four or five times brushing by this, the leather becomes impervious to water. The boot or shoe, thus prepared, lasts much longer than common leather; it acquires such applicability and softness, that it will never shrivel, nor grow hard, and in that state, is the most effectual preventive against colds, &c. It is necessary to remark that shoes and boots, thus prepared, to be worn, until they become perfectly dry and elastic; as in the contrary case, the leather will become too soft, and wear out much sooner than it otherwise would."

The Editor of the Farmer endorses this as follows:

We have tried the effect of the composition made agreeably to this recipe, and can vouch for its rendering leather water proof. In order to test it, we procure a very new pair of shoes, gave them five successive rubbings with it, allowing sufficient time between each for the composition to become dry. After the last had become perfectly absorbed by the leather, we placed one of the shoes in a tub partially filled with water, and left it there for 4 1/2 hours. When we took the shoe out, it was as dry as when we first placed it in the tub; the effect of the composition is, that while it renders the leather water-proof, in the broadest sense of the term, it makes soft and pliant, and therefore the more elastic and durable. From our experience in the wear of shoes made water-proof, we have no hesitancy in saying that a pair thus treated will last as long as two pairs that may be worn without it.

But independent of this economical view of the subject, there is so much comfort in wearing a pair of boots or shoes, impervious to water, that if it did not conduce to saving—which it does—it is so preservative of health, that that consideration alone should commend this composition to all who put a just estimate upon that most valuable of all earthly blessings. Wet feet is, perhaps, the cause of more distressing colds, coughs, and consumptions than anything else; if then, we can preserve dry feet, and thereby avoid the unpleasant and dangerous consequences which follow from wet ones, it becomes a matter of duty for us all, to avail ourselves of this preventive remedy. It is cheap and effective, and does not in the least prevent the leather from taking a fine polish. When we first read the recipe, we were satisfied, from the constituents in it; that it would make leather water-proof; but we felt it to be our duty, before publishing it, to test its virtues fully, as we are averse to endorsing anything untried. The thought here presents itself, that if agriculturists would have their harness, collars, and gearing, generally, saturated with this composition twice a year, it would make them last as long again, besides rendering them much more comfortable to the animals that have to wear and work in them.

A Chinese Custom.

BY UNCLE DANIEL.

The Chinese are a very interesting people. Their manners, customs, religion and dress, as their features and complexion, are entirely unlike those of the people of Europe and America. The Chinese ladies walk very ungracefully, and cannot dance at all, on account of the smallness of their feet. This leads me to speak of a singular unnatural, and foolish custom which prevails among them. It is the opinion of both the men and the women, that the smaller the female foot can be made, the greater, its beauty and the more it adds to the attractions of the lady to whom it belongs. This seems very absurd to us, but quite the reverse to them. So, by means of wooden shoes, bandages, and other contrivances, applied in childhood, they prevent their feet from growing to the size and shape which God intended, and almost make cripples of themselves in doing it. The consequence is, as we have said, that they can neither dance nor walk gracefully, but shuffle and totter along as awkwardly as if they walked on pegs instead of feet. "What foolish people!" do you say? You should not say that. The custom of which I have spoken is undoubtedly a very foolish one; but is not possible that we Americans, who think ourselves a very wise people, have some customs which are equally foolish? American ladies do not compress their feet by means of wooden shoes and bandages, but both ladies and gentlemen often wear shoes and boots which fit so tightly, that very troublesome corns are produced by them. But this is not the worst custom which prevails among us. A small waist has been and still is, by many, considered to add greatly to the attractions of the female form; so, instead of allowing their bodies to develop themselves into the full and graceful proportions which Nature designed, many of our women, by the most absurd and unnatural compressions, have reduced their waists to a wasp-like smallness, obstructing the free action of the vital organs, and thus destroying beauty, health, and life! Shall we call the Chinese foolish, when they only compress the feet? I hope that when the little girls who read the School Fellow shall grow up and become women, they will be free from all these absurd and unnatural customs.—School Fellow.

There is music in the crack of a stage driver's whip when the ground is white with a coat of snow.

The New Empress of France.

Our lady readers will be gratified to learn who the unfortunate creature is, upon whom Napoleon III. has inflicted himself as husband. The following article, which we find in the Commercial Advertiser, tells her story in a few words. The Commercial says:

We are indebted to an esteemed friend, who was formerly resident in Spain, for the following sketch, which seems to explain the family origin of the new Empress of France very satisfactorily. Her history is not less romantic than that of the Empress Josephine:—

A worthy Scotchman, by the name of William Kirkpatrick, was for some time the American consul at Malaga, and, failing in business, was succeeded by George G. Barrel as the United States consul at Malaga. This was, I think, under President Monroe's administration.

Mr. Kirkpatrick's eldest daughter Maria, or 'Meriquita,' as she was familiarly called and known by all Americans there, was a very fine, dashing lady, married the Count de Teba, a younger brother of the celebrated Palafox, who behaved so gallantly at the siege of Zaragoza, and who in reply to a demand of surrender, declared he would continue the defence by 'War to the knife.'

The Palafox family embraced numerous titles, and was singularly brave and noble.

This husband of Maria Kirkpatrick (Court de Teba) was a gallant soldier, and so out up by wounds as to be unable to mount his horse without aid, and when in the saddle looked more as if he was hooked on than seated there.

The new Empress of the French is no doubt the daughter of this Countess Teba, 'Meriquita Kirkpatrick,' who was daughter of William Kirkpatrick late United States consul at Malaga—not British consul—not Fitzpatrick—and not Irish.

Since the above was in type, we find the following in the Tribune.

For some years the young Countess de Teba or Montijo, who is now about twenty-five, has enjoyed at Madrid the reputation of an exceedingly fast woman.—Tall, graceful, of statuesque symmetry of person, with luxuriant auburn or rather red hair, a pale complexion, which has latterly stood in need of rouge, electrical eyes of a brown so deep and radiant as to pass for black, rather long and aristocratic features, a large but exquisitely sculptured nose, a lovely mouth, and teeth of dazzling whiteness, she is a type of admirable beauty; which a languid and blase air hardly diminishes. Endowed with uncommon wit and spirit, she speaks French, English, Italian and German with as much fluency as Spanish. A proficient in exercise of strength and address, she rides with the boldest, and drives four-in-hand with the most skillful.

The Tribune's informant also says that Mlle. Montijo was in the habit, while living at Madrid, of doing just as she pleased in everything—having an income of \$30,000 a year. She presided at bull-fights, dressed in ballet costume, and was the admiration of the bull-fighters, who always cheered her when she appeared among the spectators. She also gave suppers on her own hook to fast young men; attended (uninvited) entertainments given to celebrated characters, and beat them all in making extemporaneous toasts and speeches, and was, in short, the admiration and despair of the entire male population. She is now Empress of France, and linked to the fate of him for whom thousands of daggers are unsheathed, and whose destruction tens of thousands of noble hearts have sworn to compass.

We have been told that Mlle. Montijo once came very near marrying a New Yorker who made her acquaintance abroad; and only missed doing so by—rejecting his offer. How unfortunate! Had she accepted the hand of our 'honest fellow-citizen,' she would have escaped the catastrophe which has now overtaken her.—Musical World.

IF A little girl being sent to the store to purchase some dye stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the clerk,

'John, what do folks dye with?'

'Dye with!—Why, cholera, some times, replied John.'

'Well, I believe that's the name. I want to get three cents worth.'

Agricultural.

If the breed of hogs you have is not a good and profitable one, buy a young boar, of some approved breed, and cross your own; and while you are doing so, be sure to get a good one.

APPLE ORCHARD.—If the bark on your apple trees are rough and dead-like in appearance, or covered with moss, scrape them, and apply a mixture made in the proportion of 1 gallon of soft soap, 1 quart of salt, and 1 lb. of flour of sulphur. This will cause a new and healthy bark to grow on them, prove repulsive to insects, and otherwise benefit the trees. As to pruning, none but the dead limbs should be taken off; those cut close into the body or main branch, the wound made smooth with a drawing knife, and surface covered with a plaster made of equal parts of soft cow-dung, and old mortar powdered fine,—or of equal parts of beeswax, rosin and tallow, either to be capped with strong sugar loaf paper, or strong cotton or linen cloth.

SELLING CORN.—Shell your corn before you sell it, crush the cobs and feed them in washes to your milch cows. A peck of crushed cobs and a peck of cut fodder, hay or straw, thrice a day, will keep your cows well up to their milch.—This mess may be cooked enough by simply pouring boiling water over it, covering it, and permitting it to remain until cool enough to be fed out.

He that sells his corn on the cob, gives away his cobs, besides paying for their transportation to market; and where the grain is large and the cob small, gives away a part of his corn also, as such corn will yield more than 5 bushels to the barrel.—American Farmer.

[From the Dollar Newspaper.

Dairy Butter.

Among the various agricultural products of our country, butter is well worthy of attention, and, in good grazing districts, amply repays the labor of the farmer. It is not my purpose to speak of the different methods, but merely to make a statement of the mode which I have found completely successful in its manufacture and preservation. If you are going to make butter, several things will be necessary; a milk room, a butter bowl and ladle, a cool cellar, (not too damp,) in which the butter must be kept, and also the milk, through the heat of summer, as you should always endeavor to make hard butter. The churning can be done by water power, dog, or sheep, or by hand, if your dairy is small. Pans, after being washed, should be rinsed in hot water to remove all acidity, and all vessels used must be kept perfectly sweet.—Sell your spring butter, and lay none down until it has a rich yellow color.—Let the cream stand until it sours, then churn it; wash the butter thoroughly in pure cold water, (hard water is preferable,) and add the salt, working it well through the butter. Set it away, and let it stand twenty-four hours; then work it until it will cut smooth with a ladle; reject the pickle, and pack in a firkin. The salt can be measured, and a little experience will regulate the quantity. Hot water should never be added to the cream while churning, to facilitate the operation, as it produces what is called scalded butter, being white and of inferior quality.

When a firkin is half full, add an even teaspoonful of pulverized saltpetre to a churning, when you work it over, and put in the firkin. This will strike through and preserve the whole. When full, take a wet cloth, spread over the top of the butter, and fill with coarse salt, about an inch in depth, turning over the edges of the cloth upon the salt, and proceed in the manner with each firkin. Many dairymen put pickle upon the butter, and it may answer as well, but you cannot keep your firmness as nice as by the first method. Before heading for market, remove the coarse salt, and having a cloth, about the size of the head ready, wet it, spread neatly over the butter, and sprinkle a little fine salt on it. This keeps all dust from the butter, that may get in around the head. Head the firkin, and wash off all dirt with cold water, or, if moulded, use a little soft soap, and no stain will remain. It is now ready for market, where you should get it as neat as possible. Butter made and kept in this manner, brings as high a price in market, as any made in this section of the country.

A. F.

Shoharise Co. N. Y.

There is a hog on exhibition at Cincinnati, of such size and fatness, that Professor Somerindyke says that if his tail was lighted and kept properly trimmed, he would burn for a year; and with such brilliancy as to light a large portion of the city. Where's your sperm whale now?

A couple of men were hung in New York last week, and a barber was sent for to shave them, preparatory to the execution. He brought in a bill of twenty-five dollars for the service! This may be considered as one of the greatest shaves on a small scale, on record.