

# Jeffersonian Republican.

Richard Nugent, Editor]

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

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## JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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## POETRY.

### Farewell to the Year.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"Hark, friends, it strikes the year's last hour:  
A solemn sound to hear:  
Come, fill the cup, and let us pour  
Our blessing on the parting year.  
The years that were, the dim, the grey,  
Receive this night, with choral hymn,  
A sister shade as lost as they,  
And soon to be as grey and dim.  
Fill high: she brought us both of weal and woe,  
And nearer lies the land to which we go.  
On, on, in one unwearied round  
Old time pursues his way:  
Groves bud and blossom, and the ground  
Expects in peace her yellow prey;  
The oak's broad leaf, the rose's bloom,  
Together fall, together lie;  
And undistinguished in the tomb,  
Howe'er they lived, are all that die.  
Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown,  
To the same sleep go shorn and withered down.  
How short the rapid months appear  
Since round this board we met  
To welcome in the infant year,  
Whose star hath now for ever set!  
Alas, as round this board I look,  
I think on more than I behold,  
For glossy curls in gladness shook  
That night, that now are damp and cold.  
For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine,  
Peace to her slumbers! drown your tears in wine.  
Thank heaven, no seer unblest am I,  
Before the time to tell,  
When moons as brief once more go by,  
For whom this cup again shall swell.  
The hoary mower strides apace,  
Nor crops alone the ripened ear;  
And we may miss the merriest face  
Among us, 'gainst another year.  
Whoe'er survive, be kind as we have been,  
And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.  
Nay, droop not: being is not breath:  
'Tis fate that friends must part,  
But God will bless in life, in death,  
The noble soul, the gentle heart.  
So deeds be just and words be true,  
We need not shrink from Nature's rule;  
The tomb, so dark to mortal view,  
Is heaven's own blessed vestibule;  
And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,  
Though nearer lies the land to which we go."

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

## THE WAGS.

(CONCLUDED)

It was Christmas eve, and the whole of the family were congregated in the back parlour, when young Jerry staid up at the well-known sound of a customer at the shop door at which he arrived with a hop, step, and jump; and, jerking it open, beheld a little old gentleman wrapped in a large cloak.  
'Please to walk in sir,' said Jerry Wag.  
'Hush!' whispered the stranger, placing his forefinger on his mouth, 'I want to surprise them. You're all together to-night, I suppose?'  
'Yes, sir,' replied Jerry, smiling, for he thought he knew to whom he was speaking.  
'That's right,' said the odd elderly gentleman, advancing cautiously towards the darkest part of the shop, and throwing off his cloak. 'Now for a Christmas frolic! Come here, you rogue! Why, you've grown taller than me. That's right! a thriving Wag! Now, mind, you go back as if nothing had happened, and give me hold of your coat-tail, so that I can't be seen. That'll do. No laughing, you young money. There, step along.'  
Jerry did as he was bid, save that, though he bit his lips unmercifully, his risible muscles would not remain inactive; and thus the oddily joined pair made their way into the family a-

partment just as the eldest daughter had exclaimed,

'Now, mamma, it's your turn to wish!'  
They were sitting in a semicircle before the fire, and the stranger and his shield, of course stood behind them.

'Heigho!' said Mrs. Wag, 'there's only one thing I wish for to-night, and that is the addition of one more to our party.'

'Name! name! You must name your wish!' cried three or four juvenile voices, in full glee.

'I wish I could tell you his name,' said Mrs. Wag, 'but your father knows who I mean.—Don't you, my dear?'

'I can't mistake you, my love,' replied Jeremiah, affectionately; 'and I wish he could see how happy we are. It would do his heart good, I really think.'

'Who can he be?' exclaimed the eldest daughter.

'Perhaps it's somebody like me?' cried the little old gentleman, stepping briskly forward.

'It is! it is!' shrieked mamma, and up jumped the whole party, and down went Mrs. Wag upon her knees, while, utterly unconscious of what she did, her arms were clasped round the neck of her benefactor, whose bodily frame, being unable to sustain her matronly weight, gave way, and so they rolled together on the floor.

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the eccentric elderly gentleman, as soon as he recovered breath, but without attempting to rise. 'This is a Christmas gambol, eh! Master Wag? Eh! my merry little Wags! Needn't ask you all how you are.'

'My dear sir,' exclaimed Jeremiah, 'allow me to assist you. I hope you are not hurt.'

'Hurt!' cried the little gentleman, jumping, up and offering his hand to Mrs. Wag. 'Hurt! Why I feel myself twenty years younger than I did five minutes ago. Never mind, ma'am. Like Christmas gambols. Always did. Happen to have such a thing as a bunch of mistletoe, eh?'

'I am sure, sir,' whimpered Mrs. Wag; 'I am sure I shall never forgive myself. To think of taking such a liberty; I—I—can't conceive how I could—'

'As often as ever you please, my good lady,' said the eccentric, handing her to a chair; 'but sit down and compose yourself, while I shake hands all round; and, turning towards Jeremiah, he commenced the ceremony, which he went through with from the eldest to the youngest, calling them all by their names, as correctly as though he were a constant visitor.

A right merry Christmas Eve was that. The young Wags were, ever and anon, obliged to hold their sides, as they laughed and screamed with delight at the funny stories told by the funny little old gentleman, who romped and played with them with as much glee as though he had been the youngest of the party. So the hours passed quickly away till the unwelcome sound of 'bed time' was whispered among the little circle; and then one after another departed, until Mr. and Mrs. Wag were left alone with their honored guest.

The hearts of both were full, and they began to endeavor to express their feelings; but the singular old gentleman stopped them by saying:

'Needn't tell me. Know it all. Shall run away if you go on so. Remember, I told you I had more of the 'ready' than I knew what to do with. Couldn't have done better with it, eh? Out at interest now. Best sort of interest, too. More pleasure this evening than receiving dividends, eh? Never was happier. So come, let us wind up for the night. I've a memorandum or two for you in my pocketbook,' and he placed it on the table, and began to turn over divers papers, as he continued, 'Hem! ha! yes. Those two. You'd better take them, my good sir. They'll admit William and Stephen to Christ's Church—what they call the blue-coat school. Capital school, eh?'

'My dear sir!' exclaimed Jeremiah.

'Don't interrupt me, that's a good fellow; said the old gentleman. 'Hem! Do you ever smoke a pipe?'

'Very rarely,' replied the wondering Mr. Wag.

'Well,' continued his guest, 'take that paper to light your next with. Put it in your pocket, and don't look at it till I'm gone. Hem! Tom's master says he will make a good scholar; so, if you've no objection, I was thinking he might as well go to college in a year or two. Not in your way, perhaps? Never mind. I know some of the big-wigs. See all right, and enter his name. Should have one parson in a large family, eh?'

Here Mrs. Wag could no longer refrain from giving vent to her overcharged feelings by certain incoherent expressions, which terminated in a flood of tears.

'Humph!' said the old gentleman, 'my spectacles want wiping;' and he took the opportunity of rubbing them and blowing his nose, while Jeremiah was comforting the wife of his bosom, and telling her not to be so foolish, although he could scarcely avoid snivelling himself.

'Hem! hem!' resumed their guest; 'think I've got some of the mince pie sticking in my throat. Stupid old fellow to eat so much, eh?'

'Better take another glass of wine, sir,' said

Jeremiah. Give me leave to pour it out!'

'No, no!' exclaimed Mrs. Wag, starting up and smiling through her tears, 'let me! Nobody else! God bless you, sir!'

'And you too?' ejaculated the old gentleman, gaily; 'come, that's a challenge! glasses round! and then we must say good night. Don't let us make a dull end of a merry evening.'

Warm benedictions were forthwith uttered, and the 'compliments of the season' were wished with more than common sincerity, by all three, as their glasses met jingling together.

Then, the whimsical guest tossed off his wine, jumped up, shook his hosts heartily by the hands, wished them good night, and sallied into the shop to find his cloak. Mr. and Mrs. Wag followed, and expressed a hope that he would honor their Christmas dinner by his presence on the following day; but all they could draw from him was—'Can't promise. Ate and drank a little too much to-night, perhaps. Getting shockingly old. See how I am in the morning. Enjoyed myself this evening. A jolly set of Wags altogether! Merry Wags, all, eh? Young and old. Well, well, wag along happily, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Wag!—Good night!' and after once more shaking hands with them, he nimbly whisked himself out of the shop-door, and trotted across to the King's Arms.

No sooner were the worthy couple alone, than curiosity led them to examine the piece of paper which their benefactor had presented to Jeremiah, for the purpose of lighting his pipe; and it proved to be the promissory note which the latter had signed for the first thousand pounds. The donor's intention was plain enough, as it was regularly cancelled; so Mrs. Wag was obliged to use her pocket handkerchief once more; and her spouse, after striding three or four times rapidly across the room, felt himself also under the necessity of taking out his, and blowing his nose with unusual vehemence. Then they congratulated and comforted each other, and said their prayers, and offered up their thanksgivings, with a fervor and sincerity that proved they were not unworthy of their good fortune. Then they retired to rest, though not immediately to sleep, for they were both beset by strange waking dreams, and beheld in their mind's eye a black clerical Wag, two long-coated little blue Wags, with yellow nether investments, and other Wags of assorted sizes, but all very happy.

On the following morning, being Christmas day, our fortunate shop-keeper equipped himself in his best apparel, and, before breakfast, stepped across the road, and found Mr. Titus Twist rubbing his eyes in his own gateway.—

Mutual salutations, and 'compliments of the season,' were exchanged in good neighborly style, and then mine host exclaimed, 'There's a box here for you, Master Wag, left by that queer little gentleman. I'm sure he's cracked! In he comes here yesterday, just after dark, posting in his own carriage. Well, he orders up anything as we chanced to have ready, and I sets him down to as good a dinner as ever any gentleman need sit down to, though I say it, because why, you see, our larder's pretty considerably well stocked at this season. So down he sits, rubbing his hands and seeming as pleased as Punch, and orders a bottle of wine; but, before he'd been ten minutes at table, up he jumps, claps on his cloak and hat, and then runs out o' the house, and never comes back again till past eleven at night, when he pays his bill, and orders horses for six o'clock in the morning.'

'Is he gone, then?' exclaimed Jeremiah.

'Off, sure enough,' replied Titus; 'but he's left a great box for you, which I was just going to send over. So, I suppose you and he have some dealings together.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Wag, 'I shall have cause to bless and thank him the latest day I have to live; but I wish he had stopped here to-day.—Well, God bless him, wherever he's gone.—Hark ye, neighbor—you have often heard me speak of having a friend—well, that's him. I don't know why, but he's taken a fancy to me and my wife and family, and has done for us more than you'd believe, if I was to tell you. However, we can chat that over another day, as I can't stop now, as Mrs. Wag and the children are waiting breakfast. But where's the box? I'll take it with me, if you please.'

If two of the strongest fellows in my yard can take it over, it's as much as they can,' replied Titus. 'However, they shall try; and I hope you'll come over this afternoon, and crack a bottle of my best, to drink the little queer old gentleman's health. But, mind me, he's cracked to a certainty, and you'll find it out some of these days.'

The box was accordingly delivered, and, on being opened, was found to contain a dozen separate packages, each directed for one member of the Wag family; the largest for Jeremiah, the father, and the smallest for little Philip, a 'rising three' year old Wag. Their contents were far too various for precise specification, but could not have been more judiciously appropriated nor more gratefully received, so that Christmas day was a day of rejoicing; and the only regret felt by one and all of the Wags, was

that their very kind friend had not stayed to spend it with them.

When the festive season was over, matters went on as usual with Jeremiah, save that perhaps there was more of cheerfulness in his manner while pursuing his course of steady industry. The fact was, that he never now felt perplexed about money affairs, which were wont formerly to occupy much of his time by day, and to cause him many sleepless hours by night.

Those who called for payment were as welcome as those who came to pay, and consequently his credit stood high; and the travellers and London houses strove, by tempting bargains and peculiar attention in 'selecting the best articles to complete his kind orders,' to keep his name upon their books. So he went on, prospered in all his undertakings, and in the course thereof, visited the metropolis to make purchases; and, when there, called upon Mr. Goodfellow, who gave him a hearty welcome, but could not be persuaded to reveal the name of his eccentric client, though he scrupled not to say that he was in good health, adding, with a smile, 'and in perfect possession of his intellects.'

Jeremiah next endeavored to worm the secret from his bankers, but with no better success. The partner who received him, assured him that the steady increase and respectability of his account had wrought such an impression in a quarter which he was not permitted to name, that their house would feel much pleasure in making advances, whenever anything advantageous offered itself for purchase.

'It is wonderful!' exclaimed Jeremiah.

'A good character, my dear sir,' observed the banker, 'is everything in trade. We are dealers in money; and nothing pleases us more than placing it where we know it is safe, and have every reason to suppose it may be useful.'

'But,' observed Jeremiah, 'you know nothing of me.'

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Wag,' said the banker, 'you are what we call a good man, and have got a back.'

'A back!' exclaimed the bewildered shop-keeper.

'Yes,' said the banker, smiling, 'that is, a good friend to your back; and though he chooses to keep himself in the back ground, depend upon it he'll not forsake you so long as you go on as you have done. Therefore, buy away for ready cash as largely as you please, and we'll honor your drafts.'

On this hint Jeremiah subsequently acted, by making purchases which enabled him to serve his customers 'on terms that defied all competition.' Therefore, and by dint of strict attention, and civility, his trade continued to increase, till he was obliged to add a warehouse to his shop, and employ a regular clerk and collector, besides shopmen, porters, and wagoner.

In the meanwhile young Tom Wag studied Latin and Greek with a neighboring curate; William and Stephen were, in due course, admitted into the Blue-coat school, and the education of the other children went on precisely as had been recommended by their eccentric benefactor, whose advice Mr. and Mrs. Wag considered equivalent commands. Still they were often uneasy about him, and more particularly after another Christmas eve had passed without his appearance. Poor Mrs. Wag was very sure he was ill, and would occasionally charge him with unkindness for not letting her know that she might go and nurse him. But again months and months rolled away, and at last autumn arrived, and with it brought the grand denouement of the mystery, as suddenly and unexpectedly as their former good luck.

All the Wags who were at home were sitting round a tea-table, in the little garden at the back of the house, and Mrs. Wag was sedately filling their cups, when one of the younger children exclaimed, 'Who's that?'

Jeremiah looked round to where the child was gazing, and beheld his benefactor stealthily approaching from the back door with an arch smile on his countenance, as though wishing to take them by surprise; but perceiving that he was discovered, he stepped nimbly forward, according to his usual custom, and holding out his hand, said, 'Well, my dear Wag, how are you? How are you, my dear Mrs. Wag, and how are you, young Jerry Wag, Mary Wag, Sarah Wag, Henry Wag, and Philip Wag?'

All expressed their delight at his appearance, according to their different ages and abilities, but all were evidently delighted, and none more than the strange little gentleman himself, whose eyes sparkled with gratification as he took his seat, looked round at the joyous group, and begged to join their family party. Mrs. Wag felt some what tremulous at first and doubtless her visitor perceived it, as he turned his attention to the little Wags till she had finished her table arrangements, and presented him with a cup of tea.

'Thank you, my good lady,' said he, 'that's as it should be. All merry Wags together, eh?'

'We—we—thank God!' whispered Mrs. Wag. 'We are—yes! But it's all your doing, sir, I wish I could thank—thank you—as I—'

Here, Jeremiah perceived that his spouse was too nervous to make an excellent speech, 'took up the cudgels' of gratitude; but, saying that

there could be no doubt of his sincerity displayed no great oratorical talents. Brief, however, as his speeches, or rather ejaculations were, the funny old gentleman stopped him by the apparently funny observation,—

'So, my good Jeremiah Wag, you don't know where your father come from?'

'No, sir, indeed,' replied the shopkeeper marvelling at the oddity of the question.

'Well, then, I do,' said his benefactor; 'I was determined to find it out, because the name is so uncommon. Hard work I had, though.—Merchant to whom he was clerk, dead. Son in the West Indies. Wrote. No answer for some time—then not satisfactory. Obligated to wait till he came back. Long talk. No use. Well, well. Tell you all about it another day. Cut it short now. Found out a person at last who was intimate friend and fellow-clerk with your father. Made all right. Went down into the north. Got his register.'

'Really, sir,' stammered Jeremiah, 'it was very kind of you, but I am sorry you should have given yourself so much trouble; but I'm sure, if I have any poor relations that I can be of service to in employing them, now that your bounty has put me in the way of doing well, I shall be very glad, though I never did hear talk of any.'

'No, master Jeremiah,' said the eccentric old gentleman, 'you have no poor relations now, nor ever had; but your father had a good-for-nothing elder brother, who left home at an early age, after your grandfather's death, and was enticed to go abroad by fair promises, which were not fulfilled. So, not having any thing agreeable to write about, he didn't write at all like a young scamp as he was, and when the time came that he had something pleasant to communicate, it was too late, his father was no more, and his only brother (your father) was gone nobody knew where.'

Well, to make a short story of it, that chap, your uncle, was knocked about in the world, sometimes up and sometimes down, but at last found himself pretty strong upon his legs, and then made up his mind to come back to old England, where he found nobody to care for him, and went wandering hither and thither, spending his time at watering places, and so on, for several years.'

'And pray, sir,' inquired Jeremiah, as his respected guest paused, 'Have you any idea what became of him?'

'Yes, I have,' replied the little gentleman, smiling significantly at his host and hostess.—

'One day he arrived in a smallish town, very like this, and terribly low-spirited he was, for he'd been ill some time before, and was fretting himself to think that he had been toiling to scrape money together, and was without children or kindred to leave it to. No very pleasant reflection that, my worthy Wags, let me tell you! Well, he ordered dinner, for form's sake, at the inn, and then went yawning about the room; and then he took his stand at the window, and, looking across the road, he saw the name of Wag over a shop door, and then—you know all the rest! The fact is, I am a Wag, and Jeremiah Wag, you are my nephew, and you, my dear Mrs. Wag, are my niece, and so we be merry Wags together!'

FROST BITTEN.—From the information of such as are afflicted with frost bitten hands or feet, we publish the following from the New-York Sun—

Dissolve half a pound of alum in a gallon of warm water, and soak the hands or feet before going to bed for ten or fifteen minutes. I had one of my hands frost bitten, and tried various remedies, expending five or six dollars endeavoring to obtain a cure, but all to no purpose, until I tried the above. In my case, I dissolved about three ounces of alum in a quart of warm water, (keeping it pretty warm), soaked my hands three or four nights, when a cure was effected, the expense was two or three cents.

A Hint—"Recollect, Sir," said a tavern keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying 'reckoning; 'recollect sir, if you loose your purse you didn't pull it out here."

At a camp meeting lately held in Connecticut, a preacher delivered himself of the following:—"I would that the gospel were a wedge and I a beetle, I would whack it into every sinner's heart among you."

Queen Victoria has engaged a nurse at the rate of £300 for the first month, and £1 per day thereafter.

Bristol will your Balsam of Hoarhound cure a cold. Certainly, sir; it is an infallible remedy. You will oblige me, if you will give the weather a dose. Get out you impertinent puppy.

"Hallo there! I say! Murder! Fire! Watch! Gridirons! Helloah—so!" "Ho, ho! what's the matter? what's the matter?" "Why, I'm out of tobacco—got any about ye?"