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

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POETRY.

The Farmer's Harvest Song.

Ho! rouse ye lad!—the morning breeze
Has swept the mist from the stream,
And afar on the hills, the towering trees
Are tipped with day's first beam.
The stars are gone—the night has sped
And the lake has hailed the day;
Arouse ye, then while the morn is red—
Away to the fields—away!

To us no music sounds more sweet
Than the sharpening clang of the scythe,
And echoing hills with gladness greet,
The song of the reaper blithe.
How pleasant to follow, with rake in hand,
The mower's devious way,
And scatter abroad with lightsome wand,
The green and perfumed hay.

Let the soldiers exult in the pomp of war,
The king in his self-throned hall;
The freeborn farmer is happier far
Than kings and lords, and all.
His are no fields with carnage red,
And drenched with the blood of the slain;
But hills and vales o'er which is spread
A harvest of waving grain.

The summer sun, o'er valley and plain,
Has shed his genial ray,
Till smiling acres of golden grain
Await the harvest day:
And into their borders we will fail
To carry the war 'to the knife,'
And eager, too, are the cradle and flail
To be wielded in the bloodless strife.

Then up, and away; while the diamond dew
Bespangles the bending corn;
And gaily the labor, the while we woo
The bracing breath of morn.
And under the shade of the beeches green
We'll rest at noon of day;
Hurrah for the sickle and scythe so keen
Away to the fields away—away!

Bachelor's Hall.

Bachelor's hall! what a queer looking place it is!
Kape me from sich all the days of my life!
Sure I think what a burning disgrace it is,
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

See the ould bachelor gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his tay tittle over the fire—
Soon tips it over! St. Patrick! he's mad enough
(If he were present) to fight with the Squire.

Now, like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing
Awkward enough, see him knading his dough!
Trot! if the bread he could eat without swallowing
How he would favor his palate you know!

Pots, dishes, pans and such grasy commodities—
Ashes and prats skins liver the floor:
His cupboard's a store house of comical oddities,
Things that had never been neighbors before.

His meal being over, the table's left sitting, so
Dishes take care of yourselves if you can eat!
But hunger returns, then he's fretting & fuming so,
Och! let him alone for a baste of a man.

Late in the night when he goes to bed shivering,
Never a bit is the bed made at all.
He crapes like a tarapin under his kiverin—
Bad luck to the pictur' of bachelor's hall.

Mechanics!

Allow not yourselves to be discouraged—let
your motto be *onward*, and rush through every
obstacle which a frowning fortune may throw
in your path. Accomplish every thing which
you undertake, but undertake nothing which an
enlightened conscience will not approve. Honesty
will procure what wealth, fame or knowledge
cannot without it—happiness!—and if
your purpose is to fill the station with honor,
which a kind Providence has marked out for
you, never despair if occasionally the clouds of
adversity lower over your heads, and your lot
appears cast with gloom. Though humble your
station, forget not your duty to the world, to your
country, to your homes, to yourselves. Life is
made up of small items, and every item adds or
detracts from the world's welfare. The humblest
man in the universe, exerts an influence,
for good, or evil, which will tell throughout
eternity, and hence the importance of purity of
purpose, and integrity of conduct. "Be sure
you are right, then go ahead," is a maxim,
which contains more wisdom and rational
meaning, than its enterprising author, Crockett,
was probably aware of: and may be adopted
as a rule of life by all honest and industrious
mechanics.—N. Y. *Mechanic*.

The Tory Gallant.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the Revolutionary War, while the British forces were in possession of the city of New York, a young English officer rode up to an inn which he had been credibly informed was frequented with Toryism, although it was forty miles distant from the city. He rode a beautiful horse that seemed perfectly trained to his service, and his dress was neat and trimmed to an unusual degree. What with a regular face and fair complexion, a red coat cut and trimmed as if it were but a day old, buff small clothes and boots in the military style, and a snow white plume that nodded over his brow, he was an object to entrap a whole coterie of damsels, and to bring every man to bay, Whig or Tory, long enough to get "one look at him." He dismounted, gave his horse to a hostler, and stepped upon the platform.

The landlord was a stoutly built man, having high cheek bones and a rather large mouth; but these marks of physiognomy which might indicate a choleric and sensual character, were opposed by the double expression that lurked in his small blue eyes—a trait that would puzzle an entire stranger who would stake his purse upon a conjecture respecting his real character.

He saw at once that the stranger was fully aware of his own importance as a British officer, and treated him accordingly. The officer, as we have said, had been informed that the landlord was a hearted Tory, although the Whigism of the villagers made it imprudent for him to blaze it abroad. Moreover there were two or three brother officers lodging in the next town whom he had left behind, "Being anxious," as he afterwards said, "to pass a few days in this charming hamlet, and to ascertain those particulars in regard to the fairer portion of its population, which every gallant is bound to note upon the tablet of his recollection."

"Ha, Landlord," said he as he caught a slight glimpse of his host.

"Your servant, Sir!" was the host-like reply. "We ought to have mentioned our landlord's name before, but we hate interlining; so, here it is, Eliakim Ruggles."

"I think it probable, landlord," said the officer, "that I can find an accommo-dation within your house for a transient visit—a few days—you understand me."

"Ay, ay, Sir, as long as your honor pleases."

"And give your eye landlord, to that Bucephalus of mine—you understand me."

"Ay, ay, your honor. Jack!"

"Here, Sir," cried a red-headed urchin of the landlord's.

"Show this gentleman to the best room."

"Ay, ay, Sir!" cried the little Ruggles, who had caught his father's phrases. The officer was accommodated. It was early in the afternoon that he arrived there, and after tea he took a short ride for the purpose of looking at the village, and "particularly" he said, "in order that he might obtain a glimpse of the surrounding scenery from the hill yonder." He had written his name on the Tavern Register, and there it was in a wonderful flourish and parade of penmanship; "Captain George Fudge, &c." On returning to the inn he seated himself upon the platform where the landlord and a few tavern loungers were collected as usual at sunset. "I've hardly had a chance" said the landlord, "to ask you the news, Sir, I suppose there's something stirring."

"Why, indeed," replied the officer, slapping his small clothes with his glove, "the rebels talk as loud as ever, but pon honor we have too little to do in the way of our profession—you understand me."

"Ay, Sir, New York's safe enough, I suppose."

"Bless me! we live luxu-ri-ously in the city. The rebel girls weaken us more than their fathers and husbands and brothers—you understand me. We have balls and parties, and parties and balls. It would be refreshing, pon honor, to have a little fighting as well as dancing."

"You are too young, Sir, I s'pose, to have seen a great deal of hard service."

"By no means, landlord. I was at Lexington—indeed I was—so early in the war as that. I should have done something there had it not been for the sly and very unsoldier like habits of the rebels; you understand me. I have had five horses shot under me—leaped four six-bar fences just ahead of a bullet—shot twenty-one men, stabbed eleven, all standing—hand to hand—indeed I have." Here the loungers were gapping with wonder and curiosity, but Mr. Ruggles maintained his grave, dubious physiognomy.

"Why—at a skirmish near Boston," continued the Captain, "I was taken prisoner, but the scales were turned—I saw a stout regiment of ours not far off; knocked one guard down, brushed by another—run a gauntlet along a sharp fire of musketry—swam a strong current, and mounted Bucephalus at the head of my own gallant com-pa-ny; indeed I did landlord—you understand me."

Not long after this, Capt. Fudge called the landlord aside, and after some conversation was heard to say, "You will procure me, landlord, the privilege of paying my respects to Miss

Wheeler, although her father is, you say, a Whig?"

"All right, sir," replied the landlord. "The fact was, our captain, in his ride had caught a glimpse of a young lady who was the daughter of a Mr. Wheeler, in the neighborhood of the tavern. He applied to the landlord for his assistance in obtaining an introduction to the family, although he almost despaired of overcoming the obstacles which the Whigism of the father would probably throw in the way of an intimate acquaintance with his daughter. The constant recollection which the captain had of his own personal beauty, and his power over the sex, prevented any doubt in his mind as to his success in the subsequent points, provided he could once obtain an opportunity of employing his address."

At this time a small detachment of American soldiers lay at no great distance from the village, and this circumstance the landlord well knew. Captain Fudge, however, was not aware of it, and if he had been, would have relied upon his own troop which he had left a few miles off, and his fellow officers who were engaged yet nearer to him in such recreations as the times permitted.

The landlord proceeded to show the desired introduction. The father was cold but tolerably civil, and the daughter was declared by the captain to be "incomparably the most victorious rebel he had met with in two campaigns!" After his first visit, he made the landlord aware of the character of his designs towards Miss Wheeler. His plans were laid, and his visits were continued nearly a week, with what seemed to the suitor a manifest advantage to his purpose. His scheme was confided only to the landlord, Mr. Ruggles. One or two shrewd neighbors conjectured the existence of some special interest between them, but these had no other reason for it than their having noticed in the conversation between them a slight and momentary shade pass over the usually hard and unchanging features of the landlord, like the shadows of a cloud driven before the wind over a field of wheat. Meanwhile he had left the village for a day or two—upon what business was not known to the Captain—and on his return he hastened his guest's schemes to their consummation. The details were entrusted to his care, and he arranged them with Miss Wheeler to her satisfaction and to the Captain's, so far as he was aware of them.

The shop of Mr. Wheeler formed a part of his house, and stood upon a corner, so that the windows of both looked upon a street. In the second story of the shop there was a door for taking in goods, placed between two windows, and over this door a beam projected, with a rope and pulley, for the purpose of raising heavy burthens. The captain rightly thought it impossible to obtain the sanction of the father to the wishes which he had no doubt the daughter entertained in common with himself, and had therefore delicately hinted to her, after he thought himself sufficiently master of her heart, the plan of admitting him by means of the pulley and a basket into the upper part of the store, and then to her chamber. He was not surprised, when, after some becoming maidenly hesitation, she intimated her assent to his proposal; for he had endeavored to secure the intercession of the landlord in his favor, and his own attractions of themselves, without the colored eulogium of his host, he thought sufficient to secure his success. He had concealed it from her father, yet he wondered that the stern whig should have so civilly tolerated his frequent visits at his house.

The night came. Beneath the beam stood Captain Fudge, and he deposited himself in the basket. High above him was the door of his flushed expectations, standing half open, and partially disclosing the figure of his "conqueror and victim." He cast upward one delightful look, twined the rope, and the basket mounted. It is at the beam—there is but a step to the door—he raised himself to take it—but the door is closed—the rope is firm!

"Pon honor," muttered the Captain, "if it were not a fine evening this would be un-fortunate! I would not wait—but I must though. Cut it—no, no—what a tumble! Stay here all night, pon honor! My dear!" he continued, raising his tone so as to be heard at the door, "my dear—just open the door—you understand me." He stooped in the basket to rest himself; casting anxious looks in every direction to devise some escape, but in vain.

A cloud came over the moon and brought others in its train. A few big drops of rain pattered on the basket. The Captain would have rescued his plume from the misfortune of being wet, but he could not hide it, and it soon dropped as the rain began to beat upon it, and upon the unfortunate gallant whose "curly head" it adorned.

"How it does rain!" muttered the neighbors to themselves, or to their spouses, as they lay on their comfortable beds and heard the reviving sound. "How it does rain!" thought the unfortunate Captain. Well was it for him that the basket had that excellent quality which the Irishman in the canal ascribed to his boats—that of "letting the water out as fast as they let it in."

It is just morning, and the toppers are abroad, and they who rise early for better reasons. "Look there!" cried one, "what's that basket there for with a feather in it?" The poor Captain heard a sound and lifted up his head. "What under heaven," said another, "is that fellow about up aloft in a basket at this time a day?" A crowd is collected about him, and at length landlord Ruggles appears.

"Landlord! you rascal—what did you leave me here for! but just get me down and I'll not hurt you for it!" "Hurt me!" cried the landlord, "only think now, calling me a rascal; a man strung up in a basket along side of a house, blackguarding! Forward march, men!"

Upon this a file of soldiers belonging to the American detachment, wheeled round the corner and surrounded the spot. Captain Fudge trembled from head to foot, and begged the landlord to get him down. "So ho!" said the landlord—"Captain Fudge, who has shot twenty-one men and stabbed eleven—leaped four six-bar fences just ahead of a bullet—run a gauntlet along a sharp fire of musketry and mounted Bucephalus at the head of his gallant company; really afraid to jump fifteen feet! But stand up on your feet, for you may as well come down at once—I had a good hand at a trigger in the old French war," so saying, he took a gun from a soldier, and the Tory Captain, as he was about to protest, was cut short by the crack of the musket; the rope parted, and basket and Captain bounced on the ground. "Forward march," cried the corporal as his men formed around the gallant but crest fallen Captain, and—our interesting hero—was safely lodged a prisoner in the American camp.

A Story of Olden Time.

By a statute law of the State of New York, from December to April, all persons were prohibited from killing deer under a penalty of ten dollars, half the fine going to the complainant, and in default of payment, ten lashes upon the naked back.

A Yankee passing through the State of New York, near Albany, in the month of January, observed a young Dutchman, from his barn door, squinting over his shovel at a deer about thirty paces from him, and soliloquizing thus: "Mine Cot! if I had mine cun here, and it was not for the law, I would have some teer for mine tinner."

The Yankee had a rifle with him, and immediately shot the deer, and threw his rifle into the snow, unobserved by the Dutchman, and running up to him, said:

"Ah, my good fellow, you have been killing a deer—for I saw you—you shot him with your shovel."

"The Dutchman replied—
"Mine Cot!—I did not tink mine shovel was loaded. I did not tink it would go off. I never knew it to go off before."

"Well," said the Yankee, "you have killed the deer, and I will go to the Justice and complain of you, and make you pay your fine, unless you give me the skin and two dollars."

"Vall, though I didn't tink mine old shovel would go off, dat is better den pay ten dollars."

So the bargain was concluded: the Yankee receiving the skin and two dollars, left the Dutchman to take care of his venison. While the Dutchman was taking care of the venison, and before he had put it out of the way, another Dutchman came up, and threatened to complain, upon which Hans, the Shorel Shooter, related all that had passed between himself and the Yankee.

Breach of Trust.

Dr. John Mitchell, of Mercer county, Pennsylvania, indicted for a forgery upon Jas. and Hugh McConnell, of the same place, of a judgment note for the sum of \$5,778, has been acquitted. The facts elicited upon the trial, were as follows: McConnell furnished the defendant with their signatures upon a blank piece of paper, upon which he was to write a note for 1,500 or \$2,000, to be discounted at the Western Reserve Bank; instead of doing so, Dr. M. wrote a judgment note for \$5,778, above their signature. This was admitted by the counsel for the defendant, who contended that the facts proved amounted only to a breach of trust; and, however fraudulent the transaction may have been, it was not forgery in the eye of the law. The judge laid down the law as stated by the defendant's counsel, and the jury made up a verdict of "not guilty."

Anecdote of Franklin.

At one time the rich merchants and professional men in Philadelphia, proposed to form themselves into a social circle, from which all mechanics were to be excluded. The paper drawn up for this purpose was presented to Dr. Franklin for his signature. On examining its contents he remarked that he could not consent to unite his name, inasmuch as by excluding mechanics from their circle, they had excluded God Almighty, who was the greatest mechanic in the universe!

"Boy, what is your name?" "Robert, sir."
"Yes, that is your Christian name, but what is your other name?" "Bob, sir."

A Hard Party.

A western lawyer, who was endeavoring to clear a notorious gambler from an indictment for keeping a faro table, declared to the jury that if they convicted his client, they would be bound in law to convict both himself and the judge, as they were both "aiding and a betting" at the game when the arrest was made! In consequence of this the jury hung, for one half were in favor of convicting judge and lawyer with the prisoner, but the other half could not agree, as they would thereby have convicted themselves, having been busily engaged at the faro table at time.

K. K. K. K. K. K. K. K. K.—Kellup Kushing, Kernel of the Kitchen Cabinet, Kant Kome the Captain's Kause over Kongress of the Kountry.—*Boston Mail*.

Amid the whirlwind's terrific blast, the lightning's blinding flash, and the dread roar of the mighty cataract, what must the murderer feel when he beholds his bloody and expiring victim jump up and bite his back.

If you would like a tune or two at dinner, tell your wife she is not so handsome as the lady across the way.

Says Bill to Jack, "how many legs would a calf have, calling the tail one?" "Five," answered Jack. "No, 'twouldn't neither," says Bill, "because calling the tail one leg wouldn't make it so—would it?" Jack mizzled.

A very ugly man, who was a great horticulturist, being found by a visitor perched up in a cherry tree, his friend exclaimed, "No wonder, Phillip, that you have the finest fruit in the country, for you are not only your own gardener, but, egad, your own scare-crow too."

At one of our fashionable watering places, recently happened a self-important foreigner, who, upon hearing the dinner bell rung at half past 3 o'clock, exclaimed—"Is it possible you dine at this early hour in this country? Why, I have not been used to dining till 7 or 8 o'clock in London." "Our second table folks dine here very late also," was the reply of a Yankee.

Washington.

It is stated as a singular coincidence in the death of this great and good man, that he drew his last breath in the last hour in the last day of the last week in the last month of the year, and in the last year of the century, viz: Saturday night, 12 o'clock, December 31, 1799.

"Remember your last end!" said a pious gentleman to a drunken cobbler.

"I do," said the cobbler; "my wax end just went for a cigar, and my last I have given for a toddy."

"That beats me out," as the chunk of iron said to the blacksmith's hammer.

It is stated that at the late "Settling Day" at Tattersall's in London, after the Derby stakes at the Epsom Races, the Rev. Mr. Prettyman, a clergyman, was found to be a defaulter upwards of \$20,000. A pretty man, truly!

Absurdities.

For a dandy to wear his pantaloons so tight that he is obliged to take a portion of Brandreth's pills to "work them off."

For the people to look into an almanac to see if there is to be a snow storm on the coming fourth of July.

To suppose that ducks and geese are in favor of umbrellas and overshoes, or that poultry can be fattened on hickory shoe-pegs.

To suppose that any common man can swallow the granite hills of New Hampshire without their being thoroughly greased.

Composition of Various Alloys.

Bell metal is composed of two parts of copper and one of tin. Brass is composed of two parts of copper to one of zinc; or copper and calamine, (an ore of zinc), equal quantities. Pinchbeck consists of from five to ten parts copper and one of zinc. Gun metal, nine parts copper and one of tin. Tombac, sixteen parts copper, one part zinc and one of tin. The composition of pewter is seven pounds of tin, one of lead, four ounces of copper and two of zinc. That of typemetal is nine parts lead, two parts antimony and one bismuth. Solder, two parts of lead with one of tin. Queen's metal, nine parts of tin, one of bismuth, one of antimony, and one of lead. Jewel gold is composed of twenty-five parts gold, four parts silver, and seven parts fine copper. In forming metallic compounds or alloys, it is proper to melt each of the ingredients as are the least fusible first, and afterwards the others, stirring them briskly till they are thoroughly mixed.

"Well, it's of no use talking," as the lad said to his deaf daddy.

It is considered a gross impropriety for a man to snore so loud in church, as to awaken the rest of the congregation.