

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly, and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietors will be charged 7 1/2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except the option of the Editor.
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Jeffersonian Republican.



PROTECT EACH OTHER. WAYNE COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

ALL Persons insuring in this company are members equally interested in its welfare and in the election of its officers.

In order to become a member of this company and thereby be insured, the applicant gives a premium note, the amount of which is in proportion to the amount to be insured, and its degree of hazard, thus: If \$1000 is to be insured, at 5 per cent., he gives his note for \$50. If at 10 per cent. he gives his note for \$100, and in that proportion for a greater or less sum, according to the rate of hazard, on which note he advances 6 per cent. and an additional sum of \$1 50 for survey and policy. He then becomes a member on the approval of his application and is insured for five years. The aggregate of the premium notes constitutes the cash fund, chargeable first, with the expenses, and second, with the losses of the Company; and should it prove insufficient to pay both losses and expenses the money to meet the losses, (should any occur) is borrowed agreeably to the act of incorporation, and paid. An assessment is then made to repay such loan upon the premium notes, in proportion to their respective amounts, and in no case to be made but once a year, notwithstanding several losses may happen.

At the expiration of five years the note, if any assessments have been made and paid, is given up, and the insured may renew his application.

Policies may at any time be assigned or surrendered and cancelled, and the premium notes given up, according to the by-laws of the Company. No more than three fourths of the cash value of any property will be insured, and all great hazards: such as Cotton Factories, Powder Mills, Distilleries, Machine Shops, Manufactories for Printer's Ink, and all establishments of the same class of hazards, are not insured upon any conditions whatever, and that no one risk is taken over \$5000, it is considered much more safe and less expensive than in Stock companies, where they insure large amounts and hazardous property.

STOGDELL STOKES, Agent. Stroudsburg, Monroe co., Dec. 15, 1841.

Weak Backs! Weak Backs!! 1,000,000 SOLD YEARLY.

Price only 1 1/2 cents a piece. ✓

Sherman's Poor Man's Plaster.

The best strengthening plaster in the world, and a sovereign remedy for pains, or weakness in the back, loins, sides, breast, neck, limbs, joints, rheumatism, lumbago, &c. &c.

Jos. W. Hoyle, esq., who had been so afflicted with rheumatism, as to be unable to dress himself without assistance, was enabled after wearing one, only one night, to get up alone in the morning, put on his clothes, and call at our office with eyes beaming with joy, and his tongue pouring forth the gladness of his heart, at the sudden and signal relief he had received from this best of all remedies.

Mr. David Williams, of Elizabethtown, N. J., an old Revolutionary Soldier, was so afflicted with Rheumatism, that he could scarcely help himself—these Plasters entirely cured him. Thousands of certificates might be given of their wonderful properties, but the fact of the enormous quantity sold, must be the greatest evidence of their virtue.

For sale at the Republican Office, by T. Schoch, sole agent for Monroe county. may 11.

BOARDING.

Pleasant rooms and good board may be had in a private family, on accommodating terms. Enquire of MRS. SMITH. Stroudsburg, May 4, 1842.

BLANK MORTGAGES

For sale at this office.

Yankee Humor.

The following capital Song, written by John H. Warland, Esq. late Editor of the Claremont (N. H.) Eagle, was sung at the Maverick House, Boston, on the 'Glorious Fourth.'

Uncle Sam's talk to his man John.

Here, John, come here this minute— Why! what the devil is in it; That you didn't take and sign it, That little TARIFF LAW! 'Tis the best I ever saw In my coffers cash to draw. When I put you on my farm, sir, You know I told you, my man, sir, That I feared you'd do me harm, sir, And make your master jaw! J. A. W. jaw, For I'll have it, if not the law. Chorus—When I raised you from your station, You know you were a poor relation— If I'd give you a situation, Didn't you say you'd sign that law!

Now, John, you've done it, haint you— You precious little saint you! You're a pretty fellow, 'aint you, To set your will for law?— But not a fig or a straw Do you care for honor or law. You'd better be looking about, sir, For the moment your lease is out, sir, You'll feel, without any doubt, sir, The weight of this huge paw, P. A. W. paw, You'll have it if not the law. Chorus—When I raised you from your station, &c.

When I set black Dan to watch you, I hardly thought he would catch you, With a loco-foco match. you! Among my hay and straw— Instead of signing that law, The cash in my box to draw, The moment he turns his back, sir, You are peaking through the crack, sir, Or giving some one a whack, sir, Setting up your will for law— F. L. A. W. flaw, You can't pick in the law. Chorus—When I raised you from your station, &c.

My Yankee lads away, sir, You're turning every day, sir, And bringing from Botany Bay, sir, New chaps unhung and law— They know my tariff law With hemp their necks will draw! My jennies no longer spinning My girls no money winning, My cotton fields beginning To make me curse and jaw, J. A. W. jaw, You said you'd sign that law. Chorus—When I took you from your station, &c.

You are ever mischief brewing, My farm is going to ruin, My workmen swearing and suing Because no cash they draw— It makes them fret and jaw To think you won't sign that law, Of my farm you've sold the land, sir, Which I gave my boys in hand, sir, And you pocket the rent as grand, sir, As if I hadn't a paw— P. A. W. paw The hugest that ever you saw. Chorus—When I took you from your station, &c.

Why—where did you go to school, John, That you think me such a fool, John, As the roost to let you rule, John, And make your will the law— Why what a chap! haw! haw! You're as bright as Governor Daw! I took you to befriend you, But soon I back must send you, Without a recommend, you, You stupid Johnny Raw! R. A. W. raw I find you're not worth a straw. Chorus—When I took you from your station, &c.

Be packing up your duds, sir, I want to see you scud, sir, You've got me in the mud, sir, My team you cannot draw! Why didn't you sign that law! Such a coon I never saw! Next time I'll have better luck, sir, I've spoke to Old Kentucky, sir, To take my farm and chuck, sir, You off among the straw, With his P. A. W. paw He's the man to sign the law. Chorus—When I took you from your station, You know you were a poor relation— If I'd give you a situation, Didn't you say you'd sign that law!

Late and Important from Florida.

At the last dates, a scouting party had just returned to Black creek, "bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste." They report that they fell in, on the second day of their march, with—a large field of corn, at which they were all in a maize, and went to work cutting and slashing the enemy from ear to ear. This attack was particularly fatal to the officers of the opposing force—a large number of kernels having fallen victims to the voracity of our troops. The enemy were driven with great slaughter from hill to hill, and we understand that the commanding officer rewarded the bravery of several of the privates by creating them cornets on the spot.

If cucumber vines are occasionally sprinkled with a little salt and vinegar, at this season of the year, they will produce an excellent crop of pickles.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Scudding under Bare Poles.

There was a fine old General once, who having spent most of his time in the field of Mars, knew very little about the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough and honest spirits, often met with in his gallant profession, innocent as an infant of almost everything save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was nearly fifty years old, and his toils were over, when master Dan Cupid brought him acquainted with a Widow Wadman, in whose eye he began to detect something that made him uneasy. Here was the result of his leisure.

During his service in the army, he had never seen any thing worthy of particular notice in woman's eye. In fact he would scarcely have noticed whether a woman had three eyes in her head or only one; for no matter where his own eyes were, his thoughts were ever among "guns, and drums, and wounds," and love was a thing that lived in his memory just as he remembered once reading a visionary story book called the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," when a boy.

Well, the General had settled down into an amiable gentlemanly old fellow, living alone, with comfortable wealth around him, and having little to do save now and then to entertain an old comrade in arms, which companionship afforded opportunity for him to "fight his battles o'er again."

But alas, over this calm evening of the old General's day, a deal of perplexity was doomed to fall, and he soon found himself in troubled waters, the depth of which he could by no means understand. He floundered about like a caged rat under a pump, and such another melancholy fish out of water never swallowed the bait, hook and all, of the angling God of Love. The poor General! We must give him a name or we can't tell the story, and the best name for such a story, to be found in tale or history, is "Uncle Toby." Poor General Uncle Toby debated abstractedly in great distraction about his new position, and never had siege or campaign given him such perplexity before.

At length, however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose uppermost among his conflicting plans, and his course was chosen. At school he had once studied "Othello's Defence," to recite at an exhibition, but made a great failure; and he now recollected that this "defence" was very much like what he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, found the passage, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the Widow Wadman with Shakespeare under his arm.

"Madam," said General Uncle Toby, opening his book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleader at the bar—"Madam—" "Rude am I in my speech, And little blessed with the set phrase of peace; For since these arms of mine had seven years pith; Till now, some nine years wasted, they have used Their dearest action in the tented field; A little of this great world can I speak, More than pertains to feats of broil and battle; And therefore—"

Here the General closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said with a spasmodic gasp—"I want to get married!"

The widow laughed for ten minutes by the watch, before she could utter a syllable, and then said, with the precious tears on her good natured cheeks—"And who is it that you want to marry, General?"

"You!" exclaimed uncle Toby, flourishing his sword arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defiance as if he expected an assault from the widow immediately.

"Will you kill me if I marry you?" said the widow, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No madam," replied Uncle Toby, in a most serious and deprecating tone, as if to assure her that such an idea never entered his head.

"Well, then, I guess I'll marry you," said the widow.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Toby; "but one thing I'm bound to tell you of, ma'am—I wear a wig."

The widow started, remained silent a moment, and then went off into a longer, louder and merrier laugh than she had indulged in before; at the end of which she drew her seat nearer the General, gravely laid her hand upon his head, gently lifting his wig off, and placed it upon the table!

Uncle Toby had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt a most decisive inclination to run away. The widow laughed again, as though she would never stop, and the General was just about to clap his hat upon his denuded head and bolt, when the facetious lady placed her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then deliberately raised her other hand to her own head with a sort of military precision, executed a rapid manoeuvre with her five fingers, pulled off her whole head of fine, glossy hair, and placed it upon the table beside the General's, remaining seated with ludicrous gravity in front of her accepted lover, quite bald!

As may be expected, Uncle Toby now laughed long with the widow, and they grew so merry over the affair, that the maid servant peeped through the key hole at the noise, and saw the old couple dancing a jig and bobbing their bald pate at each other, like a pair of Chinese man-

darins. So the two very shortly "laid their heads together" upon the pillow of matrimony, and went hand in hand through life—Scudding under bare poles.

The Rattlesnake.—Incredible Story relating to its Poison.

To give you some idea of the long time this poison retains its property, I shall relate a curious, but well authenticated series of facts which took place in a central district of the State of Pennsylvania, some twelve or fifteen years ago.

A farmer was so slightly bit through the boot by a rattlesnake, as he was walking to view his ripening corn fields, that the pain felt was thought by him to have been the scratch of a thorn, not having seen or heard the reptile. Upon his return home, he felt on a sudden, violently sick at the stomach, vomited with great pain and died within a few hours.

Twelve months after this, the eldest son, who had taken his father's boots, put them on, and went to church at some distance. On his going to bed that night, whilst drawing off his boots, he felt slightly scratched on the leg, but merely mentioned it to his wife, and rubbed the place with his hand. In a few hours afterwards, he was awakened by violent pains, complained of a general giddiness, fainted frequently, and expired before any succour could be applied with success; the cause of his illness being also quite a mystery.

In the course of time his effects were sold, and a second brother, through filial affection, purchased the boots, and if I remember rightly, put them on about two years after. As he drew them off, he felt a scratch, and complained of it, when the widowed sister, being present, recollected that the same pain had been felt by her husband on the like occasion. The youth suffered and died in the same way that his father and brother died before him.

These repeated and singular deaths being rumored in the country, a medical gentleman called upon the friends of the deceased, to inquire into the particulars, and at once pronounced their deaths to have been occasioned by venom. The boots that had been the cause of complaint were brought to him, when he cut one of them open with care, and discovered the extreme point of the fang of a rattlesnake issuing from the leather, and assured the people that this had done all the mischief. To prove this satisfactorily, he scratched with it the nose of a dog, and the dog died in a few hours, from the poisonous effects it was still able to convey. In conformation of these facts, I have been told by native Americans, that arrows, dipped in rattlesnake venom, would carry death for ages after.—Audubon's Notes on the Rattlesnake.

"Tis said that Absence Conquers Love," but there is not a word of truth in it if we can believe there is any sincerity in the following letter from a "Down East gal" to her lover in this State. Read and judge for yourselves:

PETTINGILLTOWN, June 20, 1842.

Dear Josier—It's now a goin on three long and dreery years sene you've been out there in Lucyanna among Injuns, musketeers, yaller fever and other heathens, and I really do believe I shall have to cum out and see you if you don't cum and see me—I can't stand it much longer no how. I shouldn't know you was in the land of the living at all if it wasn't for the newspapers you sometimes send to me—they don't do a bit of good, only I don't want you to stop sendin on 'em. Now you must cum home this summer and ease my mind, 'cause Liddy Biggerlow is goin to git married in Orgust and I olvers said I should be married fast. I would send out sum shirts and a pair of nankeen trousers I've been a makin for you, only there's no chance. You haint forgot that airly apple tree right behind the barn, have you? It hangs this year fuller than ever, and they'll be as meller as meal in about six weeks—jest about the time you arrive. Your affeckshunate

RUTH PETTINGILL.

P. S. There's been grate changes here. Our old cider mill is tore down and they're bildin a new one, besides we've dismiss'd our minister and Nancy Tuttle has married Jack Stairs. You can't have no idee what changes there has been, and in addition we have already commenced fatnin the old gobbler agin you git hum. P. and to S's.—However, my love for you hangs on just the same, and they say the trout bite this year better than ever. This I know will be good news for you.

So no more at present only that Jerushy Godin has got a baby the very picture of its father. R. P.

N. O. Picayune.

Pickle Vinegar.

A friend writes us, a "lady in Orange sent me a nice pot of pickles, last winter, the vinegar is particularly good, and as she has sent me the recipe, I hand it over to the readers of the Planter." Ten gallons of water, one gallon whiskey, one gallon molasses, one pint yeast; put all together in a warm situation the first warm weather in June, and in six weeks it will be ready for use. Put a sheet of foolscap paper in the vessel.—Southern Planter.

From the Bucks County Intelligencer. Our Country.

The true friend of his country and its institutions, must at the present time feel a deep interest for its welfare. At peace with all the world, our land teeming with agricultural and mineral wealth, and our population industrious and enterprising, we are, as a nation and a people, on the verge of ruin.

Is it the fault of our system of Government, or Constitution? No, for it has always been considered, and is to this day, a model of Government, and the perfection of constitutions. Does the fault rest on the people? Assuredly not. I leave it to every discerning mind, let him be Whig or Democrat, Tyler man or loco foco, if these things are not true, and let him look around and devise means for our regeneration. He will naturally look back a few years to the presidential term of the talented J. Q. Adams, and he will see that the country was at that time in a state of perfect prosperity. Commerce, agriculture, and manufactures were flourishing, and the people were prosperous and happy—money was plenty, (and it would pass.) National and State Legislatures met, passed laws, they were approved, and they adjourned—there were no bankruptcy or stay laws, for they were not needed. But like the old woman and her goose, the people were not satisfied with the golden eggs, the axe was laid at the root of the tree, and its branches and leaves have been withering ever since. No one that has a proper view of these things, whose eyes are not filled with the dust of party spirit, can see otherwise. At that time, we had a National Bank and a protective Tariff, and until those two important laws are again passed, we shall have distress in all its various forms. I will not at present go into a review of the cause of the present state of things, they are well known. We must look at effect, and laying all party spirit aside, look at the condition of the country during the administration of J. Q. Adams, contrast it with the present, and draw your own conclusions. For my part, I have always been a Democrat, and supported the regular Jackson and Van Buren ticket, but the time has come to open our eyes; and when distress comes home, stares his neighbor in the face, and stalks through the length and breadth of the land, it is time to look at causes, judge of effects, and devise a remedy.

A DEMOCRAT.

Plumstead, July 21, 1842.

The State Tax.

The following is a copy of the official returns of taxes assessed in the fall of 1841, in the several counties of the State of Pennsylvania, for the use of the Commonwealth:—

Adams, \$6,101,88; Alleghany, 17,507,51; Armstrong, 2,308,73; Beaver, 5,228,79; Bedford, 4,119,29; Berks, 27,769,86; Bradford, —; Bucks, 25,477,87; Butler, 2,820,49; Cambria, 1,063,39; Centre, 6,289,56; Chester, 25,336,16; Clarion, 1,406,98; Clinton, 1,550,15; Clearfield, 1,251,96; Columbia, 7,312,10; Crawford, 3,005,13; Cumberland, 15,145,57; Dauphin, 13,146,85; Delaware, 9,927,62; Erie, 4,418,73; Fayette, 6,400,49; Franklin, 14,018,24; Greene, 2,564,42; Huntingdon, 11,528,78; Indians, 2,454,12; Jefferson, 1,075,16; Juniata, 3,022,64; Lancaster, 46,615,31; Lebanon, 12,770,39; Lehigh, 13,947,89; Luzerne, 3,529,28; Lycoming, 7,033,21; M'Kean, 535,56; Mercer, 4,228,75; Millin, —; Monroe, 2,084,07; Montgomery, 27,285,44; Northampton, 17,236,17; Northumberland, 5,611,13; Perry, 3,854,77; Philadelphia city and county, 210,435,98; Pike, 899,83; Potter, 650,07; Schuylkill, 8,015,00; Somerset, 1,535,89; Susquehanna, 2,980,77; Tioga, 1,425,90; Union, 8,814,72; Venango, 1,459,03; Warren, 1,012,70; Washington, 9,720,40; Wayne, 1,493,16; Westmoreland, 7,240,76; York, 12,250,17.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Destructive Shell.

A weapon of the most destructive character has lately been invented by an American resident in England, and the model sent to this country to be submitted to the United States Government for their purchase or approval. The principles of its destructibility have not been divulged, nor will they probably be if our government purchases the exclusive right. It is represented to be an "infernal machine" of the first water, not only scattering destruction where it strikes, but cutting and slashing as it proceeds, with two-edged teeth and cutters.—The model is in the hands of an intelligent engineer, who will shortly proceed to Washington on the subject.

The Washington Evening Index wants to know the value of seventy large pieces of chalk. Let's see—as five-fifths of a smokecur comes to just thirty-three and a third of a pocket full of rocks, so must seventy large pieces of chalk amount to several times over and above small potatoes. That's it.

A mixture of ground glass and the juice of pebble stones is a cure for the blue devils; and no man is ever visited with night mare, who sleeps with the great toe of his right foot in his left ear.