

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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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.

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

**Weak Backs! Weak Backs!! 1,000,000 SOLD YEARLY.**  
Price only 12 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.

**A Sketch from an old Dialogue.**

Miss Polly Higgins, having lived to the years of three score and ten in ease and prosperity, at length gave up the ghost, and was gathered unto her fathers.

It was into a parlor, old-fashioned and comfortable, once occupied by the deceased Higgins, that a few mornings after her death there entered a tall man in a green coat, and a short man in brown trowsers. The name of the first was Swipes and he was a brewer, and the name of the second was Hicks, and he was a shoemaker.

'You, cousin Hicks,' remarked Mr. Swipes, 'no doubt feel as I do, a hearty sorrow for the death of our aged and respected relation.' As he thus spoke he pulled from the pocket of his green coat a tri-colored rag, and proceeded to wipe his eyes therewith.

'Ah me, yes,' returned Mr. Hicks, with a long drawn sigh, that said how much he felt, 'my bosom swells with numerous feelings too indescribable to utter; but we must all die one day, and as she was upwards of seventy she may possibly have been taken from evil to come.'—Having thus spoken, Mr. Hicks thrust his hands into the pockets of his brown trowsers, and snuffed distinctly three times.

'That reflection should comfort our hearts,' said Mr. Swipes, but—altering his tone a little—'have you heard any thing as to the contents of the will?'

'Very little,' quickly replied Mr. Hicks, 'the Squire is as close as a bull frog in January, but I have heard it whispered she has not left that rascal Fred a single cent.'

'Good for him,' cried Mr. Swipes, 'the graceless profligate need not expect any thing from my half of the property.'

'Nor from mine,' cried Mr. Hicks. 'He must not expect us honest mechanics in any way to encourage his extravagance.'

'Well,' remarked Mr. Swipes, smiling complacently, 'our kind acts are rewarded. Many a mug of the best beer have I bestowed upon the old lady.'

'And a glorious pair of easy slippers did she have from me on her last birth-day. But here comes Master Frederick, Well young man, I suppose you're here like ourselves to hear the reading of the will. Your past conduct cannot, of course, allow you to expect much.'

'I sincerely regret my past errors,' replied Frederick, 'and that I have not better despatched the kindness of my departed aunt.'

Mr. Swipes placed his hands beneath the tail of his green coat, and remarked that it was now too late to repent. The door opened, and a stout old gentleman in black garments and a big wig entered.

'How are you 'Squire?' inquired Mr. Hicks. 'How are you gentlemen?' returned the 'Squire.'

'How does the damp air agree with your lungs?' inquired Mr. Swipes.

This inquiry reminded the 'Squire of coughing, and he did cough as he replied 'so so.'

'I think there will be rain,' remarked Mr. Hicks.

'Yes—but let's to business, gentlemen; I now proceed to open the last will and testament of Polly Higgins, deceased.' So saying the 'Squire took off a white hat with a very broad brim, put on his spectacles, produced the parchment and read as follows.

I, Polly Higgins, being weak in body, though sound in mind, do make this my last will and testament.

All my goods, chattels, property and estate, both personal and real, I do hereby bequeath to my worthy cousins, Henry Hicks, shoemaker, of Stirrup Alley, and Samuel Swipes, brewer, of Bughole Avenue, to have and to hold—here the 'Squire paused, laid down the will, and proceeded to wipe his spectacles.

'More than ever,' cried Swipes, 'do I feel the loss of our dear relation.' Again the tri-colored rag came forth from the depth of the green coat pocket, and again the tear of sorrow was wiped away.

'She was one of the best of women,' added Mr. Hicks. 'Swipes, I think I shall take the country seat.'

'There's two words to that bargain,' sharply returned Mr. Swipes, 'my wife has long had her eye upon that place, and will have it.'

'Not so fast gentlemen,' cried the 'Squire, putting on the spectacles and taking up the will, I am not done yet—let me see—where was I—to have and to hold—to have and hold until my rightful heir, Frederick Evans, having come of age, shall be prepared to take charge of the property himself.

'Audacious!' exclaimed Mr. Swipes.

'Scandalous!' exclaimed Mr. Hicks, 'that a couple of hard working, industrious men, should be summoned here to be made sport of by a shameless spendthrift—she shall pay for every stitch of them birth day slippers, I tell ye!'

'And for every drop of my best beer, mind that.'

'Not so fast gentlemen,' said the 'Squire, for, I perceive this will is dated three years back, and the rightful heir is now of age, and eniers upon immediate possession—is it not so, Frederick?'

Frederick bowed in the affirmative.

Messrs. Swipes and Hicks immediately began to proceed to their respective abodes; the first fully persuaded that he had been, as the boys used to say, 'completely sucked in,' and the other firmly convinced that he had been as the boys now say, 'essentially drawn on.'

**A Kentuckian's Revenge.**

The head of navigation of a beautiful stream now peopled by thousands of "Old Kentuck's" sons and daughters, was once the scene of events which marked the settlement of that fine country. A tale of blood and revenge is on the lips of the descendants of the pioneers of that region, of thrilling interest; and no one who has been so fortunate as to pass a few days under the roof of a native, has failed to receive a minute account of the drama, the actors in which, have long since been gathered to their fathers.

At the close of an autumn day, shortly after the emigrants from Virginia began to settle the valley of Licking, the family of a settler, consisting of five sons, the youngest about sixteen and three daughters, retired to rest, after enjoying a frugal repast. The country was, at the time infested by Indians, whose depredations caused great alarm, and taught the settlers the necessity of making their rude dwellings as secure as possible against the attacks of an insidious foe. The family referred to, had, accordingly, strongly secured the only entrance to their cabin, by every means in their power; one of them (the youngest of the boys) standing watch, to give the alarm should any attack be made.

Just before daybreak, he heard the quick report of a rifle, and before he could rouse the sound sleepers from their straw couches, the cabin was in flames—the horrid yells of the savages, freezing the purple current in his veins! In a moment the sleepers awoke to a sense of their great danger. Not a second was to be lost. The fire was bursting through the space between the logs, and it was evident they must all perish if they remained in the cabin. To escape was impossible, surrounded, as they were; and they were compelled to choose between a dreadful death by fire, and the murderous tomahawks of the unrelenting red men.

The conclusion is soon told. The door was opened, and as they rushed out, they were all shot down, with the exception of the boy alluded to, who managed to escape by secreting himself in a thicket close by. The savages secured their scalps, and departed, just as the morning sun rose on the dead bodies and smoking ruins of the cabin.

As soon as they disappeared, and were "clear out of sight," as the Jerseyman said, the youth emerged from the bushes, and sought what a few hours before was his home. What a change! There lay, close together, his dead kindred, bleeding at every pore! He was alone! No fond mother was there to soothe the anguish of his soul—no kind father to direct his wayward steps. The only house he knew of was twenty miles distant, and assistance could not be procured in time to be of any benefit to him, in burying the dead. He gazed on the cherished forms for a moment—a tear was in his eye—but it was the last he ever shed! He went to work and dug a grave for the only relatives he had on earth—drove a stake down to mark the spot, and collecting some shelled corn which had escaped the fire, slung it over his shoulder, and left a spot he could no longer contemplate without feelings of unspeakable regret.

We cannot follow the young hero through his long journeyings; he succeeded in finding the trail of the Indians, and followed it with the sagacity of a woodsman, until at length he discovered their encampment. What followed will be easily imagined by the reader. In the still hour of night, he crept through the long grass to the place where they slept, and securing one of their knives, cut the throats of all! He then gathered some fallen branches, which he threw over them, and soon raised a fire which left few marks of a *Kentuckian's revenge!*—N. O. *Crescent Cig.*

**Tolerably Strong Coffee.**

A correspondent of the Richmond Star says that he is thriving well at a certain high school, that is, as well as he can possibly be, since he lives on rotten butter and sour bread, and coffee so weak that if you were to tie a grain of coffee round your neck and swim across the Potomac, then go a mile below and dip up some water, shut your eyes and drink both the high school coffee and Potomac water, you could not tell the difference. That must be a delicious beverage.

**The Difference.**

At a temperance meeting somewhere "down east," a lady said—"For nine years I slept beside a BARREL OF RUM, but now, thanks to the temperance reformation, I have a MAN to sleep with." Whereupon the spinsters placed their hands upon their hearts and shouted "A man!"

**School Books.**

An editor somewhere out West, says that a schoolmaster in his neighbourhood recommends to his scholars a very fine edition of *Combe on the head*. He says they have the organ of *inhabitiveness* very strongly developed.

**Value of the Soul.**

Leaving, for a moment, the littleness of the present day, let us return our minds to a loftier sphere, and a nobler theme.

Long before the Gospel was preached by the fishermen of Gallilee, the tribes on the earth set a high value upon the human soul, and decreed to the rifled casket, the dead body of man, the rites of sepulchre.

Was this because the human dust was any better than other dust? because the beetles that fed upon the lip of manly beauty and maiden loveliness were different from the ones that penetrated the carcase of the antelope or the fawn? No. But because the temple, once inhabited by a god, was deemed to be a consecrated place, and superstition and ignorance, united with learning and religion, to treasure up its ashes. Hence, the pyramid, with its embalmed Pharaohs; hence, the tumuli in Asia and America; hence, the swinging coffins of the North American savages.

The old Irish, when an infant smiled in its sleep, believed that the angels were whispering to it of the joys of Heaven, and looked on in awe-struck silence. Through the Scandinavian mythology, the immortality of the soul, and the value of it, are seen like things slightly hinted at, but not positively asserted. The Indians of Oceanica, before a sail ever whitened the blue bays of their lovely islands, worshipped God by symbols, and sang requiems to the spirit of their dead.

Man, from the beginning, in darkness and light, in ignorance and learning, has valued the soul.

No animal takes care of its neighbor's carcase. The silkworm weaves its silken shroud, it is true, but it does it to preserve life, and put on, in the shape of the butterfly, the gorgeous livery of Heaven. Man, only, saves the ashes of his species.

If the soul is not immortal, what senseless mockery it is to build a monument to its memory.

And can men, in the 19th century, believe that they will die like cattle, and be changed into grass, to be eaten by others? Horrible thought! O, if it was not for the belief that in a brighter world the poor and the suffering would reap their reward, who would live?

Would a man suffer a year, to be annihilated at the end of it? Would he starve on, to die and be forgotten? The soul, then, is of immense value—it has worth in places where nothing else has intrinsic value—it is worshipped where God is scarcely worshipped in any form. The red man believes it will be a swift hunter upon the flowery prairies of Paradise; the Mahomedan believes it will be a Turk, luxuriantly smoking the sacred hooker in a harem of houris; the Christian believes it will be a bright creature, in robes of purest white, striking a golden harp to the seraph's voice around the throne of God. The whole world value it. It keeps men from self-destruction, and brings joy to the vale of tears. The winter and the spring show that after death there will dawn a brighter life, and the water that goes up in the clouds and comes down in crystal showers, painted with the bright colors of the rainbow, proves that troubled spirits may be raised from the earth in tempests, and returned in purity and glory.

Let the politician and the worldlyling then act in character with such a soul. He that is to live forever should begin life well, for old men seldom become converted to new courses in the autumn of life, and habit, like a fetter, will bind the most restless spirit down.

**"Soft side of a Plank."**

Men are creatures of circumstance. They reflect, like the camelion, objects upon which they are placed and by which they are surrounded. Some people think they could not for the world, sleep upon a hard board. That's a mistake. The sweetest slumber which the eye or the senses ever enjoyed, has been upon the naked earth, or upon what is quaintly termed the "soft side of a plank." Men accustomed to all the luxuries of life, to every thing which could gratify a want or appease desire, whose limbs have never been extended upon anything except beds of feathers or down, have enjoyed sleep upon the mother earth, which the veriest slave to opulence might envy. We once knew a young man of delicate health, of an education essentially effeminate, discipline himself for western life, by giving up his comfortable bed, at first substituting straw, then trying the floor with a blanket, and finally throwing himself at night, wherever chance found him, or it was perfectly convenient to deposit his physical man. His disposition was wild, and his habits essentially wandering. He left for the western country, and after an absence of years, returned a hardy and vigorous man, with a brow so altered and a figure so sturdy, that he was scarcely recognized by his friends. He assured us that many a night when in a sparsely settled section of the country, when travelling, he had thrown himself upon the ground, and slept with a sweetness those accustomed to all the elegancies of artificial life might covet with the keenest relish.—Ev. Jour.

**New Maxims.**

Never come yourself when your boy could do the errand better, as the young lady said to the widower.

Never send an old iron to a smith to be altered—he will charge you the same as for a new one. Keep it till you have a place just fit for it.

Send a boy for the cows, but see to the milking yourself.

Rake clean, after the cart; but remember the scatterings do no hurt to the land. The gathering of the last straws cost you more than one dollar per hundred.

When the grindstone stands under a fine shade be careful lest it wear away too much from your scythe at a time.

Say "Go, boys," when you mean to let them play; say "Come," when you want your work done.—Mass. Ploughman.

CONS.—Why is the letter A like a honey-suckle? Because a B follows it.

Why is the letter D like a sailor? Because it follows the C.

Why is the letter L in the word military, like a man's nose? Because it is between two eyes.

Why is the letter S like dinner? Because it comes before tea.

Why is an eye like a criminal at the whipping post? Because it is under the lash.

Why are a lawyer and a lover alike? Because they go to court.

Why is a strong nail in the wall like a feeble old man? Because it is infirm.

Why are repaired stockings like dead men? Because they are men-ded.

When is a man over head and ears in debt? Always until his hat is paid for.

Why are the gates of a nunnery like a blacksmith's apron? Because they keep off sparks.

What is that word, which, by adding a syllable will make it shorter? The word short, (short-er).

Why is a man whose faith is misdirected, like one who believes a young lady? Because he believes a Miss.

Why is a chicken's neck like the late French emperor? Because it is a bony part.

Why is a clock at 59 minutes after twelve, like a man in a passion? Because it is about to strike one.

**Singular.**

All nature was hushed in a gloomy silence; the sun was absorbed by a black massive cloud which was rising from the west, throwing its lurid glare from the forked lightning upon the bosom of the dark sleeping waters of Lake Huron—a lone stranger from the far east stood upon the over hanging banks of the deep, his ear ever and anon catching the distant moan of the rising tempest—the lightning's played nearer and nearer; the burblings of the dreadful thunder were distinctly over his head—the pupils of his eyes might be seen to dilate, and the contortions of his face expressed the agony of his soul, when he was heard to exclaim: "W-o-a-h! how that *flea* bites my back!"

**Bankrupt Decision.**

The petition of a bankrupt for a final discharge from his debts was rejected by the District Court last week, at Canterbury, Connecticut, it being proved that the petitioner had paid a shoemaker's bill of two dollars! No charge of dishonesty or fraud was preferred.

There is an old maid out west, who says if Henry Clay does not promise to make some reform in the state of single blessedness, she shall, tea-pot in hand, oppose him to the last ditch!

**Confab.**

"Papa, what does the Editor lick his Price Current with?" "Whip it! He don't whip it, my child." "Then he lies, Pa." Hush! Tom, that's a very naughty word." "Well, by George! this ere paper says 'Price Current carefully corrected'—and I guess when I gets corrected I gets licked—hey—don't I." "Nuf ced—my son." Rich. Star.

**Peachworms.**

The white worms which are so destructive to the roots of the peach tree, originate from eggs laid on the body of the tree in July. A copious wash of wood ley if applied to the buds and roots will not only kill the worms, but nourish the tree.

CAPITAL REMEDY.—Those who are sick should take a horse for their doctor, and a cow for their apothecary.

There is a peculiar satisfaction during a long spell of heavy rain, in trying to remember who it was that borrowed your umbrella the week before.

When is a chimney like a chicken? Dye give it up!

When it's a little foul.

A German authority gives the population of China as 252,000,000.