

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 3.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1842.

No. 31.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THEODORE SCHOCH.

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 proprietor, will be charged 7 1/2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

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Jeffersonian Republican.

Christian society. How important the relations which grow out of the family constitution. How important, then, that the duties arising from those relations, should be sacredly observed. On this most vital subject, how full and explicit is that Revelation which God has given of his mind and will. Break up the family, and you break up society. Whatever tends, therefore, to loosen the family bond, tends in its degree to overthrow society. This is a consideration for the conscientious legislator; while he that has a heart to weep with those that weep, will yield his sympathies to those who sorrow in no common sort. Ransack the world for wretchedness in its worst forms, and we believe it would be found, ordinarily, not at the home of the drunkard, for home he cannot be said to have—but at the comfortable abode of the victim of strong drink.

4. Those engaged in this traffic, expose themselves and their families to imminent danger. We ask your special attention to this reason. It brings the subject home. Many who are engaged in the liquor business, have afflicted their interesting families, as we well know. For the welfare of those families you feel, as you should, a lively concern. They are to inherit or to scatter your estates—they are to bear your names, with honor or with infamy, when your heads are laid low in the dust. Now we ask those of you who can extend your recollection backward for twenty, thirty, or forty years, to inquire and see what has been the history of those liquor sellers and their families, that have passed under your observation for that space of time. How many strong men have fallen by the insidious destroyer with which they have been in league; and how have the families of those men, in whole or in part, reaped the sad but natural consequences to which they were exposed by parental folly! We need not mention names. Your memories will do that office. Now we ask you one question. Can you remember one family, long engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquor, that has wholly escaped all the attendant evils with which a righteous God has linked it. By what rule then can you promise that you and yours shall furnish a case of singular exemption from a common result. We are aware of that strong principle of human nature, to make exceptions in our own favor. But we bid you beware. All before you have presumed in like manner. What has come upon them, will come upon you. Like causes produce like effects. Now look upon those dear children whom God has given you, and ask yourselves whether, in contempt of the teaching of all history, you will go on in your present course, with the desperate hope that you and yours shall escape the penalty of a general law. Look at that prattling boy, as he is the witness of the revelry, the pollution, and the blasphemy of the bar-room;—look at that young man, just about to enter on the stage of action for himself, whom you, perhaps, have stationed to deal out that vile and adulterated cup of death to your deluded customers, and ask yourselves whether they shall share the sad doom of the drunkard. No. Your feelings revolt at the thought. You would rather follow them to an early grave. Will you then expose them any longer. Again we say beware!—lest you lay up for yourselves matter for pungent but bootless reflection and self-accusation.

Finally—You should abandon this business, because God condemns it. We state this reason last, because it is most important, and because we want you to bear it in mind. You may esteem it a small matter to strive with your fellow man, and to set yourselves in opposition to their principles, however clear and unanswerable; but woe to him that striveth with his Maker! Without attempting to present the whole Biblical argument on this point, we will content ourselves by adducing one solitary passage from the book of God. "We unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also"—Hab. 2. 15. Is not this declaration perfectly plain and simple. If it means any thing at all, what can it mean but just what it literally imports. Can any ingenuity or glossing pervert it from its direct and obvious sense. Then any passage of the Bible may be treated in like manner, and what becomes of our infallible rule of faith and life. We are thrown out at sea, without rudder or compass. But we entertain no such dishonorable opinion of the Word of God. Its principles to guide our faith and to govern our actions, are broad, plain and simple. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." Now we will not ask if you admit the supreme authority of the Bible; for if we are addressing any who deny that, we have no hope of producing conviction on their minds. But we take for granted that you admit the Bible for what it claims to be—Then we ask you to weigh well that fearful denunciation, which we have cited.

We might name many other cogent reasons as the ground of our petition; because the sale of those drinks, by wholesale or retail, is wrong and tends to evil from whatever point you may view it. Of this, we are as firmly persuaded as of our own existence. Therefore we speak the few reasons assigned for the course we take are sufficient, unless something can be set

over against them as countervailing reasons. And we ask kindly but earnestly—*are there any such reasons.* If there are, you are bound to produce them, if you would make even a show of justice for your cause. If there is any thing in or about your traffic to relieve it of its character of unmitigated deformity, in self-defence, produce it—but we are persuaded there is not. Public houses for the sale of intoxicating drinks are as unnecessary for the 'public good,' as houses for gambling would be. We speak advisedly. We know that law sanctions them, and so has law sanctioned the slave trade, the lottery system, and many other abominations; but that never made those things right or good.

Fellow citizens—We address you as reasonable men, and we reason with you. We address you also as men possessed of consciences; and we tell you, if you would consult your happiness as moral beings, you must do no violence to your moral nature. Listen to the voice of conscience, though it be still and small. If you slight her gentle warnings, take care, lest, armed with terror, she awake at length, as awake she will, and you shall learn your folly when it is too late. We pray you therefore—as you regard the peace and order of society,—as you regard public prosperity, and the perpetuity of our free institutions, endangered by a corrupt constituency—as you would reverence the authority, and as you would regard the honor of that God, whose laws and institutions are trampled under foot, and whose sacred name is blasphemed, in consequence of intemperance more than from any other vice—as you would see society rid of one of its sorest curses, from one of its most prolific sources of poverty, crime, and wretchedness—we pray you as fathers, as brothers, and as sons; we pray you as philanthropists, as patriots, and as Christians, to close up those fountains of misery, to abandon at once and forever that business which does no good, but which does immense injury to the bodies and souls of men; injury which, not confined to this world, goes on with its dire influence, down the tract of interminable ages; injury, which if not repaired in this life, by reformation and repentance, as alas it seldom is, is irreparable and final! May you be guided by that wisdom which is from above. Take counsel, not from passion, but from sober reflection, and act accordingly.

DANIEL STROUD,
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JOSEPH V. WILSON,
LEONARD LABAR,
STROUD BURSON,
DR. WILLIAM P. VAIL,
Committee.

Up on Sandy.

A good anecdote is told by a Methodist circuit rider, who not long since called at the house of a Mr. —, living somewhere near the head waters of Sandy river, in Virginia, to stay all night. Every body knows the character of the citizens of this region of country, and that it has been for a number of years gone by, and in all probability for a number of years to come will continue to be, on account of its mountain fastnesses, the home of a most ignorant and debased population. Our parson, a man of great simplicity of character, on entering, found four men seated on the floor playing cards. These seemed scarcely to note his arrival, he passed by to where the wife of the proprietor of the mansion was sitting, who very soon engaged him in conversation. Among other questions usually propounded, she asked, "What mount your business in these parts be, stranger?"

"I am hunting the lost sheep of the house of Israel," replied the parson.

"Old man! old man!" cried the woman to her husband, "old man, I say, I'll lay anything that old ram that was here the other day belongs to this man."

The minister was forced to explain, whereupon, gazing at him with an air of curiosity and astonishment, she rose to her feet and exclaimed a 'preacher! well, you're the first critter of that sort, as was ever in these parts afore, as I've seen—'but maybe you'd like to take a dram, stranger?"

"No madam, I never drink!"

"Never drink? well raly!"

The men, during this dialogue, continued their game at cards, but as if suddenly struck with the impropriety of such conduct before a minister of the gospel, (a species of animal of which she had heard, but never before seen,) the woman addressed the card players with the air of one accustomed to command. "Look here, men, ain't you a d—d nice set to let a preacher come here and catch you a plain cards?—Move it, every one you, or I'll break this pine knot over your cursed pates." It is hardly necessary to add that the room was speedily cleared.

The anecdote above related is literally true, and affords but a fair sample of the character of the settlers on Sandy.—Knox Post.

"You can't come in!" as the thief said to the chained bull dog.

From the Tribune.

"The same Old Coon."

Arr: "Sittin' on a tree."

"The Whigs are recommencing all their old devices of 1840. The same Old Coon is in the field again."—*Loco Foco Paper.*

As I walked out, dis arternoon,
To git a drink, by de light ob de moon,
Dar I see dat 'same Old Coon'
A sittin' on a tree—
A sittin' on a tree,
A sittin' on a tree,
A sittin' on a tree—
And looking werry glad.

Says I to him, "wot make you grin?
De Lokies say you's as dead as sin;
But dar you is—de same old skin—
A sittin' on de tree, &c.

'Ob course I ar,' says he, 'and soon
De Whigs will sing de good old tune
About dis werry 'same Old Coon'
A sittin' on de tree, &c.

'When Massa HARRISON—bless his soul!—
Begun de great Whig ball to roll,
Why, here I sot, and see de whole—
A sittin' on dis tree, &c.

'One ting dar was in dat campaign
I hope to neber see again—
It giv dis Old Coon so much pain—
A sittin' on de tree, &c.
Lookin' werry bad.

'De way 'Old Weto' 'd take you in,
I ollers thought would be a sin;
It almost made me shed my skin,
While sittin' on de tree, &c.
Looking mighty mad.

'Now, when you git into de fray
Dat will be fouf for many a day,
And end in 'lectin' HARRY CLAY,
I'll sit upon dis tree, &c.
Looking werry glad.

'And den, I hope, if you put on
Your flag de name of any one
Wid his'n't will be an 'honest John,'
Or else not none at all!

So says dis 'SAME OLD COON.'"

We copy, says the *Salina Free Press*, the following from the back of a note of the *Mobile Bank*, of Alabama. The writer's not exactly out of the way:

Hark from the Banks an awful crash,
Mine ears attend the cry,
Here is a bill that calls for cash,
But oh! 'tis all in my eye.

Epigram.

As the lone, hungry loafer views
His tattered, torn, and worn out shoes,
"Alas! cries he, they is full of holes,
These am the times what try men's soles!"

Adam was created out of Paradise, Eve was created in it. Hence comes the superior bloom and brightness and beauty which every where distinguishes woman, and mark her with more of the purity of heaven than has fallen to the lot of man.

Information Wanted.

Did you ever know a lady with white teeth put her hand over them when she laughed?
Did you ever know a gay lad and sprightly lass who couldn't pick berries in one basket?
Did you ever know a woman that never had any thing stolen from her clothes yard?
Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up during prayer time at church, who could not dance all night without being tired at all?
Did you ever know a young man to hold a skein of yarn for his favorite to wind, without getting it strangely tangled?
Did you ever know a man with a shocking bad hat, a long beard and a ragged coat, who could find a respectable hotel that was not full?
Did you ever know a pretty young lady that had not a cousin to wait upon her to lectures and parties?

Did you ever know a young lady that did not have some very curious piece of sewing that she couldn't let the young gentlemen see?

All Ladies.

In Queen Anne's reign the Lord Bateman married three wives all of whom were his servants. A beggar woman meeting him one day in the street made him a very low courtesy. "Ah bless you," said she, "and long life to you; if you do but live long enough, we shall all be ladies in time."

"Do see how that beautiful pea fowl expands his posterior appendage," said a modern belle when a peacock displayed his tail in a barnyard.

A gentleman in want of a wife, addressed a passionate billet-doux to a lady, and added this postscript:—"Don't be long in answering, as I have somebody else in my eye."

The Treaty.

Bass Lynch and Jake Rogers met by accident on Wednesday evening, near the Poydras street market, and as the winds determined to have a "blow out," the ancient friends concluded it was best to take a bench and watch the progress of the storm. Bass was the first to break the stillness of the hour by one of his "yaw-yaw, yaws."

"Wa's you laffin at, Bass?" said Jake, rolling up his optics in a very peculiar manner.

"Wy, Jake," said Bass, with another scientific burst, "I's been tole dat de lightning leas a black mark whar it strikes, an' I was jist laffin to tink dat if you should be so misfortunate as to catch a dart, and be kilt, de gemmen of color ob your acquaintance, cou'dnt tell whar it hit—you is so highly colored, as Jemimah says!"

Jake did not relish this complimentary allusion to his complexion, and replied very tartly to the last remark. Explanations followed, and in a few moments the friends were on as good terms as ever.

"I knows you hab a way ob finding out 'eberry ting, Bass," says Jake, "and as we can't leab here afore de rain stops, I'll feel myself under de greatest obligashuns to yu to gin me your opinion on wat de wite folks call de Ratterfercation ob de Treaty."

"Dat I will, wid de greatest ob pleasure," said Bass, "do you is a mighty ignorest nigger wid a sponce dat was neber made for de consideration of de political affairs ob de nation."

"Neber mind my sponce, Bass, but out wid what I ax you," said Jake, giving his dilapidated Panama a Beau Brummel set.

"Wull, yu sees, Jake," said Bass, "Uncle Sam be get into mighty fuss 'bout what dey call de boundree and swore he'll tan de red coats like Massa Jackson did wen yu an' I was so big, Jake, if dey don't gib us a ribber dey stole—de red coats say dey won't, and Uncle Sam get reddey to lam 'em when dey send ober wat dey call de Lord to settle de fuss, as yu knows."

"Yes I knows dat; but wat's dat to do wid de treaty dey talk so much 'bout?"

"Hold yer tongue, Jake, an' I'll tell yu, do its hard to 'splain any ting to yu," said Bass.

"When de Lord cum ober, he find Uncle Sam rader wulfish 'bout de neck and shoulders, an' tinkin' he gwant to lose de deal, as we sport in' gemmen say, he call him in 'treat him mighty fine wid de werry best dar—gib him big dinners whar de niggers hab a gold band round de wool—talk to him as sweet as Jemimah does to dis ehile, and dats wat dey call de treaty!"

After de old feller get enough, de congressioners hab a smack wid de folks 'bout Washington, and dats wat dey call de ratterfercation of de treaty!"

"Yaw—Yaw—Yaw!" shouted Jake, who was about to express his satisfaction at the expense of his friend, when the gun fired, and the worthies took French leave of the market.—*N. O. Paper.*

Thunder made to order.

The Grand Rapids Enquirer tells of a man in those 'diggins' being informed that thunder was death to cut worms, and being much troubled with their depredations in his garden, and despairing, too, of any thunder of nature's manufacture, resolved to have some of domestic production. Pursuant to his determination, he charged an old musket, muzzle full, took a pail of water and a lantern—proceeded to the cabbage garden—rained on the plants copiously from his bucket—made the lantern open and shut sesame, by way of lightning, and then in hot haste let off old Copenhagen for thunder. The worms 'cut and run,' while the manufacturer of the domestic article lay with his back to the earth, rendered oblivious from the knocks caused by the re-percussive action of the thunder machine.

Severe.

"What do you suppose the world to think of us?" inquired a pedantic young man of Dr. Johnson. "Why, I snopose," said the doctor, "shas they think me a bull dog, and you a tin kettle tied to my tail!"

The poorest of all family goods are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties beyond the parlor or the boudoir, she is a dangerous partner in these times of pecuniary uncertainty. The present embarrassed state of affairs, we think, is sufficient warning to parents to put their daughters in the kitchen, and give them lessons on the frying-pan and wash-tub, in place of the mother making a slave of herself, to bring her daughters up in idleness.

"John," said a rich Quaker to his extravagant son, "I'm afraid thou art getting to be a rake." "Nay, father," returned the youth drily, "it's thee that hath raked, and I am spreading it for thee."

The Harrisburg Telegraph says it has been discovered, by a certain Doctor Squib, that the Night-mare is produced in nine cases out of ten from neglect to *Pay the Printer.*

"Root Beer."—Mr. Root lately married a Miss Beer, down east.