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From the Lady's Book for October.

Fun with the Doctor.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Who is it?"
"Doctor Carpus, Miss."
"O fiddlestick on Doctor Carpus! I wish he would stay at home and mind his own business."
These brief sentences passed between Miss Mary Mayflower and the servant, who had made her appearance at Mary's chamber door after admitting a visitor.
"Carpus is quite a passable fellow," Jane, Mary's sister remarked, smiling a little sarcastically.
"You had better go down and entertain him then."
"No, I thank you, Miss! I beg leave to decline that honor. His attentions are special, and my pretty sister Mary is the object of them. I wish you joy, Mrs. Doctor Carpus."
"Now that is too bad, sis! I declare I will insult him if you worry me after that style!"
"No, don't do that, Mary. No lady can be excused for wantonly insulting a gentleman."
"But what am I to do? He is intolerable to me, and yet persists in coming here two or three times a week. If he would only ask for you occasionally—or, if the girls were at home?—But no—Miss Mary Mayflower! is the word, and I must parade myself down, and endure his rule-tails for an hour. I wish I'd sent word down that I was not at home."
"And so burdened your conscience with a lie."
"Exactly! That's the rub."
"No—no—sis. That is not the remedy. Say that you are engaged—if you do not wish to see him."
"I'm not too much engaged to see company. So that would be as much a lie as the other."
"Say then, that you cannot be seen. Base your actions on the truth and abide there."
"That's easy enough to advise; but not so easy to do."
"It would be easy enough for Mary Mayflower, if she once set her head that way. My sister is not, I believe, in the habit of stopping at half-way measures, or to ask what may be the result of an action, if she feels much inclination to do it. So I must conclude that there are some attractions about Doctor Carpus after all."
"Oh, of course! Some wonderfully strong attractions!" returned Mary, half-laughing, half-veiled, as she left the room to attend Doctor Carpus below.
"Good evening, Doctor!"
"Good evening, Miss Mary!"
Were said with a forced smile of pleasure on one side, and a real smile on the other. Then came,
"It is a delightful evening."
"Yes, beautiful."
"The air is as soft and balmy as May."
"Yes. We have had very pleasant weather lately."
"The finest I ever remember to have known."
A pause.
"How beautiful the evening sky is!" resumed Carpus, eloquently—"The moon is brilliant, and the stars shine with an unusual lustre. Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, are all above the horizon. It is rare indeed, that our firmament is so richly studded with gems."
"Rarely indeed."
"Have you met with Nichol's Architecture of the Heavens?"
"No sir."
"Speaking of Saturn, reminds me of the volume. I don't know when I have been more interested in a work. His nebular hypothesis is most admirably sustained. By it, the rings of Saturn are more satisfactorily accounted for than by any other theory I have met. Likewise, the Zodiacal lights, comets, systems of stars—the vast nebulous masses that lie far off in the almost infinite depths of space, and only dimly revealed by the aid of powerful telescopes; in fact the whole universe of suns and stars."
"It must be an attractive volume."
"Exceedingly so, especially to the student of natural science. To me it has been a feast of reason. In the science of astronomy, there

is something that lifts a man out of himself—that carries him up, as it were into the seventh heaven of his mind. Something that reveals the divinity within him."
As Dr. Carpus, whom the reader ought to know, was a young M. D., with a diploma six months old, handsomely framed and hung up conspicuously in his office, and taking a turn or two across the floor, at the same time that his right hand sought his forehead, and brushed back the long hair, to reveal its (the forehead's) ample (in his mind) dimensions. As this is a very good place to say it, it might as well come in here, that Doctor Carpus was a young man of twenty-two, who had a good conceit of himself. He had graduated, after a regular course of three years' instruction, with more credit according to his own idea than any other student at the University. It is true, that the Professors of Chemistry and Anatomy, if asked their opinion of the matter, might have given a different testimony. Still Carpus was sincere. He really thought he had graduated with distinguished honor.
The good conceit of himself which thus led him into a false estimate of his worth in this respect, accompanied him in all other matters. In opening his office, he had no doubt but that, in the course of a very short time, he would be overrun with business. Six months' experience rather made his mind waver in regard to this, when a friend suggested, that it was next to impossible for an unmarried physician to succeed. He must have a wife to add weight to his professional importance. The hint was at once taken, and Doctor Carpus began to look around for some one whom he would be willing to take as a partner. In considering this matter, he laid it down as a governing rule in the case, that Mrs. Carpus must be rich and beautiful. Among the large circle of his acquaintances, no one struck his fancy so completely as Miss Mary Mayflower. Her father was reputed to have no small share of this world's goods, and as for Mary, she was called a beauty everywhere. Mary Mayflower became, therefore, the object of his particular attentions, greatly to the sprightly maiden's annoyance.
Thus much, and now we will go on with our story.—The Doctor after taking a few dignified turns across the floor, resumed his seat near Mary, and started a new theme of discourse, in which he could show off to advantage. At last he thought it time to retire, and let the exhibition which he had made of himself have its true effect upon the maiden's mind.
"Thank Heaven! he has gone at last," exclaimed Mary, gliding into the room where her sister Jane sat reading. "I declare, he is the most conceited, egotistical fellow I ever had the misfortune to meet! He is downright intolerable to me."
"Heigh-ho! And is that the way you speak of an absent lover?" Jane returned, laughing gaily.
"Lover! Don't talk of a lover to me, or I shall lose all patience."
"Why don't you send him off, then?"
"How can I send him off? I treat him as coldly as I can, but he don't take the hint."
"That he no doubt attributes to love's shrinking embarrassment."
"Hold your tongue will you, Jane!"
"Ha! Ha! keep cool, my pretty sis!"
"How can I keep cool under such an annoyance. To be beset in this way by a conceited young upstart of a doctor, is too much."
"People are already beginning to set it down as a match," chimed in the fun-loving sister.
"Indeed, Jane, that is too much!" Mary now said gravely. "Who has made any allusion to it?"
"O as to that, hundreds for what I know."
"No, but tell me one."
"Sarah Mortimer insinuated as much the last time I saw her!"
"Sarah Mortimer did!"
"Yes, certainly. And I don't see any thing so very surprising in it. The inference is natural enough," replied Jane, with provoking calmness.
"Now isn't all this too much for any one to endure! Why, I wouldn't have my name coupled with that of Doctor Carpus, for any consideration in the world. It's a downright insult. The fact is, I'll offend him the next time he comes here, and so put an end to the matter."
"No Mary, you must not do that."
"Yes, but I will, the conceited fool!"
"Mary—Mary!" Jane said in a soothing tone, "don't get so excited about a mere trifle like this. Wait patiently until the declaration comes, and then refer him to Pa, who will send him off of course with a flea in his ear."
"Indeed, then, and I won't do any such thing. I'll insult him," returned the excited maiden.
Thus and much more passed between the sisters before they retired to rest for the night. On the next day, Mr. and Mrs. Mayflower left Boston, to be gone a couple of weeks, leaving their two daughters to keep house in their absence. Among the other members of the family was a pretty little Spanish poodle, who was by no means the least important personage in

the house. It so happened a day or two after the departure of the old folks, that Fido was accidentally thrown down stairs, in consequence of which one of his fore-legs was pretty badly hurt. After the alarm that followed this serious accident had subsided, and Fido, with his leg bandaged, was laid upon the sofa, Mary, into whose mind a bright thought suddenly intruded itself, exclaimed—
"If I don't do it, my name is not Mary Mayflower!"
"Do what, sis?" Jane asked, looking up in surprise.
"I mean to have some fun with the doctor."
"What doctor?"
"Doctor Carpus."
"How?"
"I'm going to send for him professionally."
"Mary!"
"I am. Fido needs a physician, and I don't know any one who would be so likely to understand his case as the learned Doctor Carpus."
"Why Mary Mayflower! Are you crazy?"
"O no. But I'm serious. The young man wants practice, and I feel a benevolent wish to advance his interests."
"It would be a capital joke!" Jane said, so amused at the idea, that she could not retain a grave countenance.
"It will be a capital joke, for I'll do it this very day."
"But will you see him?"
"Certainly I will—and look as solemn as the grave."
It was, perhaps, an hour after, that Doctor Carpus sat conversing with a young fellow practitioner, in regard to future prospects. Carpus was very sanguine, especially in respect to the impression he was evidently making upon the heart of Mary Mayflower. In the midst of this conversation a messenger came in great haste with a note. He opened it and read—
"Please call at Mr. Mayflower's in haste!"
"Has any thing serious happened?" the doctor asked in an anxious voice.
But the messenger had already disappeared.
"That looks well, don't it," Carpus remarked to his friend with a self-satisfied air. "I shall feather my nest there, certainly. But I must go immediately. Nothing the matter with Mary, I hope."
In a few minutes after Doctor Carpus stepped from his office, he stood at the door of Mr. Mayflower's dwelling. The servant who admitted him, directed him with a serious air to go up into the front chamber. With a quick, quiet step he ascended the stairs, tapped lightly at the chamber door, and then opened it softly and passed in. The room was partially darkened; but not so much obscured that he did not at once perceive Mary seated near the bed, upon which lay the unfortunate poodle, with a thick bandage about one of his fore-legs.
"Has any thing serious occurred?" asked the doctor, as he paused and looked into Mary's sober, anxious face.
"Nothing very serious, I hope, Doctor. But we have been dreadfully frightened. Poor Fido fell down a whole flight of stairs, and has hurt himself very badly, I'm afraid. I did not know what to do, father and mother being away, and so I sent immediately for you."
For a few moments Doctor Carpus hardly knew where he was, or what to say or do. It was plain serious as Mary seemed, that she was quizzing him; and that she had chosen a method to annoy and mortify him, of all others the most effectual. Vain and self-important as he was, his character had in it a spice of decision and firmness. He was likewise proud-spirited, and this determined him not to exhibit a portion of the surprise and indignation that he felt. Turning coolly to the bed he removed the bandage from Fido's leg, and carefully examined it, much to the pain of the poor dog, who uttered a constant succession of distressing cries. He then replaced the bandage more carefully, and ordered that said bandage be kept constantly wet with vinegar. A prescription was written and handed to Mary, with directions how to administer the medicine. Bowing then gravely and with a dignified professional air, he promised to call punctually on the next morning, and then departed.
In the morning he came about the same hour—entered with perfect composure—bowed to Mary, who was in the sick chamber, with a courteous smile, and then turned to look after his patient, whom he pronounced better. Another prescription was written, and again the physician departed. This was continued for a week, sadly to the annoyance of Mary, who, however, kept up her assumed character as perfectly as did the doctor. By this time Fido could run about as usual, and as the doctor still called in regularly, Mary had to request him to suspend his professional visits, as their little pet seemed quite restored.
Doctor Carpus bowed and smiled courteously at this, and then left the house. Of course, Mary was never after troubled with his company.
It happened about six months afterwards, when the whole story had gone the rounds, and Doctor Carpus had been annoyed by it to his hearts content, that a collector stepped into Mr. Mayflower's store and presented a bill for two

hundred dollars, for medical attendance in his family.
"But I don't owe Doctor Carpus any thing. He has never practised in my family. What does he mean, pray, by sending me a bill?"
"I know nothing about it," the collector replied. "He gave me the bill amongst others, and asked me to present it."
"It's very strange! He never visited my family professionally."
"What shall I say to him, Mr. Mayflower?"
"Told him that I say I don't owe him any thing, and am surprised at his presuming to send me a bill."
"Very well sir." And the collector withdrew.
An hour after, he returned with a new and more explicit bill. It called for two hundred dollars for "six visits and medicine, to dog Fido." As soon as he read it, Mr. Mayflower became very angry, and said some hard things about Doctor Carpus. When he had cooled off a little, the collector formally demanded the bill, and was, as formally, told to go about his business, and that right speedily.
On the next morning, Mr. Mayflower was still further confounded to find a lawyer's note on his desk, setting forth, that he, the said lawyer, had been instructed to bring suit on a certain claim, fully expressed, in favor of Doctor Carpus.
Here, then, the matter began to assume a rather serious form. A lawyer was consulted, who assured him that Carpus could not possibly recover the amount claimed, although he was legally entitled to regular fees for his services, which would undoubtedly be awarded him. But, as the prosecution of the suit would necessarily lead to an unpleasant exposure of his daughter, who, if he defended the case, would be called into court to give evidence, the lawyer seriously advised the incensed old gentleman to settle the claim, unjust and exorbitant as it was, and so get clear of the whole matter.
It took old Mr. Mayflower some days to make up his mind to pay the bill. Finally, however, the tears and entreaties of poor Mary prevailed, who had a dreadful fear of being called into court. Her fun with the doctor brought the laugh upon the wrong side.
About a week after the claim was settled, a letter was received from Doctor Carpus, couched in pretty plain but respectful language, setting forth the nature and effects of the practical joke which the young lady had played off upon him, and alleging that as she had enjoyed a little fun at his expense, it was no more than fair that he should pay off the score in her own coin. In conclusion he referred to two one hundred dollar bills which he had enclosed, and stated, that as he had no legal right to them, he could not retain them. He had succeeded in making the party who provoked him to institute a mock-suit, sensible of her folly, and there he was willing to let the matter drop; trusting, that when next she took it into her head to have some fun with the doctor, she would think twice before she acted once. And here the matter ended, leaving both Doctor Carpus and Mary Mayflower somewhat wiser from having read quite attentively a new leaf to them in the book of human life.

Epigram.

Tom carries a straw in his pocket,
Through which cool min juleps he sips;
And swears to his temperate friends,
He no more puts a glass to his lips.

Western Eloquence.

The following extract, from a speech of a western lawyer, we find in the Wheeling Gazette. It is a capital burlesque:—"The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beautiful language of Shakspeare, that where no doubt exists of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to lean on the side of justice, and fetch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you all over every fair cornfield, I reckon, and my injured and down-trodden client will be apt to light on you one of these dark nights, as my cat lights on a sasser full of new milk!"

Epitaph.

The Boston correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune says:—"There was found among the papers of Mr. Chandler, of this city, who went, last fall, to South Carolina, for his health, and died there in May, the following original epitaph, which he desired should be the only inscription over his grave, and which, I think, is enough in a nutshell!"
"My name, my country, what are they to thee?
What my estate, or what my pedigree!
Suffice it, stranger, that thou see'st a tomb—
Thou know'st its use—'Tis hidden—no matter whom!"

Mr. Adams' Mother.

On the return of John Q. Adams from his western tour, he was welcomed with great enthusiasm by the inhabitants of Pittsfield, Mass., and addressed by George N. Briggs, the Whig candidate for Governor of that State, who, after adverting to the eminent services of Mr. Adams, paid to his mother a deserved and beautiful tribute. In reply, Mr. A. said: "When a man hears his mother thus spoken of before his fellow citizen, it is enough to raise his heart sink within him for joy; and if I am worthy of a title of the praise that has been bestowed upon me, it is owing to that mother."

Woman's Smiles.

A woman's smile is the best charity lecture a man can receive. It opens one's purse, and makes you bless the receiver in the bargain. Woman forever begging—if they want you to go to a ball, a party, get up a fair, and would laugh you out of a dollar, they are sure to get it. Is a missionary scheme on foot—a church to decorate, a ball room to fit up, beware of a woman's smile; if you mean to give nothing, run as if the plague were invading the country; or you are a gone case.

Great Longevity.

Died, in Baltimore, on Saturday the 9th inst., Mrs. Elizabeth Margaret Gross, at the advanced age of 112 years. During her life, she enjoyed uninterrupted health, having never taken any medicine, or having any attendance, from a physician, until three years since, when she had a fall and broke her arm, which she was able to use again in a few weeks. She was followed to the grave by her descendants to the fifth generation.

The President's name is honor and integrity," says the Madisonian. "My name is Norval!" said a runaway youth who was playing that character in a small theatre, at Annapolis, some years since. "You lie, you dog," said an officer in the crowd, "your name is Bill Brown, and you owe Mrs. Knipper three dollars and a half for boarding and washing—and here's a writ; so come along, my darling!"
[Louisville Journal.]

Fleas! exclaimed a landlord indignantly, there's not a single flea in my house. I don't believe there is, said the victimized lodger, they are all married, and have uncommon large families.

Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the thin vapor.

They catch fish at Towanda creek by making them jump into a boat. By representing the shadow of the boat in the water in such a way as to make it appear to the fish an obstruction, they jump to avoid it. A pike weighing 20 lbs. was caught in this way lately.

Manure in Stables.

We find the following useful suggestions in a late English Paper:
"It is well known that in a close stable where there is a good many horses, there is a very pungent smell, affecting the eyes and nose, more particularly when the stable is being cleaned out. This smell is occasioned by the flying off of ammonia, which is the very essence and value of manure, and which volatilizes or flies off at a very low temperature, even the warmth of the manure in a stable will send it off, and it goes off in great quantities, by the common heat of the manure in a farm yard, when thrown up in heaps or not. There is, however, a very cheap and simple remedy for this. Before you begin to clean out your stables dissolve some common salt in water; if a four horse stable, say four pounds of salt dissolved in two buckets of water and poured thro' the nose of a watering pan over the stable floor, an hour or so before you begin to move the manure, and the volatile salts of ammonia will become fixed salts, from their having united with the muriatic acid of the common salt, and the soda thus liberated from the salt, will quickly absorb carbonic acid of soda; thus you will retain with your manure the ammonia which would otherwise have flown away, and you have also a new and most important agent thus introduced, viz: the carbonic acid of soda. As this is a most powerful solvent of all vegetable fibre, and seeing that all manures have to be rendered soluble before they can act on vegetation, will be at once apparent that the carbonate of soda so introduced must be a powerful and valuable agent."

The late Fair at Rochester, N. Y., must have been an immense affair. It is estimated that there were at least four thousand wheeled carriages there, and ten thousand horses, and in the show ground some sixty Durham bulls, twenty stud horses, several hundred sheep and hogs, a thousand horses of all kinds, &c.—Eleven hundred sat down to the Agricultural supper.