

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## Jeffersonian Republican.

## Death in the Kitchen.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Tim, thou art right!—'Tis sure that I,  
And all who hear thee, are to die.  
The stoutest lad and wench  
Must lose their places at the will  
Of death, and go at last to fill  
The sexton's gloomy trench.  
The dreary grave!—Oh when I think  
How close ye stand upon its brink,  
My inward spirit groans!  
My eyes are filled with dismal dreams  
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems  
A charnel full of bones!  
Yes, jovial butler, thou must fail,  
As sinks the froth on thine own ale;  
Thy days will soon be done!  
Alas! the common hours that strike  
Are knells; for life keeps wasting, like  
A cask upon the run.  
Ay, hapless scullion! 'tis thy case:  
Life travels at a scouring pace,  
Far swifter than thy hand:  
The fast-decaying frame of man  
Is but a kettle or a pan,  
Time weets away with—sand!  
Thou need'st not, mistress cook! be told,  
The meat to-morrow will be cold  
That now is fresh and hot!  
E'en thus our flesh will, by and by,  
Be cold as stone!—Cook thou must die!  
There's death within the pot!  
Susannah, too, my lady's maid;  
Thy pretty person once must aid  
To swell the buried swarm!  
The "glass of fashion" thou wilt hold  
No more, but grovel in the mould,  
That's not the "mould of form!"  
Yes, Jonathan that drives the coach,  
He too well feels the fiend's approach—  
The grave will pluck him down;  
He must in dust and ashes lie,  
And wear the church-yard livery,  
Grass-green turned up with brown.  
How frail is our uncertain breath!  
The laundress seems full hale, but Death  
Shall her "last linen" bring.  
The groom will die, like all his kind;  
And e'en the stable boy will find  
This life no stable thing.  
Nay, see the household dog—e'en that  
The earth shall take—the very cat  
Will share the common fall;  
[Although she hold [the proverb saith]  
A ninefold life, one single death  
Suffices for them all!  
Cook, butler, Susann, Jonathan,  
The girl that scours the pot and pan,  
And those that tend the steeds—  
All, all shall have another sort  
Of service after this—in short  
The one the parson reads!

## Lime and Rats.

A gentleman of this city who had occasion to use considerable lime about his premises, which had heretofore been much infested with rats, informed us that these destructive little animals had suddenly ceased to appear or to annoy him—"before using the lime," said he, "you could scarcely walk across the yard after night without treading on them." He showed us several of their principal holes around which he had deposited a small portion of unslaked lime, which evidently had the effect of driving them from those places which they had resorted to in great numbers. The above is a simple and cheap method of getting rid of this annoying and destructive pest; suppose you try it.—*Memphis Appeal.*

## The Courtship and Honeymoon.

"To keep one sacred flame  
Through life unchilled, unmold—  
To love in wintry age the same  
As first in youth we loved."  
This is love—faithful love—  
Such as saints might feel above."

If we were constantly to bear in mind, in our passage through life, that "trifles make up the sum of human things," how much of the misery into which many of us now heedlessly plunge might be entirely avoided. Unhappily, there are but few in the married state who, in their remissions, are enabled to look upon the unbroken chain of bliss so beautifully depicted in the lines above quoted; and the only reason that we can imagine why it is not often realized is—next to the natural perversity of our race—the want of proper attention to the thousand little occurrences and unpleasant passages, confessedly trifling in themselves, but which in the aggregate, "make up in number what they want in weight."

It is not, however, our intention, even were we equal to the task, to digress into a dissertation upon the various ills which afflict humanity, or the probable causes which produce them; but merely to present the reader with a brief sketch, which will perhaps, serve, in some respects, to illustrate, as well the case with which the seeds of unhappiness may be incautiously strewn in the hearts of those who love us, as also what may be considered the infant or incipient state of that bright existence, warmed by that "sacred flame," which can alone qualify us

"To love in wintry age the same  
As first we loved in youth."

A festival was given by a young married lady—one of a numerous circle of acquaintance—on the return of her birth day, which was likewise the first anniversary of her marriage. A large party of her young friends, the part of whom had kneeled at the hymenial altar at about the same time with herself, were present to enliven the occasion. Mr. and Madame Mayland (for such shall be the name of the hostess) presented a most felicitous union and were noted for their tender regard for each other, which partook more of the romantic fondness which characterizes the young and hopeful lover, than that of which is usually observable in the sad realities of married life of even less than a year's standing. Happy within themselves they neglected no opportunity to administer to the joy and comfort of their friends whom they gathered about them and possessing the most agreeable and winning manners, it was rarely that their efforts to please were unsuccessful.

With such beings to entertain, it is easily imagined that their visitors at such times would be under very little restraint in pursuing the pleasures of the hour; and restraint in such cases, as all know, is a great bar to enjoyment. The conversations were animated, and for a time were participated in by all. Glowing with warmth and animation, after a number of other topics had been exhausted, the theme of matrimony was brought upon the tapis. This, in some respect was peculiarly appropriate to the exigence of the occasion; but, unfortunately it was suffered to take a turn the only result of which, if left unchecked, would be likely, in time, to grow into an unconquerable evil.

This untimely interruption of the general harmony which marked their intercourse for a few moments previous, was caused by some of the young husbands present, who were disposed to treat the matter in the most disagreeable light, by inveighing against matrimony, by ridiculing that condition and its valued pleasures, when compared with their former single blessedness." Some of the coarser minded among them went so far—and this in the presence of their wives—as to discourse eloquently upon the bright fields for various achievements which would be open to them, and upon which they might enter if they were unmarried.

"I would travel," said one.  
"I too," said another. "I would explore the old world and feast upon its curiosities and its wonders, ere I became a settled man."

"I would enter the lists of fame at home," said a third. "I would not yield to the blind impulses of Cupid until I had reached the highest seat in the Council of State."

"My choice," said a fourth, "were I permitted to recommence my career, should be the navy instead of a wife."

"And mine the army!"

Thus they proceeded through their lengthened category; but, alas, none said they would endeavor to make themselves and their wives contented and happy in their then present condition! All that they did say, though without apparently any evil or malicious intent, broadly enough implied that their wives were burthens to which they were chained, and which kept them from rising.

But there are some beings too exalted to be assailed with the trifling jest; and there be hearts whose chords are too exquisitely sensitive to resist the withering influence of the impious sneer, when coming from those they love, be the motive what it will. It was evident the words which fell from the lips of some of the

party, descended like drops of molten lava upon the hearts of their young and trusting wives, rendering them incapable of continuing their participation in the evening's enjoyments. This, though noticed by others, and particularly by Mr. and Mrs. Mayland, was entirely overlook'd or unheeded by those who were the cause of it.

Painful indeed was the result to all but such as were its active promoters. Mr. Mayland, who had withdrawn his voice and was sitting a silent spectator of what was going forward during this part of the conversation, was justly indignant at the excesses of his guests, and longed for an opportunity not only to change the tenor of their unbecoming observations, but to administer, at the same time, without involving any breach of hospitality, some suitable and effective rebuke. They, however, continued their bitter remarks; and at length noticing Mr. Mayland's silence, one of them approached, and tapping him upon the shoulder, said—

"Well, Mayland, here you sit as quiet as a mouse. What do you think of the matter, the advantages and disadvantages? We should like to have your opinion. What would you do if you were not married?"

His (Mayland's) sweetheart wife was sitting a little distance from him when this question was propounded. She had been highly delighted that her dear husband had abstained from joining in the reckless flow of words which had been passing; but now, seeing that he had been directly applied to, her heart leaped, and riveted her eyes upon him with mingled emotions of fear and hope. It was not, at that moment, a matter of much difficulty to read her countenance. It seemed to ask—"And am I too, to be compromised by my husband, as my friends have been by theirs?" But her suspense was of short duration.

"What would I do?" slowly repeated the lover husband; and then turning to meet the glance of his wife, he continued—"I would go immediately in search of Miss —, (repeating her maiden name,) offer her my heart and hand, and be blessed by receiving hers in return, and then get married as soon as possible."

The unexpected reply, so deliberately and firmly expressed, had the effect to produce instant silence. The satirical portion of the young gentlemen understood and appreciated its full force. They were suddenly abashed. It was a contrast with their own conduct too striking not to have its own weight. The young wife who was the subject of it, was so deeply affected—so filled with gratitude, that she had been spared the pain she had so fervently deprecated—that she sprung from her seat and fell upon his neck, and with a tear of joy glistening in her eye, said, in a subdued tone—

"My beloved husband, that answer is in consonance with what, to me, you have ever been. Would that I were more worthy your most devoted affection!"

"More worthy my dear wife," he returned, "more worthy you cannot be. You are to me a jewel of inestimable worth. Deprived of you, life would be to me one unrelieved blank."

He then impressed upon her forehead an impassioned kiss, and seated her gently beside him.

But the scene did not end here. The voices of those who a few minutes before were loudest in vain prattle, were now hushed in silence; and that silence needed to be broken by some spirit that could suggest a different and more agreeable pastime than that in which they had just been indulging, but which none now seemed disposed to renew. At this crisis, a married sister of the husband who had so suddenly changed the order of things, which she viewed with much satisfaction, noticed likewise the kiss, and for the purpose of putting an end to the awkward intermission, playfully asked, directing attentions to her brother—

"Are you not ashamed to be courting here before all the company?"

"The company," he returned, with an air of triumph which he could not well repress, "will please excuse us. We did not commence our regular courtship until after marriage, and it is not yet ended! We trust that it may continue through the whole course of our natural lives, and that we may spend our honeymoon in heaven!"

This was enough. The scene was indeed changed. The offending gentlemen immediately convinced of the pernicious tendency of their conduct—frankly acknowledged their error, and apologized to their wives—kissed them all round, and soon retired in perfect good humor, all well pleased with the lesson they had learned, and which was perhaps the means of saving them from many after years of discontent, alienation and misery.

A happier company than when that party again assembled, were never met together!—And this assurance, kind reader, is all the moral that need be written.

It was stated in a meeting of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, last week, that one person, Mr. Culbertson, on the bank of the Licking, had 60 hands constantly employed in picking strawberries, and that he sent 125 bushels of the fruit daily to the Cincinnati market.

## Horrible Spectacle.

An English paper of a late date, received by the Caledonia, contains the following:—On Thursday week, at Barmoor limekiln, near Lowick, Northumberland, James Johnstone, aged 45, laborer, was standing on a large mass of limestone, and endeavoring to break it in pieces, when it suddenly sunk down about five feet, and he became embedded in the centre of the burning kiln. His fellow-laborers, and several quarymen, endeavored to extricate him from his awful position, but without success. He was wedged in so fast that they could not draw him out with a rope which they had thrown to him, and which he had fastened round his body; neither could they drag him out by means of horses, brought from Mr. Phillips's farm. The miserable sufferer threw the burning stones from about him until his fingers were burnt off, still he could not be liberated. His thoughts seemed ever more intent upon his children than upon himself.

He was continually lamenting the too evident prospect of their becoming fatherless.—His sister was present at the awful scene, but would not allow the children to be brought. Dr. Taylor of Lowick, also witnessed the sad sight, and told the wretched man, at length, that his death was inevitable. His legs were nearly burnt from his body, and his bowels protruded; yet, strange to say, he stated that he suffered no pain; he stretched his arms, and lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and offered up a solemn and earnest prayer for himself and children; and then, drawing his hat over his eyes, he died, (within three quarters of an hour from the time of the accident,) retaining the full possession of his mental powers to the last. The body was afterward lifted out of the kiln by means of a rope and pulley.

## Important to those who Bet on Elections.

A principle of law was decided in the District Court for Philadelphia, on Saturday last, which politicians who bet on the result of elections will find it important to know and remember: A case came up for trial in this Court some time since, in which Geo. W. Williams sought to recover a stake of \$100, which he had deposited with William C. Nickens, in a bet on the result of an election with a person by the name of trout. Williams won the wager, but for some reason the stakeholder refused to give him the money, or to return him his stake. The judge ordered him to be nonsuited, on learning the nature of the case, when a motion was made to take off the nonsuit, which, as usual, was discussed before all the Judges. On Saturday Judge Pettit delivered the opinion of the Court, which sustained the former decision, upon the ground that, under the laws of this State, money bet and staked on an election cannot be recovered by or from either of the parties, but becomes, as soon as it is staked, the property of the Guardians of the Poor, and may be sued for and recovered for the use of the poor at any time within two years after the bet. This is certainly an admirable doctrine, although new to many, and will, if insisted upon and enforced, do more to check the vice of betting on elections than any other plan suggested. The Guardians of the Poor must look out for bets and betters during the coming fall.

## The Potato—How to Boil It.

The properties of potatoes are various. They are especially nutritious to those who take much exercise, but to those of a thin or spare habit they are not so. They require to be cooked with care. An Irishman says, they should always be cooked in an iron saucepan, and that they should not be peeled when cooked, as much of their nutriment is thereby lost, but only washed and a little scraped at farthest.—They should soak for an hour before being put in the pan, in cold water, just covering them. When the water begins to boil, let a tea cup full of cold water be put in, which checking the boiling, gives time for their being cooked without breaking. When tried with a fork and found done, the water is poured off, and they are left to stand for a short time over a gentle fire, by which the remaining moisture is evaporated; they are then peeled for the table, and found, if of a good kind, mealy and delicate. Or put them in a pot with cold water, and with the top loosely on; let them boil gradually with the water just covering them. After a time put the top closely on and boil them until soft, pour off the water, drain them in a cullender, then put them on again without water, and dry them till they split.

## An Unfailing Sign.

When the swallows fly low, be sure rain is at hand. Yesterday morning could scarcely have been surpassed for the clearness of the sky, and the elasticity of the atmosphere. At the same time there was an unerring indication of rain. The swallows were skimming the surface of the ground. Before noon the clouds gathered slowly over the horizon, and a drenching rain fell before sun-down.—*New Haven Courier.*

From the Mill Boy.

## The Coons of Old Lancaster.

WRITTEN FOR THE EARL TOWNSHIP CLAY CLUB.

TUNE—"Old Dan Tucker."

The moon was shining clear and bright,  
The stars in thousands gemmed the night,  
High on a rail the Coons were strung,  
And thus unto themselves they sung:  
Get out of the way, or travel faster,  
For we're the Coons of Old Lancaster.

Now when against our good old 'Fip,  
The Lokies ran their spavined Rip,  
We wrote our name to thousands four,  
And now we'll pledge a thousand more.  
Get out of the way, &c.

When we went down to Baltimore,  
In numbers more than fifty score,  
We lined our ranks with blooming roses,  
Expressly meant for Lokies' noses.  
Get out of the way, &c.

But Lord the Lokies at the sight,  
At first grew red and then grew white,  
It fell on 'em like aguey weather,  
And knocked their trembling knees together.  
Get out of the way, &c.

'Tis said that roses thrive the best  
When dirt about their roots is press'd;  
Thus we, by Berks and York enclosed,  
Can beat 'em both, if so disposed.  
Get out of the way, &c.

We'll join, through triumph and through toil,  
To plant our tree in good Clay soil,  
And take this motto from the rose,  
Perfume for friends and thorns for foes.  
Get out of the way, &c.

Some Coons are grey and some are white,  
Some love play and some love fight,  
But in the thickest of the fray,  
We're always known to thump away.  
Get out of the way, &c.

We'll poke poor Polk in every fight,  
And drive old Dallas out of sight,  
And shout "Huzza, the stock is rising  
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen!"  
Get out of the way or travel faster,  
For we're the Coons of Old Lancaster.

Old files are ugly things to bite against  
Whether they be of iron or paper! The York  
Republican gives some curious extracts from  
the past. In 1835 the friends of Gov. Wolf's  
re-election celebrated the Fourth of July in  
Lancaster; and among others the following  
toast was given by a gentleman long a Lococo-  
editor—a man of acknowledged abilities,  
and still, we believe, a member of that party:—

"By HUGH MAXWELL.—The *Mullies* now,  
as since the creation, 'an odd product neither  
horse nor ass but something between, wild,  
stubborn, intractable, and incapable of increase."

These are certainly by means commendable  
qualities; but they are no doubt characteristic  
of the hybrid creature to which they are attributed  
by Mr. MAXWELL; and as "Mully" only  
received 40,000 out of the 200,000 votes polled  
for Governor in 1835, and is "incapable of in-  
creasing" them he must be soundly beaten next  
October. Indeed another toast given at the  
same celebration seems to presage the parson's  
fate as aptly now as then:

"By JACOB RINEHART.—The race over the  
*Pennsylvania Course in October next*—If the old  
saying of "Nick takes the hindmost" be true, he  
will surely have the Parson."

## Polk and Free Trade.

The Washington Standard has immediately  
over the nominations of POLK and DALLAS,  
whom it warmly supports, the following extract  
from Calhoun's letter:

"The great popular party is already rallied  
almost *en masse* around the banner which is  
leading the party to its final triumph. The few  
that still lag, will soon be rallied under its  
ample folds. On that banner is inscribed—FREE  
TRADE; LOW DUTIES." &c. &c.

This assertion of Mr. CALHOUN was a proph-  
ecy—the few that lagged, have rallied under  
the ample folds of FREE TRADE, POLK and  
DALLAS. This is the issue, Pennsylvanians!  
"Free Trade with Polk," against "a Tariff  
Policy with Clay." Choose ye between them  
—choose, but do not say after the election, if  
you are betrayed, that you were not weekly  
warned from the columns of our paper and oth-  
er Whig prints, that the election of POLK would  
be the repeal of the Tariff of 1842, and the de-  
struction of the Protective Policy.

IF COL. JOHNSON should most undoubtedly  
have been placed on the same ticket with Polk,  
for they have one principle in common, viz:  
"My opinion is that WOOL should be duty  
free!"—*James K. Polk.*