

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL 5.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1844.

No. 31

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
C. W. DE WITT.

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 27 1/2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion: larger ones in proportion. A special discount will be made to yearly advertisers.  
All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

**JOB PRINTING.**

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

**FANCY PRINTING.**

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts,

JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER

BLANKS,

PAMPHLETS, &c.

Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

**We'll not Give up the Bible.**

We won't give up the Bible—  
God's holy book of truth,  
The blessed staff of hoary age,  
The guide of early youth,  
The lamp which sheds a glorious light,  
O'er every dreary road,  
The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,  
And leads us home to God.  
We won't give up the Bible,  
God's holy book of truth.

We won't give up the Bible,  
For it alone can tell  
The way to save our ruined souls  
From being sent to hell.  
And it alone can tell us how  
We can have hopes of heaven—  
That through the Saviour's precious blood  
Our sins may be forgiven.  
We won't give up the Bible, &c.

We won't give up the Bible;  
But if ye force away  
What is as our own life-blood dear  
We still with joy could say:  
"The words that we have learned while young  
Shall follow all our days;  
For they're engraven on our hearts,  
And still shall guide our ways."  
We won't give up the Bible, &c.

We won't give up the Bible,—  
We'll shout it far and wide;  
Until the echo shall be heard  
Beyond the rolling tide.  
Till all shall know that we, though young,  
Withstand each treacherous art;  
And that from God's own sacred word  
We'll never, never part!  
We won't give up the Bible, &c.

**Temperance Call.**

Children all, both great and small,  
Answer to the temperance call;  
Mary, Margaret, Jane and Sue,  
Charlotte, Ann and Fanny too,  
Cheerily, heartily come along,  
Sign our pledge and sing our song.  
No strong drink shall pass our lips,  
He's in danger who but sips.  
Come, then, children, one and all,  
Answer to the temperance call;  
Cheerily, readily come along, Sign, &c.

Where's the boy that would not shrink  
From the bondage of strong drink?  
Come then, Joseph, Charles and Tom,  
Henry, Samuel, James and John;  
Cheerily, eagerly come along, Sign, &c.  
Who have misery, want and woe?  
All who to the bottle go.  
We resolve their road to shun,  
And in temperance paths to run.  
Cheerfully, manfully come along, Sign, &c.

Good cold water does for us;  
Costs no money; makes none worse;  
Gives no bruises; steals no brains;  
Breeds no quarrels, woes, nor pains.  
Readily, joyfully come along, Sign, &c.  
Who would life and health prolong?  
Who'd be happy, wise and strong?  
Let alone the drunkard's bane,  
Half-way pledges are in vain.  
Cheerfully, joyfully, you and you,  
Sign the pledge and keep it too.

It is said that the Texans, all along the Louisiana line, annexed themselves to the United States at the recent election.

A STAUNCH WHIG TOWN.—Shepherdstown, (in Jefferson county, Va.) with a population of FOURTEEN HUNDRED, pulled only twenty-nine votes for Polk.

**A Reminiscence of the Late War.**

"The King of France, with forty thousand men, March'd up the hill, and then—march'd down again!"

"There appeared to be some fatality attending almost all our attacks upon America, during the war."

CAPT. MARRYATT.

About the middle of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, the inhabitants of a village not far from the mouth of the Genesee river were thrown into tumult of alarm, by the appearance of a British fleet under Sir J. L. Yeo, off their shores. In the general consternation and confusion, various "expedients were proposed, rejected, suggested again," for ridding themselves of their unwelcome visitor. Some were in favor of an immediate fortification of their dwellings; others thought it more easy to keep them off shore, and prevent their landing, than to defend their families after they had landed. The proposition was at last suggested by a timid citizen, "to retire," and save what they could in a hurried flight. But stoutly and manfully the people rejected this shameful proposition, and put their heads together to concoct a plan more agreeable to their sturdy patriotism.

During this time of doubt and uncertainty, it was a moving spectacle to see the "tremblings of distress" which many of the good people exhibited, as the ships of the fleet slowly neared the shore. Mothers shrieked and clasped their infants to their bosoms in fearful anxiety; the little girls cried, while the larger ones looked on their sweet hearts for protection in this hour of peril. These latter again bluntly declared that they would not run, but would stick by and see fair play. "Let the red coats come on; we'll meet 'em!" One young gallant, exasperated at seeing the affliction of his lady love, swore that the British were a "set of rascally, heathenish ragamuffins, good for nothing under God's heaven but to scare women and children!" The more sagacious saw in this move the destruction of their stores, and feared for the result.

Determining at last not to yield without a show of fight, the militia were assembled, men and boys, in all three hundred strong, and occupied an elevated position near the lake, whence they could see all the manoeuvres of the fleet. Presently a boat was seen to put off from the Commodore's ship. Now let the valiant soldiers nerve themselves for the contest! But stop! It is a flag of truce! Now our friends are in a worse dilemma than before being entirely guiltless of any knowledge of military or naval etiquette, or indeed of military affairs in general, save the regular militia drill. What a predicament! Nobody seemed to know what to do, but every body was of the opinion that something must be done. After some deliberation, hastened undoubtedly by the rapid approach of the boat, Lieutenant B was delegated to lead a file of men drawn to water's edge and "find out what was wanted."

As this lieutenant is a conspicuous character in this reminiscence, it may not be amiss to give the reader a description of his person. In the words of a backwoodsman, "he was a great favorite among the girls in the village—and had enjoyed a great name in the military line, having commanded a company of volunteers in New Hampshire, before he emigrated to the west." A shrewd, yet reckless disposition marked all his actions. A man couldn't get round him, no more than he could choke a lion, and yet he was as open hearted a chap as ever kissed a pretty girl before she knew it. I've seen him manoeuvring the sappers, too, when Captain Shute used to be to the widow's Saturday evening, and couldn't attend to the military exercise." In short, the gallant lieutenant was a universal favorite, particularly among the ladies, who regarded him as their especial guardian and champion in these troublesome times.

Putting himself at the head of his men, the worthy lieutenant marched rapidly down the hill, and forming a line near the water's edge, awaited the next movement in stern silence.—Indeed, he afterwards said "that he wasn't so sure but the fellows in the boat wanted to play 'em a trick, and if there ever was a time when he felt a great responsibility on him, it was then!" He did not wait long before he was hailed by the British messenger: "Is that the way you receive a flag of truce? It is generally the custom to meet without arms on such

occasions."

"Well!" said the lieutenant, still maintaining his soldier-like position, without turning his head. "I didn't know but you might cut up some devilry or other with our people: howsumdver, as you seem to be a pretty peaceable, well-disposed, well-behaved sort of a fellow, my men, may right about a little ways." So turning on his heel, *a la militaire*, he ordered his men to retire a few rods, and hold themselves in readiness for further action. By this time the boat was close in shore, and the messenger, and officer, as appeared from his uniform, was about stepping ashore, when the Yankee interrupted him:

"I say, hello, mister! you don't come on this ground, till I know what you're after! So, jest stay in the boat and say your say out!"

The Englishman, perceiving that it would be useless to oppose this appeal, resumed his position in the boat, and declared his mission, which was to demand a surrender of the stores that were concealed there or thereabout, on penalty of instant destruction in case of a refusal. Our officer replied:

"I don't know about that 'ere last part of the business; but I will consult my superiors, and get their opinion on the subject."

Turning to his men he ordered them to wait, and not "let that chap come ashore till he come back, when (added he, addressing the officer) I'll report progress, and let you know how we conclude the act." So saying, he marched up the hill and disappeared among the crowd! After some minutes conversation with the older inhabitants, and a few young leaders in the little army, he resumed his march down the hill, and placing himself in front of his men, who had awaited his return, agreeably to order, he delivered himself of the following reply to the demand of the British:

"I am ordered by the General to tell you that we shall keep the stores until the king shall send a force sufficient to take them away. So, if you want 'em badly, you must get 'em the best way you can."

Somewhat astonished at the reception he had met with, and seeing nothing very inviting in the countenance of the sturdy Yankee, the servant of the king gave the word to his men, and they quickly returned to his ship.

While these occurrences were taking place, the crowd on the hill were suddenly dispersed, and the militia in regular order filed off to the right, appeared again on the hill, in sight of the fleet, but in a different order, so as to present the appearance of a new company just arrived from another quarter. These again in turn filed off, and immediately another body of men came in sight directly in front, filed off and disappeared like the former. These manoeuvres were repeated again and again; and the motley uniforms of citizens, with a great noise of drum and fife, contributed not a little to the deception.

After this had continued a considerable time, the lieutenant remarked, probably somewhat fatigued with his arduous duties, that the Britishers didn't seem in any hurry about their stores, and he reckoned that they would take time to consider the matter some, afore they tried it? And so it proved; for the British commander deliberated a long before making apparent movement; and after firing a few guns, with no other effect than to waken the echoes of the dense forest which skirted the lake, and elicit a few screams from the females, he sailed leisurely away, to the no small gratification of the Americans, who feared for the success of the ruse. But the final disappearance of the fleet, in the course of the afternoon, quieted entirely the doubts of the most timorous; and they returned to their dwellings sincerely thanking that Providence, or 'fatality,' as the worthy captain has it, which had protected them from the destruction that had threatened them.

The evening was spent in joyous festivity, and the agents of this great 'fatality' were by no means forgotten in the general joy. Lieutenant B— was the hero of the day, and nobly he bore his honors; gallantly reaping the reward of his labors in the smiles of the ladies whom he had protected. It is even asserted that he was seen to steal various kisses from the lips of these pretty charmers, in the course of the evening.

**Patrick McNoggin's Letter.**

The following letter is taken from the Danvers (Mass.) Whig; which introduces it with the following remarks:

**IMPORTANT LETTER!!!**—We make no apology for presenting the following letter to our readers, and only say it was not stolen and was not "picked up in the mud." If Patrick will call upon us, we will explain the manner in which we came by it to his entire satisfaction.

Letter from Patrick McNoggin in Danvers, America—to Michael O'Flanagan, Kilmore, Ireland.

MICHAEL MY DEARY:—The top of the morning to you Michael, and can't you pick up your little bit things, and be after coming over to this blessed country; and bring Swaney, and Bridget, and the twins, and Patrick, and little Michael, and the other twins, and the baby, and the rest of 'em? And if you'll be after coming, you can live on the best of paraties, that can be had for the diggin, and then you can have coffee and paraties in the morning, and paraties and tay at night, and mate and paraties for dinner seven days in the week besides Fridays, when you know the Praste won't let us have any mate. Its a land o'liberty, Michael, and we want the sons of the Grane Isle to come over and help us to make a Praisident—and what's that Patrick! says you. I'll tell you Michael. It's the man that rules the Yankees, and gives the offices to the Irishmen. I want you to come this blessed month, and help us choose Jemmy O'Poke for Praisident; and he's as gude an Irishman as any of us, only he wasn't born in his own native country. It's he that was spaker of the House, when they wouldn't let him spake at all.

Now, when you come over here Michael, my honey, and the big-bellied man from the Custom House tells you to hurrah for Young Hakery, he names Jemmy O'Poke, that's the son of Zakiel O'Poke, his grandfather. But after all, Jemmy ain't the son of his own father, he's the darlin' child of Ould Hakery Jackson, and Ould Hakery's mother, you know, was an Irishman. I tell you Mike, this a great country, where you can dig on the rail-road in summer, and live in the Workhouse all winter, for nothing at all, and no rint to pay.

The Americans have got a great ugly thing here, they call the Tariff, but what it is, it puzzles the likes o' me to tell ye. They say it's a great fence across the harbors, and all round America, to keep off everything the Yankees can make themselves. So you see, Michael, it makes the Americans have all their own work to do, and what is worst of all, they get all the money for doin' it. Now Mike, that's what I call *chating*. It makes 'em live in their nate houses, and wear their good clothes, and ate their coffee and tay, and drink their mate and paraties, and go to their heretick churches—and aint that downright *chating* all the good Catholics in Kilmore.

Now Michael ye're a nice cobbler, and no mither's son in Kilmore can bate you in making a brogue, or tapping a shoe—and supposin' you wants to make fifty brogues, for me and Rory O'Scroogin, and the rest of us that diggin on the Danvers rail-road. Don't ye just go to Kilkenny, and buy your leather of Tommy M'Hide, the tanner, and don't ye git Benny M'Blubber to curry it! And don't ye go to Dooblin and git your lasts, and your tools, and your pegs, and your lining skins, and binding skins? And don't you cut out your brogues, and then git Billy Doon and Sawney O'Tool that's glad to get tenpence a day, to make 'em up! And then, don't you git M'Adze, the carpenter, to make a nate box to put 'em in, and don't you mark it on the top in this way:

To  
Patrick McNoggin  
this side up,  
FROM KILMORE, IRELAND, TO  
PATRICK IN AMERICA,  
Danvers,  
50 Brogues

And then Michael, don't you send it to me, and I and Rory, and the rest of us git our brogues for 50 cents, instead of giving Misher Manning, and Mr. Dane, the Yankee brogue makers, a Dollar! No we don't Michael. And why? says you. Wait a bit and I'll tell you, says I. This great lubberly Tariff sticks up his fence in Boston harbor, and stops your nice box of brogues, and tells Patrick McNoggin, (and that's me) and Rory, and the rest of us, "you can't have your brogues until you pay Uncle Sam enough money to make 'em cost more than Misher Manning's and Misher Dane's Yankee brogues do."

Now I ask you, Michael, aint that *chating* you? And don't it chate Billy Doon, and Sawney O'Toole, that made the brogues? And doesn't it chate Tommy M'Hide, the Tanner, and Benny M'Blubber, the Currier! And isn't it chating the Dooblin folks that made the lasts, and the tools, and the pegs? And aint it *chating* the farmer that sells the paraties, and the carpenter, M'Adze, who made the box, and the Praste you confess to, and the Butcher that cured Sawney O'Toole's ninth child of the typhus fever.

I say, Mike, don't you in Ireland, and England, and Germany, and France, and all about there, want good houses and mate and tay, as well as the Yankees? And aint the men that makes brogues in Kilmore every bit as good as Misher Manning, and Misher Dane, and the men that's doin' their work! And can't them live in mud houses, and ate paraties without any salt, as well as Billy Doon and Sawney O'Toole! Then come over and vote for Young Hakery, that's for the Repale of the Tariff. Repale! is the word in America, as well as Ould Ireland.

From Yours,

PATRICK McNOGGIN.

P. S. I'm done now, Michael, and send this by the good stamer Hibernia, and hope you'll get it before she gets there. The Yankees are going to have another kind of a stamer, that aint no stamer at all, but it sends letters by thunder and lightning, so Michael, can't I send you a letter before it is writ, and get an answer before I send it.

PATRICK.

**A Job for a Dentist.**

A young chap whom we once knew in the country, and always full of fun and frolic, found one day an old dry-bone of some defunct horse lying beside the road. He picked it up, for the purpose of having it operated on, as he said. "Why do you bring this here?" asked the dentist, giving a suspicious look at both the boy and the old jaw bone. "Well, doctor," said the youth, "I want you to tighten all these loose teeth what rattle, and fill them 'ere three up and putty and warrant 'em." "Get out of my office, you young scamp," said the enraged toothologist, "or I'll help you out with my foot!" The little joker retreated, in double quick time, for the door, but ere he closed it, he turned round and said, with a cunning smile, "Now, look here, doctor, you needn't get mad about it, it's a first rate job for you, and father says, if you only do it well, you may come and operate on his old saw, pull a tooth out of his harrow, and take a look at Nabby's comb."

Mr. Dow, Jr., after demonstrating that wealth does not procure happiness, says, "A man who owns a small house, a small farm, a small wife, a big dog, a farrow cow, two or three fat pigs, and nine children, ought to be satisfied. If he isn't, he never can be."

A man killing hogs, became vexed, and venting his spleen, wished they were in h—l. "O dear me, mother, what can be mean!" exclaimed his daughter. "Mean! I s'pose he wants his provision sent on beforehand!"

**Astronomical.**—Coffee, which do you think the most useful of the planets—de sun or moon!

"Well, Sambo, I tink de moon orter to take the fus rank in dat ar' ticular."

"Wha, wha, why you tink so, Cuffee!"

"Well, I tell you—kaze she shines by night, when we do want light, and the sun shines by day when we do not!"

"Well, Cuff, you is de greatest nigger I knoso on—dat's a real fac."

**Effectual Remedy for a Balking Horse.**—If you have a horse that refuses to draw just take a cat and tie it on the horse's back; then get into the carriage and begin to whip the cat; this will set the cat to scratching and biting the horse, and rely on it, if you are not very careful, the horse will run away with you and the cat both together.

**RATTLESNAKE.**—We can hardly credit it, but we see a certificate in a Georgia paper, stating that a Rattlesnake had been killed in Evansville, 7 feet 11 inches in length, 15 inches in circumference, and with tusks 1 1/2 inches in length!

**THE ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS,** (John Record, Esq.) left Bucks Co., Pa., two years ago, a poor lawyer, to join the Oregon expedition which left St. Louis in the Spring of 1843—participated in the dangers and misery to which the expedition was exposed—arrived in the Oregon territory poor and friendless—passed on to the Sandwich Islands—became a subject of the King, and was appointed Attorney General of the kingdom, with a handsome salary.

The Governor's Proclamation for Thanksgiving was read on Sunday in the Churches. In one of them was an old Revolutionary Patriot, who, when the minister concluded the "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," ejaculated in an audible voice, "He did that last Monday."—Greenfield (Mass.) Gaz.

Pride has starved more men than famine.