

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE

## Jeffersonian Republican.

## Jeremiah Higgins' Courtship.

Near Newtown dwelt a damsel fair,  
With rosy cheeks and dark brown hair,  
And near her lived a hearty youth,  
The only son of mother Ruth.

The maiden's name it was Kesiah,  
The youth was called Jeremiah;  
A prettier pair was never seen,  
In all them parts where I has been.

Now Jeremiah, young and sly,  
On sweet Kesiah kept his eye:  
At last he thought it best,—says he,  
'I wonder if she would have me!'

Then Jeremiah, in his best,  
To put Kesiah to the test,  
Right down he goes clean shirt and shoes,  
To ask Kesiah how she does.

Kesiah sat to hum alone,  
A wond'rin where the beaux was gone;  
When Jeremiah walked right in,  
And frightened her so, it was a sin!

He took a seat close by the window,  
A great way off and right behind her,  
Says she, 'you'd better draw your chair  
Close to the fire, you're freezin there!'

'I ain't pertickler,' Jerry said,  
But felt confused and hung his head,  
'Oh, Jeremiah, what's the news,  
Pray tell me something to amuse!'

'I hain't heard nothin' new of late,  
'Kept Jimmy Hawkins broke our gate,  
Our speckled cow has got a calf,'  
Then Jerry gave a chucklin' laugh.

So there they sat, as mum as bricks,  
While Jerry whittled up two sticks;  
At last Kesiah did conclude  
That Jerry's conduct was too rude.

She screamed right out; 'Oh, let me go!  
How, Jerry can you treat me so!'  
Up started Jerry in a fright,  
And stared at her with all his might.

'I ain't a touchin you!' he cried;  
'Well ain't you goin' to then?' she sighed.  
Then Jeremiah took the joke,  
And laughed till he did almost choke.

Next Sunday in the church was read,  
That Jeremiah ment to wed,  
Kesiah blushed as red as fire,  
And stole a look at Jeremiah.

About nine months or a leetle arter,  
Sweet Kesiah, she had a darter;  
This child so pleased the tender mother,  
That in one year she had another.

As you a Circumstance.—'Pete I want to ax  
you a circumstance?  
'Make a brake, niggar.'

'Why is a niggars head like a United States  
Omnibus? Does you givs him up?  
'Wouldn't do nothin' else.'

'Cause dey carry passengers outside.'  
'Mr. Nigga, dis will mortalize you.'

Smoking Hams.—Hams are very effectually  
preserved from the attacks of the fly, while their  
quality is not at all injured, by throwing red pepper  
upon the fire in the smoke house, during the  
latter part of the operation

INTERESTING PREDICAMENT.—A party of loafers  
stole a pail of milk from a spring house, and  
proceeded to drink the milk. When they had drunk  
nearly all they found a dead rat lying at the bot-  
tom. They must have felt pleasant about that  
time.

LOVELY.—A bachelor's party came off in Ro-  
chester, New York, a few days since. Not a fe-  
male was present. Poor fellows!

The Mormons have opened a Church in St. Louis.

## The Secret of Success.

There are some men who appear born to good fortune, and others whose destiny appears to subject them to eternal failure and disaster. The ancients represented Fortune as a blind goddess, because she distributed her gifts without discrimination; and in more modern times the belief has been prevalent, that the fortunes of a man were ruled chiefly by the planet under which he was born. These superstitions, however ridiculous, show at least that the connection between merit and success is not very conspicuous, yet it is not therefore the less perpetual. To succeed in the world is of itself a proof of merit; of a vulgar kind indeed it may be, but a useful kind notwithstanding. We grant, indeed, that those qualities of mind which make a man succeed in life, are to a great extent subversive of genius. Nevertheless, numerous illustrious examples might be given of men of the highest genius being as worldly-wise as duller mortals. It is the pretenders to genius, rather than the possessors of it, who claim the large exemption from those rules of prudence which regulate the conduct of ordinary mortals, and array themselves in the deformities of genius, in the idea that they constitute its beauties. There are some indiscretions, to which men of a vigorous fancy and keen sensibility are naturally heir, and for which it would be as unjust to condemn them with rigour, as it would be to blame one of the cold-blooded sons of discretion for being destitute of poetic fire. Yet every deviation from prudence is a fault and is not to be imitated, though it may sometimes be excused.

The most important element of success is economy; economy of money and of time. By economy we do not mean penuriousness, but merely such wholesome thrift as will disincite us to spend our time or money without an adequate return either in gain or enjoyment. An economical application of time brings leisure and method and enables us to drive our business, instead of our business driving us. There is nothing to attend with results so disastrous, as such a miscalculation of our time and means as will involve us in perpetual hurry and difficulty. The brightest talents must be ineffective under such a pressure, and a life of expenditures has no end but penury. Our recipe for succeeding in the world, then, is this: work much and spend little. If this advice be followed, success must come unless, indeed, some unwise adventure, or some accident against which no human foresight could provide, such as sickness, conflagration, or other visitation of Providence, should arrest the progress onwards; but in the ordinary course of human affairs, success will ever wait upon economy, which is the condition by which prosperity must be earned. Worldly success however, though universally coveted, can be only desirable in so far as it contributes to happiness, and it will contribute to happiness very little, unless there be cultivated a lively benevolence towards every animated being. 'Happiness,' it has been finely observed, 'is in the proportion of the number of things we love and the number of things that love us.' To this sentiment we most cordially subscribe, and we should wish to see it written on the table of every heart, and producing its fruits of charity. The man, whatever be his fame, or fortune, or intelligence, who can treat lightly another's woe—who is not bound to his fellow-men by the magic tie of sympathy, deserves, aye, and will obtain, the contempt of human kind. Upon him all the gifts of fortune are thrown away. Happiness he has none; his life is a dream; a mere lethargy, without a throb of human emotion, and he will descend to the grave unwept, unhonored, and unsung. Such a fate is not to be envied, and let those who are intent upon success, remember that success is nothing without happiness.—The Apprentice.

## Burial of the Dead.

An idea that grave-yards, in cities and thickly populated towns, are unhealthy and propagate diseases, has long prevailed and frequent experiments have been made in order to ascertain the truth.—The subject, however, has recently been examined with still greater care by a number of scientific gentlemen in Europe and this country—and their researches have fully satisfied them, that the evils complained of have not been exaggerated but rather underestimated.

It has been ascertained by analysis that the atmosphere over grave yards, compared with the atmospheric air taken from a distance, indicates chemical changes prejudicial to healthy respiration, and therefore, as a matter of course deleterious to human life. These deleterious emanations from decomposed human remains, it appears, not only ascend and contaminate the air, but are so subtle that they penetrate the earth in every direction, and even taint the water in wells that lie adjacent to burial places.

These emanations are more extensive, and consequently more dangerous, during the prevalence of a raging disease. Then deaths and internments are more numerous, and grave-yards engender

miasma in greater abundance and in a shorter period. For example, in 1832, during the existence of the Asiatic Cholera, a substance of a very singular description was detected by close analytical experiments. Beefsteaks raised into the air by means of kites, and meat exposed to the air where Cholera prevailed, were in a short time covered with animalcules of a peculiar kind.

In an open space, (as in the country) where habitations are few, and tregs and grass abundant, deaxidation soon takes place, and no perceptible injury results from the internment of the dead. But where grave-yards are hemmed in by numerous buildings, and the sun acts upon them, the air, which is contaminated by the destructive gases which arise from the graves, is prevented from escaping, and necessarily engenders disease. This is so in a time of ordinary health, when the number of deaths are comparatively few. How much more deleterious then to the health of the community must a grave-yard situated in a town or city be during the prevalence of an epidemic.

In a recent discussion upon this subject at the Franklin Institute, one of the speakers remarked, that if it could be shewn that the health of the community had suffered from such a cause, the point would be established. He then stated a number of cases, where injury and death had been sustained by persons coming immediately in contact with emanations from decomposed animal matter; and among them the following: During the days of the Empire, in France, the slaughter houses of Paris were examined by the Chemists; and the workmen sickened and died in removing them. A short time ago a gentleman from the South visited Philadelphia, to find the body of his child, which had been buried in a vault in one of the city burial grounds. As there was no inscription one of the other coffins was touched, and the gas which escaped overpowered him.

This is a subject of vast importance to every community, and deserving the most serious consideration.—Wing.

## [BY REQUEST.]

## The Devil Outwitted.

### AN INCIDENT OF METHODISM.

Messrs. Editors,—Some twenty-five years ago a camp-meeting was held in the town of Sharon, Schoharie county, N. Y., Eben Smith, presiding elder, myself preacher in charge.

On Saturday night it was reported that a company of rude people from a certain neighborhood in the town of Summit had erected a tent for their accommodation, to spend the sabbath, supposed not to be for any good, but finally resulted in their good, as the sequel will show. About midnight I was directed by the presiding elder to take certain persons with me to remove that company from the ground. In so doing I found them all abed, their lights put out. In their removal it was said that there was some damage to bonnets, clothing, &c., and as I was the manager they resolved on having revenge; and as my appointment, after the camp broke up, was not far from their neighborhood, one of the company took a warrant to have me apprehended and brought before Esquire Harvey Brown, (now a preacher in the M. E. Church.) After preaching three times and meeting three classes on the same day, the constable presented his warrant. I accordingly went three miles to the place appointed for the investigation, found there about forty men collected to see the Methodist preacher tried, (Methodists were scarce in that country at that period of time.) The justice of the peace was sent for. In the meantime many hard speeches and imprecations were heard from the lips of those present; but I remained mostly silent, hoping and praying that my divine Master would make his power known in great mercy. I shall never be able to describe my feelings on that occasion, for humble as was the instrument, the grace of my Saviour was singularly exalted. As this was near the time of harvest, I was not willing to call the people from their labors to a trial in which there were no great consequences pending. Accordingly when the court was called, the plaintiff offered settlement upon the small payment of seventy-five cents costs, which was got legally due from me, but I thought rather than put the community to the expense of \$200, it would be better to "suffer wrong than to do wrong;" so I paid the costs.

As it was customary in those days to have many grog-shops, and much spirits used, and magistrates and citizens being in the habit of using them, when the squire received the costs, it being in the bar-room, where there were about forty unconverted men, with myself and five good brethren, the squire called for a half pint of rum. The moment that he said "rum," it entered into my heart to pray. I asked the squire if he would wait a moment before he had his rum? "No objection." I said to the landlord, May I pray in your house? "No objection." When I said pray, a solemn sense of the presence of God was felt—every man's hat was off; I and my brethren knelt down. I prayed to the Lord. Solemnly rested upon the

audience. The squire, who was a skeptic said he thought his moral excellence was as good as my pharisaical prayer, but before prayer was over he said that he thought or felt rum would not taste good, and when prayer was ended, found that one of his props of infidelity had fallen out. I then called for my horse, it being 12 o'clock at night. The landlord would take no pay, and requested me to call again. I bade the squire good by, rode four miles, and put up at three o'clock in the morning. At this time there was a great revival on what is called Sharon circuit. This was the second year of my travelling as an itinerant minister. Many of the converts of that revival are yet living members in the militant Church, with whom my affections are closely united and will never be ruptured.

When I came around near the place where the constable conducted me on a warrant, I left an appointment with the people that I would preach at Summit Four Corners—and left an appointment for four weeks after. After preaching I inquired who felt the need of the Saviour, and gave an invitation to all such to come forward and kneel down for prayers.

At that time there were five persons, all heads of families, and the squire first. When I came around again, there were many forward for prayers, and the squire among them. At this time he says, "Go home with me." In leaving the place of worship I put my arm around his neck. Then he said he thought he should die. But he soon found spiritual life in believing in Jesus; after this his house became a resting place for Methodist ministers and he became a leader and preacher in the M. E. Church. When I left there were about forty persons in society, the squire being leader. All the persons that were in that tent at the camp-meeting became converted and joined the M. E. Church, except one, who joined the Presbyterian Church. Since that time there have been several interesting revivals in that place, and a M. E. Church has been built, and also one for the Baptists, and there is now a very flourishing village in that place.

In all this we may see the good providence of God exemplified, who makes even the "wrath of his enemies to praise him." JOHN BANGS, Jan. 17, 1845. Of Delaware county, N. Y.

## A Bright One.

The brightest little chap for his size and age, that we ever saw, was one whom we lately came across, torturing tadpoles in a spring upon a road side in New Jersey—altogether out of 'sight and hearing' of any human habitation.

'Where do you live my son?' inquired we, just as he had stirred up a big bull frog from the mud with a mullen stalk.

'I don't live nowhere only home.'

'Where is your home?'

'Over the hill next house to Mr. Wagner's.'

'Have you parents living?'

'What's them?'

'I mean have you a father and a mother?'

'Yes sir, but papa's went dead a good while, and mother says she won't stand it, 'cause it's too hard work.'

'What work does your mother do?'

'Milks the cow, and all sorts of things.'

'Is your mother a pious woman—a good Christian?'

'No sir—she's a Dutchman.'

Here the little genius went to stirring up frogs again, as much as to say, 'don't disturb me with further interrogations'—and we left him.—N. Y. Mercury.

AN ANNEXATION, appears to be the whole go—petitions are being extensively circulated in the North, (to receive signatures,) for the immediate re-acquisition of Canada; and above all, the best and the latest effort we have heard of, is for the acquisition of "Ould Ireland." Some stories have been going the rounds for some time past, in these parts, stating that petitions will be presented to Congress, praying that negotiations for the acquisition of China, to the United States, may be opened. What nation will come in turn next? What a "blissed cuntry" this will be, when we get Texas, Canada, Ould Ireland, and CHINA annexed.—Hunt. Journal.

SINGULAR FOOD.—A cow, belonging to Mr. Baker of this borough was slaughtered on Monday last, and there were found within her paunch, 33 nails, 1 iron bucket, and a piece of iron about an inch square, weighing in all over 6 ounces!—Adams Sentinel.

## Epitaph on a Loquacious Lady.

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,  
Lies Isabella Young,  
Who on the twenty-fourth of May,  
Began—to hold her tongue.

He is the best accountant, who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

## Alphabetical Advice.

A  
Always attend to your vocation—avoid ale houses and artful women.

B  
Be benevolent but not prodigal—bury all petty bickerings in the bosom of forgetfulness.

C  
Contrive to collect cash and keep it.

D  
Do your duty and defy the devil.

E  
Eagerly endeavor to eradicate every error, both of the head and heart.

F  
Fight fairly when you fight, but the better way is not to fight at all.

G  
Grace, goodness, gumption, and a little goose grease, enable a man to slip through the world mighty easy. Get them and glory in them.

H  
Harbor hope in your heart if you would be happy; but bark ye, hope can't render rotten the rope of the hangman.

I  
Inquisitiveness is insufferable—indulge not in it.

J  
Juleps may be considered the juice of joy and the yeast of jest; but let them alone, for too much joking often destroys the joviality of a social circle.

K  
Kindness kindles the fire of friendship—a kiss may always avail more than a kick.

L  
Love the Ladies—'look before you leap,' and eschew loafarism.

M  
Make not mischief by meddling with other folk's matters.

N  
Never be caught napping, except in the night time.

O  
Order is heaven's first law—obey it.

P  
Pursue the plain path of probity—put in practice what you give in precept.

Q  
Quarrel not, nor quibble not—be not too fond of asking questions, nor addicted to queries.

R  
Rum ruins respectability—renounce, renew and renovate.

S  
Seek salvation, O, ye sinners—become as saints and you are safe.

T  
'Take time by the forelock'—try to turn every moment to account.

U  
Union unites with unity—in the whole universe there is a oneness—be ye therefore united for the sake of union.

V  
Vanity has no connection with valor—remember that.

W  
Wine and women beget want, wretchedness and wo, when indulged in to an improper extent.

X  
'Xtra' exertions accomplish 'xtraordinary ends.

Y  
Yield to no tyrant—yeoman and their yoke fellows are lords of the soil.

Z  
Zig-zagging is the characteristic of a zony—take a straight course through life and zealously pursue it.

&  
& mind your own business, and let others alone, &c.

ROMANTIC—to lay on the curbstone and get the sea breeze out of the gutter.

The whole number of children in the State of N. Y., between the ages of 4 and 16, is 192,027. Amount raised for the support of schools, including the income of the surplus revenue, \$558,197 23, being nearly \$41,000 more than was raised the previous year.

The "Man in the Moon," is 240,000 miles high.