

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and 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 37 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 liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

## To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, to the patrons of newspapers.

### THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the officers to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

## The Road of Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

This is a charming song, as the subject of it is the same as that which inspired Shakespeare, we will quote the words as a sort of appendix to the "Seven Ages."

"Oh! youth, happy youth, what a blessing,  
In thy freshness of dawn and dew,  
When hope the young heart is caressing,  
And our griefs are but light and but few;  
But in life, as swiftly flies o'er us,  
Some musing, for sadness, we find  
In youth we've our troubles before us,  
In age we leave pleasure behind.

Ay, Trouble's the post boy that drives us,  
Up hill till we get to the top,  
While Joy's an old servant behind us,  
We call on, for ever to stop,  
O! put on the drag Joy, my jewel,  
As long as the sunset still glows;  
Before it is dark 'twould be cruel  
To haste to the hill foot's repose.

But there stands an inn we must stop at,  
An extinguisher swings for a sign,  
That house is but cold and but narrow,  
But the prospect beyond is divine!  
And there, whence there's never returning,  
When we travel, as travel we must,  
May the gates be all free for our journey,  
And the tears of our friends lay the dust."

## Burning Stubble Ground.

In conversation with a farmer the other day, he stated that he thought he had received much benefit from burning over a piece of stubble ground. It caught fire by accident, from some bushes that he had cut and was burning; and the field, being dry, the fire run over it and burned the stubble pretty clean. It was sowed the spring following to grain of some sort, (we did not learn what,) and it was found that the ashes were a good dressing, and improved the crop of that year, and the grass which followed. The plan of burning stubble was practised much in older times. Old Virgil said or sung, about it more than eighteen hundred years ago: "Long practice has the sure improvement found, With kindled fires to burn the barren ground; When light the stubble, to the flames resigned; Is driven along and crackles in the wind."

Beaton, in his new system of cultivation, mentions the practice of a Mr. Curtis, of Lynn, Norfolk, (England,) as follows: His stubble was sown and left about eighteen inches high, and so completely set fire to as to consume every particle that appeared upon the surface.— This operation, says he destroyed every weed and seed that grew, leaving the surface entirely covered with ashes; the consequence was, that his crop of wheat proved extremely advantageous, its produce being full four quarters per acre. Moreover, his land, treated in this manner, was remarkably clean and free from weeds. [Western Farmer.]

The Cambria made her last trip in nine days—the shortest passage on record.

From the New York Tribune.

## How a Tailor collected a Debt.

A TRUE STORY.

Near the close of the last century, a Quaker knight of the shears and thimble, who exercised his avocation in Philadelphia, was imposed upon by an adroit scoundrel, who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterwards sloped without paying for them. The Quaker was too poor to lose the debt, but like too many of his cloth, he had apparently no other alternative. The account was placed on his books and soon forgotten. Some years afterwards he was examining his old records of debt and credit, profit and loss, when his attention was attracted to this account and all the circumstances attending it came fresh to mind. Suddenly an odd thought suggested itself.

"I'll try an experiment," said he to himself; "perhaps I may succeed in catching the rogue and getting my pay." He immediately prepared an advertisement, in substance as follows, which he inserted in the Philadelphia Gazette:—"If J— C—, who was in Philadelphia about the month of —, in the year 1795, will send his address to the Editor of this paper, he will hear of something to advantage. Printers in the neighboring States are requested to copy." The latter clause was inserted from a vague suspicion that the rogue had taken up his abode in New York.

Having instructed the Editor not to disclose his name to the rogue if he should call, but to request the latter to leave his address, the Quaker patiently awaited the result of his experiment. In a short time he was informed by a note from the Printer that the individual alluded to in the advertisement, having arrived from New York, might be found at a given place in the city.

The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his account, not forgetting to charge interest from the time that the debt was incurred. Taking a constable with him, who bore a legal process suited to the occasion, he soon arrived at the lodgings of the swindler. The constable was instructed to stand off at a little distance till a signal should indicate the time for him to approach.

The Quaker now rang the bell, and, when the servant appeared, requested him to inform the gentleman of whom he was in search, that a friend wished to speak with him at the door.

The man obeyed the summons, and soon both debtor and creditor were looking each other in the face.

"How dost thou do?" kindly inquired the Quaker. "Perhaps thou dost not know me."

"I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance," politely answered our hero. "Dost thou remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago of a poor tailor and forgetting to pay for them?" asked the Quaker.

"O no," said the gentleman, blushing slightly; "you must be mistaken in the person. It cannot be me that you wished to find."

"Ah! John! I know thee very well. Thou art the very man I wished to see. Thou hast on at this moment the very waistcoat that I made for thee. Thou must acknowledge it was of good stuff and well made, or it could not have lasted thee so long."

"O yes," said the gentleman, appearing suddenly to recollect himself; "I do remember now the circumstances to which you allude.— Yes, yes—I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Philadelphia, and you may depend on my doing so. I have come here to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by will. See! here is the advertisement which apprised me of my good fortune."

Here he handed to the Quaker a New-York paper containing a copy of the advertisement whose history we have given above. The Quaker looked at it with imperturbable gravity and continued—

"Yes, I see thou art in luck, but as my demand is a small one, I think I must insist on payment before thou comes in possession of thy large estates."

The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astounded at the appearance of this functionary, who immediately began to execute his part of the drama.

"What!" exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone; "you surely have not sued me?"

"Yes, I have," replied the Quaker; "and thou shouldst be thankful that nothing worse has happened to thee."

"Come in, then," said the debtor, finding himself fairly caught; "come in, and I will pay you if I must."

The three went into the house together, and the slippery gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it in full.

The tailor having signed the receipt, placed in the hands of his late debtor, with feelings such as may be readily imagined. The swindler took it and for the first time glanced at the various items of which it was composed. He said nothing till he came to the last charge, which was "for advertising," when he broke forth—

"Halloo! what's this? 'For advertising?' That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill. You're cheating me!"

"O no," coolly replied the Quaker; "that is all right. I have charged thee with the cost of publishing the advertisement which thou just showed me."

Here the swindler uttered a horrid oath, as he demanded, "Do you mean to say that you caused the publication of that advertisement?"

"Truly I did," replied the Quaker with most provoking coolness.

"You told a — lie in it," quickly retorted the rogue.

"Convince me of that," said the Quaker, "and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault."

"You said I should hear something to my advantage, if I would come here."

"Thou art mistaken," immediately responded the Quaker; "I only promised that thou shouldst hear of 'something to advantage'; and is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt?"

"If I can catch you in the street," said the swindler with an oath and in the deepest rage, "I'll give you such a cowhiding as will not leave the breath in your body."

"Nonsense, now," said the Quaker; "if thou really intends to do any thing of that sort, we had better step out into the back yard and finish the business at once."

The rogue was completely non-plussed by the coolness of the Quaker, and stood speechless and almost petrified.

"Now," said the tailor good-naturedly, "let me give thee a piece of advice. When next thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou had better not attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly, for then will thy conscience not disturb thee and thy sleep will be sweet and refreshing. Farewell!"

There is no doubt of the literal truth of this story, as we received it some time since, from the lips of the Quaker himself.

"BOLD AS A LION."—One of the best jokes of the season is told by the amiable Goines, of tonsorial notoriety. A Southern Adonis, no way celebrated for his personal attractions, on completing a somewhat protracted toilet one morning turned to his servant and enquired—

"How do I look, Cæsar?"

"Plendid, massa, 'plendid!' was ebony's delighted answer.

"Do you think I'll do, Cæsar?" (Giving him a piece of silver.)

"Guy, Massa, nebber see you look so fierce in all my life; you look jis' as bold as a lion."

"Why, what do you know about a lion? you never saw one, Cæsar."

"Nebber see a lion, Massa! Guy, I see Massa Peyton's Jim ride one ober to de mill every day."

"No you fool, that's a donkey."

"Can't help dat, Massa—you look jis' like him."

A Bostonian writes to the editor of the N. Y. Visitor, that in getting to Illinois, he experienced all sorts of goaheaditiveness. In the first place, he took a steamboat—in the second, a rail road—the third, a mail coach—the fourth, rode on horseback—the fifth, went six miles on foot to Terra Haute—and was finally rode out of the village on a rail. He says that he don't know which to prefer out of the six; but thinks the latter method is unquestionably the cheapest, though its accommodations are most wretched.

From the New Orleans Bee.

## Something New.

Our readers may remember a statement published some weeks since of a wild negro having been seen in the parish of Caddo, in this State. The last number of the Caddo Gazette contains a long article from the pen of Mr. J. M. Pierce of that Parish, descriptive of his successful attempt to catch this nondescript, and of his physical peculiarities. The Editor of the Gazette declares that the creature possesses an appendage which Dr. Pierce omitted to mention, viz: a tail about three inches long with hair on it. If this be so the idea of its belonging to the Genus homo must be abandoned, unless some acute philosopher should prove that Lord Monboddo's theory of men being originally monkeys furnished with tails, is true, and that the animal in question, is a specimen of Lord Monboddo's idea of primitive humanity.

It appears from the account given by Dr. Pierce, that he in company with Perry, proceeded towards the haunts of the creature, which he tracked by means of a pack of hounds. After running some time they beheld a creature coursing along at great speed, and resembling a bear rather than a man. Dr. Pierce got within ten paces of him and commanded him to stop, but instead of pausing he took to a river. He was still pursued by the party, which finally arrived at a very thick cane break, in the midst of which was a large gum tree, with a hole just large enough for a person to squeeze in. "I looked in," says Dr. Pierce, "and could see the singular being squatted in one corner of the hollow and looking more like a bear than a human being." It being almost night, they concluded to wait until morning. At break of day, they commenced cutting and succeeded in making a hole large enough to get him out. He was ferocious and indomitable, fighting with fury and was only subdued by a rope being thrown around his neck and tightened until his respiration was almost checked. He was finally secured and taken to Dr. Peirce's house, where he can be seen.

No doubt, adds the Doctor, he is one of those negroes that has by some means strayed off when he was small, and it is the opinion of Mr. Caffrey that he come there when a child, or perhaps born there, as there were two skeletons in the hollow tree, supposed to be the father and mother of the man that we caught.— He appears to be fifty years old, weighing one hundred and thirty pounds, and will eat nothing but raw meat, and that which is tainted he likes best. He will eat craw fish and frogs with avidity when they are left in his way at night, but will not touch food in the presence of any person. His hair and nails are very long. His body is well sheltered from the cold and rain by the long hair that covers it. When any of the negro women come near him he shows considerable sexual desire, which must be from instinct, as I do not think he ever saw one before he was brought to my house.

A French chemist strongly deprecates the use of saltpetre in curing meat, and recommends sugar or saleratus as more wholesome, and equally efficacious. He attributes scurvy, ulcers, and other diseases to which mariners and other persons living on cured provisions are subject, entirely to the chemical changes produced by saltpetre.

A BIGGER DAY'S WORK.—We notice in our last the big day's cradling of Mr. William Bane, of Hampshire county. It appears, however, that Mr. James Carskadon, of that county beat him. On the 1st day of July, he cradled in 15 1-2 consecutive hours, Nine Acres, Two Rods and Three Poles, yielding three hundred and thirty-six dozen of sheaves of good bind.

The "cap sheaf" however this harvest, was done by Mr. Francis Helms of Marshall county, who cut in one day Ten acres and twelve rods of wheat.—[Charlestown (Va.) Free Press.]

## Killed by a Snake.

The Columbia Spy states that a little girl, about eight years of age, was killed by a snake a few days since, near Bainbridge. She was out getting blackberries, and remaining a longer time than usual, search was made for her. She was found quite dead with a large black snake coiled around her neck.

## Captain Kidd's Treasure and Mercurism.

We have seen intimations that the projectors of the digging and pumping operations in the Hudson, near Caldwell's, had been influenced to some extent by Mesmeric revelations, but no particulars of these had reached us.

In the Boston Transcript, however, is an extract from a pamphlet, giving an account of the marvellous seeings by a woman at Lynn, including an examination of Kidd's sunken vessel, as follows:

First, finding a room near the stern, which she called the captain's office, she spoke of seeing an iron chest, about as large as a common soap box, encircled by a chain which appeared to her as still somewhat bright, as if it had a kind of gilt wash or leaf on it, fastened at each end by a small sized padlock. In it she said she saw silver and gold—some gold in solid bars. She next discovered, on the bottom of the vessel, in the mud and water, several small heaps or collections of silver, gold and precious stones, including diamonds, though mostly in the rough or ore state.

She next saw a singular looking thing, to her, which she at last called a quadrant or compass; she also spoke of seeing gold watches like ducks' eggs in a pond of water. A little afterward she manifested great enthusiasm in finding another iron chest or safe, nearly the size of the other, but having no chain around it; and after looking some time very intently, she insisted that she saw in it a splendid gold crown, once worn by a king or queen, and also a most magnificent necklace, made in the shape of a harp, beautifully set with the most brilliant diamonds.

In examining farther, she spoke of seeing nothing else of a very remarkable character, except several cannon, swords, and a large quantity of cannon balls, till she entered a place which she described as a small room, appearing to be a very private room of the captain's, and which, according to her account, seemed to be in the forepart of the vessel.

The last object she described was a thing which she first called a spy glass, being round and something like a yard long, but she soon discovered that it was not a spy glass, the outside of it being made of a very hard kind of brown wood, within which was a kind of zinc case, made water tight; and after careful examination, she decided that it contained the manuscripts of the pirate, still in a good degree of preservation, though the paper, once white, is now yellow, and the ink, once black, brown. These manuscripts, she insisted, if they could be obtained would be very valuable, as they would give a full account of his life, including the number of vessels which he had robbed, and the places where he had buried his other treasures.

## Experiment with Tar.

I promised to give you the result of an experiment which I had made with tar in preserving the peach and nectarine trees. It is so very simple and cheap, that all admirers of good fruit may have flourishing trees, and a chance for eating good fruit. As soon as the scion attains the size of a man's finger, which is generally about the first of Autumn, remove the earth from the root, and deposit around the stock of the tree a half pint of soft tar, rubbing at the same time the body of the scion for six or eight inches above the surface with tar; then replace the dirt previously removed. This process must be repeated each succeeding year, say in the month of June, increasing the quantity of tar according to the growth of the tree. My own experience enables me to say, that this receipt is infallible.

GEO. C. DOBSON.

Mayoning, Va., Jan. 31, 1845.

FRUIT TREES.—Instead of continuing the old practice of having alternate bearing and barren years for fruit trees, those who cultivate them would do well to note this fact; when young trees come into bearing for the first time, about the time the fruit is setting, if the most of it is taken off, and this continue for a few years in succession, leaving every year about the same quantity on the trees, they will, by the time they have become of sufficient size to be profitable, acquire the habit of bearing every year.—Columbia, S. Carolinian.