

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 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.

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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, and 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.

Blind Bridles.

Look and reflect; use your own intellect.—Yes, use your thinking powers, friends, it was given you to use and not to abuse. Blind bridles! truly named, surely. Art never invented a more fatal thing to the eyes of horses, than when she devised this plan of depriving the horse of what nature intended he should enjoy. But, says one, how are blinders injurious to the horse? Because they gather dirt and heat around the eyes. Dirt irritates the eye and heat produces inflammation. These bridles so entangle the eyes of the horse that he is compelled to be constantly straining them to see his way. The over exertion of the nerves brings on disease. Eyes were not made in vain. Had they been needless, the Creator would not have located them in the head.—They were placed on the corner of the head that he might have the advantage of looking in different directions. Men in the abundance of their wisdom, concluded the horse had too much sight, and they wished to curtail it; hence the origin of blind bridles. Think of this seriously and you will abandon the use of so destructive an appendage. Remember, that blind bridles and diseased eyes are inseparably connected. Custom hoodwinks the senses of men, as much as blind bridles does the visions of horses.

JOHN MADDOCK,

Farrier and Blacksmith.

We are of opinion ourselves, that if the Creator had intended the eyes of horses to have been half blinded, that appendage would have been provided in a natural way.—Western Cultivator.

Curious Combat.

I witnessed a curious scene: it was a war between the wild dogs which inhabit the ruins of Thebes and the great hawks which abound in Upper Egypt. Our cook had just killed a sheep, and thrown the intestines on the bank of the river. I was sitting with my eyes fixed upon the magnificent ruins of Luxor when I saw a crowd of hungry dogs issue from them, which desiring to have their share of the feast, immediately fell upon the refuse of the animal; but their appetite was not to be gratified so easily as they expected, for other creatures, hovering in the air above us, had previously seen all that had passed, and the moment that the cook withdrew and the dogs approached, a swarm of hawks and vultures, rapidly cleaving the air, rushed upon their prey, and disputed it with their rivals.

A very curious battle then began, the bird Osiris by turns attacking or attacked, sometimes succeeded in snatching the booty from the jaws of the savage dog, which yelped and barked after it, while the victor, rising into the air, seemed to mock at his impotent cries.—Library of Travel.

There are about fourteen hundred newspapers printed in the United States, giving employment to something like 12,000 hands.

The Shoemakers.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Ho! workers of the old times styled
The Gentle Craft of Leather!

Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together!

Call out again your long array
In the olden, merry manner;

Once more on gay St. Crispin's day
Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer!

Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown
A quick and merry clamor.

Now shape the sole; now deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,

And bless the while the bright-eyed girl
Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you along the Spanish Main
A hundred keels are plowing;

For you the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing;

For you deep glens with hemlock dark
The woodman's fire is lighting;

For you upon the oak's grey bark
The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you from Carolina's pine
The resin gum is stealing;

For you the dark-eyed Florentine
Her silken skein is reeling;

For you the dizzy goatherd roams
His rugged Alpine ledges;

For you round all her shepherd homes
Bloom England's thorny hedges!

The foremost still by day or night
On moated mound or heather,

Where'er the need of trampled right
Brought toiling men together,

Where the free burghers from the wall
Defied the mail-clad master,

Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet call,
No craftsmen rallied faster!

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,
Ye heed no idle scorners,

Free hands and hearts are still your pride,
And duty done, your honor.

Ye dare to trust for honest fame
The jury Time empannels,

And leave to Truth each noble name
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy song's Hans Sach, are living yet,
In strong and hearty German.

And Bloomfield's lay and Gifford's wit,
And the rare good sense of Sherman;

Still from his book, a mystic seer,
The soul of Behemen teaches,

And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours: where'er it falls
It treads your well-wrought leather,

On earthen floor, in marble halls,
On carpet or on heather.

Still there the sweetest charm is found
Of matron grace or vestal's,

As Hebe's foot bore nectar round
Among the old celestials!

Rap, rap!—your stout and bluff brogan,
With footsteps slow and weary,

May wander where the sky's blue span
Shuts down upon the Prairie.

Ye slippers shine on Beauty's foot,
By Saratoga's fountain,

Or lead, like snow-flakes falling mute,
The dance on Catskill mountain!

The red brick to the mason's hand,
The brown earth to the tiller's;

The shoe in yours shall wealth command
Like fairy Cinderella's!

As they who shunned the household maid,
Beheld the crown upon her.

So all shall see your toil repaid
With hearth and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed
In water cool and brimming:

"All honor to the good old Craft,
Its merry men and women!"

Call out again your long array
In the old time's pleasant manner;

Once more on gay St. Crispin's day
Fling out his blazoned banner!

Adversity not only tests men's courage, but arouses and excites their minds.

The Death-Bed.

There is no place in this world like a death-bed. It lies on the borders of eternity, and is separated from the spirit-land only by a thin misty, boundary. From that spot you can look over into another world, dimly seen, but which stretches away onward to an interminable distance, and beyond the reach of thought. Around the death-bed hang curtains, such as surround no other bed in this world. On that bed men lie down to rise up no more; and though all men approach it with deep and solemn reluctance, yet all are hastening to it with the rapidity of time. From that spot the man looks back over all his past years. They seem to pass in review like shadows before him. The actions which have marked his past life and formed his character, seem to come up like spectres, and fit across the field of vision with wonderful distinctness. Here he takes his last look of earth. The shadows of life's evening are gathering around him, as the twilight fades away into that long, dark night, unbroken by the slumber of ages.

To some, that solemn death-bed is much more dreadful than to others. The unbeliever dreads it, and would fain avoid it, but there is no discharge. To him, it is surrounded with gloom, and darkness as darkness itself. And well it may be, for he has no God to whom he can look for consolation and support. He lies down alone, and dies alone, and enters eternity alone, without one friend to comfort him; and when he has passed the mysterious boundary of time, he finds most unwelcome and horrid companions with whom he must travel in company all the round of eternal ages.

The death-bed is dreadful to the impenitent man. He lies down on it sooner than he expected, and before he was ready. All his life he has been approaching it, and knew it was a solemn place, but he has made no preparation to lie down there, and take a last look and a last farewell of earth, and friends, and objects which he held dear. He was moving on amid the busy and engrossing scenes of earth, unmindful of the eternal future, when suddenly he finds himself lying on the bed of death. He has only time to take a few hurried glances around, on the faces of friends and the objects he loved, and the hour of his departure has come, and his spirit spreads its wings for the final flight.

But of all death-beds, that of the worldly, prayerless, false professor of religion, is the most fearful. And yet, the careless conduct of too many affords sad testimony to the melancholy fact, that their hope of heaven is built on the sand, and must soon be swept away by the final storm. Who would not shrink from beholding the death-bed of the false professor!

"I have seen it before now, and, I trust I may never see it again. They are not blessed after death. The rotten branches will burn more fiercely in the flames. Oh, think what torment it will be to think that you spent your life in pretending to be a Christian, and lost your opportunity of becoming one indeed! Your hell will be all the deeper, blacker, hotter, that you knew so much of Christ, and were so near him, and found him not. Happy are they who endure to the end, who are not moved away from their hope of the gospel, who, when others go away, say, Lord, to whom can we go? In prosperity they follow the Lord fully; in adversity, they cleave to him closer still, as trees strike their roots deeper in storms. Is this your case? Endure it to the end. Be not moved away from the hope of the gospel. We are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end. Even in the dark valley you will cling to him still. Come to him as ye came at first—a guilty creature, clinging to the Lord our Righteousness. Thou wast made my sin. This is to die in the Lord, and this is to be blessed."

Old Haudreth.

The music in harmony of four parts of this venerable Church tune was composed by Claude Goudimel, about the year 1541. The composer who was chapel master at Lyons, France, died in 1572, a victim to religious opinion.—The harmony of this hymn has since been altered, as may be seen by comparing the same, as arranged in the present collections of church music, with the original. It is a popular musical historical error, that Luther was the composer of this chorale.—Musical World.

Feeding Horses on the Road.

Many persons in travelling feed their horses too much and too often—continually stuffing them, not allowing them time to rest and digest their food; of course they suffer from over fullness and carrying unnecessary weight. Some make it a rule to bait every ten miles, which is very inconsistent as in some cases with a fleet animal, good road, favorable weather and load, this distance may be travelled in one-third the time, that it can under unfavorable circumstances as to speed. It would be better to regulate the feeding by time rather than distance.

Mr S. B. Buckley who made a botanical tour among the Cumberland mountains, says in the Albany cultivator "four young men came in travellers on horse back, who according to the Southern custom ride all day without stopping to dine or feed their horses. Horses will do well and keep in good condition under such treatment, as I can testify from experience."

Horses should be well fed in the evening and not stuffed too full in the morning, and the travelling should be moderate on starting with a horse having a full stomach. If a horse starts in good condition, and travels rather quick he can go twenty-five miles without baiting; this is evident when we consider the time necessary to accomplish this space with tolerable speed.

If a horse starts well fed, in the morning at 7 o'clock, he can travel till noon, having a little water and a little rest occasionally, without food; or if he have any, a little meal in water, or two quarts of oats, if ground the better, or a little lock of hay may be given instead of meal or oats. At noon the horse should be pretty well fed and rest two hours, then he can travel four or five hours with very little or no food.

Horses cannot well endure hard travelling on grass; therefore those that are generally kept on grass should be fed on hay the night previous to starting on a journey, or to a hard day's work. In taking horses from grass and feeding on dry fodder and grain, care must be had to their health, as this change is liable to produce constipation of the bowels and cholera; which may be prevented by giving small quantities of wheat bran or potatoes or other roots. Hay cut tolerably early, or that in which there is a good portion of clover, is more laxative and may be a preventative, but it is not so substantial food as well grown hay, or herd grass.

Important to Farmers.

The following account of a new Reaping Machine, used on the farm of Mr. John Delafield, at Geneva, N. Y., we find in a late number of the Journal of Commerce. If a machine, simple in construction and easily managed, capable of reaping 20 acres per day, can be purchased for \$100, it is one of the cheapest investments a farmer can make:—

Mr. Delafield was in the midst of harvest, and had already gathered about sixty acres, and, what is still more wonderful, this has been done without the aid of either cradle or sickle. He has a machine, sent him from Maryland, which is the most expeditious reaper I ever saw. It is driven by two horses—one boy to drive and a man to tend the machine. Both of them ride. The horses are put upon a quick walk, which sets a number of cutters in motion, and the wheat falls back upon the platform in handsome order, as fast as the machine progresses; and when a quantity accumulates sufficient for a sheaf, the man in attendance shoves it off with his rake. It falls smooth and even upon the ground, and another is immediately formed; and so it proceeds without any trouble or difficulty, until the 100 acre field is finished. There were eight binders accompanying the machine and it frequently had to be stopped, to allow them time to get out of the way. It will cut 20 acres in a day. I have never seen anything like the machine line work more completely. It certainly will prove of the utmost utility to farmers, both for expedition and cheapness. It can now be obtained for about \$100.

"Jim," said Timothy, the other day, to his son—"Jim you are lazy—what on earth do you expect to do for a living?"

"Why father, I've been thinking as how I would be a Revolutionary Pensioner!"

After a marriage in Connecticut, the bridegroom took the parson aside very mysteriously, and whispered to him "can't you take your pay out in taters?"

A Gormandizer.

A few evenings since, a number of persons attended the Junction Inn, Glossep, Eng., for the purpose of seeing a feat performed by a man named Jesse Ollerenshaw, for a wager of a quart of ale. The man undertook to eat and drink in the space of half an hour the following articles: Three half pounds of butter, without bread; two pounds of new potatoes, raw; three and a half pounds of bread, dry; two pounds of raw onions, one pint of coffee, half a gill of rum, two quarts of ale, and one glass of ale with a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper mixed up with it. Strange to say, the individual performed the feat in the time specified, and offered to eat more, but was prevented by his wife, who said that the wager (a quart of ale was too small, otherwise he would have consumed every thing eatable that was in the house.

Manchester Guardian.

Straw Bonnets.

In 1817, when straw bonnets first became general, it was common to trim them with artificial wheat or barley in ear; on which the following lines were written:

"Who now of threatening famine dare complain,
When every female forehead teems with grain?
See how the wheat sheaves nod amid the plumes,
Our barns are now transferred to drawing rooms,
And husbands who indulge in active lives
To fill their granaries may thresh their wives."

Curious Revenge.

A man and his wife having a bitter quarrel, in order to appease their fury they threw all their portable furniture out of the window. The wife had even ripped up the tick of the bed, and set the feathers afloat in the air and then running to the banisters of the stairs, and breaking her arm upon them, she exclaimed with insane energy, "Now you scoundrel, you must pay for a surgeon."

Fatality among Horses.

A singular and fatal disease has appeared recently among the horses on Long Island, which defies the skill of a most experienced veterinary Surgeon, who can discover no other cause than an inflammation, thickening and contracting of the gullet. The first symptom is the refusal of the horse to drink, and about thirty valuable beasts have died at Bath and Fort Hamilton.

At Long Branch, New Jersey, lately, they got up a race between a dull horse and a fast ox, which attracted a great crowd. A colored rider mounted each animal, and strange to say, at the end of the mile, the ox beat. The ladies were very much excited, and several expressed a wish "to ride that sweet ox."

Of the sixteen millions of white population of the United States, about fourteen millions are employed in agriculture. The entire number employed in manufactures and the mechanic arts is less than half a million. Commerce and mercantile pursuits occupy the larger portion of the remaining fifteen thousand.

Jail vs. the Grave.

A facetious physician discussing with a lawyer the merits of the profession remarked, that the 'victims of the law' in the end usually had the pleasure of gazing upon 'the face of nature' through certain iron-barred windows. 'Far better view that,' replied the Lawyer, 'than your victims get—six feet of earth usually obstructs the vision entirely.' The Dr. gave a cognovit for costs.

A young lady being told that her lover had been killed suddenly, exclaimed.

"Oh! that splendid gold watch of his!—give me something to remember him by."

"Sam do you know any songs?" "Yes I know two." "What are they, Sam?" "One's Old hundred, and tother aint."

A Romish Nut.

A Roman Catholic priest, some time since in Germany, entering the pulpit, took a walnut into it. He told the people that the shell was tasteless and valueless—that was Calvin's Church. The skin was nauseous, disagreeable and worthless—that was the Lutheran Church. He then said he would show them the Holy Roman Apostolic Church. He cracked the nut and found it rotten!