

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.

Sorrows of Sensibility.

BY A FACTORY GIRL.

Oh! why was feelings finer sense
To a weak mortal given!
When at each step in life's dull path,
Some quivering chord is riven.
Some soul's deep gushing sympathy,
Meets no response on earth,
And dreams of Nature's inner life
Are rudely crushed at birth.

I wandered late, oppressed and sad,
Into a lonely wood,
Where only Zephyr's gentle sighs
Disturbed the solitude.
Methought some hidden dryad lay
Where gorgeous leaves were strewed;
The trembling foliage fell: I gazed,
And forth there hopped a toad!

Oh! wearily I turned me then
And sought the mighty sea;
What solemn music then arose!
The sea nymphs called to me!
I spread my arms in eager haste,
And murmured, "Here I am!"
A faint death shriek I heard: I slipped;
I'd trod upon a clam!

A form ethereal crossed my path—
A lovely cherub child:
Her lips were wreathed with sunny smiles;
Her glance was brightly mild.
I said, "Fair child, come! view with me
Yon glorious sunset sky!"
"I can't: for mammy said she'd have
At tea, some pumpkin pie!"

I wandered where a stranger stood
With earnest heavenward gaze;
As if some vision mystic lay
Beneath the horizon's haze.
His eagle eye met mine; he spoke;
I stood entranced and dumb!
"It's guine to rain like sixty, gal!
You'd better dig for home!"

Ah me! ah me! where shall I fly
Congenial scenes to find?
I cannot waken sympathy
With grovelling human kind.
Bah! what an onion-odored gale!
And Sue, with greasy hand,
Screams, "Pork for dinner!"—Let me go
And dwell in fairy land!

We find the following bustling article in the Salem Gazette:—

MYSTERIOUS.—Found, a thing "without a name," so far as our experience goes. It is of the feminine gender, luna-like, crescent-shaped, string pendant from each extreme; when viewed edgewise, meniscus-formed, opaque—soft is it, and nearly or cotton stuffed. Reasoning "a posteriori," it is of no possible value to any body but the wearer. It is probably an article of attachment, or to be attached—not sheriff-wise, corporally horizontal, since string-provided—Whoever has lost, may find, and by proving property may obtain. Apply to the printer.

Diamond cut Diamond.

When there is a scarcity of natural pigeons, sporting men by way of keeping their hand in, occasionally pluck one another. A rich case of this kind, in which two of the fraternity, one a Southerner and the other a New Yorker, figured pretty conspicuously, occurred in this city last week. We will give the facts as they were related to us: indeed they need no amplification. The whole sporting world of Gotham has had a pain in the side for several days past, consequence of the paroxysms of laughter into which it was thrown by the denouement. We omit the names of the parties, but in other respects the statement may be relied on as full and faithful.

It appears that in the early part of last week, Mr. —, of South Carolina, an 'upper crust' gambler, arrived in town with plenty of the fluid, for the purpose of betting on the approaching race between Peytona and Fashion, and of picking up anything verdant that might come in his way. Soon after landing from the Philadelphia boat he wended his way to a certain well known restaurant in Park Row, where blacklegs most do congregate, and for the purpose of meeting some of his old acquaintances, and making some professional inquiries. He had just lighted his segar and was in the act of raising a glass of brandy and water to his lips, when the flash of a large jewel on the finger of one of the craft who was performing the same operation, arrested his attention.

"That's a fine diamond," exclaimed the Southerner, sitting down his tumbler, and stooping forward to obtain a closer view of the jewel.

"Yes," remarked the other carelessly, "it ought to be; I gave five hundred dollars for it, and got it cheap at that. I wish I had the value of it now though; for I got regularly cleaned out at —'s, Barclay-street yesterday."

"What'll you take for it, cash down," said the Southerner, who, like most of his tribe, is fond of showy bijouterie, and having a pocket full of rocks, felt remarkably self-complacent.

"Well," said the New York land shark, speaking slowly, and taking a pull at his segar every second word, "as I want money and you're a pretty clever fellow, I don't care if I let you have it for four hundred and fifty dollars."

"Say four hundred," was the reply, "and it's a bargain."

"Well as it is you, the half hundred shan't spoil a trade. You shall have it."

The ring was transferred and the money was paid. By this time the parties had become the centre of a little knot of knowing ones, upon whose faces sat a sneering expression, which the Southerner, who like all gamblers, is a good physiognomist, perceived and did not relish.—When the transaction was completed, his keen ear caught the sound of a sniggering whisper which ran round the little circle, and he at once concluded he was done. He showed no symptoms of suspicion, however, but called for champagne, treated the company, declared himself delighted with the purchase, and bidding his friends good evening, left the place. Proceeding to the store of an eminent jeweller in Broadway, he placed the ring on the counter, and asked the value of 'that brilliant.' The jeweller looked at him and smiled. "It is paste," said he, "and worth about fifty cents."

"Have you a real stone about the same size and shape," said the Southerner.

"I have," was the reply, and a beautiful table diamond, of which the mock stone seemed a *fac simile*, was produced.

The price was four hundred dollars. The Southerner then explained that he wished to borrow it for a few days, and would leave the value in the jeweller's hands until it was returned, and pay twenty-five dollars for the use of it. The proposition was agreed to, the real diamond substituted for the counterfeit, and the Southerner left the store.

On the next evening he paid another visit to the restaurant, and found the old party assembled. They all began to quiz him; declaring that he had been regularly 'sucked in'; that his ring was not worth a dollar, &c.; the former owner of the trinket appearing to enjoy the joke more than any of the rest.

"Well, gentlemen," said the supposed dupe, in a complacent tone, "you may think what you please; I know it's a diamond. I've travelled some, and I'm not to be taken in so easy

as you think for. I'll bet a hundred dollars this is a real brilliant!"

The bet was taken up in an instant, the others offered to the amount of five or six hundred dollars more; all of which were promptly met by the Southerner. The stakes being put up, out sallied the sportsmen to find a jeweller. The first they questioned pronounced it to be a fine diamond and worth from four to five hundred dollars; so said the next, and the next!—The betters stood aghast! it was a diamond, and no mistake; and as the Southerner pocketed the 'tin,' he coolly observed, "I told you gentlemen that I had travelled some!"

The following day he took the stone back to the jeweller of whom he had borrowed it, and had the composition counterfeit replaced in the ring, and in the evening he sought the restaurant for the third time. The same 'set' were again there, but looked somewhat crest fallen. After joking them for some time, our hero gravely addressed the cue gentlemen from whom he had purchased the ring, after this fashion.

"Well, my dear fellow, I have had my laugh out of you; I don't want to rob you, and I don't want the ring. Marquand has offered me three hundred and fifty dollars for it; you shall have it for two hundred and fifty dollars, and you can go to him to-morrow if you like, and make a cool hundred out of it."

The offer was too tempting to be refused.—The shark bit, and the Southerner received two hundred and fifty dollars worth of gold, and the sharper fifty cents worth of paste. The next morning the Carolinian was *non est inventus*; and the over-reacted sharper found lying on his table a beautiful billet, sealed with perfumed wax, and stamped with the figure of Mercury, the God of thieves. On removing the envelope the note was found to contain only three words, viz:

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

This was a puzzle; but the first jeweller to whom our 'sporting man' showed the ring explained the mystery. The victim unable to bear up against the ridicule brought down upon him by this denouement, has left town a few weeks on urgent business.

Queer Legislation in Florida.

When the youthful state of Florida adopted the motto, "Let us alone," we expected to see her do some queer things, but the strangest act for a young state, is that which she was guilty of at the last session of the legislature, which compels all the girls to remain without annexation until the legislature meets again. The laws forbid, under severe penalties, the marrying of persons without a license obtained from the Clerk of the County Court of the county where the marriage is to take place, and during the session of the legislature, which has just closed, a law was passed to abolish all these Courts, after the 1st of October, without appointing another officer to grant marriage licences. The consequence will be, that all single persons at that time must wait for the action of a future legislature, before they can marry.—What young girl of spirit would live in such a state? Unless the legislature minds what it is about, the state will indeed be "let alone."

A GEM.—When you find a well disciplined character in the female form, what a noble one it is; the labor of the understanding, the education of self-control have made her great. She is a whole host. Look at her influence in society; see the majesty of her deportment, the easy assurance of her countenance. How common men quail before her! What respect and attention she exacts from the titled profligate and the talented vicious! She is all that is equalled on earth. There is no beauty to compare with such beauty; no wealth with such charms. She is the nicest workmanship of God; and in her dwells a soul that scatters blessings around her. The heart of her husband delighteth in her, and he has no need of spoil.

DIARRHOEA.—A simple cure is proposed in the Albany Argus for this disease. *Three Strawberry leaves eaten green*, are said to be an unfailing and immediate cure for summer complaint, diarrhoea and dysentery. Strawberries are out of season, but we presume the green leaves can be had.

Humors of Politics.

Rev. Wm. G. Brownlow, Editor of the Jonesborough Tennessee Whig, is a notorious wag, and, as his District is invincibly Loco Foco, the Whigs have perpetrated a practical joke on him by running him for Congress. He takes it in good part, however, and enters so heartily into the spirit of the thing that it is really "as good as a play." He throws out each week a new manifesto to the constituency, giving strong reasons why he should be chosen, so cleverly put together that they must like him as a candidate, if not as a Congressman. Here is his latest:

TEN REASONS WHY I SHOULD BE ELECTED.

I. Because, I am not troublesome to the dear people—never was a candidate before for any office—and never asked for a crumb from the public crib in all my life

II. Because I have been serving the public all my life at my own expenses, as a Parson, uniting together man and wife, especially *run-aways*, free of charges; as an Editor, a stump orator, and a leader in all the political contests of the age!

III. Because I have not called the honest people out from their work, under a pretence of making speeches, like my opponent, solely to get home with some of them and sponge upon them, because they live better than we poor dogs do in these filthy little towns, it has been a great cross to me, big eater as I am, to stay away from the cool milk and butter, and beautiful spring-houses in the country—and the greedy dog against whom I run could not withstand the temptation!

IV. Because I am naturally a clever sort of a fellow—whole-souled, real go-ahead man, liberal, willing to divide the last cent with a mortal, or even the last *hoe cake*—and not above mixing with my equals and superiors, because they have wool hats and tow breeches on, and no shoes. These are my sort of men, and I don't care who knows it!

V. Because if elected, I would cause this District to have more character and fame than ever Wise's, Peyton's, Stanley's, or any body else's ever had. I would make the noisy world forget there ever was such a *State as Buncombe*. The papers would speak of nothing but "*Brownlow and the first Congressional District of Tennessee*!" And it would make even a Tennessee Democrat proud to be in the Capital at Washington, and hear a stranger ask, "What tall, sharp nosed, big mouthed, keen-eyed man is that speaking there, who cuts to the quick, and has more voice than every man in the house!" when the answer would be, "That is *Brownlow of Tennessee*!" Only think of it!

VI. Because, if elected, the district would be rid of the scandal of *Infidelity*, and all the churches would have a friend and representative there. True, I differ with some as to the details of the thing, but then, in the great matters of *Faith and Practice*, we agree to a fraction!

VII. Because I am a liberal man—none of your misers or note shavers—and would spend all my wages in purchasing Tracts, Almanacs, Newspapers, Pamphlets and Pictures—and under my frank, *free of charges*, I would flood this District with them—sending them into every man's cabin and causing the women and children to laugh during the long winter nights, till they split their sides!

VIII. Because, if elected, I will have a law passed to do away with all party names—to require all parties to make friendships—and to unite us all as we used to be, under the good old name of *Republican Democratic Whig American Freeman*; adopting as our creed, Religion, General Politics, Good Eating and Drinking, Pretty Women, Smart Children, the United States, Oregon, Texas, *East Tennessee*, United States Bank paper and Gold and Silver.

IX. Because, if elected now, my chance is good for the nomination to the Presidency, in 1848—and what an honor it would be to this District to furnish a President! In giving out the offices, I would first furnish every man in this District who had voted for me, so that this District would then rule the Nation, just as it should.

X. Because it would be a disgrace to this District, and to this State, if not to the Union, to have me beaten, and sent into the shades of private life! Only think of it! Come boys, one and all, cut loose from the leaders of both

parties, and vote for me. Try me once, and see if I don't suit you to a *groat's heel*! I feel a good deal like I shall shine out—like the boys are with me. The votes of the poor I claim, who like myself have nothing—and not of those rich rascals of either party. And if elected, O what a time we shall have in this country!

Respectfully your Fellow-citizen,

W. G. BROWNLOW.

PRENTICE, of the Louisville Journal, gives the following humorous account of Mr. Polk's new collector at Cincinnati, who displays the usual Loco-foco thirst for the "spoils"—the "faas,"—as he calls them.

THE NEW CINCINNATI COLLECTOR.—When Pat Collins got his commission as collector of the port of Cincinnati, he sucked in about one half of the voluminous lower lip in which he rejoices, and walked down to the collector's office. He entered the room, glanced at the gentlemen present, took a chair, placed his old weather beaten hat between his knees, and bending forward very gracefully, cleared his throat and became refreshingly vocal as follows:

"Faix, but I'd like to be afeer looking at the faas."

"After what?" inquired a gentleman present.

"The faas iv ye please," said Pat pleasantly.

"What the devil does he mean?" said the gentleman wondering.

"I mean," said Pat, "that my name's Patrick Collins, and I'm just been appointed collectur in Misther Wing's place, by his excellency Mr. Polk, an I jist stopt in to see about the faas of my office."

"I reckon he means fees," suggested another gentleman.

"Adzactly," replied Pat, "an iv ye've got a list ov 'em stuck up like the jury faas in the court-house, I'd like to be afeer seeing 'em.—Arrah, my honey, but I see 'em over here."

Up jumped Pat and walked across the room, and after looking earnestly at the counting-house calendar for a while, remarked:

"Iv these is the faas, by Saint Patrick, but I can make neither heads nor tails out iv 'em, and I'm iv rather a bad way to find out what the office's worth, now I've got it."

One of the gentlemen, taking pity on Mr. Polk's new collector, very benevolently informed him that he had been examining a counting-house calendar with great minuteness, and then proceeded to inform him of the probable value of the office which the President had conferred on him, to all of which Pat paid particular attention, his little eye and big lip watering with delight all the while.

Having got the desired information Pat shuffled himself out of the office, greatly edified and pleased with the interview.

Pat's love of the "faas" of office is truly Locoish, but we hope he will not become so enamored of them as to pocket more than his share and start hastily for California, to the great loss of the Queen city and all the lovers of Irish wit, fun, humor, pathos and eloquence.

Unparalleled Liberality.

A few days ago, says the New York Herald, a boy picked up a gold watch down town, worth about a hundred dollars, and spent several hours in finding the owner, which he at length succeeded in doing. He carried the watch to him, and upon presenting it, was scolded by the owner for not returning it sooner; but relenting, he put his hand in his pocket and gave him, as an encouragement for his honesty, the enormous sum of *twenty-five cents*!

Not many years ago, a pair of miserable lean horses, that looked as though the next gust of wind would take them into the air, and who were, already waiting to have their *understanding* secured by a few nails, attracted the attention of a wag, while passing by a blacksmith's shop. The fellow paused a moment, and examined these objects of anatomy, then stepped into the shop. "Do you build horses sir?"—"Build horses!" exclaimed the astonished son of Vulcan, taking off his paper cap and lengthening down his round good-natured face—"build horses sir! what do you mean?"—"Why," replied the wag, "I saw a couple of *frames* standing at the door, and I thought I'd enquire."

The aggregate population of New York is estimated to be over three millions.