

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) for the first week 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 offices 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.

Don't Spit in the Meeting-House.

A fair correspondent of the Hannibal Journal indulges some reflections upon spitting, which are rather "in" to tobacco chewers.

TOBACCO.

The Israeliish camps were clean
Such were their institutions,
And why should not a meeting-house
Be guarded from pollutions.

Religion is a cleanly thing,
And decency befits it,
Spitting the floor's a nauseous thing,
And every one admits it.

Yet this vile practice here prevails,
It pains me to relate it,
And rational, reflecting men
We hope will reprobate it;

The rules of moral decency,
Our mothers inculcated,
Are here profaned and trampled on:
Too bad to be related.

That witching, nauseous Indian weed,
That gives men the salver,
Has smeared the floor until it needs

We are the weaker sex: then sure
You'll pardon our complaining,
While true affection urges us,
To try for your reclaiming.

Pray lend a kind, propitious ear,
And do not be offended,
When we propose a remedy
To have this evil mended.

Let those who will indulge, at home,
There use it unmolested,
If those around them can submit,
To be so much infested.

But when they come to worship God,
Behave as is befitting,
Oh! then refuse, for conscience sake:
This is no place for spitting.

But for inveterate cases, when
They cannot be obedient,
And for accommodation's sake
We have a grand expedient,
Let each procure a calabash,
This from his neck suspended,
Would answer well, and cleanliness
Would be thereby befriended.

Post Mortem Examination.

A consumptive gentleman who died in the city lately, experienced such unusual oppression at his lungs before his decease, that a post mortem examination was held. The first incision exposed to view a hard substance like wood, and a complete opening of the chest brought to light a small 'camp stool,' which must have got in there during the last war! It was by means of this that a severe cold had been seated upon his lungs.

If you want fresh eggs, always get those with chickens in them—since it is a law in nature that every thing young is fresh.

Cow Losing her Horn.

On New-Year's day, 1845, one of my cows in fighting another, with a fence between them, caught the horn in the rail and completely separated it from the pith. I was absent at the time, but my man who acted as assistant surgeon in the cases of the cow and the shoats, and who thought he had learned something from a book farmer, undertook to practice on his own account. He concluded, by reasoning on the nature of things, that as the horn was made to cover the pith, the pith ought to be covered, especially in winter. He accordingly shut up the cow by herself, and looking around, found the horn beside the fence laying on the ground, and as cold as a stone. It was replaced, and he went to my farm medicine chest, and taking therefrom a roll of sticking plaster, spread long strips of muslin with it, and wound the strips around the base of the horn. The result was, the horn became warm at the base, and gradually extended upwards until the whole assumed its natural temperature. The plaster adhered more than a week, and upon examination at the time, the horn was found to be united. It is now three months since the accident, the horn is firmly fixed in its natural position, and the cow is well, and running at large with the others.—Cultivator.

A Hard Case.

In the London newspapers there is published a report, before one of the police magistrates, of a very hard case indeed. A respectable looking female, named Amelia Jones, accompanied by her little child, made an application to the Justice, under the following circumstances, for his advice. She said that she was a native of Philadelphia, and that about two years ago, she married an Englishman, named Jones, who left her 9 months since, and learning that he was living in London in good circumstances, she left Philadelphia and went to England in search of him, and by laborious inquiry she found out his residence in the Kent Road. She called at the house, when to her utter astonishment she discovered another woman. He told her how he was situated: that he had formed another matrimonial alliance, and that he was entirely dependent on his wife's property, and therefore could render her no kind of assistance. To make bad matters worse, he defied her to do her "best or worst," for the offence of marrying her in America and afterwards marrying another wife in England, could not be construed into a charge of bigamy. The poor woman was therefore obliged to quit his house, without the means of returning to America, or of supporting herself and child in London. The magistrate gave her some immediate relief, and advised her to call on the American Consul for aid.

A regular back woodsman of the Yazoo swamp was asked how old he was. 'Why, stranger,' said he, 'I can't exactly say, but when this country was first discovered, I was a right smart chunk of a cub.'

MARRIED, on the 5th Sept. by the Rev. Dr. Potts, Mr. Ezekiel Black to Miss Sussannah Kettle.

We suppose that Pot may now call Kettle Black.

What is it?

'A Mechanic,' in the Philadelphia Ledger, says that two gentlemen have invented a new method of roofing houses, more durable than shingles or slate or tin, as brilliant as glass, fire-proof and water-proof; red, blue, yellow, green, or any other color that may be desired; a non-conductor of electricity, a reflector of heat; cheaper than tin, lighter than slate, being vitrified it is almost indestructible by time or weather, and so easily put on that the largest roof can be covered in a single day, if desired. It requires very little descent; a roof covered with this material may be made as flat as any tin roof, without the least danger of its leaking. Nothing short of actual violence will injure it. Should it come into general use our cities will outshine the Kremlin of Moscow. When a house with a slate roof is on fire, the slates fly so that firemen are in great danger, should they come near it; but this article having passed through the fire in the process of manufacture, is not liable to this objection; its durability is such that it will last as long as the house.

The telegraph, it is said, is used at the present time, for the consummation of quite an extraordinary business transaction. A gentleman of this city, as the story runs, and a beautiful heiress in Baltimore, whom he likes better than himself, not caring to have their sentiments tumbled about in the mail and post office, have substituted one letter of the alphabet, as expressed by the telegraph, for another—wholly different from Morse's—which is unintelligible, not only to the rest of the world, but to the superintendents themselves. Their messages are handed in at the telegraph office, where the superintendent plays the automaton over them; and at the opposite end, he carefully folds the strips of paper, on which all the various letters have been accurately impressed by the telegraph machine, and sends them to the party to whom they are addressed. Thus they talk to each other any day, any hour of the day, they choose. The other day one of these curious love letters fell into "old Papa's" hands, intended for his daughter. The old man is very hostile to the annexation which he has a suspicion his daughter is bent on forming. He put on his spectacles and scrutinized the mysterious budget. Then he took them off, wiped them, and examined it again. It was all Greek to him.

'Jule,' said he, 'what's all this about?'

'That! Pa? O, that's only some paper from the telegraph office.'

'Yes,' said he, 'I know it's from the telegraph office, but what are all these marks upon it?'

'Those are made, you know,' she replied, 'as the paper passes through the machine.'

'They are!' said he, very significantly.—

'Well, what do they mean?'

'La! now Pa,' said she, 'you must think I can read Chinese; and she absolutely laughed the old gentleman out of countenance.'

'I should just like to know,' he continued, 'what this reads, and I will step to the telegraph office and get them to translate it.'

'Do, father,' said the dutiful daughter, 'and please ask them why they send so much of it to me.'

'They send it to you, do they,' said he. 'Yes; yes—I'll inquire.'

And he did inquire, and tried in vain to find it out; the secret was as silver in an iron safe.

This may be the first private alphabet which has been devised for carrying on a speculation in secret, but it will not be the last.—Washington Bee.

A Story of a Giant.

In exhuming of late the remains of so many wonderfully large animals unknown to the present age, it has been supposed that the ancient race of men must have been correspondingly as large. At length we have something to sustain the doctrine. The Madison Banner states on the most reliable authority, that a person in Franklin county, Tennessee, while digging a well, a few weeks since, found a human skeleton, at the depth of fifty feet, which measures eighteen feet in length. The immense frame was entire with an unimportant exception in one of the legs. It has been visited by several of the principal members of the medical faculty in Nashville, and pronounced unequivocally, by all, the skeleton of a huge man. The bone of the thigh measured five feet; and it was computed that the height of the living man, making the proper allowance for muscles, must have been at least twenty feet. The finder had been offered eight thousand dollars for it, but had determined not to sell it at any price until first exhibiting it for twelve months. He is now having the different parts wired together for this purpose. These unwritten records of the men and animals of other ages, that are from time to time dug out of the bowels of the earth, put conjecture to confusion, and almost surpass imagination itself. History informs us that the Emperor Maximus was 8 feet 6 inches in height. In the reign of Claudius a man was brought from Arabia 9 feet 9 inches tall. John Middleton, of Lancashire, England, was 9 feet 3 inches, and Cotter, the Irish Giant, 8 feet 7 inches. But our American skeleton, if we have really found such a one, will throw all other Giants in the shade.

Peaches have been sold at New Orleans this season for 25 cents each.

Present to Mr. Clay.

We saw yesterday, at the residence of Mr. Romulus R. Griffith, in this city, a counterpane made by Mrs. Ann Warner, of Harford County, Md. a lady now in her 93d year. It is a beautiful article, both as a specimen of fine needle-work and in respect to the taste displayed in the arrangement of the numberless pieces of which it is composed. In the centre of it is the following inscription:

TO THE HONORABLE HENRY CLAY:
THE ORATOR, PATRIOT AND PHILANTHROPIST,
In token of admiration of his genius and his virtues, is presented this piece of needle-work,

BY MRS. ANN WARNER,

Executed by her own hands, in the 93d year of her age. Baltimore, 1845.

WHILE fingers still my setting sun,
And life's last sands in silence fall,
Ere Death's rude hand the glass shall break,
And o'er its ruins spread the pall—

I lift the voice which 'mid the storm
Of war our early patriot blest,
And with its dying accent hail,
The patriot hero of the West.

Oh hallowed be thy matchless worth
By a whole nation's love and prayers;
And thy eventful being close
Lamented by a nation's tears.

The old lady completed the counterpane in about six weeks, without assistance from any one. The spirit which animated her whilst engaged in rendering this handsome tribute from age to the great American Statesman may be inferred from the inscription. The article will be taken in charge by James H. Merriweather, Esq. of Cincinnati, and be by him despatched to Mr. Clay's residence.—[Baltimore American.]

Extraordinary Fact in Natural History.

It is known that the Rattle Snake has a passion for milk over all kinds of food, and a very remarkable case recently occurred in Ohio.—Two children (a boy five years old, and a younger sister) went into the milk house, where an enormous Rattle Snake was engaged feasting at a pan of cream, when the boy unhesitatingly seized it, and pulled it away by the tail, and not attempting to escape, he desired his sister to watch it whilst he went for an axe, with which the little hero returned, and courageously cut its body through. The tail part of this very formidable creature was given to Dr. T. Roe, of Hazlewood House, near Newark, who has carefully stuffed and preserved it, measuring between three and four feet in length, and of greater thickness than the wrist of a full grown person, with twenty-seven rattles thereto. The only assignable reason for its not attacking the children, is, that the distended state of its stomach from the quantity of cream it had drunk, rendered it partially torpid. Its skin is rough, and scaly like a fish, with large spots upon it of a diamond shape, and is considered a very great curiosity, and the providential safety of the children almost a miracle. A reptile of such terrible size, and power, happily, is not frequently met with, nor is there, perhaps, on record, an instance of a child so young possessing a spirit so undaunted.

A Beautiful Idea.

At a public meeting in New York. Rev. J. Spaulding dwelt a few moments on the deathless nature and extent of moral influence.—"Away among the Alleghanies," said he, "there is a spring so small that a single ox on a summer's day could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms; and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then, joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the tributaries of that ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar, till the angel, with one foot on the sea, and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill, a rivulet, a river, an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity."

Appearances.

Some years since a merchant on Long Wharf advertised for Spanish milled dollars. The premium was high. A Roxbury farmer who came into town for manure, and who took pride in appearing like a poor man, with a shovel on his shoulder, called at the counting room of the man, and asked him if he wanted silver dollars. 'Yes,' said the merchant; 'have you got any?'

'Not with me,' replied the farmer, 'but I think I have a few at home. What do you give?'

'Four per cent,' said the merchant; and added, 'I will give you seven for all you have.'

'Well,' said the man, 'I should like to have you just clap down on paper how much you give and the number of your shop, or I shall be puzzled to find it.' 'Yes,' said the merchant, 'that I will do; what is your name?'

'Edward Summer,' said he. 'The merchant then wrote as follows, and gave it to him.'

'Edward Summer, of Roxbury, says that he thinks he has some Spanish dollars at home, but don't know. I hereby agree to pay him seven per cent. premium for all such dollars as he may produce.'

Mr. S. took up his check, and replied in his own peculiar emphatic style, "Sir, I'll tell you a truth which a man of your standing in the world ought to know, and it is this—Appearances oftentimes deceive us."

No Mistake at all, Sir.

A sailor having purchased some medicines of a celebrated doctor demanded the price.

'Why,' says the doctor, 'I cannot think of charging you less than seven-and-six pence.'

'Well, I'll tell you what,' replied the sailor, 'take off the odds, and I'll pay you the even.'

'Well,' returned the doctor, 'we won't quarrel about trifles.'

The sailor laid down sixpence, and was walking off, when the doctor reminded him of his mistake.

'No mistake at all, sir: six is even, and seven is odd, all the world over; so I wish you a good day.'

'Get you gone,' said the doctor, 'I've made four pence out of you yet.'

Hoosier Wedding.

The ceremony of tying the nuptial knot is very much simplified in the Hoosier state, as the following scene will show:

'What is your name, sir?' 'Matty.' 'What is your name, miss?' 'Polly.' 'Matty, do you love Polly?' 'No mistake.' 'Polly, do you love Matty?' 'Well, I reckon.' 'Well, then, I pronounce you man and wife,

All the days of your life.'

A strange gentleman passing by the Poor-house of this county, not long since, thought it was the mansion of some country nabob, and desiring to know his name, inquired of an Irishman, who was laboring in a field near the road, "Sir, will you please to tell me who owns that building there?" "Troth, an' there's a company of us owns it," was the instant reply of Pat.

Excellent vinegar may be made of the juice of beets. A farmer lately grated a bushel of sugar beets to a fine pulp, pressed out the juice, (six gallons,) and put it into an empty vinegar barrel, and in two weeks he had as fine vinegar as was ever obtained from cider.

An editor out west says to his non-paying subscribers—"We cannot afford to pay two or three dollars a day for horse hire to dun men who ought to have paid us a long time ago; and besides we are too ragged and miserably clad to be seen out of our own village."