

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 paper 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 arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editors.

All 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 arrears 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.

The Games of Life.

The little Miss at three years old,

Plays with her doll and prattles:

The little Master, stout and bold,

Plays with his drums and rattles.

The Boy, detesting musty books,

Loves romping with the lasses;

And Miss grows older, studies looks,

And plays with looking glasses.

The jolly Toper, fond of fun,

Plays with his friends at drinking:

The Sportsman plays with dog and gun,

And Wise Men play at thinking.

The Beauty, full of haughty airs,

When young, plays at tormenting;

But wrinkled, turns to other cares,

Gay sports at last repenting.

Wretched from self-created woe,

The Miser's game is hoarding;

And when he meets his country's foe,

The Sailor plays at boarding.

The Lawyer plays his game so well

As gets him many a greeting;

The Auctioneer with things to sell,

The Glutton plays at eating.

To play at dosing, Doctors know

A lengthy case is cheering;

And those who would to Congress go,

Play at electioneering.

With ledger busied, Merchants take

A game at calculation;

And Congressmen too often make

A plaything of the nation.

By speaking much and doing nought,

By bustling, threat'ning, raving,

Congress the nation have not taught,

That they have played at saving.

With looks profound, and thoughtful mind,

Projectors play at scheming;

Till worn with care, at last they find

They've all along been dreaming.

The Lover sad, and woful wan,

Plays day and night at fretting;

While, laughing at the silly man,

His Delta sports coqueting.

Cowards, with none but cowards nigh,

Are fond of gasconading;

And Statesmen fawn, and cringe and lie,

And play at masquerading.

At setting types the Printers play,

And sometimes with their quills;

Their Patrons do not play they say,

At paying off their bills.

The Player plays for wealth and fame;

And thus all play together,

Till death at last disturbs the game,

And stops their play forever.

A SAD ACCIDENT.—A person walking along

the street stepped upon a watermelon, and got

capsized on the Rhine. A melancholy acci-

dent, truly!

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

A "Millerite" Miracle.

In a little village in the State of Hoosieriana, in the year 1844, there was "all sorts" of excitement concerning the doctrines and prophecies of that arch deceiver Miller. For months, the Midnight Cry, followed by the Morning Howl, and the Noonday Yell, had circulated through the village and surrounding counties, to an extent not even equalled by Dr. Duncan's celebrated Coon Speech. Men disposed of their property for little or nothing. The women were pale and ghastly from watching and praying, and in fact, the whole population, or at least those who believed in the coming ascension, looked as if they were about half over a second attack of the chills and fever. There were, however, some "choice spirits," (not choice in theirs, however,) who, notwithstanding the popularity of the delusion, would not enlist under the banners of the ascensionists, and amongst these was a wild, harum-scarum blade from "Down East," by the name of CABE NEWHAM. Now Cabe was as hard "a case" as you would meet on a Fourth of July in Texas, always alive for fun and sport of any and every description, and a strong disbeliever in Millerism.

The night of the 3d of April was the time agreed upon out West here, for the grand exhibition of "ground and lofty tumbling," and about ten o'clock of the said night, numbers of the Millerites assembled on the outskirts of the town, on a little eminence, upon which the proprietor had allowed a few trees to stand. In the crowd, and the only representative of his race present, was a free negro, by the name of Sam, about as ugly, black, wooly, and rough a descendant of Ham, as ever baked his shins over a kitchen fire.

Sam's head was small, body and arms very long, and his legs bore a remarkable resemblance to a pair of hams; in fact, put Sam on a horse, his legs clasped round its neck, his head towards the tail; and his arms clasped round the animal's hams, at ten paces off you would swear that he was an *old set of patent gearing*.

The leader of the Millerites, owing to "an ancient grudge he bore him," hated Sam "like smoke," and had done all in his power to prevent his admittance among the "elect," but all to no purpose—Sam would creep in at every meeting, and to-night here he was again, dressed in a robe of cheap cotton, secured to his body by a belt, and shouting and praying as loud as the best.

Now on the morning of the 3d, Cabe had, with a deal of perseverance, and more trouble, managed to throw a half inch hemp cord over the branch of an oak, which stretched its long arm directly over the spot where the Millerites would assemble; one end he had secured to the body of the tree, and the other to a stump some distance off. About 10 o'clock, when the excitement was getting about "80 lbs. to the inch," Cabe, wrapped in an old sheet, walked into the crowd, and proceeded to fasten in as secure a manner as possible, the end of the rope to the back part of the belt which confined Sam's "robe"—succeeded, and "sloped," to join some of his companions who had the other end.

The few stars in the sky threw a dim light over the scene, and in a few moments the voice of Sam was heard, exclaiming "Gor Al-mighty! I'm a going up! Who-o-o-h!" and sure enough, Sam was seen mounting into the "etherial blue;" his ascent was, however, checked when he had cleared "terra firma" a few feet. "Glory!" cried one, "Hallelujah!" another, and shrieks and yells made night hideous; some fainted, others prayed, and not a few dropped their robes and "slid." Now whether it was owing to the lightness of his head, or the length and weight of his heels, or both, Sam's position was not a pleasant one; the belt to which Cabe's cord was attached, was bound exactly round his centre of gravity, and Sam swung like a pair of scales, head up and heels down, heels up and head down, at the same time sweeping over the crowd like a pendulum, which motion was accelerated by his strenuous clapping of hands, and vigorous kicking. At length he became alarmed, he wouldn't go up, and he couldn't come down! "Lor a Massy," cried he, "just take um poor nigger to um bo-om, or lef him down agin, easy, easy, Gor Al-

mighty! Lef him down agin, please um Lord, and dis nigger will go straight to um bed!—Ugh-h-h"—and Sam's teeth chattered with affright, and he kicked again more vigorously than before, bringing his head directly downward, and his heels up, when a woman shrieking out, "Oh! Brother Sam, take me with you," sprung at his head as he swept by her, and caught him by the wool, bringing him up "all standing."

"Gosh! Sister," cried Sam, "lef go um poor nigger's har." Cabe gave another pull at the rope, but the additional weight was too much, the belt gave way, and down came Sam, his bullet head taking the leader of the saints a "feeler" just between the eyes.—"Gosh! Is i down agin?" cried the bewildered Sam, gathering himself up; "I is, bress de Lord! but I was nearly dar, I seed de gates!" The leader wiped his overflowing proboscis, took Sam by the nape of the neck, led him to the edge of the crowd, and giving him a kick "a la posteroire," said, "Leave you cussed baboon, you are so infernal ugly *I knew they wouldn't let you in!*" C. A. P.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 10, 1845.

The Philosopher's Stone.

The eccentric, but brilliant John Randolph, once suddenly arose from his seat in the House of Representatives, and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice, "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the Philosopher's stone. It is—Pay as you go!"

John Randolph dropped many gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that.

"Pay as you go," and you need not dodge constables and sheriff.

"Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with an erect back and a manly front, and you have no fears of those you meet. You can look any man in the eye without flinching. You won't have to cross the highway to avoid a dun, or to look intently into the shop windows to avoid seeing a creditor.

"Pay as you go," and you can snap your fingers at the world, and when you laugh it will be a hearty, honest one. It seems to us sometimes that we can tell the laugh of a poor debtor. He looks as if in doubt whether his laugh was not the property of his creditors, and not included in articles 'exempted from attachment.' When he does succeed in getting out an abortion of a laugh—for it is nothing but an abortion—he appears frightened, and looks as though he expected it would be pounced upon by a constable.

"Pay as you go," and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, cherry-cheeked, smiling children—a contented wife—a cheerful hearthstone.

John Randolph was right. It is the "Philosopher's Stone."

Division of Labor.

A certain preacher who was holding forth to a somewhat sleepy congregation, lifted up his eyes to the gallery, and beheld his son peeping down at him with chestnuts. Dominie was about to administer, *ex cathedra*, a sharp and stringent reprimand for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth anticipating him, bawled out at the top of his voice—

"You mind your preaching, daddy, and I'll keep them awake."

NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—A letter from a gentleman to Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, Washington, says the ripe seeds of the plant, *okra*, much used in soup, &c., burned and used as coffee, cannot be distinguished from it, even the best Java. The seeds are sown an inch deep in drills, four feet apart, in May, and cultivated like corn or peas. It yields abundantly, and is very healthy. Mr. E. has the seeds.

It appears by the census that Wisconsin is a great place for babies. One of the papers state them at the astonishing number of sixty-seven thousand, under the age of five years.

CAUTION TO SMOKERS.—German physiologists affirm that of twenty deaths of men between eighteen and twenty-five, ten originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking.

The Editor of the New York Evening Star says that the man who eats tomatoes every day, will live, barring casualties, more than a hundred years.

Life in our Cities.

A writer in the New York Tribune, makes the following appalling statement, in regard to the condition of a certain class of laborers in that city:

"There are in this city, according to the closest estimates that can be made, ten thousand women who exist on what they can earn by the needle. The following are the prices for which a majority of these females are compelled to work—they being such as are paid by the large depots, for shirts and clothing, in Chatham street and elsewhere:

For making common white and checked cotton shirts, six cents each; common flannel undershirts, the same. These are cut in such manner as to make ten seams in two pairs of sleeves. A common fast seamstress can make two of these shirts per day. Sometimes very swift hands, by working from sunrise to midnight, can make three. This is equal to seventy-five cents per week, (allowing nothing for holidays, sickness, accidents, being out of work, &c.) for the first class, and \$1.12 1-2 for the others.

Good cotton shirts, with linen bosoms, neatly stitched, are made for twenty-five cents. A good seamstress will make one in a day, thus earning \$1.50 per week, by constant labor.

Fine linen shirts, with plaited bosoms, which cannot be made by the very best hand, in less than fifteen to eighteen hours, steady work, are paid fifty cents each. Ordinary hands make one shirt of this kind in two days.

Duck Trowsers, Overalls, &c., eight and ten cents each. Drawers and Undershirts, both Flannel and Cotton, from six to eight cents, at the ordinary shops, and 12 1-2 at the best. One garment is a day's work for some—others can make two.

Satinet, Cassimere and Broad Cloth Pants, sometimes with garter bottoms and lined, from 18 to 30 cents per pair. One pair is a good day's work.

Vests, 25 to 50 cents—the latter price paid only for work of the very best quality. Good hands make one a day.

Thin Coats are made for 25 to 37 1-2 cents a piece.

Heavy Pilot cloth Coats, with three pockets, \$1 each. A Coat of this kind cannot be made under three days.

Cloth Roundabouts and Pea-jackets, 25 to 50 cents. Three can be made in two days.

A great number of females are employed in making men's and boy's Caps. By constant labor, fifteen or eighteen hours a day, they can make from 14 to 25 cents. We are told by an old lady who has lived by this kind of work a long time, that when she begins at sunrise and works till midnight, she can earn 14 cents a day.

A large majority of these women are American born, from the great Middle Class of life, many of whom have once been in comfortable and even affluent circumstances, and have been reduced by the death or bankruptcy of husbands and relatives, or other causes, to such traits. Many of them are the wives of ship-masters and other officers of vessels. Others are the widows of mechanics and poor men, and have children, aged mothers and fathers, &c., to support by their needle. Many have drunken husbands to add to their burdens and afflictions, and to darken every faint gleam of sunshine that domestic affection throws even in the humble abode. Others have sick or bed-ridden husbands or children, or perhaps, have to endure the agony of receiving home a fallen daughter or an outlawed son, suddenly checked in their career of vice.

The manner in which these women live—the squalidness and unhealthy location and nature of their habitations—the inadequateness of their food and clothing—the impossibility of providing for any, the slightest recreation, or moral or intellectual culture, or of educating their children—can be easily imagined; but we assure the public that it would require an extremely active imagination to conceive the reality."

The Caledonia Mercury narrates at length the case of a youth, named John Sweeny, a most inveterate stammerer, who was cured by a severe kick on the head by a horse.

God send