

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.
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 amount 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.

A Meditation.

Some hidden disappointment clings
To all of man—to all his schemes,
And life has little fair it brings,
Save idle dreams.
The peace that may be ours to-day,
Scarce heed we, looking for the morrow,
The slightest moments steal away,
And then comes sorrow.
The light of promise that may glow
Where life shines fair in bud or bloom,
Ere fruit hath ripen'd forth to show,
Is quench'd in gloom.
The rapture softest blush imparts,
Dies with the bloom that fades away,
And glory from the wave departs
At close of day.
Where we have garnered up our hearts,
And fixed our earnest love and trust,
The very life blood thence departs,
All, all is dust.
Then, Nature, let us turn to thee;
For in thy countless changes thou
Still bearest immortality
Upon thy brow.
Thy seasons in their endless round
Of sunshine, tempest, calm or might,
Yet leave thee, like an empress crown'd
With jewels bright.
Thy very storms are light to thee:
'Tis but a sleep thy seeming death;
We see thee wake in flower and tree
At spring's soft breath.
We view the ruin of our youth,
Decay's wan trace on all we cherish;
But thou, in thy unfailling truth,
Canst never perish.

Inscription on a Tomb-stone.

"I came in the morning—it was in spring;
And I smiled;
I walked out at noon—it was in summer;
And I was glad;
I sat me down at even—it was autumn;
And I was sad;
I laid me down at night—it was winter;
And I slept."

A Scripture Name.

"Mister printer," said a little urchin, poking himself into our sanctum with a paper in his hand pointing to a word—"mother wants to know what's the meaning of this ere word."
"What word—that Salamsgundi?" said we.
"Yes, sir," replied that Webster says it is a mixture of chopped meat and pickled herring— with oil, vinegar, molasses, red flannel and onions, to be eaten three times per day."
"By thunder! if the old woman didn't think I was a scripture name."

To CURE A WART.—Scrape a carrot fine and mix it with salt, and apply as a poultice five or six nights.

Cruelty to Animals—Tit for Tat.

A circumstance, says a New York paper, took place on one of our wharves with a carman, who had stood beating his horse for upwards of twenty minutes because the poor animal could not drag a heavy load out of a deep rut. A crowd had gathered around, and many individuals tried to put a stop to the man's brutality. Some offered to assist him with his load, and others threatened him with the law. But he would accept of no assistance; he scorned the statute-book; and finally threatened to horse-whip the first man who interfered again. The mate of a vessel, who had been most active in the matter, took this as a personal challenge, especially as the carman had directed his eyes towards him when he uttered it. Throwing off his jacket, thereupon, he immediately went at him, as he termed it, and a sounder drubbing man never received than that same pugnacious carman.

The second happened on the margin of a dock that was being filled up for a wharf, one cold morning last spring; but its termination had more of the comic than of the tragic element in it. A great lubberly boy had got a small puplet, apparently but a few months old, of which he was trying to make a water-dog, although the poor beast had no more of the water species in him than a cat. The boy first threw a chip in, and then ordered the dog to 'go and fetch it.' The little fellow looked up in the boy's face and wagged his tail. The order was repeated; when the dog still hesitating, the lubber seized him by the tail and threw him into the middle of the pond. The little animal scrambled to the shore again, as well as he was able, where, moaning and shivering with the cold he crawled up to his master and endeavored to lick his feet. Kicks and buffets despite our remonstrance, repaid him for this demonstration of love; and then followed another order to 'go and fetch it.' The dog now tried to crawl away, when the boy seized him by the neck, and stood ready to give him another plunge. As he held him for an instant, the poor creature turned his head, as well as he was able, and gazing in his master's face said so piteously, by his looks, 'Oh, don't do it again!' that nothing but an extra share of inhumanity could have prompted the boy to repeat the outrage. The dumb appeal was disregarded. He was again thrown into the dock, and was most probably severely injured by the fall, for he floundered about in a circle for three or four minutes, as if bewildered, and afterwards sank several times before reaching the shore. When he got to land again, he staggered a few paces, and then fell exhausted on the pavement. The boy ran toward him his face flushed with passion and was about to inflict further chastisement on his victim, when a burly, good-natured, sailor-looking man, who had been quietly watching the affair, checked him; 'My lad, look here!' said he, pulling a large orange from his pocket, and holding it temptingly toward him. The boy paused, and looked wistfully at the fruit. His eye glistened as he put out his hand to clutch the proffered gift, when the sailor withdrew it, and tossed it into the middle of the dock. 'Now, you young rascal!' said he turning to the boy, 'Now, sir, go and fetch it!' The fellow shook his head, and began to step back, 'Go and fetch it! I say,' repeated the sailor, in a sterner voice and advancing a step or two. The young rogue now turned on his heel and was attempting to run, when Jack seized him by the seat of his trousers and threw him plump into the middle of the dock, with as much ease, apparently, as he had done the orange. Our first impulse was to interfere in the matter; but on a second thought, we came to the conclusion that as justice had been already done in the premises, things might as well remain as they were.

A stupid fellow once saw a culprit led to the gallows. 'What has the man done?' he inquired of a wag, who stood near. 'It appears,' replied the wag, 'that he baked snow in an oven and sold it for salt.' 'Ah! the infamous wretch!' said the fool and wondered greatly.

NATURAL VEGETABLE PILLS.—Irish potatoes. This medicine is admirable in its effects—working kindly with the system and being entirely digestible. They should be taken mashed hot, and with plenty of good gravy.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. A Long Stitch.

Some time about the first of July, 1845, Mrs. F—, aged about 65 years, accidentally introduced a fine sewing needle into her hand, which was broken off, leaving about half its length between the thumb and fore finger; in a direction toward the middle or palm of the left hand. I was requested to extract it, but as there was little pain or inconvenience arising from it, I advised to let it remain rather than cut among the tendons for it. In a very few days all trouble and apprehension was over in regard to it; about the last of September, she felt some pain in the right side of the abdomen and just above the hip, which she conceived to be a spasm, and began rubbing it with her hand, when directly the needle came forth and was extracted. The broken point I should judge to be about 7-8 of an inch in length, and its fine polish had suffered but little from corrosion. The course which the needle took in making its circuitous journey is entirely unknown to her. The distance it travelled in about three months could not be much less than four feet, its nearest course; but for ought we know might have wandered twice that distance before it appeared at the point from which it was extracted.

B. B. JONES, M. D.

Patrick's Colt.

A gentleman who favours us with some reminiscences respecting the early settlement of this place—formerly old Derryfield—relates the following anecdote:

"When my grandfather resided at Gaffston and Derryfield, then settled by the Irish, he hired a wild sort of an Irishman to work on his farm. One day, soon after his arrival, he told him to take a bridle and go out and catch the black colt. 'Don't come home without him,' said old grandfather. Patrick started, and was gone some time, but at last returned minus the bridle, with his hands and face badly scratched as though he had received rough treatment.—'Why, Patrick, what's the matter—what in the name of wonder ails you?'"

"An' faith, it isn't me, your honor, that'll never catch the old black colt again! The devil catch me if I do—bad luck to him! And didn't he but scratch the eyes out of my head? An' faith, as true as me shoul's me own, I had to climb up a tree after the colt!" "Nonsense! Where is the beast?" "An' it's tied to the tree he is, to be sure, your honor." We all followed Patrick to the spot to get a solution of the difficulty, and on reaching the field, we found, to our no small amusement, that he had been chasing a young Black Bear, which he had succeeded in catching, after a great deal of rough usage on both sides, and actually tied it with the bridle to an old tree. Bruin was kept for a long while, and was ever after known as "Patrick's colt."

A Young Goose.

A gentleman doing the marketing for his household wants, was attracted by the sight of a plump, extra sized, well cleaned goose. 'Is it a young one?' said he to a bonny rosy-checked country lass. 'Yes Sir, indeed it is,' was the ready reply. 'And how much do you want for it?' 'A dollar, sir.' 'That is too much, I think; say seven shillings, and here's your money.' 'Well, Sir, as I would like to get you for a steady customer, take it away!' The goose was taken home and roasted for Sunday's dinner; but it was found difficult to carve, and when cut up, so tough as to be uneatable. The gentleman went to market again, on the following market day, as usual, and there met with his fair Poulterer. 'Did you not tell me that goose was young, which I bought of you?' 'Yes, sir, I did, and so it was. Don't you call me a young woman? I am only 19.' 'Yes I do.' 'Well, I have heard mother say, many a time, that it was nearly six weeks younger than me!'"

In Iowa they weigh pork by putting a plank across a rail, with the hog on one end, and then piling stones enough on the other to balance; and then guess at the weight of the stones.

The produce of Iron in its various forms, from the pig, for the coming year, in Pittsburg city will be an average of 1000 tons per week. About one-tenth of this will be in the form of nails.

The Loafer's Lament after Election Day.

The 'lection day is come and gone
And candidates no longer fawn;
No longer haste with ready feet,
To tipping shops on grog to treat.

Alas! alas! I was in clover,
But now the 'lection day is over;
Things are not as they use to was
For Charley Dickens now aint Boz.

Oh then did Mr. Quid pro quo
Shake hands and smile and chat so, so,
And the high-blooded Democrat
Familiar-eyes'd each poor-house rat.

But now the 'lection day is over
And I'm again a helpless loafer,
Things sometimes takes an awful turn
And leave the wretch alone to mourn.

Then how the demagogue did wheedle
And twist and turn like a knitting needle;
He courted me with Rum and water
As hard as any M. C's daughter.

Alas! alas! that day is gone;
And now for grog I must give pawn
Of boots and shoes and coat and hat,
Unhquor'd by whig or democrat.

O! how I ate and how I drank,
And loafing, played the drunken prank:
I had no fips—I had no cents—
But went it hard, at his expense.

Alas! that happy day is past
And I must work—or thirst and fast;
Some things get small that once were big
Unfed by democrat or whig.

Some now elected, others beat
They neither know me when we meet;
But 'lection day will come agin
And the way I'll suck'em, 'll be a sin.

'Llection day is come and gone,
Another one is coming on;
Things then 'll be as they use to was
And I'll support the drinking cause.

A Slight Difference.

The two articles which we quote below don't exactly tally in their accounts of the married life. It will be fun for the bachelors.

EARLY MARRIAGES.—The Globe is in favor of early marriages. So we are. It's a shame that hundreds of beautiful girls, every way capable of making good wives, should be living in single wretchedness, while there are thousands of young men, who earn enough to support comfortable and happy homes, but who spend it in riotous living.

The Knickerbocker says that a young man lately advertised for a wife. In less than two hours eighteen men sent word that he might have theirs!

A leech is said by a foreign journal to be an excellent weather glass. If the weather continues to be serene and pleasant the leech lies at the bottom of the vessel rolled in a spiral form. If it should rain, either before or after noon, it is found to have crept up to the top of the vessel. If we are to have wind, the animal moves through the water with great swiftness, and seldom rests. If a remarkable thunder storm is to succeed, for some days before it lodges almost continually out of the water, and manifests great uneasiness.

A man, killing hogs, became vexed, and venting his spleen, wished they were in h—l.—"Oh, dear me, mother, what can he mean?" exclaimed a little girl who heard him. "Mean! I suppose the awful wretch wants his provisions sent on beforehand."

A young urchin being severely reprimanded by his mother for saying "hell," remembered the chastisement, and on the following Sabbath, when the minister, in preaching used the word, leaped up and exclaimed, "By jings! if you had my mother to deal with, you wouldn't sweat that way without getting licked, I know."

"An extraordinary surgical operation," was lately performed—which was the complete removal of the patient to another world. The physician is doing well.

A certain person had a very great nose and a little wart. A wag remarked that the wart couldn't grow, for it stood too much in the shade.

The right kind of a Wife.

While on a visit to Philadelphia last week, we had the honor of an introduction to the heroine of the following sketch.

Mr. —, a merchant, now residing in Philadelphia, who formerly lived in rather an extravagant style, was in the habit, every Monday morning, of giving his wife a certain sum of money for table and other household expenses of the week, never mentioned his business to his wife, she deeming him sufficiently capable of attending to his own affairs, never inquired into them. About five years after their marriage, through some slight mismanagement and the rascality of his confidential clerk, Mr. — suddenly broke, and his fall was mentioned sympathizingly, on 'Change,' and—like all such matters—there all sympathy ended. The merchant kept the affair a secret, and the first intimation his lady had of it, was by a paragraph in the "Ledger." Shortly after dinner was over, on the day of discovery of the startling fact, Mrs. — requested her husband to remain in the parlour a few moments, as she had something to say to him. She then left the room, hurried up stairs, and shortly afterwards returned, with a splendidly bound bible in her hand. Handing it to her husband, she said: "George, the day after our marriage you gave me this precious book as a token of your love, and as a rich fountain to look to in the day of trouble. Its pages have been precious to me; and as your brow looks sad to-day, I now return it to you, that you may glean from it some consolation in the hour of gloom." She then left the room.

The merchant opened the book carelessly, and a bank bill fell out. He picked it up, and glanced at its face—it was a \$10 bill. He opened the book again, and another note of the same amount was before him. He opened it at the first page, and continued to find a X between every two leaves, till he arrived at the commencement of the Book of Revelations.—He was saved—could again commence business, and had a capital of \$9,000 to begin with!

He rang the bell—a servant appeared.
"Request your mistress to come to me immediately," said the merchant.

The lady obeyed, entering the room between a tear and a smile.

"Kate! Kate! Where did you procure all this money?"

"'Tis the weekly savings of our household expenses for the last five years," was the modest reply. "Every week I put ten out of the twenty dollars which you gave me into our Bible bank, that when a day of trouble came upon us, we should have something to save us from the welf."

"But why put it in the Bible, Kate?"

"Because it is a good bank, and one which will not suddenly break," replied the lady.

"You are an angel, Kate," cried her delighted husband, clasping her to his heart.

And so she is. Does any one doubt it?—There are thousands of such angels, despite the railings of our miserable woman-slandering bachelors.—N. Y. Rambler.

CURIOSITIES.—The Editor of the Spirit of Jefferson, (a paper published at Charlestown, Va.) states that he was shown, a few days ago, a three legged partridge, shot by Master Geo. Flagg, of that place. The third leg, though not so large as the other two, was perfect in its formation.

A white chicken, with four legs, is now in the possession of Mr. Richard Crut, of Georgetown. This freak of nature is the more curious, as the chicken is alive and well. We understand the bird was raised in Prince George county, Maryland.

Fallen a Martyr.

"What are you down there for?" said a gentleman in one of the Mississippi towns to a loafer who was lying in the gutter.

"Me! oh, I've only fallen a martyr to the gallon law, that's all."

"I am taking down the census of a densely populated neighborhood," as the loafer said when he swallowed the skippery cheese.

Kentucky, this year, it is said, will turn out 90 thousand hogs—nearly twice as many as last year. The owners don't grant at that.