

# 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 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.

## Song and Serrow.

Touch my harp, oh, Muse of sorrow!  
Softly touch its broken string,  
Now thy minstrel I would borrow,  
O'er me spread thy drooping wing.

Spirits, sighing, round me hover,  
Fading beauty's spirits spell,  
Like the lute of Sappho's lover,  
Breathes the language of farewell.

Where has fled the summer's beaming,  
Where the bird and humming bee—  
Where the dew drop, sparkling, gleaming  
Sun-lit diamonds on the sea?

Where the spirit-breathing zephyr,  
Playing on the rose-bud's lip—  
Where has fled the music murmur—  
When the bees its honey sip?

See the downy thistle flying,  
Mutely o'er the withered grass,  
Hear the fated leaflets sighing,  
As they on their journey pass.

Trace them to their lowly dwelling,  
Far away from beauty's home,  
Hear them there their sorrows telling,  
Never here again to roam.

Leaves are fading, see them falling,  
Dropping in the hollows low;  
Birds from hill and grove are calling  
For their kindred all to go.

Gone is every fragrant blossom,  
Summer's breath has passed away,  
Bare and cold is Nature's bosom,  
Dimly falls the noon-tide ray.

Thus are passing, thus are leaving,  
Those we prize and fondly love;  
Sadly now my heart is grieving,  
Yet with joy I look above.

With the summer, soft and stilly,  
Fled her spirit to the skies,  
Young and lovely as the lily,  
Scarcely blooming ere it dies.

See the willow bending lowly,  
Hear I not her spirit there?  
Weeping minstrel—sad, yet holy,  
Is the breathing of thy lyre.

## A Christian Death-Bed.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit! rest thee now—  
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.  
Dust to the narrow home beneath,  
Soul to its place on high,  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die.

As to dress, decency is becoming to all; but extravagance opens the door to want; follow the fashion of the day as far as decency and good sense will approve, but avoid singularity. Be not troubled about what you have not. A Leghorn hat loaded with flowers will not cure the headache, neither will a gold watch prevent the consumption.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

## Death Warrant of Jesus Christ.

Of the many interesting relics and fragments of antiquity which have been brought to light by the persevering researches of modern philosophy, none could have more interest to the philanthropist and the believer, than the one which we copy below. "Chance," says the *Courier des Etats Unis*, "has just put into our hands the most imposing and interesting judicial document to all Christians, that ever has been recorded in human annals: that is the identical Death Warrant of our Lord JESUS CHRIST. The document was faithfully transcribed by the editor, and is in *hac verba* :

*Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting Governor of Lower Galilee, stating that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the cross.*

"In the year seventeen of the emperor Tiberius Cæsar and the 25th day of March, the city of the holy Jerusalem, Anna and Caiaphas being priests, sacrificators of the people of God, Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower Galilee, sitting on the presidential chair of the Prætorium condemnus Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves—the great notorious evidence of the people saying—

1. Jesus is a seducer.
2. He is seditious.
3. He is an enemy of the law.
4. He calls himself falsely the Son of God.
5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel.
6. He entered into the temple, followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands.

Order the first centurion, Quillus Cornelius, to lead him to the place of execution. Forbid any person whomsoever, either poor or rich, to oppose the death of Jesus.

The witnesses who signed the condemnation of Jesus are, viz.—1. Daniel Robani, a Pharisee; 2. Joannus Rorobable; 3. Raphdel Robani; 4. Capet, a citizen.

Jesus shall go out of the city of Jerusalem by the gate of Struenus."

The above sentence is engraved on a copper plate; on one side are written these words:—"A similar plate is sent to each tribe." It was found in an antique vase of white marble, while excavating in the ancient city of Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1820, and was discovered by the Commissioners of arts attached to the French armies. At the expedition of Naples, it was found enclosed in a box of ebony, in the sacristy of the Chartrem.—The vase in the chapel of Caserta. The French translation was made by the members of the Commissaries of Arts. The original is in the Hebrew language. The Chartrem requested earnestly that the plate should not be taken away from them. The request was granted, as a reward for the sacrifice they had made for the army. M. DENON, one of the savans, caused a plate to be made of the same model, on which he had engraved the above sentence. At the sale of his collection of antiquities, &c. it was bought by Lord Howard for 2,890 francs. Its intrinsic value and interest are much greater. A few years ago there was found at Catskill, in New York, a "shekel of Israel," of the time of our Saviour. On one side was the representation of a palm leaf, on the other, a picture of the temple, with the words underneath, "Holy Jerusalem," in the Hebrew tongue. Relics like these, properly authenticated, have about them an inexpressible sacredness and moment. They seem to blend two worlds, and to carry human curiosity from the finite to the infinite.

"What are you staring at, Sir, may I ask?" said an imperial'd mustached 'blood' to a 'Hoozier' on a Mississippi steamboat, who had been watching him as a cat watches a mouse, for some fifteen minutes.

"I thought so, by H—ll!" exclaimed the 'Hoozier,' the moment the other spoke; "I said you'd got a mouth, and I was only waitin' to be sartin' about it, to ask you to 'liquor.' Stranger, what'll you drink? or had you rather fight? I don't care a d—n which myself."

The oddly-matched pair were left touching glasses at a crowded bar.—*Knickerbocker.*

Sixteen pairs of Twins have been born in one of the wards of the city of New London, Conn. No wonder that this city has increased sixty-five per cent in five years.

## Execution of a Boy.

WRITTEN BY AN ENGLISH HANGMAN.

A few years ago, I was called out of town to hang a little boy, who had been convicted of killing with *malice aforethought*. If guilty he must have been in the habit of going to executions. Ten thousand came to dabble in the poor young creature's blood. That was the youngest fellow creature I ever handled in the way of business; and a beautiful child he was too, as you have seen by the papers, with a straight nose, large blue eyes and golden hair. I have no heart, no feelings; who has in our calling? But those who came to see me struggle that tender youngster, have hearts and feelings as we once had. *Have!*—no—had: for what they saw was fit to make them as hard as your servant and master.

They saw that stripling lifted fainting, on to the gallows: his smooth cheek the color of wood ashes—his little limbs trembling, and his bosom heaving sigh after sigh as if the body and soul were parting without my help.

This was downright murder; for there was scarcely any life to take out of him. When I began to pull the cap over his baby face, he pressed his hands together, (his arms you know were corded fast to his body,) and he gave me a beseeching look, just as a calf will lick the butcher's hand. But cattle do not speak; this creature muttered—'Pray sir, don't hurt me.'—'My dear,' answered I, 'you should have spoken to my master: I'm only journeyman and must do as I am bid.' This made him cry, which seemed to relieve him, and I do think I should have cried myself if I had not heard shouts from the crowd 'poor lamb!—shame, murder!' 'Quick,' said the Sheriff. 'Ready,' said I. The Rev gentleman gave me a wink—the drop fell—one kick—and he swayed to and fro, dead as the feelings of the Christian people of England.

The crowd dispersed, some swearing, some weeping with passionate exclamation, some cursing as if hell had broke loose; some laughing, while they cracked jokes on you and me and the dangling corpse. They had come for the sight. They would come to see an angel murdered. They had come to get drunk with strong excitement; they went back reeling and filthy with the hot debauch. They had come to riot in the passions of fear and piety; they went back some in a fever of rage, some burning with hate, some hardened in heart, like me or you; all sunk down in their own respect, ready to make light of pain and blood, corrupted by the indecent show, and more fit than ever to make work for us—the judge and the hangman.

O, wise law makers! who think to soften the hearts of the people—to make them gentle and good—to them give a feeling of respect for themselves and others, by showing them a sight like this!

## Simple Cure for Stammering.

Mr. Wakely, at an inquest he held lately, in England, stated that a few days back the summoning officer told him it would be useless to call one witness, a lad, because he stuttered so excessively that he could hardly articulate the shortest sentence in half an hour. Mr. Wakely, however, had him called, and telling him that, as shot could not be discharged from a gun without powder or air, so words could not come from the mouth unless the lungs had their powder, viz: air. He told the lad to inhale air, or draw in his breath strongly; and the lad having done so, Mr. Wakely asked him—

"Can you talk now?"

The boy, to the surprise of the jury, answered immediately and glibly—

"Yes, I can, sir, very well."

The Coroner added, that inhalation or self-inflation of the lungs, with air, was a sure remedy for stammering, and though it had been discovered long ago, the faculty had not, until lately, and then only a few of them, caused it to be practised as a remedy for defective articulation.

## Cure for Horn Ail.

As a remedy for this disease, some use Spirits of Turpentine, but this we have considered too harsh. An application of brimstone—say one spoonful turned boiling hot into the cavity, just between the horns, will effect a speedy cure.

## An Uneasy Predicament.

We were the witnesses of a ludicrous incident which occurred in this city a few days since, for relating which we claim the indulgence of the gentleman directly concerned—deeming it too good a joke to be lost.

While sitting at our desk and laboring assiduously with pen, scissors and paste, to make out a readable paper for our patrons, we were suddenly 'frightened from our propriety,' by the hasty entrance of a gentleman, exclaiming, 'For God's sake, help me to see what's the matter! I've got some dreadful thing—scorpion or tarantula—in the leg of my pantaloons! Quick—quick—help me!'

We instantly rose from our chair, half frightened ourselves. Our friend had broken in so suddenly and unexpectedly upon us, and was so wonderfully agitated that we knew not whether he was indeed in his senses. We looked at him with a sort of suspicion mixed with dread, and hardly knew whether to speak with or seize and confine him for a madman. The latter we came near attempting. There he stood quivering and pale, with hand tightly twisted upon a part of his pantaloons just in the hollow of the knee.

'What's the matter?' at last we asked. 'The matter!' he exclaimed, 'oh, help me! I have got something here which just ran up my leg! Oh, I can't let go; I must hold it.—Ah, there!' he shrieked, 'I felt it move just then! Oh, these pants without straps! I'll never wear another pair open at the bottom as long as I live. Ah, I feel it again!'

'Feel what?' we inquired, standing at the same time at a respectable distance from our gentleman; for we had just been reading our *Corpus Christi* correspondent's letter about snakes, lizards, and tarantulas, and began to imagine some deadly insect or reptile in the leg of our friend's unmentionables, as they are sometimes called.

'I don't know what it is,' answered the gentleman; 'help me to see what it is. I was just passing that old pile of rubbish there in front of your office, and felt it dart up my leg as quick as lightning, and it stopped just here where I've my hand; and he clenched his fist still more tightly.'

If it had been the neck of an anaconda, we believe he would have squeezed it to a jelly.

By this time two or three of the news boys had come in; the clerks and packing boys, hearing the outcry, stopped working, and the editors and all hands stood around the sufferer with looks of mingled sympathy and alarm.

'Bring a chair, Fitz,' said we, 'and let the gentleman be seated.'

'Oh, I can't sit!' said the gentleman; 'I can't bend my knee! If I do it, it will bite or sting me; no, I can't sit!'

'Certainly you can sit, sir,' said we, 'keep your leg straight out, and we'll see what it is.'

'Well let me give it one more hard squeeze; I'll crush it to death,' said he, and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing. If it had any life by this time, this last effort must have killed it. He then cautiously seated himself, holding out his leg as stiff and straight as a poker. A sharp knife was procured; the pants were cut open carefully, making a hole large enough to admit a hand; the gentleman put on a thick glove and slowly inserted his hand, but he discovered nothing. We were all looking on in almost breathless silence to see the monstrous thing—whatever it might be; each ready to scamper out of harm's way should it be alive; when suddenly the gentleman became, if possible, more agitated than ever.

'By heavens!' he exclaimed, 'it's inside my drawers. It's alive too—I feel it! Quick—give me the knife again!'

Another incision was made. In went the gentleman's glove hand once more, and lo! out came—his wife's stocking!

How the stocking ever got there we are unable to say; but there it certainly was; and such a laugh as followed, we haven't heard for many a day. Our friend, we know, has told the joke himself, and will pardon us for doing so.—Though this is all about a stocking, we assure our readers it is no 'yarn.'

Elder Knapp, the great preacher, on the 14th ult., at Pittsburgh, Pa., prayed fifteen hours, without stopping, it is said.

## Food for Cows.

A correspondent remarks that the increase in the price of agricultural productions, owing to short crops abroad makes it important that every economy should be employed. The following preparation of food for milch cows, has therefore a claim to attention:—

"M. Cabert, the director of the veterinary school of Alford, England, had a number of cows which yielded twelve gallons of milk every day. In his publication on the subject, he observes that cows, fed in the winter on dry substances give less milk than those which are kept on a green diet; and also that their milk loses much of its quality. He published the following receipt, by the use of which his cows furnished him an equal quantity of milk during the winter as during the summer: 'Take a bushel of potatoes, break them while raw, place them in a barrel standing up, putting successively a layer of bran, and a small quantity of yeast in the middle of the mass, which is to be left thus to ferment a whole week, and, when the vinous taste has pervaded the whole mixture, it is then given to the cows, who eat it greedily.'

## Bone Manure.

R. M. Bailey says in the *American Agriculturist*, that some of the most extensive farmers of Long Island, use annually from 500 to 1000 bushels of ground bones on their lands, applying it at the rate of 35 to 56 bushels per acre, and that some of the poorest farms have thus been made fertile and productive, within the last fifteen years.

## Not a Bad Hit—Yankee vs. English.

The *Vicksburgh Intelligencer* recalls the story of a quiet, but enthusiastic Yankee who, some years since, was travelling in a stage coach with two Englishmen, who annoyed him very much by running down every thing they saw in the country, and freely determining that every thing in England was decidedly superior. Jonathan bore it, but impatiently. After some time a thunder storm broke over them, the horses dashed off in alarm, and the Englishmen were nearly dead with fright, when suddenly a bolt of lightning struck the two near horses, killing them instantly, and arresting the stage, which, in the sudden plunges of the leaders, was upset. Jonathan was the first to come out, and as the Englishmen crawled out, badly hurt, and half dead with fear, he exclaimed, "There, gaul darn ye, have ye any better thunder than that in England?"

A CASE.—A good story is told of an epicure who had indulged pretty freely in pickled tripe, and had washed it down with a *leettle* too much sparkling claret.

A sudden fainting came over him as he had returned to his own fireside, and he ejected in rapid succession the claret and the tripe.

"Oh, my dear," exclaims the ever pitying wife, "what's the matter? you are throwing up your heart's blood," as she saw the claret so freely flow.

"Oh, I don't care so much about the heart's blood," exclaims the epicure, "but I should like to know where all these chunks of leather came from!"

A lady being severely censured by her mother, because she had permitted a young man to give her a kiss, replied, "La, mother, if you will say no more about it, I will give it back to him to-morrow."

Compositors in a printing office are curious chaps. They love bread and cheese, turkey, ham, veal, porter, julsips, segars, tobacco, and in fact every thing good, except pi—they hate that as they do the—the—lack of copy.

"Hallo, Sharp," said Pop, meeting him the other day in the street, "you hobble my boy, what's the matter with you?"

"Oh I had my feet crushed, through the carelessness of a conductor, the other day, between the cars, that's all."

"And don't you mean to sue for damages?"

"Damages? no, no—I have damages enough from them already—hadn't I better sue for repairs?"

Many friends are lost by ill-timed jests; rather lose your best jest than your worst friend.