

Jeffersonian Republican.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson

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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.

Olden Memories.

LEWIS J. CIST.

They are jewels of the mind;
They are tendrils of the heart,
That with being are entwined—
Of your very selves a part,
They the records are of youth,
Kept to read in after years;
They are manhood's well of truth,
Filled with childhood's early tears,
Like the low and plaintive moan
Of the night-wind through the trees—
Sweet to hear, though sad and lone,
Are those "Olden Memories!"

Like the dim traditions, hoary,
Of our loved and native clime;
Like some half-forgotten story,
Read or heard in olden time;
Like the fresh'n'g dew of even
To the patched and drooping flower;
Like the peaceful thought of Heaven,
In life's tempest-stricken hour;
Like the cadence of a song;—
Yet, oh! sweeter far than these
Are the thoughts that round us throng
With those "Olden Memories!"

In the solitude of even,
When the spirit, lone and dreary,
Turns from Earth away, to Heaven,
As the refuge of the weary;
In the dreamy twilight hour,
When the world is calm and still,
And light zephyrs, fragrance shower
Over dewy vale and hill;
Oh! then sweeter than perfume
Borne on aromatic breeze
To the softened spirit come
Those dear "Olden Memories!"

In our days of mirth and gladness
We may spurn their faint control,
But they come, in hours of sadness,
Like sweet music to the soul;
And in sorrow, o'er us stealing
With their gentleness and calm,
They are leaves of precious healing,
They are fruits of choicest balm.
Ever till, when life departs,
Death from dross and spirit frees,
Cherish, in thine heart of hearts,
All thine "Olden Memories!"

Nigger Contundrum.

"Why am the steamer *Charter Oak* like a fashionable novel, ha, Jumbo?"
"Well, caze she's had a good run."
"Dat's werry good, but 'tain't it."
"Well den, Bill, I gibs dat up."
"It's becase she's from de *Pen-ob-scot*."

Divorces in Olden Time.

The chronicles of Connecticut attest the fact that at one period, (not half a century ago) two divorces were granted in that State on the ground that the defendants were habitually afflicted with cold feet. Now, even a cold heart will not break the rosy chain of Hymen.

The Fruits of War.

"When the great Frederick came to the throne of Prussia, his father had prepared and equipped for him an army of a hundred thousand men. Meeting, shortly after, the Austrian Minister, the latter said to him: 'Your father has given you a great army; but our troops have seen the wolf, yours have not.'—'Well, well, said Frederick, 'I will give them an opportunity to see the wolf.' Frederick then added, in his memoir, 'I had some excellent old pretensions to an Austrian province, which some of my ancestors had owned, one or two hundred years before; and I sent an ambassador to the Court of Vienna, stating my claim, and presenting a full exposition of my right to the province. The same day my ambassador was received in Vienna, I entered Silesia with my army.' So you see that on the very day his army entered Silesia, he gave notice to the Court of Vienna, that the convention for the joint occupation of Silesia was ended."

[John Q. Adams' Speech.]

Character of Frederick.—"A tyrant without fear, without faith, without mercy; irritable even to ferocity; enjoying the pain and humiliation of others."

Motives of his sudden War on Silesia.—"The King of Prussia, the Anti-Machiavel, had already fully determined to commit the great crime of violating his plighted faith, by robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend, and by plunging all Europe into a long, bloody and desolating war; and all this for no end whatever, except that he might extend his dominions, and see his name in the gazettes. To quote his own words—'Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day, and I declared for war. This was in the Winter of 1731.'"

Progress of the War.—But for this beginning of war, it is probable that the peace of all Europe might have been preserved. Now the whole world sprang to arms. On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged 22 years, with some suspension of hostilities, and in every quarter of the globe. These are the two French wars, before the American Revolution.

That the Prussian monarch might rob the Austrians of the province of Silesia, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel; and red men scalped each other on Lake Erie; the men of New and Old England shot each other around the walls of Lewiston, Nova Scotia, and savages murdered or carried into captivity men, women and children, from Haverhill, Deerfield, Schenectady and Wyoming.

The allied armies overran Prussia, burnt cities and villages, and devastated the country. Every sixth man in Prussia had perished.—Frederick anticipated the ruin of his throne and nation, his sleep was broken, his face haggard, the grave was his refuge from misery and dishonor, and he carried the poison in a small glass case. He wrote to his friends—"I have no resource left, all is lost. I will not survive the ruin of my country. Farewell forever."

But the King recovered hope and pushed on the war, not caring to what extent property was destroyed, or the pursuits of civil life suspended, so that he did but make head against the enemy. As long as there was a man left in Prussia, that man might carry a musket; there were still rye bread and potatoes—there were still lead and gunpowder, and still Frederick fought on. At this time he writes, "I am no Saint, and should die content, if first I could inflict a portion of the misery which I endure."

Result and Policy.—In February 1763, the nations signed a Peace. The contributions levied on Prussia by the invaders had exceeded a hundred millions of dollars. Near 15,000 houses had been burnt to the ground. The traveller passed a succession of villages in which not a single inhabitant remained. The fields were uncultivated—the flocks and herds had been swept away. The very seed corn had been devoured in the madness of hunger. Thirty years of peace might restore Prussia.

[Boston Atlas.]

A good word for a bad one, is worth much, and costs little.

The assessed value of property in Michigan amounts to about \$25,000,000.

Health.

Dr. Beaumont, of the United States Army, gives the following important rules:

1. Bulk, or food possessing an undue proportion of innutritious matter, is best calculated to preserve the permanent welfare of the organs of digestion, and the general health of the system.
2. The food should be plainly and simply prepared, with no other seasoning than salt, or occasionally a very little vinegar.
3. Full and deliberate mastication or chewing is of great importance.
4. Swallowing the food slowly, or in small quantities, and at short intervals, is very necessary.
5. A quantity not exceeding the real wants of the economy is of prime importance to health.
6. Solid aliment, thoroughly masticated is far more salutary than soups, broths, &c.
7. Fat meat, butter and oily substances of every kind, are difficult of digestion, offensive to the stomach; and tend to derange that organ, and induce disease.
8. Spices, pepper, stimulating and heating condiments of every kind, retard digestion and injure the stomach.
9. Coffee and tea debilitate the stomach, and impair digestion.
10. Alcohol, whether in the form of distilled spirits, wine, beer, cider, or any other intoxicating liquors, impairs digestion, debilitates the stomach, and if preserved in for a short time, always induces a morbid state of that organ.
11. Narcotics of every kind impair digestion, debilitate the stomach, and tend to disease.
12. Simple water is the only fluid called for by the wants of the system; artificial drinks are more or less injurious, some more so than others, but none can claim exemption from the general charge.
13. Gentle exercise after eating, promotes digestion more than indolent inactivity or rest. Violent exercise, with a full stomach, is injurious.
14. Sleep, soon after eating, retards digestion, and leads to debility and derangement of the stomach.
15. Anger, fear, grief, and other strong emotions, disturb digestion, impair the functional powers of the stomach, and deteriorate the secretions generally.

Work for Children.

There is no greater defect in educating children, than neglecting to accustom them to work. It is an evil that attaches mostly to large towns and cities. Children suffer much from it. The parent never considers whether the child's work is necessary or not to the child. Nothing is more uncertain than their future independence and comfort; much depends on their being accustomed to work—accustomed to provide for the thousand constantly recurring wants that nature entails on us.

If this were not so, still it preserves them from bad habits—it secures their health—it strengthens both mind and body—it enables them better to bear the confinement of the school-room—and it tends more than any thing else to give them just views of life.

It is too often the case that children, provided they spend a half dozen hours of the day at school, are permitted to spend the rest as they please. Thus they grow up in the world without the knowledge of its cares and toils.—They view it through a false medium. They cannot appreciate the labors you bestow, as they do not know the toils they cost. Their bodies and minds are enervated, and they are exposed to whatever vicious associations are within their reach.

The daughter, probably, becomes that pitiable, helpless object, a novel-reading girl. The son, if he surmounts the consequences of your neglect, does it probably after his plans and station for life are fixed, and when knowledge for one of its important objects comes too late.

No man or woman is fully educated if not accustomed to manual labor. Whatever accomplishments they possess, whatever their mental trainings, a deduction must be made for ignorance of that important branch.

There is a plantation for sale in Louisiana in a rather suspicious location, the advertisement stating it to be lying just below the "Devil's Elbow."

A Review of the President's Message.

Mr. Billy Williams and Mr. Sammy Chipps, being gentlemen of a reflective and philosophic turn, sat like a pair of Ancients upon the Levee, the other day, warming themselves by the remnant of a fire made by some sailors for the purpose of melting tar. Like all contemplative men, they sat in silence. Mr. Williams undertook to remodel his hat, which appeared to have had a recent acquaintance with certain curb-stones, while Mr. Chipps pursued a stray atom of tobacco through divers leaky pockets, with the utmost desperation. Finding it at last, and dividing it between them—the matter of a pea's bulk for each—Mr. Williams lifted up his voice, and discoursed as follows:

"I say, Sammy, have you seed the Message?"
"Wot message? Nobody never don't give me no message, 'ceptin a message to cut and make myself scarce—no more do you."

"That are a fact, Sammy; but that aint wot I mean—I was agoin to speak of the President's message—Jimmy K's general statement to all out doors, and some part of Ashy. I borrid one from red-headed Jake, 'tother day, and I reckon if you wos to have seed it, you'd have said it was some snakes! Yes, hoss!"

"Wot does it treat on?" enquired Mr. Chipps.
"Treat on!" returned Mr. Billy Williams; "wy it don't treat at all—it don't say 'biters,' or 'eye-opener,' wunst. No, it refers us, that is, *we, the people, themselves*, to our furrin relashuns, and—"

"Oh, cuss furrin relashuns;" interposed Chipps; "who ever is agoin to ax *them* to stand treat?—and then agin, 'sposin that a feller haint any? And I'd like to know, jest for greens," continued Mr. Chipps, waxing wroth, "wot a 'Merikin President has to do with furrin relashuns anyhow. I haint none, nor never had. I wos born on the sile, and I wos riz on the sile, and I ollers calc'late to stay on the sile, without I'm traded off to the doctors, and the skellintion hung up in one of their musinaries. No sir-ee! Cuss furrin relashuns!"

"You'd be a goat, you would, if you had a pair o' horns, Sammy Chipps," replied his companion, "and be a buttin yer brains out agin every thing. Wy, steamboat! 'tain't folks he's talkin on. It's furrin countries. He scrouges right up agin old John Bull, and flings a mighty heap o' rocks agin them French folks. As for them thar Mexican, wooden-legged, tanned-up, uncropped, uncivilized, miserable specimens of kerriers of bad Durango dollars, wy, he hits 'em a bat between the two eyes, and jest hollers out—'Come on, dod rot ye, if you want any more; I'm thar, and thar's a heap to back me!' 'Oregon,' says he, 'is ours, and I've driv a nail down clean tother side of the jumpin off place, and tied a string to it, and kerried it out to the Pay-cific oshin; so, jest you keep your plunder tother side o' that line, and don't so much as look ugly across on't, or there'll be one of the orfullest musses you ever did see in these parts! That's the way to tell it!"

"Well," interrupted Sammy Chipps, "who said it warn't ourn? Aint it put down so on the map of the U-nited States, and colored yaller? I seed it myself, and I'll bet drinks on't. Wy, you know'd old Scrap Dykers. Well, he hed a bar skin as come chuck all the way from thar, and he never sed it warn't off'n a 'Merican bar. O' course Oregon's ours!"

"Well, 'tain't nothin else," pursued Billy.—"So's Texas; and so'll Kellyforny, and Kennedy, and Kuby be 'fore long, or else I'll live on stinkin mackerel—that am a fact! 'Yes,' sez he, 'afore them outside, starved out, translated-over-the-water powers interferences on this continent, I'll be continentally and eternally buttered and briled if I don't lambaste every one on 'em, so that—"

"Whose agoin to lambaste anybody?" demanded a policeman who had just come up.

"Oh! hello, old feller!" replied Bill, "you see we wos on a talking over the message, and we'd got to furrin relashuns, when—"

"Never mind relations, but up with you both and see some of your old acquaintances. You have been away from 'em about long enough, and the Recorder wants to give you 'tickets to the party.' Come along!"

"I'll have a trial by jury," muttered Billy as he shuffled along; "for this is unconstitutional—an invasion of wested privileges. You've no right to take a man up when he's agoin to

or from the Legisiatur, or discuss the affairs o' the country. Wot's the message but 'airs of the country; and aint we the country itself!—Aint wotthin else!'"—N. O. Delta.

Muffs and Tea-Parties.

The St. Louis Reveille tells the following laughable "tea-party incident." Ladies' muffs are certainly convenient at tea-parties—

"Standing one evening, at the table of a fashionable Tea-Party, got up in aid of some charitable institution in our city, I was gradually pushed along by the fair guests and their beaux, until I found myself opposite, not only a magnificent cake, but a most bewitching pair of eyes. I looked across the cake, and the owner of these orbs shot at me a flash which I, in my modest admiration, was obliged to dodge. The signal was given, and the company attacked the good things with vigor, but as for myself, the bright-eyed beauty opposite was fool enough for me, and I commenced familiarizing my own peepers to the glances of hers. She at first laughed, then pouted, and at length looked angry. I drew off my surveillance and she looked pleased; a gentleman of my acquaintance having addressed her familiarly, I seized on him and requested an introduction, he granted it, and I bowed in lowly homage to the beauty. The gentleman with her, resigned the beauty to my care while he searched for her sister, that they might leave together, and I was left to promenade in company with the bright eyes and their owner.

"Allow me to carry your muff," said I, most persuasively, "this room is so warm it must be an incumbrance."

"No, no!" said she in evident alarm, and biting her pretty lip at the same time.

"Why," thinks I, "she cannot suspect that I wish to steal it," and resolving to convince her of my honesty, I reached for the muff and insisted upon carrying it. I had hold of one end and she the other, to which she held most tightly; but my gallantry triumphed, and pulling it from her, out dropped a slice of pound cake, four dough nuts, two jumbles, and an orange! I need not say I was horrified at the effect of my gallant effort. I picked part of them up hurriedly, and handed them and the muff to her. The perspiration was rolling down my face in streams, and putting my hand into my coat pocket, I pulled out my linen cambric handkerchief, when out of its white folds dropped half a chicken! In my fit of abstraction at the table, some wag had carefully rolled it up in my handkerchief, and placed it in my pocket. The cause of my fair partner's confusion at the table was produced by thinking I had seen in her muff the pound cake. She laughed heartily at my chicken, and we mutually agreed to keep quiet about our extra pickings.

A curious place to look for a Judge.

Judge —, one of the judges of a minor court not a hundred miles back of the City Hall, has managed to have, and, for reasons best known to himself, continues to make, a great many enemies. Recently an Irishman was sued before him for a small debt, and, on paying over the judgement, insisted that the judge should give him a receipt. The latter refused, saying it was not customary, and wished to know Pat's particular reason for requiring it.

"Why, ye see, judge, if I was to die and go to heaven, I might be axed if I owed any one. 'Divil a soul,' I should say. 'Don't you owe't Judge —?' 'No, shure, and I paid him.'—'Then they might ax where the resate was.'—'This would be a mighty puzzlin' quistion, and I should be under the disagreeable necessity of hunting all over h-ll to find you!'"

The judge gave him the receipt.—*Sunday Times.*

Taking Hats to get Smoothed.

A fellow went into the hall of a boarding-house in Barclay st., New York, a few nights since, while the boarders were at supper, and gathered up all the hats on the table. He was making his way out with his booty, when a boarder a little behind time came in, and asked him what he was about.

"Oh," says the thief, "I am taking the gentleman's hats round to Leary's to get smoothed."

"Well," replied the boarder, "take mine along."

"Certainly, sir," said the accommodating loafer and vanished.