

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 6.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1846.

No. 37.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
SCHOCH & SPERING.

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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.

## I Love the Ladies.—Every One.

BY JAMES STILLMAN.

I love the ladies, every one—  
The laughing ripe brunette—  
Those dark-eyed daughters of the sun,  
With tresses black as jet.  
What raptures in their glances glow,  
Rich tints their cheeks disclose,  
And in the little dimples there,  
Young smiling Loves repose.

I love the ladies, every one—  
The blonde so soft and fair—  
With looks so mild and languishing,  
And bright and golden hair;  
How lovely are their sylph-like forms,  
Their alabaster hue,  
And their blushes far more beautiful  
Than rose buds bathed in dew.

I love the ladies, every one—  
E'en those whose graceful forms  
Are rugged as the oak that's borne  
A hundred winter's storms—  
The young, the old, the stout, the thin,  
The short as well as tall,  
Widows and wives, matrons and maids,  
O, yes, I love them all.

I love the ladies, every one—  
None but a wretch would flout 'em—  
This world would be a lonely place  
If we were left without 'em;  
But lighted by a woman's smile,  
Away its gloom is driven,  
And the most humble home appears  
Almost a little heaven.

I love the ladies, every one—  
They're angels all, God bless 'em!  
And what can greater pleasure give,  
Than to comfort and caress 'em?  
I call myself a temperance man,  
So I'll drink their health in water—  
Here's to the mothers, one and all,  
And every mother's daughter.

## Good Advice.

We have a piece of sensible advice to give. Take heed to it, one and all. It has doubtless been rung in your ears a thousand times, but you are as careless as ever. O that we could pound it into your hearts. It is this: SHUT THE DOOR! A great deal of cold flies in when you open and close a door instantly; but when you stop to talk with the latch in your hand, the inmates are half frozen. Remember this, ye who are wrapt up in warm garments, and never again stop on a doorstep to tell a long tale, preach a sermon, or bid a score of good-byes.

An Editor out west has married a girl named Church. He says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church, than ever he knew in all his life before.

Some old Genus says that the 'oldest inhabitant' in Hamburg, (S. C.) is a bull frog. He has been there from time immemorial, and still reads his title clear without spectacles.

## The Wild Cattle of Texas.

The Houston Telegraph publishes the following interesting account of the Wild Cattle of that state:

The settlers who have recently opened farms near the sources of the San Gabriel and Bruley, find the country well stocked with a singular breed of wild cattle. Large droves of these cattle are found not only on the San Gabriel, Leona, and other tributaries of Little River, but also on the San Saba, the Llano, and many tributaries of the Upper Colorado, far above the settlements. They differ in form, color and habits from all the varieties of domestic cattle in Texas. They are invariably of a dark brown color, with a slight tinge of dusky yellow on the tip of the nose and the belly.— Their horns are remarkably large, and stand out straight from the head. Although these cattle are generally much larger than the domestic cattle, they are more fleet and nimble, and when pursued, often outstrip horses that easily outrun the buffalo; they seldom venture far out into the prairies, but are generally found in or near the forests that skirt the streams in that section. Their meat is of an excellent flavor, and is preferred by the settlers to the meat of the domestic cattle. It is said that their fat is so hard and compact that it will not melt in the hottest days of Summer; and the candles formed with it are far superior to those that are formed with the tallow of other cattle.

Some persons have supposed that it is possible these cattle are a distinct race, indigenous to America; and the immense skeletons of the fossil ox, with straight horns, that are often found in the beds of the Brazos and Colorado, would seem to strengthen this opinion. But as these cattle are now found only in the vicinity of the old Missions, it is much more probable that they are the descendants of the cattle introduced by the early Spanish adventurers. It is said that a species of wild cattle, differing from all the domestic breeds of the Eastern continent, is found in the Sandwich Islands; but it is well ascertained that this breed is derived from the domestic cattle that were left on those Islands by Vancouver. These cattle are so wild that they can only be caught alive by entrapping them in disguised pits. The celebrated botanist, Douglass, while on a tour in one of those Islands, fell into one of these pits, and was gored to death by a wild bull, who had been thus entrapped. Several attempts have been made by the settlers on the San Gabriel to domesticate the wild cattle in that section, but they have thus far been unsuccessful. As they are far superior to the domestic cattle of the country, not only in size, strength and agility, but also in the flavor of their meat and density of their fat, they might, if once domesticated, become a valuable acquisition to the agriculture of the country.

## Western Oratory.

Feller Hosses and Citizens. Hurrah! there's a prospectus of war. Skunk Holler is in arms and on its feet, and the earthquake shout bustin' from 26,000,000 of greased lungs, is reverberated over all this tall land. Mean, sneakin', toad hoppin', snake crawlin', sword-scarred-on, house-seein'-on fire, barbarous, Crockett-killin' Mexico has dared to show her cat-teeth to the heavenly, lightning' defyin' and death swallowin' Uncle Sam. [Shouts.] Methinks, and oh hosses, I spy the spirits of '76, or something like that number, goddesses of liberty, soarin' on its turkey's wings around! [What? says one, looking up.] You ign'ant hoss, I'm speakin' in a figger. I see them flappin' their shinin' pinions and pipin' the affectin' war-cry of Yankee Doodle! [Crowd, Yankee Doodle! Cock a doodle doo!] Bring out the Long Tom of Bunker Hill, and the thousand pounder of New Orleans. Let them roar till they crack the welkin, set the clouds on fire, and knock the Poles over. The wrath-swung cleaver of Uncle Sam shall split the numbskull of Sandy Hannah in a handy manner, and Skunk Holler will bung up the day-lights of his country. Let us dig a hole with the pick axe of vengeance, seram the Mexicats into it, and sink 'em into Chany! What is the skunk that don't eeky them sentiments? He ain't no what nor never was! The country's safe! It's great, but it's safe! I believe I'll take a horn or two from natur's fountain.

## "Doing a Landlord."

In the course of our journey from the Eastward, we chanced to be witness to the following specimen of nonchalance—which we set down as one of the coolest pieces of genteel swindling we have ever seen.

A biped of the genus "sucker" had been tarrying for several days in one of the crack Hotels in York State, and his only reply to the third weekly bill presented by his obsequious and obliging host was that he "lacked the needful." He had been lavish in his style of living, and his bill for wines, cigars, and accompaniments, was by no means an inconsiderable feature in the account. The young gentleman was in his room—with a trio of boon companions, and ringing the bell, he ordered a champaign and "fixings" for four.

The servant returned from below with the information that the landlord declined to enlarge his indebtedness—accompanied with a hint that the old account should now be adjusted. He immediately waited upon the landlord—remonstrated with him touching the mortification attendant upon being thus shown up before his friends—the wine was up—the party frolicked and finally separated, and the next morning after breakfast the following "scene" occurred.

"Mr. —," said the landlord, "I must now insist upon the immediate adjustment of your account."

"Can't meet it, sir, to-day, really!"  
"And why not, sir?"  
"Haven't the tin by me, sir."  
"And you probably won't have?"  
"Probably not, sir, at present."  
"When do you propose to settle?"  
"Couldn't say sir, pon my honor."  
"Have you the slightest idea of paying it at all?"  
"I confess, sir, the prospect is exceedingly dubious!"  
"Your luggage?"  
"Is in my room, sir."  
"I shall detain your trunks then."  
"Do—if you please, sir."  
"The largest."  
"Is filled with wood, sir."  
"With wood?"  
"The best of eastern wood."  
"And the other?"  
"Contains the same article, both sawed and split."  
"And your wardrobe?"  
"Is on my back, sir."  
"Upon my word you take it coolly."  
"I always do, landlord. The world owes me a living and I must have it."  
"You are a scamp, sir."  
"I know it. You, sir, are a gentleman, and I am aware—"

Our host stopped him, bit his lips, but a moment afterwards, turned to the bar, and placed a bottle of wine upon the side-table near by— Having filled a brace of glasses, he handed one of them to the sucker, and the liquor disappeared. He then presented him a vase filled with "regalias."

"Take another," said the landlord in the politest possible manner, "take a half a dozen sir, there, that will do. The world may owe you a living, perhaps it does. I think you will agree with me, however, that I have paid my share of the account. I have in my days seen a good deal of impudence, and my calling has brought me in contact with a variety of rascality, but must say, without intending, however, to be too personal in this matter, that without exception, you are the coolest specimen of a genuine scamp, that it has ever been my luck to meet with—John!"

A bully servant answered this summons.  
"John, remove this fellow into the street—and if you value your situation, see that he doesn't return!"

The hint was enough—our customer did not wait for farther demonstration; but immediately decamped, to "do" some other host—while his gentlemanly landlord proceeded to examine those trunks the contents of which as it turned out, had been faithfully described!

WE DON'T BELIEVE IT.—It is said that in Cincinnati, the shopkeepers keep their shutters closed during the day, and burn tallow, it being so much cheaper than daylight!

## Yankee Doodle.

A late number of the Knickerbocker contains some amusing adventures of Yankee Doodle. The following is a pretty fair illustration of the adventurous and wandering character of the hardy sons of New England. Speaking of the wonderful ubiquity of the true Yankee, the writer says:

"It is harder than a Chinese puzzle to put your finger on a bit of territory, disputed or undisputed, where the Yankee Doodle is not. If you go to Land's End, he is there; to Mount Ararat, he is there; to Chimborazo, Hymalaya, the Mountain of New England, or the Pyramid of Cheops, he is there; any where, in fine, where an ark, a dove, a camel, a snake can arrive, by their several faculties; bartering, and scratching his name on trees, stones, and African slaves. He knows the whole map of the ancient dominions of Prester John, and every nook and corner of Mozambique, and he is hand-in-glove with all the savages in the world. He has been to Ichaboe until he has scraped it perfectly clean; and if your English trader has discovered a new bank of Guano, and is getting ready to fire a gun or two and take possession of it in the name of her Majesty, imagine his concernment to discover a dozen of these fellows twenty feet deep in a Guano cavern, scooping it out with their fingers, and a Bangor schooner bouncing up and down in a little cove like a duck among bulrushes. Now if you walk on the sea shore at Bildaraxa, you will find that you are not the first there, perhaps to your great sorrow; as Capt. Jix swore violently, when in walking through the streets of Sundown, at the very limits of the dominions of Prince Pompadello in Africa, he heard a sharp whistler going through the tune of "Yankee Doodle," with an easy execution, and a devilish unconcern, which threw him at once into a coast fever. And just so it was with the poor soul who discovered Bimpaz, and was just uncorking a bottle of Madeira in commemoration of the event, when he saw a Yankee on a hill sidg, administering the cold water pledge to three natives.

## Recognition—The Kid become a Goat.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Jones—how d'ye do?" said a young swell recently, in front of the Picayune office, with more beard than brains, to an old glossy-faced gentleman, who stood behind a pair of gold-mounted specs, and whose locomotion was assisted by a gold-headed bamboo cane.

"Excuse me, my good sir—excuse me," said the old gentleman, in a falsetto voice—"but you have an advantage of me."

"My name is Kid, sir—Kid," said whisker-ando. "You remember Thomas Kid—Tommy, you used to call him—don't you?"

"Bless my soul, yes, and so I do," said the old man—"I remember little Tommy Kid, sure enough; and how do you do now, Mr. Goat?"

"Kid, sir, Kid, not Goat," said Thomas, peevishly.

"Ah, true, you were a kid then, Tommy," said the old gentleman, "but I perceive, by the quantity of hair on your chin, that you have since become a goat!"

Tommy stroked his beard with his fingers, and went off without bidding Mr. Jones "good-bye."

VALUABLE ANIMAL.—A trusty house dog is sometimes a valuable friend. We have an instance before us. A Mr. Betts, in Sandersford, Mass., having gone out on an evening visit, directed the oldest boy, about ten years old, to place wood under the stove to be in readiness for the morning fire. This the boy did, and then went to bed with the other children up stairs. Soon after the fire communicated with the wood, and a faithful spaniel seeing it, went to the room where the boys were, three times, barking and howling, before he succeeded in alarming them. The smoke convinced them that the house was on fire, and on going down, found the dog scattering the brands with his teeth and paws in every direction.

ADVANTAGE OF ADVERTISING.—A lady in Providence, R. I., having ordered an advertisement of "money lost" in one of the papers, returned home and found it in the drawer of her work-table.

## Sociality.

Let us never think a day's study done, unless we have added to our knowledge from reading, something more from society and conversation. Our nature is social, and much seclusion from the world is unhealthy for mind and heart. A famous scholar recommends a companion even in study, that each may assist the other with his peculiar gifts or attainments, and because of the stimulus which mind receives from mind when brought into contact. We know, by experience, that to talk over a subject with a sensible friend is a sure way, not only to acquire ideas from him, but to call them up from our own resources. The impulse follows us back to our desks, and we set ourselves again to work, as cheerfully as we would to pleasant food after a long walk in an agreeable country. But we should not confine ourselves to literary associates. The conversation of intelligent women, if you can find any not too much afraid of being thought "blue stockings" to talk, is eminently instructive. They have a delicacy of tact, a truth of feeling, and a direct philosophy of their own, past our finding out, which the most profound thinker may listen to and learn. The natural outworking of a little child's mind is an excellent metaphysical study. So, often, are the rough-hewn ideas of uneducated people. From the most ignorant you may extract something. Their crude reasonings, unsophisticated emotions, and even their prejudices and superstitions, will not seldom supply a link wanting from your own chain, or if they do no more, should make us thankful for being better taught.  
G. W. Bethune.

## Knowledge and Observation.

The Maine Farmer relates an instance showing the value of knowledge and observation. A young man from Boston, who had employed his leisure hours in studying geology and chemistry, was travelling through the state, soliciting subscriptions for a newspaper, and passing thro' the town of Newton, he saw a pile of bricks, which, from their peculiar color, attracted his attention. He examined one of them—enquired from whence the clay was taken of which they were made—learnt the fact—found out the extent of the clay bed—came to the conclusion that it was a mine of wealth—proposed to purchase the farm—finally succeeded in effecting a purchase, at fifteen hundred dollars—had the writings made—went to Boston, and there sold two acres of the farm which contained the "Metalic Lustre" for four thousand dollars!

An Irishman, recommending a cow, said she would give milk, year after year, without having calves, because it run in the breed, as she came from a cow that never had a calf.

## Waste not thy Grief.

I saw a pale mourner bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humble eyes to Heaven, he cried: "My brother! oh, my brother!" A sage passed that way and said, "For whom dost thou mourn?" "One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love whilst living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel."

"What wouldst thou do if he were restored to thee?" The mourner replied, "that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show him friendship if he could but come back to his fond embrace."

"Then waste not thy time in useless grief," said the sage, "but if thou hast friends go and cherish the living, remembering that they will soon be dead also."

What a lesson may be learned from this.

The following notice we copy from the last number of the *Morristown* (N. J.) *Jerseyman*.

I. O. or L.

The "Independent Order of Loafers" will hold their meetings hereafter on every stormy evening at the Ten Pin Alley, instead of the lower piazza of the New Jersey Hotel. Should any Member be compelled to do any thing during the course of the day towards sustaining himself or family, his excuse will be deemed sufficient for non-attendance until evening, if he will pledge his honor that he did not labor with sufficient zeal to start perspiration.

By order of the Rajah,  
QUILP, Scribe.