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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.

From the New York Tribune.

Shadows.

LIFE! what art thou but a shadow,
Fleeting as the Autumn wind!
As thou cam'st, so thou departest,
Leaving Hope and Love behind.

Like a stream whose placid current
Mirrors in its tranquil flow,
Tree and shrub and tuneful fountain
In thy brighter hours art thou.

But when angry storm-clouds hover
O'er thy late unruffled breast—
So thy pleasures, dimmed by sorrows,
Only for a season last!

Yet though darkness palls the Future,
And the Present gloomy be,
There's a haven of rest unending
Far beyond Life's troubled sea!

ROBERT F. GREELEY.

Affecting Stanzas.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
When he had heedless hit his head,
"Thunder!"

Or who, when shaving in morning cold,
Hath gashed his chin with razor old,
And could this powerful word withhold,
"Thunder!"

Or who, on ice or slippery stone,
Hath fallen and jarred his "crazy bone,"
And not exclaimed with angry tone—
"Thunder!"

When one's suspenders give away,
While dancing brisk with ladies gay,
Where is the man that can help but say—
"Thunder!"

'Tis a convenient interjection,
To use at news of lost election,
Depending on the question Texian—
"Thunder!"

Or when one's notes or bills fall due,
And banks are hard, and won't renew,
In saying this there's comfort true—
"Thunder!"

Or when one's bent on writing rhymes,
And tries in vain a hundred times,
How well this word with any rhymes—
"Thunder!"

In short, when things have gone past bearing,
All into threads one's patience wearing,
Say this, 'tis better than swearing—
"Thunder!"

Biblical Curiosity.

The 21st verse of Ezra, chapter 7, contains every letter of the alphabet, and is the only one thus distinguished:—"And I, even I, Artaxerxes the King, do make a decree to all the treasures which are beyond the river, that what so ever Ezra the Priest, the scribe of the law of the God of Heaven shall require of you, it shall be done speedily."

The Flight of Captain Crabtree.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

Captain Ebenezer Simcox was a dapper little fellow, who had an exalted opinion of his own merits and good looks, and who took great pleasure in decorating his person, especially when about to enter into the company of the ladies. He was a little choleric in his temper, but as smart as a steel trap, and on shore always looked as nice as a new pin, or as if he had just been taken out of a bandbox marked 'this side up with care.'

Captain Simcox once commanded the Ship Spouter, of Providence, on a voyage to Copenhagen. One evening, at a party, he formed an acquaintance with an odd-looking German nobleman who seemed quite pleased with the conversation and bearing of the gentlemanly Yankee. A few days afterwards, his friend, the American Consul, put in his hands a note, written on embossed gilt edge paper, (not so common in those days as now,) with armorial bearings on the seal. 'What is in the wind now?' exclaimed the Yankee, with a look of surprise, as he took off his kid gloves and opened the note.

'An invitation from Count Wogonstrowsky to dine, I expect,' replied the worthy Consul.

'I believe it is,' remarked Simcox, with a smile, which was soon changed into a terrible frown as he read these words:—

'Count Wogonstrowsky's compliments to Captain Ebenezer Simcox, Esq., and would be much happy to be honored with his company to dinner on Wednesday next at six o'clock in the evening.'

N. B.—It is expected that Captain Simcox will not make his appearance at the table without his shirt—as ladies will be present. A dicky alone will not do.'

It is difficult to conceive the rage which burned within the bosom of Captain Simcox, on reading this letter. Although a pigmy in size, he was a giant in spirit. 'What does the rascal mean?' said he with a grin of defiance.—'Dicky, indeed! I will go forth and pull the fellow's nose in the public Gardens. Even the presence of the king himself shall not screen him from the chastisement he deserves.' Saying this, the redoubtable Simcox seized his cane, a ratan switch, with a convulsive grasp, and was about to sally forth in quest of Count Wogonstrowsky.

The Consul, with a quiet smile, saw the exciting effect which was produced by the harmless looking missive. 'Stop,' said he, as he gently laid his hand on the arm of his friend—'What is the matter?'

'The scoundrel!' sputtered the furious Yankee—the sour-croût-eating, gin-drinking Hessian, sends me an invitation to dinner, and says that as ladies will be present, I must not come without my shirt! Let me go, my friend, I beg of you—I long to be at him. I'll learn him to play off his jokes on a Yankee. Dickey, indeed!

'But there is no occasion to hurry,' added the Consul, after indulging in a hearty laugh. 'you can as well give him his lesson half an hour hence as now. I have a little story to tell you, which may possibly account for the Count's singular message which has so very naturally excited your choler. After you have heard what I have to say, if you are determined to give the Count a thrashing, why, peg away, that's all.'

Captain Simcox with a dogged air, turned round, looked in his friend's face, which was lighted up by a meaning smile, and threw himself on an ottoman, saying—'You are right—there is no hurry—I can flog the rascal as well an hour hence as now—so leave ahead, my fine fellow, as there is no time to be lost. But don't think to change my purpose—for a terrible flogging I will give him as sure as—'

'Poh, my dear fellow, don't make rash resolutions. The Count is a good fellow enough, and has not the least idea of insulting.'

'What! ask a man to join his dinner party, and insinuate that he never wears a shirt, and yet intend no insult! The idea is preposterous; and the little man brought his fists down upon the table which was conveniently near, with a violence that threatened to demolish it!'

'Count Wogonstrowsky,' resumed the Consul, without seeming to notice the fury of the Yankee, 'is a German noble, of great wealth,

and is distinguished for his hospitality to strangers. He has always admired the character of the Americans, and for years after he located himself in this city, was fond of forming acquaintances with respectable and intelligent Yankees, and inviting them to his house, and his parties, where they always found a large and select company, and good entertainment.

About a year ago, a large American ship, the Backwoodsman, of Boston, arrived here from Pernambuco, after a long passage of twenty-five days. The Count fell in with the Captain, whose name was Crabtree, soon after the ship was hauled into the inner harbor. He found him an honest, open-hearted sailor, liked him, and invited him to dine with him that same afternoon, which Crabtree unthinkingly accepted.

He got through his business with all possible despatch, and hurried on board the ship to adorn and beautify his person for the dinner party; he entered his state room, and in a few minutes his gruff voice was heard calling for the steward. That important functionary soon opened the door of the state room, and thrust within it his sable visage.

'Steward!' exclaimed the skipper with a tremulous accent, indicating alarm, 'find me a clean shirt!'

'Clean shirts all gone, sare.'

'All gone? What do you mean? Get me a shirt at once and don't stand grinning there.'

'Your last clean shirt, massa captain, you put on yesterday morning, when you went ashore, and that would hardly keep together, it was so old, and all the others have gone to be washed.'

'Here's a pretty predicament,' growled Crabtree, 'invited out to dinner and can't go for want of a shirt! Oh! it is too bad. Steward, what shall I do?'

'Better wear the old one, sare,' suggested the steward.

'That's out of the question, Snowball,' replied Crabtree, 'I found it unseaworthy when I took it off and threw it out of the cabin window.'

'Ah!' said blackey, 'that's very bad. I s'peck I shall have to lend you one of my check shirts that I scrubbed nice and clean in the salt water 'tother day.'

'Be off, you stupid blockhead. You lend me a checked shirt! Away with you on deck!' and as the steward, with a broad grin over-spreading the whole of his face, successfully dodged a 'Bowditch's Epitome' aimed at his head, and darted up the companion way, Captain Crabtree's countenance kindled with a gleam of satisfaction. 'I have it!' said he—'I have it!' he repeated, with all the enthusiastic joy of the old Syracusan sage, when he untied a knotty problem in mathematics—and he hastened to avail himself of the wise thought which had just popped itself into his noddle.

Now Captain Crabtree had a very neat dicky in his trunk. A dicky, as every one knows, is or was, a short bosom, with a handsome collar attached, and would serve on a pinch, as a very good apology for a shirt—indeed, dandies in those days often dispensed with a shirt for weeks and months together. Crabtree, with a degree of presence of mind and fruitfulness in expedients, which were characteristic of that worthy seaman, resolved to fret himself no longer for the absent shirt, but to make the dicky do double duty on the important occasion.

He arrayed himself accordingly, looked in his glass, and admired his appearance. He felt cool and comfortable too—and that is something gained on a sultry day in July. He even began to entertain the idea of discarding altogether, as superfluous, that article of dress which he had hitherto considered indispensable, especially when in full dress. In the meantime, as he had a strange habit of throwing off his coat when oppressed with heat, without much regard to his company or circumstances, he took the precaution to prevent such an awkward occurrence on the present occasion, by stitching his coat and black velvet vest together.

At the appointed hour, Captain Crabtree entered the mansion of the German nobleman, where he was received with marked courtesy by the Count, and gentlemen, principally natives of Denmark. Crabtree understood no language but his mother tongue, but by dint of a tolerable assurance and emphatic gestures he got along tolerably well. Dinner passed off—and the

wine, as is usual abroad, circulated freely.—Crabtree found himself somewhat in a meditative mood, and soon ceased to remember the peculiarity of his costume.

When dinner was over, he was challenged by a lady to play a game of billiards. The greater part of the company adjourned to the billiard room to be witness of the game—and the Captain, after a few unsuccessful strokes with his cue, involuntarily essayed to throw off his coat, declaring that he could never play with heavy garment on. The coat clung with a sort of fraternal affection to the vest, but the impetuous sailor could not take the hint or brook delay. Another desperate effort, a couple of buttons gave way, and the coat and vest, being unwilling to part company, were both stripped off and thrown triumphantly on a chair! when lo! the Captain stood in the midst of the assembly, grasping his cue with a business-like air, and arrayed as if for a pugilistic contest in the prize ring!

A scream from the ladies, and some emphatic exclamations from the gentlemen, first reminded the fearful sailor that something was wrong. He glanced at his bare arms, then caught a view of his whole person in a large mirror, and the truth rushed upon his mind like a flash of lightning. 'The dicky was doing all it could to supply the place of a more ample garment, but it was woefully deficient in dimensions—and to the astonished Captain seemed shrunk to half its usual size!

Captain Crabtree dropped his cue, gave a sort of convulsive jump, which would do credit to a harlequin vaulter, uttered a loud demi-savage salt water howl, which was heard a mile off, and scampered down stairs into the street, regardless of the blushes of the ladies, or the storm of hisses and revellings from the scandalized gentlemen. He stopped not but flew thro' the streets, looking like a frightened madman, while the wandering populace shouted and clapped their hands, or sprang aside to give a fair field for his race. This only added to his speed, and in a few minutes he was strongly moored in his state room, on board his good ship, with the door closed behind him, and securely bolted. The flight of Captain Crabtree was a theme of story and song for months afterwards—and those who witnessed it, will never forget it until their dying day.

As for Count Wogonstrowsky, he hardly knew what to make of it—at first, he was disposed to resent it as a deliberate affront and sent Crabtree a polite and pressing invitation to meet him in the Deer Park, to settle the affair with pistols. An explanation however, disarmed the good hearted German of his wrath, and provoked his mirth—and he dearily loves to tell the story to every stranger who visits his house. He formed a resolution at the time, however, to be cautious how he invited 'old salts' at his select parties in future—and solemnly declared that if he ever again asked a Yankee ship-master to dine with him he would caution to bring a shirt along with him! You, my dear fellow, are the first Yankee whom he has honored with an invitation since Captain Crabtree's 'hegira.'

Such was the Consul's story. Simcox, whose anger had been gradually oozing away at the corners of his mouth, while he listened to the adventure of Crabtree, laughed heartily at its close—and Count Wogonstrowsky was suffered to escape with a whole skin.

The Monster Brewery.

Barclay's celebrated Brewery, in London, covers an area of fifteen acres. It contains conduits half a mile in length, railroads, hoppers, steam engines, &c., enough to confuse one. One hundred and eighty-seven horses, each worth three hundred dollars, are constantly employed. One copper boiler will contain 4,200 barrels of beer. Thirty tons of coal are consumed daily. The malt bins will contain 1,600,000 bushels, worth \$2,500,000. Fifteen hundred barrels of ale are made every day, and sixty cats are kept to destroy mice. This establishment does vastly more to deprive the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland of food, than "short crops," yet we hear much less complaint about it.

The whole of human virtue may be reduced to speaking the truth always, and doing good to others.

A Sunday in Mexico.

Whatever may be the impression of a stranger in Mexico as to the gayety of the city during the week days, though comparison in this particular may be much in favor of many cities of Europe of equal size, yet no one can doubt, that in extent, and variety, of diversion, and dissipation, Mexico on Sunday, can more than compete with the most festive of them. As soon as you are awake, you are saluted with the sound of military music, in which the Mexicans profess to decided excellence. Regiments of soldiers assembled in the Piazza Mayor, are reviewed, and on this day they exhibit a neat and cleanly appearance, which is more than can be affirmed of them on any other.—On this day, the Cathedral is crowded with the fashionable of the city. By far the greater portion of the visitors are of the fair sex; and there is here presented a display of beauty and excellence which cannot fail to impress the most insensible. It is a spectacle of great beauty to witness two or three thousand of the sex adorned with the rich and picturesque mantilla, in unaffected attitudes of devotion, mingling in exquisite harmony their rich and melodious voices with the military music, which is reverberating through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault, of this most gorgeous Cathedral.—The impression is one you will like to retain forever.

The service over, you pass into the street, where ever and anon a religious procession crosses your path, accompanied with all the parade that rich dresses, gilded images, and gold and silver church furniture can afford.—The houses, too, are decorated, the inhabitants exhibiting from their balconies the most costly ornaments and dresses. All is bustle and animation. At a corner of a great square are suspended huge placards on which the nature of the day's amusements is depicted in every variety of colour. Here is a pictorial illustration of the most prominent attractions at the great theatre, which, in common with all the rest, is open twice on this day. A little further on, is a full length portrait Figaro, which draws your attention to the fascinating allurements of the opera. The bull-fights next solicit your notice, announcing the most terrific particulars.

Nor are the minor theatres behindhand in presenting their attractions. Endless varieties of other exhibitions put forth their claims. A balloon ascension is advertised for the afternoon. One would suppose, too, that the old Roman gladiatorial shows were revived, for at one spectacle is a contest between a man and a bear. Cock-fights, dog-fights, and fandangos are announced in every quarter of the city.—Horse-racing, the circus, jugglers, posture-masters, tumblers, fire-eaters, monstrosities, concerts, cafe-gardens, fencing matches, pigeon shooting, gymnastic exercises, country excursions, balls graduated to every pocket, form but a fraction of the entertainments to which the day is devoted.

In the afternoon the public promenades are thronged, and the long array of equipages, with the rich and gay dresses of the senoras, is calculated to convey an impression of the wealth and luxury of the city. In the evening, the theatre presents a spectacle, which, probably, but few theatres in the world can parallel.—The beauty, elegance, wealth, and luxury of Mexico seemed concentrated into one brilliant focus.

The finale of the day is generally wound up by a splendid display of fire works and thus concludes the Mexican Sunday, and in no other part of the world, probably, is a Sunday so spent—not even in Italy.—N. O. Tropic.

Fresh Water.

Lake Erie has about thirty-five fathoms of water above its lowest bed, though it is not often more than twenty-five in depth. Lake St. Clair is shallow, scarcely exceeding four fathoms. Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, are, in places nine hundred feet deep, sinking about three hundred feet below the level of the ocean.

Epitaph on a Tailor.

Here lies below a tailor dead,
His name was Edward Prim.
He cabbag'd buckram, cloth and thread,
'Till Satan cabbaged him.