

# 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 arrears 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 United States Gazette.

### The Olden Time.

BY L. F. THOMAS.

The olden time's long past, and now,  
O! bitter change to rue—  
Friendship has not so warm a glow,  
And love is not so true.  
The very sun sheds not such light,  
The Moon's not so sublime,  
Nor do the stars beam half as bright  
As in the olden time.

The flowers that for the brow of Spring,  
Their gaudy chaplets weave,  
The birds that matin music sing,  
And vespers chant at eve,  
Have not the hue, have not the tone,  
Seem foreign to the clime,  
And glad not as in days by-gone  
In the sweet olden time.

My mother's kiss, my father's smile,  
My brother's laugh of joy,  
My merry sister's artless wile,  
My playmate with his toy;  
The school, my little sweetheart there,  
For whom I first wrote rhyme—  
Alas! they are not what they were,  
In the dear olden time.

'Tis sad to think o'er pleasure's fled,  
Hope's buds that never bloom'd,  
O'er memories of rever'd ones dead,  
In the heart's love entomb'd;  
But sadder still on Sabbath day,  
When peals the church-bells chime,  
To think the soul has need to pray  
More than in olden time.

### Grammar.

The following brief and comprehensive view of the first principles of English Grammar may be useful at least to our juvenile readers.

1. Three little words we often see  
Are ARTICLES, a, an, the.
2. A NOUN's the name of anything,  
As school, garden, hoop, or swing.
3. ADJECTIVES tell the kind of noun,  
As great, small, pretty, white, or brown.
4. Instead of nouns the PRONOUNS stand,  
John's head, his face, my arm, your hand.
5. VERBS tell of something being done:  
To read, write, count, sing, jump, run.
6. How things are done, the ADVERBS tell:  
As slowly, quickly, ill, or well.
7. CONJUNCTIONS join the words together  
As men and children, wind or weather.
8. A PREPOSITION stands before  
A noun; as in or through a door.
9. The INTERJECTION shows surprise:  
As oh! how pretty, ah, how wise.

The whole are called nine PARTS of speech,  
Which reading, writing, speaking, teach.

ILLINOIS.—At a Democratic State Convention,  
A. C. French, was nominated for Governor.

From the Delaware Gazette.

### Courship on a Fragment of the Pulaski.

MANY interesting as well as painful incidents connected with that awful disaster, are related to us by those who have seen and conversed with persons saved from the wreck. Amongst others the following is told of a Mr. Ridge, from New Orleans, and a Miss Onslow, from one of the Southern States, two of the unfortunates who were picked up on the fifth day, fifty miles from land. It is stated of this gentleman that he had been sitting on the deck alone for half an hour previous to the accident. Another gentleman who was walking near him at the time of the explosion was thrown overboard, and himself was precipitated nearly over the side of the boat and stunned. He recovered immediately as he supposed, when he heard some one remark, "get out of the boat—she is sinking." He was not acquainted with a solitary individual on the boat. Under such circumstances, it is very natural to suppose that he would feel quite as much concern for himself as for any one else. He was consequently among the foremost of those who sought the small boat for safety, and was about to step into it when he discovered a young lady, whom he recognised as one whose appearance had at sundry times during the passage arrested his attention. Her protector was the gentleman who was walking on the deck and blown overboard. He sprang towards her to take her into the small boat, but in the crowd and confusion he lost sight of her, and he supposed she was with some other friend. During his fruitless search, the small boat shoved off. The wreck was fast sinking. The night rang with the prayers and shrieks of the helpless and drowning. He turned away in despair, and tumbled over a coil of small rope. Hope, like the expiring spark, brightened again. He caught up the rope, lashed together a couple of settees, threw upon them a piece of an old sail and a small empty cask, and thus equipped, launched upon the element. It was all the work of a moment. He believed death inevitable, and that effort was the last grasp at life. His vessel bore him up much better than he expected, and he was consoling himself with his escape, such as it was, while others were perishing all around him, when he discovered a female struggling for life almost within his grasp. He left his ark, swam twice his length, seized his object and returned safely to his craft again, which proved sufficient to sustain them both, but with their shoulders and heads only above the water. The female was the one for whom he had lost a passage in the small boat. She fancied their boat would be unable to support both, and said to him, "you will have to let me go to save yourself." He replied, "we live or we die together." Soon after they drifted upon a piece of the wreck, probably a part of the same floor or partition torn asunder by the explosion. This, with the aid of the settees, fastened beneath it, proved sufficient to keep them out of the water. About this time one of the small boats came towards them, but already heavily loaded. He implored them to take in the young lady; but she said no, she could but die—he saved her life, and she could not leave him. They were fairly at sea, without the least morsel to eat or drink, in a scorching climate; the young lady in her night clothes, and himself with nothing upon him but a shirt and a thin pair of pantaloons, already much torn.—Of the boat which bore them all in quiet and safety but a half hour before, nothing was to be seen but scattering pieces of the wreck. The small boat was on her way to the shore, their own craft being light, and lightly loaded, drifted from a scene indescribably heart-rending, and which he still shudders to think of.  
At daylight nothing was visible to them but the heavens and a waste of water. In the course of the day they came in sight of land, and for a time were confident of reaching it—but during the succeeding night the wind changed, and soon after daylight next morning it vanished again, and with it all their lively hopes of escaping from the dreadful dilemma. On the third day a sail hove in sight, but she was entirely beyond hailing distance. When found, they were sadly burned by the sun—starved and exhausted, though still in possession of their faculties and able to move and talk. But their pain and suffering was not without its

pleasures and enjoyment.

The romantic part of their expedition is yet to come; and there's no telling how much longer they would have subsisted on the same food that seems to have aided at least in sustaining them so well, such an incredible length of time.

The intrepidity he displayed—the risk he ran—the danger he incurred, and above all the magnanimity he evinced in saving her life, strangers as they were to each other, at the imminent hazard of his own, elicited with her, at once, the warmest and strongest feelings of gratitude towards him, and before the tortures of hunger and thirst commenced, kindled that passion which burns nowhere else, as it burns in woman's bosom. On the other hand her good sense, her fortitude and presence of mind at the most perilous moment, and particularly her readiness to meet and share with him the fate which awaited them, excited on his part an attachment which was neither to be disguised nor deferred. And there, upon the "waters wild," amid the terror which surrounded and threatened them, in the presence only of an all-seeing God, did they pledge their mutual love, and declared if their lives were spared, their destiny which misfortune had united, should then be made as inseparable as escape from it now was impossible.

After their rescue, he informed her that a sense of duty impelled him to apprise her, that by the misfortune which had befallen them, he had lost every dollar he possessed here on earth (amounting to about \$25,000)—that he was in "poverty to his lips"—a beggar among strangers, without the means of payment for a meal of vituals; and painful as was the thought of separation to him, he offered to release her from her engagement, if it was her choice to leave him. She burst into tears at the very thought of separation, and asked him if he thought it was possible for the poverty of this world, to drive them to a more desperate extremity than that which they had suffered thus together. He assured her of his willingness to endure for her the same trial again—and of the joy, more than he could express, which he felt at finding her so willing to fulfil her engagement, which it is said is soon to be consummated. It was not till then that he was made acquainted with the fact that his lady love is heiress to an estate worth \$200,000. Who would not be shipwrecked; and henceforth, who will say "matches are not made in Heaven."

The Astronomers concerned in reforming the Calendar in 1582, by order of Pope Gregory XIII., observing that in four years the bissextile added 44 minutes more than the Sun spent in returning to the same point of the Eclipse; and computing that in 133 years these super-numerary minutes would form a day; to prevent any changes being thus insensibly introduced into the seasons, directed, that in the course of 400 years there should be three sextiles retrenched. And hence every centissimal year which is a leap year according to the Julian account, is a common year in the Gregorian account, unless the number of centuries implied in a centissimal year, can be divided by 4 without a remainder. Thus, 1600 and 2000 are bissextile, because 16 or 20 centuries can be divided by 4; but 1700, 1800, and 1900, are common years; because 17, 18, or 19 centuries cannot be divided by 4, without leaving a remainder.

Hallo! Ned! What on airh are you standin' here for?

Don't onterrupt me, Tom; keep quiet and just plant your peepers on them 'are wires.

What's the sense o' that, Ned?

Why, don't you know they've got that lightning express a goin' tew day?

No! have they though?

Sartin! and for tew blessed hours I've stood here, expectin' every mint tew see a letter go by!

### Thunder and Lightning.

A fellow was lately swigging at the bung-hole of a gallon jug, with all the ardor of one who really loved its contents. The jug, in reply to his drafts, went *clug, clug, clug*,—on which an anxious expectant, standing by, remarked: "Jim, you'd better stop: don't you hear it thunder!" "No," replied Jim, but I perceive the jug begins to *lighten*."

### A New Agricultural Wrinkle.

A funny story is told of an old friend of ours—one who, sick and tired of the care and bustle of a city life, has retired into the country and "gone to farming," as the saying is. His land, albeit well situated and commanding sundry romantic prospects, is not so particularly fertile as we have seen—required scientific culture and a liberal use of guano of some sort to induce an abundant yield. So far by way of explanation.

Once upon a time as the story-book says, our friend, being on a short visit to the city, was attending an auction sale down town, and it so happened, they were selling damaged sausages at the time.

There were some eight or ten barrels of them, and they were 'just going at fifty cents per barrel,' when the auctioneer, with all apparent seriousness remark that they were worth more than that to manure land with. Here was an idea. 'Sixty-two and half,' said our friend. 'Just going at sixty-two and a half—third and last call—gone,' said the auctioneer. 'Cash takes them at sixty-two and a half per barrel.'

To have them shipped for his country seat was the immediate work of our friend, and as it was then planting time, and the sausages, to use a common expression, were getting no better very fast; to have them safe under the ground and out of the way, was his next movement. He was about to plant a field of several acres of corn—so, here was just the spot for this new experiment in agriculture, this new wrinkle in the science of geononics. One 'link' of sausage being deemed amply sufficient, that amount was placed in each hill, accompanied by the usual number of kernels of corn and an occasional pumpkin seed. Now, after promising that several days have elapsed since the corn was planted, the sequel of the story shall be told in a dialogue between our friend and one of his neighbors.

Neighbor. 'Well, friend, have you planted your corn?'

Friend. 'Yes, several days ago.'

Neighbor. 'Is it up yet?'

Friend. 'Up! yes; up and gone; the most of it.'

Neighbor. 'How's that?'

Friend. 'Well, you see I bought a lot of damaged sausages in Orleans the other day, a smooth-tongued auctioneer saying they would make excellent manure, if nothing else. I brought the lot over, commenced planting my corn at once, as it was time, placed a sausage in each hill, and—'

Neighbor. 'Well, and what?'

Friend. 'And felt satisfied that I had made a good job of it. Some days after I went out to the corn field to see how my corn was coming on, and a pretty piece of business have I made of trying agricultural experiments.'

Neighbor. 'Why, what was the matter?'

Friend. 'Matter! the first thing I saw, before reaching the field, was the greatest lot of dogs digging and scratching all over it! There were my dogs, and your dogs, and all the neighbors' dogs, besides about three hundred strange dogs I never set my eyes on before, and every one was hard at it mining after sausages.—Somehow or other, the rascally whelps had scented out the business, and they have dug up every hill by this time. If I could set every dog of them upon that auctioneer, I'd be satisfied.'

IMPROVING AN ACCIDENT.—A story is told of Mr. Van Buren, that while on a tour through the West in 1840 he was overtaken in a stage coach, and as he stood up to his knees in mud, and asked the driver how the accident happened, was told by that personage that he had already upset eleven members of Congress, and by so doing had secured the votes of every one of them for appropriations to the National Road, and as he never before had a President for a passenger, he thought he would improve the opportunity by doing his duty to the West, in endeavoring to prevent a Veto, in case another appropriation should pass.

Dow, Jr. says, when a human soul has long been exposed to the scorching rays of avarice, it becomes shrivelled up like fried shoe-strings.

CONTENTMENT.—A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillow the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

### Wheat.

There are two sorts of wheat generally cultivated in this country; the winter wheat, which is sown in autumn, and the spring or summer wheat, sown in early spring. The former has a large, plump ear, smooth, with a strong, vigorous, and erect stem. There are of this, two varieties: the red wheat, which is of a dark colour, and has a tough, thick skin, and the common wheat, which affords the best flour.—The spring wheat, which is supposed to come from the north of Europe, is less hardy, and has a slender stem than the other, with bearded ear. As it comes more rapidly to maturity than the winter wheat, it is sometimes a surer crop in our variable climate, though the quality of the grain is reckoned inferior. The Egyptian, or many-spiked wheat, is cultivated in Egypt and some parts of Italy, is supposed to be of African origin, and its qualities and habits, resembles the spring wheat just mentioned. The stem of this species is branched at the top, and bears several ears, or *spikelets*. The ear is bearded, and the grains are smaller and thinner than the common winter wheat.—The *spell* wheat is supposed to be *zea* of the Creeks, and the kind of wheat used by the Romans. It is still cultivated in the south of Europe, and it grows on a coarser soil and requires less care and attention than the finer sorts of grain.—Hogg's Weekly instructor.

### This is "Dipping."

In the South, and particularly in North Alabama, the ladies of all classes, and some of them very pretty, too, carry with them a small bottle of Lorrillard's snuff, and a small willow stick chewed fine at one end, with which they convey the snuff to their pretty mouths. This they do at intervals as regular as an old tobacco chewer renews his quid. In parties of six or eight they pass round the bottle in the same manner the Indians do their pipe. The celebrated American novelist, John Neal, has accused the ladies of Baltimore of similar pretty practices, but they do not call it dipping.

A Weardale doctor was lately summoned to a cottage at Harwood in Teesdale, near Darlington, Eng., and found a boy-patient in need of his services.

"Put out your tongue," said the doctor.

The lad stared like a "gawwison."

"My good boy," repeated the medical man—"let me see your tongue."

"Talk English, doctor," said the mother, and then turning to her son, she cried—

"Hoppen thy goblet, and push out thy lolliker!"

The lad lolled out his tongue in a moment.

We should like to know who perpetrated the following. It sounds to us marvellously like the querulous effusion of some gentle fair one whose hope is in the "scur and yellow leaf."

EPITAPH ON AN OLD BACHELOR.

"Beneath this stone a being lies,

Who ne'er the joys of wedlock shared.

With no one near to close his eyes,

One day he died—and no one cared."

Bibles in the Hotels of Boston.

The Trustees of the Massachusetts Bible Society, at their last meeting instructed their Treasurer, Henry Edwards, Esq., to address a circular to the principal hotel keepers in Boston, offering them copies of the Bible, to be placed in the apartments occupied by transient inmates in their respective houses. Replies were promptly received from most of them, accepting the proffered sacred volume, and there has been placed in fifteen of the hotels 613 Bibles of a good size, octavo, bearing the name of the hotel conspicuously on the cover, in gilt letters, with the addition of the words, "Presented by the Massachusetts Bible Society."

LADY.—A female with her head stuck in a silk bonnet, her waist puckered into the circumference of a junk bottle, an enormous bustle and a hole in the heel of her stocking.

GENTLEMAN.—A man with a long nine in one hand, a sword cane in the other; with two cents in his pocket, and no sense in his head.

'What for you no mind your work dar, Sambo? said Cuffee, 'you darn lazy nigger! you always is more benefit dan profit; I wouldn't gib your wittles for your clothes!'