

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.

Never Despair.

Traveller, on the thorny path,
Wearied with a thousand cares,
Burdened with a thousand wars,
Heavenward lift thy hopes and prayers;
Shrink not in the hour of trial;
Bide thy time in earnest faith;
Bear thee up without despairing;
Live as that one lived, who saith,
After winter cometh summer;
After night returns the day;
After tempests, calms, returning,
Fling the threatening clouds away.

Mourning one, with moistened eye,
Wringing under fancied loss,
Think of Christ's afflictions here;
Keep thine eye upon the cross.
Stand thou firm without dejection;
"Stand thou steady at God's will:
And whatever comes upon thee,"
Bear it firm, remembering still—
After winter cometh summer:
After night returns the day;
After tempests, calms, returning,
Fling the threatening clouds away.

Christian, who art bowed down,
By the burden of thy woes;
Yet, firm-hearted, keep good courage,
Though surrounded by thy foes.
Bear affliction for His glory;
Bear with patience, sorrows' sting:
Never shrinking, never failing,
Ever yet remembering.
After winter comes the summer;
After night returns the day;
After tempests, calms, returning,
Fling the threatening clouds away.

Strange Visitors.

The good people of the county of York were thrown into a perfect nine days wonderment on Tuesday last, by ascertaining that some thirty or thirty-five whales had taken refuge from the lowering or impending gale of the sea to the less troublous waters of the York. Having satiated their curiosity to the full, by a thorough examination of these leviathans of the deep, they beheld them of the utility and value of these unexpected guests, and were, accordingly, at the last advices, making preparations to extract the oil which was thus so suddenly and unexpectedly cast on their shores. Thirty-two of these little monsters, varying in length from 15 to 20 feet were cast on the shore of Mr. R. H. Farenholt, and three on the shore of Mr. Wm. Pettit. These gentlemen, we learn, reside about one mile from Yorktown. *Norfolk Beacon*, 10th.

A Fish Trap.

The New Haven Register, gives an account of the latest Yankee notion, in the shape of a patent spring fish hook. By a very delicate, but ingenious machinery, as soon as a fish attempts to nibble the bait on the hook, a second hook comes down and catches him in the back of the head, and he is a "gone sucker."

From the Pittsburg Iron City.

The Devil in the Market House.

We have heard of Dr. Faustus, and of other gentlemen who have by some means or other acquired the reputation of having an intimate acquaintance with "the gentleman in black," but after the performances which took place in the Pittsburg Market on Friday and Tuesday evenings last, we came to the conclusion that the "Fakir of Ava" was a touch ahead of both the "Devil and Dr. Faustus."

On Friday evening, we visited the Market to lay in, as usual, our stock of "provender," as Dugald Dalgetty says. While looking around at the piles of good things with which our friends from the country delight to supply us, smoke-dried citizens, provided we have the cash to pay them, our attention was excited by an unusual movement to and from a particular point. Expecting to pick up a subject for a paragraph, we, as a faithful chronicler of events hastened to the spot, and inquired of a friend the cause of all this commotion. He replied that he believed "the Devil must be in that box of eggs," pointing to a large box which stood close by, "for," says he, "a gentleman was just making some inquiries as to their soundness, when of a sudden the eggs seemed endowed with life and commenced chirping like a thousand crickets, and then, as if veritable chickens were struggling out of them, the eggs commenced capering and dancing about in the strangest manner. This has caused the owner a fright, as well as the bystanders, all of whom are wondering at the cause of the strange phenomenon."

On inquiring after the person who had priced the eggs, a stout gentleman in a cloth cloak was pointed out, in whom we at once recognized the "Genuine Fakir." There he stood, looking as unconcerned as you please: but we observed a smile playing about the corners of his mouth, and a look of devilment in his eye, which told us to look out for sport. We were not mistaken. He walked up very sedately to an Irish woman, the possessor of a basket of plucked poultry, and took up a large turkey. (A very old gobbler, by-the-by.)

"Good woman," said he, very demurely, "as I am no great judge of poultry, tell me is this a young turkey?"

The woman eyed him for a moment, as if to ascertain if he was quizzing her.

"Yes, sir, it's a yearling," she said, at the same time, turning her head to answer another customer.

"It's very heavy," continued the Fakir; "pray what's the price of it?"

"One dollar," replied the lady of the poultry.

"I'm afraid it's too heavy to be young," says the Fakir.

"'Pon my conscience," says she, "it's only a year and a quarter old. If ye're a judge the cratur will speak for itself."

At the instant she pronounced these words, the turkey raised its head, somewhat after the fashion of a snake, and with open mouth, said, or seemed to say, "you lie you jade, I'm five years old and past!" To this all the poultry in the basket responded by an unusual cackling, crowing, and gobbling.

The poultry woman turned up her eyes clasped her hands over her head, and ejaculating "Holy Mother!" bolted up Diamond alley as if the gentleman with the cloven foot was after her, never stopping to look behind until she was fairly in Wood street.

The Fakir walked on, and stopped to make room for a countryman who was in the act of cutting off a calf's head. "B-a-a," went the head. "Oh," says the countryman, looking over his shoulder, thinking that some one had been tricking him. He was evidently surprised. At this moment the Fakir addressed him with "What will you take for that veal's head?" "B-a-a! B-a-a! Help! help!" cried the head. A hog's carcass hanging close by, gave one of those alto grunts, accompanied by a squeal on G sharp, so long and so piercing, that we can only compare it to the steam whistle of a locomotive! The countryman dropped his knife, and with "Lord bless us!" turned round and made tracks as fast as his legs could carry him. In his course he upset a basket full of golden pippins, which, by the way, were soon hid in the pockets of some dozen urchins, who were standing about, in eager waiting. To make

amends to the poor woman for this accident, the Fakir purchased a quarter's worth of the apples, and opening the first one with his knife, out dropped a gold piece! A second apple produced another gold piece; a third, the same! "These are really golden pippins, old lady," said the Fakir; how much for the lot?" "I sells no more," replied she of the pippins, at the same time snatching up the basket, and making off in the wake of the calf's head. Shortly after, the pippin lady was observed busily engaged in cutting open the remainder of her stock. Things by this time had got a little quiet. In about fifteen minutes we observed the Fakir talking with one of our efficient police officers, Mr. Turner; and expecting some more sport, we drew near. In this we were disappointed; but as Mr. Turner left him, we observed the Fakir's eye attentively fixed on a large cabbage. He walked up to the old Dutchman who was attending the basket, and addressed him with, "How do you sell cabbage by the dozen, my old friend?"

"That size fifty cents, 'cause got hard heart: this size thirty cents, 'cause soft heart."

"Why do you make the difference?"

"That good for crout, and got hard heart."

"Let me see," said the Fakir, taking up the large cabbage. After examining it very attentively, he said, "You allow your chickens to run amongst your cabbages?"

"No," said the Dutchman.

"Yes," said the Fakir, "and I can prove it. I hear a nest of chickens in the cabbage now," and an audible chirruping was easily distinguished.

"Give me your knife," said the Fakir; and opening the cabbage out popped a good sized hen and several chickens, apparently a week old.

"Mein Got!" exclaimed the Dutchman "Wat is dat?"

We can easily account for the imitations produced by the calf's head, the eggs and the turkey. The gold pieces in the apples were of course placed there by an ingenious sleight of hand. The Fakir performed similar experiments during his public lectures. But how the hen got into the cabbage, is a conundrum to us. We are rather of opinion that our eyes deceived us, and that they were not there at all, but must have been stowed away in the folds of the Fakir's ample cloak, until he saw fit to release them, apparently from the Dutchman's cabbage.

The Fakir is about to visit the various cities down the river, and we advise the market people to be on the look out for him, for if he does not make their turkeys speak, they will find by attending his lectures that he can do other things equally as wonderful.

Law Anecdote.

You have all heard of Counsellor Higgins. He was exceedingly adroit in defending a prisoner, and would sometimes almost laugh down an indictment for a small offence. A fellow (one Smith) being on trial for stealing a turkey, the counsellor endeavored to give a good humored turn to the affair. "Why, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "this is really a small affair, I wonder any one would bring such an affair into Court, if we are going on at this rate, we shall have business enough on our hands.—Why, I recollect when I was in College that nothing was more common than to go out foraging. We did not get the poultry too often in the same place, and there was no harm done, no fault found!" Notwithstanding this appeal the jury convicted the prisoner. After the Court rose, one of the jury, a plain old farmer, meeting the counsellor, complimented his ingenuity in the defence, "and now, Squire," said he, fixing a knowing look upon him. "I should like to ask you a question, which road do you take in going home, the upper or the lower?" "The lower, answered the counsellor. "Well, then, it's no matter, I only wanted to observe, that if you were going my way, I would just jog on before and lock up the hen house."

The New York Telegraph says that Mr. Bogenders of that city, has been enabled after years of patient investigation, to make iron answer the purposes of burr mill stones, in grinding grain; and that he has now in successful operation machines furnished with new iron grinders.

Change in the Mormon Prophets.

It seems, from recent developments in the Mormon country, that the mantle of Joe Smith, the first and the Simon Pure Mormon prophet, has descended, by general consent, upon James J. Strang, a lawyer of great wealth and considerable repute in the West. His residence is at Voree, in Wisconsin, where the Saints were flocking in great numbers. Strang's followers intend, it is said, to separate themselves from the corrupt twelve who intend going to California, the power of the new prophet has been generally acknowledged by all others. The wife and son of the deceased prophet, Smith, have declared Strang to be the Lord's anointed; and Smith himself, it is said in a letter dated June 18, 1844, dated Nauvoo, recognized Strang as his successor. Strang now announces himself as the Prophet of the Most High God, and is ready he says, to act as his Mouth-piece. He gives the Saints a Revelation paper, which was communicated to him by the Angel of the Lord.

Voree will become another Nauvoo, we fear. The followers of Strang may not, however, and start with the understanding that there are to be no spiritual wives. As these impostors must be tolerated so far as they obey the laws, we hope they will not be molested. Persecution will increase their numbers, but an intelligent public opinion will, in time, expose their deception, and put an end to their folly.—*Evening News*.

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE.—The Pledge and Standard relates the following incident of a Philadelphia son of Neptune:

"A clever sailor has lately joined the Sons of Temperance in Philadelphia, after running a course of dissipation by which his means were pretty much exhausted. At the time of signing the pledge he was indebted to the rum-seller one shilling. A few days ago he went to pay off the score, but being determined not to enter the house in which he had been robbed, he got a long pole, attached the piece of money on the end of it, and standing at the outside of the door, reached it to the astonished publican, and marched off with a jolly heart."

Intentions of Marriage.

The papers in Massachusetts publish lists of "Intentions of Marriage." There is a law in that state requiring persons who are about to enter into the marriage contract, to publish their names and intentions, before the ceremony can be performed.

Would it not be well to add to this law, that those wishing to get married, must, after publishing their intentions, get the consent of all their relatives, and then have the ceremony performed in the Market-house.

New-Jersey Mirror.

William Penn's Deed from the Indians in 1685.

THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH That—We, Paeknah, Jerckhan, Sikals, Part Quesott, Jervis Essepenauk, Felktroy, Hekellappao Econus, Machloha Methecong, Wissa Powey, Indian Kings, Sachemakers, right owners of all lands, from Quing, Quingus, called Duck Creek, unto Upland, called Chester Creek, all along by the west side of Delaware River, and so between the said creeks backwards as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse, for and in consideration of these following goods to us in hand paid, and secured to be paid, by William Penn, Proprietary and Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania and territories thereof, viz: 20 guns, 20 fathoms matchcoat, 20 fathoms strong water, 20 blankets, 20 kettles, 20 pounds of powder, 100 bars of lead, 40 tomahawks, 100 knives, 40 pairs of stockings, 1 barrel of beer, 20 pounds of red lead, 100 fathoms of wampum, 30 glass bottles, 30 pewter spoons, 105 awl blades, 300 tobacco pipes, 100 hands of tobacco, 20 tobacco tongs, 20 steels, 300 flints, 30 pairs of scissors, 30 combs, 60 looking glasses, 200 needles, 1 skipple of salt, 30 pounds of sugar, 5 gallons of molasses, 20 tobacco boxes, 100 jewsharps, 20 hoes, 30 gimblets, 30 wooden screw boxes, 100 strings of beads—Do hereby acknowledge, &c. Given under our hands, &c. at New Castle, 2d day of the eighth month, 1685.

The above is a true copy taken from the original, by Ephraim Morton, formerly a clerk in the land office.

Nursery Lyrics.

Every State should have its poet, and why not its nursery? The Albany Citizen takes up the office:

Where is the baby? Bess its heart—
Where is muzzer's darling boy?
Does it hold its little hands apart,
The dearest, bessest toy?
And so it does; and will its little chin
Grow just as fat as butter?
And will it poke its little fingers in
Its tinnin little mouth and mutter
Nice wiccy words,
Just like little yaller birds?
And so it will; and so it may,
No matter what its pappy, mammy say.
And does it wink its little eyeses,
When its mad and up and crises?
And does it squall like chick-a-dees
At every thing it sees?
Well it does! Why not I pray?
Ain't it muzzer's darling every day?
Oh! what's the matter! oh my! oh my!
What makes my sweetest chicken ky?
Oh nasty, uggy pin, to prick it?
It's darlin muzzer's darlin cricket!
There! there! sho's thrown it in
The fire; the kuel, wicked pin!
There! hush my honey; go to seep,
Rocked in a dadle of the deep!

A Hit at the Times.

At this particular time, (says the Washington correspondent of the New York Mirror), when a change in the Cabinet is daily expected, each member thereof is narrowly watched by the newsmongers, and all his movements faithfully chronicled. The following is the last important bulletin:

"HIGHLY IMPORTANT.—This morning Mr. Buchanan was closeted with the President for more than five minutes. It is certain that matters of the gravest character were under consideration, for Mr. B. was heard distinctly to sneeze three times in succession, and it is supposed on the highest authority that Mr. Polk took a pinch and a half of snuff. The greatest consternation prevailed at the White House, and the black cook rolled up the whites of his eyes in such a manner that the old Dutch clock went into fits, and struck an hour before the time. The Secretary of War was seen by credible witnesses to go into a store and buy a box of percussion caps. These and other symptoms of war have caused stocks and stockings to rise above zero. The Secretary of the Navy, too, was seen to devour prodigious pieces cold turkey, and an express extraordinary was dispatched to a drug store for a box of Brandreth's Pills. *Nous verrons*. There is something in the wind. More anon."

Justices of the Peace.

The following bill, having passed both houses of the Legislature, has been signed by the Governor, and is now a law:

An Act, relating to Justices of the Peace.
Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That in all cases of the creation of any new township, borough or ward, in any city or county of this commonwealth, the commissions of Justices of the Peace and Aldermen within the respective territories out of which such township, borough or ward, has been, or may be created, shall continue for the proper township, borough or ward, in which such justices or aldermen may respectively reside for the balance of the official term, and any deficiency in the proper number of aldermen or justices of the peace within the territories of either of such new divisions, according to the number allowed to each township, borough and ward, by the act of the twenty-first day of June, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, shall be supplied at the next succeeding elections for constables in the said townships, boroughs and wards.

A Confession.

A young convert in the country, recently got up and was making a confession somewhat after this sort, viz: "I have been very wicked. Indeed I have; I have cheated many persons, very many; but I will restore four fold; when he was interrupted by an old lady thus, "Well I think before you confess much, you'd better marry Nancy Stebbins, as you agreed to!"