

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.

From Dickens' London News.

Clear the Way.

Men of thought! be up and stirring
Night and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought, and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY!
Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say,
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men:
Aid it paper—aid it type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe.
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought, and men of action!
CLEAR THE WAY!
Lo! a cloud 's about to vanish
From the day;
Lo! the right 's about to conquer,
CLEAR THE WAY!
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
With that right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey;
Men of thought, and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY! C. H.

A poetical "lover," not long since, sent the following to Sally Ann, his lady-love.

TO SALLY ANN.

Soft is the down of the butterfly's wing,
Soft is the whisper when lovers speak;
Soft is the light which moonbeams fling,
But softer by far is my lady-love's cheek.

SALLY'S REPLY.

Soft are taters all smash'd up,
And mush are soft as soft kin be;
But softer be's that silly pup,
Yet wif that vaise to me!

A Frenchman who was exhibiting various sacred relics and other curiosities, produced a sword which he assured his visitors was "de sword Balaam had ven he would kill de ass." A spectator replied that Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. "Ver well, dis is de ver one he wished for."

A Snake Bit Irishman.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times gives "an original Tennessee hunting incident" that "will pass." A jolly party of sportsmen, made up of veteran hunters rife for sport and full of fun, were enjoying themselves for a few weeks in the mountains of Morgan county, Tennessee. A huge, raw boned, loquacious Irishman, uninvited, quartered himself in their camp, and in addition to being a nuisance when awake, snored so terrifically when asleep as to drive "tired nature's sweet restorer" from others. Pat was afraid of snakes generally, and "ould snakes" in particular, and the awful yars he heard in the hunters' camp "waked snakes" in every hair on the Irishman's head. After listening to a few yars on the much dreaded snake subject one evening, this fresh son of the sod prepared to turn in, literally crawling all over. Counting his beads and his chances for being "snake bit" before day, and "tucking in" his blanket and wishing the "sowls of all snakes, in these parts purthickuler," in a country where, to say the least, they stand but a slim chance for indulging in their natural torpidity, he fell asleep. The correspondent proceeds:

And now the storm began. His snoring grew fast and furious, loud and long, occasionally a sort of half snort, half grunt, terminating with "snakes, by jabers, blast their sowls!"—"Ugh! ugh!" when there came the variation or chorus in the shape of a grind of his teeth that threatened to drive them through his jaw or crush them to powder; by way of variety he would hold his breath a few seconds, and then snore again, and such snoring! my stars, that I could spell it! It was a sort of cross between the breathing of an asthmatic elephant and the braying of a superannuated donkey, whose will lasted longer than his wind. Well, it thus continued with the regularity of the whippoor-will's cry, until say an half hour before day-break, when J. M. W. (Jim W. we'll say) whose stock of patience had long ago evaporated, unrolled himself from his blanket, saying in his usual quiet way, "Humph! I'll stop that infernal concert or start the maker of it, see if I don't! Umph!" He then awoke Jim A. and the Judge, when a plot was laid and thus carried into execution.

W. got his hunting knife, and going to where the offal of a large deer had been thrown, he cut off about seven feet of gut, and securing the ends with twine to retain the contents, he tied one end of it tight and fast to the corner of Paddy's shirt tail, that had wandered through a "rind" in the seat of his breeches, coiling it all up smooth by his side, snake-like and true.—All things thus arranged, the conspirators laid down again, and at the conclusion of one of the stage horn snores with the "snake sowls" variation, Jim A. roared out at the top of his voice, "HU WEE! HU WEE! a big copper-headed black rattle snake eleven feet long, has crawled up my breeches, and is tying himself into a doublebow knot round my body!" giving the Irishman, with every word, a furious dig in the side with his elbow, with a running accompaniment on his shins with his heels! Of course, this hunting aweke him quick and wide; in his first movement he laid his hand on the nice cold coil gut at his side. Hissing out a "Jay-zus" from between his clenched teeth, he made a bound that carried him some ten feet clear of the camp, and with a force that straightened out the coil and made the snake's tail crack like a cart whip.

Casting one wild blazing look behind, he tore off with the rapidity of lightning around the camp in a circle of some forty feet across, and at every bound shouting, or rather yelling.—"Saze 'im! saze 'im by the tail! Och howly Vargin, stop 'im! Och, Saint Patrick! tare 'im in till jablets! A wha! A wha! Bate him to smitherens wid a gun, can't ye? He's got me fast—howld me—! Och, he has, by jabers! an' he's mendin' his hoults, a wha! Och, mother, he's forty fut long!" On making this circuit he ran through a part of the smouldering camp-fire, and the twine of the ast of the gut caught fire; this brought a new terror, and added a strong inducement for him to put on more steam and increase his rate; round—round he went! "He's a fiery sarpint. Och, murder! Howly Vargin, he carries a light to see how to bite by! Och, help! I'm swal-

lowed (jumping a log) intirely all but me head! He's sixty fate long if he's a fut! Tread on his bloody, fiery tale, will yees! Thyry to save me!" then as if inspired with new life and hope, he roared out—"Shoot 'im! but don't shoot at his head! Shoot! Shoot!"

Now here was a picture! There stood the Judge hugging a sapling with both arms and one leg, his head thrown back emitting scream after scream; here lay Jim W. on his back, with his feet against a tree, his arms elevated like a child's when he wants you to help him up, and it was scream for scream with Jim.—All sounds, at all like ordinary laughter, had ceased, and the present notes would have rendered immortal the vocal fame of a dozen panthers, accompanied in their concert by the fog whistle of a steamboat. Yonder stands Jim A.—"fat Jim,"—with his legs about a yard apart, his hands on his hips, shouting at regular intervals of about five seconds, "Snake! Snake!! Snake!!!" at the same intonation, but so loud the echoes mocked each other from fifty crags, and "Snakes! Snakes!!" reverberated loud and long among those mountain slopes, while his eyes carefully and closely followed the course of poor Paddy round the camp. After running round it about thirty times the persecuted one flew off in a tangent into the dark woods, and the medley sounds of "snake! murder! help! fire! saxy fat! Howly Vargin!" &c., gradually died away in the distance, and the hunters were alone.

"Umph," said Jim W. (after stopping his laughing hiccough) "umph, I thought that gut would stop snoring at this camp at least! Umph." The next evening the Patlander was seen travelling at a mighty rate through Knoxville, with a small bundle under one arm and a huge shillalah in the other hand, poked out ahead of him in a half-defensive half-exploring attitude. When he was asked by Archy Mc—, with "Which way, Paddy?" casting round at the speaker a sort of a hang dog, sulky glance, he growled forth, a word at a step, "Strate to Ireland, be J—s, where there's no snakes!"

Boiled Mackerel—Overdone Politeness.

Mr. Editor:—A day or two since, I saw in your paper an anecdote of a member of Congress from Indiana, and as "us boys of the West" never like to be outdone, even by a next-state-neighbor, I will relate one as an offset, concerning a Congressman from my State.

The venerable Gen. H—, was for several consecutive years returned to Congress, and as the hotels and boarding-houses at Washington city in those days were pretty much on a par, the members were in the habit of occupying, year after year, the same rooms. The table of Gen. H.'s boarding-house (which was kept by a widow lady who had two daughters) was regularly furnished with stereotyped dinners, and at one end of the breakfast table there always appeared a *boiled mackerel*. Gen. H., whose seat was near the fish, had gazed so frequently upon it, (for it never was touched except by the cook,) that he knew it "all by heart."

Now, if the distinguished Representative had any one peculiar virtue, it was an affectionate desire to make every person and every creature around him happy.

Well, in the course of time, Congress adjourned, and Gen. H. paid his bill to the widow, and got ready to start for home. The stage stood at the door, and then the old gentleman showed the goodness of his heart. He took the widow by the hand, and pressing it, bade her farewell; then kissing the daughters, said he would like to see them in Ohio, and furnish them with good husbands, &c.; but even this was not all. The black boys, who stood along the wall, were not forgotten, and grinned as he handed each a silver dollar; and as he passed around the breakfast table, which was not yet "cleared off," he saw his old friend, the *mackerel*. The tears came into his eyes, and raising it by the tail with his thumb and finger, parted with it, saying, "Well, good bye, my old boy, good bye! You and I have served a long campaign together, but (wiping his eyes) I suppose we shall meet again next winter—good bye!" The old gentleman rapidly left the house, and jumping into the stage, rattled off, and fortunately for his ears, the widow never saw him again. OIHO.

Death not a Painful Process.

We think that most persons have been led to regard dying as a much more painful change than it generally is, first because they have experienced in themselves and seen in others, that sentient beings often struggle when in distress: muscular action and consciousness are two distinct things often existing separately; and we have abundant reason to believe, that in a great proportion of cases, those struggles of a dying man which are so distressing to behold, are entirely independent of consciousness, as the struggles of a recently decapitated fowl. A second reason why men are led to regard dying as a very painful change, is because they know that men often endure great pain without dying, and forgetting that like causes produce like effects only under similar circumstances they infer that life cannot be destroyed without still greater pain. But the pains of death are much less than most persons have been led to believe, and we doubt not that many persons who live to the age of puberty, undergo tenfold more misery in thinking of death, than in the simple act of dying; nay, tenfold more misery than they would, did they but entertain correct views concerning this change. In all cases of dying the individual suffers no pain after the sensibility of his nervous system is destroyed, and the sensibility of his nervous system is often destroyed without much, and sometimes without any previous pain. Those who are struck dead by a stroke of lightning, those who are decapitated with one blow of the axe, and those who are instantly destroyed by a crush of the brain, experience no pain at all in passing from a state of life to a dead state. One moment expectation of being thus destroyed, far exceeds in misery the pain during the act. Those who faint in having a little blood taken from the arm, or on any other occasion, have already endured all the misery they ever would in this world, did they not again revive. Those who die of fevers and most other diseases, suffer their greatest pain as a general thing, hours or even days, before they expire. The sensibility of their nervous system becomes gradually diminished, their pains become less acute under the same existing cause; and at the moment when their friends think them in the greatest distress, they are more at ease than they have been for days previous; their disease, as far as it respects their feelings, begins to act upon them like an opiate. Indeed, many are already dead, as it respects themselves, when ignorant bystanders are much the most to be pitied, not for the loss of their friend, but for their sympathising anguish. Those diseases which destroy life without immediately affecting the nervous system give rise to more pain than those that do affect the system so as to impair its sensibility. The most painful deaths which human beings inflict upon each other, are produced by the rack and fagot. The halter is not so cruel as either of these, but more savage than the axe. Horror and pain considered, it seems to us that we should choose a narcotic to either.—Charles Knowlton, M. D.

Ashes.

As a manure, ashes, on certain soils, are invaluable. We have frequently experienced the beneficial effects resulting from their application, but never more convincingly than during the present year. On a piece of corn, containing about twenty statute acres, we applied about twenty bushels of ashes and a little quantity of gypsum, or plaster of Paris—the ashes being applied on every other row in order that the comparative value of the two articles might be accurately ascertained.

The result of the experiment was perfectly in accordance with our previous observations. Through the entire season, the rows on which the ashes were applied, took the lead, and at harvest produced one-third more corn than those which had the gypsum.

We would commend to every one to save all the house ashes he possibly can. Even leached are too valuable to be thrown away. Applied as a top-dressing to grass lands, they produce important effects.

One of the most substantial farmers in Massachusetts, writing us on the subject, says:

"I am now more fully than ever persuaded of the value of ashes as a manure. Nothing in the whole catalogue of manures, compares with them on my land. All the distance of

nearly two miles from the sea-shore, I sowed, in 1835, twenty-five and a half bushels to the acre. The soil was a thin, clayey loam, and the result of the application was a crop of excellent clover, where, for years, nothing had grown but rye and rye. The land has not yet forgot the application; the grass on the soil with ashes being greener and far more luxuriant than on that where no such application had been made. On corn, beans and wheat ashes, leached or unleached, operate with the best effects. Formerly we were in the practice of disposing of our ashes at from a shilling to 20 cts. per bushel; but experience has now opened our eyes, and we are purchasing all we can at double the former price."—Maine Farmer.

Cats killed by a Rat.

That the whole of the cat kind, including even the lion and tiger, are a cowardly tribe, is only known to those who are tolerably well versed in zoology. To those who have not considered how clear the distinction is between bravery and ferocity, and who, therefore, associate the idea of intrepidity with the fell tiger, and the sanguinary panther and leopard, the proposition will appear extravagant: nevertheless, it is true. Of all animals, the dog alone will attack a much superior enemy, and fight against any odds. The cat kind, even when hungry, never attack where they are not sure of possessing superior force.

A very singular incidence of the cowardice of this tribe occurred lately in London. At a place called Bank side, Westminster, on the margin of the Thames, a labouring man caught a large rat. Being a fellow of an eccentric turn of mind, he took it in his head that he could train the animal to fight its natural hunter, the cat; and, to that end, fed it entirely on young kittens, in order to give it confidence, as well as taste for it as prey; and, at the same time, allowed it no liquid but milk, for the purpose of strengthening it. After he had thus dieted the rat for a fortnight, he proposed that it should fight as many cats as it could, at half-a-crown each, stipulating, in return, that the person whose cat might kill it should be entitled to one guinea. At four o'clock on that day, a full grown cat was put to the rat in a vat, in which the rat had been previously fed; but the cat instantly jumped out, and would not face the rat. No less than fifteen cats were, one after another, set on to combat this animal; of which eight ran away, and seven lay dead. A sixteenth was then shamefully set at it.—This, being bolder and stronger than the rest, and its poor antagonist being exhausted with the fatigue of so many hard fought battles, had better success than its fifteen predecessors, and killed the rat; not however, till after a severe round of fighting.

The Belle and the Student.

At a certain splendid evening party a haughty young beauty turned to a student who stood near her, and said, "Cousin John, I understand your eccentric friend L— is here. I have a great curiosity to see him. Do bring him here and introduce him to me."

"Well Kate," replied the student, "I will go and see what mood he is in now, for, to tell you the truth, with all his talents, he is sometimes so odd that there is no pleasure in being near him."

The student went in search of his friend and at length found him lounging on a sofa.

"Come L—," said he, "my beautiful cousin Catharine wishes to be introduced to you."

"Well, trot her out, John," drawled L—, with an affected yawn.

John returned to his cousin and advised her to defer her introduction to a more favorable time, repeating the answer he had received.—The beauty bit her lip, but the next moment said, "Well never fear! I shall insist on being introduced."

After some delay, L— was led up and the ceremony of introduction duly performed. A greatly surprised by the beauty and commanding appearance of Catharine, L— made a profound bow; but, instead of returning it, she stepped backward, and raising her eye-glass, surveyed him deliberately, from head to foot, waving the back of her hand towards him, drawled out, "Trot him off, John! trot him off! that is enough!"