

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

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 papers 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.

The Single Knock.

A DITTY FOR DETRIMENTALS.

That single knock! that single knock!

Ah me, it comes once more;

My very hair is turning gray

With horror of that door.

I wonder which of them it is;

Oh! would that I could run:

Alas! their name is "Legion,"

I'm sure it is a Dun.

That single knock! that single knock!

It is my funeral bell,

And seems to ring with future "kick,"

The melancholy knell.

I cannot bear the dreadful sound,

'T is worse than any gun;

I wonder which of them it is—

I know it is a Dun!

That single knock! that single knock!

Oh! will it ever cease?

Why can't the fellow go away,

And let me be at peace?

I cannot pay that odious bill,

I am a Younger Son:

I wonder which of them it is—

I know it is a Dun!

That single knock! that single knock!

Yes, there it is again:

There's more impatience in its sound,

I shut my ears in vain.

I'd sooner be a galley slave,

To toil in rain or sun:

I wonder which of them it is—

I know it is a Dun!

That single knock! that single knock!

It comes again, more quick;

I'll have that knocker muffled up,

And make believe I'm sick.

I can't get out to eat my chop,

Or even munch a bun:

I wonder which of them it is—

I know it is a Dun!

That single knock! that single knock!

Each minute seems an age;

I thought so—there it is once more—

He's getting in a rage.

I used to laugh at bills, but now

I find it serious fun:

I wonder which of them it is—

I know it is a Dun!

A Beggar and a Bishop.

A beggar asked a bishop for a penny—the bishop refused. He then asked for his blessing, which the bishop readily consented to accord. The beggar reflected a moment and concluded he would not take it—"for," said he, "if it were worth a penny, you would not give it to me."

"Father, I heard you say in the rail car yesterday that you were in favor of low fares?"

"I am."

"I thought so when I saw you kissing our short servant girl this morning."

A Table showing what day of the Week any day of the Month is for ever.

January, October,	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Feb. March, November,	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
April, July,	G	A	B	C	D	E	F
May,	B	C	D	E	F	G	A
June,	E	F	G	A	B	C	D
August,	C	D	E	F	G	A	B
September, December,	F	G	A	B	C	D	E
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				

The use of the Table.

What day of the week is July 4, 1846?—Seek the dominical letter for this year, which is D, then against July find D, and casting your eye down that column, you will see (amongst the days of the month) that the 5, 12, 19, and 26 days of that month are Sundays; consequently the 4th must be on Saturday. In this way it is easy to calculate on what day of the week a given day of any month will fall, where the year also is given.

Rule to find the Dominical or Sunday letter, for the 19th century. Add to the given year its fourth part, (rejecting fractions), and divide the sum by 7. The remainder, if there be any, will indicate the proper letter. Thus if there be 1 remainder, the letter is G; if 2, F; and so on. If there be no remainder, the Sunday letter is A.

The Deadly Foe of the Snake.

Attack and defence call forth perhaps some of the most beautiful combinations of effect and passion which can be conceived, as, for instance, in the secretary-bird and the snake. In an instant the former circumvents its intended prey; its escape is hopeless, it instinctively feels itself in the presence of its deadly enemy, and for the preservation of life prepares itself for the fearful encounter. Half erect with gleaming eye and its body coiled or straightened to meet the exigency of the moment, it faces its ever active foe; it writhes and sweeps the ground with the convulsive movements of its tail, and like the skillful fencer, acts on the defensive till the opening for the fatal lunge presents itself; but the wary bird allows no such advantage, for, dropping its wing, shield like, before it, it repels every attack by prostrating the serpent by the powerful action of its pinton, and leaping rapidly behind it, secures the victory and its prey by a well directed blow on the skull. This is a beautiful picture; the issue of life is in the struggle, of which nature is the prompter, and in which the energies and passions of both creatures are worked up to the highest pitch. Dreaded by every other living creature, the snake here encounters its mortal enemy, ordained by the hand of Providence to keep its race within due limits.

Give us Plain English.

The Boston Courier, in an article relating to horticultural subjects, makes a very excellent suggestion, as follows:

"The blunders which are committed in attempts to distinguish plants by Latin, French, and Dutch descriptive names, are ridiculous. The catalogue before us is full of such blunders. And what is the use of all this show of learning? Why should a cabbage be called *chou*? lettuce, *lactuca pomeol*?—squash, *giraumon*?—and flax, *linum usitatissimum*?—a potato is nothing but a potato, when called *solanum tuberosum*; and *pomme d'amour*, *solanum lycopersicum* is after all only a tomato."

PATNETIC.—A learned young lady being asked at a tea-table if she used sugar, replied, "I have a diabolical invincible repugnance to sugar, for to my insensible cognitions upon the subject, the flavosity of the sugar nullifies the flavosity of the tea, and renders it vastly obnoxious."

Mr. Wuckhagenikdewewegbitnigenstorben fell down stairs the other day, and broke his name into three pieces.—*Boston Post.*

And we think it was very cruel in you to put such a name together again.—*Com. Adv.*

Violating the Treaty.

Among the appellants for justice at the Recorder's office yesterday, was Damon Dunfield, an old Ethiopian, whose woodsaw was hung on his shoulder, like the guitar of a troubadour, ore the days of chivalry had gone by. Damon looked about as wise as an owl in daylight; he appears to have borrowed for the occasion, the dilapidated hat of Jacques Strop, and the remainder of his wardrobe seemed made to match. His hair was a grizzly grey, and his face wrinkled and puckery, like a postillion's boot.

"I want to hab dis 'ere business settled, massa 'Corder, agreeable to de constirtushun."

"What business is that?" said the Recorder.

"Whoy, you sees, massa 'Corder, dis 'ere nigga has wiorlated de treaty affer de boundary line was 'greed to 'tween us."

"Dis 'ere nigga," to which Damon alluded, was a big, burly black, with teeth enough to form the stock in trade of a dentist, and a pair of eyes that curved about in their sockets like the revolving lamp of a lighthouse.

"And pray," said the Recorder, "what has this negro to do with the violation of the treaty or the tracing of the boundary line?"

"I ain't got nuffin at all," said the fellow with the mouthful of bones.

"But I says you hab," said Damon, "and I'll just spain de whole ting to massa Judge, in less time dan I'd be sharpenin' my saw."

"Well, then let us hear you," said the Recorder.

"Wal, it's jus dis, massa," said Damon; "you sees dis chill' is an old squatter and no mistake. I's had what you may call de pre-emption right to de cuttin' ob all de wood 'tween Canal and Custom-house streets, and de Lebbe and Dauphin streets, I doesn't know how long; wal, dis 'ere nigga comes and he cuts into my customers wood, and cuts me out, for he interferes wid my wested rights. Wal, massa, you sees I speak to him like a book, or jus' as massa Buchanan did to massa Packer-ham, and I convinces him right up and down dat he ain't no right to 'trude on my boundry."

"Guess, ol' fella' I knows de science of wood sawin' well as you do," said the big negro, "dere ain't nothin' in de constirtushun to perwent me, neider."

"Silence, sir," said the Recorder; and silence having prevailed, Damon continued—

"Wal, as I was sayin'," massa Judge, "when I showed him my exelusib pribleges, he tho't he come de diplomatic ober me, but he could'n shine no how, so finerly he 'grees not to cut wood widin my limits—no way, no somedever."

"I didn't sign no documents," said the big negro.

"You pledged de word ob a wood-sawyer and a darkey dat you wouldn't," said Damon, "and now I coiches you at it ebbery day."

"Did he commit any assault and battery on you," said the Recorder.

"He didn't," said Damon, "but you sees, massa Judge, he's strange nigga, and I calls on you to pucter home industry. I wants you to go in for what massa Clay calls de 'Merican system."

The Recorder assured Damon that he would do all in his power to protect home industry and to support the American system, but that he could not interfere with his rival in business, or prevent his sawing wood within the imaginary lines to which he (the plaintiff) seemed to set up a prescriptive right.

The case was dismissed. Damon shouldered his saw, and pledged himself to bring the case before a higher court.

True Fortitude.

Newton gives us the following. I went one day to visit a friend just after she had lost all her fortune. I could not be surprised to find her in tears, but she said:

"I suppose you think I am mourning for my loss, but it is not so; I am now weeping to think I should feel so much uneasiness on the account."

"Earth has engrossed my love to long; 'Tis time I lift mine eyes Upward, my Father too thy throne, And to my native skies."

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it, and therefore, he that can perceive it, hath it not.

Valuable Copper Region in Pennsylvania.

It has come to our knowledge within a day or two that a company of gentlemen in this city have been recently engaged in exploring lands on the Allegheny range, in Pennsylvania, and have discovered very valuable deposits of Copper. They have secured all the lands upon which any indications of copper are perceptible in that quarter, and are now mining and preparing to enter into smelting operations.

The geological formation of the country in which these deposits have been found, we are told, closely resembles the famous lands on Lake Superior, (Isle Royal and Eagle-river,) where the richest mineral deposits have been developed.

We learn from the Reports of the experienced Geologist and Mineralogist who has been engaged by these gentlemen in making their locations, that among the mountains, especially on the western side, where these mines are situated, appear thick but regular strata of quartz rock, which are mixed and covered with strata of crystalline limestone. Among these mountains are extensive plateaus surrounded by steep hills of limited height, that are composed of strata of different formations, viz:—hornblend slate, magnesia slate, and quartz slate, all mixed with small veins of subordinate strata of serpentine, asbestos and quartz.

These strata are irregular: thrown from their original position by the upheaving of the green stone, and so bent and broken in many directions as to be difficult to trace for any great distance.

The green stone which has raised the superincumbent strata bears the strongest similarity to that of Isle Royal, and includes the richest deposits of copper in veins, as in the mineral regions of Lake Superior; except that here the vein stone contains quartz mixed with mineral euphotid and serpentine.

Here too a variation of green-stone, called Amygdaloidal Trap, includes the veins of copper.

The Lake Superior country has high bluffs and deep ravines, and a thin stratum of soil; whereas, the region in which these mines are found, present no such bluffs and ravines, and are covered with a thick coating of soil and clay. In other respects, the geological formations entirely resemble the Lake Superior copper regions. The President of this Company attended to the location of these lands a few days ago with the competent Mineralogist above referred to, and has returned with a large quantity of specimens taken from a shaft sunk by him on one of their tracts.

This is likely to be, from all we can learn, one of the most valuable discoveries of the present day, being so near the Atlantic and our own markets.—[Pittsburgh Gazette.

Another Wonder.

The Newark Daily Advertiser furnishes an account of a young woman living in Middletown, Monmouth county, N. J., who exhibits a certain magnetic phenomena similar to those known among the eccastics of the Roman Catholic Church, and in some respects like those of the "Seeress of Prevoist," concerning whom Dr. Koerner, a distinguished physician of Germany, has given so interesting an account.—The paper says that the person is now seventeen years of age. The account is derived from two clergymen of Middletown, who have visited the patient.

"For four years past she has been afflicted with some mysterious disorder which has confined her to her bed for nearly that whole period. At first it assumed the form of St. Vitus' Dance, which was followed, some time afterwards, with a remarkable sensitiveness of the whole surface of the body, that made the slightest touch very painful, until recently it has taken on its present marvellous character. She eats an average not more than half a cracker in twenty-four hours, her bowels operated only in forty days; yet her face and entire body remain full and plump, while the skin preserves the fairness and freshness of health.

This may be considered as belonging to the preternatural, and the physical; what follows has relation to supernatural, and the spiritual. She falls into a sort of trance, or catalepsy, in which condition her soul passes into the other world. Heaven is opened to her, and she

is able to see and converse with its inhabitants. They have, she says constant intercourse with the guardian angels of those in whom they felt a special interest while living. She told one of the clergyman present at this interview, who lived in that neighborhood, and had lost a child a short time before, that she saw the child's spirit looking over his shoulder, while he was at prayer at a certain time in his study.

The proofs given that she actually had intercourse with the unseen world, are as follows: Blood, without any wound, appeared suddenly on the forehead, and each of the hands and feet; and, subsequently, on the posts and lintels of the door of her bed-chamber, the marks of which remain to this time. These things are vouched for by her mother, who is a respectable member of the Methodist Church, and others. The gentlemen referred to, say that she herself talks very rationally, on religious subjects, and they came away favorably impressed, so far as her sincerity was concerned.

How She got rid of Him.

There was a certain pedlar of tin ware who traversed the country, to dispose of notions to such as were willing to bargain. He was a persevering trader, and never suffered himself to be bluffed off with a short answer. One house in particular, he continued to visit in spite of continued rebuffs, and assurances that nothing was wanted—they never bought any goods in that way. Nevertheless, he made his calls steadily, with each regular round, until he became a regular pest—and in reply to the information that it was useless to call, he made known his purpose to do so just as often as he pleased.

One bitter cold day, the house bell rang, and the good lady made all haste to get her hands from the dough in which they were busy, to answer the call. When she went there stood the everlasting pedlar.

"Any tin ware wanting to day, ma'am?"

"Have you any kitchens?"

"Yes, ma'am." And away he went to bring samples, chuckling at the idea that his zeal was to be successful at last. "There's nothing," muttered he, like hangin' on, any how." The kitchens were brought, and tin pans were next inquired for to the number of seven different kinds, until a good portion of the pedlar's stock was transferred to the house.

"Is there anything more that you want, madam?"

"Oh, no, I don't want any of these. I only asked if you had them."

The pedlar was fairly "sold," and for a moment felt like getting angry, but the idea rather tickled him, and he commenced returning his wares to his cart without uttering a word. He then mounted his cart and rode off, satisfied that for once a tin pedlar had met his match. He has never called at that house since.

Chimneys.

Instead of plastering the inside of chimneys in the usual way, take mortar made with one peck of salt to each bushel of lime, adding as much sand and loam as will render it fit to work, then lay on a thick coat. If the chimney has no offsets for the soot to lodge on, it will continue perfectly clean, and free from all danger of taking fire. The writer of this has tried the experiment, and after three years constant use of a chimney plastered as above directed he could never obtain a quart of soot, though he several times employed a sweeper to scrape it from top to bottom. To persons living in the country, this will be found valuable.

Curious Fact.

A farmer in Vermont last season was behind all his neighbors in cutting the grass in his meadows. At night some waggish boys went into one of his meadows and cut down all the grass in it. They also went into his potato patch and cut a few swathes through it. At the time of digging the potatoes, they were found rotten except where the boys cut off the tops, and there they were all found good and sound. This would seem to show that the disease begins in the tops, and it suggests as a means of saving a crop the cutting off the tops as soon as the tops begin to die.

Morning News.

Man conceives fortune, but woman conducts it.