

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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IF The Boston Courier has a long 'poem' from Mr. Hosea Bigelow, who says he was down to Boston last week, and he sees a creature in 'Sagunt' strutting round as popper as a hen with one chicken, with two fellers a drummin' and fittin' arter him, who wanted Hosea to volunteer for Mexico. We give a part of Hosea's indignant response:

Tha-h away! you'll have to rattle
On them kettle drums of your'n—
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
That is ketch'd with mouldy corn;
Put in stiff you feller feller
Let folks see how spyry you be—
Guess you'll too till you are yaller,
'Fore you git a hold of me.
As for war, I call it murder,
There you have it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testyment for that.
Taint your eppylettes and feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
Taint a follerin' your bell wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword and dror it,
And should stick a feller through,
Gov'ment aint to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you.
They may talk of 'Freedom's area'
'Till they're purple in the face,
It's a grand great cemetery
For the birthrights of our race;
They jest want this Californy
So's to lug new slave States in,
To abuse ye and to scorn ye,
And to plunder ye like sin.
Ain't it cute to see a Yankee
Take such everlasting pains
All to get the devil's thankee,
Helpin on 'em weld their chains?
Why, it's jest as clear as figgers,
Clear as one and one make two,
Chaps that make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make white slaves o' you.
Want me to tackle in, do ye?
I expect you'll have to wait,
When cold lead puts daylight thro' ye,
You'll begin to caskyate,
I dun know but what it's pooty
Trainin round in bobtail coats—
But it's curus Christian dooty,
To be cuttin folk's throats.
There's them editors that crowin'
Like a cockler three months old—
Don't ketch any on 'em goin,
Though they be so blasted bold;
Aint they a prime set of fellers?
'Fore they think on't they will sprout,
(Like a peach that's got the yellars.)
With the meanness bustin' out.
Jest go home and ask our Nancy,
Whether I'd be such a goose
As to jine ye—guess you'd fancy
The eternal bung was loose!
She wants me for home consumption,
Let alone the hay's to mow—
Ef you're arter folks o' gumpion,
You've a darn'd long row to hoe.

THE MILITARY HORSE JOCKEY.—The Tennessee papers say that Gen. Pillow, whom Mr. Polk has appointed a Brigadier General, is a horse-jockey by profession, and deficient of the moral and intellectual qualifications required for the station.

McAlpin's Trip to Charleston.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD."
In the county of Robson, in the State of North Carolina, there lived in times past a man by the name of Brooks, who kept a grocery for a number of years, and so had acquired most of the land around him. This was mostly pine barrens of small value, but nevertheless Brooks was looked up to as a great landholder and big man in the neighborhood. There was one tract, however, belonging to Col. LAMAR, who lived in Charleston, that "jammed in upon him so strong," and being withal better in quality than the average of his own domain, that Brooks had long wished to add it to his other broad acres. Accordingly he looked around him and employed, as he expressed it, "the smartest man in the neighborhood," to wit, one Angus McAlpin, to go to Charleston and negotiate with Col. Lamar for the purchase of this also. Being provided pretty well with bread, meat and a bottle of pale-face, which were stowed away in a pair of leather saddle-bags, and like all other great Plenipotentiaries, being provided with suitable instructions, Mac mounted a piney-woods hackey (named Rosum) and bided him off to Charleston. The road was rather longer than Brooks had supposed, or his agent was less expeditious or some bad luck happened to him, or something was the matter that Angus did not get back until long after the day had transpired, which was fixed on for his return. Brooks in the meantime had got himself into a very fury of impatience. He kept his eyes fixed on the Charleston road—he was crusty towards his customers—harsh towards his wife and children, and scarcely eat or slept for several days and nights, for he had set his whole soul upon buying the Lamar land. One day, however, Angus was descried slowly and sadly wending his way up the long stretch of sandy road that made up to the grocery. Brooks went out to meet him, and without farther ceremony, he accosted him,
"Well, Mac, have you got the land?"

The agent, in whose face was anything but sunshine, replied somewhat gruffly, that "he might let a body get down from his horse before he put at him with questions of business."
But Brooks was in a fever of anxiety and repeated the question—
"Did you get it?"
"Shaw, now, Brooks, don't press upon a body in this uncivil way. It is a long story and I must have time."
Brooks still urged, and Mac still parried the question till they got into the house.
"Now, surely," thought Brooks, "he will tell me." But Mac was not quite ready.
"Brooks," says he, "have you anything to drink?"
"To be sure I have," said the other, and immediately had some of his best forth-coming. Having moistened his clay, Mac took a seat and his employer another. Mac gave a preliminary hem! He then turned suddenly around to Brooks, looked him straight in the eyes and slapped him on the thigh.
"Brooks," says he, "was you ever in Charleston?"
"Why, you know I never was," replied the other.
"Well, then, Brooks," says the agent, "you ought to go there. The greatest place upon the face of the earth! They have got houses there on both sides of the road for five miles at a stretch, and d—n the horse track all the way through! Brooks, I think I met five thousand people in a minute, and not a chap would look at me. They have got houses on wheels there. Brooks! I saw one with six horses hitched to it, and a big driver with a long whip going it like a whirl-wind. I followed it down the road for a mile and a half, and when it stopt I looked and what do you think there was? nothing in it but one little woman sitting up in one corner. Well, Brooks, I turned back up the road, and as I was riding along I sees a fancy looking chap with long curly hair hanging down his back, and his boots as shiny as the face of an up-country nigger. I called him into the middle of the road and asked him a civil question—and a civil question, you know, Brooks, calls for a civil answer all over the world. I says, says I, "Stranger, can you tell me where Col. Lamar lives?" and what do you think was the

answer—Go to h—ll you fool!!

"Well, Brooks, I knocks along up and down, and about, until at last I finds out where Col. Lamar lived. I gets down and bangs away at the door. Presently the door was opened by as pretty, fine-spoken, well dressed a woman as ever you seed in your born days, Brooks. Silks, Silks thar every day, Brooks! Says I, "Mrs. Lamar, I presume, Madam," says she "I am Mrs. Lamar, Sir." "Well, Madam," says I, "I have come all the way from North Carolina to see Col. Lamar—to see about buying a tract of land from him that's up in our parts." "Then," she says, "Col. Lamar has rode out in the country, but will be back shortly. Come in, Sir, and wait awhile. I've no doubt the Colonel will soon return," and she had a smile upon that pretty face of her's that reminded a body of a Spring morning. Well, Brooks, I hitched my horse to a brass thing on the door, and walked in. Well, when I got in I sees the floor all covered over with the nicest looking thing, nicer than any patched work bed quilt you ever seed in your life, Brooks. I was trying to edge along around it, but presently I sees a big nigger come stepping right over it. Thinks I if that nigger can go it, I can go it too! So right over it I goes and takes my seat right before a picture which at first I thought was a little man looking in at a window. Well, Brooks, there I sot waiting and waiting for Col. Lamar, and at last—he didn't come, but they began to bring in dinner. Thinks I to myself, here's a scrape. But I made up my mind to tell her, if she axed me to eat, to tell her with a genteel bow that I had no occasion to eat.—But, Brooks, she didn't ax me to eat—she axed me if I would be so good as to carve that turkey for her, and she did it with one of them lovely smiles that makes the cold streaks run down the small of a feller's back. "Certainly, Madam," says I, and I walks up to the table—there was on one side of the turkey a great big knife as big as a Bowie knife, and a fork with a trigger to it on the other side. Well I falls to work, and in the first effort I slashed the gravy about two yards over the whitest table cloth you ever seed in your life, Brooks! Well! I felt the steam begin to gather about my cheeks and eyes. But I'm not a man to back out for trifles, so I makes another effort and the darned thing took a flight and lit right in Mrs. Lamar's lap! Well, you see, Brooks, then I was taken with a blindness, and the next thing I remember I was upon the hath a kicking. Well, by this time I began to think of navigating. So I goes out and mounts Rosum, and puts for North Carolina! Now, Brooks, you don't blame me!—Do you?"

A certain Judge, meeting a minister mounted on a very fine horse, said to some gentlemen who were with him, "Do you see what a fine horse that priest has? I should like to crack a joke with him." "Doctor," said he to the minister, "you don't follow the example of your great Master, who humbly contented himself with riding on an ass." "Indeed," returned the minister, "that was my intention; but of late so many asses have been made judges, that a poor minister, though ever so willing, can hardly find one to ride on."

At Providence, R. I., according to the Sentinel of that place, a pig was last week mesmerized by a man who put it asleep by scratching its back. The editor says:

"Piggy went to sleep in precisely two minutes by the old town clock. At the end of three minutes a fly lit upon his ear, without producing any visible change in his countenance.—When we came away he was wide awake, but apparently unconscious of all that had transpired, besides the scratching his back."

By the ancient law of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy was condemned to live with both wives in the same house; the crime was, in consequence, extremely rare.

A man in Cincinnati, Ohio, recently made a thirteen strike. He knocked down ten pins, the bar-keeper, and the alley lamp, and the "set-up" boy.

Endeavor to possess a soul worthy of the exalted station, as a rational and unaccountable being.

Address of Odd-Fellowship.

P. G. M. Samuel York Ailee, a few weeks since delivered an address on Odd Fellowship, by special invitation of Wildey Lodge, in the Presbyterian Church at Charlestown, Va.—The Address was one well calculated to instill into the minds of the brotherhood the prosecution of their benevolent labors with renewed vigor and unwearied diligence. We make the following interesting extracts from the Address as we find it published in the Virginia Free Press:

"The Independent Order of Odd Fellows is an Institution established in this country at Baltimore in 1819. Its design is practical benevolence. The members of the fraternity individually pledge their honor that they will assist a brother in distress. There is no obligation exclusively with one another, in preference to their fellow citizens generally, but each one is perfectly at liberty to deal in the manner and with the persons best suited in his opinion to promote his commercial interests. Nor is there the slightest restriction imposed on his political freedom. No party is recognized by the Lodge. No discussion is permitted, under any circumstances, which involves politics in the partisan sense. There never has been an Odd Fellow Ticket presented for support at the polls, and it is impossible that there should be. Nor do the obligations of Odd Fellowship wound the most sensitive conscience. Religion, in the sectarian sense, is never permitted to enter our Halls. I do not mean to say that a religious man cannot be an Odd Fellow. On the contrary, I assert that the religious man is better able, than all others, to appreciate the principles of the association.

Having thus briefly stated the negative characteristics of the Institution, I will proceed to exhibit its affirmative attributes.

To become an Odd Fellow, the following qualifications are indispensable:—A belief in One Supreme Being, the Governor and Preserver of the Universe—a fair moral character, the legal age of majority, and some known reputable means of support. Any one thus qualified can apply for membership. His petition is referred to a committee whose duty is to ascertain whether these things be so, and report thereon. The candidate is ballotted for, and if the issue be favorable, he is initiated. The mode of his initiation cannot be set forth in a public address, because the injunction of secrecy has never been removed. This topic is not prohibited, however, on account of any mystery that need fear the light. There have been many pretended exposures of these secrets published of late years. Whether they be authentic or fictitious, I have never cared to ascertain by actual perusal. If they be false, they will of course come to naught; if they be true, no detriment can ensue to the Order; for not a single sentence in our ritual would dishonor the tongue of a man, or offend the tongue of a woman.

There are, in all, fourteen degrees in the Order. They are conferred by certain ceremonies, instructive and pleasing, impressive and sublime. The candidate pledges his honor never to divulge them. In no instance is an oath required, nor is there any penalty invoked by, or prescribed against the unfaithful confidant. If he prove recreant to his pledge of honor, his own want of principle will eventually bring upon his head appropriate retribution. Should such a man avow his social perjury in print, he would strike no panic into the Order. Not a single member of the fraternity would molest his constitutional rights of speech, but he would be allowed to remain, where he had placed himself, before the tribunal of public opinion, whose decrees can inflict a living torture harder to be borne than any punishment at the hands of a betrayed brotherhood. I have said that we were bound by a pledge of honor to assist a distressed brother, by a distressed brother we mean strictly a member of our society.

To enable ourselves promptly and efficiently to extend this aid, we each pay into the general fund weekly "dues" making in the aggregate about five dollars a year. Out of this Treasury, allowance of, generally, four dollars is paid weekly to a brother, so long as he is incapacitated to pursue the avocation by which he obtained a livelihood. This sum is, in most

cases, amply sufficient. Should peculiar circumstances however, in any instance render it inadequate to relieve the "distress," the Lodge by special vote, increase the appropriation, or a voluntary subscription among the members, supplies such amount as the emergency may demand. The aid thus furnished is technically called the "benefits." These benefits however, are not paid indiscriminately. Three inquiries are first made by the Lodge which must all be satisfactorily answered before the invalid can receive them. They are—1st, Whether the distressed brother is in good standing in his Lodge; 2d, Whether he has punctually paid his dues up to the time of his sickness; 3d, Whether his sickness is involuntary, and not superinduced by any immorality.

If these interrogatories be affirmatively responded to, he is entitled to and receives every solace he needs. Two brethren are regularly provided to tend his bed, if necessary, by day and night. These kind offices are always faithfully rendered, and they are performed without any implied obligation of gratitude on the part of the recipient. He is entitled to his "benefits," because he has paid his "dues," and complied with the requisitions of the Order. On his recovery he returns to the Lodge, not shrinking under the mortifying consciousness of relieved pauperism, but with an independent and grateful spirit, returns the greetings of welcome and congratulation. Should, however, his disease terminate fatally, his brethren do not consider themselves released from further attentions, for the Lodge provide a decent sepulture for his remains. The constitution of every Lodge makes provisions for a certain sum, generally thirty dollars, for the burial expenses of a deceased member. Besides all this, contribution in money is made to the widow. If the deceased member has left any young children, it is the duty of the Lodge moreover to aid and assist the widow by money and advice in maintaining and educating them. For these purposes there are established in our Lodges a widow and orphan fund, and a school fund. Should the entire Treasury be exhausted by these outlays, the Lodge is not relieved from the responsibilities it has bound itself to assume. They are required to submit to an individual extra assessment sufficiently large to defray these expenditures. If they should be unable to collect these assessments, the Lodge is virtually dissolved, and surrenders their charter to the Grand Lodge, under whose authority it was issued. I have, however, never known such an instance to occur. There is too much generosity and pride of consistency amongst us to succumb to such a crisis.

The liberality of the Order in relieving the sick, burying the dead, assisting the widow and educating the orphan is enormous. During the past year about \$300,000 have been expended for these purposes. Large outlays have also been required for rent, furniture, lights, fuel, &c. in our Lodges; and notwithstanding, the aggregate general surplus exceeds \$1,500,000.

Such an evidence in our favor is unaccountable to the public at large. The wealth of our fraternity is, however by no means miraculous. It is the inevitable result of our mode of organization.

That the people acknowledge the good fruits of our institution is evident from the vast increase of the Fraternity. Twenty seven years ago five men organized the first Lodge in this country. Already there are one thousand Lodges and one hundred thousand members.

Musquito Story.

A man living near Grand River, Michigan, tells the following story concerning the mosquitoes. Being in the woods he was one day so annoyed by them, that he took refuge under an inverted potash kettle. His first emotion of joy at his happy deliverance and secure asylum were hardly over, when the mosquitoes having found him, began to drive their probosces through the kettle; fortunately he had a hammer in his pocket, and he clinched them down as fast as they came through, until at length such a host of them was fastened to the poor man's domicile, that they rose and flew away with it, leaving him shelterless.

By taking revenge, a man is put even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior.