

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 8.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1847.

No. 1.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietors, will be charged 5¢ per copy, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.  
If advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.  
If all letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

## JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

## FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c. Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms, AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

## Saturday Afternoon.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I love to look on a scene like this,  
Of wild and careless play,  
And persuade myself that I'm not old,  
And my locks are not gray,  
For it stirs the blood in an old man's veins,  
And it makes his pulses fly,  
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,  
And the light of a pleasant eye.  
I have walked the world for fourscore years,  
And they say that I am old,  
And my heart is ripe for the reaper,  
And my years are well nigh told.  
It is very true, it is very true;  
I'm old and I'll "abide my time,"  
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,  
And I'll half renew my prime.  
Play on, play on, I'm with you there,  
In the midst of your merry ring;  
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,  
And the rush of the breathless swing.  
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,  
And I whoop in the smothered call,  
And my feet slip on the seedy floor,  
And I care not for the fall.  
I am willing to die when my time is come,  
And I shall be glad to go,  
For the world at best is a dreary place,  
And my pulse is getting low—  
But the grave is dark and the heart will sink  
In treading is gloomy way,  
And it weals my heart from dreariness  
To see the young so gay.

## Public Patriotism.

It is not generally known that shopkeepers as a class, are the most patriotic people in the country. Scarcely a battle is fought or a victory won but some new article of merchandise is straightway dignified with the name of the event: For instance, we have long had *Rough and Ready* bonnets for ladies; Buena Vista neck cloths for the gentlemen; which, by the way, as their name imports, in many instances have failed in giving a good view to the wearer; but we read in an exchange paper the other day an announcement of *Cerro Gordo* prayer books! It only remains now for the pulpit to profit by these popular names; we think the largest church might be filled with the announcement of a *Rough and Ready* sermon.

## Jars.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,  
Jars of potted beef and ham,  
Jars of early goose berries nice,  
Jars of mince-pies, jars of spice,  
Jars of pickles, all home-made,  
Jars of cordial, elder wine,  
Jars of honey, superfine—  
Would the only jars were these  
That occur in families.

## Curious Epitaphs.

Extracted from a late English Publication.  
Epitaph on a grave stone in the yard between Ledbury and Hereford.

21 years I was a mid—  
9 Months I was a wife—  
1 Hour I was a mother—  
Then God did end my life.

On a maid servant, written by herself. On a tombstone in Waghnam, Dorset.

Here lies the remains of one that dy'd,  
For whom nobody cared, nor nobody cry'd,  
Where she is gone, or how she fares,  
Nobody knows, nobody cares.

In the church-yard at Somerton.

God does do wonders now and then,  
Here lies a layer who was an honest man.

In the corner of the church-yard at Padstow, a stone is driven into the wall with the following inscription thereon:

## "SNUG"

Here lies the body of Elizabeth Dent,  
Who kick'd up her heels and away she went.

## Mr. Nightshade.

'It's the scarlet fever, Jane, I'm sure of it,' said Mr. Nightshade, with a troubled look and anxious voice, as he stood with his wife beside the bed on which their little boy lay sick. He had been quite well in the morning, but after dinner drooped about, and fell asleep towards the middle of the afternoon. When Mr. Nightshade came home at dusk, Harry was moaning in his sleep, that had been prolonged to an unusual period, and had considerable fever.—There was a good deal of scarletina about, and several children had died with it in the immediate neighborhood. This was enough to fill the heart of the nervous Mr. Nightshade with alarm.

'It's scarlet fever, Jane. There is no doubt of it. Have you sent for the doctor?'  
'Not yet. I thought I would wait until you came home. I didn't feel at all alarmed.—Children, you know, are often attacked with slight fevers like this, which go off in a few hours.'

'This is no slight fever,' returned Mr. Nightshade, the shadows gathering still more deeply over his face. 'I will go at once for the doctor.'  
'Hada'n you better wait until after tea?'  
'Oh, no! I don't want any tea. It would strangle me!'

'You really give yourself unnecessary alarm, Mr. Nightshade. I don't think it any thing serious.'  
'Isn't scarlet fever something serious, ha?'  
'But we're not sure it is scarlet fever.'  
'I am just as sure of it as I ever was of anything in my life. Isn't it all around us and the air full of it? How could he help contracting the disease?'

And Mr. Nightshade hurried off for the doctor. When this individual, so welcome in sickness, but greeted with a cold shoulderishness when health bounds lightly through the veins, came after an hour's delay, which seemed a week to the anxious Mr. Nightshade, the father watched every expression of his face, and every motion, while he examined the symptoms of little Harry.

'Well, doctor,' said Mr. Nightshade, breathing thickly, 'what do you think of him?'  
'He has some fever,' replied Esculapius.  
'Do you think it scarlet fever? anxiously inquired the father.'  
'I hope not.'  
'But hasn't he every symptom?'

'In ephemeral as well as more serious febrile affections, the first symptoms very nearly resemble each other. It is always impossible to tell in its incipency what the course of a fever is going to be. I hope this will not prove at all alarming. I will call around in the morning, when I trust I shall find your little boy better.' The doctor gave a light prescription, more for the purpose of satisfying the parents than anything else, and then went away.

But it will come in spite of all this, and then we'll see who'll make the loudest outcry. People may stick their heads under the sand like ostriches; but it won't save 'em. We shall see who's right before three months roll round.'

But the war cloud passed over with only a distant roll of thunder. It did not break upon the two angry nations; and all soon became smiling and peaceful again. Then there was a distant rumor that the cholera had begun a westward movement. It had taken its old destructive course, and Mr. Nightshade constantly looked for its arrival at Halifax, Boston, or New York, within a few weeks. His face elongated, and he asked every body he met if there was any more news of the cholera. If people smiled at his fears, he only looked the graver. It was just the way: nobody was afraid until it was too late. He wrote several articles for the daily press, predicting the speedy advent of the terrible scourge, and called upon the public authorities as well as citizens, to make due preparation for its reception. But no order for examining cellars and purifying the city, as he had recommended, issued from the Health Office—in fact, nothing was done. For every retribution on such sinful indifference, Mr. Nightshade expected the city to be visited almost immediately, and looked with painful forebodings to each coming Health Report, in expectation of seeing Cholera Asphyxia added to the number of diseases in that sad record of mortality. But the fearful visitation was so long in being made, that even Mr. Nightshade's fears burnt low for want of oil to feed the flame, and at last were extinguished.

'I don't believe the boy will ever make anything, Jane. I'm out of all heart about him.'  
'Don't be impatient, Mr. Nightshade. Don't look for the worst. All we can do is to prepare the earth and sow the seed. Mustn't be discouraged if it doesn't spring up as quickly as we could wish, nor endanger its growth by digging down to see if it is beginning to germinate. I ha'n't much fear for the ultimate result.'

'I have, then. I don't believe he'll turn out worth a farthing. Here he is, twelve years of age, as dull, ungainly, unpolished and rude a cub as ever was licked by a bear. I'm ashamed of him. He's got no pride, nor ambition, nor industry, nor anything that is good, worth naming.'

'For mercy's sake, Mr. Nightshade, don't talk so about the boy! Don't exaggerate his defects. Harry has many good qualities, and in a little while they will begin to preponderate in his character. Think of his excellencies, Mr. Nightshade, and you will see much to encourage you.'

'Excellencies, indeed! I should like to find some.'  
'Did you ever know him to tell a lie; or even to evade the truth on any pretence?'  
'No.'  
'That's something. Harry is a truthful, honest boy. Here is good ground in which to sow good seed. Is he not generous and kind to his brothers and sisters?'

'Yes, he's kind enough.'  
'And unselfish?'

'Yes there's nothing greedy about him—but—'

## The Perilous Enterprise.

From Godey's Reprint.  
A HEBREW LEGEND.  
'La langue peut procurer la mort  
A sauve la vie.'

There was once upon a time a very powerful king, who had an only and much beloved son. This son became extremely ill, and the physicians declared that nothing would cure him but drinking the milk of the lioness.

The king immediately caused a proclamation to be published announcing the fact, and calling upon his royal subjects to exert themselves to procure the milk, and save their future king.—But the mission was of too perilous a nature, and no one came forward to offer their services.

At length a man was found daring enough to undertake it. The king was overjoyed and said to him:  
'If you succeed, I shall make you a grandee of my kingdom.'

This man told the king that he would require six goats, which he instantly received. With them he betook himself toward the cave of a lioness, and tied up one of the goats to a tree near the mouth of the cave. This he did for four successive days. During the time that the lioness was devouring the goats, he allowed himself to be seen, in order that he might thereby attract her attention, and to make her know who her benefactor was. The fourth day he ventured to approach the lioness, and to caress her; and on the sixth he dared to milk her.—Transported with success, he rushed towards his home with the milk which was to make his fortune.

During the night, whilst he was sleeping on his humble bed, he dreamed that the king, overcome with joy at the news of his success, was preparing to receive him with the greatest honors. Then he thought each member of his body entered into the following dialogue:—  
'You may thank us,' said the feet, 'for we enabled you to walk towards the cave of the lioness; therefore, the happiness you now enjoy is entirely owing to our exertions.'  
'No,' replied the hands. 'We are the superior party, for without our assistance you could not have milked the lioness.'  
'If we had not perceived the cave,' said the eyes, 'all your exertions would have been useless.'

'But,' replied the ears, 'if we did not enable you to hear the commands of the king, of what use would ye all have been in this business?'

'And if I had not inspired you,' said the heart, 'you would never have conceived the idea of procuring the goats, in order to tame and tranquilize the lioness sufficiently to milk her.'  
'Then the tongue came boldly forward and said:  
'It is to me you are all indebted, for if I had not given the power of speech, you would have been unable to reply to the king, when he questioned you upon the undertaking.'  
'Then the other members stood up in opposition to the tongue, and an angry dispute ensued.  
'And dare you,' they cried, 'so miserable and mean a member, presume to place yourself above us, and attempt to take to yourself merit which is not your due. Be silent, you contemptuous wretch.'  
'You must admit,' said the tongue, in reply to all their invective, 'that every thing depends upon me.'

The recital proves truth of that proverb of Solomon, when says,  
'Death and life are in the power of the tongue.'

## Destroying Pea Bugs.

A correspondent of the American Farmer tried a very simple and satisfactory experiment to prevent bugs in peas. Having discovered the egg in each pea while yet in the pod, he gathered them as soon as they were ripe and thoroughly dry, and closed them air tight in bottles. The insect could not grow without air, and the next spring not a bug was to be seen.

## Preserving Tomatoes.

A correspondent of the Cultivator, in a late number intimates that preserving tomatoes is a humbug. Doubtless untried experiments may be frequently published. But we should always remember that a single failure does not prove that success is impossible. I have known persons fail repeatedly in making soda biscuit, and give up in despair; and yet afterwards become accustomed to the process so as to make soda biscuit with more ease and certainty than any other kind of bread.

My wife has been in the habit for several years of putting up tomatoes for winter use, and has kept them good for a year and a half. She says they must be stewed a long time—five or six hours at least. They are then well seasoned with salt and pepper; bottled and corked tight, and kept cool. Ours are usually set in the earth in the cellar bottom. My family are very fond of it, either cold or warmed; with beef steak or roast beef. X. Y.

A youth, who, it is charitably presumed, had never "seen the elephant," recently found himself in the company of three young ladies, and generously divided an orange between them. "You will rob yourself," exclaimed one of the damsels. "Not at all," replied our innocent, "I have three or four more in my pocket."

Some one attributing the wants of Ireland to absenteeism, a resolute punster declared that "the misery of the Irish arose not from absenteeism, but from absent dinnerism."

A man being up for knocking down and stamping upon a man named Matthew, his lawyer said they could not blame a man for wiping his feet on a Mat.

## Human Food.

The New York Express relates seeing a number of old Brewery women on Thursday morning, carrying home food, baskets full of fish heads and entrails which had been picked out of the dock at Fulton market; and one of these wretched paupers actually picked up some apple cores and peelings which had been thrown away into the street as offal. And all this, in the Queen city of an Empire.

AN AFFECTIONATE WIFE.—"Pooh, pooh," said a wife to her expiring husband, as he strove to utter a few parting words, "Don't stop to talk; but go on with your dying."

## An Unexpected Benefit.

The National Medical Convention, which closed its arduous labors in Philadelphia last week, conferred at least one benefit—the patients of the various delegates having nearly all recovered during the absence of their physicians on duty at the convention. We learn that petitions are in circulation in the various States praying this learned and scientific body to meet once a month throughout the year. [Yankee Doodle.

## Mr. Jones' Part.

"Honor and Fame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."  
"The part I act," says Jones, "is the lazy part, and I defy the world to say I don't play it well."

A drunken laborer, recovering from a dangerous illness, was asked whether he had not been afraid of meeting his God? "No," said the poor pagan Christian, "I was only afeerd 'o t'other chap."

## A Faithful Messenger.

Mr. Solomon Hayes, who is in the service of Messrs. Livingston & Wells, Express forwarders, has travelled on Railroad and River, since 1829, without accident, 482,560 miles! He has never missed a trip, and has carried safely for his employers, at a moderate calculation, during those 18 years of service, 568 millions of dollars without the loss of a single cent.

Married.—At New Orleans, Mr. Alexander Philip Socrates Amelius Caesar Hannibal Marcellus George Washington Treadwell, Esq., to Miss Caroline Sophia Maria Julianna Morley Montague Joan of Arc Williams, all of that city.

If we go on improving in this manner, some rare genius must rise up and invent new names. What a prodigious family of children such a couple must have.