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

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The Prairies.

Bryant has written a delightful poem—second only to his "Thanatopsis"—on these "gardens of the desert." A poetical contributor to the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press has also apostrophized them, but in a more practical and familiar style. He says:

Great western waste of bottom land,
Flat as a pancake, rich as grease!
Where gnats are full as big as toads,
And 'skeeters are as big as geese!
O! lonesome windy, grassy place,
Where buffaloes and snakes prevail!
The first with dreadful looking face,
The last with dreadful sounding tail!
I'd rather live on camel's rump,
And be a Yankee Doodle beggar,
Than where they never see a stump,
And shake to death with fever'n'ager!

From the St. Louis Reveille.

A Flying Woman.

'Well, I've been thar, Jim,' said a Sucker to his cronny.
'Whar, down to St. Louis?' inquired Jim.
'Well, no whar else,' was the answer, 'and I've seen some of the darndest things you've ever heered on in the hull animal creation.'
'Whar wur they like?' inquired Jim.
'Oh, all sorts of doias mixed up sorter every way, but the thing that just tuck me, strait war seein' a flying woman! After the flat boat wur hitched, I sot to lookin' round, and pooty soon I seed on big boss bills, stuck agin houses, that a feller named Dan Soos war goin' to cut up some of the tallest kind of shindys. I war naturally bound to find out what it war like, so I axed a feller readin' of it,—and he laughed,—he said it war only the *the-a-ter*. Says I, that ax a show; aint it? and, said he it ar; but it aint no circus show nuther, but all sorts of a handsome show, held in a place as big as our county seat court house. I jest made up my mind I'd go ten cents strait. I found out whar they kept it, and up I goes, but that they told me the lowest notch wur a cool quarter—that staggered me, but I gin it. Root or die when you're in fur it, says I; so up I goes the allfireddest lot of stairs—I thought arter a spell I'd come out somwhar near the moon, but by travellin' a spell I got up whar a lot of folks wur. It looked to me like a meetin' house, with three galleries, and lit up like all out of doois in daylight. A lot of fellers fiddled away a spell by thurselvs, but cuss me if I could see whar that feller Dan Soos wur, and just as I war goin' to ask whar the show wur, up rolled the hull side of the house, right after me, and out slid a gal on her tip toes, whirlin' about like as if she couldn't keep down to the yearth. The way she handled her pins jest sot me rearin'—it beat Mary Sellers all hollow, and she aint slow. I asked a feller next me who she wur, and I'll swar if he didn't say it wur Dan Soos! which, instead of being a man's name, were French for a dancin' woman. I didn't notice the first, but arter a spell I seed the reason she couldn't keep from jumpin'—it made my har kind o' rise—she wur not only a angel lookin' creature, but, Jin, you kin believe it or not, hoss fly, I'll declar she had wings!' 'Here,' says Jim, you kin just take my hat.' 'I know'd nobody would believe me,' said the Sucker, 'I jest know'd it, but I swar I seed her take hold on the tip of her wing, spread it out, and jest fly like a bird across the hull side of the house. A feller wur chasin' her, but he couldn't shine. She shuck her toe at him, and slid right out of sight.' 'Thar,' says Jim, 'that will do—I know'd you could do pooty well a lyin', but that last effort kin take the cakes!' 'I aint gon' to tell it any more, but I'll swar I seed it.' 'Seed thunder!' shouts Jim. 'You seed whar the Doctors call a *olfactory collusion*!'

An Alabama Editor makes an apology for a lack of 'editorials,' because Sal, his better half, has the scissors. 'The babies,' he says 'must have shirts, and Sal won't cut out shirts with a handsaw, no how.'

The Orphan Boy.

"So faded, yet so calm and meek,
So gently wan, so sweetly weak."
The bustle of the fight was over; and prisoners had been secured, the deck washed down, the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever agitated and unweird me; the late strife, the hardships of my early life, and a thousand other things mingled together in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and starting up, I beheld the surgeon's mate.
'Little Dick is dying,' said he.
At once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protegee of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nature, and from the first hour I joined the schooner my heart yearned toward him, for I, too, had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me, in confidence, of his mother, whose memory he regarded with a holy reverence, while to the other boys of the ship he had little to say, for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often when they jeered him for his melancholy he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed upon him continually. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.
I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his task as much as possible. During the late fight, I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was levelled at me; and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since, I had quite forgotten to inquire if he was hurt, though at the time, I inwardly resolved to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital of his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet—
'My God!' I exclaimed, 'you don't mean it! He is not dying.'
'I fear, sir,' said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, 'that he cannot live till morning.'
'And I have been lying idle here!' I exclaimed, with remorse. 'Lead me to him.'
'He is delicious, but in the intervals of lunacy, he asks for you, sir,' and as the man spoke we stood beside the bedside of the dying boy.
The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was too stifling; but he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space, of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the schooner was in motion, while the clear, calm blue sky, seen thro' the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down upon the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally, a light current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool in that pent up hold—edded down the hatchway and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as with his head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying, was unusually painful, but within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his fingers tightly grasped the bed clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.
A battle-stained and gray haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the poor sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached, they all looked up. The veteran who held him, shook his head, and would have spoken, but tears gathered too chockingly in his eyes.
The surgeon said—
'He's going fast—poor little fellow—do you see this? as he spoke, he lifted up a rich gold locket, which had lain on the boy's breast—'He has seen better days.'
I could not answer for my heart was full,—here was the being to whom, but a few hours before, I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me, with death already written on his brow—and yet I had never known his danger, and never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me in that hour. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman that held his head—said sadly—
'Poor little Dick—you will never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one—when your log's out,' he spoke with emotion—to mourn over you.'
Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and stared vacantly around.
'Has he come yet?' he asked in a low voice—'Why don't he come?'
'I am here,' said I, taking the little fellow's hand, 'don't you know me, Dick?'
He smiled faintly in my face. He then said,
'You have been kind to me, sir,—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless you

will take my Bible, you will find it in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it's all I have."
I burst into tears—he resumed—
'Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?' said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Danforth."
'Can I do nothing for you, Dick?' said I, "you saved my life. I would coin my own blood to buy yours."
'I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live—only, if it is possible, let me be buried by my mother—you will find the name of the place and all about it in my trunk.'
'Anything—everything, my poor lad,' I answered, chockingly.
The little fellow smiled, faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky overhead. His mind wandered.
'It's a long—long way up there—but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling on me from among them. Hark! is that music?' and lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead. Did he, indeed, hear angel's voices? God grant it.

A Peep at the Olden Time.

Workmen are now busily employed in pulling down the old edifice in Chesnut street, Philadelphia, recently occupied by the Bank of North America, preparatory to the erection of a new structure. Among the papers stowed away in the garret of this venerable pile of brick and mortar (says the Philadelphia Bulletin) some old newspapers have been found, which, compared with the large sheets of the present day, are quite a curiosity. We have been furnished with one of these relics of the olden time. It is entitled "The American Weekly Mercury," published at Philadelphia by Andrew Bradford, and bearing date November 28, 1728. In order that our readers may form an idea how some things were managed in this city just one hundred and nineteen years ago, we extract the following advertisement from the paper before us:

JUST arrived from London, in the ship Borden, *William Harbert* commander, a parcel of young likely Men Servants, consisting of Husbandmen, Joyners, Shoemakers, Weavers, Smiths, Brickmakers, Bricklayers, Sawyers, Taylors, Stay-makers, Butchers, Chair-makers, and several other trades, and are to be sold very reasonable, either for ready Money, Wheat, Bread, or Flour, by *Edward Horn*, Philadelphia.

Our contemporary is perhaps too young to have seen, what many Philadelphians yet living can remember to have seen, vessels loaded with cargoes of such live stock as the above, lying in the stream of the Delaware, off *Sassafra* and *Callowhill* streets, waiting for customers to come and buy. If he will look into the file of Franklin's paper in the Library of the Philosophical Society, or indeed into any Boston or New York paper of the same date, he will find frequent advertisements for runaways of the above class of white slaves, with marks and clothing described and rewards offered for their apprehension and committed to any jail so that their owners may get them again. As recently as since the war of 1812, a vessel so freighted found her way up to Annapolis, and there disposed of her freight; a number of the men having been bought by Members of Congress, (then in session here) and sent to the western country. In that country, however, we fancy they were not long in servitude. We hazard little, indeed, in the conjecture that some of them were soon able, by the reward of their free labor, to buy out the whole possessions of those who were once their masters.

National Intelligencer.

A man some years ago was indicted in the Grand Circuit Court, State of Kentucky, for the crime of petit larceny. The evidence was heard upon which it clearly appeared that the defendant had been guilty of stealing "one bag of corn worth two dollars and twenty cents."—Nothing daunted by the array of facts against his client the lawyer rose, and poured out an argument two hours in length. When he concluded, the jury retired, and, after a brief consultation, returned a verdict of "petit larceny." The attorney moved for a new trial, which was granted by the Court, and the case again brought before the jury. "This time the lawyer spoke three hours and a half, the result of which was a verdict by the jury "of guilty of grand larceny." Again the attorney rose to move a new trial. He squared himself, and commenced in a style of grandiloquence worthy of an itinerant. He had spoken but a few words when the prisoner rushed forward, seized him violently by the arm and said: "Hush, hush, for Heaven's sake, hush! Another speech will hang me as sure as I'm a living man."

Shall there be any funerals on the Sabbath? This is a question which one of the Divines in Pittsburg proposes to the consideration of the religious public. When that question is decided, says the Charleston Mercury, we suppose that the next that will be proposed, will be, whether there shall be any deaths on Saturday.

Remarkable Cave.

A remarkable cave has been discovered at Port Kennedy, in Montgomery county, Pa., a few miles from Norristown. We annex a portion of an article from the Phoenixville Pioneer, whose editor was one of the party that brought to light its many wonders—
'Entering the quarry, a small aperture in the rock, revealed by a recent blast, about fifty feet below the surface of the earth showed us the opening of the cavern. We were plentifully supplied with candles, so, striking a light, we crawled cautiously through the narrow entrance. The lowness of the arched rock rendered it necessary to creep on our hands and knees, though here and there little circular domes were hollowed out above us, where it was nearly possible to stand upright. About twenty feet from the mouth the passage widened, and finally, rising from our constrained position, we stood in a chamber, whose dimensions were invisible through the gloom, which the combined light of our torches failed to penetrate. But, on going further, we found a number of stakes driven into the floor, bearing extinguished lights. These we re-kindled, and as one by one the twinkling tapers streamed out of darkness, the shadowy outlines of this subterranean hall grew more and more distinct.
We mounted to the farther end of the ascending floor, and looked back on a magnificent chamber, nearly 60 feet in length, with a vaulted ceiling, arching thirty feet above us. A sort of natural cornice ran along the sides, seeming as if here, in the rocky architecture of Nature, there was a harmony with the creations of human skill. The rough, irregular outlines of the stone were faintly shown in the light of twenty torches, and at the farther end, a pale blueish glimmer, winding in from the daylight, made the scene the more solemn and spectral.
Leaving this hall, the passage ascends at a steep angle, but it is so filled up with clay and stones which seem to have been shattered down by some violent agency, that we were again obliged to stoop, and climb up slowly with lights in our hands. At the distance of about one hundred and sixty feet from the entrance, the passage is entirely choked up, and the cavern apparently ceases. We are of opinion, however, that it would be found to extend much further, were the rubbish removed.
While we were sitting near the extremity looking down under the low, black arches, Mr. Fleming who had been carefully examining the walls, cried out that he had discovered a small opening, nearly filled with dirt, at the very bottom of the passage. We procured a shovel from the workmen without, and in a short time a space was cleared, large enough to admit his body. Lying flat on the damp clay, he slowly squeezed himself through and disappeared from our view.—The glimmer of his torch at length was lost; we waited with some anxiety, and presently a shout came up from the bowels of the earth, sounding as if uttered within a hollow barrel.
None of us had made any preparations for such a feat, but we at once threw ourselves upon the clayey floor, and crept downwards, head foremost into the aperture. It was barely large enough to admit our bodies; and in addition to the perils which threatened our torches, many were the bruises we received from the rough edges of the arches, under which we crawled. After going about thirty feet in this manner, the passage inclining downwards, we came into a small chamber nearly high enough to permit of standing.—This opened into a larger one, terminating in a splendid hall, of the purest white limestone, covered with sparkling incrustations. Here we found Mr. Fleming, enjoying the triumph of his discovery, and joining together in a shout, at the top of our voices, we made the subterranean echoes ring again.
The sides of the hall are nearly circular, and from a beautiful ornamental cornice which crown them, springs a dome, fifteen feet in height, its outline slightly broken by the irregular projections of the glittering rock. The atmosphere was delightfully cool and pure, and our voices had a remarkable deep and sonorous sound when speaking.'

Registering a Dog.
The Norfolk Herald gives an humorous story of a worthy son of Erin, who had a present of an Irish terrier which came all the way from Cork in a vessel lately arrived, and being admonished by a friend that he must have the animal duly registered by the City Collector, to save him from the dog-killers, he forthwith called at the office of that functionary, when the following scene was enacted:
Patrick—Mr. —, I've come to have my dog Dennis registered.
Collector—Very well sir; the tax is — dollars.
Pat—Ho, but you've no right to tax him.
Col.—And why not, pray?
Pat—(With imperturbable gravity) Because he has not been naturalized. He has just arrived in the country, and surely you won't make him pay the tax till he gives the notice of his intentions.
The Collector enjoyed the joke, but parried it by replying that the dog stood upon a different footing from other aliens, he having four legs.
Pat—Ah, well, there's reason in that, and I suppose I must give it up. Make out the receipt.
The receipt was accordingly made out and handed to him. Our Irish friend eyed it for some time and then said, "The number of this receipt is 54; now I'll not pay you the money unless you will add the forty. I'm determined to have the fifty-four—thirty—the whole or none."

This was too much for the Collector, who burst out in a loud laugh. But Patrick succeeded rather better than President Polk in obtaining the 54, though he could not get the 40; he however, cheerfully paid the tax, and was about leaving the office, when he paused for a moment as if some new idea had struck him; then turning to the Collector he said, "I'm thinking, that since I cannot get the 40, I'll have the dog's name changed, any how, and as I don't like to bother the Legislature with a petition for that purpose, I'll thank you just to strike out Dennis and write Oregon!"

Curious Enough.
People have often heard stories about a wheel being found within a wheel and such sort of things, but we presume very few have ever heard of an egg being found within an egg. They must therefore hear of the latter phenomenon now for the first time. On Saturday last, as we are informed of good authority, Miss Phebe Angevine, daughter of Mr. Bartholomew Angevine, of the town of Clinton, in this County, broke a hen's egg, which was found to contain another inside of it as large as that of a partridge, perfectly formed, and having a hard shell. It was a singular case, and we presume the wisest ones in curious things will find it hard to account for it. — *Poughkeepsie Eagle.*
One day when Giotto, the painter, was taking his Sunday walk, in his best attire, with a party of friends, at Florence, and was in the midst of a long story, some pigs passed suddenly, and one of them running between the painters legs, threw him down. When he got on his legs again, instead of swearing a terrible oath at the pigs on the Lord's day, as a graver man might have done, he observed, laughing, "People say these beasts are stupid; but they seem to me to have some sense of justice, for I have earned several thousands of crowns with their bristles, but I never gave one of them even a ladleful of soup in my life."

Federalists.
The Petersburg (Virginia) Intelligencer relates a good anecdote, to illustrate the fact, that whenever the locofoco party are in a strait, and don't know how to get out with whole bones, they raise the cry of "Federalists" against their opponents. So much is this their practice, that the iteration and reiteration of this talismanic word by the press of that power-worshipping party, as surely indicates foul weather to them as the fall of the Barometer denotes it in the physical world.
The late Governor Barbour—who in his peculiar way, was the best anecdote teller we ever knew, says the Intelligencer—used to tell of a man in 1840, who having sot "uncle fow" at a grog shop, staggered to the vicinity of a camp meeting, where he laid himself down on the grass and went to sleep. Having partially slept off the fumes of the liquor, he was roused by the sound of loud speaking, and in going in the direction of the noise, he found himself in the presence of a large audience, who he thought were listening to a stump speech. The preacher—for such he was—was in full swing, and in loud and fearful tones, proclaimed the dreadful sentences 'unless you repent you will be damned.' To which the drunken man replied 'that's a fetheral lie.'

Flight of Birds.—A crow will fly at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, a hawk at forty, and an eagle at eighty.

You Inky Devil forlorn and solemn,
Go set two lines to fill this column.

The Poor Man's Gift.

The Dublin Freeman, in speaking of the cargo of the barque *Express*, one of the ships of the Relief Committee, says that in it was found a roll of leather. A gentleman asked the history of so singular a shipment. We copy from the *Freeman*:
'That,' said Captain Saunders, 'was put on board by a poor cobbler. He works at a stall near the wharf in New York, where my ship laid receiving her cargo. The day before I sailed he came alongside and hailed me:—'Is this,' said he, 'the ship that is taking in provisions for the starving Irish?' 'Yes,' said I, 'this is the ship.' 'Well,' said he, 'I guess I have got something to send. I ha'n't got any money, and I ha'n't any provisions to spare from my wife and eight children; but I mean to do something. So there,' said he, heaving in a roll of leather, 'that will help to make shoes for the poor fellows.'