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

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Jeffersonian Republican.

From the Harrisburg Bomb-Shell.

Old Zack upon the Track.

We've got Old Zack upon the track,
He'll soon put Lewis on his back.
In Mexico he whipped a nation—
November next he'll thrash creation.
Get out of the way for Rough and Ready,
The country needs an arm that's steady.

Oh, Lewis Cass, he went to France,
King Philippe showed him how to dance,
He dressed him up in clothes so fine,
Then let him come with him to dine.
Get out of the way, poor Cass unsteady,
Thought People were too Rough and Ready.

Cass forthwith set at work to make
Americans all a Court dress take:
To cost a hundred dollars or more—
And wouldn't introduce the Poor!
Get out of the way, the toiling masses
Hate Court dress and Courtier Cases!

Courtly manners, Courtly dress,
Perfumed locks, and Kings caress,
These are decent, says our Cass,
Taylor is too Rough to pass.
Get out of the way,—for the people steady
Lake to vote for Rough and Ready.

Though Rough, he has an honest heart;
From virtue's path he'll ne'er depart;
But always bravest of the brave
He's just the man the People crave.
Get out of the way, for Rough and Ready
Is just the man to keep things steady.

At Washington, in March, next spring,
For President Taylor shouts will ring
While Cass en-caved up on the lakes
Hears now a Taylor's Court dress takes!
Get out of the way, for Zachariah,
He's the White House purifier!

No TE.—The last chorus may be substituted for every verse, perhaps, with advantage.

The Unkindest Cut of All.

A jeweller of the city, who shall be nameless, was lately applied to by a nice looking man, to make a gold ring for him, having in it a blade, very delicate and keen, concealed except on a narrow scrutiny, and opening with a spring. The bargain was made to furnish it for thirty dollars. On the appointed day, the purchaser appeared, paid the stipulated price, which was fobbed very complacently, and with an air of high satisfaction, put it on his finger. The jeweller, of course very innocently, asked what he wanted to do with such an article, to which the reply was, to cut open pockets with.

"Ah," replied the jeweller, doubtless in amazement "how can you do such things with such an instrument and not be detected?"

The performer replied that his art consisted in diverting the attention of people from everything that looked like a design upon them—that he rubbed his forehead adjusted his hat, &c., and that discovery came too late. He then bade him good morning, and went his way. Shortly after, the jeweller, as he walked round the counter, was accosted by the clerk. "Why, what is the matter with your pantaloons? How came you to tear them so?"

"Nothing that I know of," was the answer.—
"Where?"

"Why, just look!"
When lo! his pocket was found to be cut by the artist, with his new instrument, and his pocketbook gone, with not only the thirty dollars just paid, but four hundred besides. Verdict of the public. Served him right.

Dysentery and Bowel Complaint.—Those having this complaint will find an almost unfailing remedy by procuring a small piece of the root of genuine Turkey Rhubarb, and chewing a piece about the size of a cherry pit once or twice through the day. If a genuine article is procured the remedy is almost sure, in what ever stage the disease may be.

From the Ladies' Dollar Newspaper.

The Leg of Mutton,

OR THE CURIOUS ADVENTURES OF A MAN WHO WENT TO MARKET.

By Falconbridge.

I am going to state to you the remarkable adventures of a very remarkable man, who went to market to get a leg of mutton for his Sunday's dinner. I have heard or read somewhere or other, almost similar stories; whether they were real or imaginary, I am totally unable to say; but I can vouch for the authenticity of my story, for I know the hero well.

In the year 1812, it will be recollected that we had some military disputes with old England, and which elicited some pretty tall fights, by land and sea, and "the land we live in" was considerably excited upon the subject, and patriotism rose to many degrees above blood heat. Philadelphia, about that time, like all other cities, I suppose, was the scene of much drum-beating, marching and counter marching, and volunteering of the patriotic people.

The President sent forth his proclamation, the Governors of the respective States reiterated them, and a large portion of our brave republicans were soon in or marching to the battle field.— There lived and wrought at his trade—carpentering—in the city of Philadelphia, about that time, a very tall, slim man named Houp; Peter Houp, that was his name. He was a very steady, upright and honest man, married, had a small, comfortable family, and to all intents and purposes seemed settled down for life. How deceptive, how unstable, how uncertain is man, to say nothing of the frail portion of creation—woman. Peter Houp, one fair morning took his basket on his arm, and off he went to get a leg of mutton, and the trimmings, for his next Sunday's dinner. Beyond that subject of research, Peter never dreamed of extending his travels for that day certain. A leg of mutton is not an indifferent article, well cooked, a matter somewhat difficult, too, to amateur cooks; and as good legs of mutton as can be found on this side of the big pond, are to be purchased almost any Saturday morning in the Pennsylvania market wagons, which congregate along Second Street, for a mile or two in a string.— Peter could have secured his leg, and brought it home in an hour or two, at least. But hours passed, noon came, and night followed it, and in the course of time, the morning, the joyous Sunday, for which the leg of mutton was to have been bought and prepared, and offered up, a sacrifice to the household gods, and grateful appetites; but neither leg of mutton, nor man Peter, husband and father Houp, darkened the door of the carpenter's humble domicile, that day, the next, or the next. I cannot, of course, realize half the agony, or tortures of suspense, that must have preyed upon the wife's heart and brains, that must have haunted her feverish dreams at night, and her aching mind by day. When grim death strikes a blow, whenever so near and dear a friend or relation is levelled, cold, breathless, dead—we see, we know, there is an end! Grief has its season, the bitterest of woes then calms, subsides, ceases; but the lost! which hope prevents mourning as dead, and whose deathlike absence almost precludes the idea that they live—engenders in the soul of true affection a gloomy, torturing, despairing sorrow more agonizing than the sting actual death leaves behind. I have endeavored to depict what must have been, what was the feelings of Peter Houp's wife. She mourned, and grieved, and still hoped on, tho' months and years passed away without imparting the slightest clue to the most singular and unfortunate fate of her husband. After three children, two boys and a girl, grew up; ten, eleven, twelve years past, and no tidings of the lost man reached his family; but they still lived with a kind of despairing hope, that the husband and father would yet come home. And so he did.

Let us see what became of Peter Houp, the carpenter. As he strolled along with his basket on his arm, on the eventual morning he sought the leg of mutton, he met a platoon of men dressed up in uniform, muskets on their shoulders, colors flying, drums beating, and a mob of hurrahers following and shouting for the volunteers! Yes, it was a company of volunteers, just about shipping off for the South, to join the "old Zack" of that day, old Hickory, Gen. Jackson! Peter Houp saw in the ranks of the volunteers several of his old chums; he spoke to them, walked along with the men of Mars, got inspired—patriotic—drunk! Two days after that eventful Saturday, on which the quite honest and industrious carpenter left his wife and children full of hope and happiness, he found himself in blue breeches, roundabout and black cap, on board a brig—bound for New Orleans! a volunteer for the war! It was too late to repent then; the brig was ploughing her way through the foaming billows, and in a few weeks she arrived at Mobile, as she could not reach New Orleans, the British under Gen. Packenham being off the Balize. So the Volunteers were landed at Mobile, and hurried over land to the devoted Crescent city. Peter Houp was not only a good man, (liable, as all men are to make a false step once in life,) but a brave one. Having gone so far and made a

step so hard to retrace, Peter's cool reason got bothered; he poured the spirits down to keep his spirits up, as the saying goes, and abandoned himself to fate. Caring neither for life or death, he was found behind the cotton bags, which he had assisted in getting down from the city to the battle ground, piled up, and now ready to defend while life lasted! Peter fought well, being a man not unlike the brave old Hickory himself: tall, firm, and resolute-looking, he attracted Gen. Jackson's attention during the battle; and after it, was personally complimented for his skill and courage by the victorious commander-in-chief. Every body knows the history of the battle of New Orleans; I need not repeat it. After the victory, the soldiers were allowed considerable license; and they made New Orleans the scene of revel and dissipation, as all cities are likely to represent when near a victorious army. Peter Houp was on a "regular bender," a "big tear," a long "spree," and for one so unlike any thing of the kind, he went it with a perfect looseness!

A rich citizen's house was robbed—burglariously entered and robbed; and Peter Houp, the staid, plain, Philadelphia carpenter, who would not have bartered his honest reputation for all the ingots of the Incas, while in his sober senses, was arrested as one of the burglars, and the imputation, false or true, caused him to spend seven years in a penitentiary!— O, what an awful probation of sorrow and mental agony were those seven long years! But they past over, and Peter Houp again was free, not a worse man, fortunately, but a much wiser one! He had not seen or heard a breath of those so long dearly cherished, and cruelly deserted, his family, for eight years, and his heart yearned towards them so strongly, that penniless, pale and care-worn as he was, he would have started immediately for home, but being a good carpenter, and wages high, he concluded to go to work, while he patiently awaited a reply of his abandoned family to his long and patiently written letter. Weeks, months, and a year past, and no reply came, though another letter was despatched, for fear of the miscarriage of the first; (and both letters did miscarry, as the wife never received them) Peter gave himself up as a lost man, his family dead or scattered, and nothing but death could end his entailed wretchedness. But still, as fortune would have it, he never again sought refuge from his sorrows in the poisoned chalice, the rum glass; not he. Peter toiled, saved his money, and at the end of four years found himself in the possession of a very snug sum of hard cash, and a fully and faithfully established good name. But all of this time he had not heard a syllable of his home; and all of a sudden, one gne day in early spring, he took passage in a ship, arrived at Philadelphia, and in a few rods from the wharf upon which he landed, he met an old neighbor. The astonishment of the latter seemed wondrous; he burst out—

"My God! is this Peter Houp, come from his grave?"

"No," said Peter, in a slow, dry way, "I'm from New Orleans!"

Peter soon learned that his wife and children yet lived in the same place, and had long mourned him as forever gone! Peter Houp felt anything but merry, but he determined to have his joke and a merry meeting. In an hour or two, Peter Houp, the long wanderer, stood in his own door.

"Well, Nancy, here is the leg of mutton!" and a fine one too he had.

The most excellent woman, his wife, was alone. She was of quaker origin; sober and stoical as her husband, she regarded him wistfully as he stood in the door for a long time: at last she spoke—

"Well, Peter, there's been gone for it a long time!"

The next moment found them locked in each others arms; overtasked nature could stand it no more—they cried as children.

The carpenter has held offices of public trust since, and lives yet, I believe, an old and highly respected citizen of "Brotherly Love."

Naturalization.

Congress has just passed, by a unanimous vote in each House, a bill so amending our Naturalization Laws, that any immigrant who has had a residence for five years in this country, and over two years past, declared his purpose to become a citizen, shall henceforth be entitled to naturalization, although he may meantime have been once or many times out of the country. By the law, as it has hitherto stood, no man could be legally naturalized who had not been in the country for the preceding five years without interruption, so that a trip to Montreal or even crossing to Table Rock at Niagara Falls, vitiated the whole previous residence, and rendered a five years' further probation necessary; and still the applicant must be careful not to go out of the country until the five years have expired.

A father exhorting his son in early rising, related a story of a person, who, early one morning, found a large purse of money. "Well," replied the youth, "but the person who lost it rose earlier."

A Word or two About Bathing.

Bathing has its seasons and times; but they are always more or less present as a means of health. A warm bath ought to be taken once a week, at least once a fortnight, by every adult in the universe, winter, spring, summer, and autumn. In the cold months it renovates and stimulates the dormant circulation. In the temperature it equalizes the same, cleanses the skin, diffuses a delightful glow over the whole body, and keeps it in health. In the summer months it refreshes and exhilarates; it at the same time clears the skin of its impurities, and carries off the superfluous heat of the body, by accelerating perspiration. As a local palliative to congestion or pain—to a cold, or a touch of the rheumatics; it has no equal—as a comforter after fatigue, it is invaluable—as an appendage to a man's pleasure, incomparable. But all the eulogy in the world cannot express the feelings which experiment alone commands; therefore, if the reader be an invalid and attach any faith to my counsel, let him take a warm bath at the intervals recommended, (if means and convenience are at hand,) and select the time he will be least hurried in the process for the indulgence, and prove it. Perhaps morning is the most convenient time; but it is as efficient in the evening of the day. The idea of taking cold is out of the question.

A vapor bath is one of the greatest conceivable luxuries. It clears the body of every impurity—unloads the lungs, rendering the breathing free and delightful—removes all possible aches and pains, detaches blotches, scurf, and other disfigurements, and leaves the skin as soft as velvet. Besides all these qualifications, it is most exhilarative, healthful and agreeable. It makes the elder feel young, and used at intervals, decidedly promote longevity. A vapor bath ought to be taken once every two or three weeks, throughout a whole life.

The next question is as to the expediency of cold bathing. It certainly is most exhilarative, healthful and agreeable. A sea-bath has had its votaries since the existence of Neptune; and its friends and admirers are ever on the increase; it is a most strengthening and vigorous recreation. Never, my friend, be you young or old, Eve or Adam, so long as prudence, affliction, or known causes, do not prohibit, (for there are prohibitions of course, which common sense will tell,) never neglect the opportunity of a 'rush' in and out of the 'briny element.' I am not advising you to be amphibious, and dabble and paddle half your time away, but merely take an immersion for one or a couple of minutes—out and dress. A sea bath may be taken daily, and almost of any season, if weather permit; but it is inadvisable, and also to little use, to make a toil of pleasure, and hence judge from your own feelings and convenience. Sea-bathing is extremely wholesome, and very strengthening.

A cold plunge bath—a swim in the river (swimming is a fine exercise as well as a most useful acquirement, and should always be learnt as early as possible)—a douche—a 'sitz,' and a shower bath are all admirable helps to the recovery and preservation of health, and the attainment of nervous tone and power.

A shower bath should be an object of toiler in every bed-chamber; in which case, the morning 'deluge' should never be omitted. Habit will so accustom one to its use, that the wintry winds will but add to its enjoyment and absolute utility, if it can be borne. It is out of the question during a cold, and less salutary when the stomach is out of order.

HAZLIT'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.—Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in here. If railing would have made it better, it would have been reformed long ago; but as this is not to be hoped for at present, the best way to slide through it is as contentedly and innocently as we may. The worst fault it has is want of charity; and calling knave or fool at every turn will not cure this failing. Consider as a matter of vanity, that if there were not so many knaves and fools as we find, the wise and honest would not be those rare and shining characters that they are allowed to be; and, as a matter of philosophy, that if the world be really incorrigible in this respect, it is a reflection to make one sad, and not angry. We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind, we have no right to vilify them for our own sake or theirs. Misanthropy is not the disgust of the mind at human nature, but with itself: for it is laying its own exaggerated vices as foul blot on the door of others! Do not, however, mistake what I have here said. I would not have you, when you grow up, adopt the low and sordid fashion of perpetrating existing abuse, of putting the best face upon the worst things. I only mean that indiscriminate, unqualified satire, can do little good; and those who indulge in the most revolting speculations of human nature, do not themselves always set the fairest examples, or strive to prevent its lowest degradation.

"You want a flogging, that's what you want," said a parent to his unruly son.
"I know it, dad, but I will try to get along without it," replied the independent youngster.

Mysterious Providences.

BY DR. W. A. ALCOTT.

In a town of this Commonwealth, containing some two thousand or more inhabitants, the number of deaths of children, under five years of age, during the year 1847, was no less than thirty-one. This was regarded by every body as a most mysterious providence. Even the minister at the desk exhorted his hearers and the people to behold in it the immediate hand of God.

These mysterious providences—this immediate hand of God—are not confined to occasions; they are every day occurrences. In another of our Massachusetts villages, after the death, in rapid succession, of a great number of little children, and a general outcry, it was discovered that a collection of putrid matter had found its way to every pump, where the children had sickened and died. The "Mystery" was soon dispelled. Neither preacher nor people had a remaining doubt.

In general, however, it is not so. We have not been accustomed to trace the relation between the effect and its cause. And, consequently, when a person dies, and the cause is not obvious, we refer it to a mysterious providence; or, as some express it, to the immediate hand of God.

A young medical gentleman, died, a short time since, of erysipelas. His death was sudden, and to most persons, even his physicians, unexpected. There was a universal cry raised, not only by the mass of the community, but by physicians themselves, of mysterious providence. The mass do not reason, and are therefore superstitious; the physicians, in many instances, cannot themselves reason far enough to find out the cause, or have not the necessary time—or at least think they have not—and, too proud to confess their own ignorance, they join in the general cry, and arraign at the same bar the great and all-wise Creator.

Is this wisdom? Is it true humility? Is it true Christianity? So I, for one, have not learned Christ. I believe in the relation of cause and effect, and that diseases, of every kind and grade, are the result of human transgression.—[Boston Prisoner's Friend.]

Animalcules in Water.

It appears to be a very prevalent opinion that the water of our wells, fountains and rivers contains animalcules. Last Sabbath I heard one of our most celebrated divines say in the course of his afternoon sermon, that every drop of water contained living beings. A few months since I heard another divine state in the course of a sermon that myriads of living beings swarmed in every drop of dew. When we put a glass of cold water to the lips the idea is not very pleasant, especially to the nervous that we are about to swallow a host of living beings in the form of hydras and serpents all kicking and squirming. Such horrible apprehensions, however, are quite unnecessary, for such water as is generally used for drinking and culinary purposes does not contain animalcules. The above, says the Boston Transcript, is handed us by a gentleman, who has made many experiments with microscopes to test his assertions, and who is ready to vindicate them practically to the scientific world.

A party of young men, were dining at a public house, and among sundry dishes served up for the occasion, was a chicken roasted. One of the gentlemen present, made an ineffectual attempt to carve it, when he stopped suddenly, and called for the landlord who was in another part of the room. "Landlord," said he, "you might have made a great deal more money with this chicken before me, than serving it up in this way." "How so?" asked the landlord, staring. "Why, in taking it around the country to exhibit it." "Exhibit a chicken! Who would give anything to see a chicken?" said mine host, getting a little riled. "Why every body would have paid to have seen this one, for you might have informed them, I have no doubt with truth, that 'his is the same rooster that crowed when Peter denied his master!'"

Cement for Chimneys.

The following communication, which we find in the True Sun, is of interest to builders.

Gentlemen:—Public attention of late has been very much directed to the fact of the rapid destruction of the cement in ordinary use for the construction of chimneys.

My attention was lately called to the subject by a Mr. Wright, who was about to rebuild the chimneys of our Naval Asylum, they having been insecure, the cement having been eaten out.

The element of destruction in this case, is sulphurous acid, generated by the combustion of the sulphur contained in the Anthracite coal.

The cement now in use is a hydrate of lime, and is converted into a soluble salt by combining with that acid.

Plaster of Paris is a sulphate of lime, and is not attacked by that acid; consequently, we have in it a cement suitable for constructing that part of the chimney which is remote from fire.

Yours, resp'tly,
G. ELIOT BROWN.