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AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

The Stranger on the Sill.

By Thomas Buchanan Read.

Green broad fields of wheat and corn

The lowly home where I was born

'Tis the woodbine wanders over all;

The isle the shaded doorway still;

But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill

And the barn—and as of yore,

Smell the hay from the open door

And the busy swallows throng,

And the peevish mournful song

And the stranger comes—oh! painful proof—

He leaves a pile on the heated roof.

And the orchard—the very trees

Under my childhood knew long hours of ease,

And watched the shadowy moments run

And life imbued more shade than sun.

And from the lough still sweeps the air,

And the stranger's children are swinging there

And bubbles the shady spring below,

And its burr-brook where the hazels grow,

And there I found the calamus root,

And watched the minnows rise and shoot,

And heard the robin have his wing—

And the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

And the old man's face is still

And when you crown the old man's face,

Then think what countless harvest sheaves

Have passed within that scented door

To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with these orchard trees;

And when your children crowd their knees,

Their sweetest far the shall impart,

As if old memories stirred their heart.

To youthful sport still leave the swing,

And in sweet reverend hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,

The meadows with their lowing herds;

The woodbine on the cottage wall—

My heart still lingers with them all.

Ye strangers on my native sill,

Step lightly, for I love it still.

[God's] Lady's Book for July.

A Dog Story.

A gentleman of the name of McEmin, residing in Rockingham county, New Hampshire,

a few years ago, possessed a dog that was remarkable for his sagacity.

One day he told the dog to go and find a handkerchief which

his child had lost in a distant field while picking berries.

The dog started off with his usual energy, but in the course of an hour or two

without the handkerchief, looking as if he had been

fallen as though he had been caught in a neighbor's sheepfold.

The master called him sharply, and told him to go and try again, and not come back until he found it.

The dog started off again with apparent reluctance, while the master followed behind, and unperceived

the dog went towards the field where the child had picked the berries, and set down on his haunches—held down his head—and appeared to be in a deep brown study.

He sat in this attitude for perhaps half an hour, when he suddenly jumped up with a peculiar yell of exultation, and started for one corner of the field.

Here he stopped for a moment, and then commenced trotting around the going about three feet from the fence the

time, about six the second, and thus coming to near the middle at each succeeding

He went round the field about twenty times, when he jumped up into the air with a yell of triumph, picked up the handkerchief, and started for home.

The veracity of this narrative may be relied upon as a fact of great respectability.

Now, log reason, mathematically? Does it add proof that instinct is but another

reason?

Private Letter to Maj. Jack Downing

Post Office, Downingville, State of Maine.

June 30, 1848.

DEAR NEPHEW: Bein' our army is about

break up in Mexico and coming home, I

thought the best chance to get a letter to you

would be to get your old friends, Mr. Gales

and Saxon, to send it on that way, and may

be it might come across you somewhere on the

road, so be you are still in the land of the

living. Your aunt Keziah is in a great worri-

ment about you, and is very much frightened

for fear something has happened, because we

haven't heard nothing from you since your last

letter. I try to pacify her, and tell her the

fighting was all over, and nothin to do but to

finish up the court martial the last time you

writ, and that there isn't going to be any more

annexin' till Mr. Cass comes in President, and

you'll soon be along. But all went pacify her;

she's as uneasy as a fish out of water, and says

she lays awake half the night thinking of the

grillas, for fear they've got hold of you. So I

hope you'll write home as soon as possible, and

let us know whether you are dead or alive, and

set your aunt Keziah's heart to rest.

For my part, I hope you will hurry along

back as fast as you can. Our politics is very

much mixed up and in a bad way about the

Presidency. It would puzzle a Philadelphia

lawyer to tell how it's comin out. I was a

very unlucky hit when President Polk sent old

Zack Taylor down to Mexico. He wasn't the

right man. But then, I s'pose Mr. Polk had

no idea of what sort of a chap he had got hold

of. It can't be helped now, but it's like to be

the run of our party. The Democratic party

hasn't seen a well day since Taylor first begun

his Pally Aho battles; and now we are all shiver-

in as bad as if we had the fever and ague.—

I don't know, after all, but this annexin' Mex-

ico will run out to be an unlucky blow to the

party; for what will it profit the Democratic

party if they gain the whole world and lose the

Presidency? Ye see, the Whigs have put up

Taylor for President; and it has completely

knocked us all into a cocked hat. There isn't

one half of us that knows where we stan or

which way we are goin; and there isn't a party

senior in the country that is high enough to

keep our folks from jumping over. They are

getting kind of crazy, and seem to feel as if

old Hickory had got back again, and they was

all running to vote for him. The Whigs laugh

and poke fun at us, and say they have as good

a right to have a Hickory as we Democrats

have. We put up General Cass first, and

thought we should carry it all hollow; for he's

a strong man and took a good deal of pains to

make the party like him all over the country.

And if the Whigs had done as they ought to,

and put up Clay, or any one that they had a

right to put up, we should a carried the day with

any trouble. But the conduct of the Whigs

has been shameful in this business. Instead

of taking a man that fairly belonged to 'em, they

have grabbed hold of a man that got all his popu-

larity out of our war, and was under the pay

of our Administration, and has been made and

built up by our party, and the Whigs had no

more business with him than they had with the

man in the moon. But, for all that, the Whigs

had the impudence to nominate him. Well,

that tried our water all up, so we couldn't see

bottom nowhere. But we soon found there

was a shifin and whirin of currents, and the

wind and the tide was settin us on to the rocks,

in spite of us. We soon see that old Rough

and Ready, as they call him, was going to be

too much for Cass. But, as we was all making

our mind that it was gone goose with us,

Mr. John Van Buren of York State—he's a

smart feller, a son of President Van Buren, and

a chap of the old block—he sings out, "Don't

give up the ship yet; if one hoos aint enough

to draw the load, hitch on another." Well, the

idea seemed to take; and they stirred round

and got up another Convention at Utica, in

York State, to see who they should put up, and

they all pitched upon President Van Buren.—

Mr. Van Buren patted them on the shoulder,

and told 'em to have good courage and go ahead,

So you see what sort of a pickle we're in,

and how much we need your help jest now.

But there's one thing I have on my mind pret-

ty strong. You know this appointment in the

Downingville Post Office, that you got General

Jackson to give me, has always been a great

comfort to me, and it would be a sad blow to

me to lose it now in my old age. I wish you

would make it in your way to call and see Gen-

eral Taylor as you come along home, and try

to find out how he feels towards me; because,

if he is to be elected any how, I can't see any

use there would be in my biting my own nose

off for the sake of opposing his election. And

I don't think that patriotism to the party requir-

es it; and I'm sure prudence don't.

When you get to Washington, call and see

Mr. Richie and try to comfort him; I'm told

the dear old gentleman is working too hard for

his strength—out at nights in the rain, with a

lantern in his hand heading the campaign. Try

to persuade him to be calm and take good care

of himself. And be sure and ask him how the

Federals are goin this election, for we can't

find out any thing about it down here. I used

to know how to keep the run of the Federals, but

now there is so many parties, the Democrats,

and Whigs, and Hunkers, and Barnburners,

and Abolition folks, and Proviso folks, all criss-

crossin one another, that I have my match

to keep the run of 'em. But your aunt Kesiah

says the clock has struck, and I must close

the mail.

So I remain your loving uncle,

JOSHUA DOWNING, P. M.

The World united by Steam-Ships, &c.

During the political revolutions in Europe

and the earnest desire on the part of our peo-

ple to watch the progress of liberal principles

throughout the world, subjects of vast impor-

tance connected with the commercial relations

of the country, we fear, may not be sufficiently

considered.

That innumerable benefits would be conferred

upon the country, in every particular, from a

steady and reliable communication with the

Southern seacoast towns cannot be doubted, but

the manner of rendering the benefits available

to flow from the establishment of such inter-

course is a subject that may well occupy atten-

tion in connection with the importance of fra-

terizing the people of every portion of our

vast and fruitful continent. Unbroken lines of

communication either by water or railroads

are to be sought for. We have now the Port-

land and Bangor line through the Eastern

States, joining the line of the Sound, terminat-

ing at this City, which forms a link to a con-

tinuous line South. There is a line of Railroad

from Portland in Maine through this State ex-

tending to North Carolina with the exception

of a few miles South of Washington City.—

There is a canal and railroad from the most re-

mote Western part of our State. So that from

the most extreme Northern and North-western

portions of the Union we have already, nearly

perfected, the varied facilities of land and water

communication as far South as New-Orleans

—by steamboats, railroads and canals, beside

the electric telegraph. The only steady com-

munication that can now be looked for beyond

that point is to be derived from Ocean Steam-

ers. The question as to how far Government

shall facilitate private enterprise—regulating

carriage of mails, &c. will be considered in a

subsequent article connected with this subject.

We have now nearly two thousand ships on

the ocean. Amid all the contingencies to which

our Government is liable it would be well to

have a protecting arm over the vast Commerce;

and when contemplating the condition of our

present Naval armament, which counts about

one hundred vessels—large and small—includ-

ing ten ships of the line carrying about 3,000

guns, less we believe than one-third the extent

of the Naval armament of Great Britain, we

are to seek for strength other than that which

arises from the mere force power of the Navy.

We have many forts, that are useless, and it

would be far better if they were appropriated to

the relief of disabled seamen; and many ves-

sels that could easily be dispensed with that

our province to scrutinize the claims of all

petitioners for such favors. So far as regards the

patronage that should be given to private enter-

prise.—N. Y. Tribune.

Keeping Cool in Hot Weather.

Chambers' Journal gives the following

devices in hot climates and seasons:—

"The means in present use for artificial re-

frigeration, are very various, some of them very

interesting. Among these, the employment of

porous earthen-ware may receive an early

place. The Moors introduced into Spain this

luxury, in the shape of very elegant vases,

wonderful light and porous. Water kept in

these became rapidly deliciously cool, and from

some peculiarity in the process of the manu-

facture of the vessels, it acquired, in addition,

a very agreeable flavor. In Egypt and in India,

and in most sultry regions, this expedient is at

the present time a very prevalent one. It has

also for some time been extensively employed

amongst ourselves—porous wine, butter, and

water coolers, of many elegant designs, being

now produced at our potteries. But porous

ware keeps water coolest where