

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 9.

MILFORD, PIKE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1848.

No. 18.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars 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 proprietor, will be charged 75 cents, per year, extra. No paper is discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.
 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.**

From the North Carolina Times.

Who's that Knocking?

BY D. A. TAYLOR, Washington, N. C.
 Uncle Sam's White House was a fine situation For any one to have, and attend to the nation— And a good many came to the door and knocked, But Uncle Sam sung, while the door was locked,
 Who's that knocking at the door?
 Oh! who's that knocking at the door?
 Is that you, Zach? No, no, Cass— Well, you ain't Santa Anna, And you've got no Texas,
 So there's no use in knocking at the door any more, Oh! there's no use knocking at the door.
 Then the Barnburners came, with darkies in their ranks, And Uncle Sam laughed at their foolish pranks— For they brought Martin Van, who had lived there before, And Uncle Sam sung, while they knocked at the door,
 Who's that knocking at the door?
 Oh! who's that knocking at the door?
 Is that you, Zach? No, 'tis Van, Well, you can't come in, You're "a used up man,"
 So there's no use knocking at the door any more, Oh! there's no use knocking at the door.
 Then the People came with a Brave Old Chief Whose brows were bound with a laurel wreath— And he went right ahead as he did in Mexico, And knocked like a soldier bold, at the door— And who's that knocking at the door?
 Oh! who's that knocking at the door?
 Is that you, Cass? No, 'tis Zach! Well, walk in, General, For you never turn back,
 So there's no use knocking at the door any more, There's no use knocking at the door.
 And when old Zach removed his home From a soldier's tent to a marble dome, The People sung, both rich and poor, Long live Taylor and Fillmore!
 And who's that knocking at the door?
 Oh! who's that knocking at the door?
 It's not Van Duren, nor Lewis Cass, But it's old Zach Taylor, And he'll always pass.
 So there's no use knocking at the door any more, There's no use knocking at the door.

What Ailed Him.

Amid the crowd there walked a youth, Whose heart seemed charged with wo;
 His eyes were bent upon the deck, His steps were sad and slow.
 It was not unrequited love, Nor disappointment's fruits,
 That marked with cares the cheek of youth— He couldn't find his boots!

November.

The woodland foliage now Is gathered by the wild November blast;
 Even the thick leaves upon the poplar's bough Are fallen to the last.
 The mighty vines, which around The forest trunks their slender branches bend,
 Their crimson foliage shaken to the ground, Swing naked to the wind.
 Some living green remains By the clear brook that shines along the lawn;
 But the sere grass stands white o'er all the plains,
 And the bright flowers are gone.

O'er the wide plains, that lie A desolate scene, the fires of autumn spread,
 And nightly on the dark walls of the sky A ruddy brightness shed.
 But these, these are thy charms— 'Mid airs and tempered light upon the sea;
 And the year holds no time within its arms That doth resemble thee.
 The sunny noon is thine, Soft, golden, noiseless as the dead of night;
 And hues that in the flushed horizon shine,
 And ere and early light.

Profitable Gardening.

Mr. Wm. Parry, of Chesler township, Burlington county, N. J., made a statement at the late exhibition of the Burlington County Agricultural Society, to the effect that he realized, this year, off of 82-100th of an acre of ground, raspberries to the amount of \$200, clear profit!

From New York to Albany is 145 miles.

Sagacity of a Horse.

Instances frequently occur in which domestic animals are evidently made instrumental to the preservation of life by the application of a sagacity which does not fall within the usual range of their intellects. The following circumstance was related to me, soon after its occurrence, by a man upon whose veracity I can rely, who received it immediately from the subject of the narrative:

About twenty years ago, J. B., who resided in Chester county, Pennsylvania, not far from the west branch of the Brandywine, was returning home on horseback, at a time when that stream, across which his road lay, was much swollen by rain or melting snow. The depth and force of the current dislodged him from his seat, and he was cast upon a bank, formed, I think, by a cake of ice, where his life was in evident jeopardy. The horse in the meantime, released from restraint, made his way to the shore; but instead of running away, he stopped on the bank, looked around and neighed. Perceiving his master in his perilous situation, surrounded by the rushing torrent, the sagacious animal returned into the water, and coming close to him, stood there till he was securely seated on his back. And this could not be very hastily done, as the man was advanced in years and his clothes saturated with water. Nor being able to regain the ford, the pair arrived at the margin of the stream, at a place where the bank was too steep to be mounted by the horse with his burden. Help at length came, and the horse and his rider were extricated from their dangerous position; but the former was so much exhausted by his exertions that he lay down and stretched himself out as if dying. He recovered, however, and his owner assured my informant that no price that could be offered should ever, while he lived, transfer the noble beast to another master. This attachment to the horse was pleasing and natural, but I should consider the principle debt of gratitude due to an overruling hand which directed the sagacity of the animal to the object and the means of preserving the life of the owner.

Forest and Birds of Michigan.

A late writer in the Albany Atlas describing a visit to the prairies of Michigan, has the following paragraph:
 A stroll through the open woods of Michigan, in the month of May is delightful. They are more like parks than forests. Flowers of gay colors glitter at every step, but alas, there is one sad drawback on all this floral beauty. The flowers, most of them, are scentless! A beautiful flower without perfume is like a beautiful woman without corresponding beauty of mind. After the first gaze of admiration is over, the "vermeil tint" of the leaf or lip but more forcibly calls the attention to what is lacking— But the birds; how they swarm and vocalize the groves and fields of Michigan. In the morning, the whole forest rings like a concert room with their notes. I had the curiosity to sit at my window and do nothing for half an hour but watch the different varieties of them which appeared in sight, and strive to identify the notes of those unseen ones the songs of which I could hear. The clear whistle of the quail came incessantly on the ear. A score of bobolinks fluttered up and down, and twangled their instruments like mad. A brown thrush poured his rich and varied song from the topmost spray of an apple tree. A couple of bluebirds fitted past whistling notes of the tenderest dalliance. Woodpeckers of various hues went by in their jerking flight, and a head-bend sounded his shrill clarion on a dead locust, summoning all its crawling inmates to surrender at discretion. The mournful cooing of the turtle dove, the harsh screams of the blue-jay, the notes of the meadow-lark, robin chirping bird, oriole, starling, Canada warbler, and a host of other birds, some known and some unknown to me, where blent in the general chorus.

A Romance of the West.—The last Glasgow (Mo.) News tells a strange tale of one of the early settlers of Saline county. He was a Frenchman, who, about twenty years ago, became dissatisfied with the prospects before him, and left his wife and daughter, to seek other means of mending his fortune. For several years the wife and daughter awaited his return, till even affection compelled them to believe him dead. They struggled along in poverty, until the daughter grew to womanhood and married, as did also the mother—both of them remaining in straightened circumstances. Last week, however, an old grey-headed man went to the humble dwelling of the daughter, and after surveying her with deep emotion for a few moments, said, "Do you know the name of your father?" To which she replied by giving it. "Then," said he, "I am your father." After their mutual greetings, he brought in two bags of gold, containing \$40,000, and gave them to his daughter, and offered her husband the best farm he could find in the neighborhood. He knew his daughter by a scar on the forehead, from a wound received when a child.

How to Steel Watermelons.

In the neighborhood of the flourishing town of Honesdale, there lived some three or four years since—and perhaps still lives—an oddity who rejoiced in the name of Jacob Stringer. Jacob was one of that class who are "about" when an extra hand is wanted—who are generally useful when there is a pressure, and who retire to enjoyment and repose when times are about "middlin'." He found decidedly more attractions in a ramble through the woods with his gun, or along the streams with his trout 'fixins,' than in any kind of agricultural employment; but, much as he fancied hunting, he was not very successful in that line, and to make up for the deficiency, he would give his aid as a teamster, in the busy season, to his more wealthy neighbors who were all more less interested in the lumber business. In that capacity he engaged with old Squire Yales to take a quantity of lumber to Honesdale. On the road to the latter place about two miles from Yales, lived an industrious farmer named Bennett, who was known about the neighborhood pretty generally, to have a very promising patch of watermelons. This was the more interesting, inasmuch as the article was scarce in the neighborhood. Day after day, as Jacob passed along the road by the farmer's with his toiling cattle, thoughts of the watermelons would force themselves into his mind. How pleasant it would be to have one—only one! And then the "elderly gentleman in black" would whisper how easily and how safely it might be done. Still Jacob resisted; for he had a high and deserved reputation for honesty and integrity with his neighbors, which he wished to sustain.

At last however the watermelons became ripe, Jacob knew it, though he had never seen them, and now the temptation was irresistible. Our hero, though with many compunctions, determined to have one—only one; and that very night he vowed it should be done.

Evening came, and, after feeling in his pocket if his jack-knife was safe, he started on his expedition. The road seemed to him unusually long and dreary, and several times he felt a little frightened. The truth is, he had never undertaken such an expedition before; and not without reason has the great poet written "conscience doth make cowards of us all."

We are now at "old Bennett's" fence, and Jacob is over it, and cautiously advancing to where he knew the "patch" must be—no, not unnoticed, however. "Old Bennett" knew the value of his crop, and that if he would keep it he must watch it; and watch it he did as the dragon of old watched the fruit Hesperaden. No sooner did Jacob cross the fence than the owner of the melons advanced from his hiding place, and was about to hail the intruder, when to his surprise he discovered who it was.

Now, Jacob was about the last man Bennett would have expected to come at night to rob his melon patch, and even now, as he cautiously moved on before him, he almost doubted. Nevertheless he carefully followed him. The depredator aimed at once for the "patch." There was no moon, but a few stars shed light enough to enable him to find his way into the midst. Hastily selecting a promising one, he struck once more for the fence, still followed by "old Bennett." Crossing it he threw himself and his prey down in the bushes muttering, as he did so—"Wal, old fellow, you have done it this time!"

The jack-knife was soon produced, and a slice hewed out; but no sooner was the first mouthful taken than he sputtered it out, exclaiming—"It is a cursed green punkin!" A moment after he went on—"You are a nice old fool, you are, Jacob, I should guess!—an honest, clever old fellow, so the neighbors say. You are a stupid hog, Jacob, you are! You are a rascally old fool, you would steal watermelons, would you!—and you have stole a cursed green punkin! Well, old fellow, you would steal it—now, cuss you, you shall eat it!" Suiting the action to the word he began to devour his prize with many expressions of disgust, and with a determination to keep the "old fool" to it. At last the task was accomplished, and he rose to depart, muttering, as he did so, to the infinite amusement of old Bennett, who said nothing—"You infernal ass, serves you right! You are not fit for a rascal. Any man who has no more gumption than to steal a punkin instead of a watermelon, had better keep honest. He'll never make anything out of his rascality!"

Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.

"Mother," said a lad, "is it wrong to break egg shells?" "Certainly not, my dear," replied the mother, "but what do you ask such silly questions for?" "Because I have just dropped the basket with all the eggs in it," replied the promising chap.

The Price of a Kiss.—A young man in Fall River was fined three dollars for kissing a young lady in the street. The charge is only a dollar here by the last decision, but perhaps the Fall River damsel was the prettiest, which makes all the difference. So says a Providence paper.

Glauber Salts, a sufficient quantity manufactured at Philadelphia to supply the United States, 1794.

The Last Trick.

A city green horn, a veritable cockney, whose real name it would be cruel to put in type, and so we will call the done brown, Smith—was neatly picked of his feathers by a sharper who happened to be laying out in Hoboken a few days ago.

Mr. Smith was strolling slowly along the seawalk, enjoying the delicious breeze, when it occurred to him that by wiping the perspiration from his forehead his comfort would be proportionably increased. To do this, however, it was necessary to raise his hat, and the raising of his hat was the cause of his subsequent disaster. A paper fell from Mr. Smith's hat,—fell upon the ground unperceived by Mr. Smith, who passed on. But the sharp eyes of a fellow who lay stretched on a neighboring bench, were upon the paper, and when Mr. Smith had passed, the bench lounge got up and secured the little slip. He cast his eyes over the writing and exclaimed with a gesture of vexation and contempt—

'Bah! only an unrecipited tailor's bill!' And he was about to cast the worthless scrap into the river, when he stopped suddenly, looked curiously at the receding form of Mr. Smith, and scratched his head as if perplexed; then his face brightened up, and slapping his right hand violently on his leg, he said, 'Yes, that will do,' and quietly followed in the trail of Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith, after refreshing himself with an ice cream and a glass of soda water at the Fields, resumed his walk towards the dyke, and had just entered the little grove beyond the pavilion, when he became aware that some one had gently tapped him on the shoulder. He turned round and saw a good looking middle-aged man in a plain dress, standing by him.

'Mr. Smith,' said the stranger.
 'Yes, sir, my name's Smith.'
 'John, of — street, New York,' continued the stranger.
 'Yes, sir.'

'Well, Mr. Smith, I have rather an unpleasant duty to perform,' the middle aged gentleman said, pulling out at the same time a large pocket book, and looking over the papers as if in search of a particular one.

'What's that,' asked Smith.
 The middle aged gentleman did not answer; he could not find the document he was looking for and Smith was obliged to exercise all his patience. At length the paper was found, a law blank apparently just filled up. Smith was not allowed to examine it. The middle aged gentleman held it between his thumb and finger, looked Smith straight in the face and repeated.
 'John Smith, of — street, New York.'
 'Yes, yes; and what the mischief do you want of me?' said Smith, with nervous trepidation.

'All right, Mr. Smith,' remarked his companion as he returned the paper to the pocket book—'all right, all right, sir. I'll trouble you to ride as far as Hackensack, if you please.'
 'Hackensack! and what must I go to Hackensack for, I should like to know?'

'By virtue of a warrant regularly issued, and which commanded me, a deputy sheriff of the county of Hudson, State of New Jersey, to take the body of John Smith of — street, New York, if he shall be found within the limits of New York, or shall be found within the limits of New Jersey, and the said body safely lodge in the jail at Hackensack, to answer to the suit of —, tailor of New York, in the sum of fifty dollars damages, &c. &c. And may God save the Commonwealth of New Jersey,' ejaculated the pretended deputy, as he reverently lifted his hat and recovered his wind.

'Fifty dollars damages,' exclaimed the bewildered Smith—'why, that's my tailor, and I only owe him thirty-five.'
 'The amount expressed in the writ is only a form of law said the sheriff; the exact amount of your indebtedness to Mr. —, tailor, is thirty-five dollars and sixty-two and a half cents.'
 'So it is,' returned Smith, 'but what put him up to suing me in New Jersey. I have always been a good customer, and—'

'He sent in his bill on the 1st of July, and it appears you have taken no notice of it.'

Poor Smith, his nerves were completely unstrung.
 'I thought that blamed law was repealed by which a poor fellow coming from New York to get a mouthful of fresh air in Hoboken, might be carried off to Hackensack.'

'The Legislature of the State of New Jersey did repeal that law in 1845, but New York having refused to give up certain persons charged with grave offences, committed in New Jersey, the Legislature, at its last session, re-enacted the law, and by virtue of that re-enactment, you are now my prisoner,' said the mock official, with solemn dignity.

'Well, all this is strange and news to me,' said Smith—'first that my tailor should sue me; and second that I should be nabbed in Hoboken.'

'We live, Mr. Smith, in an age of strange and startling events,' remarked the other, with the quiet

emphasis and deliberation of a philosopher—Europe, last New Year's Day, as little anticipated the revolution, as you anticipated, on the Fourth of July, this arrest. But look—Europe is heaving like an angry sea, and you are now moving, or about to move, for Hackensack jail; this way Mr. Smith, if you please. We shall find the jail wagon by the road side, yonder.'

But Mr. Smith was in no hurry to obey.
 'I have only five dollars by me, he said, biting his finger nails with vexation.

'Precisely the amount of my fees,' said the officer. 'Now, Mr. Smith, you wear a watch I see—if it is the value of the old debt we can easily arrange the matter, without troubling you to go to Hackensack.'

'The value of the debt!' said Smith pulling out a gold lever—'why, it cost a hundred, and any pawnbroker would advance seventy dollars on it.'
 'You speak truly, Mr. Smith,' remarked his companion, his eyes glistening as they fell upon the watch. 'That is what I suppose, Mr. Smith—pay me five dollars, and give me the watch, which I will send to-morrow morning to the tailor, where you can call and get it after paying the bill.'

'It is the best I can do I suppose,' grumbled Smith, as he handed over the watch and five dollars—but, Mr. Sheriff, you must loan or give us a sixpence to pay my ferrage over the river and out of this cursed trap—that five dollar bill is all the money I have with me.'

'Take a dollar, Mr. Smith, said the Sheriff, generously presenting him with a one dollar bank note—'you may want some refreshments.'

Obituary Eloquence.

[A correspondent of the Burlington Free Press has furnished to that journal the following verbatim report of a funeral discourse which he says he heard delivered in the Florida House of Representatives. The duty of making it was voluntarily assumed, and even insisted on, by the speaker, to the no small wonder of the House, and his utter incompetency being notorious.]

MR. SPEAKER: Sir—Our fellow citizen, Mr. Silas Higgins, who was lately a member of this branch of the Legislature, is dead; and he died yesterday in the fortification. He had the brown creasers, (bronchitis, he meant, I suppose) and was an uncommon individual. His character was good, up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice; he was fifty-six years old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding house, where board can be had at a dollar and seventy-five cents a week, washing and light included.— He was an ingenious creator, and in the early part of his life had a father and mother. He was an officer in our State militia since the last war; and was brave and polite; and his uncle, Timothy Higgins, belonged to the Revolutionary war, and was commissioned as a lieutenant by General Washington, first President and commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, who died at Mt. Vernon, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, on the 14th December, 1749; or thereabout, and was buried soon after his death, with military honors, and several guns were bursted in firing salutes.

Sir, Mr. Speaker: General Washington presided over the great continental Sanhedrim and political meeting that formed our constitution; and he was indeed a great and good man. He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, and, though he was in favor of a United States Bank, he was a friend of education, and from what he said in his farewell address, I have no doubt he would have voted for the tariff of 1846, if he had been alive and hadn't died some time beforehand. His death was considered at the time as rather premature, on account of its being brought on by an ordinary cold.

Now, Mr. Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we wear crapes around the left arm of this Legislature, and adjourn till to-morrow morning as an emblem of our respects for the memory of S. Higgins, who is dead and died of the brown creasers yesterday in the forenoon.

A PICTURE—A fair young girl is leaning pensively on the casement, gazing with thoughtful brow upon the scene below. The bloom of fifteen summers on her soft cheeks, the sweets of a thousand flowers are gathered upon her round lips, the curls clinging to a spotless brow, and fall upon a neck of perfect grace, the swimming eyes seemed lighted by the tenderest fire of poetry, and beauty hovers over her as her own most favored child. What are her thoughts? Love cannot stir a bosom so young, nor sorrow yet have touched a spirit so pure. Innocence itself seems to have chosen her for its own. Alas! has disappointment touched that youthful heart? Yes it must be so; but hush! she starts; her bosom heaves; her eye brightens; her lips part; she speaks; listen—'Jim, you nasty fool! quit scratching that pig's back, or I'll tell mar!'

From Eastport to Portland, Maine, is 331 miles.