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

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Sweet Visitors.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

My Mother's voice, how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing on the wings of sleep;
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by;
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.
The book of nature, and its print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give still to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness has drunk up tears.
And there's a midew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years:
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.
I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was glistened like a bird,
And night had on her silver wing;
When bursting buds and verdant grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
All that make the pulses pass
With wild feebleness through the night—
When all was beauty, then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like myth on the wings of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.
And when the beautiful spirit there
Flung over all its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain;
And resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be—
To rise in Heaven like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

Elegant Extracts.

It is not often that original poetry of extraordinary merit, finds its way into the newspapers, and when such an event does occur, it (that is the poetry) cannot be too carefully read, or too extensively circulated. The following effusion from a country paper, may be safely termed "extraordinary." No more old Ruf and Ready in the field
No more Santanner Mexican maid to yield
The hour is past
The deed is done.—
The Equinoctial he's crossed the sun:
The sword is still—the battle is done,
And Cass can't set in Washington.

An Awful Pause.

After the clergyman had united a happy pair in awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth, exclaiming—"Don't be so unaccountably happy!"

Bombardment by Means of Balloons.

The Presse of Vienna has the following: "Venice is to be bombarded by balloons, as the lagoons prevent the approach of artillery. Five balloons, each twenty-three feet in diameter, are in construction at Treviso. In a favorable wind the balloons will be launched and directed as near to Venice as possible, and on their being brought to a position over the town, the fire will be sent by electro magnetism. Each of the five balloons affixed to the balloon is in communication by means of a long isolated copper wire with a large galvanic battery placed on the shore. The fire is ignited by connecting the wire. The balloon falls perpendicularly, and explodes on reaching the ground. By this means twenty-five bombs may be thrown, supposing the wind to be favorable. An experiment made at Treviso, on the 10th, succeeded completely."

An Irish Highwayman.

BY BENSON E. HILL.

Dr. W——, the bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin, accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, with his own sleek and well fed horses, instead of trusting his bones to the tender mercies of an Irish post-chaise, and the unbroken garrons used for drawing these crazy vehicles.

One part of the route was through a wild and mountainous district; and the Bishop being a humane man, and considerate of his cattle, made a point of quitting his carriage at the foot of every hill and walking to the top. On one of these occasions he had lattered to look at the extensive prospect, indulging in a reverie upon its sterile appearance, and the change that agriculture might produce, and in so doing suffered his family and servants to be considerably in advance; perceiving this he hastened to make up for lost time, and was stepping out with his best speed when a fellow leaped from behind a heap of loose stones, and accompanying the flourish of a huge club with a demoniac yell, demanded "Money!" with a ferocity of tone and manner perfectly appalling.

The Bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him, but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the ruffian stowed it away in a capacious rent in his tattered garment, when with another whirl of his bludgeon, and an awful oath, he exclaimed:

"And is it with the likes of this, I'm after letting you off! a few paltry tenpennies! It's the gold I'll have or I'll spatter your brains. Arrah, don't stand shivering and shaking there, like a Quaker in the ague, but log out your purse, you devil, immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone."

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well filled purse, saying in tremulous accents, "My good fellow, there it is, don't ill use me—I've given you all, pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly, if you please; as sure as I'm not a good fellow, I haven't done with you yet. I must search for your note case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand over or you'll sup sorrow to-night."

It was given up; a glance at the road showed that all hope of assistance from his servant was unavailing, the carriage had disappeared, but the bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape further pillage.

"Wait awhile, or maybe I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and sales, and then you may trudge."

Now it happened that the divine felt a particular regard for his watch—not so much from its being of considerable value, but because it had been presented to him by his first patron—and he ventured to expostulate.

"Surely you have taken enough; leave me my watch and I'll forgive you all you have done."

"Who ax'd your forgiveness, you old varmint! Would you trifle with my good nature? Don't force me to do anything I'd be sorry for—but without any more brother just give me the watch or by all that's holy—"

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat into the horny hand of the former, and re-grasped the formidable weapon as though seriously bent on bringing it into operation; this action was not unheeded by his victim—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and with a heavy sigh handed it to his spoiler, who, rolling the chains and seals round it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it, and giving himself a shake to ascertain that it found, by its own gravity, a place of safety, he said:

"And now be off wid you and thank the blessed saints that you love me without a scratch on your skin, or the value of your little finger hurt."

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and having no weight to carry he set off at what equestrians term a "hand canter;" scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road, when he perceived his persecutor running after him—He endeavored to redouble his speed. Alas! what chance had he in a race with one whose muscles were as strong and elastic as high tempered steel?

"Stop you nimble footed thief of the world!" roared the robber—"stop, I tell you! I've a parting word with you!"

The exhausted and defenceless clergyman finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to stand still. The fellow approached, and his face instead of his former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression, as he said—

And is it likely I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit of me."

The foot-pad divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat, laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full buttoned wig—put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his

own apparel used in their stead; and with a loud laugh ran off, as though his last feet was the most meritorious of his life.

Thankful at having escaped with unbroken bones his lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage; the servants could not repress their laughter at seeing their master in such strange and motley attire; but there was in his face such evidence of terror and suffering, that they speedily checked their risible inclinations, particularly when they learned by a few brief words the danger he had undergone.

"My dear W——" exclaimed his affectionate wife after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for Heaven's sake take off that filthy jacket and throw it out of the window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your station and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed, not a single guinea is left me to pay our expenses to-night. My watch too, that I so dearly prized! Miserable man that I am."

"Never mind your watch, or anything else just now—only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch if you persist in wearing it?"

"Take it off, dear papa," observed the daughter, "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you!"

The obnoxious garment was removed; the young lady was about to place it under the seat, when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and on examination found secreted in various parts of the coat not only the watch, pocket-book, purse and silver, of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvass bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

The surprise and joy of all parties may be imagined: they reached the inn where they proposed stopping for the night, and as the portmanteau had escaped the dangers of the road, the bishop was speedily able to attire himself canonically. Before the party retired for rest, intelligence arrived that the highwayman had been taken after a desperate resistance—the notice of the police being attracted to the singular appearance of a man in his station sporting a new black cloak, and covering his shaggy curly locks with the well powdered and orthodox peruke of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Cashel.

A Convenient Pill.

Pill puffing is admirably bit off in the following manner in one of our exchanges.

"One single pill worn in each pocket will instantly give ease and elasticity to the tightest pantaloons.—A like quantity will create an appetite in the most delicate stomach, or physic a horse! They will also be found to give a rich flavor to apple dumplings, and a particular zest to pickled oysters; they will thicken soup, reduce corpulent persons, and are excellent bait for mous-traps. One pill dissolved in a bucket of rain water will be found a perfectly waterproof lining for canal embankments, placed in steamboat boilers they will effectually prevent their bursting and greatly increase the speed of the boats. As for their medical qualities, they are justly entitled to be called Medicamentum Gracia Probatum," id est, a remedy approved of by grace—for they effectually cool St. Anthony's Fire, and stop St. Vitus' dance; they purify the pimples in small-pox, and eradicate the red gum in teething; they reduce white swellings, and cure the black jaundice, blue devils, yellow, scarlet, or any other colored fevers; they cure also the thrush in children and the pip in hens, the staggers in horses and the nightmare in owls. But further enumeration is unnecessary; suffice it to say that this medicine is a combination upon new principles, discovered by the present proprietor's immortal grandmother, and are an exception to all the rules of science, common sense and experience, so while they are the most powerful agent in nature, revolutionizing the whole animal economy, and eradicating the most incurable diseases, they are at the same time a perfectly innocent preparation and may be taken with perfect safety by the nursing infant—all powerful—all harmless!"

How to TELL GOOD CIDER.—There is an old Dutchman living in the north of Vermont, very famous for having a large orchard and making good cider. The old fellow is fond of the beverage himself, but was never known to offer any to his neighbors. One evening a friend called upon him, and hoping to "flatter" the old man out of a glass, began to praise his cider.

"Yaas, yaas," said the phlegmatic Dutchman, "I hash coter cter-Hans, pring a mug." The boy fetched the cider and handed it to his father, who drank it all at a single pull; then turned to his astonished visitor, exclaimed "here, ten, if you don't dink dat ish good cider, chust smell of de mug."

Prosperity is not just scale; adversity is the only true balance to weigh friends.

From the Knickerbocker.

The Preacher and the Gambler.

A SCENE ON BOARD OF A SOUTH-WESTERN STEAMER.

BY J. H. GREEN, R. G.

Persons of these two antagonistic portions of society are frequently thrown into intimate fellowship and association with each other, especially while travelling on the steamers of the southern and western waters.

Some years since a number of gamblers, with two or three clergymen, happened to be among passengers on board of a steambot bound from Cincinnati to New Orleans. The company on board was numerous; but as something uncommon and extraordinary, from whatever cause, extra morality or otherwise, there was little or no gambling practised by the passengers on the trip downward.

Several days passed in this way, when a gambler, a wild, reckless, dare-devil sort of a character, began to grow impatient of the tedium of the voyage, and anxious for a chance of making his passage money by victimizing some of the "green ones" in the crowd. Going up to one of the clergymen alluded to whom he was not aware was of that profession, a smooth-faced, good-looking, affable, youngish man; he slapped him on the back, and somewhat familiarly accosted him:

"Say, stranger! dull music 'board, I reckon. Come take a drink, and let's have a little life 'mongst us!"

"Thank you, my friend, I'm a teetotaler, and never drink."

"O-o-h! you are, eh? Let's have a hand at cards, then."

"There I'm again at fault. I don't know one card from another, and can't play!"

"Scissors!—I never see the like! Here, young man, let me show you how."

"I'd rather not, Sir, if you please."

"Brimstone-blazes!—can't we get up some little bit of devilry or 'nother? I'm sick on't pokin' round in this 'ere way. Wonder if we can't get some 'old hoss' to give us a preach? That coon over there with a white 'neckerchief, looks like one of them gospel-shop men. 'Spose we ax him to give us a sermon! I'd like to hear one, by jingo!"

"That gentleman, Sir, I presume to be a preacher; and it's quite likely he'll accommodate you."

"You knows him, don't you? Just get him to give us a snoring sarmint. I'll hold his hat, d—d if I don't!"

"I will ask him," replied the clergyman.—He crossed over to his friend of the white cravat, and stated the wish of the gambler. Returning, however, he remarked that the preacher declined lecturing till a more convenient season.

"The devil he does! Well I'm bound to have fun somehow or 'nother. Can't you sprout a bit, my young sapling? 'Spose you try it any how."

"My friend if I should preach, I should try to give you some uneasiness!"

"Then you are just the man for me. Get up here and give us a sparkling of brimstone; stir up these old ironides on board, give 'em an extra lick, and come the campmeetin' 'ouch, will ye? Here's an old chap here who's got a hymn book, and I can sing first rate when I get a going, if the lines are given out; and mind ye, neighbor, give us a jam up prayer; blow and strike out as loud as ye can, and make 'em think a pack of well-grown prairie wolves are coming, with a smart handful of thunder and lightning! and a few shovels of young earthquake; by the gracious Moses, we'll have a trifle of spot then—won't we?"

The gambler then helped the preacher to arrange for the sermon; borrowed the hymn book, and sat down with a mock seriousness in his countenance.

By this time a crowd had gathered round to witness the proceedings, wondering what would be the upshot of the business. The preacher smoothed his face, selected a hymn, and then lifted up his hands and eyes in the attitude of prayer. Waxing warmer and warmer as he proceeded, he appealed to God in the most spirit-stirring and solemn manner; he alluded to the gambler in a very pointed manner, and prayed for his salvation from the ruin to which he was so recklessly tending. Such was the force of his appeal that a burning arrow seemed speedily sent to the gambler's soul. The prayer was followed by an excellent sermon by the young clergyman, who afterwards said that he never felt more impressed in his life with the awful responsibility of his mission, or felt a fuller inspiration from on High to proclaim the wrath to come to dying and hell-deserving sinners.

The gambler 'squirmed' under the gospel truth; yet uneasy as he was, he contrived to sit the sermon out; but he couldn't wait to participate in singing the closing hymn.

Shortly after all was over and going up to the clergyman, he said:

"I say, friend, you are a preacher, ain't you?"

"Yes, my friend, I have the honor to be an unworthy ambassador of Christ, and hope to be the means of converting many souls to God."

"Well, I thought as much! But I tell you I never had the sand so knocked from under me before in my life. If you preach in that way there won't be many of us gamblers left, I tell you. But I suppose it's all right; my good mother used to pray, and I couldn't help thinking of her when you cut me all in little pieces and put my singing sides out of tune.—I'd ha' give fifty dollars to have that ere saddle put on another horse."

I suppose it is needless to say that the gambler required no farther preaching on that passage; his own conduct and that of his confederates was such as to be a matter of no animal-division on the part of the clergymen and passengers while they pursued their voyage.

Family Secrets.

Messrs. Edwards: While ascending the Mississippi, some eighteen months since, on board the steambot Huntsville, the commander of that excellent vessel related the following anecdote of a couple of worthy disciples of Father Miller. If you think it worthy of a place in your paper, pray make room for it.

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 23, 1848.

In Coles county, there lived a man named Isaac Dodson and his wife, who were both firm believers in the prophecy of Father Miller; and not doubting for a moment the correctness of their prophet's calculations for the eventful day, that was to terminate the existence of all sublunary things.

After having "set their house in order," the following conversation took place:—

"My dear wife, I believe, I have made every preparation for to-morrow. I have forgiven all my enemies, and prayed for the forgiveness of all my sins, and I feel perfectly calm and resigned."

"Well, husband, I believe, I am ready for the sound of the trumpet!"

"I am rejoiced to hear it. But my dear wife, I have no doubt that there are many domestic secrets which we have hidden from each other, which had they been known at the time of their occurrence, might have produced unpleasant feelings, but as we have but one day more to live let us unbosom ourselves freely to each other."

"Well, husband, you are right, there are some little things that I never told you, and which I intended should remain between me and my God; but as we have but one day left, I reckon it's right to make a clean breast to each other. I am ready—you begin husband."

"No, dear, you begin, I can't."

"No, husband, you begin, I can't."

"No! you know my love, Paul says, husbands have the right to command their wives. It is your duty as a Christian woman to obey your husband—the father of your children, so begin love!"

"In the sight of God, I reckon it's right; so I will tell you dear husband—Our eldest son, William, is not your child."

"Great God, Mary! I never dreamt of your being untrue to me! Is that true?"

"Yes; God forgive me, it is true. I know that I did very wrong, but I am sorry for it; in an evil hour I fell, and there is no help for it now!"

"William, not mine! In the name of God, whose child is he?"

"He is Mr. Graham's, the constable! The Lord be near your poor wife!"

"So, William ain't my child! Go on."

"Well, our daughter, Mary—named after me, ain't your's neither."

"Salvation! Talk on Mary—come right out. Who's Mary's father?"

"Mr. Girder, the man that built the meeting house, and went to the lower country."

"Well, as there is but one day more, I'll bear it; so go on, if you have any thing else."

"Well, there's our youngest—"

"I suppose Jimmy ain't mine!"

"No, dear husband, Jimmy, that we both love so well, ain't your's neither."

"Merciful Lord! Is that so! In the name of the Saviour, who's is he?"

"He is the one-eyed shoemaker's, that lives at the forks of the road."

"Well, by— Gabriel, blow, blow your horn. I WANT TO GO NOW!!—Sweet's Epicurian Bulletin.

How to catch Rats.

A yankee has just invented a method to catch rats. He says: locate your bed in a room much infested by these animals, and on retiring put out the light. Then strew over your pillow some strong smelling cheese, three or four red herring, some barley meal and new malt, and a sprinkling of codfish. Keep awake till you find the rats at work, and then make a grab.

A VALUABLE PATENT.—One of our benevolent and ingenious citizens has taken out a patent by which he can undoubtedly make a very large fortune. The patent is of a boot with a spring heel, which will enable the wearer to jump across any width of street, at one bound. It is intended to be used in American cities where the mud is abundant.—Carbon Demo.