

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 9.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1849.

No. 43

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 37 1-2 cents per year, extra.
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How to make a Horse Drink.

Our friend Judge Edmonds, who, amid all his dry labors, relishes a joke as well as another, tells some pleasant stories of incidents which sometimes occur on his country circuits. Among them is one connected with the temperance cause, which two or three years ago disturbed the State and agitated all classes, by reason of the submission to the ballot-box on the question whether any licenses to sell liquor should be granted. The Judge was holding court in the country at the time the vote was taken, and for a week or two afterwards and looked on with a curious eye to see how the matter worked. He observed especially the fact, that the strongest vote against licenses was generally given in those towns where there was the most drinking, and that in those towns, and indeed generally, persons who had been in the habit of drinking, now drank harder than ever, apparently out of spite, and to show that they could drink if they pleased, and would, law or no law. He therefore remarked that he never saw so many drunken men in his life. When he landed from the steambot, the men who ferried him over the river were drunk; when he left the small boat the man who took him up into the village kept his horses on the run, and drunk as a lord, prided himself on driving within a few inches of the edge of the road without precipitating his load, a hundred feet down a ravine. Every body, in short, seemed to be intoxicated; witnesses and parties came in court half seas over. One witness fell in his whole length when leaving the stand; another got asleep in court, rolled off the bench, and had to be carried out of the room—and another was so very "jolly," as they called it, he could not give his testimony in a sober word at all. One afternoon of a delightful day, early in the season, after the court had adjourned, the Judge was sitting on the porch of his hotel, with several gentlemen around him, whose attention he was calling to the number of drunken men then within sight; and he and they were speculating upon the effect of the law, and upon the odd sort of feeling which had produced such a result, when a man came up to them most particularly tipsy. He had some business with one of the party, and, boozing as he was, showed that he was a smart, shrewd fellow, and withal full of fun. When he had got through his business, the Judge said to him—
"I suppose, my friend, you didn't vote on the 'No License' side, this election?"
"Didn't I, by —?" was the reply; "yes I did though, I tell you."
"You did!" inquired the Judge; "how did that happen?"
"Why, Judge, I'll tell you what it is," hiccupped the fellow, "I'm a pretty likely man, when I let liquor alone; it's only when I get rum aboard of me that I make a fool of myself."
"Well, why don't you let it alone, then?"
"Oh! you see Judge, that's easier said than done. When I'm any where's where it is, I must have it; so I voted to shut 'em all up."
"It's a great pity," said the Judge, "for so shrewd and intelligent a man as you seem to be, to have acquired such a habit. What has done it?"
"Oh! you see, Judge, I was constable five or six years, and then deputy sheriff three years, and then sheriff three years, and then constable again; so I've been about a good deal among the boys, and got to drinking, and now I can't stop. Judge, I'll tell you what," he continued, with an apparent change of the subject that no one could account for, "I am the universal horse-doctor down in the Highlands, where I live, and if any body's horse gets sick they come to me. The other day a fellow came to me and said his horse was sick. I asked him what was the matter with his horse? He said he wouldn't drink, and he asked me, what he could do to make him drink. I told him to elect him constable, by thunder—he'd drink then fast enough! I'd tried it, you see, and know!"

The Dead Shot.

Old Gordon, the merchant, sat one afternoon recently in his counting room, sleepily gazing at the columns of a daily journal, and was gradually growing indifferent to all things around him through the medium of a pleasant doze, when he was aroused by an unusual noise outside of the window, and rising cautiously to his feet, he peered earnestly into the small back yard adjoining.— This attracted the notice of one of his junior partners, who coming quietly behind him, and gazing over his shoulder a moment without seeing anything to satisfy his curiosity, earnestly inquired the cause of the excitement. The old gentleman motioning him to silence, whispering in his ear, said,—*"There's a rat in the spout!"* and rubbing his hands with quiet satisfaction, intimated also his intention of killing the reptile.

Down stairs into the yard, on tip-toe, went old Gordon, followed as quietly by the junior—and surely enough, there evidently appeared to be something scratching its way up the tin channel to his roof.

"Rap the spout with a stick!" says the old gent, which was promptly done; but no rat came forth: A stick was poked in from below, but without the desired effect, though the inmate appeared to be thrown into a great state of excitement.

In the midst of this gymnastic exercise, it suddenly occurred to the old gent that he had nothing to operate effectively with, in case they ejected the intruder; so the junior was despatched to bring the old gun out of the fire-proof, and slip a few buck-shot into it; and a few moments served to mount the old gent upon the window sill, of the adjacent coal-hole, poising skillfully in his hand a terrific looking shooting iron, as long as himself.

"Now its coming!" shouted the junior, exultingly; and the old gent brought the piece promptly to his shoulder, trembling the while with the most intense earnestness, just as a dark object rushed from the spout. *Slap! bang!* went the shooting iron, and the old gentleman pitched back violently through the window. The smoke and report perfectly bewildered the junior, who recovered himself just in time to see old Gordon's head above the window ledge, with his face beautifully tattooed with charcoal, and hear him exclaim anxiously—
"Is it killed?"

"Dead as a door-nail!" shouted a voice above their heads, and, gazing up in astonishment, they saw the head of an urchin poked over the roof, while his outspread fingers gazed pleasantly from the end of his nose. The junior, seized with a sudden suspicion, hurried to the corner where the shot was lodged, and, looking down, exclaimed with some embarrassment—
"Why, it aint no rat, after all!"
"Why!" said the old gent, doubtingly—"gracious me; what is it, then?"
"By thunder!" says the junior, darting through the door—"it's only a stone with a string tied round it."—*Phil. Sunday Dispatch.*

GRAVEL ROOF.—There is over 100,000 feet of gravel roofing in Cincinnati, Ohio. One or more firms make it a regular business to attend to the roofing of houses with gravel. It is said to be proof against both fire and water.

Dreams.

The Yankee blade says—Those who believe in dreams as foreshadowing coming events, will give us their eternal thanks, we trust, for copying the annexed list of "signs." Every one of them has been tried and proved infallible:

To dream of a millstone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you marry an extravagant wife.

To see apples in a dream betokens a wedding; because where you find apples, you may reasonably expect pairs.

To dream that you are lame, is a token that you will get into a hobble.

When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue the use of tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.

If you dream of a clock, it is a token you will gain great credit—that is, tick.

To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that all the lights in your house are out before you go to bed.

To dream of walking barefoot, denotes a journey that will be bootless.

To dream of eggs, is a sign that you will discover a mare's nest.

Additional Curiosities.

A receipt in full of the dew of eve.
Copy of a temperance paper printed on a cider press.

A leg of a toad-stool.
Rattle used by the Christian Watchman.

A pig from the pen that was mightier than the sword.
Knot from the board of Foreign Missions.
The bowsprit of a dog's bark.

The Showman Outwitted.

A SKETCH OF THE PRIMATIVE MENAGERIE

The menagerie was in town. A rare occurrence was an exhibition of the wild beasts, lions, tigers, polar bears, and ichneumons, &c. at Baltimore, at the early day of which we are writing, yet they came occasionally, and this time were visited by old Nat Wheatley, a jolly, weatherbeaten boatman, well known in Baltimore as an inveterate joker, who never let any one get to the windward of him. He was furthermore a stutler of the first class.

Nat visited the menagerie.

As he entered, the showman was stirring up the monkey and tormenting the lion, giving elaborate descriptions of the various propensities and natural peculiarities of each and all.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, this, I say, is the Afrikin Lion. A noble beast he is, ladies and gentlemen, as is called the king of the forest. I have often heard that he makes nothing of devouring young creatures, of every description, when at home in the woods. Certing it is that no other beast can whip him!"
"M-m-mister?" interrupted Wheatley, d-do y-you say he ca-a-n't be whipped?"
"I duz," said the man of lions and tigers.

"Wha-at 'ill you bet I ca-ant fetch a critter wha'll whip him?"
"I aint 'a bettin' man, at all. But I don't object to takin' a small bet to that effect."

"I'll b-b-bet I ca-an f-f-fetch somethin' that'll whip him. Wha-at s-say to a hundred d-d-dollars?"

Now there were several merchants in the crowd who knew Wheatley well, and were fully convinced that if the bet was made, he was sure of winning. So he had no difficulty in finding "backers," one of them told him he would give him ten gallons of rum if he won.

The menagerie man glanced at his lion.— There he crouched in his cage, his shaggy mane bristling, and his tail sweeping, the very picture of grandeur and majesty. The bribe was tempting and he felt assured.

"Cering, sir, cering; I have no objections to old Hercules, taking about with any critter you may fetch."

"Ve-ve-very well," said Nat, "it's a b-bet." The money was planked up, and the next night was designated for the terrible conflict. The news was spread over Baltimore, and at an early hour the boxes of the spacious theatre were filled—the pit being cleared for the affray.

Expectation was on tip-toe, and it was with great impatience that the crowd awaited the arrival of Wheatley. He at length entered, bearing a large bag or sack on his shoulders, which as he let it fall upon the floor was observed to contain some remarkable hard and heavy substance. The keeper looked on with indignation.

"Where's your animal?" he inquired.

"Th-th-ther," said Nat, pointing with his finger at the bag.

"Well what is it?" asked the man with increasing astonishment.

"Th-th-that, l-l-ladies and gen'lemen," said Nat, gesticulating like the showman, "is a wh-wh-whimhammer!"

"A whimhammer?" echoed the keeper.— "That's certainly a new feature in zoology and anatomy. A whimhammer! well let him out, and clear the ring, or old Hercules may make a mouthful of both of you."

The keeper was excited.

Accordingly Nat raised the bag, holding the aperture downwards, and out rolled a huge snapping turtle, while the cheers and laughter of the audience made the arches ring.

"There he is!" said Wheatley, as he tilted the 'Whimhammer,' over with both hands, and set him on his legs. The snapper seemed unconscious of his peril.

Wheatley was about leaving the ring when the keeper swore that his lion should not disgrace himself by fighting such a pitiable foe.

"V-very well," said Nat, "if y-y-you ch-choose to g-give me the hu-undred dollars—"

"But it's unfair!" cried the shoman.

The audience interposed and insisted upon the fight. There was no escape, and the showman reluctantly released the lion making himself secure on the top of the cage.

The majestic beast moved slowly around the ring, snuffing and lashing, while every person held his breath in suspense. Lions are prying beasts, and this one was not long in discovering the turtle, which lay on the floor, a huge inanimate mass. The lion soon brought his nose in close proximity to it, which the turtle not liking, popped out his head, and rolled its eyes, while a sort of wheeze issued from its savagous mouth. The lion jumped back, turned, and made a spring at the critter, which was now fully prepared for his reception. As the lion landed on him, the turtle fastened his terrific jaws on the lion's nostrils rendering him powerless to do harm—yet with activity of limb, he bounded around the circle, growled, roared, and lashed himself, but the snapper hung on, seeming to enjoy the ride vastly.

"Go it, whimhammer!" cried Wheatley from the boxes.

The scene was rich.

The showman was no less enraged than the

lion. Drawing his pistol, he threatened Nat with terrible threats, that if he didn't take his turtle off, he'd shoot him.

"Ta-ta-take him off yourself!" shouted Nat in reply.

At this critical moment, by dint of losing a portion of his nose, the lion shook his dangerous foe from him, and clearing the space between himself and the cage with a bound, he slunk quietly in, to chew the bitter cud of defeat and pain.

It was a fair fight, all declaring that the 'whimhammer' was the victor. The money was paid to Nat, who left the theatre, delighted at the success of his whim. The next morning he carried his turtle to market and sold him.— So this valiant champion, after conquering the king of beasts, served to make a dinner for Baltimore epicures.

[All that is herein written is supposed to be true, though highly colored and is doubtless 'green in the memory' of many old citizens of the monumental city.]

If We only had a Piano.

A SHORT STORY WITH A GOOD MORAL.

"This is pleasant," exclaimed a young husband, taking his seat cozily in the rocking chair, as the tea-things were removed. The fire glowed in the grate, revealing a prettily and neatly furnished sitting-room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying, what he had all day been anticipating, the delights of his own fireside. His pretty wife Esther took her work and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he said, again taking a satisfactory survey of his snug little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he thought he felt really grateful for all his present enjoyments.

"Now, if we only had a piano!" said the wife.

"Give me the music of your own sweet voice before all the pianos in creation," he declared complimentarily, despite a secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

"Well, but we want one for our friends," said Esther.

"Let our friends come and see us, and not to hear a piano!"

"But, George, everybody has a piano, now-a-days; we don't go anywhere without seeing a piano."

"And yet I don't know what we want one for; you will have no time to play on one, and I don't like to hear it."

"Why, they are so fashionable—I think our room looks naked without one."

"I think it looks just right."

"I think it looks very naked—we want a piano shockingly," protested Esther.

The husband rocked violently.

"Your lamp smokes, my dear," he said after a long pause.

"When are you going to get a solar lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we need one," said Esther pettishly.

"Those will do."

"But you know, everybody now-a-days wants solar lamps."

"Those lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw; they were bought at Boston."

"But, George, I do not think our room is complete without a solar lamp," said the wife, sharply—they are so fashionable. Why, the D—s, B—s, and A—s, all have them. I am sure we ought to.

"We ought to, if we take pattern by other people's expenses. And I don't see any reason for that. We want to live within our means," exclaimed George.

"I am sure I should think we could afford it as well as the B's, and L's, and many others we might mention; we do not wish to appear mean."

"George's cheek crimsoned. "Mean! I am not mean!" he cried angrily.

"Then you do not wish to appear so," said the wife. "To complete this room and make it like others, we want a piano and a solar lamp."

"We want—we want!" muttered the husband; "there's no satisfying woman's wants, do what you may!" and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma! How many homes and husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions. How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin, in order to gratify this secret hankering after fashionable necessities! If the real cause of many a failure could be made known, it would be found to result from useless expenditure at home—expenses to answer the demands of fashion, and 'what will people say of us?'

"My wife has made my fortune," said a gentleman of great possessions, 'by her thrift, prudence and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"And mine has lost my fortune," said his companion, bitterly, 'by useless extravagance, and repining when I was doing well.' What a world does this open of the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence, and try to use it wisely.

Be satisfied to commence small. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with; adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further, and visit the homes of the poor and suffering; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of the comforts and refinements of social life; then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and ready to appreciate that toil and self-denial which he has endured in his business with the world to surround you with all the delights of home. Then you will be ready to co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses, that his mind will not be constantly harassed with fears lest family expenditures may encroach upon public payments.

Be independent. A young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than she does to resist that arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A's and B's, decide what you must have, neither let them hold the strings of your purses. You know best what you can and ought to afford; then decide with strict integrity according to your means. Let not the censures or the approval of the world ever tempt you to buy what you hardly think you can afford. It matters little what they think, provided you are true to yourself and family.

Thus pursuing an independent, straight forward, consistent course of action, there will spring up peace and joy all around you. Satisfied and happy yourself, you will make your husband so, and your children will feel the warm and sunny influence. Happy at home, your husband can go out into the world with a clear head and self-relying spirit; domestic bickering will not sour his heart, and he will return to you again with a confident and unceasing love. Depend upon it, beauty, wit, accomplishments, have far less to do with family comfort, than prudence, economy and good sense. A husband may get tired of admiring, but never with the comfortable consciousness that his receipts exceed his demands.

When you have done eating your dinner, always pick your teeth with your fork; it is a prodigious saving of goose-quills.

A MONSTER BEDBUG.—Barnum the proprietor of the American Museum in this city, is a droll fellow. Among the natural curiosities which he has lately added to his collection, is a live bedbug from Chagres, said to be nearly as large as a powder platter! Cockroaches and centipedes protect us! whoever heard of such a monster? We suppose he must have carried the young negroes around on his back, and made a meal off them at leisure.

New York Dispatch.

"Father," said a four year old child, "I think you are a fool."
"Why my child?"
"Because you have brought that baby here when mother is sick, and you have to get a woman to take care of it."
"Go rock the cradle, Lucy, no more of your jabber."

Secrets of the Inquisition.

The correspondent of the London Daily News describes a visit he had to the many small, dark and damp dungeons of the inquisition at Rome, which have lately been thrown open to the public. It is out of the beaten track behind St. Peter's.— The correspondent says:—

The officer in charge led me down to where the men were digging in the vaults below; they had cleared a downward flight of steps, which was choked up with old rubbish, and had come to a series of dungeons under the vaults deeper still, and which immediately brought to my mind the prisons of the Dodge under the Canal of the Bridge of Sighs at Venice, only that here and there was a surpassing horror. I saw embedded in old masonry, unsymmetrically arranged five skeletons in various recesses, and the clearance had only just begun; the period of their insertion in this spot must have been more than a century and a half. From another vault, full of skulls and scattered human remains, there was a shaft about four feet square ascending perpendicularly to the first floor of the building, and ending in a passage of the hall of the chancery, where a trap door lay between the tribunal and the way into a suite of rooms destined for one of the officials. The object of this shaft could admit of but one surmise. The ground of the vault was made up of decayed animal matter, a lump of which held embedded in it a long silken lock of hair, as I found by personal examination as it was shoveled up from below. But this is not all, there are two large subterranean lime-kilns, if I may so call them, shaped like a bee hive in masonry, filled with layers of calcined bones, forming the substratum of two other chambers on the ground floor in the immediate vicinity of the very mysterious shaft above mentioned.