

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1849.

No. 1.

Published by **Dorothea Schoch.**

Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars quarterly, 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 proprietors, will be charged 25 cents per year, extra. The paper is discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertion. The charge for one and two squares the same. A liberal discount made to yearly subscribers. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

**JOB PRINTING.**  
A general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

**FANCY PRINTING.**  
Cards, Citations, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.  
Printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

(From the Philadelphia Sun.)  
**I Like an Open, Honest Heart.**

I like an open, honest heart,  
Where frankness loves to dwell,  
Which has no place for base deceit,  
Nor hollow words can tell;  
But in whose throbbing plain are seen,  
The import of the mind,  
Whose gentle breathings utter nought,  
But accents true and kind.  
I scorn the one whose empty acts,  
And honied words of art  
Betray the feelings of the soul,  
With perfidy's keen dart;  
No more kind friends in such confide,  
Nor in their kindness trust,  
For black ingratitude but turns,  
Pure friendship to disgust.  
Contempt is but a gentle word,  
A feeling far too mild,  
For one who confidence betrays,  
And guilt has sore beguiled;  
That hate which hellish fiends evince,  
When in dark torments toss'd,  
Is not more loathsome to the soul,  
Than one to honor lost.  
Then give me one with heart as free,  
And generous as the air,  
Whose ready hand and greeting kind,  
Give proof that truth is there;  
Whose smiling countenance well shows,  
Affection warm is found,  
And spirits pure as Saints, whose notes,  
Through heavens' vaults resound.

**Southern Cholera Anecdote.**

One cannot be struck with the great disproportion in the number of whites and blacks carried off by the cholera at the south, and the *Richmond Republican* says that at least five blacks die to one white; and gives as the reason, that they do not control their appetites and live prudently. In addition to this, they nearly all believe that a man's fate is fixed, and that it is scarcely worth his while to try and avoid it. The *Republican* relates the following:—  
"What is amusing even in so serious a matter as an attack of the cholera, is the uniform pertinacity with which the colored subjects will deny to their medical attendants that they have eaten anything which could make them sick. An eminent physician of our city informed us that on being called to a negro suddenly attacked with cholera, he asked him whether he had been eating fruit or vegetables. 'Oh, no, Sir,' was the reply, 'nothing of the kind.' What, have you eat no apples or cherries? 'No, no,' said the negro, 'I never eat any time of the year.' Well, I believe you have,' said the Doctor, 'and I'll prove it in a short time.' The physician administered a vomit, the result of which was the ejection of about a quart of apples, stems, seed and all! 'Well,' said the Doctor, 'I thought you told me you had not been eating apples. Look at those. Are they not apples?' 'They does look like 'em, Sir.'—'Are they not apples?' 'Yes, Sir, they are, that's a fact.' 'Well, how did they get into you, if you did not eat 'em?' 'Please God, Massa, I don't know, but I never ate anything of the kind.'  
"The conclusion to which our medical friend came was that 'the only way to get the truth out of negro is to vomit it out of him, if he won't own it.'"

One of the most beautiful Gems in oriental literature is contained in a passage from a Persian poet, Sadi, quoted by Sir W. Jones, the sentiment of which is embodied in the following lines:  
The sandal tree perfumes when riven,  
The axe that laid it low,  
Let man who hopes to be forgiven,  
Forgive and bless his foe.

Married, at Sheepstown, in Bear county, Feb. 18, by Rev. Mr. Wolf, Mr. Silas Lion to Miss Sarah Lamb.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.  
**How Capt. Simon Suggs Escaped from an Alabama Sheriff.**

It was a bland September morning, in a year that need not be specified, that the Captain, standing in the West door of the court house at Dadeville, perceived Sheriff Ellis merging therefrom, a bundle of papers in his hand, and looking as if he desired to execute some sort of a *capias*.—The Cap. instantly bethought him that there was an indictment pending against himself for gaming, and began to collect his energies for an emergency.—The sheriff hailed him at the same moment and requested him to hold on.

'Stop, Ellis—right thar in your tracks as the bullet said to the buck,' Suggs responded, 'them dockyments look *benemous*.'  
'No use,' said the officer—'sooner or later you must be taken; dog-face Billy Towns is here and he'll go your security.'  
'Keep off, I tell you, Ellis; I ain't safe to-day—the old woman's coffee was cold this mornin'; it fretted me. If you've got anything agin' me, keep it till court—I'll be thar—waive all formalities you know.'

'D—d if I waive any thing,' replied the sheriff advancing. 'I'll put you whar I can find you when wanted.'  
Suggs drew an old revolving pistol, whereupon the sheriff paused.  
'The blood,' shouted the captain, 'of the high sheriff of Tallapoosa county be upon his own head. If he crowds on to me, I give fair warnin', I'll discharge said *revolvin* pistol seven several and distinct times, as nigh into the curl of his forehead as the nature of the case will admit.'

For a moment the sheriff was intimidated; but recollecting that Capt. Suggs had a religious dread of carrying loaded fire arms about his person, although he often sported them for effect, he briskly resumed his stride, and the captain hurling his "*revolver*" at his head at once fell into a "killing pace," towards the rack where stood his pony "Button."

The sheriff's horse, by chance, was tied at the same rack, but a wag of a fellow catching Suggs' idea, unhitched the pony, threw the bridle over his neck, and held it ready to be mounted; so that the captain was in his saddle, and his nag at half speed, ere the sheriff put his foot in the stirrup.

The chase was a long and a hot one, and the sheriff gradually gained on Suggs until their arrival at the crossing at Eagle creek, when the latter suddenly turned his pony's head down the stream, and before the sheriff had arrived at the brink, he was out of sight in the bushes.

Poor Ellis was fairly beaten. He plunged his horse into the swamp to try and head off the victorious Suggs, but the mud was so soft that after floundering about a little while, he gave up the chase in despair, and turned his horse's head homeward.

Meantime Capt. Suggs kept his course down the creek, talking to himself:—'Wonder how far 'tis down to the Bend! This creek makes into the river about a mile below it they say. I judge if my old woman knew whar I was goin', and who I was going to see, she'd make the yearth shake. But she don't know; it's a principle that Providence has put into the bosom of a man—leastways all men—to run on and talk a heap afore their wives, to mak' 'em believe they're *turnin' wrong side out before 'em* and yet not tell 'em the fust blessed word of truth.—It's a wise thing in Providence, too. Wonder if I'll ketch that Jim Sparks, jewlarkin' round Betsey, down at old Bob's!'

On the morning after the occurrence of the adventures we have narrated, Capt. Suggs sat in a long trim built Indian canoe, which was moored to the north bank of the Tallapoosa river. Near him sat Miss Betsey Cockerell. She sat facing the captain, on a board laid across the gunwales of the boat. Miss Betsey was a bouncing girl, plump, firm and saucy, with a mischievous rolling eye, and a sharp word forever at her tongue's end. She seemed to be coquetting with the paddle she held in her hand, and occasionally would strike it on the water, so as to besprinkle Captain Suggs, much to his annoyance.

'Oh, Captain, you do persuade me to promise you so hard. And Jim Sparks says you're married; and if you ain't you mought 'a been twenty years ago; you're old enough.' (Splash.)

'Dang it, mind how you throw your water! Jim Sparks is a triflin' dog—if I have got a wife, Betsey, she's goin' mighty fast.'

'Goin' whar?' asked Betsey, striking the water again.

'Confound your paddle! can't you keep still? Providence is goin' to take her home, Betsey—she's dwindled down to a shadder with that cough and one thing and another. She ain't long for this world,' he added mournfully; 'and if you will only make up your mind—the devil take that paddle!—you'll turn over the boat and throw me into the river!—make up a mind to step into her shoes it looks like it would sort o' reconcile me to

lose her; and here a tear leaked out of each corner of the captain's eyes.

'Oh, captain,' said Betsey, half shutting one eye, and looking quizzical; 'thar's so many good looking young fellows about, I hate to give 'em up. I like you captain, but thar's Bill Edwards and Jet Wallis and Jim Sparks, and—'

'Good lookin'! Jet Wallis and Jim Sparks! Why, Jet's mouth is no better than a hole made in the fore part of his head with a claw hammer—and as for Jim Sparks, he's got the face of a tarrier dog.'

'Do you count *yourself* good lookin'?' asked Betsey with great *naivete*.

'Gal!' replied Suggs with dignity, 'did you ever see me in my uniform? with my silver epauletts on my shoulders! and my red sash round my waist! and the sword that Governor Bagby give me, with the gold scabbard abangin'!'

Just at this moment a step was heard, and before the captain and Betsey had recovered from the shock of the intrusion, sheriff Ellis stepped into the boat, and asserted that Suggs was his prisoner.

'Treed at last,' said the captain; 'but it's no use frettin'; the ways of Providence is mysterious. but whar did you cross, Ellis?'

'Oh, I knew you'd be about the old lick log, fishin' with Betsey. I'll turn the kunnoe loose, and Bets will take us across. I crossed at Hambrick's ferry, left my horse on t'other side, and come down on you like a mink on a satin lien.—Come! come! it's time we were off to Dadesville.'

'Providence is agin' me,' sighed the captain; 'I'm pulled up with a short jerk in the middle of my kurreer. Well but,' he continued musing—'spose a feller tries it on his own hook—no harm in takin' all chances—I ain't in jail yet.'

A few yards below the boat landing there grew out of the bank an immense water oak, projecting over the river at an angle of about forty-five degrees. A huge muscadine vine entwined the oak in every part, its branches and tendrils covering it like net work. The grapes were now ripe and hung over the river

—"in bacchanal profusion—  
Purple and gushing."

Betsey allowed the canoe to drop down slowly, just outside of where the tips of the lower branches of the tree dallied with the rippling water.—The fruit attracted the sheriff's eye and appetite, and reaching out an arm he laid hold of a branch and began to "pluck and eat."

'Dang the grapes!' said Suggs angrily; 'let's go on!'

'Keep cool,' said the sheriff, 'I'll fill my pockets first.'  
'Be in a hurry, then, and if you will, gather the darn'd things reach up and pull down them big bunches up thar'—pointing to some fine clusters higher than the sheriff could reach, as he stood up in the boat—'pull the vines down to you!'

The sheriff tried but the vines resisted his utmost strength; so crying 'steady!' he pulled himself up clear of the boat, and began to establish a footing among the foliage.

At this moment captain Suggs made no remark orally, but his eye said to Betsey, as plainly as eye could talk, 'hit her a lick back, my gal!'

Silently the paddle went into the water Betsey leaning back, with lips compressed and in a second the canoe shot back ten feet out from the tree, and the sheriff was left dangling among the vines!

'Stop your blasted jokes!' roared the officer.

'Keep cool, old Tap-my-shoulder; thar's jist the smallest grain of a joke in this here, that you ever seed. It's the coldest sort of arnest.'

'What shall I do? How shall I get out of this?' asked Ellis piteously.

'I can't swim a lick—how deep is it?'

Suggs seemed to ruminate, and then replied—  
'From—say—fifteen—yes, at least fifteen—to about twenty-five feet.—Ugly place!'

'Great God,' said poor Ellis, 'you certainly won't leave me here to drown, my strength is failing already.'

'If I don't,' said the captain, most emphatically, 'I wish I may be landed into a thousand foot ditch,' and saying a word to Betsey, the boat shot rapidly across the river.

Kissing his companion as he stepped out of the boat, Suggs sought Button, who was tied in a thicket near by, and mounting, pursued his homeward way.

'Never despair,' he said to himself, as he jogged along—'never despair! Honesty, a bright watch out, a hand in your fingers and one in your lap, with a little grain of help from Providence, will always fetch a man through! Never despair! I've been hunted and tracked, and dogged like a cussed wolf, but the Lord purvided, and my worst *inimy* has tuck a tree! Git up, Button, you blasted flop-eared Injun!'

A chap was asked what kind of a 'gal' he preferred for a wife; one, he said, that wasn't prodi-gal—but fru-gal—a true gal and suited to his conju-gal taste.

**The Bull and the Anaconda.**

We find in an English magazine an account by a British officer, of an encounter between a wild bull and the immense serpent called Anaconda, of which the writer says he was an eye witness. In the first meeting the bull thinking the snake an ugly customer, cantered off and left him—tramping down the scattered fallen branches with a tremendous crash. But on a sudden, a still louder and rattling rush was heard among the palms, and with a single spring the snake darted down like a thunder clap, and twisted itself with her whole body round the devoted bull. Before the animal was yet aware of his danger, he already felt his dewlaps inclosed between the wide expanded jaws of the monster, and her teeth struck into it deeply.—Roaring aloud he endeavored to flee; and succeeding in dragging his tormentor, a few yards with him; but instantly she coiled herself around him to three or four wide folds; and drew these knots so close together that the entangled beast was incapable of moving; and remained as if rooted to the place, already strugling with the terrors and pangs of death. The noise of this extraordinary contest had been sufficient to put the remaining wild cattle to flight.

Unequal as was the strife it was not over instantly. The noble beast wanted not spirit to defend himself, nor was his strength easily exhausted. Now he rolled himself on the ground, and endeavored to crush the enemy with his weight; he swelled every nerve and exerted the power of every muscle to burst the fetters in which his limbs were enveloped; he stamped, he bit, he reared, he pawed up the earth, he foamed at the mouth, then dashed himself on the ground with convulsive struggles. But every moment the Anaconda's teeth imprinted on his flesh new wounds; with every moment she drew her folds tighter, till after struggling for a full quarter of an hour, I at length saw the poor animal stretched out at full length and breathless, totally deprived of motion and life.

Now then I expected to see the Anaconda gratify the hunger by which she had been so long tormented; but I was ignorant that it is not the custom of this animal to divide its prey; but to swallow it in one enormous morsel.—The size of the murdered bull made this impossible without much preparation; and I now learned from the snake's proceedings, the necessity which there was for her always remaining in the neighborhood of some large tree. She again seized the bull with her teeth, and dragged it to the foot of the palm. Here she endeavored to place it upright leaning against the trunk. Having effected this, she enveloped the tree and the carcass together in one great fold, and continued to draw this closer, till she had broken every individual bone in her victim's body into a thousand pieces, and had actually reduced it into a mass of flesh.

In due time the Anaconda had fully prepared her victim for gorging, by covering the entire carcass with her slime. The act of swallowing, however, was not accomplished without violent efforts; a full hour elapsed before she had finished her dreadful meal; at length the carcass was entirely swallowed, and she stretched herself out at full length in the grass, with her stomach distended to the most astonishing dimensions. Every trace of her former liveliness and activity had disappeared.

Her immoderate appetite had now yielded her up, impotent and defenseless, a prey even to the least formidable foe. I did not hesitate to discharge my musket at a moderate distance. The ball struck her close by her eye. She felt herself wounded; her body swelled with spite and venom, and every stripe of her variegated skin shone with more brilliant and vivid colors. But as to revenging herself upon her assailant, of that she was now totally incapable. She made one vain attempt to regain her old retreat among the boughs of the palm trees, but sank down again upon the grass motionless and helpless. The report of my musket was the signal agreed upon to give notice to the expectant crowd that they might approach without danger. Every one now rushed towards the snake with loud shouting and clamorous joy. We all at once attacked her, and she soon expired under a thousand blows. The carcass of the snake was then cut up and divided among the natives who had assisted in the slaughter, as the flesh of this enormous snake is there looked upon as most delicious food.

**STEAMER NEW WORLD—GREAT SPEED.**  
The Steamboat New World, Capt. Roe, made a great trip Thursday. She left her berth in New York at 13 minutes past 7 A. M. and landed her passengers in Albany at 3 1/2 P. M., making all her landings, and running through in 8 hours and 17 minutes! She came to Caldwell (45 miles) in 1 hour 55 minutes; to Newburgh (60 miles) in 2h. 42m. She lost more than 30 minutes in landing, so that her running time to Poughkeepsie was within three hours! From Poughkeepsie up her speed was gradually slackened, as she came into the narrow channel and shallow water.

Beware to whom you commit the secrets of your mind.

**Remarkable Natural Curiosity.**

One of the most remarkable natural curiosities in the vicinity of Mobile is what is called the "Thundering Spring," about twelve miles from the city. The country is considerably elevated above the level of the rivers, and is mainly of a sandy formation. The spring or rather its embouchure is apparently about three or four feet in diameter, and the fluid has an uncertain motion, like the ebullitions on the surface of boiling water, throwing up with it a pure white sand. The remarkable characteristics of it are a low, rumbling, irregular noise exactly like distant thunder, and a tremulous or nervous motion of the earth, which is also irregular. The ground for many yards in the vicinity of the spring is constantly shaking in this way, leaving an impression of insecurity and extensive hollows beneath the surface.—The water issues from the side of a declivity, which presents the appearance for some distance of having sunk several feet below the original surface. The volume of water that issues from it is not so great as one would suppose without examining the stream as it runs off. This deception originates in the paroxysms of the spring, which casts up huge bubbles mixed with sand that falls back into the basin, without being carried off. There has been a good deal of philosophy uttered on this subject by the numerous visitors to the place, but none that seems to give a very clear solution of the phenomenon. If some one had curiosity enough to open a sluice so as to let the sand that is thrown up be floated off from the source, in a very short time we should have the cause exposed to the eye. That, however, would destroy the charm of the place, and put an end to the many pleasant parties which congregate there in the summer. We have no doubt that the surface of the spring has been much higher than it is at present, and that it has sunk several feet. From the rumbling, sullen noise, too, there are in all probability great hollows beneath, which will cause the surface to fall many feet farther. The spring certainly is worthy of visiting. It furnishes, we imagine, a very excellent notion of an earthquake in a small way.—*Mob. Tribune.*

**Massachusetts Figs.**

The Boston Transcript, in an interesting article on the subject of horticulture, in a description of the garden, green-house, and varieties of fruit, of Mr. Allen, of Salem, whose successful devotion to horticultural pursuits is well known, says:

"Mr. Allen has a fig tree that is a curiosity. It fills the entire back wall of one of his houses, and is trained in the same way as a peach, the branches stretching right and left from the trunk some 30 or 40 feet, and is very vigorous. This variety is the black fig of St. Michael. It is now in fruit with the third crop for the season. Upwards of 3000 figs, by count, have been gathered the present season, and it is still yielding its delicious fruit in abundance.—When fully ripe, this fig bursts with its own richness. The fruit is fine, and a good variety for forcing. There are several other varieties of figs growing in the house, but none so prolific as the St. Michael.

"The growing of fruit under glass is quite extensive in Massachusetts, and a vast amount of wealth is invested in this delightful branch of industry. There is probably more fruit growing in Massachusetts than in all the other States of the Union, and there is a ready demand for all that is grown. Our cultivators frequently have orders from the South and the West Indies for grapes, which command a high price. No grower has been more successful than Mr. Allen, and his establishment is such, at the present time, as to yield him a handsome return for his labors."

**BE KIND TO THE OLD.**—Be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for thou knowest not what suffering they may have endured, or how much it may still be their portion to bear. Are they querulous or unreasonable? allow not thine anger to kindle against them, rebuke them not, for doubtless many and severe have been the crosses and trials of earlier years; and perchance their dispositions, while in the spring time of life, were more gentle and flexible than thine own. Do they require aid of thee? Then render it cheerfully, and forgive; not that the time may come when thou may'st desire the same assistance from others, but that now thou renderest unto them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think it not hard if much is required at thine hand, lest when age has set his seal on thy brow, and filled thy limbs with trembling, others may wait upon thee unwillingly and feel relieved when the coffin lid has covered thy face for ever.—*Ex. Paper.*

A few weeks since, a good humored Irishman applied to an English merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long, though not unusual date, and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days to run: "That's true," replied the Irishman, "but then you don't consider how short the days are at this time of the year."