

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 10.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1849.

No. 8

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and 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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Jeffersonian Republican.

Stick to your Trade.

BY W. S. ANNABLE.

At the age of twenty-one, George Washington Smith was master of his trade; and eight years subsequently, sole proprietor of his master's establishment, and owner of a snug little domicile, free from all incumbrances, except a thrifty little wife, whose head and heart were overflowing with good sense and good nature, and who had blessed her husband with a lusty specimen of humanity in miniature—a boy growing in the sunshine of his seventh summer.

Now if there is a cluster of white cottages in Connecticut, half buried in the green umbrage of elms and maples, the census of whose inmates does not contain the name of Smith, you may safely set the village down as anti-vankee. I doubt whether in such a place the people go to meeting. Wherever you can detect a tapering church-spire, my word for it, the sound of the bell to which it vibrates, will reach the ears of a Smith—and ten chances to one that he is a deacon.

But the Smith with whom we have to do was a blacksmith. Who ever heard a story about a vulgar blacksmith? Nobody; and nobody in this fastidious age thinks of writing one; and yet I doubt if Achilles of worldwide renown, had ever been immortalized in Homeric song, but for a fabled blacksmith. Being a superior workman, Mr. Smith had never been necessarily idle, and, so far as known, never idle from inclination. Every body within his jurisdiction had their work done by him, or under his inspection; and as his customers generally paid well, it was naturally supposed that Smith was a money making man. So indeed he was, and always had been. But some evil spirit had allured him in the belief that he was not making money fast enough. He had possessed himself of the idea that fortune dropped her treasures into his apron rather grudgingly—dollar by dollar. The chick—chick—chick with intervals between, which made such agreeable music during his idleness, was now becoming more and more monotonous. His ears were itching for an unbroken siren chime. He longed to behold every burning spark that radiated from his anvil, moulded into current coins of similar color. But reason or experience convinced him that such phenomena, even in this wonder working age were not to be expected.

It must be acknowledged, to the disparagement of Smith, that he had an inordinate love for the "Root of all evil." Some within the periphery of his acquaintance had acquired large fortunes in a point of time, not much exceeding that which perfected the growth of Jonah's gourd, and were living at ease. This was the state to which Mr. Smith aspired—to which he looked forward with a good deal of satisfaction. And he had been narrowly searching for a by-way that would save him a life-long journey to the dominions of wealth. To accomplish his purposes, it was neither his desire nor design to abandon his trade—at least till he had reached the summit of his ambition—but to put another iron into the fire. Unfortunately (?) he possessed a surplus of that commodity usually called Yankee ingenuity. Had he expended it in his own line of business, he would probably have now been a richer though not a wiser man. Now this surplus commodity was expended in this wise. After much deliberation, in which he tasked his mechanical genius pretty severely, Smith became satisfied in his own mind that he could invent a threshing machine, which would be a decided improvement on any that had fallen under his inspection. Could it be done, his fortune was made. Accordingly he divined his schemes to his better half, and ventured to observe that he "would like to use one of her chambers for a workshop."

Mrs. Smith offered no serious objections to her husband's project, provided he did not make a pig's pen of the whole house. But she did but think that her husband had as much business on his hands as he could wade in. "I've quite a notion of," said Mr. S., "and I see no reason why we can't do as much to do as our neighbors, Martha."

"Nor I, if you always have as much to do as you have had, George."

"Always!" echoed George Washington, "why, my sinews are not made of iron, Martha. Do you think that I shall never grow old?"

"Oh no; I hope to see you quite a respectable old gentleman yet!" and Martha stroked the hair down her Smith's brow. There was rather too much local dust thereon, just then, to tempt her lips. "A pretty figure I should make," she added, "an old woman hanging on a young husband's arm. Oh yes, I hope you will grow old as fast as your little wife does."

"Never fear, little wife, never fear; I shall grow old fast enough, and crooked fast enough—anything but rich fast enough. But who will provide for us when we are too old to provide for

ourselves! Answer me that, little wife."

"He who provides for the ravens, stalwart husband; wont he? Answer me that."

"Oh—ah—yes; but if we don't do for ourselves, what then?"

"What then? Why, live on the fruits of our indolence and folly. What should we deserve better?"

"Nothing, nothing, to be sure; and if we don't lay by enough, when we can lay it by, to support us in our old age, whom have we to blame but ourselves?"

"Nobody, of course. For we are laying by. Every year we have laid up a capital little sum."

"Little enough, Martha, little enough. One, two, three, or hundred dollars a year. P-o-o! little wife."

"Well, that's something, I'm sure. Something worth the while, I think."

"Bah! we are getting rich like the crow that had to fill its pitcher with pebbles before he could get to the water!"

"Well he got to the water at last, didn't he?—Say, didn't he get to the water? Aha!" and the little wife playfully boxed her Smithy upon each ear alternately.

"Y-e-e-s!" stammered the stalwart husband; and he covered the assailed point with his brawny hands.

"Well, then, all we have to do is to follow the example of the crow to get what we want. If we are industrious, patient and persevering there will be no need of envying our rich neighbors. Let them enjoy their thousands in their own way.—They are not what happier than we, I'll be bound. As for you making a machine I haven't a bit of faith in it. You have a good trade, George, and have as much work as you can turn off; and I advise you to stick to it."

George was not ill-natured, but obstinate sometimes, especially when he had made up his mind. He couldn't help believing that his little wife had the best of the argument. The only reply he made was, "we'll think of it—we'll see;" and he left the house, apparently in a good humor.

Still he was determined to make a trial—George was, and in a few days, Martha's kitchen chamber—an impenetrable apartment withal for a thrifty housekeeper to give up all right and title to—was converted into a machine-shop—conditionally, mind you. No idea had Martha of living in a pig's pen—not she. So George was bound—iron-bound, (he said,) by solemn promise, to keep every shaving, every patcle of saw-dust within his own jurisdiction. This was agreed to while Martha was helping George to arrange his implements, &c.

Now Martha was none of your peevish, fretting, fault-finding, scolding wives; and having once expressed her opinions respecting her husband's intentions, and finding him still determined to carry on his plans, she readily lent him a helping hand. The work was begun in good earnest; and as Mr. Smith could not well be in two places at once, his anvil were handed over to the charge of his apprentices. The consequence was, that jobs accumulated on his hands, and were not completed when required.

The wind preceding a storm sighs like a breaking harp, and the laughter of a sylvan brook is subdued into a deep and ominous murmur. So, at length, among Mr. Smith's best customers, complaints were heard—but it was some time before it reached his ears, and when they did, no change was perceptible. The cause of Smith's neglect of business, no one could divine. The secret however, was out at last, and the curious flocked in to see the wonderful thresher. But "No Admittance" was written on Smith's features in such legible lines, that the visits were not repeated. That was not all. One by one, Smith's customers began to drop off, and patronize his rival over the way. Still the apprentices had plenty of work; and Smith, over the structure on which his fortune was to be built, toiled on. He employed his hands by day, and was the idol of his dreams by night. Setting the machinery in motion, in his sleep, he would throw into the receptacle, sheaf by sheaf, while to his inconceivable delight, every kernel that rolled out upon the floor was instantaneously moulded into a golden coin; and every bundle of straw—chaff and all—after being whipped about in the air, settled down in a huge package of bank notes of one thousand dollars each, payable on demand! Ugh! what an Astorian fortune was his! Suddenly a scream from his little wife dispels the vision, gold coins, bank notes, and all but the machine.

"George! George! Washington Smith! let go of my hair! Why what are you dreaming about!"

Mr. Smith released his hold of his imagined machine, and utters an apologetic groan, and dreams again.

At last the finishing stroke was given to the offspring of his genius, and nothing was now to be done but to test its utility. Mr. Smith's bosom swelled with pride and satisfaction as he surveyed its wheels and cranks moving with clock-like regularity. As he was one morning estimating the probable cost of the invention one of his neighbors halted to him.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith."

"Good morning, Major."

"Have you been down to Benson's to see his threshing machine?"

"The what?" Mr. Smith was astounded.

"The threshing machine. There's one in operation there, and they say it can thresh out grain as fast as two men can feed it."

"I don't believe it!" thundered Mr. Smith as his astonishment gave place to dismay. "I don't believe it."

Major Bliss had a great deal of blacksmithing done at Mr. Smith's shop but was among the first to withdraw his patronage, when he found the proprietor thereof had withdrawn his superintendence. And as he was the first to find out the secret of Mrs. Smith's kitchen chamber, he was also first, save one, to tell her husband that he had better stick to his trade. So the Major enjoyed his neighbors' confusion mightily, though he appeared not to notice it.

"Come," said he, blandly, "come, go down and see it; I'm going."

Mr. Smith could not well object to the proposition, and they went down.

There it stood in Benson's barn—a simple, beautiful, perfect model of a threshing machine, in full operation, with a half bushel in but rapidly filling with the shining grain, while on the opposite side stood the inventor, exulting in flourishing the sheaves and plunging them head foremost into the receiver.

"That works admirably!" exclaimed the Major, striking his palm together with enthusiasm.

"We had better examine a little before pronouncing judgment, Major," suggested Smith. "It may not always work as well."

"Ay, gentlemen," cried the inventor, "examine it throughout, from top to bottom, inside and out; keep an eye on its movements, and find an imperfection if you can. You can't do it, gentlemen. It can't be improved, no how. There never was a threshing machine invented that could hold a candle to it, and there never will be. I challenge the whole nation of Yankées—my kith and kin included—to bring forward anything to compare with it."

Every word of this harangue sank like lead upon Mr. Smith's heart, and his brilliant hopes sank with them. He saw at a glance the superiority of the invention before him to his own. He couldn't help seeing it. Fain would he have found some defect; but both inventor and invention defied him. And when the former mentioned the price of his machine, he was satisfied that it was all over with him. It was ten dollars less than his whole cost at the lowest estimate. This was a severe blow to Mr. Smith, but there was no help for it. Just as he was about to lay his eager hand upon the prize, it was snatched beyond his reach. But his determination to be rich was as unshaken as ever. He had resolved, and he would perform.

With a heavy step he returned to his home, and after brooding awhile over his disappointment, fell back upon his ingenuity.

A few weeks after, a finished corn-steller, ready to go into operation, was announced to Martha from the head of the stairs. "Come Martha, come, see how nicely it works. It does the business to a T."

Martha went. Mr. Smith presented his child with an ear of corn, and setting the machine in motion, the yellow kernels rattled out upon the floor, and the cob, like a newly sheared sheep, bounded half way across the floor. Another and another ear was presented, with the same result, and a triumphant "There little wife!" broke the inventor's lips.

Martha expressed herself pleased that the thing was done; but then her eye fell upon the huge machine, in an opposite corner, and it met her glance with a malicious and ominous grin. Still Martha was pleased.

Mr. Smith's next step was to get the thing patented; and in the meantime, two machinists were employed to manufacture several dozens after the original. But alas! he had not disposed of a half dozen, before he received indirect information that he was to be prosecuted for mechanical plagiarism. The long of the matter shortened was, that our Smith, in his last adventure sank a thousand dollars, lost a portion of his good temper, and caused his little wife a sad crying spell.

"I told you you had better stick to your trade," was the consoling salutation that greeted him wherever he went. He wondered why people couldn't mind their own business, and let his alone. His mortification and disappointment soon began to wear off; and in the same proportion his determination to become rich gathered strength.

"I wonder what is to come next?" sighed Martha, as she listened to the clang and clatter, the filing and grating overhead. "I should think that he had had enough of it."

But no; Mr. Smith was not yet satisfied with the acquisition made to his humble fortune. He had no reason to be. Day after day he toiled—nobody, not even Martha, knew what on. Before she was aware, the anxious wife would repeat to herself the exclamation she was constantly expecting to hear from the head of the stairs, "Come, Martha, come and see how nicely it works!"—But she never heard it again. All at once the clang and clatter ceased, and she heard her husband coming down stairs, as if conveying a heavy burden. With her heart in her mouth she turned to look out of the window. She had so soon done so, than her clear, musical laugh went ringing from room to room, like an echo striving to escape.

"What are you laughing at, Martha?" tartly inquired Mr. Smith, with a little confusion of face.

True to her Yankee birth, Martha replied to that question by asking another. "Why, George, what have you been doing now?" and she pinched her plump cheeks to conceal the roguish smiles.

"Inventing something new. And I don't think I have infringed on anybody's rights this time."

"But what is it? It is such an old looking thing."

"What should it be but a horse rake?"

"To rake horses, dear?"

"To rake hay. You know better than to ask such a question as that."

"Oh!"

"O-o-o-h! just as if you didn't know any better. To the barn, and to-morrow I will show something that'll make you 'oh' to some purpose!" So saying he took up his latest invention and stole away.

The morning came—a bright, clear day as ever shone. At an early hour in the afternoon Mr. Smith had everything in readiness. His horse was attached to the shafts, and G. Washington Smith, jr. was mounted.

"Now George, my boy," said Mr. Smith, stationing himself in the rear; "start ahead a little."

The rider loosened the rein with a chirrup.

"Steady, steady; hold him in. Saul of Tarsary!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, in an agony of delight, "how it rolls up the hay! Steady, George."

"Sure enough, how it rolled up the hay! It could hold no more; and Mr. Smith bore upon the lever that was to cause the apparatus to turn a sort of somerset, and leave its load behind, but it did not turn. He pressed harder, and some part giving

way it flew over against his horse's heels with the suddenness of thought. This diabolical assault upon his rear was repelled by the mettled steed with becoming splint. Mr. Smith sprang for the animal's head, but it was too late. Away went rider and horse, the latter strewing his path with splinters of his master's handiwork. But the alarmed father saw nothing, cared for nothing, but the son. What a fortune he would then have given to have his boy restored in safety to his arms.

George Washington, jr., struggled bravely to maintain his seat, and check the enraged animal that was bearing him with the speed of the wind over the field; but in vain. In a few seconds he was thrown.

"George! my dear boy! are you killed!" exclaimed the father, coming up at full speed and panting for breath. "Have I killed you?"

"I guess you'd think so," replied the little fellow, clasping his knees with both hands. "By darn! Pa, I'll never ride another horse rake for ye."

"No, you needn't. But let me see your knee." The wounded limb was bared. A slight bruise was the only injury he had received. Never did an angel go to his high abode burdened with such gratitude as gushed up from Mr. S's heart at that moment. Having satisfied himself that his son was not seriously hurt, he was enabled to breathe more freely and set out in pursuit of his horse.—Entering a copse of birch he came to a fence, and there, on the opposite side, lay the object of his search, with a broken stake plunged into his body. Mr. Smith laid hold of the bridle. "Dead!" muttered he between his teeth. He walked around him, "Dead, as sure as death!" He raised the animal's head. "Dead as a door nail!"

For a moment Mr. Smith reflected, then turned homeward, setting his foot down every step like a man determined to go on to some purpose. Proceeding directly to his workshop, he bolted the door, and presently such a clashing and crashing as Martha heard over her head, never before met her ears. It was too much for human endurance. Hastening to the door, and finding it secured, she applied her lips to the key-hole.

"George!"

A terrible blow was the only response from within.

"George Washington Smith!" in a more authoritative tone.

"What, Martha?"

"What in the name of all creation are you doing?"

"In the name of all creation I am inventing something new."

"Are you crazy?"

"Never more rational in my life."

"Let me in, then, and your ears shall tingle for this."

"My ears! Then I won't let you in."

"Then I won't let you out." And making the door doubly secure with her broom stick, Martha went down stairs humming a triumphant air, and Mr. Smith continued his work of demolition unmolested. At the expiration of half an hour, Martha heard her name called.

"Martha, would you like to come in now?"

"No, I thank you, I don't care about it."

There was a brief pause.

"Would you like to come out, Mr. Smith?"

"Come, Martha; I am in no mood for resting. Open the door and I will show you what I have invented."

Martha at length yielded and went in. Everything in the shape of threshing machines and corn shellers had disappeared, and in the centre of the room rose a huge pyramid of fragments surmounted by a board on which was inscribed; "G. W. Smith's Patent Oven Wood."

"There, Martha, I hope that will please you. At any rate it is the last of my inventions. I am going to take my place at the anvil, and there I shall stick."

A good resolution which is not broken to this day. And every apprentice at the age of twenty-one has to listen to the preceding sketch in substance, from Mr. Smith's own lips, which he invariably concludes in this wise: "Now, boys, you've got a good trade; and come what will, do you stick to it."

African Mode of Cooking an Ostrich's Egg.

A small hole, the size of a finger, is very dexterously made, and having cut a forked stick from the bushes, they introduce it into the egg, by pressing the two prongs close together; then by twirling the ends of the stick between the palms of the hands, for a short time, they completely mix the yolk and the white; setting it upon the fire, they continue frequently to turn the stick, until the inside has acquired the proper consistence of a boiled egg. This mode recommends itself to travellers by its expedition, cleanliness, and simplicity; and by requiring neither pot nor water; the shell answering perfectly the purpose of the first, and the liquid nature of its contents that of the other. Notwithstanding the enormous size of these eggs, being fully equal to twenty-four of our domestic hen, the Hottentots commonly eat a whole one at a time.

A Dog that Chews Tobacco.

A friend has just related to us a curious fact in natural history, respecting a dog. In North Andover, Mass., there is kept, in a manufacturing establishment, a large mastiff, who takes as much comfort with a quid of tobacco, as does the inveterate lover of the weed. So habituated has he become to its use that he must have it, and will sit all day in the centre of the workshop, chewing away with a great appetite and a good relish.

He became thus much like a man, by playing, when young, with 'old Sogers,' as the ends of cigars are professionally termed. In such play he would occasionally find a 'soger' in his mouth, until a taste was formed for the tobacco, which has since continued to increase, and now he is what he is. We believe this to be the only instance on record of any animal but man, and one species of whom using the weed from pure love of it.—Boston Cabinet.

A Good One.

The Hartford (Conn.) Gazette tells the following good one, which well hits off the practice of running ourselves down that others may be induced to compliment. Very few, as in the case of the pious Mr. H., that would like to be taken at his word:

In a village not a dozen miles from Hartford, the members of the religious society were in the habit of holding prayer meetings in the church in which they made a kind of confession, commonly called "telling one's experience." A very pious member of the flock, Mr. H., sometimes invited Mr. P., who was not a member, to attend the "experience meetings." At one of these, Mr. H., in relating his experience, stated that he was a great sinner—that he had sinned daily, and with his eyes open—willfully and knowingly sinned—that goodness dwelt not in his heart—that he was absolutely depraved, and that nothing but the boundless mercy and infinite goodness of Jehovah, manifested through the atoning blood of the redeemer, could save him from eternal perdition: Mr. P., who had accidentally been placed upon the "anxious seat," was called upon after his neighbor H. had ended, to relate his experience. He arose, and with great gravity said he had very little to say of himself, but brethren would remember that he had lived for twenty-five years the next door neighbor to Mr. H., that he knew him well and it gave him great pleasure (because he could do it with entire sincerity) to confirm the truth of all brother H. had confessed of himself! When Mr. P. sat down, under the smile of the whole congregation, the worthy parson not excepted—Mr. H. went up to him and said, "You are a rascal and a liar, and I will lick you when out of church."

Written Sermons.

A discussion was held lately in a convention of ministers, regarding the comparative advantage of written and extempore sermons. Both practices found partisans, but one of the opponents of the written sermons related an anecdote which must have told. A minister's wife came to his study one day, and told him that she wanted him to go into the kitchen and scold one of the girls for her. "No my dear," he said, "I am writing my sermon and cannot go; but I will write a scolding for you, and you can read it to her." Well, the preacher wrote the scolding, and his wife took it in the kitchen and began to read it. The girl soon began to laugh, when the lady threw down her notes and commenced an extempore harangue that soon had a much better effect.

Bald Heads.

The discovery made by Mr. Wise, for the restoration of hair, is eliciting notice in the Virginia papers. The Richmond Whig says: As to Mr. Wise's discovery, a great deal has been said about it. He has not been operating quite long enough yet for one to speak decisively of the result. But the prospect, we learn, is flattering. He has, we believe, at least, accomplished more than science has hitherto been able to effect: he has made hair begin to appear upon heads from which it had long disappeared. If he fully succeeds, he has in his hands more wealth than is contained in the valley of the Sacramento.

As to the nature of the composition which he uses, Mr. Wise keeps it a profound secret. He was a tanner by trade, and while pursuing that vocation, he observed that after the hair was taken off a hide by lime, there was still a fresh supply of roots, which could be made to grow. He very reasonably concluded that if such was the fact with regard to a cow's hide, it might be equally true with respect to a human cranium. He made the experiment, and he thinks with success.

Desperate Bravery.

Trappers Fight with a Sioux War party. Three trappers, Vale, Cass, and Young, says the Jackson Co. (Iowa) Democrat, who were looking for beaver in the vicinity of Morcou River, discovered a large trail, rightly supposing that they were in the vicinity of a strong band of Indians. They selected a suitable spot, and built of logs and poles a small hut, to which they gave the name of a fort. Before it was finished the Indians made their appearance. They showed that they were determined to have their scalps. Vale and his companions prepared for a desperate resistance. At the first fire of the Indians, Young was shot through the head. Vale and Cass returned the fire, and three Indians fell, at which they raised the war-hoop. The unequal contest lasted several hours, Cass loading the guns while Vale was unerring in aim, thinned their ranks. Cass imprudently exposed his face and received a ball in the eye.—Vale was now left alone to contend against the Indians. He made the best of it, loaded and fired in such rapid succession that the Indians were on the point of retiring when he fell mortally wounded. The Indians lamented his death; they buried him without scalping him and honor him with the name of the Eagle Brave. Twenty-eight Indians were killed in the action. Vale's relatives reside in Milwaukee.