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

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Summer's Farewell.

BY ELIZA COOK.

What sound is that? 'Tis summer's farewell
In the breath of the night-wind sighing;
The chill breeze comes like a sorrowful dirge
That wails o'er the dead and dying.
The sapless leaves are eddying round,
On the path which they lately shaded;
The oak of the forest is losing its robe;
The flowers have fallen and faded.
All that I look on but saddens my heart,
To think that the lovely so soon should part.

Yet why should I sigh! Other summers will come,
Joys like the past one bringing:
Again will the vine bear its blushing fruit;
Again will the birds be singing;
The forest will put forth its "honors" again;
The rose be as sweet in its breathing;
The woodbine will climb round the lattice pane,
As wild and rich in its wreathing.
The hives will have honey, the bees will hum,
Other flowers will spring, other summers will come.

They will, they will; but ah! who can tell
Whether I may live on till their coming!
This spirit may sleep too soundly then
To wake with the warbling or humming.
This cheek, now pale, may be paler far,
When the summer sun next is glowing;
The cherishing rays may gild with light
The grass on my grave-turf growing:
The earth may be glad, but worms and gloom
May dwell with me in the silent tomb.

And few would weep, in the beautiful world,
For the fameless one who had left it;
Few would remember the form cut off,
And mourn the stroke that cleft it;
Many might keep my name on their lip,
Pleased with that name degrading;
My follies and sins alone would live,
A theme for their cold upbraiding.
Oh! what a change in my spirit's dream
May there be ere the summer sun next shall beam!

All's for the Best.

All's for the best; be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage forever is happy and wise;
All's for the best—if man would but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet;
Heaven is gracious, and—all's for the best!
All's for the best! set this in your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove!
All's for the best!—be a Man but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of His creature is guiding,
Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All's for the best! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man;
All's for the best!—unbiassed, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the East to the West;
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy that all's for the best.

A Mother's Whim.

A certain lady had a child which she never allowed to be contradicted, for fear of making him sick. Relatives, friends, and even her husband, told her she would spoil the child, but all was of no avail. One day she heard him screaming in the garden. She ran and ascertained the cause to be that the servant had refused to give him something he wanted. "You impertinent creature," said the mother to the servant, "not to give the child what he wanted." "By my troth," said the girl, "he may cry till morning, and he'll not get it." Enraged beyond bounds at this reply, the lady ran for her husband to chastise the saucy servant. The husband, who was as weak as his wife, cried out to the girl, "You insolent creature, do you have the impudence to disobey your mistress!" "It is true, sir, I did not obey her.—The child has been crying for the moon, which he sees reflected in the fountain. I could not give it to him, though commanded by the mistress. Perhaps she can do it." A general laugh ensued, in which the lady despite her anger joined. It was a good lesson for her.

Brick made of glass are now used in London in the construction of buildings, for the purpose of introducing light without lessening the strength of the walls.

Incivility Rebuked.

An Amusing Stage Coach Incident.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

An English gentleman of true John Bull dimensions, that is, weighing some eighteen or twenty stone, had occasion to travel in a stage coach from Oxford to London. The stage carried six inside; and our hero engaged two places, (as, in consideration of his size, he commonly did) for himself. The other four seats were taken by Oxford students.

The youth, being lighter than our modern Lambert, arriving at the stage before him, each snugly possessed himself of a corner seat leaving a centre seat on each side vacant. The round good tempered face of John Bull soon after appeared at the carriage door, and peeping into the vehicle, and observing the local arrangement that had been made, he said with a smile—

"You see I am of a pretty comfortable size gentlemen, so I have taken two seats. I will be obliged if one of you will move into the opposite seat, so that I may be able to enter."

"My good sir," said a pert young lawyer, "possession is nine-tenths of the law. You engaged two seats. There are one on each side. We engaged one each—came first—entered into possession, and our claims to the seats we occupy are indisputable."

"I do not wish to dispute your claim," said the other, "but I trust to your politeness seeing how the case stands to enable me to pursue my journey."

"Oh hang politeness!" said a hopeful young scion, of some noble house. "I have a horror of a middle seat, and would not take one to oblige my grandmother—one sits so ungracefully, and, besides, one loses all the chance of looking at the pretty girls along the road.—Good old gentleman, attend to your concerns as you please; I stuck my foot in—and he leaned back, yawning, and with a hopeless composure.

Our corpulent friend, who had been miserably discomposed by this unmanly and clerical student, reverie, drew a long sigh, and said, "this is the last London stage-coach I shall ever see."

"Some temporal affair, no doubt," said the graceless youth, with an air of mock gravity, "some speculation after filthy lucre. Good father, at your age, your thoughts should turn heavenward, instead of being confined to the dull heavy tabernacle of clay that chains us to the earth; and his companions roared with laughter at the clever joke.

A glow of indignation just colored the stranger's cheek; but he checked the feeling in a moment, and said with much composure to the fourth—

"Are you also determined that I shall lose my place, or will you oblige me by taking a centre seat?" "Ah do, Tom," said his young lordship, to the person addressed, he's something in the way of your profession, quite a physiological curiosity. You ought to accommodate him."

"May I be poisoned if I do," replied the student of medicine; in a dissecting room he would make an excellent subject; but in a coach and this warm weather too! Old gentleman, if you will place yourself under my care, I'll engage, in the course of six weeks by dint of a judicious course of diuretics and cathartics, to save you hereafter the expense of a double seat. But really, to take a middle seat in the month of July is contrary to the rules of Hygeia, and a practice to which I have a peculiar antipathy."

And the laugh was renewed at the old gentleman's expense.

By this time the patience of the coachee, who had listened to the latter part of the dialogue, was exhausted. Harkee, gemmen," said he, "settle the business as you like, but it wants just three quarters of a minute of twelve; and with the first stroke of the University clock, my horses must be off. I would not wait a minute longer for the king, God bless him—it would lose me my situation." And with that he mounted his box took up his reins, called to the hostler to shut the door, and sat listening with the upraised whip for the expected stroke.

As it sounded from the venerable belfry, the horses, as if they recognized the sound, started off at a gallop with the four young rogues to whom their own rudeness and our fat friend's disappointment afforded a prolific theme for joke and merriment during the entire journey. The subject of their mirth in the meantime, hired a postchaise, and followed and overtook the coach at the second stopping place, where the passengers got out ten minutes for dinner.

As the postchaise drove up to the inn door; two young chimney-sweeps with their bags and brooms, and their well known cry.
"Come hither, my lads," said the corpulent gentleman, "what say you to a ride?"
The whites of their eyes enlarged into a still more striking contrast with the dark shade of their sooty cheeks. "Will you have a ride, my boys," he repeated.
"Yeas, zur," said the elder, scarcely daring to believe the evidence of his ears.
"Well, hostler, open the stage door. In with you boys, and d'ye hear be sure you take the middle seats, so—one on each side."
"The guard's horn sounded, and coachee's voice was heard—"Only one minute and a half more, gentlemen, come on."
They came, bowed laughingly to our friend of the corporation, and passed on to the stage. The young lord was the first who put his foot on the steps.
"Why, how now, coachee, what joke is this? Get out, you rascals, or I'll teach you how to

play gentlemen such a trick again."

"Sit still my lads," said the fat gentleman, "My lord, two middle seats are mine, regularly taken and duly paid for, and those two youths are my proteges. An English coach is free to every one. Your lordship has a horror of the middle seat, pray take a corner one."

"Over reached us, by —!" said the lawyer. "We give up the cause and cry your mercy, sir."

"Possession is nine-tenths of the law, my good sir. It would be uncivil to dislodge the poor youths; you have your corner."

"Heaven preserve us!" said the clerical student.

"You surely are not afraid of a black coat, retorted the other. Besides, we ought not to confine our thoughts to earthly corners, but rather turn them heavenward."

"I would rather go through my examination a second time than sit beside these black boys," groaned the medical student.

"Soot is perfectly wholesome, my young friend, and you will not be compelled to violate the rules of Hygeia by taking a middle seat. Pray get in."

At these words coachee, who had stood grinning behind, actually cheated into forgetfulness of time by the excellence of the joke, came forward—"Gentlemen, you have lost me one minute and a quarter already. I must drive on without you, if so be you don't like your company."

The students cast rueful glances at each other, and then crept warily into their respective corners. As the hostler shut the door he found it impossible to compose his features.

"I'll give you something to change your cheer you grinning rascal," said the future churchman, stretching out of the window; but the hostler nimbly evaded the blow.

"My white pantaloons!" cried his lordship.

"My beautiful drab surtout!" said lawyer expectant—"the filthy rascal!"

The noise of the carriage wheels and the untrained laughter of the spectators drowned the equal of the lamentations. At the next stage a bargain was struck; the sweeps were liberated, the seats shaken and brushed—the worthy sons of the University made up among themselves the expense of the postchaise—the young doctor violated for once the rules of Hygeia by taking a middle seat, and all journeyed on together without further grumbling, except by coachee, who declared that "to be delayed a minute and a half at one stage, and within a few seconds of three minutes at the next, was enough to try the patience of a man, it was."

Seeing the Monkey.

A correspondent of the *Newark Advertiser*, writing from Branford, Conn., gives the following account of the vocal and instrumental music of that place.

Our singers are a caution to all hearers not to lend their ears, which Anthony desired to borrow of the Romans. What they lack in skill they make up in volume. This is especially true of our female vocalists. Why, my dear friend they scream. Having no taste to discriminate in this matter, and unfortunately the directions in their tune books being in an unknown tongue, they attack a psalm as a fort to be carried by storm. And they do carry it. Evidently there is a strife among them who shall sing the loudest and the palm is not yet conferred. They are getting up a concert now and perhaps the question will be decided when that comes off. By the way, a good story may be told of our chorister's attempt at improving the psalmody as well as the music of our church. He set some music of his own to one of the psalms of Watts, a very familiar psalm, in which occur these lines:

"Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."
Calling on his pastor, who has more music in him than you would think, the chorister asked his approbation of a new version of these lines which would render them more readily adapted to the music he had composed. He suggested to read them as follows:

"Oh may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin."
The good pastor had some internal tendencies to laugh in the singing man's face but maintaining his gravity as well as he could he said that he thought he could improve the improved version, admirable as it was. The delighted chorister begged him to do so, and the pastor, taking his pen, wrote before the eyes of his innocent parishioner, these lines:

"O may my heart go diddle diddle,
Like uncle David's sacred fiddle."
The poor reader, after a vain attempt to defend his own parody, retired and I guess he will sing the psalm as it stands.

We have an organ of course. They tell us that every church has an organ if it is anything of a church. Ours is not a very large one, but it is large enough in all conscience, for the house, and the playing. It is somewhat larger, and makes more solemn, church-like music than the organs which your strolling music pedlars carry in the streets, grinding penny-worths of sound for their ragged customers. But it does sound very much like those vagabond factories of music murder, I tear from an incident of last Sunday.

A lady from New York was up here, having been spending the summer in the country. As this was to be the last Sabbath of her visit, she took her son, a child of four years old, to church with her for the first time. As soon as the organ commenced its strains, the little fellow started up with delight; he looked back to the gallery, he stretched his neck; he got up on the cushions and raised himself to his very tallest; his mother remonstrated with him and told him to sit down. But he refused, and continued gazing aloft with straining eyes. "Sit down," said his mother. "I won't," he cried, so as to be heard all around, "I want to see the monkey."

Where the Bad Niggers Go.

A Long-Island Quaker, who had a very unruly negro boy living with him, and whose disposition he had tried for a long time to bring under the control of the peaceful influence of Quakerism, in vain, tried a new species of punishment, that he related thus:

"Tired of moral suasion, the old Quaker was about giving up in despair, when a thought struck him. 'I will punish the lad,' said Aminadab to himself, 'I will not strike him, for he is one of God's creatures, on which men should not lay their unworthy hands. Josiah,' said he, addressing the boy, 'come here.' Josh, whose keen eye discerned, in the look and manner of the old Quaker, signs of some mysterious movement, came doggedly up to his master, and hung down his head in token of humble submission. 'Josiah,' continued the old man, 'there has been a bad boy, and thy master is out of patience with thee. Dost thou know, Josiah, where the wicked and unruly lads, like thee, go to?'"

"No," whined the negro.

"No! boy, has thee never heard of the bad place?"

"Yes," was the humble reply; I have heard that bad boys go to—down, down, down, to dat dark dungeon where they get their brimstone from."

"That is the place, boy," continued the Quaker in a solemn tone, "and there I must take thee, Josiah."

"Me, massa! O lora O lora, I—I—I—O lora massa!"

"Get thy hat and come with me; I can hear no words from thee." The boy got his hat, followed the Quaker to the Railroad depot, where they took the cars for Brooklyn. On flew the cars at the rate the boy never had rode before—the engine snorting and puffing not unlike what his imagination had pictured the chief of the infernal regions.

Trees, houses and fences seemed to fly, as if on wings, and before the cars reached Brooklyn, the poor lad's head was fairly bewildered, and he scarcely knew whether he was going up or 'down, down, down.' Furious as the wind, came the train down Atlantic street; horses snorted and dashed away from the track in fright; the boys hooted and screamed and poor Josh looked as if he thought he was on his way to the world of spirits. Presently the engineer gave one of those terrible whistles that echoed throughout the whole city, and the engine plunged into the tunnel. "Good bye, Josiah," said Aminadab and he suddenly stepped from his seat to the platform outside the cars. A screech, a groan and then a stifled moan, were heard where the negro sat, and then all was dark and still save the puffing and whistling of the engine and the rattling of the cars, as they whistled on through the narrow passage. Once or twice a noise like a struggle or catching for breath was faintly heard coming from the negro's seat, but nothing was known of the horrors of that "middle passage" until the train emerged from the tunnel on the west side. The passengers were then horrified at a sight which they supposed was a case of cholera in their midst. A "dead nigger," sure, was right among them. The old Quaker had poor Josh by the collar, shaking and scolding him, and trying to make him stand upon his feet. But Josh was a "gone nigger," to all appearances, and it was an hour before the passengers and Josiah could understand that he had passed through the infernal regions. For a few minutes, the old Quaker was as frightened as anybody, and thought that his punishment had terminated in manslaughter. Josh finally "came out right," and it is hoped that he will hereafter be a better boy, and long remember his visit to the "bad place."

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

Irish Emigrants.

John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, in writing about the Irish emigrants among us says:—

"Eor myself I feel a sympathy for the Irishman. I see him as the representative of a generous, warm hearted, cruelly oppressed people. That he loves his native land—that his patriotism is divided—that he cannot forget the claims of his mother island—that his religion is dear to him—does not decrease my estimation of him."

"A stranger in a strange land, he is to me always an object of interest. The poorest and rudest has a romance in his history. Amidst all his gaiety of heart and national drollery and wit, the poor emigrant has sad thoughts of the "ould mother of him," sitting lonely in her solitary cabin by the bog side—recollections of a Father's blessing and a sister's farewell are haunting him—a grave mound in a distant churchyard far beyond the "wide waters," has an eternal greenness in his memory—for there perhaps, lies a "darlint child," or a "swate crathur," who once loved him—the New World is forgotten for the moment—blue Killarney and the Liffy sparkle before him—Glendalough spreads beneath him its dark mirror—he sees the same evening sunshine rest upon and hallow alike with nature's blessing the ruin of the seven churches of Ireland's apostolic age, the broken mounds of the Druids, and the Round Towers of Phœnicoid sun worshippers—beautiful and mournful recollections of home waken within him—and the rough and seemingly careless and light hearted laborer melts into tears. It is no light thing to abandon one's country and household gods. Touching and beautiful was the injunction of the Prophet of the Hebrews: "Ye shall not oppress the stranger, for ye know the heart of the stranger, seeing that ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

It is in the power of every man to be perfectly honest, though not one in a thousand is capable of being a complete rogue.

Extraordinary Case.

We find the following curious case described in the Dresden (Tenn.) Advertiser of the 27th May:

On Monday last, a lady about 40 years of age, presented herself to Dr. A. D. Cutler, of this place, for advice and treatment. Her case is a strange and perplexing one. Language would fail to convey anything like an adequate idea of the suffering which she constantly endures. She is reduced to a mere skeleton—is never still; looks worn and haggard, and says she is only kept alive by the pain and torment which she endures. There is a LIVE REPTILE or something else of a similar character in her stomach, and extending up into her throat nearly to the roots of her tongue. Externally, its movements are seen perfectly plain, and by applying the hand to her throat or stomach, one can feel its motions distinctly, and cannot use pressure enough with the hand to stop these motions.

When she does not eat at her regular times its contortions are much worse, almost past endurance. When she attempts to eat, she cannot use a knife or fork; she has to use her hands to cram the food into her throat, in order to satisfy its craving voracity—after her meals are over, she is troubled less with its writhings and contortions for a short time.—She says she is always starving—seldom or never sleeps—she appears on the verge of mania, and has convulsions at times. The movements of this thing she describes as worse than the cutting of a knife.

By pressing down the back part of her tongue so as to open the upper part of the throat, a portion of the head of this thing has been distinctly seen, resembling in appearance the end of the head of an eel. Many ladies and gentlemen of undoubted veracity all testify to the truth of these statements.

This lady says that some years ago, in taking a drink of water one night she felt some live thing slip down her throat with the drink of water; and after some time had elapsed, she felt uneasy sensations in her stomach, growing gradually worse and worse, up to this time; that she had endured so great an amount of suffering only since last September.

Good News to a St. Louis Mechanic.

A Mr. John C. Carey of our city, who has for the past four or five years labored incessantly at the carpenter's business; and who has never been able to earn more than the necessities of life called for, received a letter a few days since from Pennsylvania, containing the intelligence, that he was the only heir to an estate, valued at from \$100,000 to \$200,000.

Connected with the above transaction is a bit of romance, which certainly deserves publicity. Thomas Carey, his father, left Ireland for the United States, suddenly in the year 1831, leaving his wife and only son behind.—Having at his command a small amount of funds, and being a shrewd calculating man, he had barely touched the port of New York, before he was trading and speculating.

He continued in this business for some years, all the time adding largely to his funds, until he finally became one of the largest and most extensive dealers in the city. Being now prepared to provide a happy and permanent home for his wife and son, he wrote for them: in the meantime selecting a beautiful estate in Pennsylvania, on which to settle them upon their arrival in this country. He was answered by the friends of the family, to whom he also wrote, that his wife had died, and that his son had mysteriously disappeared, and was supposed to be in the United States. This well nigh proved a deathblow to the old man, who retired from business in New York, to his estate in Pennsylvania. As to the whereabouts of his son, he considered it useless to make enquiry, as the Mexican war, or some of the wild expeditions of the past few years might have found him a grave.

Some time since, however, in looking over the list of letters, in an old St. Louis paper, he noticed a letter addressed for "John C. Carey." He related the fact to his friends, who induced him to ascertain if he were his long lost son. He wrote to St. Louis, and enquired of John his age, place of birth, &c., to all of which questions he gave plain and explicit answers, and proved to the old man's satisfaction that his son yet lived. Another letter from Pennsylvania followed, the main item in which we have stated above. The father is now about sixty-five years of age—the son about twenty-three. So soon as Mr. Carey can settle his business in this city—which will be in a few days—he will leave for his fortune in Pennsylvania.—*St. Louis New Era.*

A lawyer and doctor were discussing the antiquity of their respective professions, and each cited authority to prove his the most ancient. "Mine," said the disciple of Læcarus, "commenced almost with the world's era;—Cain slew his brother Abel, and that was a criminal case in common law!" "True," rejoined Esculapius "but my profession is coeval with the Creation itself. Old mother eve was made out of a rib taken from Adam's body, and that was a Surgical Operation." The lawyer dropped his green bag.

Bound to come Off.

Somewhere in the west, a sable knight of the lather and brush, was performing the operations of shaving a floosier with a very dull razor.

"Stop," said the floosier, "that wont do."

"What's the matter boss?"

"That razor pulls."

"Well, no matter for dat sab. If de handle ob de razor don't break, de bard's bound to come off."

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