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Trial List—Feb'y. Term, 1850.

Joseph Keifer, vs. John Drake and Derrick Hullick.
Levi King, vs. Jacob B. Teel.
Joseph Lawrence, for the use of John Gower, vs. Stroud J. Hollinshead.
John S. Sees, vs. Samuel J. Price and Charles Henry.
Peter Fellenner, vs. Dupue S. Miller.
Jacob Yeater vs. John Chambers.
Christian Snyder and Son, vs. Elizabeth Huffsmith and Frederick Sutter, Executors &c. of Adam Huffsmith, dec'd, which said Elizabeth and Frederick are devisees named in the last Will and Testament of A. Huffsmith dec'd, and the said Elizabeth, &c. &c.
Jeremiah Williams vs. Jesse Weiss.
Abraham Kresge, Jr., vs. Charles Kresge.
Jacob Vogle to the use of Robert Noff, vs. Frederick Meckes, Adam Meckes and Terre Tenants.
John M. Myers, vs. John Vliet and Jasper Vliet.
Philip H. Geopp, vs. Peter Merwine, Sen., Peter Merwine, Jr., and George Merwine.

Argument List.

M. H. Jones to the use of Henry Kostenbader, vs. Peter Jones.
John Keller, vs. Christopher D. Keller.
Godfrey Greensweig vs. William Hawk, Adam Hawk, Peter Hawk, Charles Hawk, Peter S. Hawk.
Peter Merwine and George vs. Melchoir Barry and Abraham Barry.
Martin Place to the use of William Brodhead, vs. Timothy Vanwhy.
In the matter of a road in Penn Forest township.
In the matter of the account of Simeon Schoonover Committee of Benjamin Schoonover a Lunatic.
Peter Butz and Abraham Butz, Partners in business, vs. Samuel Frantz, Philip Frantz, Bernard Frantz, Peter Meckes, Joseph Altemose and Abraham Butz, partners in business.
In the matter of the auditors report of C. H. Heaney assignee of Samuel B. Keifer.
Simeon Schoonover vs. Elizabeth Schoonover.
Owen Rice attorney for the Heirs of Joseph Horsefield, deceased, vs. Abraham Butz, Peter Meckes and Terre Tenants.
Same vs. Same.
Same vs. Same.
Lawrence Serfoss vs. Peter L. Serfoss.
Joseph Kemmerer to the use of John Merwine, vs. Samuel Spragle and John H. Kunke.
Washington Overfield, vs. Timothy Vanwhy, Margaret Vanwhy and Elizabeth Vanwhy.
William VanCampen, vs. Adam Mosier.
John Felker, vs. Peter Woodling.
Michael Kiser, vs. Jacob Neyhart.
Jacob B. Teel, vs. Henry Reinhold and Levi George.
Overseers of the Poor of Stroud township, vs. the Overseers of the Poor of Hamilton township.
Overseers of the Poor of Stroud township, appellants, vs. Overseers of the Poor of Hamilton township, appellants.

MONROE COUNTY

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Stroudsburg, January 31, 1850.

The Praise of Labor.

To the tired Toilers ring,
Brother bring your song and tabor,
Poets of all nations, sing,
To-day, a hymn of praise to labor:
CHORUS.
"Viva Labor! long live labor,
Strongest sceptre! keenest sabre—
Ohaunt the Hymn! strike on the tabor,
Liegemen, sing the Song of Labor."

(GERMAN.)

On the German Rhine-banks I,
Have beheld his banners fly,
While the ordered ranks beneath,
Struck a stroke at every breath—
Sledges on the anvils ringing,
Poets in their gardens singing,
"Viva Labor! long live Labor, &c.

III.

(ITALIAN.)
Where the Arno winding comes,
Under shade of Florence domes—
Where Genoa rises steep,
Crowing high the subject deep—
Where live Rome and dead Rome dwell,
Like corpse in crypt near Sexton's cell—
Through Italia's storied length,
Daily toil and chaunt at even,
The great human song to Heaven:
"Viva Labor! long live Labor, &c.

IV.

(FRENCHMAN.)
Ah! my France, thy dauntless spirit,
Love of toil doth still inherit,
And no power but armed wrong
Ever yet hath hushed thy song:
In the province, in the street,
Troops of toilers you may meet—
Men who make as light of labor,
As our minstrel of his tabor,
"Viva Labor! long live Labor, &c.

(IRISHMAN.)

Ask not me for merry song,
Music flies the lane of wrong!
By the noble Shannon river,
Wretched land-serfs moan and shiver—
Whining all day in the city,
Are the partners Woe and Pity—
Lordlings think toil don't beseech them,
Though their own sweat might redeem them,
"Viva Labor! long live Labor, &c.

V.

(AMERICAN.)
In the land where man is youngest,
On the soil where nature's strongest,
Come and see a greater glory
Than the old Pine-bender's story!
Come and see the city's arms,
Filling forests with alarms—
See before the breath of steams,
Space and waste fly like a dream:
"Viva labor! long live labor,
Strongest sceptre! keenest sabre—
Chaunt the hymn! strike on the tabor,
Liegemen, sing the Song of Labor."

Life at the South.

We know of no editor in this country who wields a keener pen than Mrs. Swisshelm of the Pittsburg Saturday Visitor. It matters little what she touches; she is sure not to leave it until it is finished. And woe to the unlucky wight who runs a tilt against her lance. The Ploughboy, a Kentucky paper, took her to due for some remarks not entirely complimentary to the "divine institution of slavery." To this she replies by giving a chapter of her own experience among the "chivalry." Some few years since, it seems she resided at Louisville. What she saw and heard there, we will have her tell after her own way:
"We were young when there, in appearance not more than eighteen—had been brought up in a country village, where we had fancied ourselves somewhat of a belle and a beauty. We had run wild in the woods, with company, or without, as suited our fancy, talked philosophy with our beau, if we had one, or gave him a bit of sugar and bade him go home, as suited our humor; and nobody questioned our right to do so. We knew nothing about any city but Pittsburg, and here we sometimes went to church, staid very demurely, and came home with our gallant, if we liked him, or slipped off in the crowd and went to our lodgings alone, or with some female friend, without reference to day or night.
But when we went South, we were enslaved, imprisoned, fenced up by a set of conventional rules that they told us were the result of their peculiar institution. We dare not go to the pump for a drink, if we had to suffer ever so much from thirst in waiting till the servants came in. Our hostesses, a Kentucky lady of the old school, would have tied us to the bed-post first. We might walk alone by day-light in any place in the square bounded by Market and Walnut sts., First and Eighth; but the suburbs, with its beautiful walks, groves, and private residences, was forbidden ground.—When the sun was fairly down, we were forbidden to go to the door without a protector, or outside of this charmed square with one. We could not go on the street without being stared out of countenance by Kentucky gallantry. Our hostess said it was because the gentlemen had nothing to do, knew we were a stranger, and looked like a grown up baby. We dare not go to housekeeping and do our own work, for, oh, lack-a-daisy, a white woman to work! Nobody but the Dutch did that. We almost wished to be Dutch, or to be black, or to be anything that would make us less of a slave. What

a time we were in, like a squirrel in a flour barrel, and how intensely we learned to hate your institutions, Mr. Ploughboy.

A few days after our arrival, a gentleman came to our boarding house and took a room for himself and wife. When they came whippers were circulated as to the probabilities of their being married. We were overwhelmed with astonishment, but soon got used to such surmises about every stranger; and learned after a while, that we had been taken for a runaway school girl, and our bigger half for a stray German Baron, Spanish smuggler, or Texan Ranger who was hiding from some of his t'other wives. One could not stand in a door for fear some gesture would be construed into some masonic signal to somebody. Every third woman was spoken of as a suspicious character, and as for the men they had no character at all. The neighbor over the way who lived in the handsome brick house with double parlors, had a great, big, ugly black woman for his wife, and was raising a family of his own children for sale.

That nabob, a little up the street, had a family of dark brunette daughters, and just as many blonds. To each of the blonds he had presented one of the brunettes, just as he would have presented ponies. The mother of the dark girls, who were by far the handsomer, he had sold at auction for eight hundred dollars. An Irishman, two squares off, beat his black man to death in open day because he was jealous of him and a slave woman with whom he lived. Every sixth woman on the street wore some article of dress as a badge of infamy, and one happening to go out in one of these, a sun bonnet for instance, was liable to open insult anywhere or at any hour. We began to feel as one in his best clothes feels amongst a set of children eating bread and molasses.

Nothing appeared so thoroughly disgraceful as work. This was the business of slaves; and it appeared generally conceded that a white woman would secretly sell her honor rather than submit to the disgrace of working for a living. Certainly hundreds did so, for it was reckoned there were full seven hundred women in the city who were utterly abandoned. Girls who had no means of support, except sponging, sat nursing their white hands, waiting to catch husbands to support them. When they did get one, in very many cases, he was not able to keep them in idleness, and so he ran away; we never saw so many 'grass widows.'

But it would take us a year to trace the curse of slavery through all the ramifications of society.—We never saw so much trouble in housekeeping. One hired girl here, for one dollar and fifty cents per week, would do as much work, and do it better than two slaves there, for whom one would pay two hundred dollars per annum. We did go to housekeeping, but would not hire a slave.—Once we wanted help; a big fellow who dressed in satin and broadcloth, sported a gold chain and Havana, and did nothing, proposed to Mr. Swiss-helm to hire him an old woman, for whose service he should pay him two hundred a year, and added:

"You would have to horsewhip her yourself, once or twice a week, for she's a real devil, but a good worker, and that wife of yours could do nothing with her."

Now, Mr. Ploughboy, just imagine the man we call husband, a great brawny fisted six footer, who had been brought up on the free hills of Pennsylvania, and there held a plough, taking off his coat to horsewhip an old woman, to make her do work for which he was to pay her, but another big fisted lord of creation like himself. Oh, dear! We were always glad he did not incline to fight, but that time we were provoked he had not knocked the fellow's teeth down his throat. The experience has grown very long. Some other time we will tell you more of it, Mr. Ploughboy.

About that property question. If we had signed a solemn declaration, paraded it before the world, and reiterated it a thousand times, saying we believed all property as common, we should act very inconsistently in punishing a man for taking what he wanted of ours. Kentucky has declared that "ALL men are endowed with an inalienable right to liberty"—how then can she punish a man for helping another to regain his liberty?

It is not likely that we shall ever put anything into the Visitor to incite slaves to rebellion. We never feel like talking to them. A rebellion would do them no good. It is slaveholders and people of the North, who support slavery, to whom appeal should be made. They have the power to remedy this evil—an evil which prees upon all classes. The slaves can do nothing, and any one, who directly, or indirectly, would attempt to involve them in any broil with their masters, would be an enemy to both, and little short of a madman. No one ever appeared to dream, when we were in the South, of one appealing to a slave, even for information concerning his or her state. We trusted only to our eyes and the testimony of persons anxious to make us think well of the system, and how we do hate it! We'd scorn alike to be a slave, or have a slave. We will hit the system a knock whenever we can do it fairly and openly; but there is not a drop of mole blood in our veins, and we cannot work in the dark. Lately we are getting a good many Southern subscribers, and quite a number of papers from that section are coming for an exchange; and mind, good friends, we never cheated you—never came in false colors or borrowed plumes.

If we were down at your houses in South Carolina, Georgia, or Alabama, we would tell you our hatred of slavery; more fully than we like to do here, and run the risk, if any there be."

Definition of darkness—a blind Ethiopian in a dark cellar at midnight, looking for a black cat.

From the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Boys, Attention!

We want to talk to you a little while. Keep off the streets at night. Go home as soon as it is dark, and stay there. The streets are no place for you after night fall. You are not benefited by it in either mind or manners. But instead of improving in habits or morals, you come within range of influences that will have a bad effect on both, and may be as lasting as your lives. You will learn no good there, but must unavoidably learn much evil. The street is the college in which loafers graduate, and you know loafers don't pass for much among respectable people.—They are of little use to themselves, or anybody else, and in a majority of cases are much worse than useless. The proper place to spend your evenings, is at home, helping your parents, and learning your lessons. And when you have no other tasks, you ought to be reading good books—not bad books, such as you sometimes find in the hands of bad boys—but such books as will make you wiser and better, and fit you for usefulness and happiness. It is not necessary that such books should be dull and dry. There are plenty of excellent books—if your parents will only take pains to get them for you—that are lively and interesting, and exactly suited to your years and capacity. Perhaps you are not fond of reading. If so, we are sorry for you, and you should set yourselves to work immediately to acquire a taste for it, for there are few enjoyments more pleasurable and innocent. Besides, if you want to be well-informed, you must read, and read a great deal. Knowledge, (at least a large part of it) must be got by reading and hard study, and can be got in no other way.

But, you say you must have play and exercise. So you must, and plenty of it too, to make you healthy and strong—to build up and invigorate your constitutions, and fit them to bear the heavy burdens that may be laid on your shoulders in after years. But go at it in a many way—take daylight for it, when sunshine and the health-giving breeze are abroad, and don't go prowling about in the dark, like a parcel of wild young animals just escaped from a menagerie. Ah, you young rogue, you needn't stand there at the corner in the lamp-light, with such a knowing look, and your thumb at the end of your nose, as if you were wiser than editors and parents both. We are telling you the sober truth, and it would be well for you to lay it to heart, and practice upon it before bad habits have grown so strong that you can't easily change them. Besides, you must recollect that you will not always be boys. You will soon be men; and by that time your fathers will be gray-headed or in their graves, and you will have to take their places, and do your share in the management of affairs. And as, in this great and free country, the people govern themselves, you may, and many of you most likely will, have higher duties to perform than such as belong merely to private life. Perhaps some of the very boys who now read these lines, may become President of the United States, or Township Constable, or some other great officer, before they die. And as all the public offices in this country, from the very highest to the very lowest, are posts of honor and responsibility, and require sober, upright, and worthy men to fill them, you must take care that you form good habits and gain a good character while you are young, or you may find yourself in the back-ground, when you might just as well as not stand among the foremost in the land.

But your duty to your Parents, is a much stronger reason why you should stay at home in the evening, and be steady and well behaved boys, then, and at all other times. Do you remember what the 5th commandment says on this subject? Well, if you don't, you had better go and learn it right away, and obey it, too. "Honor thy Father and thy Mother"—and if you do, what then!—Why, "that thy days may be long in the land." And if you don't, what then? Why, as sure as God reigns, the curse of your filial ingratitude and impiety will recoil upon your own heads, at some time or other in your life, and plant itself in your hearts like the fang of a serpent. You don't know how deep an interest your parents feel in your welfare—not with what a yearning anxiety their hearts go out after you, when you are out of their sight, and beyond their reach—especially at unreasonable hours, and when they do not know where you are, nor how engaged. And it is an exceedingly ungracious and unworthy return for all their kindness and care over you, to add to their anxiety, and increase their burdens by wanton perverseness, and rebellious opposition to their wishes and authority. And now,

Parents, a word to you.

Above, we have given your children a little wholesome advice, and we respectfully ask your co-operation to give it additional force and efficacy. Teach them to reverence your authority, and obey your commands. The laxity of parental discipline in these modern days has become proverbial, and it is, unfortunately, the case in too many instances that the children are masters, and not the parents. It is an easy matter to bring up boys in the country, but in towns it is a confessedly difficult task, and requires double vigilance, and more than ordinary prudence and firmness. But to be successful, parental government should not be an exercise of blind, arbitrary, and tyrannical power, for this could hardly fail to produce lamentable results. The kindness and affection of the parent's heart should be as manifest as the firm and steady hand of authority—exhibiting neither cruelty, nor weak indulgence. Boys can be saved from many dangerous temptations, if prevented from running at large after night, and required, as a general rule, to spend their evenings within the hallowed precincts of the domestic circle. But to do this effectually, home should be made an attractive place for them. In addition to the cheerfulness of a well ordered household, liberal provision should be made for the proper improvement of their minds, so that this salutary restraint upon their liberty should not prove irksome and hateful. "An idle brain is the devil's work-shop," and if you don't keep it engaged upon healthful subjects of reflection, it will brood over such as are of mischievous tendency. By a judicious course of reading, your children will acquire a large amount of useful information in their young days, which they will not have time to get in their after life. But the books which are now placed in their hands, should not be of a dry, didactic, and abstract character, such as are suitable only to persons of mature years and sober judgment; for they will not understand them, but will turn from them with strong, and perhaps lasting aversion. If the cravings of their nature are not satisfied, their minds will remain a blank, or they will find opportunities to slake their intellectual thirst at impure and forbidden fountains. Among the proper subjects to be laid before them, are works on general and natural history, travels, voyages, narratives, &c., &c., got up in attractive and popular

style, and suited to the age and capacity of the young readers.

"But this costs money," says one; so does bread and butter. And the one is second only to the other. The expense need not be great, if you make careful and well selected purchases. But even if it were, it is an objection of no weight in a matter of such strong necessity. Healthful aliment for the minds of your children is as essential as wholesome food for the nourishment of their bodies; and that is a mistaken economy, which would hoard up money at the sacrifice of its most valuable uses. If you do not take pains to instill into their minds useful knowledge, and inculcate a pure morality, they will seek for that which is baneful and pernicious. And in this age of printing and cheap literature, you can not, by any other course, hedge them in from the evil influences that prevail around them. They will gloat over the worst class of novels and the histories of pirates, and highway robbers, with which the country is flooded, and will, and do, avail themselves of other channels to procure publications of incomparably greater depravity. Such papers as the "Weekly Despatch," and others we could name, should not be tolerated, still less be patronized, in any moral community; for under the garb of literary journals they are in fact only advertising mediums for the sale, through the inviolable sanctity of the mails, of demoralizing books and pamphlets that could not be publicly sold in any village in the United States, without exposing the vendors to legal penalties.

We can imagine that many a parent will say, "Well, this may be so, but I am sure my children don't do this." Don't deceive yourselves upon this subject. Some of the very parents who conscientiously strive most to educate their children properly, and who shrink with unreasoning abhorrence from much of our best and most wholesome literature, because it happens to be in the shape of a dialogue, (or tale, if you please,) would find, if they could but get at the truth, that their children are making up for all these restrictions by a secret surfeit of the most pernicious writings that ever cursed the world. If you don't believe it, just try the experiment (which we admit would be in a great measure useless after this public notice) of directing the post-master to deliver over to your hands all packages that come by mail addressed to your sons—and you will find such proofs as would compel your belief, as well as shock your hearts.

Results are always the effect of corresponding causes; and like causes produce like effects. It is generally believed to be very mysterious why the children of worthy and pious parents, who have received strict and careful training, should exhibit characters in after life so totally the reverse of what was expected. In such cases we think it will generally be found that either the parental discipline was so ill-judged and severe as to cause a reaction, or that the children themselves nullified the excellent precepts and example of their parents by the concealed perusal of books that corrupt the heart, deprave the mind, and pave the way, quietly but surely, for all the deplorable consequences that afterwards ensued.

The last number of the Knickerbocker tells the following story:

A colored gentleman preaching to a black audience at the South said:

"I s'pose, I s'pect, dat de reason de Lord made us brack men, was case he use all de white men up fore he got to de brack men and he had to make him brack. But dat don't make no odds my brederen; de Lord look after de brack men too. Don't de Scripture say dat two sparrer hawks are sole for a farden, and dat not one of 'em shall fall to de ground without dar fadder. Well, den, my brederen, if your hebbony fadder care so much for de sparrer and de hawk, when you can buy two ob dem for a farden, how berry much more he care for you, dat is wuf six or seven hundred dollars a piece!"

Noble act of a Girl.

The Baltimore Clipper states that a few evenings since, just after dark; a young female residing on the railroad near Sykesville, observed that the rain had caused a great part of the embankment to give way, and entirely cover up the railroad track. Knowing that the train of cars would pass along in a short time, she hastily and alone procured a light, and set to work to remove the obstruction. In a few minutes, however, she heard the train approaching at a fearful rate, and abandoning her humane effort to clear the track, she took her station in the middle of the road, and by waving the light to and fro, succeeded in attracting the attention of the engineer, who immediately stopped the engine. In a few moments more, had it not been for the great presence of mind, courage and thoughtfulness of this young girl, the whole train might have been dashed to pieces.—Her noble conduct is deserving of the highest reward.

During the summer of 1846, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having worn threadbare the hospitality of his generous neighbors by his extreme laziness, they thought it an act of charity to bury him. Accordingly, he was carried towards the place of interment, and being met by one of the citizens the following conversation took place:

"Halloo! what have you there?"
"Poor old Mr. S."
"What are you going to do with him?"
"Bury him."
"What! is he dead? I hadn't heard of his death."
"No, he is not dead, but he might as well be; he has no corn, and is too lazy to work for any."
"That is too cruel for civilized people. I'll give him two bushels rather than see him buried alive."
Mr. S. raised the cover, and asked in his usual dragging tone,

"I s' i t s-h-e-l-l-e-d"
"No, but you can soon shell it."
"D-r-i-v-e o-n b-o-y-s."

YANKERS never commit suicide, because they live in hopes of being elected President of the United States!