

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Plough, Loom and Anvil.

BY E. P. SARGENT.

The camp has had its day of song;
The sword, the bayonet, the plume
Have crowded out of rhyme too long!
The plough, the anvil and the loom!
Oh, not upon our tented fields
Are Freedom's heroes bred alone;
The training of the workshop yields
More heroes true than War has known.
Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
May, with a heart as valiant, smite,
As he, who sees a foeman reel
In blood before his blow of might!
The skill that conquers space and time,
That graces life, that lightens toil,
May spring from courage more sublime
Than that which makes a realm its spoil.
Let Labor, then, look up and see,
His craft no pith of honor lacks;
The soldier's rifle yet shall be
Less honored than the woodman's axe.
Let Art his own appointment prize,
Nor deem that gold or outward height
Can compensate the worth that lies
In tastes that breed their own delight.
And may the time come nearer still
When men this sacred truth shall heed,
That from the thought and from the will
Must all that raises man proceed!
Though pride should hold your calling low,
For us shall duty make it good,
And we from truth to truth shall go,
Till life and death are understood.

Editors and Printers.

With lively heart and joyous brow
The happy farmer speeds the plough,
And while he sleeps, both flocks and fields
Their ample pay for labor yield.
'Tis not so with the noble craft
Which moves the world with iron shaft,
But when their daily labor's done
The hardest toil is just begun.
With sinking frame and reddish eye
The weary type "tributes" "pi,"
And while the rich sports with the fair,
His heavy eyelids hang with care.
Long sleepless night and slushy days,
Contentedly at work he stays,
And strives to live an honest life
Amid the worldly scenes of strife.
Like statue firm, he stands "at ease"
And "spaces out" with magic grace—
He "locks them up and planes them down"
And starts the "Devil" round the town.
For "outs" and "doubts" he "spaces" them
To get some trifling sentence in,
And when he thinks the "copy's done"
The Editor has just begun
To scratch his head and skin his brains
To "nounce a death or want of rains";
And when the last bad manuscript
Is done, there's something else been skip'd
And must go in or "Jacob Brown"
Will come and tear the office down.
Oft o'er a "case of pi'd Brevier"
Have I seen Henry drop a tear,
And George and Tom and Bill and Dick
Take half a night to "fill a stick."
And then they'd raise a mighty squall
And swear they had "done it all."
Of all the lots that men can mourn
No harder one can e'er be borne—
No worse a life in fortune's wheel
Than Editors and Printers feel.

A GOLD RING FOUND IN A TURNIP.—The following singular incident connected with the subject of the wedding ring, occurred years ago in England. A woman acting as cook to a lady at Northampton, in cutting a turnip, found in the heart of it a gold ring, and immediately made her mistress acquainted with the extraordinary circumstance. The lady sent for the gardener's wife, and asked her whether the ring she then had upon her finger was the same she had been married with. The woman replied that it was not, as she had unfortunately lost her wedding ring about a year or two after her marriage, from off her finger, while weeding in the garden. She was then asked if she should know the ring if it was shown to her. To this she replied that the ring she had lost had a particular mark on it, which she described. The ring discovered in the heart of the turnip was then produced, and was found from the marks to be the identical ring lost by the gardener's wife, and immediately restored to her, after it had been in the ground ten or twelve years.

Annette Murray.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

A beautiful spot was the homestead which was the dwelling place of Annette Murray. It lay upon the banks of a small stream called Wood Creek, whose waters discharged themselves into Lake Champlain, a little distance above Whitehall. The banks here extended into wide meadows, and while the more distant hills served to diversify the landscape, they were likewise a protection against the chilling winds of Spring and Autumn: so that early and late, the fields of Farmer Murray wore the brightest green, and the rankest herbage. The cottage, built after a plan common in those days, was but one story, with a slooping roof, but unlike most of its fellows, was painted white; and the luxurious maples which shaded and almost embowered it, were of the forest growth. The province of New York was not then, as now, cultivated till it blooms like the rose with flowers of every hue, but yet the early settlers had not forgotten their homes in Old England, and here and there an occasional honeysuckle or rosebush testified to the clinging of the heart to early remembrance. One of the latter, a magnificent pink rose, might have been seen adorning the front of Mr. Murray's house, and sooth to say, it would have been hard to tell which was the greatest ornament, the bright face of Annette Murray, peeping through the casement, or the glowing rose. One there was in the neighborhood (and when I speak of neighbors, I wish to be understood in the oldest sense of the term, viz. all within five miles,) one there was, I say, who would have given the maiden the preference. A healthier or happier face than Annette's is seldom seen. Hair that curled like the tendrils of a young vine; blue eyes deep as the vault of heaven, and a fair feet and form, can it be wondered that Hugh Robertson not only thought Annette the fairest damsel he had ever seen, but that he had told her so, and had received a blushing acknowledgment of her appreciation of his merits. But the state of the country was such as forbid their speedy union. War had broken out, and although their immediate vicinity was yet quite, the march of foreign troops was daily expected. The Farm of Murray was about a mile and a half from any neighbors, but he had deemed it unnecessary to remove his family until the danger should be more palpable. It was one of those delicious days in the beginning of October which had acquired for themselves the name of Indian Summer, when an advanced party of British might have been seen cautiously wending their way towards Whitehall; but while yet several miles distant, after a hurried consultation, the word was given for a short halt: Their advance was deferred until just at night, when seizing a few boats which had unfortunately been left on the banks of the river, they launched upon a little stream, and proceeded unseen, in affecting a landing directly below Mr. Murray's house. The house was immediately surrounded & a demand made for refreshments. It may be necessary, in this place, to state the reason of this unwelcome visit. A large quantity of ammunition and stores of various kinds, had been collected at Whitehall, but not so privately, it appeared, as to be unknown to a tory in the vicinity, who immediately communicated his information to a British officer, who decided to attempt a seizure. For this purpose he had landed as I stated, intending with the first dawn to attempt a surprise, and in the meantime to refresh himself with the good things of the "rebel Yankees," as the British indiscriminately styled the Americans. It would have been useless in the present posture of affairs to have refused compliance, and accordingly, though it grieved his sturdy republicanism to the heart's core, Murray was compelled to make ready such provisions as he had on hand. Escape with the tidings was carefully guarded against, and there appeared no way of circumventing the vigilance of the sentries. Total demolition of their houses, would have been the consequence of exasperating his unwelcome guest, and although he would not have hesitated for that, had there been any chance of serving his country, yet for the sake of his family he was loth needlessly to exasperate them. Most unwillingly then, he rendered his services in preparing accommodations for them. He had three fine horses which the officers declared their intention of honoring him by taking, as they left their own behind them. Annette was busied in the duties of this unwelcome call for hospitality. Annette was as useful as pretty, and with no unskillful hand she prepared the viands for her uninvited guests. The soldiers who were off guard, lounged about the yard, looking occasionally at the kitchen window, and inspecting the progress of affairs.

One of them at last, tempted by the glowing checks of Annette, entered the room and rudely throwing his arms around her neck exclaiming with an oath, "well you are the prettiest rebel that I have seen in this confounded country! Give me a kiss for the compliment."
"I'll give you something that begins a k, if you don't let her alone!" exclaimed a manly voice behind him. It was Annette's brother, a stripling of nineteen, whose cheeks burned with anger at this insult to his sister. "You'll give me something else, will you, you spawn of an old rebel! We shall soon see that I" and the infuriated soldier was about to draw his sword, when the entrance of his captain, (called to the spot by Annette's shrieks) caused him to sneak away. To him, Charles stated the cause of the affray, but with a caution not to be too hot headed, the valiant captain swaggered back to his bottle. "Oh that I were but once on the road to Whitehall, I could take all these dastardly red coats, without losing a hair of my head!" "I have it!" exclaimed An-

nette joyfully, but what she had, must at the present remain a mystery, as the entrance of a soldier stopped the utterance which was on her lips.

There had resided in the family many years an old faithful negro woman. Hecuba or Cuba, as she was commonly called, was never a black Venus, and age was far from adding to her charms. Her appearance was more like that of some antiquated monster, than what is supposed to belong to the female sex. But almost double with the weight of years, her motions were as slow and tortuous as those of a wounded snake. It was in these peculiarities, as will soon appear, that Annette placed her security. Placing the smoking viands on the table, and whispering a few words in Cuba's ear, she anxiously awaited the termination of their repast. The liquor which was furnished them, though insufficient to intoxicate so many, was yet, (thanks to the care of Charles, who mixed the different sorts together,) sufficiently potent not to render them merry, but also to bewilder their intellects. Hecuba was ordered to wait upon the table, and many were the brutal jokes cracked at her expense.

"Here, old trigle," cried one 'pass along those eggs, hurry, or they'll hatch before you get here!' while another, with drunken gravity, demanded the price of wool; declaring his attention of procuring a sample forthwith.

Poor as these jokes were, they were received with shouts of laughter, increased by the low, muttered grumbings of Hecuba. 'Bad' nough to have to sleep in the barn to make room without being made game of. Must have been a scarcity of hemp last year any how.' Luckily for her, her last words were drowned in the general uproar.

The meal was at length finished, and the sentries posted around the dwelling for the night. But two or three were thought necessary, as the house stood by itself in a large meadow, rendering the approach of any object, without being seen, impossible. They had just begun, with unsteady steps it must be confessed, to pace their rounds, when the bent form of Hecuba was seen crawling along towards the barn, a building about forty yards distant. "Who goes there?" was the prompt challenge of the sentinel, but an indistinct muttering was the reply. Drawing up his piece he was just about to fire, when his comrade exclaimed, "It's the old wench; I should know her jaw among a thousand. Let her pass. I heard the old hag grumbling at being turned out of her den at supper." Heedless alike of words and deeds, the old woman kept on her way, until at last she reached the barn. Unfastening the large door, she entered and carefully closed it behind her; but instead of pausing when this was accomplished, she crept on to the other end of the barn, when feeling about among the straw she soon found another door, so small, as to be unnoticed on the exterior, but of sufficient size to permit her egress.

Whatever might have been her motive, she did not however immediately avail herself of this, but remaining in a listening attitude for some fifteen or twenty minutes. At the expiration of that time she slowly crept through the opening and artfully keeping in the shadow of the barn, she stole to the river. Half an hour sufficed to bring her to the tree which grew on the bank, when changing her bent and decrepit gait to a quick and active step, she threw back her hood and the moonbeams fell bright upon the face of Annette Murray. Rapidly she sped along the stream under the shelter of the high banks, until she reached a place where the river suddenly narrowing, permitted the accommodation of a foot bridge. Rapidly she flew across it; slow as had been her former progress, she now more than made amends for it.—Annette Murray was a girl not to start at imaginary dangers but her heart beat at the thought of the risk she ran, should she meet any of the traitor-tories.

Old Cuba's cloak and bonnet would she feared, prove but an inadequate protection, still, it was her only hope. But a very short time sufficed to bring her in sight of the first house of the village. The third of these was the residence of the father of Hugh Robertson. The hour for retiring in those primitive times, was somewhat earlier than at present, but luckily the family was still up.—With a joyful exclamation she flew up the steps, the throbbing of her heart almost rivaling her knock at the door. "Shall we confess her woman's weakness? Even at this moment," a thought of Hugh compelled her to throw off poor Cuba's old hood. In an instant, although it seemed to her an age, the door was opened by Hugh himself. Imagine his astonishment as Annette breathless, her cheeks flushed, and hair dishevelled, bounded forward almost into his arms.

Few words were necessary to tell her tale; and while Hugh dispatched his brother for assistance, he was arming himself for the fray. "How many did you say there were Annette?"

"There were eighteen men and two officers, and the house is watched by two half drunken sentries; and Charles knew I was coming, but perhaps he could not help"—Hugh staid for one embrace, and if the parting kiss was less reluctantly given than one before that night, let not Annette be blamed.

In an hour from this time Annette set forth, fifteen hardy young colonists, led on by Hugh, were on the way to her fathers'. Instead of taking the road by which Annette came, they marched silently along the customary road, and so benumbed were the faculties of the soldiers, that they reached within thirty yards of the house before they were discovered. The alarm was given, but so quick were the Americans in their movements, that ere they could resist, the house was surround-

ed, an entrance forced, and the whole taken prisoners. The next day the stores and ammunition were safely conveyed to fort Edward.

And Annette!—Hugh joined the continental army, and at the close of the Revolutionary struggle, Annette became the happy bride of Colonel Hugh Robertson. Their descendants are still a numerous and respectable part of the community where they dwell.

Language of Animals.

An old goose, that had been for a fortnight hatching in a farmer's kitchen, was perceived on a sudden to be taken violently ill. She soon after left the nest, and repaired to an out-house, where there was a young goose of the first year, which she brought with her into the kitchen. The young one immediately scrambled into the old one's nest, sat, hatched, and afterwards brought up the brood. The old goose, as soon as the young one had taken her place, sat down by the side of the nest, and soon after died. As the young goose had never been in the habit of entering the kitchen before, I know of no way of accounting for this fact, than by supposing that the old one had some way of communicating her thoughts and anxieties, which the other was perfectly able to understand. This is reported to Mr. London's Magazine by a gentleman named Brew, residing in England, who adds, "A sister of mine, who witnessed the transaction, gave me the information in the evening of the day it happened."

In the mammalia, the existence of such a language is borne out by almost daily observation. We have been assured of the truth of the following incident by a gentleman who witnessed it, and who says it agrees with many other anecdotes of cattle which he has heard: A number of cattle were placed together in a field, for the purpose of feeding on turnips—Two of the number became extremely troublesome to the rest, butting at and leaping upon them, and seeming to take a malicious pleasure in disturbing—in short, playing the tyrant over their more peaceful companions. This was patiently endured for some time; but at length a sort of conference was held by the peaceable cattle; they literally laid their heads together, and seemed to converse on the subject of the annoyance to which they were exposed, and, we may be allowed to add, on the proper means to be adopted for putting a stop to it. These cattle were then observed to make a simultaneous rush at the two offensive ones, whom they attacked in such spirited style as to drive them out of the field.

Unquestionably there was here some species of language employed; otherwise, how could the common sentiment have been ascertained, or the uniform movement concerted? A curious question now arises—Has each species or genus its own language, or is there a language common to several species or genera? It would appear from the following anecdote, that the latter supposition is the true one: "Last spring," says Mr. Baker, of Bedale, Yorkshire (England,) writing in 1834, "an old mare, (she has, I believe, completed her twentieth year, and has lost an eye) being relieved, in consideration of age and infirmity, from heavy labor, was turned out in company with a cow and four or five heifers into a small field at a distance from their former companions. The grass in this enclosure was not very plentiful, and the adjoining pasture being adorned with luxuriant vegetation, and divided by an indifferent fence, they frequently took the liberty of trespassing upon the neighboring property. This, indeed, occurred so often, that a watch was obliged to be set upon their actions; and one day a singular instance of animal instinct [intelligence?] was observed. The mare, doubtless tired of staying so long at a time, made the circuit of the field, with a view to escape from her confinement, and having discovered a place suited for her exit, she returned to her horned companions, who were ruminating at a little distance, and having approached the cow, and gently struck her on the shoulder, first with her hoof and then with her head. The cow being roused from her reverie, the loving friends advanced together to the gap, and having jointly reconnoitred it, returned to the rest, and then the old mare leading the way, the whole company leaped over in succession after her."

A Kiss.

A Yankee swain gives the following graphic sketch of a kissing scene:

"Ah, Sally, give me a kiss and be done with it."

"I won't—so there now."

"I'll take it, whether or no."

"Do it, if you dare."

"So at it we went, rough and tumble. An awful destruction of starch now commenced.—The bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went my shirt collar, and at the same time, some of the head fastening gave way, and down came Sally's hair like a flood in a mill dam, broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dishcloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver, parted at the throat, and whorrah came a string of white beads scampering and running races every way you could think of about the floor."

"By hokey, if Sally Jones ain't the girl there's no snakes!" She fought fair, however, I must admit, neither tried to scratch nor bite; and when she could fight no longer for want of breath she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell by her side—her hair hung back over the chair, and her eyes closed, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air. Lord! did you ever see a hawk pounce on a robin? or a bumble-bee on a clover top? I say nothing.

Extraordinary Human Curiosities.

Mr. S. B. Knox has arrived at the Tremont House with two Kaana children, a boy and a girl, of the almost extinct race of Central America. They are the most outre looking objects ever brought to this country. The boy is 32 inches in height, and weighs 16 pounds, and, in the opinion of Dr. Gilman Watts, of N. York, is about 10 years of age. The girl is 28 inches in height, weighs 14 pounds, and is supposed to be about 8 years of age. Their heads are not larger than a new born infant's and they may be almost said to be destitute of forehead, while their noses are finely developed, straight and long, and project at a well-defined angle. Their eyes are full, dark, and lustrous. Their heads are covered with strong dark hair, which descends forward nearly to the eyebrows.

The face is very sharp, the upper lip projecting, and the chin receding in a corresponding degree. Notwithstanding the almost entire absence of forehead, there is not in the profile view the least resemblance to the Simmia tribe. They are said to belong to the surviving remnant of the ancient order of priesthood called Kaanas, by constant intermarriage within their own caste, has dwindled down to a few individuals, diminutive in stature and imbecile in intellect. Their heads and faces resemble exactly the figures on the bas reliefs on the temple ruins described in Steven's Central America. They are orphans, and, at the close of a war between two of the Aztec tribes, fell into the hands of a traveller named Hammond.—They are lively, playful, and affectionate, but all attempts to teach them a word of English have thus far proved unsuccessful, but they occasionally utter a few gibberish sounds.—Boston Post.

The Yankee Outwitted.

A Yankee and a Frenchman owned a pig in co-partnership. When killing time came, they wished to divide the meat. The Yankee was very anxious to divide so that he would get both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the proper way to divide was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to do it on one condition, that the Yankee would turn his back and take choice of the pieces after it was cut in two.

The Yankee turned his back, and the Frenchman asked—

"Vich piece will you have—ze piece wid ze tail on him, or ze piece vat ain't got no tail?"

"The piece with the tail on," replied the Yankee.

"Den by Gar you can take him, and I take ze older one."

Upon turning round, the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it to the pigs mouth.

A JOKE.—An Irishman went a fishing, and among other things he hauled in, was a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant girl he placed it in her bed room. The next morning, the first that bounced into the breakfast room was Biddy, with the exclamation of—

"Be Jabbers, I've got the devil!"

"What devil?" inquired the head of the house, feigning surprise.

"The bull bed-bug that has been eating the children for the last month."

The Camel's Revenge.

A very few years ago it chanced that a valuable camel, working in an oil mill in Africa, was severely beaten by its driver, who perceiving that the camel had treasured up the injury, and was only waiting a favorable opportunity for revenge, kept a strict watch upon the camel.—Time passed away; the camel, perceiving that it was watched, was quiet and obedient, and the driver began to think that the beating was forgotten, when one night, after the lapse of several months, the man, who slept on a raised platform in the mill, whilst, as it is customary, the camel was stalled in a corner, happening to remain awake, observed by the bright moon light, that when all was quiet, the animal looked cautiously around, rose softly, and stealing towards a spot where a bundle of clothes and a beros, thrown carelessly on the ground, resembling a sleeping figure, cast itself with violence upon them, rolling with all its weight, and tearing them most viciously with its teeth. Satisfied that its revenge was complete, the camel was returning to its corner, when the driver sat up and spoke; at the sound of his voice, and perceiving the mistake it made, the animal was so mortified at the failure and discovery of its scheme, that it dashed its head against the wall, and died on the spot.

A very modest old maid visiting a newly married friend recently, saw one of her husband's shirts lying on the bed, and exclaimed: "Oh, mercy, a man's shirt on your bed! such a thing on my bed would give me the nightmare!"

"Very likely," responded the wife, "unless the man was inside of it."

"How," said a Judge in Missouri, to a witness on the stand, "how do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?" "Because I saw him a few minutes after the muss, trying to pull off his trousers with a boot-jack!"

The editor of the Cayuga Chief lets his choleric in this way: "We would say to the wretch who stole our new shirt from the line while we were a-bed waiting for it to dry, that we hope the collar will cut his throat."

TAKE CARE GIRLS.—"Well, Frank, isn't she a perfect creature?" "Why, I think she would do, if she were." "If what, Frank?" "If she didn't eat onions."