

JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 12.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1852.

No. 23.

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 27 1/2 cents per year, extra.
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AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

My Children.
I have two little darlings
With eyes of deepest blue,
There's just a year between them,
And the younger is not two.
I watch their minds expanding
With fond and earnest hope,
Like the fragrant little blossoms
Whose petals daily ope.
Frank says he's mother's roscbud,
And little brother Willy,
With skin like alabaster,
Is my budding water-lily.
I call them both my mock-birds,
For like music to my ear,
Are their merry little voices,
So silvery and clear.

What dew is to the flowers,
The rainbow to the sky,
Are those children to my pathway,
Which they cheer and beautify.
They fill my heart with gladness,
With thankfulness and praise,
They chase away my sadness,
And leave no gloomy days.

Though many other blessings
Around my footsteps fall,
My children and their father
Are chief among them all.
My life seems crowned with joys
Whenever I look on them,
And they the brightest jewels
Within the diadem.

Then blessings on my darlings,
Bright blessings from above,
God grant their tender boyhood
Miss not a mother's love.
Oh may my days be lengthened
Throughout their early youth,
To lead them in the pathway
Of Honor and of Truth.
God grant to me His spirit,
To guide their souls aright
To teach them by example,
To walk "as in His sight."
And when this life is ended,
May all whom he has given
United, form a family,
Within the courts of Heaven. M. E. C.

The Way She Turned Him.

A writer in the *St. Louis Spirit of the West*, tells a good story about a Western politician, which is as follows:

The most bigoted and unreasonable party man I ever met with, was Jack D., now a prosperous and influential Attorney, in S county, in this State.

At the hour of which I am a writing, he was a red hot Democrat, and his chief pleasure seemed to consist in making the fact as notorious as possible to the world. His friends and acquaintances, who knew him well, and whom he had repeatedly "victimized," with one consent pronounced Jack a bore, and his politics a nuisance; but with a stranger the thing was essentially different. Seized by the bottom, at the moment of introduction, Jack would astonish him by a rapid rehearsal of the articles of his political creed—branch out into an interminable rhapsody on the manifest destiny of the great progressive party, and if the victim was unusually passive, wind up with an eloquent eulogy on the great "Idid," as the living embodiment of peculiar opinions, and, in consequence the greatest man of the age. Such was Jack D., at the time of our story, acknowledged on every side as a firm and incorruptible Democrat. But alas! let us, however, not anticipate—but to our story:

One unlucky day, Jack met, at the house of a friend, a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments; attracted by her loveliness, and captivated by her intelligence, he became assiduous in his attentions, and forgot for a while his "principles," and without inquiring what might be the political preferences of his "lady love," imprudently proposed, was accepted, and they were married.

The wedding was over, the guests had departed, and the happy pair had retired to their chamber, and were snugly ensconced in bed, when Jack, in the course of a quiet conversation with his wife, unwittingly alluded to

his favorite subject, by casually speaking of himself as being a democrat.

"What!" said she turning sharply and suddenly towards him, "are you a Democrat?"

"Yes, madam," replied Jack, delighted with the idea of having a patient listener to his long restrained oratory. "Yes, madam, I am a Democrat—a real Jeffersonian Democrat, attached to the principles of the great progressive party; a regular out and outer, double-dyed and twisted in the wool."

"Just double and twist yourself out of this bed, then," interrupted his wife. "I am a Whig, I am, and I will never sleep with any man professing the abominable doctrines you do."

Jack was speechless from absolute amazement. That the very wife of his bosom should prove a traitor, was horrible—in she must be jesting. He remonstrated—in vain—tried persuasion—twas useless—entreaty—twas no go. She was in sober earnest, and the only alternative left him was a prompt renunciation of his heresy, or a separate bed in another room. Jack did not hesitate. To abjure the great and established doctrines of his party—to renounce his allegiance to that had become identified with his very being—surrender those glorious principles which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, to the mere whim and caprice of a woman, was utterly ridiculous and absurd, he threw himself from the bed and prepared to quit the room.

As he was leaving the door, his wife screamed out to him, "I say, my dear, when you recant your heresy, and repent your past errors, just knock at my door, and perhaps I will let you in."

The door was evidently slammed, and Jack proceeded wrathfully in quest of another apartment.

A sense of insulted dignity, and the firm conviction that he was a martyr in the "right cause," strengthened his pride, and he resolved to hold out until he forced his wife into a capitulation.

In the morning she met him as if nothing had happened, but whenever Jack ventured to allude to the rupture of the night previous, there was a "laughing quirk" in her eye, which bespoke her power, and extinguished hope. A second time he repaired to his lonely couch, and a second time he called upon his pride to support him to the struggle—which he now found was getting desperate. He vented curses, "not loud but deep," on the waywardness of the sex in general, and of his own wife in particular—wondered how much longer she would hold out—whether she suffered as acutely as he did, and tried hard to delude himself into the belief that she loved him too much to prolong the estrangement, and would come to him with morning—perhaps that very night, and sue for reconciliation. But then came recollection of that inflexible countenance, of that unbending will, and that laughing and un pitying eye—and he felt convinced he was hoping against hope and despairingly returned to the wall for oblivion from the wretchedness of his own thoughts.

The second day was a repetition of the first—no allusion was made to the forbidden subject, on either side. There was a look of quiet happiness and cheerfulness about his wife, that puzzled Jack sorely, and he felt that all idea of forcing her into a surrender, must be abandoned.

A third night he was alone with his thoughts. His reflections were more serious and composed than on the night previous. What they were, of course were known only to himself, but they seemed to result in something decided; for about midnight, three distinct taps were made at his wife's door, no answer—and the signal was repeated in a louder tone; still all was silent, and a third time the door shook with the violent attacks from the outside.

"Who's there!" cried the voice of his wife, as if just aroused from a deep sleep.

"It's me, my dear, and perhaps a little the best Whig you ever did see."
The revolution in such opinions was radical and permanent. He removed to another county, became popular, offered himself as a candidate on the Whig ticket, for the Legislature, and was elected, and for several sessions represented his adopted county, as a firm and decided Whig.

A Sleepy Hat.—Isn't your hat sleepy? inquired a little urchin, of a gentleman with a shocking bad one on. No—why? inquired the gentleman. Why, I think it is a long time since it had a nap was the reply.

Somebody says he is a brave man—who isn't afraid to wear old clothes until he is able to pay for new.

A lady hired a Western country girl for a family help, and was surprised to see her poke her head into the parlor one afternoon, when visitors were present, and ask, Mamma, did you call jest now? I thought I heard a jest.

Advertisement.

Wanted, a hand to hold my own,
As down life's vale I glide;
Wanted an arm to lean upon,
Forever by my side.

Wanted, a firm and steady foot,
With step secure and free,
To take its straight and onward pace
Over life's path with me.

Wanted a form erect and high;
A head above my own,
So much that I might walk beneath
Its shadow o'er me thrown.

Wanted, an eye, within whose depth
Mine own might look and see
Uprising from the guideless heart,
O'erflow with love for me.

Wanted, a lip, whose kindest smile
Would speak for me alone;
A voice, whose richest melody
Would breathe affection's tone.

Connecticut Story.

The following is related as a fact, having actually happened some years ago in the State of Connecticut:

A man in rather indifferent circumstances surrounded by a large family, being entirely out of meat, had recourse to a sheep fold of his neighbor (a wealthy farmer) for relief. The neighbor having a flock of sheep, did not perceive that he had not lost any, until one of the finest of the flock, very large and fat, was missing, and counting his sheep found he had lost several. Unable to account for this extraordinary loss, he resolved a few nights after to watch. About midnight he observed an uncommon disturbance among the sheep, caused by the sudden appearance of a man dressed in disguise. Curiosity to observe the conduct of the person, so as to find him out, induced him to keep still.

In the flock there was a ram with whom, it seems, the man was in the habit of conversing as if he had been the actual owner of the sheep. "Well, Mr. Ram," says the nocturnal sheep stealer, "I come to buy another sheep, have you any more to sell?" Upon which he replied in person of the ram, "Yes, I have sheep to sell." By this time the farmer had discovered him to be one of his neighbors. "What will you take for that large wether?" says the purchaser. "Four dollars," replied Mr. Ram. "That is a very high price," says the man: "but as you are so good as to wait for the pay, I think I will take him."

"Well, Mr. Ram," continued the honest sheep hunter, "let us see how many sheep I have bought of you." "If I am not mistaken," says Mr. Ram, "this is the fifth;" and then went on to cast up the amount of the whole; and giving Mr. Ram a polite invitation to call upon him for his pay and bidding him good night; the man led the sheep home, while the owner lay laughing at the novelty of the scene, as highly gratified as if he had received ample pay for the whole. A few nights afterwards when he supposed his neighbor was nearly out of mutton, he caught the old ram, tied a little bag under his neck, and placed a piece of paper between his horns on which he wrote in large letters, "I HAVE COME FOR MY MONEY." Under the line he footed up the whole amount of five sheep, exactly as his neighbor had done, as before related; he then took the ram to his neighbor's house where he tied him near the door, and then went home.

When the neighbor arose in the morning he was not a little surprised to find a sheep tied to his own door; but it is beyond words to express his astonishment when he found it was the old Ram with whom he had been dealing so much in mutton, with his errand on his forehead, and the amount of five sheep accurately made out, as he had done a few nights before in the person of the ram. Suffice it to say he obtained the money and tying it up nicely in the bag, and tearing the paper from his horns, set the ram at liberty, who immediately ran home jingling his money, as if proud of having accomplished the object of his errand—to the no small gratification of the owner.

"Not to be Ground Down."—At the late Locofoco Convention in Maine, after the nominations had been made, Mr. Dunn of Portland, who assumed to be a leader upon the occasion, called for "three cheers for Gov. Hubbard;" they were accordingly given.—"Now gentlemen," said he, "three groans for Gen. Scott." This was attempted also; one dimly faint groan was heard, when a member of the Convention exclaimed, "Ah gentlemen, you are much mistaken if you imagine that Scott is a man that can be ground down. It can't be done." It is needless to say that the other two groans were omitted.—*Boston Atlas.*

A good Deacon, at a conference meeting in the town of D., about thirty miles north of Boston, addressed his auditors one Sabbath evening as follows: "My friends, there is a new doctrine going about nowadays; we are told that all mankind are going to Heaven; but my brethren and sisters, we hope for better things."

From the Philadelphia City Item. Great Feat of Blitz.

The renowned ventriloquist and magician, Blitz, performed a feat the other evening which has never been surpassed if equalled among Professors of Legedemian.

We were attracted by a crowd gathered around a pretty little girl who was bewailing a five dollar gold piece which she had lost on the corner of Third and Chestnut streets. Conspicuous among the assemblage was the ubiquitous and gentle-hearted Blitz.

"Where did you lose your money, my pretty dear?" inquired the amiable Professor.

"On this corner," sobbed the child, "and I fear it has rolled into the culvert. Oh dear, what shall I do? It is quite dark, and I fear I shall never see it again; oh, do, good gentleman, help me look for it."

"Into the culvert," said Blitz—"Come—let's fish for it. Who's got a piece of twine?"

"Lord a mercy, Bill," chuckled an overgrown boy, "does ye hear that?—Fish for a piece! Now isn't he sum?"

"Take care, Jim, take care—that 'ere's Blitz!—You'd better not be sassy to him!" and Bill tried to put on a mysterious air.

A piece of twine was brought, and Blitz tied a port-monnaie to it, carelessly remarking—

"You see my friends, I use a very singular kind of bait—"

"Yes—very—very!" remarked a gentleman in specs.

"Now"—continued Blitz—"when I fish for catfish, or perch, or porgies, I always use a different sort of bait—a little powder, or—but, hark; don't you hear some one talking down there?"

"Oh, git out!" incredulously exclaimed a drayman.

"But I tell you," persisted Blitz, "I heard voices down there. Keep silence for a minute, and I'll speak to them."

The crowd were disposed to laugh, but curiosity kept them silent.

Blitz bent down and said—

"I say, down there, hallo!"

"Hallo, yourself," responded a voice, apparently from the culvert.

"There, gentlemen, didn't I say so, triumphantly exclaimed Blitz, to the astonished crowd. "Now, wait a bit, and we'll inquire into this." And, again addressing the persons in the culvert, he said—

"Who are you anyhow?"

"I shant tell you?"

"What?"

"I shant tell you!"

"Why not?"

"Cause you'll inform on us."

"No, I won't."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"Is anybody near?"

Blitz motioned to the astonished group to stand back, and then replied—

"No."

"Well—we're burglars."

"What?"

"Burglars."

"Och—the bloody thives—get me a pick axe—let me at 'em!" shouted an Irishman.

"Hush—silence," whispered Blitz, and once more addressing the burglars, he said—

"Burglars, you say?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing down there?"

"Digging our way into the Bank of North America."

to his honor, Mayor Gilpin, until after the bank had been robbed, as he thought it would n't be showing fair play to the burglars, who, after all, seemed to be a very clever set of fellows. Thereupon, he vanished, but the crowd did not disperse for some hours afterwards.

Asking Too Much.

A young couple were sitting together undoubtedly in some romantic spot, with birds and flowers around; at least the reader is led to infer that they had all these 'appliances' and means to boot, when the following conversation ensued:

"My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please thee, most gladly would I lay it down at thy feet."

"Oh, sir, you are too kind! But it just reminds me that I wish you would gratify me by discontinuing the use of tobacco."

"Can't think of it. It's a habit to which I am wedded."

"Very well, sir; since this is the way in which you sacrifice your life for me, and as you are already wedded to tobacco, I'll take care that you are never wedded to me, also, as it would be bigamy!"

A Hopeful Youth.

Last week the Swampscot Dorcas Sewing Society held their annual meeting, and on motion it was resolved: That our parson wait on Tony Jones, and see if anything can be done to correct the manners of young Tony.

The next day the parson waited on Tony senior, and informed him respecting the object of his visit. Tony listened patiently, and then replied:

"Parson, I'd let Tony go to meeting every Sunday, if I only know'd you was goin' to preach; but, parson, there aint a body in the city of Swampscot what's got more manners than my Tony, and I can convince you of that in just a minute. You see Tony out there skinnin' them niggers?"

The parson nodded assent.

"Now see, I'll call! And raising his voice to the highest pitch, he shouted—

"Tony."

The response was quick and equally loud: "Sir."

"Don't you hear that, parson?" said the old man. "Don't you call that manners?"

"That is all very well," said the parson, "as far as it goes."

"What do you mean by as far as it goes? That boy, sir, always speaks respectfully to me when I call him; then raising his voice he again called—

"Tony."

The response, 'Sir,' was equally loud and prompt. Again the old man called—

"Tony."

The boy dropped a half-dressed fish and shaking his fist at his sire, yelled out:

"You miserable, black, old, drunken snob; I'll come in there in two minutes and maul you like blazes!"

The parson was astonished, the old man was disconcerted for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, he tapped the parson on the shoulder, saying:

"You see, parson, my boy has got grit as well as manners. That chap will be an ornament to your society one of these days."

I need not add that the parson incontinently nuzzled.

Sowing Clover Seed.

In answer to an inquiry made in the last number of the Newspaper, as to the best time for sowing clover seed, I remarked that it is my opinion that in the spring or winter is the time, for the following reasons: Clover sown in the fall is apt to be killed. First: By the dry weather which usually prevails in October and November. Second: if the weather is favorable, and the clover should get a start, the action of the frost would be more liable to destroy the young and tender roots, especially in clay soil, where I have seen the clover drawn entirely from the ground by the expansion of the soil from frequent freezing and thawing. I have always succeeded by sowing in March. The first good snow that falls in the month of March sows your seed, as you can see it on the snow, and thus sow it more evenly than when on the ground, and when the snow melts it leaves the ground soft and moist, and the seed is buried evenly at the proper depth. When the first warm weather comes it springs up and becomes sufficiently vigorous to live through the succeeding fall and winter.

Dr. Johnson once dined with a Scottish lady who had a hutch for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good!

"It is good for hogs, ma'ma," said the doctor.

"Then, pray," said the lady, "let me help you to a little more."

A mason by the name of Mark Smith fell from a high brick building at Albany on Saturday and was instantly killed. He was intoxicated at the time and had been advised to leave the building on account of it. Verdict—Died for the want of the 'Maine Law.'

Common School Decisions.

The Harrisburg Keystone proposes publishing such decisions of the Superintendent of Common Schools, as may be of general interest. The last number of that paper contained some of these decisions, from which we take the following:

The certificate of school teachers must be renewed annually, and as no certificate can be given except upon actual examination it follows that all teachers must be examined annually. The changes in the directorship of the public schools, as well as the propriety of improvement and frequent tests of capacity, will suggest reasons for these repeated examinations.

Directors may in their discretion require the schools of their districts to be kept open every day of each calendar month, except Sundays. The most general rule is to keep them open 26 days per month. A less number than 24 days would not be sanctioned by the Department. Above that number the length of time to be taught within a calendar month is at the discretion of the directors.

The occupation of a farmer is not taxable for school purposes.

The correct mode of levying school taxes, is, first to "assess upon all offices and posts of profit, professions, trades and occupations," except the occupation of farmers, "and upon all single freemen above the age of 21 years who do not follow any occupation, any sum which the school direct ors shall deem proper and sufficient, not exceeding the amount assessed on the same for state and county purposes, except that the sum assessed on each shall in no case be less than fifty cents." After having done this, the directors should ascertain how much additional tax it is necessary to raise to meet all the proper and legal demands of the current school year, and assess that amount upon the property of the district, without regard to whether the owner of such property had been before taxed for any office or post of profit, profession, trade or occupation, or as a single freeman.

When ever money is due from tax collectors of preceding years can be collected from them by the directors by bringing suit upon the collectors' bonds; or if they have given none, by an ordinary action of debt. Directors are instructed by the Department to collect old duplicates promptly.

The "three hundred dollar act" does not exempt property from levy and sale for taxes.

We notice, among the new things, India Rubber bed-ticks, filled with wool, instead of feathers. Good for some we wot of, who can as well sleep on wind as live by it.

The Mysterious Rapping.

A young man called, not long since, upon the ladies in whose keeping are the Rochester Spirits. His bearing was sad and his voice tremulous with emotion—

Sorrow was on his countenance and a weed was in his hat. He sighed as he took a seat, and the bystanders pitied him as they saw him draw forth a spotless handkerchief and wipe away a tear that had gathered in his eye. After a few moments he took one of the ladies aside, and requested if convenient, to be put in communication with the spiritual essence of his mother; and here he wiped his eyes rapidly and sobbed.

A period of quiet elapsed, and a knock was heard signifying that the desired correspondence could be had, and with a hesitating voice the young man commenced questioning the invisible one.

"How long had I been gone before you died?"

"A length of time was stated."

"Where are you now, mother—are you happy?"

The knocking indicated that the spirit was at rest.

"Are those of your friends who have gone before, with you?"

"They are," said the knocking.

"Then you can recognize them perfectly?"

The noise certified the affirmative.

"Can you see me at all times when you wish?"

The raps proclaimed the perpetual clearness of the speaker's vision in that respect.

The gentleman seemed relieved, and the spectators stood overwhelmed with wonder.

Taking his hat the mourner rose, thanked the ladies, and as he stood in the door he quietly remarked:

"I have been very much entertained, as no doubt my mother herself will be, for I left her at home, not half an hour since, basting a turkey for dinner.—*Buffalo Courier.*"

After years of mathematical labor and mechanical results, Prof. Willis, of Rochester, has completed and has now in constant operation, a self-winding clock, which determines the seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years of time with unerring accuracy, continuing in constant motion, by itself, never requiring to be wound up, never running down, but moving perpetually so long as its components exist. Says the Rochester Democrat.