

# JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1852.

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**AT THE OFFICE OF THE**  
**Jeffersonian Republican.**

**This is a World as is a World.**  
BY FINLEY JOHNSTON.

This is a world as is a world,  
In which we live and thrive,  
When they who have no conscience left,  
Are always kept alive;  
Where new humbugs are daily put  
Upon the public stage:  
And are with gusto swallowed down  
In this enlightened age.

No matter how absurd the scheme  
Which may before us start,  
Some "honest souls" are always found  
To bear an active part,  
And if we cry "humbug" to them,  
They raise their leering eyes,  
And say, "O la, good gracious me,  
How wonderful, how wise."

This is a world as is a world,  
And Barnum knows it too;  
For by him have been humbugged,  
In cases not a few;  
His Mermaid and his Woolly Horse,  
Attracted quite a crowd;  
And praises his young Tom Thumb  
Were heard both deep and loud.

This is a world as is a world,  
Where we can all commune  
With spirits from the other sphere,  
In almost any tone;  
These "Rappers" dear good natured folks,  
Their secrets will unfold,  
Provided you will move them with  
A piece of solid gold.

This world of ours is indeed,  
Progressing very fast;  
Each day but proves what fools they were  
Who lived within the past,  
They had no Barnum to give them  
The wonders of the age—  
To bring the "nurse of Washington"  
Upon the public stage.

This is a world as is a world,  
Where money makes the man—  
Where honesty, combined with want,  
Must thrive the best it can—  
Where all will swallow eagerly  
A golden coated pill;  
Supporting quacks who charge the same  
To cure, or else—to kill.

**Story for Boys.**  
It is related of a Persian mother, that on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said "Go, my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall never meet again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with was assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had got, and he said "forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."  
He laughed, thinking he jested.  
Another asked him the same question, and received the same answer.

At last the chief called him, and asked him the same question, and he said I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."  
He ordered the clothes to be ripped open and found the money.  
"And how came you to tell this?" said he.  
"Because," replied the child, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of the duty to thy mother at thy years, and art insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand that I may swear repentance on it." He did so and his followers were all struck with the scene.  
"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to the chief, "be the same in the path of virtue;" and they instantly made restitution of the spoils, and vowed repentance on the boy's hand.

There is a moral in this story, which goes beyond the direct influence of the mother on the child. The noble sentiment infused into the breast of the child is again transfused from breast to breast, till those who feel it know not whence it came.—Mrs. Whittlesey's Magazine.

Penneyranga has won the Golden Banner and it has been awarded to Monroe county.

**Panama.**  
A correspondent furnishes the following description of Panama, in a letter of a recent date:

Panama is, with one exception, the meanest, dirtiest, most disagreeable, and most abominable place I ever visited, and I have travelled considerably. The exception I refer to is Gorgona, on the Chagres river. Chagres, mean and contemptible as it is, is a paradise compared to either. Provisions of every kind are extravagantly dear; the water is bad and scarce. The hotel accommodations are of the most miserable description imaginable, and there is no society of any bearable kind. The natives are a God-forsaken crew, who know nothing and care for nothing.—Their highest ambition is only play monte with the few dimes they beg or earn by carrying a traveller's trunk, or fetching a jug of water from a neighboring stream. I took a walk this morning to the market (save the mark,) and made a note of the manner in which business is transacted there. It is an open space, bearing the dignified name of plaza outside the walls; Panama being, as you are aware, a fortified and walled city. There were scattered, sitting on the ground, about four hundred natives, some of them copper colored and some of them as black as the ace of spades. Each having before him or her, on a wooden platter commodities for sale. Some had meat, some eggs, some yams, some pig's feet, with hair on, some roots of various kinds, including potatoes; others had oysters, spread on a leaf in parcels of a dozen, and such oysters! others had beef and pork, cut up into chunks of about three ounces weight, and others had other things. All the vendors of these delicacies were as dirty as a tropical climate, a dusty road in the vicinity and a religious abstinence from washing, could make them. To be sure, a dozen or so of them apparently made an attempt to look spruce, in order to tickle the "Americans." Their big feet were encased with white satin slippers; but the butt of a cigar, stuck in the braids of their wool, or behind the ear as clerks sometimes carry their pens, together with their filthy dresses, showed conclusively that they fell far short of being neat in their appearance. Let no person, whose stomach is not as strong as that of an ostrich, visit the market of Panama, or he will surely die of starvation. The meat is actually disgusting. If not cut up into pieces it is into strings; and you can purchase either as you please, guessing the weight of the former by balancing it in your hand, or the latter by the yard. Four pieces or a yard of beef is enough for a small family. I am within bounds when I say, that each piece of beef and pork is handled and weighed by at least two thousand persons, with hands not over clean, before the delicious morsel reaches the cuisine of the lucky purchaser. In addition to this, the meat is nasty, from the manner in which it is killed. Tell it not in Washington market; publish it not, that the natives of the Isthmus of Panama kill their hogs by pouring boiling water into their ears, until the unfortunate animal gives up the ghost under the inhumanity. As soon as it is dead, the bristles are sawed off with a knife, the fat is separated from the lean, and both cut into "chunks," and sold in the manner I have mentioned.—Beef cattle are slaughtered in a manner equally novel and ingenious. The animal is chased into an open space; as soon as he reaches it, the scientific butcher hurls at his head a heavy stone. If the blow fails to stupefy him, he roars in his agony, so loud that the noise can be heard a distance of two miles, and he attempts to make his escape.—The lasso then comes in play, and after a chase the animal is caught by the horns.—Stones are again hurled at his doomed head, and the slaughter commences. When killed, the carcass is cut into pieces as strings, without reference to anatomy, and with a dexterity that would give a New York butcher a fit of epilepsy. A chunk is cut from the leg, another from the ribs, one from the neck, and so on, until the beast is in mince-meat. It is then brought to market. If cut into strings, the butcher commences at the leg and proceeds to the head; thence down again and up again, so that if you are very hungry or wish to lay in provisions for a voyage, you can purchase a hundred yards of beef in one string. Although the soil and climate are favorable in the highest degree to vegetation, there is a great scarcity of vegetables in Panama. In fact, good potatoes cannot be had, and as for salad, celery, and such things, they are not to be procured for love or money.—Three diminutive potatoes sell for a half a dime, eggs sell five for two dimes; a yam is worth a dime, and small *outra* looking tomatoes cost a dime each. A common meal cannot be obtained for less than a dollar. I cannot imagine how the poor people contrive to live. You may well suppose that poor emigrants who reach here with a hundred or two dollars, for the purchase of a ticket to San Francisco, soon become bankrupt, having to expend all their money while awaiting an opportunity to reach their destination. At present there are three or four hundred such

at Panama. Having no money, they sleep outside the walls on bare ground. This, together with scarcity of food, superinduces fever and disease, and the consequence is, many die. Some of them are lucky enough to reach California in ruined health, where they linger a few months. Their deaths are very improperly attributed to the climate of that State, whereas it ought to be laid at the door of Panama; but, in the first instance, to the imprudence of the sufferers, who, through bad advice, or other cause, neglected to provide themselves with through tickets.

There are but few objects of interest in Panama. The churches are massive structures, bearing the marks of time, and like all other buildings here, public and private, are in a sad state of delapidation and decay.—The way in which some of the tower bells are rung is to me somewhat novel. Immediately opposite my hotel is a church, in which service is continually performed. The rope which formerly was attached to the bell wore out, and sooner than get a new one, a native, when the time arrives for mass, mounts the tower, and hammers away at the bell with a billet of wood. When done, he descends, and assists the *padre* in his administrations. In niches in the walls are images, as large as life, of the Virgin Mary, the Saviour, and the Apostles, all of them dressed in Spanish costume—the Apostles having beards and moustaches of the true Spanish cut. I should say the Virgin is the favorite of them all, for she is evidently treated to a new frock, and a new fan oftener than St. Peter, or the other apostles, are to new breeches. I am sorry to say there is a great want of piety among the natives, and that they prefer visiting the cock pit, or loafing in the streets, to attending their churches. I fear the pious monitions of the reverend *padres* are thrown away on the stiff necked and banana natives. This is to be regretted, for there are churches enough here, and priests enough to save the souls of all the people of Central America. If rumor does not belie these holy men, the *padres* themselves sometimes engage in cock-fighting; it is ungenerously reported of them that they have the best cocks in the country, as well as the most dangerous ones. The cock pit of Panama is well worth visiting. I strolled in there on Sunday afternoon, and was much interested in what I saw. There were about two hundred natives present, each with his cock under his arm. It bore a resemblance to the Exchange at 'change hour. Such a clattering and jabbering I never heard in my life. It was deafening. At length a match was made up, and a ring was formed. The gaffs or spurs were put on, and the fight commenced. In about two minutes one of the birds received the spur of his adversary in the breast and "keeled over," dead as a herring. Several other matches followed, a bird being killed in each. The owner of the victor in every case received the carcass of the defeated one as a trophy. The gaffs are very formidable weapons. They are made of highly tempered steel, are about two and a half inches long, with both edges as sharp as those of a lancet. They are shaped like a scythe, and if directed properly, would cause the death of a man or an ox as well as that of a poor chancier. It sometimes occurs that after a match is made the cocks will not fight; but this does not often happen.

I have mentioned that there are several hundred men here without means to enable them to reach California. I am sorry to say, that inhuman jokes are continually practiced on them. I will relate one which occurred yesterday, as a sample. Some fellow posted a written notice in different parts of the town, that a number of destitute emigrants, provided they were active men, would be allowed to work their passages to San Francisco, in a sailing vessel, and be paid \$10 per month; application to be made to Captain Martin, at Cocoa Grove—a hotel about an eighth of a mile from the city. As you may well suppose, hundreds of the poor fellows rushed to Cocoa Grove to see Captain Martin, and if possible to get a berth. The man who assumed the name of Capt. Martin, was in attendance, and received them. In reply to their applications for an opportunity to work their passages, he said he would have none but smart, and active men, and he would require a proof of the smartness of those he should select. He wanted to see how the applicants he said, could climb, and directed them to ascend the cocoa nut trees close by. At it they went, forty or fifty men at a time; some falling down when a little way up and others making fruitless efforts with their feet, knees, thighs and even toe nails, to reach the top, which they could not possibly do, the trees being so slippery. If it were not for its wickedness, the joke would have been well relished.

**Beautiful.**—As the eagle dips his wings in the crystal spring, to beautify and strengthen them for his upward flight, so should the young go to the fountains of literature and science to adorn and strengthen their minds, that they may be qualified to rise to a sphere of usefulness in the world.

**Hint as to Schooling.**  
A common error into which many parents fall, is to send their children to an inferior school first, and afterwards to place them in an establishment where they may, as it is termed, "finish" their education. Not only is the pupil a severe loser by this method, but the master, to whose care he is at length committed, experiences much additional trouble. He has not only now to lead the youth into a right path, but to lead him back from many a wrong one; not merely to urge him to the further acquisition of good habits, but to endeavor to root out many that are faulty. It is related by Quintilian that those who went to learn music of Timotheas, paid double price if they had received any previous instruction—a safe-guard I would recommend a general adoption of by good teachers. But there are other evils connected with such a system, not to mention those which result from change of plans to the student himself. It is obvious that no tutor can be expected to take much interest in the progress of children who are placed with him only as a temporary thing.—Whereas, if it is understood that they are to continue with him so long as his treatment of them is what it ought to be, he has an incentive to diligence in the highest degree effective. He looks upon them as the future ornaments of his school; and they immediately come under the influence of those well-regulated stimuli which urge them on to fill up the ranks of those who are about to finish their scholastic course. A well-directed establishment, where the morals, intellectual improvement and health of the pupils are carefully and assiduously attended to, presents advantages which ought to be appreciated by parents, though they are seldom valued by the pupils.

**Education.**  
There is much truth in the following article, which we copy from a Canada paper:  
"If there is one matter of greater importance to the human family than all others, it is the education of the young. The children who now fill our schools, or play about our streets or fields, will in a few short years manage the affairs of the country; and it will depend upon their present training, whether these affairs will be well or ill-managed. The conduct of the rising generation will not, however, affect themselves only. In proportion, as it is good or bad, it will give pleasure or pain to their parents; and their character will be stamped upon succeeding generations. We may, therefore, affirm, that the effects of what we now do in the matter of education, will be felt through all time, although time will only reveal the smallest part of these effects.  
How important it is then, to secure a good system of education! It is generally said of children uneducated in schools, that they are without education. This is a mistake—they have more or less education, but unfortunately it too often consists of lying, cheating, swearing, drinking, cruelty, or other vicious courses, for though naturally prone to evil, yet to attain proficiency in vice, children require to be educated. But this education costs nothing. Only neglect to teach them what is good—let them run idle in the streets, and take up with the company they meet there, and their education for evil is secured. And here, let us remark, that if we do not take care to furnish them with a good education, society is so constituted, that they will be almost certain to find a bad one for themselves. Their faculties are so sharp and vigorous, that they cannot remain inactive: they are continually learning and imitating what they see and hear, and their character, as amiable and worthy members of society, or the reverse, is in a great measure formed at a very early age."

Did anybody ever hear the story of two bachelor brothers, down in Tennessee, who had lived a cat-and-dog sort of life, to their own and the neighborhood's discomfort, for a good many years, but who having been at a camp-meeting, were slightly "convicted," and concluded to reform.  
"Brother Tom," says one, when they had arrived at their home, "let us sit down now, and I'll tell you what we'll do. You tell me of all my faults, and I'll tell you of yours, and so we'll know how to go about mendin' of 'em."  
"Good!" says brother Tom.  
"Well, you begin."  
"No, you begin, brother Joe."  
"Well, in the first place, you know, brother Tom, you *will* lie."  
"Crack!" goes brother Tom's "paw" between brother Joe's "blinkers," and considerable of a "serimmage" ensues, until, in the course of ten minutes, neither are able to "come up to time," and the reformation was postponed  *sine die*.  
—N. Y. Spirit.

**A Traveler,** writing home from the coast of Africa, says:—The people die very fast, and the sheep have very long tails. Sufficiently concise for any class of readers.

**The increased average duration of Human Life.**  
Prof. Buchanan, in a lecture lately delivered before the Mechanic's Institute of Cincinnati, says that in the latter part of the sixteenth century, one half of all that were born, died under five years of age and the average longevity of the whole population was but 18 years. In the 18th century, one half of the population died under twelve. But in the first sixty years of the 18th century one half of the population lived over 27 years.—In the latter forty years, one half exceeded 33 years of age. At the beginning of the present century one half exceeded 40 years, and from 1838 to 1845 one half exceeded 43. The average longevity at these successive periods has been increased from 18 years in the 16th century up to 43.7, by our last reports.

These facts are derived from the medical statistics of Geneva. Applied to this country, such an improvement as is here exhibited from 1500 to 1845, would make a variation in our bills of mortality of more than half a million, or 1500 deaths daily.  
This is attributed in part to the improvement in Medical Science.

**Roger Sherman and John Randolph.**  
Mr. Sherman was representative in Congress from Connecticut; his business had been that of making shoes. John Randolph rose, and with his usual squeaking sounds, said, I should like to know what the gentleman did with his leather apron before he set out for Washington. Mr. Sherman replied, imitating the same squeak, I cut it up, sir, to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas.

**The boy that** undertook to ride a horse ranch, is now practising on a saddle of mutton, without stirrups. What an equestrian he will be in time.

**Singular Pride in a Horse.**  
A respectable farmer, from the adjoining county, came to the city, a few days since, in a one-horse sleigh without bells. In passing down Western Row, another sleigh approached in a different direction, announcing their proximity with a merry peal of the jingling bells. This caused the farmer's horse to come to a dead stand; neither coaxing nor force could induce the animal to budge a foot, although prior to this circumstance there had been no difficulty. While in this quandary, a person suggested the propriety of placing bells on the horse's neck; no sooner said than done—which acted like a talisman; and, to the amusement of the bystanders, the horse moved with "pride and pomp," as if sensible of the honor conferred. One of the lookers-on observed that when countrymen come to town they ought to treat their horses like gentlemen.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Appropriate.**—In a certain village in Massachusetts, rum jugs are labelled Washing Fluid. This is very appropriate, for rum has washed many a man clean out of his house, home and humanity.

**Balky Horses.**  
The practice of an English friend who has cured numbers of them, is to hitch a steady horse team behind them and pull them backwards. The refractory beast will not relish such treatment and will soon be glad to go forward at the word of command. The most stubborn will yield and be perfectly true and tractable after three or four such tutings. The aforementioned friends tell me, he never failed to conquer in a single instance, and that too without the stroke of a whip or otherwise mistreating the animal.

**The Maine liquor Law** seems to have got into the heads of the Boston people to the exclusion even of Jenny—Goldschmidt. One of the papers has the following:—  
At the Old Ladies South Sewing Circle, last Friday evening, the members got to talking about temperance, the Maine Liquor Law, &c. Said Mrs. Fidget, "For nine mortal years I slept with a barrel of brandy,—now, thanks to Gough and Providence, I sleep with a man!" "Well," said Aunt Byles! "after all, for my part, I'd rather sleep with a barrel of brandy, than lie alone these cold winter nights." Mrs. Fidget frowned.

**A Scene.**—Dry goods stores are sometimes the scene of ludicrous conversations. The other day a young lady stepped into a well known establishment in town, and enquired of a handsome clerk.  
"Sir, have you any mouse colored ladies gloves?"  
"Mouse colored ladies, miss?"  
"Yes—a sort of gray—just the color of your drawers there," meaning the store drawers, which were painted gray.  
"My drawers, miss, ejaculated the young man, glancing downwards at his dress to see if everything was right and tight. "My drawers, miss! why I don't wear any!"  
The young lady was carried home on a shutter.

**Dangerous Counterfeit Notes.**  
There is a number of Counterfeit Notes now in circulation, (some of them heretofore noticed in our columns,) which require the closest scrutiny by good judges to detect their character. We append the best description of them we can obtain; and would caution our readers to be on their guard on receiving notes of the banks on which these spurious ones purport to be, without satisfactory evidence of their genuineness.

**BANK OF MIDDLETOWN, PA.**  
(Mercer Brown, Pres.—Simon Cameron, Cash.)  
5s, re-issue—vig head and bust of a female in a frame—large figure 5 each side of it—a medallion head and three figures 5 above and below it. This is so close an imitation of the genuine that persons not well acquainted with the bill should refuse all 85 notes of this plate. The word FIVE on the bottom margin appears 26 times—on the genuine 27.  
5s, good imitation of the genuine, having an eagle for the centre vig.—a large female on the right, and reappears on the left end—large female is rather poor—the clouding around the eagle poor—and the reapers on the left particularly poor—has no (c) after the word DEMAND, and no (c) after the name of Danforth, the engraver.  
5s, engraving coarse. In the first batch, the "M" in "Middletown" on the upper left margin, had an extra flourish, which has since been taken off to make it correspond with the genuine—this leaves the "M" an eighth of an inch farther from the margin than in the true bill, in which it is close on to it.

**HARRISBURG BANK, PA.**  
(Thomas Elder, Pres.—J. W. Weir, Cash.)  
2s, imitation of relief re-issue, let B—faces in the vig. are poor—the stars on the shield on the left end of note are very faint—in the genuine they are plain and the faces are well done—the shading of the words "Harrisburg Bank" is not regular—the letters in the word "INDEPENDENCE" on the right lower corner slant like Italics—in the genuine they are straight.

5s, re-issue relief notes—good lithographic imitation of genuine—in the engravers names Spencer is spelt Spenr. In the genuine there is a space between the flower on the left hand and the line of small FIVE—FIVE. In the counterfeit the flower touches both above and below.  
5s, a tip-top imitation of genuine—fig. a female with a sword and scales, resting on a short column, and the letter V in a square die each side—with a female and two figures "5" on each end—this note should be thrown out by persons not acquainted with the true bill, and the bank issue a new plate.

**LANCASTER BANK, PA.**  
(D. Longenecker, Pres.—B. C. Bachman, Cash.)  
1s, relief note—good imitation of genuine, and very likely to deceive—the neck of female on left whose hand encircles the anchor, appears strung with beads, not so the genuine—her right hand and arm are imperfect and indistinct, in genuine they are well done.  
2s, poor imitation—re-issue relief notes—vig. a female with a child in her arms—the spaces between the word two on the upper and lower margins do not correspond, and the word two on the lower margin appears 21 times—the genuine has the spaces alike, and the two only 20 times. A new batch of these is said to be in circulation. Refuse all notes corresponding with this description.

5s, good imitation of genuine relief notes, vig. State House with figure five on a medallion head each side of it—medallion head and three figure Fives on each end—some of the letters of "LANCASTER" touch the medallion on the left of the vig.—not so in the genuine.

**FARMERS' BANK OF LANCASTER, PA.**  
(G. Hager, Pres.—G. Clarkson, Cash.)  
2s, counterfeit relief notes—the re-issue—the ground work around the figure 2 on each side of the vignette is made up of small dots, while the genuine have FINE CROOKED LINES, R. F. Rauch, Cashier engraved—the genuine is not. Another batch of these have been issued, which look more like the genuine—the word "Co." in the engraver's names quite touches the "N" in "New York," not so in the genuine.

**WYOMING BANK, WILKESBARRE, PA.**  
10s, vignette, an ox and plow at rest, with a man reclining against the ox. On each end of the note a female figure, and at the bottom a small coat of arms of Pennsylvania. Letter A., and dated May 7, 1851. Purports to be engraved by Draper, Tappan, & Co., whose imprint is at top of the note. The general appearance of the note is bad and the engraving poorly executed, though calculated to deceive those not accustomed to the handling of Bank paper. The shading of the title and the denomination is very coarse and irregular. In genuine notes the shading is always in fine parallel lines. Several persons were arrested in Philadelphia and New York, within the last ten days for attempting to put these notes in circulation.

Among the contributions recently received for the Washington National Monument fund, is the sum of one thousand dollars, contributed in sums of fifty dollars, by mercantile firms belonging to the city of San Francisco, California.

**New System of Medical Practice.**  
A Dr. advertises in the Washington papers to cure diseases on the "nutritive principle," by which disease may not only be removed, but persons actually gain in weight during medication in all complaints! By the new system as a matter of course, the best cure for leanness of flesh is to be sick. Think of that you lean ones!

When travelling in the cars always take a seat in the rear of a fat old gentleman. In case of collision he brakes the hurt wonderfully.