

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 12 cents, per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The Charge for one and three insertions the same.—A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notices, Blank Receipts, Justices, Legal and other Blanks, Pamphlets, &c. printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms.

AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

An old Man's Question.

Tell me an youthful maiden
Love an old grey-headed man!
Do not smile, but give an answer,
Cheering dearest, as ye can.

The question you've proposed, kind sir,
Is calculated to perplex;
But yet methinks I'll thus define
Love's secret influence o'er my sex.

A girl can love a grey old man,
Yea even with a warmth sincere,
If he has traits of character
Which in a "father" we revere.

But, oh! true love of nature's birth,
If to its impulse left alone,
Lacks some young heart where equal pulse
Throbs back the rapture of its own.

Alphabetical Advice.

- A. Always attend to your avocation, avoid ale-houses and artful women.
 - B. Benevolent but not prodigal, bury all bickerings in the bosom of forgetfulness.
 - C. Contrive to collect cash and keep it.
 - D. Do your duty and defy the devil.
 - E. Early endeavor to eradicate every error, both of head and heart.
 - F. Fight fairly when you fight; but the better way is not to fight at all. Fiddle for no fools.
 - G. Grace, goodness, gumption, and a little goose-grease, enables a man to slip through the world mighty easy. Get them and glory in them.
 - H. Harbor hope in your heart if you would be happy; but hark ye, hope can't render rotten the rope of the hangman.
 - I. Inquisitiveness is insufferable; indulge not in it.
 - J. Jaleps may be called the juice of joy and the yeast of jest; but let them alone, for too much joking often destroys the joviality of the social circle.
 - K. Kindness kindles the fire of friendship. A kiss always avails more than a kick.
 - L. Love the ladies, look before you leap, eschew loitering.
 - M. Make not mischief by meddling with other folk's business.
 - N. Never be caught napping except in the night time.
 - O. Order is heaven's first law; obey it.
 - P. Pursue the plain path of probity and put in practice what you will give in precept.
 - Q. Quarrel not, quibble not, be not fond of asking questions, or addicted to queries.
 - R. Rum runs respectability; renounce, renew and renovate.
 - S. Seek salvation; oh ye sinners! become saints and you are safe.
 - T. Take time by the forelock; try to turn every moment to account.
 - U. Union unites to unity; in the whole universe there is union; be you therefore united for the sake of union.
 - V. Vanity has connection with valor, remember that.
 - W. Women and wine bring want and woe and wretchedness when wickedly indulged in.
 - X. Xtra exertions accomplish xtraordinary ends.
 - Y. Yield to no tyrant; yeoman and their yoke-fellows are lords of the soil.
 - Z. Zig-zagging is characteristic of a zany;—take a straight course through life and zealously pursue it.
 - &. & mind your own business, & let others alone, &c.
- Time to go.—"Halloo! my dear," exclaimed a newly-married man to his wife, "what are you fumbling about your mouth for?"
"Just taking out my teeth, love."
"The deuce! Well, you can't talk, what's the matter now?"
"Oh that's only my palate dropped out I'll soon fix that."
"Thunder and blazes! Why, why, where's your hair?"
"On the table, isn't it pretty? I bought it the other day of the hair dresser."
The man took to his heels and has not been heard of since.
- A man out West, who owns a large farm, says he stacks up all the hay he can out doors and the remainder he puts in his barn.

Curious Mode of Getting a Wife.

One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment.—The following sketch illustrates the fact:

A sailor, roughly garbed, was sauntering the streets of New Orleans, then in a rather damp condition from recent rain on the rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented and narrow alley, he observed a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite sidewalk with no very satisfied countenance. The sailor paused, for he was a great admirer of beauty, and certainly the face that peeped out from under the little chip-hat, and the auburn curls hanging glosely and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious or an admiring glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor, with characteristic impulsiveness, exclaimed—"That little foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this lane. Wait for a moment and I will make you a path." So springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a plank which stood in the doorway, and coming back to the smiling girl, who was just coquetish enough to accept the services of the handsome sailor, he bridged the narrow stream, and she tripped across with a merry "Thank you," and a roguish smile, making her eyes as dazzling as they could be.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed. What else could make him catch up and shoulder the plank, and follow the little witch to her home, she twice performing the ceremony of "walking the plank," and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles. Presently, our hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a house and disappear within its rosewood-entrance; for a full minute he stood looking at the door, and then, with a wonderful big sigh, turned away, disposed of his draw-bridge, and wended his way back to the ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement. He had not dreamed of being exalted to the dignity of a second mate's office on board of one of the most splendid vessels that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for instead of spending his money in visiting theatres and bowling alleys, he had purchased books and had become quite a student, but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes could be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency, and gave him many a fair opportunity to gather maritime knowledge; and in a year the handsome, gentlemanly young mate acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the smart little black-eyed fellow with his tarpaulin and tidy bundle as his cabin boy.

One night the young man, with all the other officers, were invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment, mounted the identical steps that two years before the brightest vision he had ever seen passed over; a vision he had never forgotten. Thump, thump, went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the great parlor, and like a sledge-hammer it beat again, when Capt. Hume brought forward his blue-eyed daughter, and with a pleasant smile said:

"The young lady once indebted to your politeness for a safe and dry walk home!"
It was only a year from that time that the second mate trod the quarter-deck port owner, with the captain, not only of his vessel, but in the affections of his daughter, gentle Grace Hume, who had cherished respect to say nothing of love, for the bright-eyed young sailor.

The old man has retired from business.—Henry Wells is now Captain Wells, and Grace Hume is, according to polite parlance, "Mrs. Captain Wells." In fact, our honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City, and he owes perhaps the greater part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing the street.

Kossuth Poetry.—The verdant West laboring under the arid heat of the Kossuth mania has produced among its fugitive couplets, the one which follows:

"There's a musterin' of nations,
A wakin' up of snakes—
The Devil's broken out again,
And all creation shakes."

Two widowers were once condoling together on the recent bereavement of their wives; one of them exclaimed, with a sigh—
"Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with the dear deceased, that the last day of my marriage was as happy as the first."
"There I surpass you," said his friend, for the last day of mine was the happiest."

Dean Swift said, with much truth, it is useless for us to reason a man out of a thing he was never reasoned into.

Joe Bangs and His Dog.

The Carpet Bag tells a funny story of Joe Bangs, who didn't believe in either electricity or magnetism. Telegraphs were to him all nonsense; Dr. Franklin's experiment with a kite was a humbug; and Joe was even heard to hint that the philosophic doctor had been imbibing before he went to try it, and that the consequence was the doctor felt the influence of the fluid that was bottled, instead of that which he wanted to bottle. But Joe was finally cured of his unbelief. A man named Clarke came along through the village, advertising to give persons afflicted with disease magnetic shocks which would immediately cure them. And, to give every one a better chance, he had his machine put up in Squire Brown's "grocery shop," where Joe was in the habit of going evenings to smoke his pipe and talk over the news. Joe had a dog; a snub-nosed, short-eared cur-dog very snappish and snarly, and of diminutive size. One evening Joe went into the shop, followed by his dog, and sat down, and his dog lay down by the stove. Presently Dr. Clarke dropped in. He soon began to talk about his machine, and challenged Joe to take some fluid. Joe said, "No!" but they might give it to his dog if he wanted to. "They asked him if he would hold the dog." "Yes, he would hold the dog." So Joe took hold of the dog and the wires were held to his head and tail. The doctor put on a heavy charge and set the machine agoing. Suddenly, over went Joe one way, and over went Joe's dog the other way. He had taken an extra large dose, and Joe with a great deal of effort, picked up his hat and slooped. He was never afterwards heard to express an opinion on magnetism or electricity.

The ordinary mode of churning butter in Chili, is to put the milk in a skin—usually a dog's skin—tie it on a donkey; mount a boy on him with rowels to his spurs about the length of the animal's ears, and they run him four-mile heats.

"King's Evil," or Two in a Bed.

Good stories are now so scarce, none should be lost, and the following, told by Mr. J. H. McVicker, the Yankee comedian, is among the best we have heard.

At a small village, not a thousand miles off, a number of stages arrived, filled with passengers, who were obliged to stop at a small tavern, in which there was no great supply of beds. The landlord remarked that he should be obliged to put two or three gentlemen (who were, by the way nearly all strangers to one another) together, and requested they would "take partners." Stage coaches are filled with all sorts of people, and a bed fellow should be selected with care. Every body seemed to hesitate. Mr. McVicker, who was one of the passengers, had made up his mind to snooze in a chair, or have a bed to himself. He saw that his only chance to get a bed by himself was by his wits, and, walking up to the Register he entered his name and remarked, "I am willing to sleep with any gentleman, but have the 'King's Evil,' and it's contagious." "The King's Evil!" said every one; and the landlord looking "thunders truck," remarked as he eyed Mac rather closely, "I'll see, sir, what I can do for you by yourself." In a short time, Mac was ensconced in the landlord's bed, who slept on the floor to accommodate the strangers. In the morning, while all were preparing for breakfast, a fellow-traveller accosted the comedian with "Pray, sir, what is the nature of the complaint of which you spoke last night?"

"The nature?" drawled out Mac, a little non-plussed for an answer.
"Yes, sir, I never heard of such a disease before."
"Why," said Mac, brightening up, "I thought every one knew. It is a disease of long standing. Its first appearance in America was during the Revolutionary War, when it took off some of the best men our country ever contained. At the battle of New Orleans, it amounted to an epidemic; and since the arrival of Kossuth in this country it has broken out afresh in many places."

"Indeed!" said the stranger. "I confess I never heard much of it."

"Perhaps not," said Mac, for it generally goes by another name.
"And what may that be?"

"REPUBLICANISM!" laughingly replied Mac, as he turned away to arrange his toilet for breakfast.

Rather Bitter.—Talleyrand being asked for his autograph by a nobleman, sent in an invitation to dinner couched in these terms: "Dear Sir—Will you oblige me with your company to dinner on Wednesday next at eight o'clock? I have invited a number of exceeding clever persons, and I do not like to be the only fool among them."

We once knew a boy who said that he liked "a good rainy day, too rainy to go to school, and just about rainy enough to go a fishing."

The Model Lady puts her children out to nurse and tends lap-dogs; lies in bed till noon, wears paper-soled shoes, and pinches her waist, gives the piano fits, and forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations, and goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his "friend;" never saw a thimble, don't know a darned needle from a crow-bar, wonders where puddings grow; eats ham and eggs in private, and dines off a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad after the last new fashion; doats on Byron, adores any fool who grins behind a moustache, and when asked the age of her youngest child, replies, *don't know indeed, ask Betty!*—Olive Branch.

A Romantic Story.

The Boston Times relates the following incident as an illustration of the manner in which they do things Down East:

A few months since, a gentleman, whom we shall give for the time the uncommon title of Smith, became enamored of one of the fairest daughters of that city of beauties. She was an ornament of wealth as well as beauty, and hence was an object of devotion to many unmarried young men. Smith, however, soon obtained the highest place in her affections, and they were engaged to be married. But before the happy event took place, it was necessary for Smith to make a visit to California, and he accordingly set out for the land of gold. Every one knows that it is a great way off, particularly from way Down East, and that months must elapse ere the journey out and back can be made. Some of our readers may positively know that months are ages to young ladies on the verge of matrimony; and sometimes what may require ages to accomplish will at others be achieved in months.

Well, during the absence of Smith, the young lady, his affianced, was beset with admirers, and oh! fickle woman, one triumphed over her tender and susceptible heart. We will call this fortunate Lothario's name Haynes, who determined not to be so unfeeling as to desert his sweetheart, as Smith had done, and had the day fixed for an early period. The wedding dresses were arranged—the nice new what-do-you-call-em with lace frills around the edges—were all carefully folded and laid away in the bureau drawers—a spang new suit of clothes, latest fashion, was made for the expected bridegroom; and indeed every preparation was made for the important event.—Both parties had the "tin" and could afford to do it.

Meantime, poor Smith is on his way home having made a capital venture in the land where "they hang people." He is ignorant of the change that has taken place in the affections of his betrothed, and his heart beats happily as he nears his native home. He arrives on the very evening on which the nuptials of the inconsistent mistress are to take place.—Both bride and bridegroom are already attired in their wedding—good clothes. The bride is at her father's house—the groom at his own. The ceremony is to take place within an hour. Smith the deluded, rushes to clasp his sweetheart to his breast, and kiss from her cherry lips the chidings for his long absence.—He enters the house. The inconsistent beholds him. She shrieks. Smith is astounded, for he thinks all that white satin and all that bridal robe, and all those white kids, and so forth, mean something. She is fully attired as a bride—but where is to be the bridegroom? It could not be he, for she certainly could not have been made aware of his return. And explanation must be made.

"Julietta," cried Smith, "what is the meaning of all this?"

Julietta hears—agitation will not permit her to reply. She gazes already upon the features of her elder—the flood-gates of her heart—like the locks on the Delaware and Raritan canals—are being opened, and the waters of her new love are rapidly rushing like a torrent in.—Her showy bosom heaves with emotion, her breathing becomes rapid and spasmodic. She thinks of a moment of Haynes, then of her happy days with Smith. Smith was her first love he had a pre-emption right to a settlement on her affections, and had power to kick out all intruders. The lovely creature fell almost fainting into the arms of Smith, and exclaiming:
"Dearest, dearest, forgive—I am yours alone," proving pretty clearly that if she did not love Haynes less, she loved Smith more.

The whole affair was explained in a moment. She was attired in her nuptials and why should she not wed? A carriage was at the door, and into it Smith, his inamorata, and two friends, entered.
The British province that night contained two of the happiest married mortals in the world.

Let him who has been placed in a similar predicament, victure the despair of Haynes on learning how he had been tricked. He did not commit suicide, but became a lecturer on the new liquor law of his own State. May he, like the happy couple, do good to his country?

Cure for Rheumatism.

The following is from a Parisian correspondent of an English paper, who says: "I picked up the other day, from one of the most eminent and intelligent physicians in France, the favorite pupil of Duputren, some curious scraps of medical lore, that perhaps may amuse you; and coming from a man whose liberality of opinion is only equalled by his own skill and intellect, they are certainly worthy of perusal, and might afford valuable hints to science. A lady who had formerly been a patient of his, but whom in consequence of her removal from Paris, he had not seen for some time, came to him lately to say that her daughter was afflicted with violent rheumatic pains. As she still resided in the country, however Dr. C. could not do more than give her some general counsel, deferring the actual treatment till she could bring her daughter to Paris. In a few days she returned, telling him that her sufferings were completely removed in the following singular manner: One night, being seized with an attack, the violence of which was intolerable, the mother, in despair, sent to the only medical practitioner of which the village boasted—a man who, by the help of a little self-taught lore, and a certain knowledge of simples and old woman's remedies, treated the peasants satisfactorily enough.

No sooner did our Galen arrive, than he directed that all the empty bottles that could be collected should be placed on the floor, the mattresses laid over them, and the sufferer extended thereon. The effect was magical. In a few minutes the patient experienced the greatest relief, and finally a complete cessation of suffering; and though the attacks had afterwards returned, they never failed to yield to this singular remedy. The solution of the mystery of which the village doctor was quite ignorant, Dr. C. found at once. Electricity it appears, is the greater aggravator of all such maladies, and of this force, glass is a non-conductor. If, then, the electric current is cut off from contact with the patient, immediate relief is the consequence. Profiting by the hint, Dr. C. has since, in all such cases, caused thick glass cylinders to be put under the feet of the *maladie's bed*, and with a success the most complete.

Another case was a cure where consumption had actually commenced, and had made some progress by passing five or six hours a day in a butcher's shop.—A third, where what was considered a fatal affection of the spinal marrow in a young girl, completely yielded to the process of sun burning—the patient being stripped to the waist and placed facing a south wall during the hottest part of the day.

Why don't you Cry you Fool.

The trial at Salisbury Assizes, lately, of an unlucky wight, who had been helping himself to his neighbor's goods gave rise to a piece of ingenuity on the part of a well known lawyer, which to us, who chanced to witness it, was somewhat amusing. The prisoner had been defended by counsel, and every thing that could be said on his behalf had been said but the case against him was too palpable to admit of a shadow of doubt, and a verdict of guilty was pronounced.

The judge seemed to look upon the culprit, who was a rough-looking fellow, destitute alike of friends and character, with some degree of pity, and previous to passing the sentence of the law upon him, commenced giving him a few words of advice. The benevolence of his lordship's tone was not thrown away upon the lawyer, who seemed to feel that as long as there was a chance of helping his client he was bound to do his utmost. Unobserved therefore he whipt behind the dock, and putting his hands to the sides of his mouth, whispered to the prisoner as loud as prudence would permit—"Why don't you cry you fool! Be quick—you'll save a month at least!"

The culprit, who before this was standing as unmoved as a statue, immediately took the hint; rubbed his eyes with his knuckles, and for a moment seemed overcome by a sense of the degraded situation in which he stood. The judge answered I trust, said his lordship, that the sense of shame which you now feel will prevent you from appearing again in such a situation in a court of justice, and in that hope I am induced to pass upon you a much lighter sentence than I should otherwise do, which is, that you be imprisoned in the House of correction, in this county, for the space of one calendar month." The fellow, we were afterwards informed, is a most hardened rascal.

A down-east lady mixed some hot rum toddy for her washwoman, after a hard day's work, each being the custom. The woman took a hearty swallow and declined more, making up a wry mouth. "I beg pardon!" said the lady, "I did not know you were a teetotaler." "Nor am I," was the reply, "but really I cannot drink a whole tumbler of sweetened water to get a thimbleful of the good stuff!"

An Irishman, in speaking of a relative who was hung, said he died during a tight rope performance.

A Tale of two Dogs.

The following, which we cut from a late English paper, is one of the best dog stories we have seen for some time:

"A gentleman, resident in Lincolnshire, was lately on a journey about eighty or ninety miles from home, and left a favorite little dog at a hotel, while he visited another town in the neighborhood. On his return, the landlady, in dismay told him his dog had been attacked by a large dog of her own, and had ran away from her house. He left, but returned again to the same hotel after the lapse of a few weeks; when the landlady informed him that his little dog had returned in the meantime, accompanied by a large dog, which had attacked her own dog so fiercely that he had nearly killed him. From the description given of the animal, the gentleman entertained not the slightest doubt but that it was his own house-dog from Lincolnshire; and on his return home he learned from the servants that shortly after his departure, his little favorite dog returned one day, bearing marks of ill usage, and after apparently consulting with the large animal, the two dogs set off together and were absent several days presenting evidence on their return of having travelled a considerable distance.

Curious Love Letter.

Madam: most worthy of my admiration after long consideration, and much meditation, of great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of the declaration, I shall make preparation to move my situation, to profess my admiration, and if such obligation is worthy of observation and can obtain commiseration, it will be in aggrandizement beyond all calculation, of the joy and exultation of Yours,

SANS DESIDERATION.

The Answer.—Sir: I perused your oration with much deliberation, and a little consternation, at the great infatuation of your weak imagination, to show such veneration, on so slight a foundation. I suppose your admiration was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation, to display your education; an old enumeration, or rather multiplication of words of the same termination though of great variation, in such respective signification. Now, without cispitation, your laborious application, to so tedious an occupation, deserves commendation, and thinking imitation, sufficient gratification, I am without hesitation. Yours, MARY MOEBRATION.

Tit for Tat.—Not a thousand years ago, a wedding occurred in this country, previous to which arrangements were made for a wedding tour of several weeks duration. In due time the ceremony was performed, and at a proper period the bride was conveyed to her chamber and safely stowed away in the contemplated nuptial couch. The happy husband soon followed, and having reached the door of the chamber which contained his bride, rapped gently, but listened in vain for the anticipated welcome. He knocked again more nervously than before but still no answer was heard. He gently raised the latch, the door was locked. He called to the little mischief within, but she answered him not; and he was finally compelled to seek other quarters. How he passed the night is not recorded. At an early hour in the morning the carriage which had been engaged for the wedding tour, was driven to the door, and our hero stole gently down stairs, entered the carriage, bade the driver apply the lash, and was soon out of sight; and did not return until after the lapse of three weeks, during which time he visited every place contemplated previous to his marriage. On his return he found his wife's bed room open.—Saudy Hill Herald.

To Make Excellent Coffee.

Although there are but few who are not accustomed to the use of coffee as a beverage, and who acquire by habit a peculiar fondness for it, still but very few, comparatively, partake of the article in its true flavor and richness. In order to do this, procure the best coffee in market, wash it clean, and roast it, but not to blackness. A rich brown or bronze color is all-sufficient for the purpose of giving it the requisite flavor. Then take the white of eggs to each pound of coffee white warm, and immediately transfer to earthen vessels, tying them over with bladders or varnished muslin, to render them air-tight. Take from these vessels sufficient coffee for one making only at a time, grind it, in a fine muslin bag, suspend it about midway in the pot, turn on the boiling water, and put on the cover to prevent the escape of steam. The result of this will be a very strong decoction, which should be reduced by the addition of boiling hot milk, constituting a most delicious beverage, very different, indeed, from that which is produced by boiling the ground coffee in water. The above process may at first appear to troublesome, but we very much doubt, if our lady readers will once make the experiment for themselves, whether they will ever return to the old method of boiling the dregs to produce good coffee.—Plough, Loom, and Aweil.