

# JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

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## JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of  
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Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Invitations, Legals and other Books, Pamphlets, &c. printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms.

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

## Gentle Words.

BY C. D. STUART.

A young rose in the summer time  
Is beautiful to me,  
And glorious the many stars  
That glimmer on the sea;  
But gentle words and loving hearts,  
And hands to clasp my own,  
Are better than the brightest flowers,  
Or stars that ever shone!  
The sun may warm the grass of life,  
The dew the drooping flower,  
And eyes grow bright and watch the light  
Of autumn's opening hour;  
But words that breathe of tenderness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the summer-time,  
And brighter than the dew.  
It is not much the word can give,  
With all its subtle art—  
And gold of gems around the things  
To satisfy the heart.  
But, oh! if those who cluster round  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth!

**CHLOROFORM.**—We observe in the New Haven papers a notice of the death of Mrs. Emily Norton, from the inhalation of this powerful anesthetic, administered by a surgeon dentist. When it is so well known to medical men that chloroform contains not a particle of oxygen, and that the number of deaths from its use, as borne out by Hospital statistics, amounts to several hundred, it is surprising to see the temerity with which some of them still cling to it. The doctor was excupiated entirely by the coroner's jury, instead of being imprisoned as he richly deserved. Repeated experiments have proved that sulphuric ether, though slower in its operation, produces the same anesthetic effect and is perfectly safe and innocuous, and if men will persist in using a highly dangerous agent to produce unconsciousness when they have at hand one that is just as efficacious and not at all hurtful, it is time that the law would take the matter in hand.

**ONE OF THE WOMEN.**—The Rhode Island Temperance Advocate tells the following good story of a woman who is worth her weight in gold:  
"In Foster, there was an intemperate man who had promised his wife that he would vote for the Maine Law candidates for the Senate and House. On the morning of election day, he was enticed to the tavern, and treated by his anti-law associates till he was drunk. His wife heard of it, searched him out, and got him home. Here she gave him an emetic, and got him sober, and then borrowed a horse and wagon and drove him to the polls. He voted for the Maine Law candidate, and his single vote prevented the election of a rum Representative. The result of it is, that we get one, and possibly two Maine Law men from that town."

## News boy Wit.

A gentleman crossing one of the New York ferries was accosted by one of those peripatetic vendors of cheap literature and weekly newspapers, who are to be found in shoals about all our public places, with "Buy Bulwer's last work sir? Only one shilling!" The gentleman willing to have a laugh with the urchin, said, "Why I am Bulwer myself?" Off went the lad, and whispered to another a little distance, exciting his wonderment at the information he had to impart. Eying the pretended author of Pelham with a kind of awe, he approached him timidly, and holding out a pamphlet, said, modestly, "Buy the Women of England, sir? You're not Mrs. Ellis, are you?" Of course the proposed sale was effected.

A writer gives the following advice to wives:  
"Should you find it necessary, as you undoubtedly will, many of you to chastise your husbands, you should perform this officious duty with the soft end of the broom, and not with the handle!"

## An immense time in the Sauctum

A day or two since, while seated in the editorial department of our establishment posting books, pondering over debts due by delinquents, and showering left-handed blessings on the credit system, our reveries were suddenly broken in upon by the entrance of a subscriber who has taken the Standard for seven years, during which time he had paid our account 0 dollars, ditto cents! 'Halloa!' thought we, 'here's a promise to pay one of these days.' A mistake as the conversation proves:

Subscriber—Mr. Printer, I believe I have taken your paper about—let me see—ah, yes, about seven years, and all that time, too, I have lived off the Portage Road, how you have lived, I do not know, but precious little of my money have you fingered. However, make me out a receipt now, and here's your money.

[Subscriber deposits \$14 on the table which the editor grasps nervously for fear the subscriber's mind will change, and fills out a receipt. Exit subscriber.]

As might naturally be supposed, the thermometer of the editor's feelings went up into sunshine 14 per cent. Another rap at the door—

"Come in!"  
[Tall countryman enters.]  
Countryman—Well, Mr. Newspaperman how dy'e do? Been taken your paper a digunation while, and its a long time since I paid anything. Would it be without it no how—as your list of market prices saves me fifty dollars a year. Really too bad that I haven't attended to it sooner—How much is it?

Editor (running his eye over the ledger)—Oh, here it is—two and one's three, and two are five—ten dollars.

[Countryman deposits half a saw-horse takes his receipt, bids editor an affectionate good bye, and vanishes.]

Another rap! What not another customer? As I live it is!

[Enter, Irish subscriber from the mountain.]

Irishman—How are yees? Bad luck to meeself, but its owing this paper for a long time I am, and sure a good wan it is—sorra a bether, barrin, thim from the oild country. For what am I endue yees?

(Editor refers to the book.)

Editor—Two years and six months—five dollars.

[Irishman deposits a yellow coin bearing the impression of the American eagle, pockets the 'raysait' he calls for, and is off.]

Sanctum becomes pleasant, everything in it wears a brilliant hue—even the rattling of the sheet against the window panes has a charming sound. By Jove, another knock! "Walk in!" May I be shot if it isn't G., another fourteen dollar debtor. Oh, it can not be possible that he is going to pay. Yes he is!—by the beard of the prophet, he jerketh his calf-skin!

G.—Well' old fellow, you have dunned me pretty often, but of course I couldn't begin to blame you for it. I determined to put it out of your power to dum me again for a while when Captain West made his payment. Let me see, fourteen dollars I believe you said it was, eh?

Editor (rubbing his hands with glee)—Exactly, which pays up to the 15th of next April.

G.—Here's fifteen dollars—just credit me a dollar in advance. (Exit subscriber.)

Editor (solus)—A weight transferred from your conscience to our pocket.

[Editor proceeds to enter a credit, and sings 'Oh thus may it ever be!' when the song is cut short by the entrance of a German patron.]

German subscriber—Vell, we gates, Mr. Brinter, heif! Owe you for ter bapers, heb, how much? Can't read noch, mine-self, but mine children say ter must hav ter baper, and I gess if ter must hav him, ter oild man must bay, heif! (German subscriber, who is something of a wag, chuckles and gives the editor a dig in the ribs.)

Editor—Squire your bill' is only five dollars.

German subscriber—Five tollar; tat ish vor he hind, and five I lays you ahead vich makes den.

[German subscriber pulls out an old stocking, and counts down out of it twenty bright half-dollars. Editor's eyes dilate, he becomes exceedingly nervous, and shows symptoms of flying off the handle. Exit patron.]

The sky is clouded, but it never looked better—the light was never stronger.—The horrors of a long winter are forgotten, and sunshine reigns in the heart.—Even the accordion in the bookstore underneath, which a few moments ago made an execrable noise, is now making passable music. In the exuberance of his spirits he could have shaken hands with his bitterest enemy.

(A heavy step is heard on the stairs—What! est il possibel? The streak has been so good that it must be a call on the other side.)

[Door opens, enter J.]  
Jerusalem! If he pays, the millenium is at hand, and the next sound will be a blast from the final trumpet.

J.—Well my hearty, I have just succeeded in collecting some old accounts, and as I owe you a considerable of a bill, I thought I could do no better than let you have a trifle on account.

Editor (strongly impressed with the same opinion)—Under such circumstances in the language of Dummy Allen.

"Happy to meet—happy to part—and always happy to meet again."

[J. deposits two X's on the table, sees the entry made, and leaves.]

Editor has reached a state of perfect bliss and whistles Dolly Day, with variations, when the sanctum opens, and a prominent whig enters.

Whig—Believe I owe you Loofooco printers a small bill for advertising.—Don't like the principles you advocate, but I would just as soon do business with one party as another; besides I know you have much the largest circulation in this vicinity; and in short, I know what's what.

Editor—Good. Your bill is nine dollars.

[Whig pays, hands over a new advertisement and leaves.]

Another knock! "Walk in!"

[Enter a lean, long, lank, cadaverous looking, middle aged gentleman, dressed in black, with white neck cloth. Editor takes him for a preacher, and bows deferentially.]

Stranger—I am the travelling agent of Docter Julius O. Killehoff's Universal Regenerating Dupurative Resurrection Syrup, which I wish to advertise in your paper.

[Editor lights a segar, cocks his legs up on the table and feels very independent.]

Editor—We don't advertise quack medicines at this establishment unless paid in advance.

Travelling agent—Excuse me, but this is no quack medicine, but one highly recommended by the faculty. What are your terms for half a column a year?

Twenty dollars.

[Agent does not appear to be a bit taken back, as is usual on such occasions, but draws his portmanteau.]

Agent—Here's five, and five are ten, and ten are—

[Scene suddenly changes; editorial room and lank agent fade away; editor finds himself at home in bed; wife shaking him.]

Wife—It's six o'clock. Ain't you going to market?

Editor (slightly riled)—Everlasting perdition seize the market. Didn't I tell you last night I had no money?

[Editor turns over and tries to continue the dream, but the charm is broken, the spell is gone, and all that remains is an uneasy doze, which is interrupted by the junior of the family bestriding him for a horse, and clutching his hair for a bridle rein.]

[Scene changes at the breakfast table.]

Wife—I should like to know what you were dreaming about this morning.

Editor—Why?

Wife—Because when I awoke you, you continued grumbling in unintelligible language. The only thing I could understand was, 'It's an infernal shame you didn't wait until it was a hundred—enough to buy paper.'

[Editor gives a ghastly grin, seizes his hat and rushes out of the house, goes to the office and—works off the outside.]

**A PROLIFIC CALF.**—We have received from Mr. W. H. Bristol, of Lewistown, Niagara co., a sample of good, sweet butter, made from the milk of a calf not eleven months old. This little wonder is owned by Mr. John M. Buttery, of Lewistown, and has never had a calf. At two months old it commenced giving milk, and at six months produced sufficient to yield a quantity of butter. We have assurances of these facts from Mr. Bristol and many other credible and respectable inhabitants of Lewistown, and can vouch for their accuracy, notwithstanding their remarkable nature. Nothing of a similar description, has ever before fallen under our observation, nor are we aware of such a singular event having previously occurred. It is certainly worth the notice of a naturalist, and is strictly true, beyond a question. A sample of the butter is in our office, and may be seen by the curious in such matters. [Buf. Republican.]

The Muscatine (Iowa) Journal tells of a couple of romantic looking females, who were, with their husbands destined for Oregon. They were dressed in the Bloomer style, or rather in the Far West Bloomer style. The dress consists of a pair of pants made of cassinet, and loose sack coat, "all buttoned down before," with a standing collar, a pair of boots, gloves and a Kossuth hat with a fox's tail stuck in it.

A Western Editor, in commenting upon the statement that diseases may be communicated by bank notes, remarks very coolly that his subscribers need not neglect to 'pay up' on that account, as he is willing to run his risk of 'catching' anything in that way.

## Philadelphia, New York and the Lehigh Valley.

The race of rivalry between New York and Philadelphia, for the trade of the Lehigh Coal region and the northeastern portions of Pennsylvania and northwestern Jersey, must be carried on with more spirit by our citizens, if they wish to secure the advantages. The Central New Jersey Railroad, now completed from New York city to White House, a distance of about fifty miles, will in less than two months, be entirely completed to Easton, and bring the seventy-nine miles between the two termini within three hours travel. A correspondent of the Ledger calls attention to these facts, and says the Trenton and Belvidere Railroad will never serve the purposes of Philadelphia as a rival to the Central New Jersey Railroad, for the trade of Easton and the Lehigh Valley, for these, among other reasons: It is no shorter than the road to New York; a difference in gauge of track will render inevitable a transshipment at Easton; there will always be delay at Trenton; the depots at Kensington and Camden are both alike of difficult and inconvenient access; the road is, and always will be, under New Jersey management. On the other hand, a direct railroad from Philadelphia to the Lehigh Valley, wholly within our own State, will be much shorter, and will, besides become the main trunk of two great projected lines, diverging at the mouth of Saueon Creek on the Lehigh river; the one traversing the valley of the Lehigh, and crossing over to the Susquehanna, in the Wyoming Valley, the other passing upward along the Delaware through the Water Gap, and thence onward to intersect the Cobb's Gap and New York and Erie Railroads. There is nothing visionary, nor enigmatical in all this; it only requires information of what is actually transpiring, to satisfy the most incredulous skeptic. Sharp-sighted and keen-witted New Yorkers have long had their eyes on northeastern Pennsylvania. From year to year extending their iron arms into her rich valleys, to draw into their own coffers a profitable trade, which has heretofore enriched our own merchants. Philadelphia has no railroad communication with any valley east of the Schuylkill. Business men will go to whatever market affords the most facilities; hence it is not to be supposed that the people of the Lehigh Valley will occupy an entire day in reaching Philadelphia bystage, across the country, or by railroad via the Trenton circumdendibus route, when they shall have opened to them a direct railroad passage of three hours running time to New York.

Our last Legislature passed an act to incorporate "The Philadelphia, Easton and Water Gap Railroad Company," which authorizes the construction of a railroad from Philadelphia to any point in the county of Northampton, with a right to extend northward along the valley of the Delaware to the northeast corner of the State, to make connection with other roads, and to build lateral and branch roads any where in and through the counties of Montgomery, Bucks, Lehigh, Northampton, Monroe and Pike. It is also made lawful for municipal corporations to make subscriptions to the capital stock of this company, which is destined to enlarge into the magnitude of a colossal enterprise, of paramount importance to the business interests and enduring prosperity of our city. The time when this work shall be commenced, is not distant in the future. By midsummer of the present year, its necessity will be made manifest and palpable to the understanding as well as the pockets of those of our merchants who have so long enjoyed the profits of a large Lehigh and Easton trade. In anticipation of "coming events, which cast their shadow before," it is said that some of the intelligent gentlemen named, as Commissioners in the act of incorporation, intend forthwith to take out letters patent, organize the company, and then bide a fitting day to begin the work. To insure a permanent organization of the company, so that subsequent legislation cannot repeal nor annul the powers vested in the stockholders by the character, will only require an aggregate subscription of three thousand shares of stock, at fifty dollars each, and the payment of five dollars on each share.

Now, if we look at the geographical position of Philadelphia, as this correspondent shows, it will be found such, that if she be true to her own interests, she can forever hold in her hands the dead-latch to the Lehigh and the country beyond.—Easton can be brought by railroad to within sixty-five miles of Philadelphia, and the coal mines at Mauch Chunk can be brought nearer than the mines at Pottsville. It has been shown that the Philadelphia, Easton and Water Gap Railroad Company, has the right to connect with any railroad that occupies any part of any route covered by their broad charter. Thus, from a point on the Northampton Railroad, a route might ascend the valley of the Wissahickon, thence to the head-waters of the eastern branch of the Saueon Creek, and descend to the Lehigh at Freemansburg, ten miles from Easton. The new Company, by this, or some similar arrangement, would have to

build only about fifty miles of railroad, to establish a perfect communication with the Lehigh region. The route would pass through a country that would furnish much local travel and trade, while the through business would be of such variety and magnitude, that the stock could not fail to be made a most profitable investment. The Lehigh Valley Railroad will be commenced this year, and as it will be built of the Pennsylvania gauge of track, coal cars from the Mauch Chunk and upper Lehigh mines, can pass directly to our city without transshipment or any hindrance what-so-ever. The distance from Mauch Chunk to Philadelphia, by canal is one hundred and twenty-four miles. By railroad it will not exceed ninety-miles, making a saving in distance of thirty-four miles. All communication between Philadelphia and the counties of Northampton, Lehigh, Carbon, Luzerne, Monroe, Pike, Wayne, Susquehanna and Wyoming, would be over the Wassahickon and Saueon route. These nine counties, by the last census, contained 224,856 inhabitants, and 1724 manufacturing establishments, an aggregate of souls and property exceeding some of the States of the Union.

At the late session of the Legislature, authority was given the Philadelphia and North Branch Railroad Company, to build a road from the mouth of the Quakake, on the Lehigh to Wilkesbarre, on the Susquehanna; and a letter from an engineer, informs us that a survey will be made the present season. Any one who will inform himself of the statistics of the different counties of the State, will readily apprehend the necessity which exists for the speedy establishment of a railroad intercourse, between this city and the wealthy, populous and prosperous northeast quarter of the State. Between the Wissahickon and the Lehigh, a railroad can be built at a much less cost per mile than any railroad ever constructed near Philadelphia. Responsible contractors can be found who would take fifty per centum of the amount of their contracts in the stock of the Company. When built and equipped, the road would at once earn revenue to divide more than six per centum on the whole cost. It could never have a rival that would rise to the dignity of a competitor for the travel and tonnage that would pass over it. Will Philadelphia awake to the importance of the movement, and act before New York snatches the rich prize from our grasp?—*Phila. Sun.*

## Health Insurance.

A thin, cadaverous looking German, about 50 years of age, entered the office of a Health Insurance Company in Indiana, a few days ago, says the Daily Courier, and inquired—

"Ish to man in vot insures de peoples helts?"

The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir."

"Vell, I wants my helts insured; vot you charge?"

"Different prices, answered the agent, 'from three to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness.'

"Vell," said Mynheer, "I wants ten dollar vort."

The agent inquired his state of health.

"Vell, I ish sick all te time. I se shust out to bed too or tree hours a tay, unt to docter says he can't do dothing more goot for me."

"If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health."

At this Mynheer bristled up in great anger.

"You must tink I'm a fool; vot you tink I come pay you ten dollar for inshure my health, *ven I evs vell.*"

**Poor Human Nature.**—In a late religious excitement in Boston, a person met a Christian neighbor, who took him by the hand and besought him to go to one of those meetings and become a Christian. "I have done so, said he 'and have got religion; I am at last a Christian."

"You are a Christian then all at once," said the other; "you profess to act strictly on Christian principles. I am glad of it. I congratulate you. Suppose we now have a settlement of our little accounts between us. Pay me what thou owest."

"No," said the new-born child of grace, turning on his heel, '*religion is religion, and business is business.*'

**Red Cow's Milk.**—On the sign-board of a tavern between St. John and St. Andrews, (N. B.) is painted the following:—  
"Refreshments and Good Red Cow's Milk which they is Requested to call in and see."  
A person who called at the inn recently, asked for a glass of the Red Cow's Milk, and the female in attendance gave him—  
BRANDY.

## The Shirt Tail Fight.

FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Said my grandfather one evening—"About fifty of us had been engaged for several days in performing a secret duty, and were returning. We had to pass very near the British lines, & to avoid being taken, and also to save a wide circuit of miles, we resolved to encamp in a secret place we knew of, through the day, and under shadows of night pass unseen on this direct course to General Morgan's camp. The day was beautiful, and the spot we chose for our resting-place was one of those grassy nooks, shut out apparently from the rest of the world by lines of hills, impenetrable under-brush, and a gigantic forest; a small but clear and deep stream ran by it, and the sun was at such an inclination as to throw half of the little spot in the shade. We laid down our arms, relieved ourselves of knapsacks, and spreading the scanty store upon the grass, ate with a good appetite, refreshed ourselves from the limpid waters of the stream, and then each amused himself as he could.

"After resting a while, some went in to bathe, and one by one, as the pleasure seemed to increase, followed, until the whole party were in the stream. This lasted for about half an hour, and most of us had returned to the shore and were dressing, when a new feature was given to the scene by one of the number, saying that he was going to wash his shirt. Now most of us had worn these peculiar garments two or three, and four weeks, and some even longer, without their having been once washed, and there is no doubt of their needing it very much; for, mind you, the man in those days who could afford two shirts—whole shirts—was a curiosity. The idea, therefore, was a good one, and many immediately began disrobing themselves again, and soon were busy as washwomen, rubbing away like falling-mills. As the pieces were finished, they were hung in the sun on the limbs of trees, or spread out on the grass. Many were still engaged at their washing; some were stretched on the ground in a deep sleep, some were wrestling, some jumping, some collected in knots, telling stories; nearly all naked as the day they were born—in fact, as happy as fellows could be with but one shirt, and that drying in the sun, and but a morsel in the knapsack, when we were startled—yes, indeed, really frightened—by a volley of musketry, the balls of which whistled by us, fortunately, only making a few slight flesh-wounds.

"The sound of musketry, although it surprised us at first, we were too much accustomed to hearing, to remain long under a panic, so the next moment found each man of us in the possession of his musket, and himself covered by a tree.— We had not long to wait before a large body of British broke through the under-brush, which had before concealed them, and rushed with fixed bayonets upon us. But their progress was suddenly checked by our fire, which laid a large number of them dead before us. We had not time to reload, when the enemy again charged down upon us and we were forced to give way. We ran some distance, and reloading, stood ground. Up to this time we had not thought of the condition we were in, when one of the officers, all at once, cried out, 'Boys, will you lose your shirts?' then casting our eyes around quickly, we gave a shout, 'Now for our shirts!' and rushed forward like so many naked devils. As soon as the British came to our view, we poured in a well-directed fire, and immediately charged with the bayonet. So suddenly had this movement been made, that, having supposed that we were still running the other way, they were completely surprised, and then came their turn to run. After them we shouted still, with our new watch word, 'Shirts!' The officers of the enemy having at length succeeded in securing the attention of the men, wheeled them, and gave us a return fire, which killing, as we supposed, some of our party, we again took to our heels; and the red coats, taken up our cry of 'Shirts!' came pell-mell after us. Again we turned and charged the British running, they in turn, again charging upon us, each party shouting 'Shirts,' until it finally became a regular shirt-tail fight.

"At length, becoming somewhat exasperated with the game, and constantly reminded of our shirts by the enemy screaming it in our ears, and recollecting, too, that we would not cut a very pretty figure returning to quarters *sans culottes*, we made one desperate charge, and finally succeeded in gaining the day by driving the British from the field. Several of our party were wounded, but none killed. Not so with the British. The dead were scattered all over the little green space, and through the woods; and putting on our garments, and leaving the dead to be buried by their own people, we took the circuitous route which we had avoided in the morning, (thereby having been obliged to fight a little battle,) and reached the camp about midnight, where we caused no little merriment, and often afterwards, as we related our adventure of the 'shirt tail' fight."