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AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

For the Scott Glee Club.

To Baltimore the Locos went,
Du dah, du dah.
To nominate a President,
Oh de du dah day;
They brought six horses on the test,
Du dah, du dah,
To see which one would ride the best,
Oh de du dah day.

CHORUS—

Then here's to General Scott,
The hero bold and free, (chairs)
We'll place him there in the President's
The People's nominee.

Old Cass came first upon the track,
But Douglas laid him on his back,
Buchanan next came in the batch,
And Marey with breeches patched.

CHORUS—

For four long days they held the field,
Each one resolved to never yield,
When suddenly was heard a groan,
These men we fear are too well known.

CHORUS—

They battled long, they battled loud,
To find the man in all their crowd;
But some was found to quell their tears,
Till they heard the name of Gen. Pierce.

CHORUS—

The mighty General, it is said,
The baggage train has sometimes led,
When he brought them up, the foe to quell,
He faints and from his horse he fell.

CHORUS—

Then join our ranks, come one and all,
And help to roll the true Whig ball;
We'll chase the Locos over the plain,
With the hero bold of Lundy's Lane.

CHORUS—

The battle we are sure to win,
Old Fuss and Feathers must come in;
The Locos will find out too soon,
That he is yet the same old coon.

CHORUS—

And when he goes to Washington,
The glorious victory will be won;
The Locos there will round him stoop,
To see him take his plate of soup.

CHORUS—

A Noble Dog.

The Express states that the dog Rolla, belonging to Mr. Adams, No. 66 Courtland st., N. Y., on Sunday last, performed one of those heroic deeds of humanity for which the Newfoundland breed is remarkable.

An interesting little boy, about 10 years old, while playing near the water at Hoboken, lost his balance and fell in. The tide sweeps along the shore there with great rapidity, and the little fellow in a few moments was carried apparently beyond the reach of human assistance.—The lad, it seems, could swim a little, but just as his strength was giving way, the dog at a short distance from the spot, quick as thought dashed through the crowd, leaped into the water, and in a minute more had the boy by the collar, secured between his teeth. To bring him ashore, back to that particular place, however, was an impossibility owing to the force of the current; so that the only hope was to make a point of land some distance ahead, (between Jersey City and Hoboken) and for that quarter Rolla steered his course, amidst the applause and excitement of the spectators. On went the noble animal, bravely buffeting the tide, and careless of the shouts of applause, all the while keeping the boys face out of water. He reached the goal at length with his precious burthen, safe and sound, but a little faint and frightened; and no sooner had laid him down than the noble animal sunk exhausted on the sand. He was instantly surrounded by a numerous crowd of people, who had been eye-witnesses of the scene, vying with each other in showing kindness to the heroic animal that had thus risked his own life to save that of a helpless human being. Some idea of the labor performed by the dog is had in the fact that the entire distance he had to swim is said to be not less than two miles!

An Irishman being in church where the collection apparatus resembled election boxes, on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized and could not vote.

The Horse.

HIS MEMORY AND SAGACITY.

An aged and venerable friend residing in one of the cities on our Eastern seaboard, a gentleman of character and worth, once related to me the following anecdote of the horse, illustrating in a remarkable manner, the sagacity and memory of this animal.

At the close of the Revolutionary war, when everything was unsettled and in disorder, an acquaintance residing on the Boston road, some thirty or forty miles from New York, lost a valuable young horse, stolen from the stable in the night. Great search and inquiry were made for him but no tidings of him could be heard, and no trace of him could be discovered.

Almost six full years had elapsed, and the recollection even, of the lost animal had nearly faded from the mind. At this period a gentleman from the East, in the course of business was travelling on horse back on this road, on his way to Philadelphia. Within four or five miles of a village on the road, the traveller was overtaken by a respectable looking gentleman on horseback, a resident of the village, returning home from a short business ride. Riding along side by side, they soon engaged in a pleasant desultory conversation. The gentleman was immediately struck with the appearance of the traveller's horse. And every glance of the eye towards him, seemed to excite an interest and curiosity to look at him again, and to revive a recollection of something he had seen before; and soon established in his mind the impression that for all the world he looked like the horse he had lost some years before. This soon became so irresistibly fixed in his mind, that he remarked to the traveller:

"You have a fine horse sir."

"Yes," he replied; "an exceedingly valuable and excellent animal."

"What is his age, sir?"

"Well, I suppose him to be about ten or eleven years old."

"You did not raise him then?"

"No, I purchased him of a stranger, a traveller, nearly six years since."

"Do you reside in this part of the country?"

"No, I reside in the Bay State, and am on my way to Philadelphia on business. How far is it to New York?"

"Well, sir, I really regret to interrupt you, or put you to inconvenience—but I am constrained to believe you have possession of a horse I must claim."

The traveller looked with surprise and amazement and replied:

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I believe the horse you are on, in truth, belongs to me. Five years ago, last autumn, a valuable horse was stolen from my stable. Great search was made for him; but no tidings ever came to hand. In color, appearance, and movements, he seems to be the exact counterpart of the one you are on. It would be hardly possible, I think, for two to be so near alike. But my horse was an uncommonly intelligent, sagacious animal. And I will make a proposition to you, that the result will be considered conclusive and satisfactory, I think, to both of us. We are within a mile of my residence which is on the road, in the centre of the village before us. When we arrive at my house, your horse shall be tied to the east post in front of my door. The horse I am on, to the west post. After standing a short time, the bridle of your horse shall be taken off—and if he does not go to a pair of bars on the west side and pass over and go around to the east side of the bars, and pull out a pin, and open the middle stable door and enter, I will not claim him. If he does I will furnish you conclusive evidence that he was bred by me but never sold—that he was stolen from me, just at the conclusion of the last war, about the very time you say you purchased him."

The traveller assented to the trial.—The horse was hitched to the post as proposed, stood a few minutes—the bridle was then taken off, he raised his head, pricked up his ears—looked up the street, and down the street, several times—then deliberately and slowly walked past the house and over the bars, and to the stable door, as described, and with his teeth and lip drew out the pin, and opened the door, and entered into his stall. We hardly need add, he was recognized by the neighbors, who fully attested to the facts stated by the claimant, and that the traveller lost his title to the horse.

The Crops in Bucks County—The Field Weevil—The Pastures—Grub in the Oats—A Fine Corn Crop—Call Maiming from the Stables.

To the Editor of the Germantown Tele.

DEAR SIR—At your request I make the following statement in reference to the crops of this county, so far as I have been able to ascertain the facts.

1. The Wheat crop is more than two-thirds of the usual average yield at harvest. In many cases the wheat was very fine and the yield a good one; but there was much poor wheat in this county the present year. My early seeded wheat was quite equal to that of last year, and will yield upward of thirty bushels to the acre; but that portion which was seeded later will not yield half that amount. Last winter was hard on wheat, and much grain was winter killed. Notwithstanding the severity of the winter, much of our grain looked well until some time in March, when after three days of quite warm weather, (which started the wheat growing), the cold became intense and froze the ground very hard. This was in many locations so severe, that wheat never recovered from its effects—grew slowly, ripened late, and was finally attacked by the field weevil, or orange-colored grub—(*cecidomyia tritici*) which destroyed nearly all left by the chills of winter and the devastations of the Hessian fly.

2. Although the spring and summer have furnished quite a plentiful supply of rain, still the Hay crop is a short one—certainly not equal to last year, notwithstanding the dryness of the season, and farmers will have to use economy, in some sections of our county, to make their hay last through the winter. Our pastures now are not equal to what ought to be expected from the favorable state of the season. The grass fields were no doubt much injured by the severe drought of last year, and have not yet entirely recovered from the drawback occasioned by it.

3. Oats promises an abundant crop, and I was about to say would be the finest we have had for many years. I regret however, to mention that the yield upon some farms will be much lessened by the unexpected attack of a worm, about an inch in length, resembling somewhat the grub or cut worm, which usually attacks the young corn in the spring. I incline, however, to the opinion that it is the same worm which prays upon the upper part of the ear of corn just before the grain becomes hardened. Some parts of my oats fields are so filled with this worm that in some places, in a foot square, you might count more than a dozen. They climb up the stalk and cut off the grains principally while in an unripe state. Much of my oats was unusually heavy, and in many places so much lodged, that we were compelled to cut it with the naked scythe.—In all this portion of the grain, the attacks of the worm were disastrous, in many cases hardly leaving a grain on a stalk. The ground is literally covered with grains, more than sufficient to seed the fields three times over. I cannot perceive that the grain, and I am unable to discover whether it is the grain or the stalk they feed upon. At any rate they seem to delight in threshing out the grain before the farmer wishes it. I understand that in some fields which were seeded late, and of course are late ripening this year, the injury is so great from the depredations of the worms referred to, as to render it almost useless to harvest what is left. I had about thirty-six acres in oats, and I can safely say that my loss cannot be less than two hundred bushels! I do not know to what extent the ravages of this worm have proceeded; and one object I now have, in referring to this fact, is to induce farmers, in different sections of the county, to communicate any information they may have upon subject, through your useful journal.

4. Corn and Potatoes in this section look well, particularly the early planted corn. I have one field of about twenty acres, planted early, that I think uncommonly fine. I have occasion to travel this season as far north as Canada, and as far south as Washington City, and in all my journey I met with none that I considered better, and I saw many fields of splendid corn. I have another field, planted a week or ten days later than the one referred to although good, that does not look so well. This is partly owing to the fact, that a severe hail and rain storm washed portions of the young corn out soon after it came up in the spring, so that it had to be replanted at several different times. Both of these fields were wheat stubble, the grass having been killed by the drought of last year, and both, heavily enriched with barn yard

manure. On the first field referred to, the manure was hauled out and spread in the fall and winter, and on the latter in the spring. I incline to the opinion that fall and winter are the periods to haul out manure for corn. I have been in the habit for several years of hauling out manure for corn during fall and winter, direct from the stables. This course is attended with less trouble; the warm manure of the stable is brought in direct contact with the ground, and I think does more good than when left to lie in the barn-yard to rot until spring.

WILLIAM STAVELEY,
Partridge Hall Farm, Bucks County,
August 4, 1852.

From the French of Holstein.

The Mute Witness;

OR

THE DOG AND THE ASSASSIN.

BY MRS. C. A. SOULE.

While traveling in 1787 through the beautiful city of Leipzig, I observed, about half a league from the gate of the town, a few rods from the highway, a weel and the bones of a chained corpse exposed to the gaze of all.

The following is the history of that criminal, as I learned it from the lips of the judge who conducted the trial, and condemned him to be broken alive.

A German Butcher being benighted in the midst of a forest lost his way; and while endeavoring to gain the road, was attacked by three highwaymen. He was on horseback and accompanied by a large dog. One of the robbers seized the horse by the bridle, while the two others dragged the butcher from the saddle and felled him. The dog leaped upon one of them, and strangled him, but the other wounded the animal so severely that he rushed into the thicket, uttering the most fearful howls. The butcher, who by this time had disengaged himself from the grasp of the second robber, drew his knife and killed him. But at the same moment he received a shot from the third, he who had just wounded the dog, and falling was despatched by the thief who found upon him a large sum of gold, a silver watch and a few other articles of value. He plundered the corpse, leaped upon the horse and fled.

The next morning two woodcutters, happening in that path, were surprised to find three dead bodies and a large dog, who seemed to be guarding them. They examined them and endeavored to restore life, but in vain. One of them dressed the wounds of the dog, gave him some food, and sought some water for him while the other hastened to the nearest village, to inform the magistrate of the discovery. The officer, accompanied by several attendants, was soon on the spot, a surgeon examined the wounds of the three bodies, they drew a verbal process and interred them.

The dog had dragged himself, in the course of the night, when all was quiet, to the corpse of his master, where he was found the next morning. He allowed his new friends to dress his wounds, and, as if foreseeing that he must consent to live that he might one day avenge the murderer, he eat and drink, but would not leave the spot.

He looked on quietly while they dug the grave, and allowed them to bury the bodies, but as soon as the turf was replaced, he stretched himself upon it, howled mournfully, and resisted all the efforts of the bystanders to induce him to move. He snapped at every one who came near him, except the woodman who had tended him. He bore his carresses, but no sooner did the man attempt to take his paws to remove him from the grave, than he gashed his teeth, and would have wounded him severely, if he had not quickly fled. Every one admired the fidelity of the dog, and when the woodman offered to carry him food and drink every day, that he might not perish, the magistrate proposed taking up a collection to remunerate the man, who was poor and the father of a large family. With difficulty he was induced to accept the money but he finally did, and from that moment burdened himself with the care of his new pensioner. The details of this horrible event were published in all the journals of the country. Mr. Meyer, a brother of the butcher's, reading some time afterwards the advertisement hastened instantly to his presence, saying he had fears which he believed now were only too well founded, that his brother had fallen into the hands of the robbers, as he had left home with a large sum in gold

for the purchase of beeves, and had not since been heard from. His suspicions were only too sadly confirmed when the magistrate related to him the singular conduct of a dog, which he described.—Mr. Meyer accompanied by the officer and several others, repaired to the grave. As soon as the dog perceived his master's brother, he howled, lapped his hands and evinced other demonstrations of grief and joy. By parts of his dress, Meyer recognized the body of his brother when they disinterred it. The absence of the gold and the watch, the wounds of the butcher and his dog, those of two other bodies, together with the disappearance of the horse, convinced the magistrate and the witnesses, that the deceased and not only been assailed by two, but also by one or several others, who had fled with the horse and plunder.

Having obtained permission, M. Meyer removed his brother's corpse to his native village and interred it in the adjoining cemetery. The faithful dog followed the body, but by degrees became attached to his new master.

Every effort was made by the most diligent search and the offer of immense rewards, to discover the culprits. But in vain; the horrible tragedy remained an enigma.

Two years had passed away, and all hopes of solving the mystery vanished, when M. Meyer received a letter urging him to repair without delay to Leipzig to close the eyes of his maternal uncle, who desired to see him before he died. He immediately hastened thither accompanied by his brother's dog, who was his companion at all times. He arrived too late. His relative had died the previous evening, bequeathing him a large fortune. He found the city crowded, it being the season of the great fair, held regularly there twice a year.

While walking one morning on the public square, attended as usual by his dog, he was astonished to behold the animal suddenly rush forward like a flash. He dashed through the crowd and leaped furiously upon an elegantly dressed young man, who was seated in the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform erected for the use of those spectators who desired more conveniently to witness the shows. He held by the throat with so firm a grasp, that he would soon have strangled him, had not aid been instantly rendered. They immediately chained the dog thinking of course he must be mad, and strove to kill him. M. Meyer rushed through the crowd, arrived in time to rescue his faithful friend, calling eagerly, in the meantime, upon the bystanders to arrest the man, for he believed his dog recognized in him the murderer of his brother.

Before he had time to explain himself, the young man profiting by the tumult escaped. For some moments they thought Meyer himself was mad, and he had great difficulty in persuading those who had bound the dog that the faithful creature was not in the least dangerous, and begged earnestly of them to release him that he might pursue the assassin. He spoke in so convincing a manner, that the hearers felt finally persuaded of the truth of his assertions, and restored the dog to freedom, who joyously bounded to his master, leaped about him a few times and then hastened away.

He divided the crowd and was soon upon his enemy's track. The police, which on these occasions is very active and prompt, were immediately informed of this extraordinary event, and a number of officers were soon in pursuit. The dog became in a few moments the object of public curiosity; and every one drew back to allow him room. Business was suspended and the crowd collected in groups, conversing of nought but the dog and the murder which had been committed two years before.

After a half hour's expectation, a general rush indicated that the search was over. The man had stretched himself upon the ground, under the heavy folds of a doubled tent and believed himself hidden. But in spite of his security, the avenger had tracked him and leaping upon him, he bit him, tore his garments and would have killed him upon the spot, had not the assistants rushed to his rescue.

He was immediately arrested, and led with M. Meyer, and the dog, then carefully bound before the judge, who hardly knew what to think of so extraordinary an affair. Meyer related all that had happened two years before and insisted upon the imprisonment of the man, declaring that he was the murderer of his brother, for his dog could not be deceived.

As soon as Meyer saw the last, he declared it to be the same that his brother wore the day he left home, and the description of his watch published months previously corroborated his assertions. The robber had never dared expose it, for fear that it would lead to his detection, as he was well aware it had been described very minutely in all the principal Journals of Germany.

In short, after minute and convulsive legal proceedings of eight months, the murderer was condemned to be broken alive and his corpse to remain chained to the wheel as an example to others. On the night preceding the execution, he confessed, amongst other crimes, what until then he always denied, that he was the murderer of Meyer's brother. He gave them all the details above related and declared that he always believed the accursed dog died of his wounds. "Had it not been for him," repeated he several times, "I should never have been here.—Nothing else could have discovered me, for I killed the horse, and buried him with all he wore."

He expired on the wheel, and his was the corpse which I beheld before entering the city of Leipzig.

An Extra Examination.

'Jemmy, come up here; I want you.'

'Well, sir, wot is it?'

'Do you know your lesson?'

'I don't know anything else, sir.'

'Good! Where is Kamschatka?'

'It's situated somewhere, sir, in one of the continents—I ain't certain which. It's a blessed cold country, wherever it is.'

'How does its inhabitants live?'

'Werry easy. All they've got to do is, to draw their breath and eat their wittles.'

'How are their habits?'

'Werry seedy.'

'I don't mean their clothes. I mean their ways, their customs.'

'They hain't got many ways, 'cos the snow blocks 'em up, and their costoms is awful—they swallows annerkondas whole, and somdtimes digest 'em by eatin' a horn-edrhi noserious, horns and all.'

'That'll do: you can go to your seat.'

'Thank'ee. Why is that 'ere cushion you're settin' on like your head? Give it up?'

'Yes.'

'Cos they're both blamed soft.'

Beautifully gorgeous was the sunset sky; the last note of summer birds fell upon the ear as they retired to their resting-places in the green forests, and every thing whispered of love, as I stood with my beloved in a beautiful garden, regaled by the odor of a thousand flowers. Gently drew my arm around her delicate waist and was about to imprint a kiss upon her lips, when she looked me saucily in the eyes, and with a smile upon her countenance, she said, 'don't—and I don't ed.'

Lady Duellists in Spain.—A lady of Madrid, a short time ago, sent a challenge to a fair rival, who had supplanted her in the favor of a wealthy admirer.—The successful damsel unhesitatingly agreed to fight, and both parties chose seconds of their own sex. Fearing that the smell of gunpowder might prove disagreeable to them, the combatants resolved to use fencing swords; they also determined to fight until one or the other should be killed. They went to the ground each with a pair of fencing swords, and, in case they should fail, a pair of poignards. They were just ready for action, when a pair of officers came up, and took them and their seconds into custody; but one of the men, having called to mind that the law, though forbidding duels between men, expressed a doubt whether they were warranted in making the arrest. It was accordingly determined to release the women, but a pledge was exacted from them, on their word of honor that they would not renew the combat.

Superstition of the Nineteenth Century.—At the distance of about one mile from the village of the Shakers in Centerbury, N. H., there is to be seen in a pasture, far from any public road, a marble stone in height about seven feet, which was brought from Lebanon, N. Y., the head quarters of the Shakers, about six years since, and erected by special command of heaven, as an object of worship by the holy appointed elders of this novel sect and their deluded followers. The devotion around this stone, consists of kneeling, tumbling, wailing, singing, dancing, and other antics too numerous to mention, which so forcibly remind the spectator of the worship of the Hindoos, that he can hardly persuade himself that he is in America.

Drought in New Hampshire.—The drought is very severe in the upper parts of N. Hampshire. Some thirty or forty miles above Concord, people are going into the woods and cutting down the underwood for their cattle to brows upon.—The grasshoppers cover the earth, and have destroyed all signs of vegetation in the pastures and fields.