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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

Lazy Boys.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come up to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street, then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course we would not deprive children of healthful exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach them to work little by little as a child is taught at school. In this way they acquire habits of industry that will not forsake them when they grow up.

Many persons who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer before they put them to labor. Such children, not having any idea what labor is, and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness. There is a repugnance in all labor set before them, and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at play, but dull at work. The consequence is, they do not stick to one thing, but a short time; they rove about the world, get into mischief, and finally find their way to the prison or almshouse.

Playing the Devil.

We were a good deal amused at an anecdote we heard the other day, of a certain preacher, whose calling confined him within the limits of old Kentucky.—He had preached in his parish many years, and, of course ran rather short of the eloquence so much needed to keep his parishioners awake and astonished. Let him preach ever so well it made no difference—they had got used to him and used to sleeping, and sleep they would to his great annoyance. At last he hit upon an expedient to bring 'em up all standing, as the saying is. He procured a small tin whistle, which he took with him to the pulpit, and after taking his text and "blowing away" till his lungs were sore, and his hearers all comfortably dozing and nodding approval at each other, he suddenly drew it forth and gave a shrill toot-a-toot. In an instant the whole congregation was awake, and upon their feet, staring at each other, and wondering what in the name of pickles and human nature, as Sam Slick says, was to come next. "You're a set of smart specimens of humanity, ain't you?" said the divine whistler, as he slowly gazed around on the astonished assemblage. "When I preach the gospel to you, you all go to sleep; but the moment I go to play the devil, you're wide awake, up and coming, like a rush of hornets with a pole in their nest!"

A Cheap Luxury.

As a weary traveler was wending his way through the mud, out in a far west region of country, he discovered ahead, a young maiden standing in the door of a small log house. He rode up in front of the house and asked the maiden for a drink of water; he drank it, and she being the first woman he had seen for several days, offered her "a dime for a kiss." The young maiden accepted the offer, and received both the kiss and dime. The traveler was about to resume his journey but the maiden, never before having seen a dime, asked—

"What am I to do with the dime?"
"You may use it in any way you wish," he replied, "it is yours."
"That being the case," she replied, "I'll give you back the dime and take another kiss."

Soldiers' Land Warrants are held in New-York at the following prices, viz: Warrants for 160 acres, from \$147 to \$150; for 80 acres, \$74 to \$76; and for 40 acres, \$37 1/2 to \$38 1/2.

My First and Last night in London.

It was in the fall of 18—, that the ship to which I belonged, after a voyage of four months in the northern Atlantic, hove in sight of the Scilly Islands, and, as we were bound for London, shaped our course up the channel, and, in a few days, were anchored in the Downs. Having been short of provisions for some time back, we were obliged to stop and replenish.—The next day, however, we were towed up the river, and entered the Commercial Dock on the 28th of October, 18—. It was a grand sight to me, for I had never been in London, and the city seemed like the world, in comparison to my humble village in the west of England. We were to be paid off on the morrow, and I determined, as soon as I was at liberty, to take a stroll and see some of the sights about which I had so often heard. At twelve the next day, all hands proceeded to the office in Leaden-hall street, and received, severally, the amount due them. There were just ten pounds coming to me, and I started off to see how I could best make it conducive to my pleasure. I had been strolling round for some time, looking at the Tower, and other places of note and finally walked into one of the parks, to see what I could of the London fashions. I was leaning against a tree, watching a party which attracted my attention, when I was suddenly accosted by a female, apparently about eighteen or twenty, neatly dressed, and with an expression which although pleasing, seemed somewhat sad.

"What is your wish, my good lady?" said I.

"She looked at me a moment, and said—

"You are a sailor, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been in London?"

"I arrived yesterday."

"Have you been here before?"

"Never."

"Well, then, perhaps I can be of some assistance to you. Suppose we take a cab and drive out to Vauxhall this evening?"

I hesitated for a moment, I thought to myself, she no doubt thinks I have plenty of money, and wishes to obtain a share. But then, again, I thought, it makes no difference—I'll spend it anyhow—and consented.

We called the cab; and, in a short time, we were at Vauxhall. I pulled out my purse to pay the driver, when she anticipated me, and said—

"Never mind, sir—I have plenty.—Beside, I invited you here; therefore I bear all expenses."

I was astonished, for I had never doubted but that my money was the principal attraction, and I was puzzled to think what could be her object.

After ordering some refreshments, of which she ate and drank very little, but which she insisted upon paying for, we strolled round the garden, listening to the music, until towards evening, when I remarked it would be best to return.

"Yes, it will soon be dark, and we had better go. But," said she, "you are a stranger in London, and it would be folly for you to look for a hotel to-night; and, besides, it would be ungenerous in me to allow you to. I reside in—

street, and, if you will accept a room in my house, you will be perfectly welcome, and my husband, who is fond of company, will be glad to see you."

While hesitating she called a cab, and half-forced me in.

When the cab stopped, we got out and I found myself in a narrow street, dimly lighted, and before a large brick house, with iron railings in front. She opened the door, and asked me to sit down a moment, when she went into a room close by, and returned almost immediately, and said—"My husband has retired—I'll introduce you to him in the morning.—Here is a light—take the room at the head of the stairs. Good night!"

I went up stairs to the room she had pointed out, opened the door and went in. It was furnished, you might say, richly. The bed stood in a further corner, with blue damask curtains in front. I undressed quickly, as I was somewhat tired by my day's adventures, walked to the bed and drew aside the curtains, and there lay a man, weltering in his blood, with his throat cut from ear to ear. It would be vain to attempt to describe my feelings. I immediately dressed myself, with a presence of mind which I have

never been able to account for. I then tried to open the door, which, to my horror, I found was locked. Glancing around the room, my eye fell upon the irons in the fire-place. I snatched one up, and, with one stroke broke the lock and opened the door. Running down the stairs, I found the front door fastened also.—Having nothing to break the lock with, I darted into the first room I came to, and jumped from the window into an alley on the side of the house, and had merely time to conceal myself, when I heard the people round crying murder, and saw the very woman that I came with, followed by several of the police, enter the house, thinking, I suppose, of course she would find me. I left as soon as the crowd gathered round, and passed unnoticed.

The next morning I was reading the paper, and almost the first thing which attracted my attention was a notice of a bloody murder in— street, with the reward of fifty pounds for the apprehension of the murderer. It went further, and, in the description of the supposed person, described me better than I could have done myself—even to manner in which I wore my beard. The first barber's shop received that gratis; and changing my clothing, which was also minutely described, I went down to the docks, and the bark— being a hand short, I ship in her for New York, and have never since, nor ever wish to, spend another night in London.—N. O. Delta.

The "Old Guard" at Waterloo.

The following description of the last charge by the Old French Guard at Waterloo, is derived from a French work entitled "Histoire de la Garde Imperiale, rehue par M. Emile Marco de Saint Hilaire," and is interesting at the present moment:

During the day, the artillery of the Guard, under Drouet, maintained its old renown; and the Guard itself had frequently been used to restore the battle in various parts of the field, and always with success. The English were fast becoming exhausted, and in an hour more would doubtless have been forced into a disastrous defeat, but for the timely arrival of Blucher. But when they saw him with his 30,000 Prussians approaching, their courage revived, while Napoleon was filled with amazement. A beaten enemy was about to form a junction with the allies, while Grouchy, who had been sent to keep him in check, was nowhere to be seen. Alas what great plans a single inefficient commander can overthrow.

In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied force, and he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied center with a grand charge of the Old Guard and thus throw himself between the two armies. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called up and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet in the British center. Those under Reille no sooner entered the fire than they disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, "the bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part of the way down the slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them a few words. He told them the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor, tried in so many fields. "Vive l'Empereur!" answered him with a shout that was heard above the thunder of artillery.

The whole continental struggle exhibits no nobler spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking Empire.—The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been taxed to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the turbulent field, and the shadows of fugitive kings fitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling, before his anxious eye. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rung out, "The Guard recoils!" "The Guard recoils!" make us for a moment forget all the carnage, in sympathy with his distress.

The Old Guard felt the pressure of the immense responsibility, and resolved not to prove unworthy to the great trust committed to its care. Nothing could be more imposing than its movement to the assault. It had never recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and steady advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as without the beating of a drum, or a bugle note to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the field. Their tread was like muffled thunder, while the dazzling helmets of the cuirassiers flashed long streams of light behind the dark and terrible mass that swept in one strong wave along. The stern Drouet was there amid his guns, and on every brow was written the unalterable resolution to conquer or die. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink in the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed unflinchingly on.

The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and scarcely had he mounted another before it also sank to the earth, and so another and another, till five in succession had been shot under him. Then, with his drawn sabre, he marched sternly at the head of his column. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of iron into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But just as the victory seemed won, a file of soldiers, who had laid flat on the ground behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley into their very faces.—Another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that they staggered back before it. Before the Guard had time to rally again and advance, a heavy column of infantry fell on its left flank in close and deadly volleys, causing it, in its unsettled state, to swerve to the right. At that instant a whole brigade of cavalry thundered on the right flank, and penetrated where cavalry had never gone before.

That intrepid Guard could have borne up against the unexpected fire from soldiers they did not see, and would also have rolled back the infantry that had boldly charged its flank; but the cavalry finished the disorder into which they had been momentarily thrown, and broke the shaken ranks before they had time to reform, and the eagles of that hitherto invincible Guard were pushed backward down the slope. It was then that the army, seized with despair, shrieked out. "The Guard recoils! The Guard recoils!" and turned and fled in wild dismay. To see the Guard in confusion was a sight they had never before beheld, and it froze every heart with terror. Still those veterans refused to fly; rallying from their disorder, they formed into two immense squares of eight battalions and turned fiercely on the enemy, and nobly strove to stem the reversed tide of battle.

For a long time they stood and let the cannon balls plow through their ranks, disdainful to turn their backs on the foe. Michael, at the head of those battalions, fought like a lion. To every command of the enemy to surrender he replied.—"The Guard dies it never surrenders," and with his last breath bequeathing this glorious motto to the Guard, he fell a witness to its truth. Death traversed those eight battalions with such a rapid footstep that they soon dwindled away to two, which turned in hopeless daring on the overwhelming numbers that pressed their retiring footsteps.

Last of all but a single battalion, the debris of the "column of granite" at Marengo, was left. Into this Napoleon flung himself. Cambronne, its brave commander, saw with terror the Emperor in its frail keeping. He was not struggling for victory, he was intent only on showing how the Guard should die. Approaching the Emperor, he cried out, "Retire! Do you not see that death has no need of you!" and closing mournfully yet sternly round their expiring eagles, those brave hearts bade Napoleon an eternal adieu, and flinging themselves on the enemy, were soon piled with the dead at their feet.

Many of the officers were seen to destroy themselves rather than survive defeat.—Thus, greater in its own defeat than any other corps of men in gaining a victory, the Old Guard passed from the stage and the curtain dropped upon its strange career. It had fought its last battle.

An old preacher once took for his text "Adam, where art thou?" and divided his subject into three parts: 1st, all men are somewhere; 2d, some men are where they ought not to be; and 3d, unless they take care they will find themselves where they had rather not be.

[By Request.]

The Fool's Pence.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

In the year 183—, in a handsomely furnished parlor which opened out of that noted London gin shop, called "The Punch Bowl," sat its mistress, the gradually obsessed Mrs. Crowder, conversing with an obsequious neighbor.

"Why, Mrs. Crowder, I really must say you have things in the first style!—What elegant papering! what noble chairs! what a pair of fire screens! all so bright and fresh! Then the elegant stone copings to your windows, and these beautiful French window frames! And you have been sending your daughters to the genteel boarding-school; your shop is the best fitted in all this part of London. Where can you find the needful for these things? Dear Mrs. Crowder, how do you manage?"

Mrs. Crowder, simpered, and cast a look of simple contempt through the half-open door, in the shop, filled with draughty customers. "The fool's pence—'tis the fool's pence that does it for us," she said—and her voice rose more shrill and louder than usual, with the triumph she felt.

Her words reached the ear of one customer, George Manly, the carpenter, who stood near the counter. Turning his eyes upon those around him, he saw pale, sunken cheeks, inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He then turned them upon the stately apartment; he looked through the door into the parlor, and saw looking glasses and pictures, and gilding, and fine furniture, and a rich carpet, and Miss Lucy in a silk gown at her piano; and he thought to himself, how strange it is!—how curious it is that all this wretchedness on my left hand, should be made to turn into all this rich finery on my right!

"Well, sir—and what's for you?" said a shrill voice, which made the fool's pence ring in his ears.

"A glass of gin, ma'am, is what I am waiting for; but I think I've paid the last fool's pence that I shall put down on this counter for many a long day."

Manly hastened home. His wife and two little girls were seated at work. They were thin and pale, and really in want of food. The room looked very cheerless; and their fire was so small as hardly to be felt, yet the dullest observer would be struck with the neatness that reigned.

It was a joyful surprise to them his returning so early that night, and returning sober in good humor.

"Your eyes are weak to-night wife," said George, "or else you have been crying. I'm afraid you work too much by candle light."

His wife smiled, and said, "Working does not effect my eyes; and she beckoned to her little boy, who was standing apart in a corner—evidently as a culprit.

"Why John, what's this I see?" said his father. "Come and tell me what you have been doing."

"The baker came for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without it; but though he was cross and rough, he said mother was not to blame and that he was sure you had been drinking away all the money; and when he was gone, mother cried over her work, but she did not say anything. I did not know she was crying till I saw her tears dropping on her hand, and then I said bad words, and mother put me in the corner."

"Tell me what your bad words were, John," said his father; "not swearing I hope!"

"No," said John coloring; "I said you were a bad man—I said, bad father."

"And they were bad words, sure," said his mother, "but you are forgiven, so now bring me some coal from the box."

George looked at the face of his wife, and as he met the tender gaze of her mild blue eyes now turned to him, he felt the tears rise to his own. He rose up, and putting money into her hands, he said, "There are my week's wages. Come, come, hold out both hands for you have not got all yet. Lay it out for the best, as you always do. I hope this will be a beginning of better doings on my part and happier days on yours."

George told his wife, after the children had gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up fine houses and dressing out the landlord's wife and daughters, and when he thought of his own hardworking and uncomplaining Susan, and his children in want, and almost in rags, while he was sitting drinking night after night, destroying his health and strength, he was so struck with sorrow and shame, that he seemed to come to himself at last. He determined from that hour never again to put the intoxicating glass to his lips.

More than a year afterwards, on Sunday afternoon, as Mrs. Crowder of the Punch Bowl was walking with her daughters to the tea-gardens, they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain, and had become at least half drenched, when they entered a comfortable house, distinguished by its comforts and tidings from all the others near it. Its good natured mistress and her two girls did all they could to try and wipe away the rain drops and mud splashes from the ladies' fine silk dresses and persons.

When all had been done that could be

done, and as Miss Lucy said, "they began to look like themselves again." Mrs. Crowder, who was lolling in a huge arm chair, and amusing herself by a stare at every one and everything in the room, suddenly started forward and addressing herself to the master of the house, whose face had just caught her eye, "Why, my good man, we are old friends; I know your face, I'm certain; still, there is a change in you, though I can't exactly say what it is."

"I used to be in ragged clothes and out of health," said George Manly, smilingly; "now, thank God, I am comfortably clad and in excellent health."

"But how is it?" said Mrs. Crowder, "that we never get sight of you?"

"Madam," said he, "I am sure I wish you well, nay, I have reason to thank you, for words of yours first opened my eyes to my own foolish and wicked course. My wife and children were half naked and half starved, only this time last year. Look at them, if you please, now—for sweet contented looks, and decent clothes, I'll match them with any man's wife and children. And now, madam, I tell you as I told a friend of yours one day last year—'tis the fool's pence, that have done all this for us. I ought to say the pence earned by honest industry, and spent so that we can ask the blessing of God upon the pence."

Mrs. Crowder never recovered the customer she had lost.

Extraordinary Indian Fortitude.

One David Reynolds, an adventurous traveller on the Columbia river, many years ago, gives the following description of the tortures inflicted on one of the Blackfeet tribe of Indians, by the Flatheads, by whom he was made prisoner.

Having been informed that they were about putting one of their prisoners to death, I went to the camp, to witness the spectacle. The man was tied to a tree; after which they heated an old barrel of a gun until it became red hot, with which they burned him on the legs, thighs, neck, cheeks and belly. Then they commenced cutting the flesh from about the nails, which they next pulled out and next separating the fingers from the hand, joint by joint. During the performances of these cruelties, the wretched captive never winced—and instead of suing for mercy, he added fresh stimulants to their barbarous ingenuity by the most irritating reproaches, part of which our interpreter translated as follows:

"My heart is strong. You do not hurt me. You can't hurt me. You are fools. You do not know how to torture. Try it again. I don't feel any pain yet.—We torture your relations a great deal better, because we make them cry out loud, like little children. You are not brave; you have small hearts, and you are always afraid to fight." Then addressing one in particular, he said, "It was by my arrow you lost your eye, upon which the Flathead darted at him, and in a moment scooped out one of his eyes; at the same time cutting the bridge of his nose nearly in two. This did not stop him; with the remaining eye he looked sternly at another, and said, "I killed your brothers, and I scalped your fool of a father."

The warrior to whom this was addressed, instantly sprang at him, and separated the scalp from his head. He was then about plunging a knife into his heart, when he was told by the chief to desist.—The raw skull, bloody socket and mutilated nose, now presented a horrid appearance, but by no means changed his tone of defiance. "It was I," said he to the chief, "that made your wife a prisoner last fall, we put out her eyes; we tore out her tongue; we treated her like a dog. Forty of our warriors."—The chieftain became incensed the moment his wife's name was mentioned; he seized his gun, and before the last sentence was ended, a hall from it passed through the brave fellow's heart, and terminated his frightful sufferings.

Shocking, however, as this dreadful exhibition was, it was far exceeded by the atrocious cruelties practiced on the female prisoners; in which I am sorry to say, the Flathead women assisted with more savage fury than the men. I only witnessed part of what one wretched woman suffered, a detail of which would be too revolting for publicity. We remonstrated against the exercise of such horrible cruelties. They replied by saying that the Blackfeet treated their relations in the same manner; that it was the course adopted by all red warriors.

VALUABLE RECIPE.—Mr. A. Brunson, of Meadville, Pa., from fifteen years experience, he finds that an Indian meal poultice, covered over with young hyson tea, softened with hot water, and laid over burns and frozen flesh, as hot as it can be borne, will relieve the pain in five minutes; that if blisters have not arisen before, they will not alter it is put on, and that one poultice is generally sufficient to effect a cure.

There is now exhibited in Leeds a young lady aged eighteen, whose beard measures between four and five inches in length.—As an inducement to persons to attend the exhibition, it is announced that "visitors will be permitted to touch the beard."