

# JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 13. No. 25.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1853.

No. 25.

**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 37 1/2 cents per year, extra.  
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AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
**Jeffersonian Republican.**

## THE SAILOR.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Ho! dwellers on the stable land,  
Of dangers what know ye,  
Like us who holdly brave the surge,  
Or trust the treacherous sea?  
The fair trees shade you from the sun—  
You see the harvests grow,  
And catch the fragrance of the breeze  
When the first roses blow.

While high amid the slippery shroud,  
We make our midnight path,  
And even the strongest must be bowed  
Neath the wild tempest's wrath,  
You slumber on your couch of down,  
In chambers safe and warm—  
Lulled only to a deeper dream  
By the descending storm.

But yet what know ye of the joy  
The lights our ocean stive,  
When on its way, our gallant barque,  
Rides like a thing of life—  
When gaily toward the wished-for port  
With favoring gale we stand—  
Or first your misty line descry—  
Hills of our native land!

But yet there's peril in our path,  
Beyond the wrecking blast,  
A peril that may wheelm the soul  
When life's short voyage is past;—  
Send us your Bibles where we go  
To dare threatening war,  
Your men of prayer—to teach us how  
To meet a watry grave.

And Saviour—thou, whose foot sublime  
The foaming surge did tread,  
Whose hand, the rash disciple drew  
From darkness and the dead—  
Oh, be our ark, when floods descend,  
When thunders shake the spheres—  
Our Arrarat, when tempests end,  
And the green earth appears.

The Cincinnati Nonpariel tells this:—  
On our upward trip to Dayton on Saturday, we noticed in the cars a gentleman and lady, seated in a close juxtaposition and judging from their conduct one would imagine that they were exceedingly intimate. In front of the comfortable pair sat two gentlemen, Editors of two German papers in this city. When near Dayton the train passed thro' a long dark bridge. Amid the thundering and rattling of cars could be heard a noise, that sounded for all the world like the concussion of lips. Such hearty smacks started all the party. As we emerged into daylight, one of the German Editors slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose, and exclaimed:

"Well, I think dat ish a lam bad bridge, I hears him rack one, two, tree, four times!"  
The lady drew down her veil and for the remainder of the trip the pair looked mute and quiet.

**Foots who don't Use Tobacco.**—The following anecdote, from a Maine paper, is a good one:  
One O. S. Fowler, who has been enlightening the citizens of this place upon their bumps, is a tall specimen of the human genus, and abounds in self-conceit, so much so that he sometimes mistake impertinent interrogatories for wholesome inquiries, and makes them accordingly. Sitting in the office of the Maine Hotel one morning, he observed our friend Barrel quietly smoking a cigar.

"Young man," said he in a severe tone, "don't you know that a man who uses tobacco is a fool?"  
"Well," said B., "it may be so; but there is one fact that perhaps you are not aware of, and which I wish to impress upon your mind; that there are a great many fools who don't use it."

The phenologist drew the inference, and discontinued the conversation.  
"If the wheat crop in the valley of Virginia is said to present a fine appearance"

## THE SEAMSTRESS, Or, The Value of Labor.

Mrs S— was left a widow with several small children. She could think of no way of getting a living for them but with her needle; and as she was a neat sewer she hoped to get work, and earn food and scant clothing at least.— She applies to several, and was still without the means of earning a dollar, when her last one was spent. Just at this sad moment, the fact of her destitution becoming known, Mrs. T— sent for her.

After she is seated the following conversation ensues:  
"Can you do plain sewing?"  
"Yes, ma'am, as well as most persons."  
"What is your price for fine shirts?"  
"I haven't set any price yet, but I will work as low as any one."

"But you know that to get work you will have to do it a little lower than ordinary."  
"Well ma'am, I am in want, and will work at almost any price."  
"I suppose you will make a fine shirt for a quarter?"  
"Yes, ma'am,"  
"And calico dresses for the same?"  
"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, that's reasonable. Boys' common shirts you will not charge over a shilling for?"  
"No, ma'am."  
"That's reasonable, and I'll do all I can for you. It gives me pleasure to help the poor. Come down to-morrow, and I'll have some work ready for you."  
The widow departed.

"Well wife," said Mr. T—, when he saw the woman depart, "at what price will she work?"  
"At just half what Miss R. charges."  
"Well, that something like. It gives me pleasure to befriend any one who is willing to work at a reasonable price.— Why this will save us almost a dollar a week the whole year round."

"Yes, if you want it."  
"Well I'll do my best. It is shameful what some of these seamstresses charge."  
Boys' shirts, at 12 1/2 cents, were her first prices of work. Two of these by hard work she managed to get done in a day.

Next morning she was up early, tho' her head ached badly, and she was faint and weak from having sat so steadily through the whole preceding day. Her children were taken up, washed and dressed her rooms cleaned, and a scanty meal of mush and milk prepared for the little ones; and a cup of tea for herself. Her own stomach refused the food, of which her children partook with keen appetites, and she could only swallow a few mouthfuls of dry stale bread.

It was nearly ten o'clock when she got fairly down to work, her head still aching and almost blinding her. Some how or other she could not get on at all fast, and it was long past the usual dinner hour before she had finished the first garment.

After dinner Mrs. S— worked hard and in much bodily pain and misery, to finish the last shirt, in which the last stitch was taken at nine o'clock at night.

Soon after breakfast the next morning, she took the shirts home to Mrs. T—, her thoughts mostly occupied with the comfortable food she was to buy her children with the half-dollar she had earned. For it was a sad truth that she had laid out the last half-dollar for the meal with which she was making mush for her little ones.

After examining every seam, every hem, and every line of stitching, Mrs. T— expressed approbation of the work, and banded the poor woman a couple of fine shirts, for Mr. T—, and a calico dress for herself. She did not offer to pay her for the work she had done.— After lingering a few moments, Mrs. S. ventured to hint that she would like to have a part of what she earned.

"O, dear, I never pay seamstresses until their bills amount to five dollars. It is so troublesome to keep account of small sums. When you have made five dollars I will pay you."  
Mrs. S— retired, but with a heart that seemed like lead in her bosom.— "When shall I earn five dollars—not for a whole month at this rate," were the words that formed themselves in her thoughts.

From this state of gloominess she was roused by a knock at the door, and a pleasant looking lady, somewhat gaily

## Examination of Attorneys.

The following racy examination of a candidate for admission to the bar, is taken from a Western law journal, and is decidedly a good hit. The examiner commences with:  
"Do you smoke?"  
"I do sir."  
"Have you a spare cigar?"  
"Yes sir," (extending a short six.)  
"Now sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"  
"To collect fees."  
"Right. What is the second?"  
"To increase the number of his clients."  
"When does your position towards your clients change?"  
"When making a bill of cost."  
"Explain."

"When they occupy the antagonistic position; I assume the character of plaintiff and defendant."  
"A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?"  
"Cheek by jowl."  
"Enough sir, you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now are you aware of the duty you owe me?"  
"I am, sir."  
"Describe it."  
"It is to invite you to drink."  
"But suppose I decline?"  
(Candidate, scratching his head.)—  
There is no instance of the kind on record on the books! I cannot answer the question.

"You are right; and the confidence with which you make an assertion, shows that you have read the law attentively. Let's take a drink and I will sign your certificate."  
**Good get Out.**  
There is a capital good story told of a couple of Western hunters, which is well worth a place in our depository. Their names were Hoffman and Cowan—and both were excellent shots, and not a little given to boasting of their skill. One day they went on a deer hunting expedition and after getting into the woods where they expected to find deer, they separated. Shortly after Hoffman heard Cowan's gun fired off, when he immediately went over to the spot where he had heard the shot, expecting to be obliged to help Cowan hang up a deer. He found Cowan very busy loading his gun, and shouted out:  
"Hallo, Cowan! what did you shoot at just now?"  
"None o' your business—go along over the hill!"  
Surprised at this short and crusty answer, Hoffman looked around and discovered a calf among the bushes. Again he cried out:  
"I say, Cowan, did you shoot at the calf?"  
"Yes, I did, but it's none of your business. Why, what made you shoot at it?"  
"Why, I took it for a deer."  
"Well, did you hit it?"  
"No—I missed it."  
"How did you miss it?"  
"Why I wasn't quite sure that it wasn't a calf."  
"You are a pretty specimen of a hunter rejoined Hoffman, to shoot a calf for a deer, and miss it at that!"  
"Don't make a fool of yourself!" replied Cowan—I shot at it just so as to hit it if it was a deer, and miss it if it was a calf."

Nothing out of Ireland, of the 'bull' species, is a better specimen than this.  
An amusing colloquy came off recently at the supper table on board of one of our eastern steamboats, between a Boston exquisite reckning with hair oil and cologne, who was cursing the waiters, and otherwise assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Jonathan, who sat by his side, dressed in homespun. Turning to his 'vulgar' friend, the former pointed his jewelled finger and said:  
"Butter, sah!"  
"I see it is," coolly replied Jonathan.  
"Butter! sah, I say!" fiercely repeated the dandy.  
"I know it—very good—a first rate article, provokingly reiterated homespun."  
"Butter, I tell you!" thundered the exquisite, in still louder tones, and scowling upon his neighbor as if he would annihilate him.  
"Well, gosh-all-Jerusalem, what of it?" yelled the down-easter, getting his dander up in turn.—"Yer didn't think I took it for lard?"

**Pete Whetstone and the Mail Boy.**  
Pete Whetstone, of Arkansas, was once traveling on horse-back through the interior of the state, and called one evening to stay all night at a little log house near the road where entertainment and a post office were kept. Two other strangers were there, and the mail-rider rode up about dark. Supper being over, the mail carrier and the three gentlemen were invited into a small room furnished with a good fire and two beds, which were to accommodate the four persons for the night. The mail-carrier was a little, shabby, dirty, lousy-looking whom none of the gentlemen liked the idea of sleeping. Pete Whetstone eyed him closely as he asked:  
"Where do you sleep to-night my lad?"  
"I'll sleep with you, I reckon," lisped the youth, "or with one o' them other fellows, I don't care which."

The other two gentlemen took the hint and occupied one of the beds immediately, leaving the other bed and confab to be enjoyed by Pete and the mail-boy together as best they could. Pete and the boy both commenced hauling off their duds, and Pete getting into bed first, and wishing to get rid of sleeping with the boy, remarked very earnestly—"My friend, I'll tell you before hand, I've got the itch, and you'd better not get in here with me, for the disease is catching."

The boy, who was just getting into bed, drew out very coolly, "wal I reckon that don't make a bit of difference,—I've had it now for nearly eleven years, and into bed he pitched along with Pete, who pitched out in as great hurry as if he had, waked up a hornet's nest in the bed. The other two gentlemen roared, and the mail-boy, who had got peaceable possession of a bed himself, drew out—"why you must be a set of darned fules,—mam and dad's got the catch a heap wath than I is, and they thlept in that bed last night when they were here at the quilting."

The other two strangers were now in a worse condition than Pete had been, and bouncing from their nest, as if the house had been on fire, stripped, shook their clothes, put them on again, ordered their horses, and, though it was nearly ten o'clock, they all three left, and rode several miles to the next town before they slept, leaving the imperturbable mail-carrier to the bliss of scratching and sleeping alone.—Southern Watch Tower.

If it wasn't for hope the heart would break, as the old lady said when she buried her seventh husband, and looked anxiously among the funeral crowd for another.

## Fight with a Bear.

A correspondent of the Ohio 'State Journal,' writing from Santa Fe, gives the following interesting description of a desperate fight with a bear, which recently occurred in the vicinity of Santa Fe:  
"I was hunting at El Valle, thirty miles west of the Puebla of San Ildefonso, when the first thing I saw was myself within ten steps of a large brown bear. He came up to me within about six feet, when he stopped and looked directly at me.— I took aim at the burr of his ear with my rifle, and pulled the trigger. He fell at the crack of the gun. I seized my hatchet in my right hand, and my knife in my left, and made at him, when he jumped up and came at me on his hind feet, with his mouth wide open. I struck at him with such force with my hatchet that it turned me clear round, and the hatchet flew out of my hand. Before I could recover myself fairly he had me in his hug, when I stabbed him in the side with my knife, and he let me go and sprang away from me. He again caught me in the same way, and I stabbed him again, putting the whole blade of the knife to the hilt into his entrails. He sprang away from me in the same way. The third time he hugged me, and as I stabbed him again he threw up his paw and broke my knife short off by the handle. I then turned to run, but had only made a few jumps, when he caught me again and threw me on my face to the ground. He seized my right arm in his mouth, and shook it the same as a dog would shake a cat. He then tried to get my head into his mouth, and at every bite his teeth would crush across my skull. Having no chance with the powerful beast, I reached up my lame arm succeeded in getting my fore finger into his eye, with my thumb under his chin like, and done my best to gouge his eye out. He fetched one of the loudest squalls that I ever heard, and by this time I succeeded in turning over on my back, when the rascal sat right down on top of me, with his fore feet resting on my ribs. I thought I should die sure. He must have weighed over eight hundred pounds. The blood gushed out of my mouth, and I thought my hold had come. I saw the bear could not hold out long, the stabs from the knife and the ball of rifle had nearly done the business for him. The blood was running out of his mouth all this time in a sluice, and I hoped every moment he would fall off me dead. At last I succeeded in showing him, so that he careened over and fell from me, and staggered about twenty steps and fell dead.— After a while I managed to get up, but I was very sick; the blood was streaming from my head and from my arm, my right eye had entirely closed up, and I laid down again on the ground, with my head on a log, for about thirty minutes.— I knew there was a sheep herd about five miles off, and as I could get no help without getting there, I gathered up my gun and succeeded at last in gaining the camp in safety.

We would call the particular attention of our readers to the following, which we find in an exchange paper, that they may know how to conduct themselves when they honor us with a call.  
**Printing Office Regulations.**—When you go into a printing office leave the door open behind you. Read all the manuscripts you can get your hands on; it's no difference; editors have no business with secrets; besides you might discover some plot against the government—crush it in the bud and thus become a public benefactor! Be sure to ask the compositor let you look at the copy he is at work on; of course he won't be so impolite as to refuse so reasonable a request! If he is at work on manuscript copy, ask him who wrote it; he'll tell you. Examine the type, pick them up, look at them, throw them down—no matter in which box;—what the duce do printers have so many little boxes for, if they want folks to be so particular! Don't neglect the press; catch hold of the handle! pull it around; there let go not much damage done.— now seat yourself in the sanetum, and after you have whistled your favorite tune, as loud as possible, ask the editor for the paper he is reading, or entertain him with some long winded harangue on some subject which interests you, not him.

Follow these directions closely, or the spirit of them, and you'll be popular with all the printers.  
A clergyman happening to pass a boy weeping bitterly, he halted, and asked, "What is the matter my little fellow?"  
The boy replied:  
"We could hardly get enough to eat before, and now what shall we do? for now there's another one come."  
"Hush thy mourning, and wipe off those tears," said the clergyman, "and remember that he never sends mouths without he sends victuals to put into them."  
"I know that," said the boy, "but then he sends all the mouths to our house, and the victuals to your house."

## The Dark Day of 1780.

A friend recently placed in our hand a letter, written more than seventy years ago by Dr. Caleb G. Adams, of Exeter, N. H. to General Nathaniel Folsom, of that town, who was at the time a member of the Provincial Congress, Philadelphia. In the following passage, that well known phenomenon, the 'Dark Day,' which spread alarm, and in some cases, consternation through this part of the country, is described, with details which must prove deeply interesting to many of our readers. The letter is dated Exeter, May 27, 1780.—Boston Journal.

We had a very extraordinary phenomenon the 19th day of this month. In the morning it was rainy till about nine o'clock, when the clouds broke away and the sun appeared, but very red. After nine the clouds grew very thick, with the wind from southwest, in light breezes; at half past ten it was uncommonly dark, the clouds appearing of a yellowish hue. At eleven the public school was dismissed, it being so dark that no person could read or write. It continued to grow darker till twelve, when it was so dark that we could not tell one person from another in a room with three large windows. In short, it was midnight darkness at noon-day! The fowls went to roost, and there was a strong smell of smoke. It had been very dry for a long time before, the wind having been at east for four or five days which drove the smoke back to the westward and when the wind shifted, it brought it all down in a body, which, together with the dense clouds, caused the darkness, which lasted till three o'clock, P. M. before it began to grow light.

Thousands of people who could not account for it from natural causes, were greatly terrified, and indeed it cast a universal gloom on the earth. The frogs and night-hawks began their notes. At four o'clock the wind shifted to the northeast, which brought the clouds back, and at sun set it was again very dark. At nine o'clock it was darkness to be felt by more senses than one, and there was a strong smell of soot. Almost everybody who happened to be out in the evening got lost in going home. The darkness was uncommon in the night as it was in the day, as the moon had failed the day before.

**Wild Cat Currency.**  
Of this remarkable currency in Indiana the Lafayette journal thus speaks:—"The vignette is nigger shearing a hog, supposed to be squealing. The president of the bank stands near, assisting to hold the hog. The dear people may be discovered a good ways behind. Thunder and lightning in the foreground. The picture of a seedy looking individual, 'secured by stocks, through which his feet run, adorns one corner. A man with a very blank countenance, supposed to be the Auditor of the State, and being rode upon a rail by a couple of Wall street sharpers, is seen in another corner. The phiz of Governor Wright, thunder gathering on his brow, and lightning flashing from his eye, adorns the centre of the bill. On one side of the Governor is a hawk, on the other side a buzzard. He holds in one hand the scales of justice, one side of which is evidently very light; the other is holding a document, his last message, from which he appears to be reading to a crowd of disconsolate individuals below, who refuse to be comforted."

**Modesty.**  
We agree with the old exercise, that modesty is a quality that highly adorns a woman. But affected modesty, like the following, we cannot abide.  
Yesterday a lady went into a store on Chartres street, and after fidgeting and riggling about, she put her cambric handkerchief to her face, and with a tremendous mental effort, asked the clerk if he had any hose confiners for sale. The gentleman being quite ignorant of the meaning of the fair customer, was rather embarrassed, but not wishing to appear altogether green, said that none of the article was on hand, but assured the lady that an invoice of a large lot on the way from France had been forwarded, and they would soon arrive.

"Why, la!" said the lady, "there they are with clasps; it is a pair of those stocking tighteners that I want," pointing with her parasol to a lot of spring garters.

**Quite Natural.**—It wasn't a bad trick that was put upon a law-student by his fellows, when, having observed that he read always by quantity, and of course very superficially, they used every night to put back the mark, which he left in his Blackstone, about three-fourths, the distance of the day's reading. The consequence was that without knowing it, he read the work through several times, and on being questioned at last as to how he liked its author, replied that Blackstone seemed to him, rather a pleasant writer, but he must say there was rather too much repetition for a good style.

"Sam, why am lawyers like de fishes "I don't meddle wid dat subject." "Why, kase dey am fond ob de bait."