

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, to the patrons of newspapers.

### THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the officers to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

## Death of General Andrew Jackson.

A thousand halls are deck'd with gloom,  
A thousand bells have toll'd—  
A prayer o'er the Christian's tomb—  
The hero brave and old.

He rests with all the mighty dead,  
With Green and La Fayette—  
On glory's lap he's laid his head,  
His sun at last has set.

Toll for the patriot brave and old,  
The bell of liberty—  
Weave for the hero wreaths of gold,  
Sons of the brave and free.

In the morning of his life,  
He left a peaceful court;  
For the battle field of savage strife—  
The forest and the fort.

In the cause of liberty—  
How free his purse was given!  
With Mercer and Montgomery,  
His spirit is in heaven.

No stone or marble monument,  
Need deck the Christian's grave—  
Columbia's sons in sorrow bent,  
Over the dead—the brave.

Why should the sons of freedom ere  
Forget such regal fame—  
Why should they not in accents clear,  
Rehearse brave Jackson's name!—

Yes, in the hearts of millions he  
A monument hath won—  
And his name forever blest shall be  
With that of Washington. H. C. M.  
Foe's Garret, Westfall, July 6, 1845.

From the Alleghanian.

## A Mouthful of Pickled Dog.

A long-limbed, wiry-made countryman of the real Alleghanian breed, determined the other day to have a full view of Niagara, before emigrating from Western New York to Wisconsin, "hither his folks" were all bound. Having partly satisfied his curiosity on Goat Island, he crossed to the Canada side, and soon after presented himself at the hotel near the Falls, asking "if they couldn't give a feller something to eat."

"Where do you come from, my friend?" said an Englishman who sat smoking a cigar upon the piazza, and who thought he saw in our friend a fit subject for a quiz.

"Where do I come from, mister? Why from a good way long off, if you only knowed it; and that is clean from the Forks of the Alleghany, near down along side the Seneca nation, in York State, is my place when I am to home."

"The Forks of the Alleghany!" said the other; "then I suppose, my friend, you are a true specimen of what your countrymen call an out-and-out United Stateser, a real live Alleghanian, and no mistake."

"I never heard afore of such a critter as an

Alleghanian; but I tell ye, mister, I come from jist among the spurs of the mountains, the real sprouts of the old back-bone; and if Alleghanian means the real prickly grit of America, I am jist some of that same—I am. A true Alleghanian boulder by Heaven; and I only want to see the man that has a word to say agin it—I do."

"I did not mean to annoy you, my friend," said the Englishman soothingly; "I only wished to ask you about that dog of yours. He looks to me like an Indian dog; and hearing you ask for some refreshments, suggested the inquiry whether or not that was the kind of dog they eat in the Seneca nation, near which it seems you have resided?"

"Eat Hawk!—eat my dog Hawk! I'd like to see man or hound, mister, that would dare to put a tooth in him."

"Why, my good fellow," replied John Bull, whose sporting sensibilities were so aroused by this remark that he instantly forgot his waggery, "why I have a bull-terrier here, in the yard, that would eat him up at a mouthful. I said he looked like an Indian dog; but in truth, when I come to examine him, he is nothing but what we would call in England a miserable cur."

"I tell ye, mister, if Hawk be a cur, he is nevertheless a real Alleghanian cur, as you call it, and such a cur will lick five times his weight in English bull-dogs."

"Why, he has no scars about him, to show that he is a fighter," said the Englishman, curiously examining the dog's head and ears.

"Shall I tell ye why, mister?"

"Why?"

"Because Alleghanian dogs is a kind of critter, that gives scars instead of taking them."

"Aha! that's it—is it?" said the Englishman drily. "Well, my Alleghanian friend, I will bet you this golden sovereign against a silver dollar, that my bull-terrier will shake that Alleghanian cur of yours to pieces in less than five minutes, by my watch—in short, will make a single mouthful of him?"

"Wal, wal—that's all fair," replied the Alleghanian, scratching his head. "But ye see, mister, Hawk ain't had his vittles to-day, no more than his master, and it isn't in flesh and blood to do its best at fighting on an empty stomach."

"I will order your dog to be fed, then. You can, meanwhile, be eating your own dinner, and we'll have the fight afterwards."

"That's all fair—what's all fair, too; but, mister, as to planking down my silver shiner on that yellow piece, I don't know that I altogether like that, somehow. We don't see much gold our way, and that sovereign, as you call it, looks to me, for all the world, only like a brass Indian medal."

"You won't bet on your cur, then," said John Bull, contemptuously. "You repudiate, perhaps all you have said in praise: in a word, you back out!"

"Back out, mister? Nothin' on air is further from my natur. I tell'd you I were a boulder—a real Alleghanian boulder—and I am. But I want to fix things in a Christian-like manner, and not rob folks of their money on the highway, as it were."

"How, then, shall we make up the match, my good fellow?" said the Englishman, not unkindly.

"Well, now," replied the Alleghanian, with great simplicity, "if you and your bull-terrier want so much to get a fight out of Hawk and me, why can't you go in and tell the gentleman who keeps the tavern—whom you know and I don't know—why can't you tell the gentleman to give me and Hawk a real good dinner, with something good for a feller to drink, and then let the dogs fight afterward, to decide which of us is to pay the shot—why can't you do that, I say, if you are so tearing mad to have a fight as to risk your gold upon it?"

The Englishman could not help laughing heartily at the Alleghanian's notions of what constituted a fair bet; for the proposed arrangement left John Bull nothing to win, whatever might be the result of the fight, except the possible satisfaction of seeing the countryman's poor cur receive a drubbing from his bull-terrier. Diverted, however, with such an original, he instantly ordered the tavern-keeper to give the Alleghanian whatever he might want

for himself and his dog, adding, that he would be responsible for the bill.

"Wal, I guess I'm all ready," said our Alleghanian friend, about half an hour afterwards, as he stepped out on the piazza, smacking his lips, and wiping his mouth with his coat sleeve; "I guess I'm ready, mister, and you may bring along that bull-pup of your'n as quick as you please, for I have to be going."

"Here he is," said John Bull, and in the same moment a stout, tan-colored, compactly built, and vigorous looking dog, with tusks like those of a wild boar protruding from his black muzzle, roused himself from under the bench on which his master was sitting. He gave a low, muffled growl as he rose, while poor Hawk, who was just thrusting his nose out of the door way, shrank back in terror behind the heels of the Alleghanian.

"Why, your dog has no fight in him, my good sir!" quoth the Englishman, pettishly.

"Don't be too sure of that," answered the other "the fight always lies deep down in our Alleghanian dogs; but when you onst get at it, 'tis the real thing, and no mistake. As for Hawk, here, he hasn't had his drink yet; and besides that, I always talk to him all alone by himself, afore he goes into a fight—I always do."

"Well, there's the water in the horse-trough, and there's the bar-room for your talk," said John Bull, utterly confounded by what he now cursed, inwardly, as the cool impudence of the United Stateser, who had swindled him out of a dinner in the name of a dog that would not stand up even to receive a flogging.

"Drink from a horse-trough!" cried the Alleghanian, disdainfully. "Hawk isn't that kind of a critter, mister."

"What does he drink, then?"

"Drink? why he never drinks any thing but pepper-sarce. You may look, mister, but I tell you pepper-sarce is my dog's drink. I see that gentleman in the bar has lots of bottles of it on an upper shelf, and if he will only let me have a couple of 'em, with that pail, in that back room, so as I can talk to Hawk alone, while he drinks—I say, if you will only tell the gentleman in the bar to furnish me with these conveniences, I'll soon show you whether or not that British bull-terrier of your'n can eat up an Alleghanian cur at a mouthful."

"Give the fellow the bottles, the pail, and the back room," roared John Bull through the open window; "give him whatever he wants, and put the whole in my bill; I'm determined to hold the knave to his original agreement in some way or other."

Within the next five minutes, the Alleghanian had shut himself up in the room communicating with the bar, emptied the pepper sauce into the pail, and placing his dog Hawk therein, saturated thoroughly his shaggy coat with the pungent mixture. The Englishman, all impatient, meanwhile stepped into the bar-room, followed by the bull-terrier, when suddenly the inner door was flung open, and there stood the Alleghanian, gesticulating wildly with one hand, while he held Hawk with the other.

"Bring on your dog!" he shouted—"bring on your British bull-terrier that is going to eat us up! bring him on, I say, and let's see if an Alleghanian cur isn't more than a mouthful for him."

"Sezt—sezt—seize him!" hissed John Bull between his teeth, at the same time clapping his hands and striding rapidly toward the inner door, while his bull-terrier, with a fierce growl, sprang past him full at the throat of poor Hawk. The Alleghanian had released his own hold upon his dog, and it seemed as if all must be over with him if those voracious jaws only fairly fastened upon his neck. The yelp of Hawk proved, indeed, that the bull-terrier did give one severe bite, but the next moment saw the latter rebounding against his master's legs, and working his slaving jaws, as if trying to disengage a swarm of hornets that had lodged upon his palate.

"You confounded rascal!" roared the Englishman, "what poison have you put upon the hair of your vile cur?"

"Wal, mister," quoth the Alleghanian, coolly, "I rather guess that Hawk was in such an all-fired passion for a fight, the pepper-sarce he drank jist now must have sweated through. At any rate your bull-pup seems to have had

enough of pickled dog at one mouthful."

"You scoundrel, you!" thundered the indignant Britain, "I have a good mind to take you in hand myself, and punish you well for the villainous trick."

"Now don't use sich ugly words, mister; I'm a boulder; I'm one of 'em, I tell ye, and no mistake; a real Alleghanian boulder. But if you want, right in earnest, to get a fight out of me, all you have to do, is to order a supper and a bed for me, and to-morrow, arter breakfast, you and I will try a friendly knock down er two, to decide who shall pay for them."

The crowd, which had meantime collected around the door of the tavern, shouted with laughter at this proposition, while John Bull hastily retired from the scene, having probably already had enough of a real Alleghanian boulder.

CHARLES F. HOFFMAN.

## A Wisconsin Man in Washington.

A Washington letter writer relates the following anecdote:—There was a gentleman arrived here last week from Wisconsin, who proved himself a most unreasonably impatient office seeker. As one of the many interesting scenes at the departments, we will give you this, in which our Wisconsin friend figured.—He called at the Treasury Department to see Mr. Walker. A large company here already waited in the ante-chamber for the same purpose. He remained perhaps half an hour, very uneasy, when he peremptorily demanded—

"Look here, door-keeper; aint you gwine to let me in to my friend, Bob Walker, without any more fuss?"

"Can't do it, sir, until your turn comes."

"Turn!" (walking up and down the hall) "Here I come, six feet three, in moccasins, and stout according; here I come all the way from Wisconsin—a territory that has no boundary—that runs one way over the Rocky Mountains, and in another to where they never see the sun shine, God d—n 'em—here I come, (taking from his coat pocket a parcel of letters, and passing over them in detail,) recommended by old Gen. Dodge, there's his letter; and by the young Governor, too, and there's his hizen; and by a number of others," whose names he repeated. "Well, as Christ is my judge, I can't stand this, waiting like a nigger till my turn comes. That's what I call rubbing it in a little too strong. Can't go it, by G—d!—Why, you d—d Irish looking half starved white nigger, (looking at the doorkeeper with peculiar ferocity,) what did you mean when you told a free born man of the west, all the way from Wisconsin, where we live, by thunder, on bear's meat—what did you mean, you screwed up customer, when you told me to wait till my turn come?"

The door-keeper said it was a rule of the Secretary to let gentlemen in, one by one, according as they came—first come first served.

"Well, look here, stranger," said the son of Wisconsin, "look here. Jest tell the Secretary, before I'll wait here all day to get into that door, when my turn comes, I'll see him d—d first." And the young giant from Wisconsin left in a rage, screaming like a trooper.

We give the story as we receive it; but can readily imagine from what has occurred under our observation, such a scene as the foregoing to be a strict matter of fact.

An old maid aged 80 was once asked at what age a woman ceases to think of marriage. She replied, at about the same age that a man's vanity, in affairs regarding the sex, becomes extinct. Both periods would seem to be equally dubious.

## Windows Cleaned by Steam.

A very simple but excellent method of cleansing windows is now coming into general use, possessing many advantages over the old system of using whiting, &c. The window is first dusted with a bunch of feathers, or dusting brush, and when all the dust is thoroughly removed, place a bowl of boiling hot water at the base of the window; the steam immediately covers the glass, which is removed by a wash leather, and finished off with another quite clean and dry. The method saves time, and produces a more brilliant and durable polish than any other.—English paper.

Whatever I desire I always have, because I desire nothing but what I can have.

## American Chalk.

A St. Louis paper announces the discovery of quantities of Chalk in Morgan county, Missouri, at the mouth of the Gravois river. This rumor excited our surprise, because while our geology has discovered its region of interest to be nearly as wide, diversified and interesting, as that of Europe, it had not been able to claim the possession of any basin or large deposit of chalk. This circumstance has been a stumbling block in the way of our naturalists. Mr. McClure, an eminent geologist of this country, recently deceased, undertook by personal examination to settle the character and position of the principal American rocks, and constructed a geological map of the Union which was much esteemed. He gave it as his opinion there was no chalk to be found in America.—This opinion was taken up by Professor Eaton, who, in his treatise on peculiar formations, observed:—"We should delight to find a chalk basin in our secondary district, with all the interesting contents of the Paris basin described by Cuvier and Brogniard. But we have no chalk in North America."

This impression has, therefore, taken possession of the public mind. Yet we find that Flint, the accomplished author of the Geography and history of the Mississippi Valley, a work which made its appearance in 1824, asserts the existence of white and red chalk in the State of Missouri.

Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia, about the same time, made some valuable contributions to the science of American Geology, and, indeed, divided the cretaceous strata of the United States into three divisions. The upper, traceable via South Carolina, Florida and Southern Alabama, the medial recognized at Burlington, New Jersey, and in North Carolina; the lower, stretching from New Jersey in the form of a crescent, and through the Southern States into Arkansas, and Missouri. The fossil remains have been identified in Europe as being similar to those found in the chalk formations of France and England.

At the fourth annual session of American geologists and naturalists, held in the city of Albany in 1843, a very valuable paper was read by Mr. Nicolet on the cretaceous formation of the Missouri river. At that meeting a cretaceous fossil in a fine state of preservation was exhibited, which had been found in an excavation on Brooklyn Heights sixty-five feet below the surface. None of these persons seem to have contemplated the existence of chalk in such quantities as to become an article of commerce or of domestic economy. Dr. Mantell, in his beautiful and interesting treatise on the wonders of geology, considers the chalk formation as existing all over the world. He speaks of having specimens from the United States, and of the fact that the organic remains are all similar in their character. We are therefore prepared to believe that the discovery alluded to has been made. Missouri is certainly destined to become the greatest of the Valley States. Her mineral treasures alone are enough to make her densely populous and immensely wealthy. Besides the famous lead mines, she possesses iron and coal in boundless extent; manganese, zinc, antimony, cobalt, flint, (another suspicious circumstance affecting the chalk question,) ochres of various colors, salt, nitre, marl, plumbago, porphyry, jasper, chalcidion, barytes, cinnabar, porcelain clay and copper ore are found in quantities equal to any future demand.

So much for the facts in a geological point of view. But there are practical considerations we must not pass by with reference to this subject. Chalk is composed of about forty-four parts of carbonic acid and fifty-six of lime, and this makes it useful in a great many ways. In the arts it is a valuable auxiliary. It is used in polishing metals and glass, constructing moulds to cast in, by starch makers and chemists on which to dry their precipitates, by soda water manufacturers, by painters and glaziers, and indeed many other artisans.

In agriculture it has long been well known and used to improve indifferent soils. We need not enlarge on this topic, as there are practical directions for its use in all the leading treatise on agriculture.—True Sun.

Efforts are making at Zanesville, Ohio, to erect a cotton factory, with a capital of \$50,000.