

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Jeffersonian Republican.

There Must be Something Wrong.

When Earth produces, free and fair,

The golden waving corn,

When fragrant fruits perfume the air,

And fleecy flocks are shorn;

While thousands move with aching head,

And sing this ceaseless song—

"We starve, we die, oh, give us bread!"

There must be something wrong.

When Wealth is wrought as seasons roll,

From off the fruitful soil;

When Luxury from pole to pole

Reaps fruit of human toil;

When from a thousand, one alone,

In plenty rolls along—

The others only gnaw the bone—

There must be something wrong.

And when Production never ends,

The Earth is yielding ever;

A copious harvest oft begins,

But distribution—never!

When toiling millions work to fill

The wealthy coffers strong;

When hands are crushed that work and till,

There must be something wrong.

When poor men's tables waste away

To barrenness and drought,

There must be something in the way,

That's worth the finding out;

With surfeits one great table bends,

While numbers move along

While scarce a crust their board extends,

There must be something wrong.

Then Let the law give equal right

To Wealthy and to Poor;

Let Freedom crush the arm of Might,

We ask for nothing more;

Until this system is begun,

The burden of our song

Must, and can be, only one—

There must be something wrong.

Incidents in the Life of a Pedlar.

Fred Griswold was what might be called a speculating pedlar. Born and brought up as he had been, in Connecticut, he possessed all that shrewd cunning and knowledge of mankind so essential to one of his calling, and for which the Yankees are so celebrated—he knew his man at a glance, and could guess the kind of goods a man would want by the looks of his premises. He was not, however, as the reader may suppose, a dealer in wooden nutmegs, tin ware, brass clocks, or any thing of that nature, but a regular travelling merchant, with a "little of everything," from a paper of pins to the most splendid broad cloths.

He was a native of Connecticut, as was before stated, but he had migrated to the western part of New York, and settled in the town of C——, which place he made his head-quarters, and from whence he made excursions into Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, &c. He had followed the profession from the age of fourteen, and his favorite policy was never to refuse anything a man might offer in payment for goods, trusting to his own ingenuity to dispose of the articles thus obtained to advantage; and he seldom lost money upon them.

At one time he was travelling with his load through a new settlement in Ohio and stopped his team before a neat looking log house, whose owner was at work, putting together one of those substitutes for a fence, now known as a "brush fence," around his garden.

"Hallo, friend," said Fred, "do you wish to purchase anything to day?"

"Can't," said the man, pausing a moment, "I haven't any money—nothing to pay with."

"O, never mind," replied Fred, in his usual bland tone, "I'll take most anything."

The man saw he was determined to have a trade, and so in order to get rid of him he said—

"Well, sir, I am just building a piece of brush fence, and if you'll take that, I don't know but what we can trade."

"Oh, I'll take it if you'll keep it until I call for it."

"Oh, yes, I'll do that," said the man surprised at the accommodation of Fred, and trying to assign some reason for it in his mind. He finally concluded that Fred had heard of him, and intended to do him a favor; and as he was really needy, he determined to accept it in the spirit in which it was offered. So a bargain was made for his fence, he received his goods at a high price, but as long as he could pay in brush fence, he thought that were cheap enough at any price.

Two or three years passed, and though Fred often called at the house and did considerable trading, yet he never demanded payment on his note. In the course of time, when the man began to prosper, he burned up his rude fence, and substituted a neat picket in its place. But in two weeks after this was done, Fred came that way again and called.

"Morning, Mr. —," said he on entering. "I have found a place where I can dispose of my fence to advantage, and have called for it."

The man saw he was caught in a trap, and as there was no way of getting out of it, he paid Fred the money, laughed at the joke, and bade him good morning.

Fred gained considerably by this. He not only made a fair profit on his merchandize, but secured the friendship and patronage of the man, and likewise all the influence he could command in the neighborhood, which was considerable, to secure him the patronage of others.

Among Fred's numerous friends was Judge Newton, who resided in the Northern part of Pennsylvania. Fred always made the Judge's house his home when he traveled in that part of the country. The Judge was a fine jovial old fellow, fond of a joke and always trying to get a joke upon Fred when he stayed with him.

One day, sometime in the year 183—, Fred was passing through, and put up with him over night. In the morning he was determined to drive a trade of some kind with the judge, offering to take anything in payment.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the Judge, laughing, "I've got a first-rate grindstone out in the yard, and if you will take that, I will trade it out."

"Very well," said Fred, "I'll take that; it's just as good pay as I want."

They went out to the wagon, and the Judge "traded out" his grindstone, which Fred loaded on his wagon and started. He had not gone far before he saw a customer, and stopping his team, and accosted him—

"Good morning, Squire. Want anything in my line, this morning?"

"Well, I don't know, Fred," replied he, in a bantering tone—"got any grindstones?"

Now it happened that the man really did want a grindstone; he was acquainted with Fred, and spoke in the manner he did, because he had no idea that Fred had one.

"I like the looks of that stone," said he, after examining it, "and want one very much, and you take any thing in payment, so I'll give six cents a pound for it (four cents was the regular price) provided you take such property as I turn out to you in payment."

"Certainly," said Fred, "I always do."

"Just forty-eight pounds," said Fred, as he proceeded to unload it.

"Now come with me, Fred," said the Squire grinning, "and get your pay."

Fred followed him to the stable.

"There," said the squire, pointing to a bull calf just six weeks old, which was standing in the stable, "there is a first rate calf worth about three dollars, which I suppose will pay for the grindstone."

"Very good, just as good pay as I want," said Fred, as he unfastened the calf and led him to his wagon. "But stop a moment," said he, "I shall be back this way in about two weeks, and if you will keep him until then, I will pay you for it."

"Oh, yes, I'll keep him for you," said the Squire, laughing as Fred drove off, at the idea of having beat him.

He supposed Fred would never call for the calf, but he did not know his man; and when he called, the Squire had nothing better for it than to give him up his property.

Fred then travelled onward, and as it was now near night, he concluded to put up with the Judge. As he alighted at the gate, he was met with a hearty shake of the hand, and a "How are you, Fred? What did you get for your grindstone?"

"Oh, I sold it in a day or two, at a first-rate profit, I tell you. Got 6 cents a pound for it."

"Ah!" said the Judge, in surprise. "But what have you got there?" now for the first time noticing the calf.

"Oh," said Fred, indifferently, "that's a calf I am taking to Colonel Davis up our way, I got it of Judge Brown over the mountains. The Colonel made me promise to fetch him one, and he seems to set a great value on him; but for my part,

I consider it nothing but a common calf, not worth more than three dollars."

It might do as well to mention that this was about the time of the great excitement about imported stock, and that Judge Brown, of whom Fred spoke, was a man known to Judge Newton to be a heavy importer of foreign stock, particularly the Durham. Judge Newton had endeavored to purchase some of the stock, but as it was at that time very scarce, and bore an exceedingly high price, he had been unsuccessful. His curiosity was at once aroused, and he became very anxious, after he had examined it a little more closely, to purchase it.

"It's one of the regular Durhams, sure," said he, musing, "and a very fine one at that; if you will part with him, I'll give you twenty-five dollars for him."

"Could't part with him for any such money. Col. Davis is to give me seventy-five dollars as soon as I get home."

"Well, you won't take him clear home with you, and if you'll let me have him, I'll give you fifty dollars."

"No, I can't do it; I've disappointed the Col. two or three times already, and he wouldn't like it if I should disappoint him again."

"But," said the Judge, now becoming anxious, "you can tell him you have not been over the mountains."

"I don't know about it, Judge," said Fred, after a pause. "As you say, it's some ways home, and will cost something to get him there, and if you will give me seventy-five dollars, I don't know but you may take him."

The Judge was delighted with his purchase, and paid over the money on the spot. As they were taking the calf to the barn, Fred remarked—

"I say, Judge, I don't know what there is about that calf that makes him worth more than any other. I believe I can get as many such as I want, for three dollars."

"Perhaps you can," answered the Judge, "in a few years, when they are plenty."

In the morning as Fred was starting, he said—

"I hope, Judge, when you have any more grindstones to sell, you'll remember me."

"Thank you, I will, replied the Judge not exactly understanding what Fred was driving at.

May be he did't.

A few days after Fred was gone, the Squire, of whom Fred had bought the calf, was passing; when Judge Newton called him to tell him that he had at last succeeded in obtaining some of the far-famed stock. The Squire expressed a desire to see it, and they proceeded to the barn.

"Is that the one?" said he.

"Yes."

"Who did you buy him of?"

"Of Fred Griswold; I paid him \$75 for it."

The Squire burst into a loud laugh. "Why, Judge," said he, as soon as he could speak, "I sold him that calf a short time ago for a grindstone."

The Judge was perfectly astounded. He tho't of it a moment, and then said—partly to himself, and partly addressed to the Squire,

"Yes—I sold him that grindstone. He has beat me at my own game! He told me the calf was not worth more than three dollars. Don't say anything about this, and you may have the calf and welcome."

The Judge went back to the house muttering—

"BEAT!"

Fred often called there after this, but Judge Newton never reverted to the subject—neither did he ever wish to dispose of any more grindstones!

Lime on Apple Trees.

An old farmer of much discrimination observed to us recently that he made it a regular practice for several years, to sow caustic lime around his apple trees in the Spring. He had noticed that a tree standing in the immediate vicinity of his dwelling, had all at once put forth with renewed energy, and was at a loss for sometime to know the cause. On inquiry, he found that a quantity of lime which had accidentally been spilled and rendered worthless by becoming mixed with the refuse on the stable-floor, had been thrown at the foot of the tree, and to this as the principal cause, he immediately assigned the reviviscence and renewed fructification of the tree. Taking the hint from this accident, he purchased twelve casks of lime, and applied half a bushel to each tree, and found that it produced immediately beneficial effects. Not the health of the trees only, but the quality of the fruit also was greatly improved. We would advise our readers to make a trial of this experiment and see whether it is deserving of the high recommendation it receives.—*Maine Cultivator.*

There are 30 victims to Millerism in the Insane Asylum, at Utica.

An Elopement Extraordinary.

BY SOMEBODY.

In these days of romance, fun and frolic, it is no matter of surprise that young girls are now and then guilty of sanctioning, if not committing, very foolish things.

Jenny Richmond was one of those wilful little misses, who conclude subjection "to the powers that be," as little better than downright slavery, and resolved at a very unbecoming age, to decide for herself on all questions of importance. As a matter of course, she enjoyed frequent opportunities for repentance, after the commission of some wilful freak, the results of which sometimes demonstrated the maxim, two heads are better than one, &c. Among other foolish notions, she cherished an unaccountable antipathy against her cousin Frank; that is, it would have been unaccountable, had it not been known that she once overheard her parents discussing the possibility of her union with the aforesaid cousin, when both should attain a suitable age.

Frank was a black-eyed, roughish looking boy of about fifteen, when the unfortunate conversation occurred, and Jenny a wilful minx of twelve, so the plannings of the parents seemed rather premature in the estimation of one of the party.

From that day Frank dated a series of minor persecutions, but poorly calculated to concentrate his affections upon Jenny Richmond; still he could not throw aside entirely the cousinly interest with which he had heretofore regarded her. His pride too was somewhat piqued, as he internally resolved to pay principal and interest for her repeated slights, when the fortunate occasion occurred. Mr. Richmond, the father of Jane and guardian of Frank, observing a growing coldness between the cousins, deemed a separation necessary. Frank was accordingly entered at Dartmouth, while the daughter found an asylum for the time being at Mrs. ———'s fashionable seminary.

Some three years passed in this manner, during which the cousins never met. Jenny Richmond finished her course at the Seminary, and graduated with about as much honor as one of her peculiar temperament might have been expected to win.

At the expiration of Frank's college course, he asked and obtained leave to travel through the southern states before his return to the family mansion or engaged in his professional studies.

It so happened that Jenny, now Miss Richmond, had formed among other pleasant acquaintances, an especial friendship for a young lady from Virginia, from which she received an invitation to spend the ensuing winter. As her will had been for years the only law she acknowledged, it required no great power of persuasion on her part, to induce her parents to consent to this arrangement, and Jenny left home accompanied by her father, who reluctantly offered himself as escort, if she would persist in so soon leaving home. Mr. Richmond had hoped to detain her until Frank's return, while Jane was the more anxious to be absent for that very reason.

The beautiful Miss Richmond lost nothing in the eyes of the world by being sole heiress to Judge Richmond's immense estate, though we are loth to conclude her fortune was the chief attractions of the multitudes who followed in her train.

The winter passed off gaily and, until near its close, with nothing particularly alarming to the prospects so long entertained by Judge Richmond in regard to his daughter's union with her cousin.

So long as her heart was free he had no fear; but, from a letter to her mother, he was eventually led to infer that "a change had come o'er the spirit of her dreams." She had met with a young gentleman, so handsome, so intelligent, and so agreeable, that her father deemed it desirable she should return home, before she made many discoveries of the gentleman's attractions. A letter urging her immediate return, was forwarded, but like multitudes of other parental requests, it was totally disregarded. She could not return then possibly, her friends would be so much disappointed, and besides, she was infinitely better contented than during the first few weeks of her visit.

Fearing lest her headstrong will should lead her into irremediable folly, Judge Richmond decided to go for her without delay.

His arrival was perfectly unexpected, and we are sorry to say not quite so welcome an-

vent to his daughter, as might have been supposed.

Little Miss Wilful, was wilful still. She was not ready to return, and could not possibly be under a month or so.

Judge Richmond insisted, while Jane continued unyielding. Things continued in a rather unpleasant state for several days, till at length, as though weary of opposing his daughter the Judge ceased his entreaties, and allowed her to pursue her own course. The very interesting young man, who, by the way, bore the very aristocratic cognomen of Stanly Markham, continued his attention despite of the hints so plentifully thrown out by the Judge. He was sincerely attached to the young lady, and believed she was to him, and he would not abandon her for forty fathers, unless she so decided.

As the case stood it seemed impossible for the Judge to carry out his favorite scheme.—The cousin must give place to a stranger, despite a father's wish. Discouraged, eventually Judge R. returned home, to reconcile himself as best he might to disappointment.

The lovers sped well in their wooing; after the departure of her father, and when the time for Jane's return arrived, Stanly Markham accompanied her to her father's house, as her accepted husband. His daughter once more safely under his own roof, Judge R. prohibited the attentions of the gentleman who had so far forgotten the rights of a father as to persist in them, when he was fully acquainted with that father's objections. The sovereign will of woman was for once insufficient, and stolen interviews were their only resource. An elopement was projected, with as great a regard to secrecy as two romantic young lovers could exercise. A very dark night was chosen for their flight, Markham having arranged everything so as to expedite their departure without the knowledge of the Judge.

To disobey her parents was so common an affair with Jane, that the present decision gave her no uneasiness; but to leave the home of her youth, to forsake those who had watched over her from childhood, to abandon all for another, and that other the acquaintance of but a few moments, it was a trial she had hitherto anticipated.

Creeping softly to the parlor, she paused before the portraits of her parents, as though their mute faces were pleading with her disobedience. Beside her own was that of her cousin's Frank, taken about the time she had overheard the conversation of her parents, in regard to her union with him. This recalled all her former energy. She would not marry cousin Frank to please anybody. She was old enough to choose for herself—and she would.

Making the best of her way through the garden, she gave no look behind, lest by that one glance she should lose the courage, the sight of her cousin's picture had inspired. Stanley was in waiting with a carriage. Springing in, the door closed and the fugitives were soon beyond the reach of pursuit. Arrived in a small village, remote from the observation of the great world, the marriage ceremony was performed by the village pastor, and the wayward pair departed for New York. Ensnored in close quarters at the Astor, Jane addressed her parents, informing them of her safety, and the pleasures it would give her to see them.

To this letter Stanley appended a note.—Whatever it was, Jane did not see. Its effect was to bring the Judge to New York; who as he hastily entered the room of the runaways, exclaimed—

"Good enough for you, you ugly minx. I might have known Frank would outwit you in the end."

A glance of surprise was Jane's only answer, as she witnessed the cordial greetings between her husband and father.

It was Frank, only cousin Frank, after all, whom she had run away with and married. Five years absence, together with a huge pair of whiskers, had so completely changed him, that Jane never suspected him of being the cousin, about whom she railed so unmercifully, and Judge Richmond, though he had informed Frank of Jane's contemplated visit to Virginia, never dreamed that he would trouble himself to look after her.

The still wilful lady declares she will never be caught in such a scrape again—and we sincerely hope she never will.