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

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Jeffersonian Republican.

Youth and Age.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine!
And each has had his dream of joy,
His own unequalled pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.
And each could tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale before or since.
Yea! they could tell of tender lays
At midnight pented in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days,
And maids more fair than modern maids.
Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear
Our modern lips to give or speak;
Of passions too untimely crossed,
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
And kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossom but to fade.
Of beaming eyes, and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And charms that have all passed away,
And left them what we see them now!
And is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing!
And must youth's brightest visions more
Forever on time's restless wing!
Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this!
Then what are earth's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus!
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us!

"LINES" by the editor of the Freeport, Ill., paper:

Come back, ye sinners, mean and greedy—
Rich or ragged, lean or fat—
Come pay the sums you owe us speedy
For the "Prairie Democrat."
Don't be lurking round the bushes;
Perhaps you'll find a kemp cravat!
We know that conscience often pushes
Those who cheat the "Democrat!"

"HANS, what's the matter!"
"Mine cot, the sorrel wagon has run away
mit de green horse, and broke the axle-tree
de brack house, what stood by de corner lamp
post across de way from de apple trees—run
Yaupay and stop de telegraph, mine Cot, what
beebles."

Eloquence.

A Lawyer in one of our courts commenced a defence as follows: "May it please your honor, the deluge has passed over the earth—the ark has rested upon the mountain, and the rainbow of justice shines as beautifully on my colored client as it does upon any in the court, including the jury."

Hints to Beau.

To please the old folks while your court the daughter, agree with the father in politics, and keep the mother in snuff. To please the brother, lend him your gun and buy him a dog. To please the sister, buy her a dress. To please your dulcinea, keep her in jewelry, and call her an "angel." To please yourself, be a fool.

A drunken lawyer on going into church, was observed by the minister who addressed him thus:

"I will bear witness against you at the day of judgment."

The lawyer, shaking his head with drunken gravity, he replied:

"I have practiced twenty-five years at the bar, and always found that the greatest rascal is the first to turn State's evidence."

A CORRESPONDENT, a wag in his way, says that when a young man, he occupied a chamber separated from that of a married couple by a thin partition. One cold night he heard the rough voice of the husband grumble out:

"Take away your noofs."

To which the wife replied in a very querulous tone:

"Ah! you did not speak so when we were first married—then you use to say to me, 'take away your little hoosy, footy, tootsy.'"

To cure deafness, tell a man you want to pay a debt you have long owed him.

Adventures of Lewis Wetzel.

Among the heroes of border warfare, Lewis Wetzel holds no inferior station. Inured to hardships while yet in boyhood, and familiar with all the varieties of forest adventure, from that of hunting the beaver and bear, to that of the wily Indian, he became one of the most celebrated marksmen of the day. His form was erect, and of that height best adapted to activity—being very muscular and possessed of great bodily strength. From constant exercise he could without fatigue bear prolonged and violent exertion, especially that of running and walking; and he had, by practice acquired the art of loading his rifle when running at full speed through the forest, and wheeling on the instant, he could discharge it with unerring aim, at the distance of eighty or one hundred yards, into a mark not larger than a dollar. This art he has been known to practice more than once upon his savage foes with fatal success.

A marksman of superior skill was in those days estimated by the other borderers much in the same way that a knight templar, or a knight of the cross, who excelled in the tournament or the charge, was valued by his cotemporaries in the days of chivalry. Challenges of skill often took place, and marksmen who lived at the distance of fifty miles or more from each other, frequently met by appointment to try the accuracy of their aim on beds of considerable amount. Wetzel's fame had spread far and wide, as the most expert and unerring shot of the day. It chanced that a young man, a few years younger than himself, who lived on Dankard's Creek, a tributary of the Monongahela river, which waters one of the earliest settlements of that region, heard of his fame, and as he was also an expert woodsman, and a first shot, the best in his settlement, he became very desirous of an opportunity for a trial of his skill. So great was his desire that he one day shouldered his rifle, and whistling his faithful dog to his side, started for the neighborhood of Wetzel, who at that time lived on Wheeling creek.

When about half-way on his journey, a fine buck sprang up just before him. He leveled his gun with his usual precision, but the deer, though badly wounded, did not fall dead in his tracks. His faithful dog soon seized him, and brought him to the ground, but while in the act of doing this another dog sprang from the forest upon the same deer, and his master making his appearance at the same time from behind a tree, with a loud voice claimed the property, because he had been wounded by his shot, and seized by his dog. It so happened that they both fired at once at this deer—a thing which may very easily happen where two active men are hunting upon the same ground although one may fire at the distance of fifty yards, and the other at one hundred. The dogs felt the same spirit of rivalry, and quitting the deer which was already dead, fell to worrying and tearing each other. In separating the dogs, the strange hunter happened to strike that of the young man. The old adage, "Strike my dog, strike me," arose in full force, and without further ceremony, except a few hearty curses, he fell upon the hunter and hurled him to the ground. This was no sooner done than he found himself turned, and under his stronger and more powerful antagonist.

Discovering he was no match at this play, the young man appealed to trial by rifles, saying it was too much like dogs for men and hunters to fight in this way. The stranger assented to the trial, but told his antagonist that before he put it fairly to the test, he had better witness what he was able to do with the rifle—saying he was as much superior, he thought, with that weapon, as he was in bodily strength. He bade him place a mark the size of a shilling on the side of a huge poplar that stood beside them, from which he would start with his rifle unloaded, and running a hundred yards at full speed, he would load it as he ran, and wheeling would discharge it instantly into the centre of the mark. The feat was no sooner proposed than performed; the ball entered the centre of the diminutive target. Astonished at his activity and skill, his antagonist instantly inquired his name. "Lewis Wetzel, at your service," answered the stranger. The young man seized him by the hand, with all the ardor of youthful admiration, and at once acknowledged his own inferiority. So charmed was he with Wetzel's frankness, skill and fine personal appearance, that he insisted upon his returning with him to the settlement on Dankard's creek, that he might exhibit his talents to his own family, and to the hardy backwoodsman, his neighbors.

Nothing loth to such an exhibition, and pleased with the energy of his new acquaintance, Wetzel consented to accompany him, shortening the way with their mutual tales of hunting excursions, and hazardous contests with the common enemies of their country. Among other things, Wetzel stated his manner of distinguishing the footsteps of a white man from those of an Indian, although covered with moccasins, and intermixed with the tracks of savages. He had acquired this tact from closely examining the manner of placing the feet; the Indian stepping with his feet in parallel lines, and first bringing the toe to the ground, while the white man almost invariably places his at an angle with the line of march. An opportunity they little expected soon gave room to put his skill to the trial. On reaching the young man's home, which they did that day, they found the dwelling a smoking ruin, and all the family lying murdered and scalped except a young woman who had been brought up in the family, and to whom the young man was ardently attached. She had been taken away alive, as was ascertained by examining the trail of the savages. Wetzel discovered that the party consisted of three Indians and a renegade white man, a fact not uncommon in those early

days, when for crime or the love of revenge, the white outlaw fled to the savages, and was adopted on trial, into their tribe.

As it was past the middle of the day, the nearest assistance still at some considerable distance, and as there were only four to contend with, they decided on instant pursuit. As the deed had very recently been done they hoped to overtake them in their camp that night and perhaps before they could cross the Ohio river, to which the Indians always retreated after a successful incursion, considering themselves in a manner safe when they had crossed to its right bank, at that time occupied wholly by the Indian tribes.

Ardent and unweary was the pursuit by the youthful huntsmen; the one excited to recover his lost mistress, the other to assist his new friend, and to take revenge for the slaughter of his countrymen—slaughter and revenge being the daily business of the borderer at this portentous period. Wetzel followed the trail with the unerring sagacity of the bloodhound; and just at dusk traced the fugitive to a noted war path, nearly opposite the mouth of the Captina creek, emptying into the Ohio, which much to their disappointment, they found the Indians had crossed by forming a raft of logs and brush, their usual manner when at a distance from their villages.

By examining carefully the appearance of the opposite shore, they soon discovered the fire of an Indian camp in a hollow way, a few rods from the river. Lest the noise of constructing a raft should alarm the Indians, and give notice of the pursuit, the two hardy adventurers determined to swim the stream a few rods below. This they easily accomplished, being both of them excellent swimmers; fastening their clothes and ammunition in a bundle on the top of their heads, with their rifles resting on their left hip, they reached the opposite shore in safety. After carefully examining their arms, and putting every article of attack or defence in its proper place, they crawled to a position which gave them a fair view of their enemies, who thinking themselves safe from pursuit, were carelessly reposing around the fire, thoughtless of the fate that awaited them. They instantly discovered the young woman, apparently unhurt, but making much moaning and lamentation, while the white man was trying to pacify and console her with the promise of kind usage, and an adoption with the tribe. The young man, hardly able to restrain his rage, was for firing and rushing instantly upon them. Wetzel, more cautious, told him to wait till daylight, when they could make the attack with a better chance of success, and of also killing the whole party; but if they attacked in the dark a part would certainly escape.

As soon as daylight dawned, the Indians arose and prepared to depart. The young man selecting the white renegade, and Wetzel the Indian, they both fired at the same time, each killing his man. The young man rushing forward knife in hand, to relieve the young woman. While Wetzel reloaded his gun and pushed forward in pursuit of the two surviving Indians, who had taken to the wood, until they could ascertain the number of their enemies. Wetzel, as soon as he saw that he was discovered, discharged his rifle at random in order to draw them from their covert. Hearing the report, and finding themselves unhurt, the Indians rushed upon him before he could again reload. This was as he wished. Taking to his heels Wetzel loaded as he ran, and suddenly wheeling about discharged his rifle through the body of his nearest, but unsuspecting enemy.

The remaining Indian, seeing the fate of his companion, and that his enemy's rifle was unloaded, rushed forward with all his energy, the prospect of prompt revenge being fairly before him. Wetzel led him on, dodging from tree to tree, until his rifle was again ready when suddenly turning he shot his remaining enemy who fell dead at his feet. After taking their scalps, Wetzel and his friend, with their rescued captive, returned in safety to the settlement.

Like honest Joshua Flecheart, after the peace of 1795, Wetzel pushed for the frontiers of the Mississippi, where he could trap the beaver, and hunt the buffalo and the deer, and occasionally shoot an Indian, the object of his mortal hatred. He finally died, as he had lived, a free man of the forest.

The Real Thing!

We have heard that a musical amateur, being present in a room where Jenny Lind was the "mark of all observers," saw a fly alight upon her cheek. Jenny brushed it off. The gentleman's eye followed the fly till he saw it alight on a window; there he captured it; and pouring from his snuff-box its contents, he put the fly therein, raised the box to his lips, and then reverently placed it in his bosom! The buzz of that fly was sweeter than a flageolet.

MUTUAL INFORMATION.—"I say, Bill 'ave you seen Wat-dye-call-um?" "Do you mean Wots-'is-name?" "O no not 'im—that 'ere t'other." "Oh, ah! I see him fast enough."

A Soul above Stealing.—When young Billy Bottom lost one of his fingers a few evenings ago, "Old Saratoga" overheard a conversation between him and Skeesticks, in reference to the loss. "Billy, how did you lose your finger?" "Easy enough," said Billy. "I suppose so; but how?" "I guess you'd ha' lost yourn if it had been whar mine was."—"That don't answer my question." "Wall, ef you must know," said Billy, "I had to cut it off, or else steal the trap."

A true picture of despair is a pig trying to reach through a hole in the fence to get a potatoe that lies a few inches beyond its reach.

From Scott's Weekly Paper.

A Singular Coincidence.

In the year 1810; a family resided on Muddy Creek, in G. county, Va. A member of that family—William—was 16 years of age.

He was shrewd, sensible lad, well educated, and of known probity in his country. He dreamed one night that he was in a retired part of the settlement, in a deep forest, and that at a certain point, he saw a sudden opening of the earth, and an entrance into a large and deep cavern, which gradually descended into the earth to a great distance. That he descended along an opening and saw many marks of the cave having been explored and occupied by men; and that heaps of riches lay piled along in his route—gold and silver, plate and bars, of the precious metal in abundance. He frequently put forth his hand to the gold; but was as often deterred from taking any, by the appearance of a demon in frightful form, which menaced him. After exploring all parts of this wonderful cavern, he emerged forth. Again he had the precise same dream, and thus he dreamed for six months, nearly every night. At length he dreamed that he determined to take some of the gold, and that the Demon darted at him, and that he threw a gold dish so dexterously at the monster's head, (which resembled a lion's head,) that he cut it off, and that the monster rolled in agony for a short time, and then became transformed into a robber captain, armed with all the panoply of his profession a century ago, and that he said that he had guarded those treasures for ages, and was now released from the cavern, and that the youth should be the possessor of all the vast stores in the cave. The youth stood motionless, and the robber captain drew from his cloak a gold whistle and sounded it loudly, when suddenly there stood before them twenty armed robbers in regular costume, who equaled their leader his will concerning them. He told them that the condition of their long confinement was now fulfilled, that their riches should descend to the youth then before them, that their bodies, which had long since mouldered to dust, would wait for them to rise again. To all this they gave assent, and then they took the form of beautiful infants with golden wings, and the cavern seemed to open upwards, and they ascended to the firmament above. The youth swooned away, and when he came to himself—he came forth of the cave and returned to his bed, and lo! it was a dream! On awaking in the morning, he told his dreams to his parents and brothers, but they laughed at him. He remained in deep thought for some time, frequently telling his dreams to the family. He often pressed his brother to accompany him to his treasure cave, but they would not consent. Finally he took up a lantern and a spade, and set out alone to explore the forest in which his cave was to be situated. Every thing around seemed to him so familiar that he concluded he would know the spot. In two hours he arrived at the very point where his cave was; but no cave seemed to be there! He stamped upon the ground, and could hear a hollow sound beneath. He then began to dig down, and after removing two feet of earth, his spade struck upon a smooth rock; and on clearing off the dirt from its surface, he perceived the rock to be about 2-1/2 by 4 feet surface, about four inches thick; and on raising it, there was the entrance into the cave! He struck fire, took his lantern, and began to descend into the cavern, when he heard a voice pronouncing his name, and bidding him to persevere and explore that recess, and take possession of its untold wealth. Upon this his courage failed, and he fainted away. On coming to himself his light was extinguished, and he groped his way out in darkness and horror of mind. He returned the rock to its place, covered up the hole, and left the forest speedily. He had a severe spell of sickness, and on his recovery, his father sent him to a great distance to reside. He never returned again, and the entrance to that cave is yet unknown to the people there. Forty years have gone by and that strange affair is almost forgotten.

Jacksonville, Ill. D. C.

Cure for Glanders.

In answer to one of your subscribers, inquiring what will cure "Nasal Gleet," or discharge from the nose of horses, I would say, that I have cured many with the following simple compound, and two cases that were called glanders confirmed, viz: Take one teaspoonful of common rosin, one tablespoonful of copperas, two tablespoonfuls of salt, and four spoonfuls of dry ashes; pulverize the rosin and copperas, and mix the whole, and give it in bran or shorts, or oats, dry, and in four weeks' time, by giving the same quantity twice a week, I cured the two cases of glanders. I have used the same in cases of cold or catarrh, and three or four doses have performed a cure. I have also used it for horse-distemper, with success. O. W. [Dollar Newspaper.]

The following is the estimate of real and personal estate subject to taxation in San Francisco:

Real estate	\$15,596,304
Personal	5,791,085
Total	\$21,387,389

The value of property owned by the city of San Francisco is \$570,000. The estimated expenses for 1850 are \$1,294,000.

"WHAT dreadful profligality some people manifest," remarked Mrs. Partington, after a call upon a neighbor. "These Mrs. Mayweed couldn't be satisfied with old biber, that's been a handloom in the family from the time immemorable; she must go and get one with the apothecary in it. If people are going to read such kind of bibles, religion will get to be a mere drug. And the pious old lady sought the closet to open her heart in prayer."

Rev. Thos. P. Hunt.

A writer in Holden's Magazine gives an interesting sketch of this gentleman's life, from which we extract the following anecdote: Once he sent forward a notice to a place where he was not personally known, that he would lecture on a particular evening. On arriving he put up at a tavern. At the supper table he asked the landlord "if there was anything new going on at which a stranger would be amused." "No, nothing in particular," was the reply, "unless it be a rascally temperance lecturer, named Hunt, is to hold forth on that subject to-night."

"Ah, you intend to go of course—don't you, landlord? You are the very one to expose the falsehood of Hunt's statements."

"I am no public speaker; but if I was, nothing would be easier than to refute him."

"Well, then, come along, and let us hear what he has to say. If you don't feel able to give Hunt a tug, I'll try him myself! I shall like the fun of such an entertainment for the evening!"

The landlord had conceived a great admiration for the guest's tongue, and readily embraced the proposition to go to the temperance meeting with his champion.

The temperance men were in great trepidation at the non-appearance of Mr. Hunt, no one suspecting the diminutive stranger in the least. At last the president of the society arose and apologizing for the disappointment, made a speech, the edge of which was no doubt a little sharpened from the known presence of the landlord. After this he gave out an invitation to any one in the house to advocate or oppose, temperance.

"Now is your time," said the landlord, giving his lump-backed friend a jog, "give it to them roundly!"

Forthwith he arose, and every body looked at him with surprise and painful expectations. He said in the blandest tones, that his friend the landlord had invited him over to hear Hunt, and had expressed a desire that he should say a word or two on the question. He hoped the audience would indulge him, although a stranger, and introduced by a liquor seller.

The very way in which he pronounced the word "liquor-seller," a very favorite phrase with him, made both the landlord and all the rest start as if a red hot bolt had dropped among them. This was settled however, by his quiet way of setting forth the advantage a rum-dealer confers on the community.

The calm was a very delusive one for our poor landlord, as his advocate's tones deepened into sharpest irony, and set forth a multitude of horrid facts issuing from the bar-room. The effect was increased by his peculiar intonations in repeating the word "liquor-seller," in which he seems to concentrate more contempt and horror than any man living. All this time he was ostensibly pleading the landlord's cause, but in a very amusing way, since every one present was convulsed with merriment. Scenes from his own bar-room were repeated by his advocate in such a way as to present him in a most unaimable light.

Long before his speech was finished, people began to surmise that the landlord's lawyer must be their expected lecturer. As for the tavern-keeper, he left the house in a great hurry when the meeting was over, and next morning when Mr. Hunt went for his horse, he found him in the road and the landlord holding him.

"You old sinner," said he, "take your horse. I won't charge you anything. Only don't come back again, and I'll forgive you."

A Roman Catholic Colony in Arkansas.

English papers state that the Right Rev. Dr. Burns, Roman Catholic Bishop of Arkansas, is at present in Dublin, and that he will be accompanied back to his diocese immediately by a clergyman, and upwards of six hundred substantial farmers from one district, in the county of Wexford. A large number of ladies of the "Sisters of Mercy" have also signified their intention to accompany him. The site of the new colony is between Little Rock and Van Buren, and the Bishop describes the land as abounding with fruit and corn.

A Discovery.

According to the Evening Post the Rev. Isaiah Harrington, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. says that he has discovered a process of detecting and curing disease by mere manipulations. His theory is, that every organ of the human body is magnetically connected with the spinal marrow, where each has its pole. A properly sensitive person, by passing the hand over the spinal marrow, can in this way tell whether there is any irregular action in any organ, and by other passes of the hands, rectify the disturbances. The Post says it has seen Mr. Harrington's skill tested in one case with remarkable success on his part. He is about to visit the city to explain the nature of his new theories.

A young man on being requested to dance a Scotch reel, with a couple of old looking maids, objected on the ground, that "pickles did not agree with him."

The young man that picked the lock that belonged to the elephant's trunk, has been sentenced to three month's hard labor on the canal.

WATER is very nourishing. All you have to do is to put it in a pot over the fire, drop in a beef bone, rice, a few potatoes, and a little salt. Among hungry people, this is called the water cure.

IMPORTANCE OF A BOUNDARY LINE.—An old lady who did not know whether her plantation was in Virginia or North Carolina, found when the line was run, that she was a resident of the former.

"Well," said she, "I am glad I don't live in North Carolina; it was always such a sickly State."

The Eastern papers have a marvelous story about a cat-fish in the Ohio river swallowing a little negro. There is a slight mistake about the matter. It was the negro that swallowed the cat-fish.