

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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The following excellent SONG, composed by a prominent member of the Tippecanoe Club of Northampton county, was distributed among the Delegates to the Convention which nominated the Hon. JOHN BANKS. It appears

"That Rosin has returned his old fiddle,  
And rubbed some new dust on his bow."  
All hands are singing it.

## The Frigate Pennsylvania.

AIR—"Old Rosin the Bow."

Since the Ship Pennsylvania has righted  
And rides o'er the waves stiff and true,  
We must hunt up a gallant commander  
To take charge of her Harrison crew.  
That the Locos have had her in keeping  
Her damaged condition will show,  
But the people will put her in order  
With the gallant commander, we know.  
Then freemen display your fair banner,  
In harmony close up your ranks,  
And place at the helm of your frigate  
The friend of the people, JOHN BANKS.

Since the Locos have had this fair vessel,  
They've proved but poor sailors indeed;  
They have eaten up all the provision  
And left none for a season of need.  
The barnacles stick to her bottom  
The mildew has rotted her sails,  
Her mainmast is sprung by the tempest.  
Her mainsail is rent by the gales;  
But her timbers are sound as cast iron,  
For which we give Heav'n our thanks,  
And she'll sail well as ever when guided  
By the peoples commander, JOHN BANKS.

When the Locos endeavored to sail her  
They steer'd her through mist and through fog,  
They run against banks without number  
And never could show a fair log.  
They forgot the good chart Constitution,  
Their compass they overboard threw,  
They mortgaged the ship and her cargo,  
And turned off the best of the crew.  
The rats fell to gnawing her timbers  
The worms fell to boring her planks,  
Her chain pumps were choked beyond working  
So the people called out for JOHN BANKS.

They've got a commander one Porter,  
A land lubber you may be sure;  
When this bungler was put in commission  
The frigate was tight and secure.  
When the tempest beat down on her quarters,  
To break open the stores was his plan,  
Cries Dave "she's going to pieces,  
Let every one save what he can."  
But the people they cried out to Davy,  
"You renegade, leave off your pranks,  
Just hold by the mainstay one minute,  
We'll bring you relief with JOHN BANKS.

He'll carry her into the harbor  
And shelter her safe from the storm;  
While his bold gallant crew will careen her  
In economy's dry dock reform.  
New shipwrights he'll put in commission,  
Her tackle and stores he'll renew,  
And the skulkers will all get a starting  
With the crack of a rope's end or two.  
Then freemen draw up in close order,  
The pirates drive off from your flanks,  
And rally for God and your country,  
And the friend of the people, JOHN BANKS.

Now who's for a sail in this frigate  
With BANKS as commander-in-chief,  
Let us join heart and hand at the halcyons  
And give our poor comrades relief.  
Huzza for the old Pennsylvania,  
How gallant she'll look when she sails,  
And she safe will return to her station  
In spite of political gales.  
And when she rounds to in the harbor  
To the bottom her chain cable clanks,  
In a full flowing bowl each bold sailor  
Will drink their commander, JOHN BANKS.

From the New York Express.  
**MAJOR DOWNING.**

We commend the following letter especially to our transatlantic brethren,—simply remarking that in representative Governments, like England and the United States, the action of Government must mainly depend on public sentiment.

A large portion of the present generation of both countries know little personally of the horrors and crimes of war, and this fact may account, in part, for the light and careless manner so grave a subject is treated by many.

We approve of the major's temper in discussing the matter, and hope with him to live to see the great Anglo Saxon race spread far and wide, improving, as they extend, with good laws, good morals, and a general dispensation of human happiness.

WASHINGTON, March 8, 1841.

To John Bull, Esq.

Sir—I see, in reading the newspapers, that you are the man most folks out of office write to, who have any business with your Government in foreign matters. I did think, at first, I would send this letter to the Queen herself, so there would be no mistake about it, as I find the best way, after all, is to go right to the head of the family—but it is now going on thirteen years next grass since I wrote a letter to any kind of women folks, and the last was to Miss Hepsy Ann Appleby, who kept a school at Saco, about a little courting matter; and I riled her considerably by calling her an *angel* instead of an *angel*, and she sent me back about as sharp and sour an answer as ever a man got—there wasn't a bit of that paper that wouldn't turn a pan of milk as quick as a piece of runnit—and all owing to that accident in my putting an L before an E, and she having a leetle crook in the back which I never thought on—but women are particular folks in such things, and if you touch 'em on a soft spot, the fat is in the fire right off—and so I said I never would again try my hand in writing any on 'em a letter again; and that is the main reason why I don't send this letter to the Queen instead of to you.

I have been considerable about this country from East of sunrise to West of sunset, and from the North where the wild geese go in summer, to the South where they pass the winter, and I have got a notion that I know pretty much how folks feel and think here about most matters; and there is no way in the world to get this knowledge, unless by tombling about with folks, and talking politics, and farming, and logging, and steam boating, and rail roading, and matters of that natur, and no man can tell exactly how things are likely to work in this country, unless he has wet his feet and watered his licker from the Penobscot to the Mississippi—and supposing you would like to get the honest notions of such a man, and seeing that there is some matters of misunderstanding getting up twixt the two countries, I thought it best to send you a letter; and that you might know it is genuine, I let my printers print it, and put my figure head at the top on't—so if one mail miscarries the next may reach you.

In reading over the newspapers and the proceedings of your Congress, I see that there is a notion in England that folks in this country want to take Canada, and to prevent this, reports say you are going to push more troops with red coats into Canada, and are going to build war steamers on the Lakes, and also to organize troops with black faces in the West Indies, and so forth. If these reports are true, you are making about as great a mistake as if you was to put on your shirt tail eend uppermost, unless you want to bring on a difficulty, and if that is the case then you are doing exactly right.

The truth of the matter is, that excepting a few unruly scamps, chiefly from Canada, along the lines, there aint a corporal's guard in all this country nat'rally disposed to disturb the power of Canada, much less taking possession of it; and the less able Canada was to oppose a conquest by the States the more secure she would be from it, for our folks would go right in and help thrash out any set of scamps who should go in there to disturb the peace. But if you don't believe in this state of public feeling, and on the contrary go on and crowd in fighting folks, and build war steamers on the Lakes, our folks, must do the same to keep an eye on you, and when we come to calculate the expense on't, we may come to the notion that your folks are expensive neighbors, and the best way would be to git rid of such neighbors, and then will come bad blood and fighting and if that begins it won't end till one or other knocks under, and you can guess which is the most likely to do so as well as I can. War is bad enuf between foreigners, but it is shocking unnatural and ugly between folks speaking plain English.

I see also that some of your folks in England think there is a nat'ral animosity growing up betwixt the two nations of late. If this is so it is owing mainly to yourselves, and it will keep growing just as fast as you take the measures you do to protect, as you say "her majesty's dominions." But this animosity, if any there is, is not because Canada is English,—for, if the folks along that line had any other mother tongue than English, we should have

changed the boundary line long and long ago. Do you think that we would have been able to work along peaceably with neighbors whose line fence divides rivers and lakes with us—dipping in here, and cutting across there—if their mother tongue made "ou" or "si" or "ja" spell yes? See what quick work our folks made of Texas! We are chips of the old Anglo-Saxon block, and think the safest boundary line betwixt us and nations that don't speak plain English, is salt water. It was just so when you owned this country—there was no peace and quiet so long as the "Oni" folks owned Canada and Nova Scotia; and when at last you conquered them, the only mistake you made was in letting that lingo be spoken there in the laws.—This kept up a constant inward discontent and grumbling, till a few years ago it broke out in a fresh spot, and your soldiers was set on them and cut their throats and burnt their houses, and this was considered so strange and inhuman by some of our folks near the lines, who could not see the necessity in a country of laws for this unnatural severity, that they bristled right up, by a sort of a nat'ral animal sympathy, just as the pigs do when they hear a squeal of one of their kind caught by a gate or a dog—without stopping to inquire whose pig he is, bristles up and shows fight. This is about the amount and cause of present frontier feeling, and it seems nat'ral to the Anglo-Saxon family, and dies a nat'ral death as soon as the cause is explained and examined into.

I don't care to say any thing in this letter about the N. E. boundary line, or the burning of the Caroline, or the capture and trial of McLedod, or the taking or examining our vessels on the Coast of Africa, or the Oregon claims, and things of that natur,—all that is the business of the Government, and they are all matters of law and treaty, and will go through that mill, and will, and must, come out strait, no matter whose toes are pinched. But there is one thing I will say—that the law will have its way here, from a Justice's Court to the Supreme tribunal, and no man, or set of men can prevent it, and no nation can awe it—and it is all good old English law to. If a treaty says a line shall run thus or so—thus or so it will go—just as a deed of a farm runs. If in free countries, like England and America, folks have a right to go where they please they may go, and if they invade other countries, and get caught, it is their look out, and they must suffer the consequences,—they can't claim the law of their country to protect them, though they may claim, if they can, its animal sympathy.

Now, to show you how this works—what has been done by this country to shield the folks who got caught in Canada, making war there from this side? Nothing. You hanged some, and others you sent to Botany Bay, by the law,—and that was right, presuming they had a fair trial—and we shall do the same on all occasions, and that will keep things strait—by the law,—and be assured of one thing, that we shall never hang a man here, unless it is clearly shown by the law he richly deserves it,—for a man has to make considerable interest here to get hanged; the natur of our folks preferring to shut him up if he is a bad man, and keep him from doing harm 'till he is fit to let out, and get an honest living.

But to return to general matters—if you will take my advice—and it is honest, though it may not be understood—if you desire to keep peace between two important branches of the great Anglo-Saxon family, and thereby escape the scandal of a great family quarrel, (the worst of all quarrels) don't give cause of jealousy between your possessions on this Continent and ours; and bear in mind that what you call *protecting against attack*, may be considered here as *intention to attack*,—and that may bring gun for gun—and then guns want scaling occasionally—and a salute may be mistaken—4th of July, and 22d February, and 8th January may not agree with some of your great days, and slight mistakes may lead to greater events; and our folks don't like to pay for the expense of watching neighbors. You would see this at once, if a line of boundary divided your river Thames, or cut across one of your counties, and red coats on one side and blue coats on t'other.

It may be that you think that force, and the fear of being licked may keep us quiet. This would be a fatal mistake, for it would be the very thing, of all others, that would stir up strife.

I don't pretend to account for it—but such is the natur of the breed—a willingness to fight if only to show that they are not afraid of being licked; and there is no other people since the days of Adam who have shown this like the people who speak English nat'rally. They never was known yet (except among themselves) to agree to stop fighting because they feared they would have the worst of it; and this comes from their true religion, and true law, and their love of both beyond all other considerations.

Now, as before said, if you take my advice it is—Don't waste money in an idle protection, as you call it, of your Colonies here; just keep military force enough to aid your civil authorities in executing the laws, and if such a force is required, make it militia as far practicable.

Good Laws won't require much to aid them; push the Common School principle, and that always makes good laws and militia too; for it creates a common interest. Give your soldiers "quarter sections" of land in Canada, and put them all on half pay, to aid them in clearing up ground for a year or two, and they will soon become profitable citizens, instead of paid soldiers. And then what consequences is it to England's glory or England's happiness whether they choose to live under laws of their own and pay their own taxes; so long as they speak and pray in plain English, and extend the blessings of human liberty and comfort; two words that are only known to that tongue, and can't be written or clearly understood by any other. Swarms of the old Hive, who are ready to cavil and dispute among themselves on minor points, but in any great contest between liberty and oppression, are always true to the main chance—sound laws, liberty, and good order. This is the doctrine that should prevail at the old Hive. It makes no odds in what quarter of the world these swarms may go, they are part and parcel of the mother stock,—and any quarrel between them and their old Mother is a scandal, and should be avoided if possible—for, as they prosper, so you prosper—if they fall, you may fall—and who can then tell what lingo shall be law. Foreigners may get uppermost all the world over; and when that is the case, I, for one, if living, would just as leave be in *Araby* as any where else; for one place is just as unsafe as any other, when folks don't speak plain English.

This doctrine, perhaps, won't suit some folks, but the time is come to speak out truly and frankly.—The Anglo-Saxon family, wherever located must be true to themselves, to their laws, their religion, and their notion of human liberty—or foreigners may triumph. We should tell all nations to keep the peace, or we will make them do so,—and if we walk in among 'em, it is only to teach 'em English and steam power, and by common schools and other improvements put aside human oppression.

I send you with this a copy of Gen. Harrison's Inaugural address to our folks, just before he took the oath to administer, as President, the laws of the United States.

It is considered here a considerable complete document, in its way—setting forth general principles—and when Congress meets he will give his notions more particularly on matters that Congress is likely to act on.

Times here at present in the money way are not very good, owing to the fact that your country and our country both about the same time, some five years ago, took a notion to limit the power of their two respective paper money regulators—supposing it would make matters better—but the experiment proved otherwise. The new Banks in both countries puff'd the bladder till it burst, and then want of confidence followed—and very high prices fell to very low prices—and credit came down to hard currency—for credit and confidence is pretty much like steam, which can lift mighty piston rods and turn big wheels, but when a cold breath is thrown upon it and it is condensed, its power is reduced to a small quantity of cold water. But foreign nations mustn't think because your country and my country can't pay all debts, in gold and silver on demand, that we are poor and can't pay debts, or fight for rights. You fought and lick'd pretty much all creation (except us) with paper money, and we can do that too on a pinch, and continue fighting and then working, till we bring our paper money to the value of gold, just as you did.

If I write you another letter, I will tell you the best and most economical way for you to spend your money in this quarter of creation,—but for the present, depend on it the worst use you can make of it is to spend it on troops in Canada, or building war steamers on the Lakes, or organizing nigger regiments in the West Indies. And if you don't think so now, you will before you hear more from your obedient servant.

J. DOWNING.  
Major, &c., &c., &c.

## New Method of Raising Water.

A patent has recently been taken out for a machine which is likely to supersede the hitherto known methods of raising water. It is esteemed Hall's Patent Hydraulic Belt, and is already in operation in many parts of the country for the purpose of draining land. The contrivance is the most simple, being merely composed of a woollen belt which is made to revolve round two rollers one keeping the belt beneath the water, and the other fixed at any required altitude. The adhesion of the water to the woollen belt overcomes the gravity of that element, when a velocity of 1000 feet per minute is acquired, a continuous stream is brought up and poured in the receiving pipes.  
—John Bull.

If I feel too lazy to work, said a loafer, and I have not time to play. I think I'll just go to bed, and so split the difference.

What is the difference between a brewer and a flea? The one buys, and the other takes—hops.

## Care of Animals.

The stock of the farmer requires his utmost care and attention during this month. In the severe climate of the north, animals are more liable to diseases in the spring months than any other; and as it is besides, the usual time of bringing forth their young, additional reasons for attention are furnished by the fact. Cows should have daily supplies of bran or shorts in water, with roots if they are to be had, for some time previous to dropping their calves, as good nutritive food gives them strength, and besides secures a better flow of milk. Sheep now, especially the ewes, should have a good supply of turnips or other roots daily, with a good portion of salt, and, if not as necessary now as in the summer, an occasional covering of the trough with tar, will conduce to health. On the treatment of his animals much of the farmer's success in his business is depending, and it is one of those things to which his attention cannot be too frequently urged. Every dairyman is aware of the great difference in profit there is between a cow that is in good condition in the spring, and one that does not recover from the effects of the winter until the summer is half past. So with sheep. A flock of well kept ewes will raise more and better lambs; and their wool will be ten per cent better than that from half starved, weak and feeble animals.—*Albany Cultivator.*

## Sowing Grass Seeds.

If there is one point of husbandry more than another in which farmers are generally defective, it is the niggardly way in which they use grass seeds in their tillage. If any seed are sown, not more than half the quantity required is often used, the fields are left bare, and the unoccupied ground becomes a fit place for vile weeds that are ever ready to spring up, where the husbandman does not anticipate them, by giving the earth something more valuable. Something must grow on our rich lands; it remains for the farmer to say whether the product shall be valuable or useless; whether it shall be grasses, clover, &c., or Johnswort and daises.—*ib.*

THE "DIVINE FANNY" is turning the people of New Orleans pretty much as she does herself in some of her dancing freaks, that is, topsy turvy. No sooner had she landed from the steamship than the whole town, men, women, children, animals, two legged and four legged, rushed to see her. Six men, standing at the corner of the street when she left the carriage, were offered a doubloon apiece for the sight they accidentally caught of her, whereat one of them became so indignant that he could scarcely refrain from using violence towards the person who made the insulting offer, and would actually have killed him, but that he was restrained in his wrath by his five equally indignant but more temperate companions. One gentleman gave the hackman a hundred dollar bill for the cushion she sat on, and, pressing it to his side, rushed home in an ecstasy, intending to make it his pillow. Young men cut crazy antics, and old men foolish ones. Walking had become unfashionable in the city. Sober men of business ran down the streets on the points of their toes, or turned a corner in a piroquette, and it was no uncommon sight to see friends, when they met in the street, instead of extending their hands, stick out their feet to be shaken. Nothing was thought or talked of but the illustrious Fanny. All business, all engagements were suspended. Merchants omitted taking up their notes at bank, in their desire to take seats at the ballet; and lovers, instead of making engagements of their own, talked of nothing but the engagement of the divine Fanny. In fact, the latest intelligence from that city represents that the whole community is dancing mad; the inhabitants are all dancing, and so are their brains, and it is doubtful if they will ever recover sufficiently from the effects to be called again a steady people.  
*Public Ledger.*

WONDERFUL MEN.—It is said of a short man in this city, that he is obliged to climb to the top of a post, to hear himself think; while there is one so tall, that he is obliged to bend nearly double to look down a man's chimney.

SOFTENING THE EXPRESSION.—"That's a thundering big lie," said Tom. "No," replied Dick. "It's only a fulminating enlargement of elongated veracity." Tom took off his hat, elevated his eyes, and held his tongue.

THE HEIGHT OF IMITATION.—Wooden cakes, beautifully frosted, and mahogany doughnuts advertised to be let for parties in one of the Bangor papers.

A dandy, who wanted the milk passed to him at one of our taverns, thus asked for it: "Landlady, please pass your cow down this way." To whom the lady thus retorted: "Waiter, take this cow down where the calf is bleating."

"Is Jonathan Dumphy here," asked a raw country fellow, bolting into a city printing office. "I don't know such a man," replied the foreman. "Don't you know him!" exclaimed Jonathan, "why he courted my sister!"