

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 2.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1841.

No 8.

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**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 cts. per year, extra.  
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## JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

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Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms.

## IRON WORKS, LANDS, &c. FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale all the Works and Lands belonging to the late firm of HENRY, JORDAN & Co., adjoining the borough of Stroudsburg, the seat of Justice of Monroe county, Pa. situated about three miles from the Delaware river, and twenty six from Easton, on the located route of the Susquehanna and Delaware rail road, and adjacent to numerous stores, mills, houses of worship, several Academies, schools, libraries, &c. &c.

The works are erected on a tract of about **95 ACRES OF LAND,**

in a high state of cultivation, and consist of a two fired forge, Tilthammer and Forge, Blowing apparatus, large shears, Ore stampers, Grinding and Polishing works with three water wheels, and power and convenience for at least three more heavy mill wheels.

The water power is never less than 2,800 square inches, under a three feet head; the whole head and fall is eleven feet. Also one Blacksmith shop, with 2 fires, several large Coal barns, Iron house, Carpenter shop, Scale house, Store and Office, and other out houses—**one new brick**

## MANSION HOUSE,

Barn, &c., and ten other Dwelling Houses, all in good repair. Also about

## 1750 Acres of Wood Land

in the vicinity, with several good tenements, farm land, and water power thereon, in lots to suit purchasers.

Also several hundred steel and iron pole axes, and a few tons of tilted iron, of various sizes, suitable for ironing wagons, &c. All of the above property will be sold cheap, and on accommodating terms. Apply to

JAMES BELL, Jr. Agent.  
Experiment Mills, Monroe Co. Pa.  
February 12, 1841.

P.S. If the above mentioned mansion house is not sold before the first of April next, it will be for Rent.

## FEMALE SEMINARY, AT STROUDSBURG.

THE spring term of the above named institution commenced on Monday, the 4th day of May; and is conducted by Miss **Mary H. Thomas**, late of Troy Female Seminary, an experienced and well qualified teacher.

The branches taught at this Seminary, are

Reading,	Drawing,
Writing,	Chemistry,
Arithmetic,	Botany,
Geography,	Logic,
Grammar,	Geometry,
Composition,	Algebra,
History,	French, Latin,
Natural Philosophy,	Spanish & Italian languages,
Rhetoric,	Music,

The Seminary being endowed by the State, instruction is afforded at the reduced rate of *two dollars* per quarter, inclusive of all branches.

Having rented the spacious stone building, formerly occupied as the male Academy, the Trustees are now prepared to receive any number of young ladies that may apply, from all parts of the country.

Board, in respectable families, can be obtained on reasonable terms.

The Trustees, with the fullest confidence, commend the Stroudsburg Female Seminary to the patronage of the public.

JOHN HUSTON, Pres't.

(Attest) WM. P. VAIL, Sec'y.  
Stroudsburg, May 15, 1840.

## WANTED,

At the Monroe Tannery, 3 or 4 wood choppers, to whom liberal wages will be given by

R. T. DOWNING & Co.  
Pocono tsp., Monroe Co. }  
March 15, 1841. }

## POETRY.

### The Widow's Son.

O 'twas a wretched fate! He fell,  
Bold, proud of heart, and young.  
Far from the hearts that loved him well,  
"Unhonored and unsung."  
With spirit free as mountain blast,  
Unfettered he was born,  
Aspiring but his lot was cast,  
'Mid poverty and scorn.

His proud heart chilled in youth; with years  
He hardened grew in crime;  
A widow'd mother's scalding tears  
Fell for his blighted prime!  
He fled—the reckless and the bold  
Met him with heart and hand—  
He ne'er again sought to behold  
His kindred or his land.

And summer past and winter sped,  
And years rolled slowly by,  
And grey had grown that mother's head,  
And lustreless her eye,  
And seldom was she heard to speak  
Of him who fled away;  
But when she died upon her cheek  
The tears still loved to stray!

Upon her lonely pillow, sleep  
Ne'er closed her aching eyes,  
Until a prayer and blessing deep  
Ascended to the skies  
For him, her homeless, wandering son,  
Her young heart's early joy,  
Her loved, her lost, her wretched one,  
Her proud souled, wicked boy!

At length a single line he sent—  
He "would return anon;"  
He "had reformed, he would repent,  
And be once more a son!"  
Hope whispered that it might be true,  
Yet dared she not believe;  
Too well the widow'd mother knew  
How well he could deceive!

He never came—and more years past—  
Meekly she wept and sighed;  
The fate of wo was told at last,  
"Mid pestilence he died!"  
And now she never weeps, but when  
She thinks upon her son,  
She'll o'er and o'er repeat again,  
"God's will, not mine, be done!"

THE Editor of the Maine Cultivator has received a pair of "large hens" from Russia—said to be prolific layers and excellent poultry. Chanticleer "can stand by the side of a flour barrel, and eat corn with ease from the top."

We trust the editor will remember our old acquaintance Chapman, and send him a few eggs to improve the breed. Tall crowing will be required in 1844, to carry little Van through, and these Russians are just the thing for it.—*Daily Tel.*

Whales spout, so do politicians. Murder will out, so will the measles. Good men are scarce, so is British gold. Humbugs are plenty, and so are fools.

The best method of destroying the rats is, to mix plaster of Paris largely with meal, which they will eat, and which by hardening in the stomach and intestines, produces death in a short time.

DURABLE WHITEWASH.—To make white-wash durable and prevent it from cracking, the water in which the lime is mixed should be fully saturated with salt before the lime is put in.

MOONSHINE AND MELODY.—A select number of love-struck, moon-struck, and music-struck young gentlemen, supplied with the necessary quantity of lutes, flutes, and guitars, took it into their heads on Tuesday evening, to serenade a young lady or rather an old house in St. Charles st., in which they believed a young lady to be, but in which there was no lady, either young or old. They tuned their instruments, attuned their voices, and performed away some thirty or forty minutes, making the night hideous with songs and air breathing sublimated sentiment, when a negro wench, with a mouth like an ivory keyed accordion, raised the window and addressed the vocal and instrumental amateurs underneath: "Look hea, gentlemen, taint no use to be foolin' away your time round here, kase dar aint nobody in dis house 'cept Bess and dat's me. I aint no 'jection to your playin' Jim along Josey, Cooney in de Holler, or any ting dat's fashionable and nice, but dem 'talian and other foolish tunes you's performin' round here aint no account. Go away white folks." The serenaders sneaked away as if their presence in another part of the city just about that time was imperiously called for.—*N. O. Picayune.*

## The Rising Generation.

We once "visted" a country school in Pump-kinville, kept by a Mr. Obadiah Snooks, between a clump of alder bushes and a noted frog pond. The object of our visit was of course, to see what progress the "rising generation" was making in the walks of literature and science; and can assure the reader that we came away highly gratified, and much amused.

Having seated our dignified self in the master's arm chair, we threw one leg over the other—looked as serious as a psalm book, and waited for the first exhibition.

"Fifth class take their places to read," was the grand signal for an attack on our gravity; at which command out scampered into the middle of the floor an interesting looking lot of urchins, truly! unwashed, unshod, unshorn and uncombed was the general aspect. After they had writhed, twisted and squirmed through the reading of their monosyllables, came on the spelling! Tim Timouse, whose tow frock and check apron ornamented the foot of the class, was a "buster" at spelling. Witness his efforts:

"Timothy, spell *hoax*."  
"H, o, e, ho—a, x, ax—*hoc-axe*."  
"The next," &c.  
"Toe the mark, Timothy, and spell *goat*."  
"G, o, go—i, t, it—*go it*."  
Next came a class in parsing.

[Master reads] "*Boys are more studious than girls, Ichabod, parse boys*."

"Boys is an indefinite article—imperative mood, singular tense, objective case, and agrees with *girls*."  
"Give your rule."  
"Conjunctions always connects sexes and all kinds of genders."

We sat as composedly as a keg of oysters all the while they were committing an assault and battery upon poor Lindley Murray and never uttered a word in his defence.

"Class in geography" was the next move.  
"What are the chief productions of Connecticut?"  
"Onions, red flannel sassaengers and wooden clocks," cried a furzy faced goslin from a back seat.

We then began to think about making tracks; but Mr. Snooks said he should like to have us hear his first class read—and so we halted, a chapter in the New Testament was selected—and all went on smoothly and eloquently till some Johnny Raw came to a certain verse which he rendered thus: "He saw Abraham afar off and Leather-ears in Boston!"

We grabbed our hat, and shot out of the school house like a streak; and have ever since kept clear of those places where they teach young ideas how to shoot so outrageously!—*Sunday Mercury.*

## The Deserted Children.

"I will record in this place," says Mr. Flint, in his *Travels of America*, "a narrative that impresses me deeply. It was a fair example of the cases of extreme misery and desolation that are often witnessed on the Mississippi river."

"In the Sabbath School at New Madrid, we received three children, who were introduced to that place under the following circumstances. A man was descending the river with three children in his pirogue. He and his children had landed on a desert island on a bitter snowy evening in December. There were but two houses near, and these at a little prairie opposite the island. He wanted more whiskey, although he had been drinking too freely. Against the persuasions of the children, he left them, to cross over to these houses and renew his supply. The wind blew high, and the river was rough. Nothing could dissuade him from his dangerous attempt. He told them he should return that night. He left them in tears, and exposed to the pitiless peltings of the storm, and started for his carouse. The children saw the boat sink before he had half crossed the passage—the man was drowned."

"These forlorn beings were left without any other covering than their own scanty, ragged dress, for he had taken his blankets with him. They neither had fire nor shelter, and no other food than uncooked pork and corn. It snowed fast and the night closed over them in this situation. The oldest was a girl of six years, but remarkably shrewd and acute for her age. The next was a girl of four, and the youngest a boy of two."

"It was affecting to hear the oldest girl describe the desolation of heart, as she set herself to examine her resources. She made her brother and sister creep together and draw their feet under their clothes. She covered them with leaves and branches, and thus they passed the first night. In the morning, the younger children wept bitterly with cold and hunger. The pork she cut into small pieces. She then persuaded them to run about, setting them an example. Then she made them return to chewing corn and pork. It would seem as if Providence had a special eye to these children, for in the course of the day some Indians landed on the island and found them, and, as they were coming up to New Madrid, took them with them."

[From the Albany Cultivator.]

## Are Your Apples Good?

If not, now is the time to make preparations for improving them. There is a most surprising negligence among farmers on the subject of fruit, which is the more inexcusable, now when the value of fruit, apples particularly, is so much better understood than it formerly was. It should never be forgotten that a tree that will yield from 50 to a 100 bushels of fair, large, and beautiful apples, which would be worth in any market from 25 to 50 cents, occupies no more space than one producing half the quantity of sour, bitter, inferior apples, that even hogs, unless threatened with the horrors of starvation, will not touch. Grafting is the remedy for such fruit, and there are enough who sufficiently understand the process of grafting, to perform all that may be necessary to furnish an assortment of the best of apples the year round; or if a farmer prefers to employ some one to do this business for him, such men can generally be obtained at the most reasonable rates. The farmer himself, however, should procure his own grafts, label them properly, and then, when put in, he will be certain of the fruit he wishes, which is not always the case when itinerant grafters are employed, that find their own scions. Let the farmer then look about him during this season, and procure such apple grafts as will give him an ample supply of all the most desirable kinds, not only for the table, cooking and the whole year, but such as will be most valuable for feeding to swine or cattle, and have his poor worthless fruit-trees filled with these scions, and in a very few years he will reap an abundant harvest for his pains and expense. When an orchard is to be commenced, the better way doubtless is, to apply to some nursery man upon whom reliance can be placed, and make such selection as may be wanted, of trees grafted when young. This method will ensure good fruit, as when planted, such trees rarely fail, and the danger of failure, which sometimes exists where large trees are grafted, is thus avoided. We then ask the reader, are your apples good?—and if not, urge upon him the importance of attending to the matter without delay, as every year's delay in grafting renders another year's use of worthless fruit necessary.

DESTROY LICE ON ANIMALS.—It is very probable that about this time some farmers who winter their cattle on straw, and trust for shelter to the leeward side of a fence, will find some of their cattle falling away, especially the young ones, and it may be well to examine them, to see whether there are not lice about them. If any are found, take some mercurial ointment, or *unguentum*, and parting the hair around the neck, apply the ointment to the skin so as to completely encircle it with a strip of the application. Some prefer filling a string with the ointment, and tying this around the neck closely. In using such mercurial preparations, they should never be applied in places where cattle can reach them with their own tongues, or be liable to be licked off by others.

USE OF THE MULLEIN.—We have noticed in the foreign journals that the common mullein is extensively used in the German states to prevent depredations from mice in granaries. The plant is gathered, and the leaves and stems placed in considerable quantities in barns and depositories of grain, and is said to effect a speedy expulsion of mice from the premises.—Where trouble from this source exists, the measure though simple in itself, might be worth a trial.

ODDS AND ENDS.—Wash your butter thoroughly in cold water and work out all the buttermilk; pack it in a stone jar and stop the mouth air-tight, and it will keep sweet forever.

Corn Meal should never be ground very fine. It injures the richness of it. Try it coarse.—This is the secret why the western "doggers" are so good.

Sweet or Olive Oil is a certain cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. Apply it internally and externally.

TO PURIFY WATER.—It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large table-spoonful of pulverized alum, sprinkled into a hogshead of water, (the water stirred round at the head,) will, after a lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful containing four gallons may be purified by a single tea-spoonful.

FIRE IN STABLES.—In case of stables catching fire when there are horses therein, if any part of their harness is calmly put on, they will suffer themselves to be led out without the least resistance.

When tea was first introduced into this country, a woman in New Hampshire, boiled a pound of it with pork and parsnips for dinner; but she was not herself very fond of it.

## Cultivation of Wheat.

I have for some time past, observed several complaints in the papers of the injury done to the wheat crops by the "*Hessian fly*," and from what I have seen I am induced to think that it is the farmer's fault if that '*fly*' does his wheat any injury. As you now have my opinion, I will show you how I came to that conclusion.

When I began to manage the farm on which I now live; twenty-one years ago, I had heard a great deal of the ravages of the fly, and of the different 'soaks' for the seed to prevent the injury. Some would find a certain preventative in lime water, others in a solution of nitre; others in strong brine, &c. and all are said to be from actual experiment, and all based on the idea that the egg or nit from which the fly came was carried into the ground, in the fuzzy end of the grain. For the purpose of trying the different soaks, I prepared some seed wheat in each kind of soak that I had heard or read of; a part of all the seed I had so prepared, I sowed in a lot near the house, (about the middle of September) keeping each kind of soak by itself; the remainder of the seed I sowed on cotton, which I floated on water in glass vessels in my house. That on the cotton came up about the same time as that which was sowed in the ground. I let it all stand until about the 25th Oct., when I took up nearly an equal quantity of the plants, from the different kinds of soaks that were sown in the lot, and of those that were sown on the cotton, I then split the plants from the root to the top, and placed them successively under a strong microscope, and to my surprise, nearly every plant that came from the lot was perforated near the top of the ground, and had from three to eight eggs or nits in each, while those taken from the cotton had no perforation or nits about them. This satisfied me that the cause of the fly was not carried into the ground by the seed. I then tried some of the wheat under the glass, but could not find any thing like an egg or nit about it, and I came to the conclusion that if I kept my wheat out of the ground until a few white frosts, which would likely destroy what flies there was, I should not be troubled by them, and from that time to this I never have sown my wheat until in October, and I have never found my grain hurt by the fly, although I have not omitted sowing wheat for eighteen years. From this I conclude that the farmer who sows his wheat before some good frosts, and thereby makes his wheat fields look very fine in the fall, offers the fly a fine shelter for their eggs, and invites them to destroy his grain.—[*Cultivator.*]

## Capt. Charles W. Morgan.

There was no braver or worthier man among the nine officers who were recently presented with swords of honor, by the State of Virginia, than Capt. Charles W. Morgan of the U. S. Navy. We recollect an anecdote of his gallantry during the late war, related to us by a friend, and which we believe is not generally known:

At the commencement of the war the now silver-haired veteran was a gay, young midshipman, attached to the Constitution, and was on board that ship in the celebrated action with the Guerriere. On that memorable occasion he performed an act of most heroic daring.—Soon after the commencement of the battle, both vessels became enveloped in a heavy cloud of smoke, from the incessant cannonade, so that it became impossible to distinguish either from the deck of the other. At this period, young Morgan respectfully suggested to Com. Hull that a man should be sent aloft, where the smoke was not so densely packed, in order to ascertain the position of the Guerriere, and direct the men how to point the guns. The Commodore declined to send any man on a service so desperate. Young Morgan immediately volunteered, ran up the shrouds, and in a few moments was directing the men at the guns, from amidst a shower of balls. His clothes were cut in half a dozen places and he received one or two slight wounds while in this perilous position. When the British frigate surrendered, her commander inquired of Com. Hull, whether that was a real man who had been stationed in the shrouds of the Constitution. "Yes," was the reply, "why do you ask? "Because," said Dacre, "we have been firing at him this half hour; he must have a charmed life."—Eve. Star.

RED BEET PIES.—The red beet generally appears on our table in an acid and cold form, as a pickle only; whereas if our female friends would take the matter in hand we doubt not that it may be prepared in a variety of ways; superior to any garden production which we possess—as it is abundantly and easily cultivated, and kept in a state of perfect freshness during the whole year. By a recent trial it has been found that pies may be made of it, which are equal if not superior to the rhubarb, or from the root; by cutting it into square pieces—vinegar and sugar, "and other spices if liked," can be added to suit any palate while it possesses the advantage of furnishing us with a delicate and beautiful pie, and which can grace our tables at any season of the year.—*Farmer's Gazette.*