

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 2.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1841.

No 14.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
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 25 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar—twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

JOB PRINTING.

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

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms.

POETRY.

A Hurrah Song.

JOHN BANKS 's the boy to rule the State
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
To make all crooked things come straight
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
He'll give the Locos a ternal switchen
When he begins "to clear de kitchen"
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Poor Davy's acts most clearly prove
Hurrah! &c.
For the "dear people" he has no love,
Hurrah! &c.
When his power was about to suffer diminution,
He vetoed the bill by the Old Constitution,
Hurrah! &c.
His numerous pardons and vetoes,
Hurrah! &c.
Have given his party its death blows,
Hurrah! &c.
And he will find by next October
His day of grace will then be over,
Hurrah! &c.
His party ripe for spoils and plunder,
Hurrah! &c.
Destroyed our currency and no wonder,
Hurrah! &c.
Let's turn him out as we did Van Buren,
Or else the State will be brought to ruin,
Hurrah! &c.
Log Cabin boys of the land of Penn!
Hurrah! &c.
Rouse up once more and act like men,
Hurrah! &c.
Gird on your armor, close your ranks,
Fight for your country and JOHN BANKS!
Hurrah! &c.

Peach Trees.

A gentleman in Pennsylvania took the following method to preserve peach trees from being injured by worms, caterpillars, &c. He cleared away the gum that issues out of the tree affected by the worm, strewed a little brimstone around the root, and covered it with fine mould that it might not blow away, so that the gum might operate through it, and cause the brimstone to fumigate which destroyed the worms. A pound of brimstone is sufficient for nearly 200 trees.

The writer has lately heard that an accident has discovered a remedy against the Peach destroyer. A poor woman who had cultivated some peach trees in her little garden which she rented, being forced to go out by her landlord, designed to deprive him of her fruit trees, she took a kettle of boiling water and poured the contents on the root of each, with a view to kill the trees by scalding, but instead of scalding the trees, she scalded the worms and made the trees thrive.

The Remains of President Harrison.

We learn from Col. Todd, says the Shelby, Ky. News, "that on his way to his residence in this county last week, he, in performance of a sacred duty, called upon the venerable widow of our lamented deceased President. While there, he was invited by that lady to a consultation with herself and only remaining son, as to the ultimate depository of the remains of her distinguished and beloved husband—the great and good President. It was determined at this consultation to remove the remains immediately to North Bend, to be deposited upon a beautiful and natural mound, where the monument may be seen several miles up and down the Ohio river. There, the traveller of distant ages will be refreshed by a visit to the tomb of the warrior, who was never defeated; of the patriot, who died poor; and the statesman, who, from the proud height of President, fell like a star struck from its sphere, covered with glory and renown."

Wm. Small, runs for Senator in Tennessee.

A Letter from President Tyler.

The following, from the National Intelligencer, is in reply to a letter from James Brooks, Esq. forwarding the flag that was in the midst of the thickest of the strife at the battle of Tippecanoe:

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

TO JAMES BROOKS, ESQ.

Washington, May 4, 1841.

"The flag which was in the midst and thickest of the strife," and was committed to your care on the Tippecanoe battle-ground by the surviving soldiers of that memorable field, and which they commanded you to bear to this metropolis as a speaking emblem of the valor of their old commander, and of the perils he had undergone, has been delivered over to my hands, and will be placed by me among the honored trophies of the Republic. The account which was given me some years ago, by the gallant Ensign now no more, who upheld that banner amid the perils of the fight, had prepared me to expect to see it as it is, gashed by the tomahawk and rent by balls.—That Ensign alone, of all the officers, with but twenty men of the gallant company over which, when the sun went down, that flag so proudly waved, survived to tell in the morning of the hazards of that terrible night. From that brave soldier, who afterwards held his place in the hearts of the people of Indiana, I learned properly to appreciate the fearless bearing and noble conduct of the patriotic citizen who has so recently exchanged this earthly tabernacle of clay for one that endureth forever. Death is the common heritage of all mankind; but so to live as that the darkness of the grave shall not obscure our names, and that they be placed in close association with the names of the great and good who have gone before and who are to come after us, makes death a consummation rather to be wished than feared, and throws a light of glory over the grave. Such, now, is the condition of "the old commander" into whose hands, when you received this flag, you so joyously anticipated its delivery. His deeds are now "enrolled in the Capitol," and this banner shall be preserved as a memorial of a battle well fought, and of a victory most nobly won.

I pray you, sir, to accept assurances of my great respect.

JOHN TYLER.

SMALL BIRDS GREAT BLESSINGS.—I wish our intelligent farmers could be awakened to the importance of preserving robins, and other small birds, as a means of aiding in their work. The inhumanity which suffers every lazy lumberer of a boy, who can rest an old king's arm over a stone wall, to kill or frighten every poor linnet that sings in the fields, and every robin that dares eat an unripe cherry, and save a child from the dysentery, is a short-sighted piece of selfishness. These harmless birds live upon grubs and other worms, and insects, and the slight inroads they make upon the farmer's crops are repaid, an hundred fold, by the protection they afford, against a thousand destroyers. These birds, if not frightened, will become so tame as to perch on the hand, or light on the plough as it turns over the furrow. No good farmer should fail to teach his boys to spare and cherish these harmless and often useful visitants to his fields and orchards. Like the good man in one of our Western towns, who plead so earnestly for the poor crows, in our Legislature a few years since, I would enforce the legal penalties for trespass, against any one who shot them on my land. The crows, too, nature's living mouse traps, instead of being a tame, almost domestic bird, as in some other countries, where farmers have been taught their value by long experience, have been frightened into mean pilferers of unweeded corn-hills! A good crow is worth a bushel of wheat or other grain, to the acre, and sometimes ten! A knowledge of ornithology, and not penal laws, is what our farmers and their sons need to induce them to regard their true interests in this matter.

THE FARMERS OF FARMINGHAM, MASS.—Held a meeting recently to talk over matters touching farm-stocks, &c. In the course of the discussion, Capt. E. Wheeler said he could make twenty loads of manure and more from one horse and one hog—he thought there was manure enough in town if we would take care of it and use it properly, to make every field rich. He was astonished to see so many people lay their manures by the road side, as if they feared it would injure their fields if it was suffered to cover up any part of them. In reference to lice on cattle, Colonel Fiske thought that sand or fine loam sprinkled over their backs and their heads would destroy the lice, cattle seemed aware of this, and they were often found pawing up dirt and laying it handsomely on their own backs; when their heads itch they scratch them in a sand bank. Hens also wallow in the dust and ashes to kill the lice that have found a harbor in their feathers. It seemed to be the general opinion that fine dust of any kind, as well as dry ashes, will kill these vermin on cattle and on fowls.

Parents and their Sons.

BY EZRA HOLDEN.

We think there is one radical error in American society, viz: a universal disposition to underrate the mechanical profession, when contrasted with what are termed the "learned profession," and with almost all other avocations. Does the rich and respectable mechanic—the artisan—the architect—he who rears our public and private edifices—the builders of our ships, and the constructors of canals and railways, never permit a course of conduct in himself which goes directly away from the respectability of the profession by which he has gained all that he possessed? When he comes to decide upon the business his sons shall pursue—is it not often the case that an overweening disposition is displayed to make them lawyers, doctors merchants—anything but to bring them up to the respectable calling of their parents?

And let us ask, is not the same true of every class in the community? The sons of American citizens must be educated for gentlemen. They must not learn a trade, or an art upon which they can always depend for a respectable living. This would be to lower rather than to raise them in the scale of public opinion—hence it is that thousands of boys are crowded into the "learned professions," and "behind counters,"—to become in the end, genteel drones, living upon the products of other men's labor rather than relying on their own hands for a good and respectable livelihood.

We repeat, it is the wrong estimate of the comparative respectability of the different pursuits, that causes so dangerous an error. We would not stifle genius nor deride learning—nor do we entertain the least disrespect to any profession—but we would have our sons taught to believe and made to feel that it is far more honorable to learn some handicraft, by the practice of which they can live in independence and honor—than to be crowded into the always overflowing ranks of "professions," which will not yield them bread—and too often lead to the entire prostration of the better feelings of the human heart—in low cunning, duplicity and knavery.

Who are the props and pillars of our public edifice? Who are the bone and muscle of society? We say, the mechanics and husbandmen of the land. From the ranks of these two, have sprung statesmen, philosophers, and sages, who have left imperishable lustre upon the age in which they have lived. If the amount of useful attainments could be correctly estimated, we entertain no doubt, that the ranks of the intelligent mechanics and agriculturists would carry off the palm by immense majorities. Then why should the almost universal effort to disgrace these professions, by a simultaneous rush into other ranks, any longer prevail? Better—indefinitely better would it be—that our athletic, and hardy youth should shoulder the axe and away to the forests—than by a false estimate of true respectability, they should be thrust into wrong channels, to disease society, and weaken the body politic. There they might live in the nobility of nature—cultivate their own fields, and slumber beneath their own cottages; and perhaps become the founders of new communities of moral, physical, and intellectual giants.

Yankee Ingenuity.

In the course of his lecture on Tuesday evening, before the Mercantile Library Association, Mr. Latrobe related the following incident. While crossing, in the stage, one of the vast western prairies, far ahead on the black line which marked the road, was discovered an object which, from the distance, could not be made out. On their near approach, it was discovered to be one of those vehicles known as a Yankee pedlar's wagon. The owner of the concern had met with a sad accident. He had broken both an axle-tree and a shaft of his colored and curtained wagon. The first he had repaired with a rope, but that done, every inch of the rope was exhausted. Miles from a tree, or even a bush of any kind, from which to cut a temporary shaft, here was a dilemma, truly. But the man was equal to it. He had a tin drinking cup, a hammer, some nails, and a pair of tailor's shears. When the stage came up, and stopped, the man was found busily employed in cutting up the cup into strips, having first broken out the bottom, knocked off the handle, and unrolled and flattened out the cylinder of tin that formed the body of the cup. The curious passengers looked on while the Yankee pedlar proceeded to lay the two broken ends of the shaft together, which, fortunately, had been broken obliquely. He then wrapped around them the strips of tin and nailed the ends fast. This done, he tried the shaft, and found it strong. As he hitched in his horse, he looked up to the wondering passengers in the stage coach, and with a quiet smile of satisfaction, and remarked, "I guess this is the first time in these parts, that a broken shaft was mended with a tin cup!" How the passengers in the stage coach laughed, the lecturer did not say; but their merriment may be easily imagined.—[Balt. Sun.

A Duel Quashed.

"I have no stomach for the fight to-day."—A very laughable occurrence happened the other day in Paris, which may afford a good hint to the managers of affairs of honor. Two law students living in a hotel in the Rue St. Dominique d'Enfer, quarrelled one day after dinner, and agreed to settle the differences at the point of the sword—choosing two students of medicine living in the same hotel, as their seconds. On the following morning all the parties met in the chamber of one of the seconds, who insisted, before they proceeded to business, that the principals should taste a bottle of prime Chablis, which he produced. After a little hesitation, and being assured by their friends that it was not intended to hinder the meeting, the combatants finished the bottle, which was pronounced excellent. Ten minutes after they mounted a public conveyance, and in a short time had arrived at the field of arms. The ground was soon chosen, swords measured, and the two champions were *eh garde*, when one of them, suddenly clapping his hands to his stomach, and betraying by his countenance a strong internal motion, abandoned his ground and rushed to a neighboring thicket where he experienced one of the least agreeable concomitants of a sea voyage. In a few minutes, however, he appeared to grow better, and returned to his place, and prepared to commence the combat, when his adversary, seized by a similar indisposition, was obliged to drop his sword, and take refuge in the thicket. The latter, like the other, returned shortly to the ground. The swords were again drawn, and the blades crossed, when alas! for the dignity of the duel, the antagonists were compelled by mutual consent to desist and retire, where they might in secret relieve their bosoms of the "perilous stuff" which their waghish friends had administered to them in the bottle of Chablis on which they had been regaled, and who now witnessed the doleful situation of the valorous heroes with shouts of laughter. The results may be anticipated.—Each of the combatants returned to their hotel "a wiser and a sadder man" than he had left in the morning, fully satisfied that honor stands no change against tartar emetic.

Power of Imagination.

An honest New England Farmer started one very cold day in winter with his sled and oxen into the forest, a half a mile from home, for the purpose of chopping a load of wood. Having felled the tree, he drove the team alongside and commenced chopping it up. By an unlucky hit he brought the whole bit of the axe across his foot with a sideling stroke. The immense gash so alarmed him as nearly to deprive him of all his strength. He felt the warm blood filling his shoe. With great difficulty he succeeded in rolling himself on the sled and started his oxen for home. As soon as he reached the door he called eagerly for help. His terrified wife, and daughter with much effort lifted him into the house, as he was wholly unable to help himself, saying his foot was nearly severed from his leg. He was laid carefully on the bed, groaning all the while bitterly. His wife hastily prepared a dressing, and removed the shoe and sock, expecting to see the desperate wound, when lo! the skin was not even broken. Before going out in the morning he had wrapped his feet in red flannel to protect them from the cold: the gash laid this open to view, and he thought it flesh and blood. His reason not correcting the mistake, all the pain and loss of power sustains a real wound, followed. Man often suffers more from imaginary evils than from real ones.

If I possessed the most valuable things in the world, and were about to will them away, the following would be my plan of distribution.

I would will to the whole world truth and friendship, which are very scarce.

I would give an additional portion of truth to editors and lawyers, traders and merchants.

I would give the physicians, skill and learning.

To clergymen, disinterested piety.

To lawyers, merchants, brokers, public officers, &c.; honesty.

To old women, short tongues and legs.

To young women, common sense, large waists and natural feet.

To servants, obedience and honesty.

To masters, humanity.

To farmers, punctuality and sobriety.

To old men, preparation for death.

To young sprouts, or dandies, good sense, little cash, and hard work.

To old maids, good tempers, little talk, and suitable husbands.

To old bachelors, a love for virtue, children and wives.

The above we clip from an exchange paper, without knowing to whom the authorship is attributable. Whoever it may have been, we are sorry he did not write a codicil to the will and bequeath to all newspaper subscribers a disposition to pay in advance, or at least not to take a paper for a year or two, and then run away without paying for it.

A Dialogue.

The Printer has assumed the duties of editor, he sits at his table—just finished an "editorial," and is in the act of opening a newspaper. Enter Mr. A. in apparent haste.

Mr. A. Good morning Mr. Printer—I am in a hurry. I see by your last paper, that you are in want of money; I make it a point to pay the Printer punctually.

Printer. So we have found you, sir—should like a thousand such patrons;—our call was intended of course, for those who are not punctual.

A. Right—all right, sir; please make up my bill to this date, and here's a five dollar bill on the Lincoln bank—hand me the change.

Pr. But, friend A. do you wish to discontinue?

A. Why—yes, I think I must. My bill for papers is quite large—I take no less than 7 or 8 papers—I must economize a little; and besides, I don't seem to need a political paper at present—loco focoism will hardly need much attention for two or three years, it is so shockingly used up—in our section, we can scarcely find one for seed.

Pr. Allow me to inquire, friend, if all your papers are political.

A. No—three of them belong to this class, and then I have one large family paper from Philadelphia, two from New York, and one from Boston.

Pr. Allow me to inquire still further, which class of these papers, you intend to curtail.

A. Why, I think I must stop the political papers, of course, the others contain twice or three times the reading.

Pr. Now, friend, the people of this country have accomplished a great victory over the prevailing corruptions of an unprincipled administration, will you be so kind as to inform me how the people were enabled to concentrate and carry forward all their operations to secure this triumph, and, even how it became so generally known, that the causes had existence which demanded this triumph?

A. This is a plain case—it was through the agency of the public press—here was the great lever after all!

Pr. True! but the press is of two classes, was it your neutral family paper, or your faithful political journals, that sounded the alarm, and so zealously pointed out the dangers?

A. There is something in this, I confess. Our political papers are most necessary after all. I feel obliged for the hint. You may keep the change, and here is another dollar you may add to it. I must be going now, but in a few days I will send you three or four new subscribers! Good morning!

Pr. (bowing) Good day sir!—Call again! [Exit Mr. A.]

Queer Estate for a Preacher to Leave.—A preacher who recently died up the Red River country, is said, by some of the papers, to have left the following singular effects: a bible, two dollars, a bowie knife, a psalm book, a pack of cards somewhat used, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress nearly new, a pocket flask or "tickler," a collection of sacred music, a quarter nag, with saddle and bridle, a pair of pistols, and a copy of Hoyle's Games. Queer fellows some of those preachers of the far southwest.

WOMAN.—Woman, says Matthew Henry, was made of the rib out of the side of Adam; not made out of his head, to top him—not out of his feet, to be trampled upon by him—but out of his side to be equal with him; under his arm, to be protected; and near to his heart, to be beloved.

FREEDOM.—Two such contradictory things as external and internal happiness are not easily brought into harmony. A man must not insist upon making himself happy by force.—We must choose between the two. Will we throw ourselves on the world, or will we maintain our own character? We have this choice—this is our freedom of the will—beyond this belongs to God. Clearness of intellectual perception, purity, and, if possible, strength of will, is our problem, and our only happiness. To all else we may laugh—weep—pray.

A CORKSCREW DIRECTION.—Come up to my room, I want to see you.
'Where is your room?'
'In St. Charles Exchange.'

'Well, I believe there are several rooms in that house—how shall I go to get to yours?'
'Come right in and turn round left—come up one pair of stairs, turn round left again, come forward, come up, turn round, come up two pair of stairs, turn round three times, come forward and knock at the door.'

'Stop—don't you think I could get there quicker if I was to go down the middle and up again, cross over, turn round, forward two, do-a-dos, Indian file, promenade, shake a stick, cut a stick, fiddle-stick, dance around two pair of partners, and so follow my nose?'

'No, no, just follow my direction, and you'll be sure to find me.'

The United States mint, at New Orleans, has not done work enough for the last three months, to pay its expenses.