

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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"Make room for Posterity."

The editor of the Baltimore Clipper, in reply to a correspondent using the signature "Posterity," says, "we make room for Posterity."

Well, just what our brother does, has been done from time immemorial. Cain wandered to "make room for posterity." Israel sojourned in the desert and possessed Canaan to "make room for posterity." Aeneas the pious wandered into Italy to "make room for posterity." Penn gathered the people of his faith together, and sat peacefully down on the banks of the Delaware, to "make room for posterity." Men are elbowed from cities, and located in prairies, for that purpose. "The poor Indian," who had sat down quietly in his wigwag to smoke the pipe of peace, and see his semi civilization prosper around him—he, too, is admonished that the whites need his land to "make room for their posterity." He goes reluctantly to the distant west, half pleased with the idea of hunting grounds that will afford "room for his posterity." The posterity of the Indian!—poor waning, tapering cone—its broad base the whole soil of the new world, its points lost in some peninsula that fades away into the distant Pacific. The deep foundations which our aged men are laying for habitations yet to rise, and the finished saloons and ornamented halls—what are these but "room for posterity."

We followed, only a few days since, into a richly ornamented burying ground, the body of one who, for years, had filled a large space in the public eye; and when they had lowered into the narrow resting and decaying place the coffin of the great man, and covered it partially with earth, our procession, turning to pass out, met another following a young maiden to her last earthly home. As we passed the mourning throng, marshalled into a funeral train, one whom we had long known shook his head in mournful recognition, and seemed to say of our errand thither: "we have come to 'make room for posterity.'"

"Room at thy hearth, O mother," said one of the sweetest poets of our time, as he started, full of filial affection, to place his new bride in a daughter's position. "Room at thy hearth." He came, and found ample room. The beloved one, the apostrophized mother, had passed away to "make room for her posterity."

All of us are crowding onward—all are passing away to "make room for our posterity."—We are to be pressed close, like the gathered herbage, so that the whole harvest of our six thousand years will seem to occupy less space than the single generation that constitutes their posterity. Below the sod, we lie still and compact; the true equality of flesh and blood is understood and illustrated there, while above, ample space is demanded, and acres are required for a single living. The true democracy is in the grave: "there the rich and the poor lie down together," that they may "make room for their posterity."

Even we who write, and moralize as we pass along, look back at the troop that demand our place, and feel that we too have the duty to perform and the debt to pay, and gathering up our mantle with decaying energies, we hope there is room for us where there are "many mansions," and in that hope we prepare, like our professional brother, to "make room for posterity."—U. S. Gazette.

Fruit and Fruit Trees.

Two of the best farmers within the range of our knowledge, one a resident of Coos County and the other of Orange County, Vt., have communicated to us the manner in which they secure good fruit. It is this: They dig at some distance from the body of a favorite tree—until they find a root, which they cut off. The part disjointed from the tree is then turned up so as to appear above the ground. It sends forth shoots the first season, and bears in a few years fruit precisely like that upon the parent tree. Let those whose trees are decaying, or who wish to increase good varieties, try this experiment; it is but an hour's work.—N. H. Whig & Egis.

"Can human nature fall so low?" as the loafer said when he tumbled into the gutter.

A Mother's Dying Love.

The plague broke out in a little Italian village. In one house the children were taken first. The parents watched over them, but only caught the disease they could not cure. The whole family died. On the opposite side of the way lived the family of a poor laborer, who was absent the whole week; only coming home on Saturday night to bring his scanty earnings. His wife felt herself attacked by the fever in the night. In the morning she was much worse, and before night the plague spot showed itself. She thought of the terrible fate of her neighbors. She knew she must die, but as she looked upon her dear little boys, she resolved not to communicate death to them. She therefore locked the children into the room, and snatched the bed clothes lest they should keep the contagion behind her, and left the house. She even denied herself the sad pleasure of a last embrace. O think of the heroism that enabled her to conquer her feelings, and leave home and all she loved—to die. Her oldest child saw her from the window—"Good bye, mother," said he, with his tenderest tone, for he wondered why his mother left them so strangely. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hand out of the window. The mother paused. Her heart was drawn towards her children, and she was on the point of rushing back. She struggled hard while the tears rolled down her cheeks, at the sight of her helpless babes. At length she turned from them. The children continued to cry, "Good bye, mother." The sounds sent a thrill of anguish to her heart, but she pressed on to the house of those who were to bury her. In two days after she died, recommending her husband and children to their care with her dying breath.

O that mothers were as careful not to impart the worse contagion of sin to their children.

From the United States.

The Moon.

THE MOON, as it makes its monthly circuit round the earth, continually turns to us the same hemisphere—we never see the other half. Of course she revolves upon her axis exactly in the same time that she takes to complete her revolution round our earth, viz: 27 days and 8 hours, &c. Her days and nights are consequently each 13 days and 10 hours of our measure. When the moon is between us and the sun, her dark side is of course presented to us, and she is invisible. When we are between her and the sun we have full moon; and her phases are occasioned by the unequal portions of the bright surface which we see, as it gradually approaches or recedes from that situation in her orbit. When the sun, earth and moon are in a straight line an eclipse occurs. This would always occur to the moon at its full, and to the sun at every new moon, if the orbits of the earth and moon were coincident, which is not the case. The inclination is a little over 5 degrees. Our satellite is 2,000 miles in diameter, or about 6,300 miles in circumference. A correct idea of the effect of great distance upon the apparent size of great objects may be obtained by remembering that the distance of the moon from us is about 240,000 miles, and the extent of the hemisphere we see, from side to side, is about 3,150 miles. Our earth is 49 times larger than the moon, which, to our sight, appears as large as the sun. The optical delusion which makes their size alike to the eye is occasioned by distance, the sun being about 95 millions of miles from us.

The moon is a heap of precipitous mountains some of which appear volcanic. The portion of the surface which we see is mapped out by astronomers, the mountains named, and their dimensions accurately given, &c., as if it were a part of our planet. There appears to be no atmosphere round our satellite, and certainly no clouds. There can therefore be no water; nor can any beings like ourselves live upon it. If inhabited, which we cannot doubt, it must be by quite a differently organized race of animals and vegetables, with functions every way differing from those of this earth. Respiration, speech and hearing, could not exist without air, neither could vegetation; and water is indispensable to plants, for a large portion of their substance consists of that fluid. In the absence of an atmosphere, the expanse round the moon must be a gloomy black, instead of the brightness which our blue tinted atmosphere causes the sun's rays to diffuse over the earth. ANTHRAX.

Being worth half a million to-day, and without a shirt to your back to-morrow, is what we call going from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Why is your eye like a school master flogging a boy? Because you have a pupil under the lash.

A cat of extraordinary intelligence, says a writer in Bentley, was lately seen feeding a kitten with starch, to make it stand upright! This reminds us of the housemaid who drank a pint of yeast, to make her rise early in the morning.

She's a Sewing Girl.

We have frequently heard the above remark, when it excited in our mind a sentiment of ineffable contempt for the worthless piece of humanity that uttered it. It is a source of deep regret to us that it should ever be our duty to deal harshly with any portion of the fair sex who maintain a reputable standing in society; but there are some, and not a few, who, although their fame be unspotted, are so deeply imbued with envy, jealousy and hatred toward those of their own sex, who happen to be less favored of fortune, but more perfectly moulded and finished by nature than themselves, that their hearts are gall, their souls are wormwood; their breath is pestilence, whenever they can make it convenient to speak of them. These are they who, with a sarcastic leer and a scornful turn of the nose, stigmatise as "nothing but sewing girls," such young females as have moral courage and the virtue to work with their hands for an honest livelihood, rather than to be dependent, destitute or disreputable.

It is sometimes applied opprobriously to married ladies, after the following manner. "Did you ever see the like how Mrs. — dresses herself and children out of late?" "La, yes, I've seen many like her—I knew her when she was a sewing girl, and her husband that is now, was a poor carpenter and worked for my father. Now they have got a little something in the world, and they stick themselves up for mighty somebodies." "It is just so a'most always with such creatures. As soon as they get a little start in the world, they forget the poverty they sprang from, and begin to put on airs of gentility. I can't bear them for my part."

Reader, if you are a young man and should hear any thing like the above sentiments uttered by a young lady to whom you are paying your addresses, let that be your last visit.—Even if you are under promise of marriage, it would be better to break off and incur the penalty of a breach of promise, than to be united for life to one so utterly devoid of that kind hearted sympathy for those of her own sex thus virtuously struggling with adversity; and who holds it disreputable in a young lady who is without fortune or able friends, to draw for support upon her own physical faculties, in an honest and useful vocation.

We cannot conceive of any evidence more conclusive, that a young female possesses, in an eminent degree, that innate principle of virtue which would set at defiance every seductive wile of libertinism, than to see her adorned with all the native graces of her sex, heroically braving the sneers of the proud and scornful, and steadily plying her needle as a means of independence. Such a one, rarely, if ever, fails to possess an amiable disposition, and will seldom, if ever, fail to make a virtuous, affectionate and prudent wife, and a good mother.

We never designedly listen to the conversation of ladies in the streets; but we will confess that the above remarks were prompted by hearing the words which we have placed at the head of this article, contemptuously uttered by one of two ladies who filled a narrow snow path so full that we were compelled to walk slowly after them for some rods. We did not know them; but we hope they may chance to light upon this article for their own sakes. It will perhaps teach them to give their voices less volume when they utter such uncharitable sentiments in the streets.—Buffalo Repub.

Sorrows of Old Bachelors.

We never could, for the life of us perceive why old maids should manifest such a mortal antipathy to old bachelors. There is no reason in their wrath. 'Tis spiteful, cruel and uncalled for;—the trampling on a reed already broken. It is like flogging a cripple with his own crutches because he is lame. Few men are bachelors of their own free will. Go to the veriest misanthrope among them, and ask of him his history, and he will tell you of the unforgetten hours of his early affections; and his eye will light up again with its wonted energy, and as he relates the story of his love, for one who had proved faithless, or whose affections were repressed by the rude hand of arbitrary authority, or who had gone down to the churchyard—a beautiful bud plucked from the tree of Being, to open and expand in a brighter and holier sunshine, where no worm could gnaw at her bosom, and no blighting descent upon it.

Talk not to us of old maids!—They are light as air in comparison to those of bachelors—the patter of the small rain to the overwhelming of the deluge. Old maids can commune together and mingle in the charities and kindly offices, and sympathies of existence. It is not so with the bachelor. He has no home—he has no happy fireside—no child to ask his blessing—no beautiful creature of smiles and gentle tones to welcome his coming, and melt away the sternness of care with the warm kiss of affection—no patient watcher at his couch of sickness, stealing with a hushed and gentle step around him, like the visitation of a spirit. True—his sorrows are somewhat of a negative character. But what is it save positive agony, for him to gaze, all his life long, upon the Paradise of Matrimony, like a half starved school boy upon the garden whose enclosure he cannot scale?

From the Danville Democrat.

Mr. Wise's Ascension.

On Saturday last, Mr. Wise, the intrepid aeronaut, made his 28th aerial voyage from this place. Early in the morning crowds of people flocked into town, to witness so magnificent and splendid a sight. At about two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. W. took his seat in the car attached to the balloon, and gently ascended from the Court House yard; and a more splendid and truly magnificent and sublime sight we have never yet witnessed. The multitude was standing in astonishment scarcely believing their own eyes, until a loud "Hurrah!" gave vent to their feelings, which was responded to by Mr. W. by swinging his hat and handkerchief, bidding farewell to his fellow-beings below. He soared slowly and majestically towards the clouds, and was visible in a South Easterly direction, for nearly half an hour, when he disappeared.

Mr. W. returned on Monday morning last, in fine spirits and highly gratified with his trip into the upper regions. The rest of the story he tells himself in the following interesting communication, with which he has kindly furnished us:

Mr. Editor:

In compliance with your request I furnish you with the following memoranda of my aerial Log Book. I took my departure from the Court House yard at 5 minutes past two o'clock, the wind blowing from the N. N. W. drifting the vessel S. by E. until I reached the Roaring Creek Furnace and glided fast towards the mountains. The atmosphere was very heavy which limited my prospect to an area of about 35 miles in diameter; the confluence of the two branches of the Susquehanna with the two bridges and the towns of Northumberland and Sunbury made a beautiful view; Cattawissa, Bloomsburg and Berwick of the North Branch fell on my view which rendered the scene up the North Branch most interesting. At 2 o'clock, 35 minutes, I lost sight of Danville, and a few minutes after passed into the rays of the sun; the balloon began to expand from the heat which caused it to ascend very fast. The river was soon lost to my view by the intervention of the clouds; and the country beneath presented one vast wilderness as far as the eye could reach; the atmosphere became extremely cold as I crossed this extensive coal region, the clouds being sufficiently broken to give me a constant view of the earth; I never before found them so extensively diversified in height, the lower strata was cumulostratus resembling high and rugged precipices, the upper layers were more of the cirrostratus, indicating the approach of a storm. My vessel, however, soon attained a height of 2 1/2 miles sufficiently high to avoid any thunder storm.

At 3 o'clock, 45 minutes, I crossed the Pottsville road between the Bear Gap and the Northumberland road, travelling at the rate of 55 miles an hour; at 3 o'clock I crossed Pottsville, and again brought to view the cultivated fields of the husbandman. My altitude was so great that I could not at first recognise the town until I crossed Schuylkill Haven, and got in sight of Orwigsburg. The cold atmosphere became so unpleasant that I made preparations to descend, but after lowering some distance I found that I had only passed the valley to reach the chain of Blue Mountains, and was again obliged to seek refuge in the clouds.

At 3 o'clock, 40 minutes the clouds began to thicken beneath so that at intervals I could only see the face of the country, and in crossing a little village I threw overboard a bread basket that was lying in my car; its descent presented a beautiful appearance to my view; the dish of the basket remained uppermost, and it acquired a rapid rotary motion giving it the appearance of a fancy wheel. At 5 o'clock I crossed the Harrisburg and Reading turnpike about 3 miles E. of Reading. This town had a handsome appearance—the white streets crossing at right angles, and the beautiful steeples newly painted, with their glittering balls and vanes made the prospect highly interesting.

I found the atmosphere much colder in crossing the mountains than it was at the same height in crossing over level and cultivated land. During this voyage I observed a peculiar motion in the Balloon which I had experienced on former occasions when travelling very fast, but never made any particular investigation: When sailing along with a steady current whilst the Balloon is in equilibrium, it revolves slowly, on this occasion it drew my particular attention on account of the regular pulsations that it moved with. At first I attributed the regular vibrations to the pulsation of my body, but on holding my breath I found it to continue more perceptibly: in fact, the less motion I produced in the car, the more regular were the vibrations of the vessel, whenever the Balloon by the discharge of Ballast or Gas would ascend or descend the pulsation was sufficiently arrested not to be observable. This phenomenon caused me to remain in the atmosphere nearly an hour longer than I had intended, and on another occasion I will continue the further investigation of the subject. The pulsation worked at intervals of 2 1/2 seconds, this was the result of five successive tests. There is

no motion in nature, that I can as yet attribute to it, and to me it has opened another remarkable very interesting and wonderful source of investigation.

The cause of dizziness or vertigo, as I have before stated, is now beyond a doubt in my mind destroyed by isolation, and invites the attention of anatomists and oculists to the further investigation of that delicate and most essential organ—the eye.

At 25 minutes past 4, I made a descent near the house of Mr. McIlvaine, near Morgantown, and was cordially received by this gentleman and his hospitable lady. I proceeded from that place to Downingtown, where I took the cars and returned to Danville via Lancaster and Harrisburg.

My numerous and respectable audience, also the gentlemen who assisted me during the arrangements and inflation, will accept the warmest thanks and good wishes of their most obedient servant.

JOHN WISE.

Danville, June 8, 1841.

Scene in a Printing Office.

A tall six footer with a spice of oddity and humor in his phiz, and a breastpin of warming pan size in his bosom, walked into our office the other day, leading a rustic belle, as slim, perpendicular, and as fresh as a water lily. Being in our shirt sleeves as Jack Downing would say we "kinder blushed." Now for a scene, thought we.—"Bees you the head man here?" "A hem! head man! eh! you mean the marriage collector—the—the—" "La my Jonas is so awkward, he means the head-eater, (anglico editor.)" "Oh—ah understand you now; you've brought us a lot of wedding cake hey—well marm we are pretty much all head-eaters at that." "Oh, now, none of your jification I am serious. Sal and me aint harnessed yet! be we Sally. Yer see, Mister I thought as how I'd fetch my gal in to see, (putting his mouth close to our ear, and then screaming as if we were deaf.)

"To see the printum office go, And kind a surprise her you know!"

"My dear fellow we are not deaf," said we, screaming in our turn at the top of our lungs, and catching up a dictionary. "Ax pardon, I've just been talking with a deaf man below—" "may we see the printum office?" "Oh certainly. Please promenade between the cases—right and left, down in the middle, cast off—the office is'n't exactly in good order, but—" "Oh don't consarn yourself a mite—but what on earth is this ere!" "Only a press." "Oh! an improved cheese or cider press." "Ho ho! well I vow that's curious enough—Jets try it!" taking hold of the devil's tail [the bar] and giving it a pull it flew back and Jonas in trying to get out of the way upset a keg of ink, which heaving out, blackened all the lower part of his dulcina's white gown to a charm to say nothing of polishing her clean stockings and pink kid shoes. It was too bad! "My golly!" quoth Jonas, jumping up and trying to wipe off the ink from his belle's gown, "my golly whod a thought I could pump three or four quarts at a pull!" Having let her "see the printum office go, and kind a surprised her" like, they departed.—Yankee Jonathan.

"Sir, which of your children do you prefer, the boys or the girls?" "Why, as long as the boys suck their mother, I like them best; but when they begin to suck me, I prefer the girls."

It is stated that the tobacco crop of Virginia would fall short that of last year, 5000 or 8000 hogsheads.

NEW WAY TO CURE RHEUMATISM.—The Cincinnati Republican tells a story of a man out West, who was cured of this disease in this way.

He had his back frequently rubbed with spirits of turpentine, without receiving much advantage from it. A few mornings since, the servant who was rubbing him held his hand too near the fire, the turpentine was ignited, when feeling that his hand was quite warm enough, he clapped it to the back to resume the rubbing—the flame was communicated to the turpentine there, and the patient soon enveloped in 'a blaze.' He sprang to his feet, and hopped about with more ease for a few moments than he had done for years. He at length succeeded in extinguishing the flames—his back was severely blistered, but he assures us he has felt nothing of the rheumatism since, and he thinks he is entirely cured.

LIVING UNDER GROUND.—Dr. John Croghan has established a first rate Hotel in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, about a mile from its mouth. He charges \$2 per day for board, and \$1 for a guide for five hours.

VICTORY COMPLETE.—We take pleasure in informing our readers that VICTORIA JAMES BIRDSEY of Pompey, N. Y., has been married to Miss Betsy Ann MARSH. James took a BIRDBEY view of the fair one, and the VICTORY was complete.