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

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POETRY.

The following lines from the London Times, are the only ones among many we have seen, that touch with power, or in the right vein, upon what must now be deemed the lost ship.

The President.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECCLESIA."

I

Speak! for thou hast a voice, perpetual sea!
Lift up thy surges, with some signal word,
Show where the pilgrims of the water be,
For whom a nation's thrilling heart is stirr'd.

II

Down to thy waves they went in joyous pride,
They trod with steadfast feet thy billowy way;
The eyes of wondering men beheld them glide
Swift in the arrowy distance—where are they!

III

Didst thou arise upon that mighty frame,
Mad that the strength of man with thee should strive,
And proud thy rival element to tame,
Didst swallow them in conscious depths alive!

IV

Or, shorn and powerless, hast thou bade them lie,
Their stately ship, a carcass of the foam!
Where still they watch the ocean and the sky,
And fondly dream that they have yet a home!

V

Doth hope still soothe their souls or gladness thrill?
Is peace amid those wanderers of the foam!
Say, is the old affection yearning still
With all the blessed memories of home!

VI

Or is it over! Life and breath, and thought,
The living feature and the breathing form!
Is the strong man become a thing of nought,
And the rich blood of rank no longer warm!

VII

Thou answered not, thou stern and haughty sea,
There is no sound in earth, or wave, or air.
Roll on, ye tears! Oh what can comfort be
To hearts that pant for hope, but breathe despair!

VIII

Nay, mourner, there is sunlight on the deep,
A gentle rainbow on the darkling cloud;
A voice, more mighty than the floods, will sweep
The shore of tempests when the storm is loud!

IX

What, tho' they woke the whirlwinds of the West,
Or rous'd the tempest from his Eastern lair,
Or clave the cloud with thunder in its breast,
Lord of the awful waters, thou wert there!

X

All-merciful! The fate—the day—were thine;
Thou didst receive them from the seething sea;
Thy love too deep, Thy mercy too divine,
To quench them in an hour unworthy Thee.

XI

If storms were mighty, Thou wert in the gale!
If their feet fail'd them, in Thy paths they trod;
Man cannot urge the bark, or guide the sail,
Or force the quivering helm, away from God!

Why Don't the Judge Resign.

Ans.—"Why don't the men propose!"

Why don't the Judge Resign, dear feds!

Why don't the Judge resign!

This hanging on to office now,

'I really can't define;

For if, as you so stoutly say,

His lucky stars do shine.

Why don't the Judge resign, dear feds!

Why don't the Judge Resign!

Lancaster Intelligencer.

The reason why he don't resign

Dear feds! is easily guessed at.

Although no doubt you'd think it fine

To have a future jest at;

His district is well satisfied,

And do not want another;

So Davy can't be gratified

To nominate his brother!

Harrisburg Telegraph.

The Village Preacher.

BY CHARLES MINER, ESQ.

"Father, forgive them."

Go, proud infidel, search the ponderous tomes of heathen learning—explore the precepts of Seneca, and the writings of Socrates. Collect all the excellencies of the ancient and modern moralists, and point to a sentence equal to this simple prayer of the Saviour.—Relieved and insulted—suffering the grossest indignities, crowned with thorns, and led away to die, no annihilating curse breaks from his breast. Sweet, placid as the aspiring of a mother for her nursing, ascends a prayer of mercy for his enemies, "Forgive, forgive them." Oh, it is worthy of its origin, and stamped with the bright seal of truth that his mission was from heaven!

Acquaintances, have you ever quarrelled? Friends, have you ever differed? If he who is pure and perfect forgave his bitterest enemies, do you well to cherish your anger? Brothers, to you the precept is imperative: you shall forgive not seven times merely, but seventy times seven!

Husbands and wives, you have no right to expect perfection in each other. To error is the lot of humanity. Illness will sometimes make you petulant, and disappointment ruffles the smoothest temper. Guard, I beseech you, with unremitting vigilance, your passions; controlled, they are the genial heat that warms us along the way of life—ungoverned, they are consuming fires. Let your strife be one of respectful attentions and conciliatory conduct. Cultivate, with care, the naked and gentle affections of the heart. Plant not, but eradicate the thorn that grows in your partner's path.—Above all, let no feeling of revenge find harbor within your breast; let the sun never go down on your anger. A kind word—an obliging action—if it be a trifling concern—has a power superior to the harp of David, in calming the billows of the soul.

Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as hostile to religion. Let him whose heart is black with malice, and studious of revenge, walk through the fields when clothed with verdure or adorned with flowers—to his eyes there is no beauty; the flowers to him exhale no fragrance. Dark as his soul, nature is robbed in the deepest sable. The smile of beauty lights not upon his bosom with joy; but the furies of hell rage in his breast and render him as miserable as he would wish the object of his hate.

But let him lay his hand on his breast and say, "Revenge, I cast thee from me; Father, forgive me, as I forgive my enemies."—and nature assumes a new and delightful garb. Then, indeed, are meads verdant and flowers fragrant—then is the music of the groves delightful to the ear, and the smiles of virtuous beauty lovely to his soul.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Ararat Farm, Cecil co., Md. June 12th, 1841.

Cure for Diseases in Peach Trees.

Gentlemen—

As I have understood from a source that cannot be doubted, that there is several persons employed in this State and Pennsylvania, curing diseased Peach Trees and charging for doing so, and as that information has been received directly or indirectly through me without cost to them; I feel it a duty I owe my fellow agriculturists to make it public.

My experiments commenced in 1836, when I came into possession of the farm I now occupy, the information was derived from observations in nature of more than twenty years standing; an account of which, with my experiments, I propose to prepare for the Cultivator, published at Albany, N. Y. as early as convenient for me to do so.

The application to the trees consists of salt and salt petre combined in the proportion of one part of salt petre to eight parts of salt, one half pound of this mixture to a tree seven years old and upward, to be applied upon the surface of the ground, around and in immediate contact with the trunk of the tree: this will destroy the worm, but to more effectually preserve the tree I also sow this mixture over my orchard at the rate of two bushels to the acre. The size of the fruit is increased, and the flavor very greatly improved, the worm destroyed and the Yellows prevented.

I hope that other papers will place this matter before their readers so as to prevent the public from being imposed upon.

With high respect, I am yours, &c.

LITTLETON PHYSICK.

TRIFLES ARE NOT TO BE DESPISED.—The nerve of a tooth, not as large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A musquitoe can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect. Small pleasures make up the sum of happiness. The deepest wretchedness often results from a perpetual continuance of petty pains. A chance look from those we love, often produces exquisite pain or unalloyed pleasure.—North American.

JACK DOWNING'S COUSIN.

Blackberrypulling, or Sally Ann and the feller with the long hair, embracing an illustration of the difference between love and hornets.

To the Editor of the Lafayette Gazette:

Mister Editor: Did you ever in the hull course o' your natural life go a blackberrin? If you haint, golly grashus, why you don't know nothin' no more about real labor-savin', high pressur, galvanic-lectifyin' sport than the butt end o' nothin' arter it's been whittled. Lor' ha' massy upon offiss-holders! why nothin' in all creation can come up to blackberrin', but gitin' dumped out'n a slay into a snow bank, and even that aint as good when it aint a moonshiny night. Menny and menny is the time when a lot o' the Jordan Spankers—that's what our village boys was nicknamed—would raise a party o' gals after the grain harvestin' was over, and afore the corn and 'taters was ripe, and start off early in the mornin' for Hop Toad Hill, where the blackberries was enenmost as plentiful as muskeeters in these diggings, and sich all-fired prime times as we'd have was a caution to for-riners.

Pust off, when all hands got collected, and a lot o' suthin' to eat, pork an' beans, new cider, gooseberry pies, green corn, 'lasses gingerbread an' a smart sprinklin' of other good things were pervided, we'd lokermote; the gals all a walkin' by their selves; the gals with their tongues a runnin' about scandle, new ribbins, kaliko gowns an' sich consarns, just as fast as a saw mill in a freshet; and the fellows a gabbin' about horses, cattle, general musters, an' corn shukins—a tellin' how 'twas all Ike Shaw's kerelessness that made his grain mouldy—that Jim Bingy was the orfullest liar that ever was, and that Hen Sprague told uncle Seth that Zebe Armstrong's wife had heard how that Harrison Stebbins hadn't the furs to go on with his new frame house, and that a comin' so strait from one who'd orter know all about it. all hands set it rite down for a fact, an' said that it sarded him jest rite; and then to think of his havin' the sass to build a house, without tellin' the hull village how menny rooms there was to be on the fust floor, an' he a member o' the church tu—"it sarded him jest rite, by crackey!" So we'd keep a torkin' till we cum to the hill; then all hands div rite into the bushes and brambles, and sich a scramblin' and scratchin' for blackberries as there was, wasn't to be sneezed at.

It happened that on one o' these blackberrin' frolics that a sarting long haired feller, with a leetle bunch rite over his mouth—lookin' at a distance just as though he'd been among the pots an' kettles, and got a great gob of crock on his upper lip—was a visitin' down our way, an' appeared to have taken an' amazin' fancy to Sally Ann, the Sally Ann that I'd been payin' 'tentions tu; kep a chattin to her the hull live-long time, and I snum if I could scarcely b'leve my own nateral senses, when he begun to pick berries an' put them into her basket, an' she not sayin' a word agin it. Wal I guess as how I was a leetle riled to see myself cut a drift in that fashion, an' I had a great mind to go off and shine around some other gal, jest for spite, but somehow or 'nother I wanted to keep an eye on that dandy. So tu Sally says I, "There's a smart sprinklin' ov berries over here—I guess a leetle more than grow around your way."

"Oh, they're thick as puddin' here," says she. "I calculate that you are pooty consumedly thick," says I.

"You-aw remarks are demd supawfluous," says the long haired creetur.

Suz alive! but wan't my dander up to hear myself call'd a "demd suporflus"—down I slat the basket and jespot all the berries—marches right up to him jest as brassy as a hull militia trainin', an' says I, "ony you call me a porpus or a superflus again, an' see how I'll go to work an' spile your hansum countenance for ye."

With that, Sally she bust out a cryin', an' I vow if I could help boo-hooing a little myself, I felt so confuted.

"You-aw laboring under an erraw," says he, "but awnaw demands an explanation—awn demd."

"Wal says I, "your langwidge wants explanation", that's a fact."

So he turned round to set down, hauled out his handkercher, an' as I hope to be saved, went to dustin' off the top of a hornets' nest, and afore one could say "git out," sot down on't tu i-xplain. Gorashus! didn't the hornets come at him for squashin' their nest, an' didn't he run and holler, an' scoot thro' the briar brushes, and tear his trowser-loons—an' the gals snickered out, an' the fellers haw-hawed till they was enenmost ded, to see that dandy marvel down in the main road, without any hat, his trowers all split up, his hair a flyin' in the wind like a hosses tail, and the hornets a goin' it tu kill. Sally was shockin' shamed of actin' so, but we soon made up, and sich prime sport as all hands had for the rest of the day, wasn't to be beat. Long Locks mended up his trowser-loons—they were the only ones he had—and sneaked out'n our village that day, an' haint showed his nose there since—the poor creetur said he found no less than tew dozen ded hornets in his boots arter he took em off! We

come from the blackberrin' in pairs and not as we went—had a loud cargo o' berries, and I do not b'leve that one on us 'll ever forgit the haw-hawin' we had about the fellow who sot down on the hornet's nest. Yours, truly,
JEHOSHAPHAT JENKINS.

Potato Culture.

The greatest crops of potatoes on record, are those grown by General Barnum, of Vermont, which reached from 1,500 to 1,800 bushels per acre; and he gives it as his opinion, that in a good soil, and with his mode of culture, from 800 to 1,000 bushels per acre may be calculated upon. The reports of the Agricultural Societies show that from 500 to 700 bushels per acre, are not uncommon. Mr. Bache, of Wellsborough, Pennsylvania, in 1839, raised 600 to the acre, and the crop of Mr. Morris, of Cataaugus, N. Y. fell but little short. The average crop in the country cannot we think, be estimated at more than 175 to 250 bushels, the influence of the seasons being more felt in this crop than many others.

The methods of planting are various. Gen. Barnum's mode, after a careful and thorough preparation of his land, is to plant in drills 22 inches apart, and the sets in the drills 10 inches from each other. The drills are kept clean, but the earth is killed around the plants only once in the season; as he considers there is much danger of disturbing the young tubers by removing the earth, or causing the formation of new shoots or tubers by repeated hoeings or hillings. The secret of his great crops appeared to consist, in his bringing rich fresh earths from the barn yard, or the mould deposited in swamps, and giving each hill a shovel full, as a top dressing. He does this with the aid of horse and cart, the horse and the wheels passing between the rows.—Albany Cultivator.

HOW TO COOK GREEN PEAS.—The common method of cooking this delicious vegetable, by boiling in water, is nearly destructive to its flavor, at least so says a lady who has sent us the following method of preparing them for the table, which, after experience, we must add is a great improvement: "Place in the bottom of your sauce pan or boiler, several of the outside leaves of head salad—put your peas in the dish with two ounces of butter in proportion to half a peck of peas—cover the pan or boiler close, and place it over the fire—in thirty minutes they are ready for the table. They can either be seasoned in the pan or after taken out.—Water extracts nearly all the delicious flavor of the green pea, and is as fatal to their quality as it is destructive to a mad dog."

Family Poisoned.—A gentleman and his wife, his wife's sister, and three children, were all poisoned at Salem, New Jersey, on Monday last, by partaking freely of pudding baked in an earthen vessel; 'tis supposed that in baking the pudding it imbibed from the glazing, (which is done with red lead,) its deleterious qualities, which is a subtle and fatal poison, and persons cannot be too cautious in the use of their culinary utensils, or the consequences of such carelessness will be dearly repaid.—Medical aid was promptly called in, and all of them were considered out of danger on Wednesday evening.—Philadelphia Daily Chronicle.

We find the following floating about in our exchange papers. If true, the information is of value to the wheat growers.—We give it for what it is worth:

"Salt is said to be a complete preventive against the destruction of wheat by weevil. Mix a pint of salt with a barrel of wheat, or put the grain in old salt barrels, and the weevil will not attack it. In stacking wheat, four or five quarts of salt to every hundred sheaves, sprinkled among them, will entirely secure them from the depredations of the insect, and render the straw more valuable as food for cattle."

By the by, speaking of tales, we like those that end well. Hogg's for instance.

BROKEN UP.—"Well, mother, the foundations of the great deep have broken up at last." "What do you mean, Timothy?" "My trowers have got a hole in 'em behind, that's what I mean."

"WOMAN.—A mother—she cherishes and corrects us; a sister—she consults and counsels us; a sweetheart—she coquets us; a wife—she comforts and confides in us; without her, what would become of us."—[Exchange paper. We'll enquire and let you know.—Picayune.

A Northern Man with Southern Principles.—"I say Sam," said a negro employed in carrying up bricks to a building, addressing a brother darky, whose avocation is manufacturing ice-creams: "why does you follow such a cold business? It wouldn't be genial to my Suddern feelins'."

"Well, fac is I follow it, Ben, case you sees I's a Suddern man with Noddern principles."

If Prince Albert should die, what a scramble there would be for the widow.

From the Harrisburg Reporter.

THE BERKS COUNTY MURDER.—Capt. Renno, an indefatigable citizen of Berks county, passed through this town, on his return from the west, on Wednesday, having in custody the two persons suspected as the murderers of Mr. Christ, of Berks county; a notice of which excited much attention a few weeks ago in the newspapers of the State, as the crime was an unusual, and almost unheard of one in that honest county. We have been politely handed the following particulars of an examination of one of the prisoners, at Dayton, Ohio.

The following voluntary declaration was made on the examination before me, by F. Osleman, June 23, 1841.

In January last I went to Berks county, Pa. The first time I saw Rinehart was at Boyer's store, at Bernville—he had some difficulty with a girl. He (R.) said we had better steal a couple of horses and run away, but he (Osleman) would not do so.

About a month ago R. told him, O., that he had a spite against Christ. R. told me Christ had money and wanted me to assist to murder Christ. He said they could go down the river (Ohio) and would not be found out.

On Tuesday before the murder Rinehart told me that we would choke him and kill him, and after he was dead take him up stairs and hang him. I told him I would not do it, for we would be found out and be caught. On Wednesday he told me he was going to do it. About 10 in the evening we left D. Bodlike's tavern I went to Byerly's where my clothes were, and packed up my clothes. The next I saw of Rinehart was between 1 and 3 o'clock in the morning he came to Byerly's,—when we started off 1 1/2 miles I was tired.

Rinehart brought 3 guns with him.—When we stopped I fell asleep in a few minutes, and I believe R. did. We soon went to Laws X Keys tavern. I told R. I was tired of carrying the guns—one was a small one. He R., offered to sell the gun, and told me to say it was mine. The landlord offered \$1 50 for it. He, R. told me to throw it down and give it to him. R. had a pistol which is now at my house in Miami connty. R. had some silver money and some bills—I dont know how much.

Had you then 10, 20 or 50 dollars? I should think more, but dont know how much. We went on foot to Stouchtown, then to Myerstown in a buggy and paid \$2 00, then to Lebanon, then to Millers-town, then took the stage to Harrisburg, thence to Hagerstown, thence to Wheeling and to Cincinnati, and then to Dayton.—I paid my travelling expenses and he paid his.

This side of Cumberland I asked him (R.) if he had done it, he (R.) said no.

I hereby certify the foregoing to be in substance the declaration made before me, on the examination of F. Osleman, this 26th June, 1841.

E FORELIN,

Justice of the Peace.

In addition: Rinehart states that they entered the kitchen window—Osleman first, and that when R. got in, O. was choking Christ. He remonstrated, but not soon enough to save C's life.

STORM AT THE EAST.—The Boston Times of Thursday says,—

At quarter past six last evening there was a violent hail storm, succeeded by rain which came down in torrents. Many of the hailstones which fell just in front of our office were full an inch and a half in diameter. This is an unprecedented occurrence at this season of the year in Boston, and caused several timid people to think that Miller's prophecies were about to be prematurely fulfilled.

From the Boston Journal, Thursday evening. During the shower a house in Dedham was struck by lightning, but no person was injured; and the Unitarian Meeting house in Medford was also struck, and slightly damaged. In the course of the night another violent thunder squall passed over, and the rain fell "ryghte merryle," to the great satisfaction and delight of vegetables of almost every description, which have been pining for want of moisture for several weeks.

The Raleigh Star has an article on 'Good Breeding,' followed by an account of an extraordinary litter of pigs!