

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 2.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1841.

No 25.

## PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THEODORE SCHOCH.

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## SONG.

### John Banks and Old Tippecanoe.

Our Hero's called home to his heaven,  
But his spirit still breathes in our ranks,  
'Tis the spirit kind nature has given,  
To the faithful, the honest John Banks!

To Tyler, Clay, Webster and Ewing—  
And all other whig patriots our thanks,  
The Union was saved by their shewing,  
The State will be saved by John Banks!

His equal as Statesman, or man, sirs,  
Ye Locos point out in your ranks,  
Let detraction say all that it can, sirs,  
It can say nought but good of John Banks!

In the West he's beloved like a brother;  
In the East he holds every heart too;  
In the Centre they rank with each other—  
John Banks and Old Tippecanoe!

He fought by our side for the Nation,  
When we trounced little Van and his crew—  
We had men that could beat all creation,  
John Banks and Old Tippecanoe!

One a son of your own 'Pennsylvania,'  
Kind hearted, frank honest and true,—  
And the other of gallant 'Virginny';  
John Banks and Old Tippecanoe.

In Harrison's name, we o'erthrew 'em,  
In Banks' the same we can do—  
Up, Harrison boys,—UP AND TO 'EM—  
For Banks and Old Tippecanoe!

Our Banks never stopped or suspended,  
But steered the right course and sailed through,  
Success!—it has always attended—  
John Banks and Old Tippecanoe!

Then Huzza boys, we'll row up Salt river  
The Locos, in spite of their pranks;  
While such Patriots we cherish forever,  
As Tippecanoe and John Banks!

### A Married Man's Reverie.

What a blockhead my brother Tom is! not to marry! or rather, perhaps I should say, what a blockhead, not to marry some twenty-five years ago, for I suppose he'd hardly get any decent body to take him; as old as he is now. Poor fellow!—what a forlorn desolate kind of life he leads; no wife to take care of him—no children to love him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home; nice social dinners; pleasant faces at breakfast. By the way what the deuce is the reason my breakfast does not come up? I've been waiting for it this half hour. Oh, I forgot; my wife sent the cook to market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold. She coddles that boy to death.—But after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that came quite convenient, and I suppose the young ones will get all he's worth when he dies, poor fellow! They'll want it, I'm afraid, for although my business does very well, this housekeeping eats up the profits with such a large family as mine. Let me see; how many mouths have I to feed every day?—There's my wife and her two sisters—that's three; and the four boys—seven, and Lucy and Sarah and Jane and Louisa, four more—eleven, there's the cook and the housemaid, and the boy—fourteen; and the woman that comes every day to wash and to do odd jobs about the house—fifteen; then there's the nursery maid—sixteen; surely there must be another—I'm sure I made it out seventeen when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning at Church; there must be another somewhere; let me see again:—wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls—oh it's myself!—Faith, I've so many to think of and to provide for, that I forget myself half the time. Yes, that makes it, seventeen. Seventeen people to feed every day is no joke! and somehow or other they all have most furious appetites; but then bless their hearts, its pleasant to see them eat, what a havoc they do make with the buckwheat cakes of a morning, to be sure! Now poor Tom knows

nothing of all this. There he lives all alone by himself in a boarding house with nobody near him that cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies.—No affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him up when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to keep him in a good humor; no dawning intellects whose development he can amuse himself with watching day after day—nobody to study his wishes and keep all his comforts ready.—Confound it, hasn't that woman got back from the market yet?

I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the boys being coddled and messed if my wife likes it, but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept back for an hour. O, by the way, I must remember to buy all those things for the children to-day. Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense, and their school bills coming in too; I remember before I was married I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is; let me see, when does his birthday come? Next month, as I'm a Christian; and then he will be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men, now-a-days, and Tom is quite of that mind I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feet but Wellington boots at thirty shillings a pair; and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time as to the propriety of getting a watch for him; gold of course—Silver was quite good enough for me when I was a score of years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe in my soul, the young villain has learned to play billiards, and three or four times when he has come in late, at night, his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with cigar smoke.

Heigho! Fathers have many troubles and I can't help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night with no cares on their minds to keep them awake; and when they have once got to sleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two, with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Lousa exhibits for crying; for so sure as the clock strikes three she begins, and there's no getting her quiet again until she has fairly exhausted the strength-forward screaming. I can't for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through with their squalling and roaring in the day time when I am out of the way. Then again, what a delightful pleasure it is to be roused out of one's first nap, and sent off post haste for the doctor, as I was on Monday night, when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me out of my wits by her lamentations and fidgets. By the way, there's the doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays me a visit just before Christmas. Brother Tom has no doctor to fee, and that certainly is a great comfort; bless my soul how the time slips away! Past nine o'clock and no breakfast yet—wife messing with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school; nobody thinks of me starving all this time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder? that young rascal Tom has carried it off, I dare say, to read in the school when he ought to be poring over his books. He's a great torment, that boy. But no matter, there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and if some vexations and troubles do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away, any how; nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not so very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.

### Desperate Remedy for a Desperate Disease.

They tell a good story of old Dr. Rand. He was called to visit a hypochondriac patient who fancied she had swallowed a mouse. On entering the room, the lady exclaimed, "Dear doctor! I am so glad to see you—I am in such distress—such pain! Oh, doctor, I've swallowed a mouse!" "Swallowed—nonsense," replied the doctor, in his mild and pleasant manner. "Oh, no! doctor!" said the patient, "it is not nonsense—it is a mouse—a live mouse—he ran down my throat when I was asleep, with my mouth open, and I feel him now, creeping about my stomach, and trying to gnaw out. Oh! doctor, do prescribe something quick, or I shall die." "Prescribe," said the doctor, "yes, I'll prescribe something that will cure you in a minute." "What is it, doctor? what is it? I'll take any thing you order." "Well, then my dear madam, swallow a cat—if that don't cure you, nothing will." It was effectual.

"Maint I see you home from meetin, Peggy."  
"No, you shan't do no such thing, I'm otherwise engaged."  
"I swanny, I guess you've missed it this time, for I've got my trowsers pockets chuck full of gingerbread."  
"You may take my arm, Jonathan, I only said so."

## The Mormons.

Joe Smith's disciples celebrated the 4th at Nauvoo with great pomp. It was a kind of military celebration, accompanied with an oration and feasting. Mr. Rigdon delivered the oration, and a table one thousand feet long was provided for the faithful. Joe Smith it seems wore "flaming regimentals" as commander in chief of the "Nauvoo Legion." The editor of the Burlington Hawkeye was present, and thus describes the appearance of the Mormons, &c.

As you approach Nauvoo from the river, and reach the bank, which is not very high, you begin to ascend a gentle slope of prairie, interspersed with a few scattering oaks. The ascent is so gradual for nearly a mile, as to cause no more inconvenience than in walking over a plain. The face of the whole town site for a mile up and down the river does not vary much from this description. About three quarters of a mile from the landing we saw a large concourse of people apparently engaged in listening to some one addressing them.—When we came near we discovered a large crowd. Most of the Mormons could be distinguished by their military dresses. We do not know how they appeared on parade, but as we saw them, they presented the appearance of having searched the world over, and all the armories to boot, to obtain their military dresses and equipments.

They seemed to be in truth a motley crew. Some with one pistol, some with two; others with a pike or harpoon; and we even saw some with a brace of horse pistols, a gun, and a sword. The cavalry or cohorts remained on their horses, and surrounded the stand, so that it made it difficult to get near enough to hear Rigdon's speech to any advantage. Shortly after arriving we were obliged to disperse with the crowd, when we wended our way towards the dinner table. On the way we took a look at the foundation of the temple, which, with the help of one tenth of all their labor, which we are informed is required, is progressing tolerably fast. Before going to the dinner table we visited the "ox shed." Here we found the "front hall" of twelve oxen as large as life, carved from wood. Some of them were in such a state of forwardness as to look quite natural. When finished they are to be gilded and placed within the temple, as the base of the great baptismal laver, according to the Mosaic ritual, we suppose. We then visited the table, but were not allowed to come very near it on account of the guard. It was situated on a second bench of the prairie before mentioned, and was stretched along the plain for upwards of a thousand feet. After waiting a short time, the cannon—they had several on the ground—announced the approach of the procession. "Jo Smith," his body guard having retired, was seated in a barouche at the head of the procession with what we took to be his family. He was dressed in a splendid uniform from top to toe. After he alighted and took the head of the table, the procession passed on, consisting of men, women and children, to their respective places at the table. The crier informed the surrounding multitude there was sufficient room for 500 more, but few took advantage of this information. We waited to see the "Prophet" carve a large and fat turkey, and distribute it to the ladies around him after which our company left the ground. Thus ended our visit to the Mormons.

## Impudence Rebuked.

Never was a piece of impudence more beautifully rewarded than yesterday, in a case which came under our especial observation. We record it for the benefit of the rising generation, as well for the benefit of the generation which has already risen—for a neater rebuke was never yet administered since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. About six o'clock last evening, two bucks well known about town for their very "free and easy" deportment, were seen strolling upon St. Charles street, near Tivoli Circle. They were evidently in search of an adventure, if one could be permitted to judge from the manner with which they surveyed every house they passed, as well as every person they met, females especially. The conclusion to which we arrived was, that they had managed at the dinner table to deposit an extra quantity of wine where Tom Moore (poor Paddy Power, "Do you see that vest, Mr. Wad?") kept his heart, videlicet, beneath your vest.

At length they met a lady who seemed to suspect, before she reached them, that their object was to gaze into her face, and as she approached them she discovered something wonderfully interesting upon the opposite side of the street, which she had not fairly surveyed until the gentlemen (?) had passed her.

"I say, Jack," said one of them with a genteel hiccough, "did you see her face?"

"No, I didn't; did you?"

"No, but I should like to, devilish well, shouldn't you? How like a Juno she steps on, and what a beautifully shaped woman she is, isn't she?"

"Fine, upon my soul—I'm bound to see her face, by Jove; there's nothing like boldness, I'll go and show her my handkerchief and ask her if she han't dropped it."

"Capital! take mine, it's a better one—cost

seventy-five dollars a dozen; it hasn't been taken from my pocket before."

Jack took the nicely folded and perfumed handkerchief, and hastened after the lady, now nearly a square in advance.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said Jack, hat off, "I think you dropped this."

The lady cast upon him a glance from a pair of the keenest black eyes in the world, dropped a half courtesy, took the handkerchief, and with a freezing "thank you sir," walked quietly on her way. The smile, so exquisitely composed, which rested upon her lips as she tripped down the street was a perfect diaphragm convulsor. The poor beau stood for a moment as though thunder-struck; but a most hearty and unaffected *haw! haw! haw!* from a rough fellow, who stood gazing over the paling, and had witnessed the entire operation, recalled him to his senses. He joined his companion and they hastily moved away.

"Well, damme," exclaimed Jack, "that was just the coldest think I ever did hear of, I swear."

## The Sabbath.

Blessings and ten thousand blessings be upon that day, and myriads of thanks stream up to the throne of God for this divine and regenerating gift to man. As I have sat in some flowery dale, with the sweetness of May around me, on a week day, I have thought of the millions of immortal creatures toiling for their daily life in factories and shops, amid the whirl of machinery and the greedy craving of mercantile gain, and suddenly that golden interval of time has lain before me, in all its brightness; a time, and a perpetual recurring time, in which the iron grasp of earthly tyranny is loosed, and Peace, Faith, and Freedom, the angels of God, come down once more among men. Ten thousand blessings on this day, the friend of man and beast! The bigot would rob it of its heart-felt freedom on the one hand, and coop man up in his work-day dungeons, and cause him to walk with downcast eyes and demure steps; and the libertine would desecrate all its sober decorum on the other. God, and the sound heart and sterling sense of Englishmen, preserve it from both these evils.

Let us still avoid puritan rigidity and French dissipation. Let our children, and our servants, and those who toil for us in vaults, and shops, and factories, between the intervals of solemn worship have freedom to walk in the face of Heaven and the beauty of earth; for in the great temple of nature stand together health and piety. For myself, I speak from experience, it has always been my delight to walk out on a Sunday, and, like Isaac, meditate in the fields, and especially in the sweet tranquility, and amid the gathering shadows of evening; and never in temple or closet did more hallowed influence fall upon any heart. With the twilight and hush of earth, a tenderness has stolen upon me; a love for every creature upon which God has stamped the wonder of his handiwork, but especially for every child of humanity; and, then, I have been made to feel that there is no oratory like that which has Heaven itself for its roof, and no teaching like the teaching of the Spirit which created and still overshadows the world with its wing.—Howitt.

## Education of Girls.

"In the first place, females, from their earliest years should be allowed those sports and amusements in the open air, so necessary to a proper development of their bodies, and which are now confined entirely to boys.—Instead of being compelled to walk demurely with measured steps, like so many matrons, they should be encouraged in running and romping even, at suitable times; and that the motions of their limbs may be unconstrained, their dress should be always loose and easy.

"Until girls are fourteen or fifteen years old, they should be allowed to play in the open air at least *six hours* every day, when the weather and season will permit. They should be allowed to run, leap, throw the ball, and play at battledore, as they please. All these exercises call the different muscles into action, strengthen the limbs, and impart a healthy tone to the different organs; the blood circulates freely, the nervous system is invigorated, and the redundant fluids are driven off by perspiration. The most suitable dress is unquestionably that which is called Turkish, consisting of pantalettes or trowsers, and a short frock (the latter to be brought up sufficiently high on the bosom to prevent the exposure of the shoulders,) and the covering for the head

should be light and cool—a straw hat answers the purpose very well.

"They should never be confined to their tasks more than six hours a day, and I am confident they will learn more in that time, if properly managed, than they will in twelve, without sufficient exercise. Make it your own case; can you spend even eight hours in a day to any profit? I think not. The mind becomes weary, and then nothing is retained.—How then can you suppose that the expanded faculties of children can be constantly exercised for that length of time to advantage? Depend upon it, too much attention is paid to the culture of the minds of children, and too little to their bodies. Do not misunderstand me, or suspect me of undervaluing the former, or over-rating the latter. Certainly the first can never make us happy in this world without the second, I mean simply, that parents are too fond of forcing genius at an early age, and thus ruining the health. I wish to show that neither should be neglected, and that the perfect development of the one is not inconsistent with that of the other. And I would go one step further: inasmuch as the chief enjoyments of this life, and even the full force of mind and moral energy depend upon the health of the body; it would be safer to direct the principal attention to the latter childhood, than to run the risk of its being neglected by undue attention to the former.—Rev. Dr. Burnap.

A TIPPERARY SHEEP-STEALER.—Not many years ago there was in the county of Tipperary a sheep-stealer, as notorious as Borrowsky himself. It is easy enough to carry off, once you can catch it, a sheep in Erris, for let it be ever so fat, it is not much larger than a hare; but a rich wether, fed on the rich plains of the most fertile of all Irish counties, is not easily carried away, body and bones. But our Munster plunderer was a huge fellow, with all the bone and muscle of a Tipperary man, fed up to all his capability and vigor on the stolen mutton. He therefore could, and often did, carry off from the midst of a flock a wether of twenty eight pounds the quarter, and bring it home for the feasting of himself and his family. His practice was, to tie the sheep by the feet, put his head between the hind legs, and thus with the sheep still alive, dangling head downwards, at his back, home trudged in the dark night, Terry Ryan; and so he thinned many flocks, and none but himself and family were the wiser. In this way he had, on a dark night, got into Squire —'s deerpark, and seized a noble mutton, and tied and slung it over his head. Thus he came to the park wall, which was about eight feet high, and still weighted as he was, ventured to climb, as often he had done before. And now he is on the top of the wall, and pondering how best he may descend, when the sheep makes a sudden struggle, his footing gives way—down he goes—but, as he goes, the sheep falls inside, he outside. The rope is a good one, that keeps sheep and thief together; neither can touch the bottom—both struggle—the rope presses the fellow's windpipe—the sheep kicks, and so does Terry, but it is soon over with him. Next morning the herd found Terry dead as mutton, but the wether, though a little apoplectic, still a sheep, and no mutton, and proved itself the Jack Ketch of a thief, and the avenger of its race.—Otways Sketches in Erris.