

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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POETRY.

Re-Union in Heaven.

BY W. LEGGET.

If you bright stars, which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits re-unite,
Whom death has torn asunder here:
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar,
Mix'd soul and soul to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

But O, how dark, how dear, and lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If wandering through each radiant one,
We failed to find the loved of this;
If there no more the ties shall twine,
That death's cold hand alone could sever,
Ah! then these stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever.
It cannot be—each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye, or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this black world that holds us now:
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,
'Tis Heaven that whispers—Dry the tears,
The pure in heart shall meet again.

The following lines, of Bohemian descent, have been very extensively admired by certain readers of the "North American." The brevity of the production is not the least of its merits:—

"In a green grove
Sat a loving pair—
Fell a bough from above
Struck them dead there.

Happy for them
They both died together,
So neither was left
To mourn for the other."

AGRICULTURAL REPORTS.—The editor of a new country paper in Louisiana apologizes in his first number for the want of attention bestowed on the agricultural department, but promises to lay before them in future numbers, the most approved methods of

Salting pork—curing hams,
Shearing sheep, and raising lambs,
Making cotton—curing hay,
Building fence, et cetera.

Truth is *mite-y*—so is cheese,
Fancy's flighty—so is fleas!

A Civil Request.

An old woman observed a sailor going by her door, and supposing it to be her son Billy—cried out to him, Billy, where is my cow gone? The sailor replied in a contemptuous manner, Gone to the devil for what I know. Well, as you are going that way, said the old woman, I wish you would let down the bars.

A sailor once had a dispute with his wife, who wished him to the devil. Plague on me Poll, said he, if I don't think I should farre pretty well with the old fellow, as I married into the family.

GENERAL RULES don't apply in all cases. We once knew a man who was so careful not to give offence, that in speaking of general faults, he would qualify his remarks by saying, "present company excepted." He chanced to be in company with some ladies, and spoke of an absent one as the ugliest person he ever saw, *present company excepted.*

Now this mistake was perhaps worse than that made by the boy, who, speaking of the greatest man he ever saw, was told by his mother he must always except their minister. A few days after, he rushed into the presence of his mother, and exclaimed, "Mother, I have seen the greatest hog down town that I ever saw, *except our minister!*"—[Galena Budget.

AFFECTING, VERY.—The most soul-stirring scene we have heard of lately, occurred at Detroit. The passengers had all got aboard the steamboat and it was about leaving the wharf, when an old gentleman came on board crying out, "My son, my son, I must see him one moment." "Well," said the captain, "hunt him up quick." Anon he came to a great overgrown boy, of 18 or 19 years of age, and giving him a single copper, snuffing like a child, he cried out, "Here, my son, take this, and don't forget your daddy!"

Thirty years ago the young married couple were content with the sanded floor until they could pay for the carpet. They knew nothing of splendid ottomans, extension tables, six feet square looking-glasses and the like extravagances. And yet they lived comfortably and happily, for they lived honestly, and both "pulled at the same end of the string."

A FORBEARING HUSBAND.—The editor of the Susquehanna Register says, if he had forty wives, and thirty-nine of them should run away, he would not advertise them.

The custom of asking the printer 'what's the news?' is most annoying, impudent, and insufferable. It is his business to deal out the news at stated periods—not to retail it at the corner of the streets. If grand jurors had any bowels of compassion for the tortured and tormented printer, they would promptly attend to the abatement of this intolerable nuisance.

ANGER.—Never be angry with a person, merely because his opinions are not your opinions; never be angry because you cannot persuade him to change his opinions; and, above all, never do him an injury, or hesitate about doing him good, because his opinions and yours are different.

HORSE KILLED BY FLIES.—A few days ago, some gentlemen in Canton started in a wagon, with their guns, on a hunting exhibition. They drove into the woods, and, having tied the horse to a tree, proceeded on their excursion. After an absence of two or three hours, they returned to the wagon, and found the horse dead. They got a farrier to examine him, who, on opening his body, found it destitute of blood, the flies having sucked it all out of him, so as to cause his death. His hide, externally, was wet all over with blood. The horse was valued at \$200.—[Boston Trans.

A HUNDRED YEARS IN PRISON.—A late French paper states that a young man aged 18 years, in 1724, was condemned to the galleys in France, on account of a high crime, for the long period of one hundred years, which was probably intended by the judge to confine him for life. Remarkable as it may appear, in 1824, the man being in perfect health, after an unremitted series of hardships for one entire century, was discharged, being exactly one hundred and eighteen years old.

Lightning Rods should not be Painted.

All metals are good conductors of electricity. Oil is a non conductor. The electric fluid, in passing along a conductor is confined almost entirely to its surface. Where that surface is covered with oil paint, or any non conducting substance, the passage of the fluid is obstructed—it accumulates upon the rod, and is very liable to leave it and strike into the building or to some other object which may present a better conducting surface.

Early Sowing of Wheat.

We do not approve, as a general rule, of sowing wheat in August. There is usually too great a heat in the ground for it to vegetate freely and quickly, which is essential to the perfection of any plant, and if the sowing is followed by a drouth, a large part of the seed will never grow at all. The wheat plant is one which at no period of its growth requires or can endure a high temperature, and should the seed sown in August even sprout, the extreme heat and dryness frequently experienced in the month, will be unfavorable to the vigorous growth. Where much land is, however, to be sown, it may be advisable, or even necessary, to begin earlier than would be justifiable under other circumstances. We consider seed put in by the middle of September, more certain of succeeding than if sown by the middle of August; later than the middle of September, the probability of a good crop grows constantly weaker. Exceptions to this rule, arising from the peculiarities of the soil, weather, &c. may occur, but the experience of the best wheat growers will confirm its general correctness.

Albany Cultivator.

Selling Stock.

The drover and butcher will now make frequent calls upon you, and if you have any extra nice animals, any sleek and smooth cattle, any lots of fat wethers or ewes, or good lambs, they will, with your permission, be sure to select these, and leave the raw-boned and hard to keep, the small, poor, and inferior on your hands. They are not to blame for this, for in doing this, they doubtless consult their own interest; but the farmer who allows it, much mistakes his interest, as no extra price will compensate the loss that is sure to ensue where this course is followed. Unless you have animals that will be no better for keeping, and some that you wish to sell, you had better make your own selections, and sell at moderate prices. You can in this way be constantly improving, instead of running your stock down, and it would be well for the farmer to remember that choice animals are sure of a sale at fair prices.

A Touching and Beautiful Incident.

We know not when we have perused a more touching and beautiful little story, than the following from the Hartford Courant:

It was but yesterday that a friend—a young gentleman of fine intellect, of a noble heart, and one well known to many of our readers, was suddenly snatched by the hand of death from all the endearments of life. Surrounded by every thing that could make existence pleasant and happy—a wife that idolized him—children that loved him as they only can love, and friends devoted to him—the summons came, and he lay on the bed of death. But a few short years ago, she to whom he was wedded, placed a bridal ring upon his finger, upon the inside of which he had a few words privately engraven. The husband would never permit the giver to read them, telling her that the day would come when she should know the secret, seven years glided away, and a day or two since, when conscious that he must soon leave his wife forever, he called her to his bedside, and with dying accents told her the hour had at last come when she should see the words upon the ring she had given him. The young mother took it from his cold finger, and, though heart-stricken with grief eagerly read the words—"I HAVE LOVED THEE ON EARTH—I WILL MEET THEE IN HEAVEN."

LAWYERS.—The lawyers are a ill-used and much abused body of men. You may call them lean, lank, lying, loafing limbs of the law, and crack your stereotyped jokes about them, yet there is as much honour, honesty, and good feeling about them, as usually falls to the lot of us erring and wicked mortals. Take them by and large, they make good citizens, fond husbands, doating fathers, dutiful children, affectionate brothers, loving cousins, kind uncles, and exemplary christians; but they have one great fault, an unpardonable fault—they take pay for their professional services!

From the Democratic Review:

Death in the School Room.

A FACT.

Tring a ling-ling-ling, went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village school one morning, when the studies of the earlier part of the day were about half completed. It was well understood that this was a command for silence and attention; and when those had been obtained the master spoke. He was a low thick-set man, and his name was Lugare.

"Boys," said he, "I have had a complaint entered, that last night some of you were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichols's garden. I rather think I know the thief. Tim Barker, step up here sir."

The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a slight, fair looking boy of about fourteen; and his face had a laughing, good humored expression, which even the charge now preferred against him and the stern tone and threatening look of the teacher, had not entirely dissipated. The countenance of the boy however, was too unearthly fair for health; it had, notwithstanding its fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast, as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within. As the stripling stood before that place of judgement, that place, so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed.—Lugare, looked on him with a frown, which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily a worthier and more philosophical system is proving to men that schools can be governed better than by lashes, and tears, and sighs. We are waxing toward that consummation when one of the old fashioned schoolmasters, with his cowhide, his heavy birch rod, and his many ingenious methods of child torture, will be gazed upon as a scorned memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine. May propitious gales speed that day!

"Were you by Mr. Nichols's garden fence last night?" said Lugare.

"Yes sir," answered the boy, "I was."

"Well sir, I am glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, without being punished, did you?"

"I have not been robbing," replied the boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright, it was difficult to tell. "And I didn't do any thing last night that I'm ashamed to own."

"No impudence!" exclaimed the teacher, passionately, as he grasped a long and heavy rattan; "give me none of your sharp speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little; his lip quivered, but he did not speak.

"And pray sir," continued Lugare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his features; "what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job?"

"I went that way because it is on my way

home. I was there again afterward to meet an acquaintance; and—and—But I did not go into the garden, nor take anything away from it. I would not steal,—hardly to save myself from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that last evening. You were seen, Tim Barker, to come from under Mr. Nichols's garden fence, a little after nine o'clock with a bag full of something another, over your shoulders. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon beds are found to have been completely cleared.—Now, sir, what was there in that bag?"

Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perspiration ran down his white forehead like rain drops.

"Speak, Sir!" exclaimed Lugare, with a loud strike of his rattan on the desk.

The boy looked as if he would faint. But the unmerciful teacher, confident of having brought to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater and greater degree of passion. In the meantime, the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually unwell.

"Speak, I say!" again thundered Lugare; and his hand, grasping his rattan, towered above his head in a very significant manner.

"I hardly can, Sir," said the poor fellow faintly.—His voice was husky and thick. "I will tell you some—some other time. Please to let me go to my seat—I an't well."

"Oh yes; that's very likely," and Mr. Lugare bulged out his nose and cheeks with contempt. "Do you think to make me believe your lies? I've found you out, sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are as precious a little villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall call you up again; and if you don't tell the whole truth then, I will give you something that'll make you remember Mr. Nichols's melons for many a month to come—go to your seat."

Glad enough of the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept tremblingly to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more as if he was in a dream than in real life; and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, for during the reign of Lugare in the village school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the bag and of young Barker being under the garden fence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the very narrowest limits. His father had died when he was about six years old, and little Tim was left a sickly emaciated infant, whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the poor child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks. This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician, who had a country seat in the neighborhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family. Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease; but every thing was uncertain.

It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be suddenly taken away.—The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness; but several years had now passed, and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and an honor to her old age; and the two struggled on together mutually happy in each other, and enduring much poverty and discomfort without repining, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer, named Jones, who with his elder brother worked a large farm on shares, Jones very frequently made Tim a present of a bag of potatoes or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious, high tempered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped, because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew any thing about them, except himself and the grateful objects of his kindness. It might be, too, that the widow was loth to have it understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition, which makes them shrink from being considered objects of "charity," as they would from the severest pains. On the night in question, Tim had been told that Jones would send them a bag of potatoes, and the place at which they were to be waiting for him, was fixed at Mr. Nichols's garden fence. It was this bag that Tim had been seen stag-

gering under, and which caused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was one little fitted for his important and responsible office.—Hasty to decide and inflexibly severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically.—Punishment he seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in childrens breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his sternness and love by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.

The hour of grace had drawn to its close, and the time approached at which it was usual for Lugare to give his school a joyfully received dismissal. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in indifference or inquiry. They knew that he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was too common there to exact much sympathy. Every inquiring glance, however, remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour, Tim, remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned himself, when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl which seemed to bode vengeance for his sullenness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself behind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest rattan before him.

"Now, Barker," he said, "we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here."

Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard except occasionally a low-drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you.—Step up here and take off your jacket!"

The boy did not stir any more than if he had been of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance. That minute, passed in death-like silence, was a fearful one of some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as if slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exquisitely performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the histrionic art is treading the stage, and you and the multitude around you are waiting with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

"Tim is asleep, sir," at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expression of savage anger into a smile, but that smile looked more malignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depicted on the faces of those about him, or it might be that he was gloating in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer.

"Asleep, are you, my young gentleman!" said he, "let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little scoundrel awake."

Lugare smiled again as he made the last observation. He grasped his rattan firmly and descended from his seat. With light and stealthy steps he crossed the room, and stood by the unlucky sleeper. The boy was still as unconscious of his impending punishment as ever. He might be dreaming some golden dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes, and feeling delights which cold reality never can bestow. Lugare lifted his rattan high over his head, and with the true and expert aim which he had acquired by long practice, brought it down on Tim's back with a force and whacking sound which seemed sufficient to awake a freezing man in his last lethargy. Quick and fast, blow followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch plied his instrument of torture first on side of the boy's back, then on the other, and only stopped at the end of a few minutes from very weariness. Still Tim showed no signs of motion; and as Lugare, provoked at his torpidity jerked away one of the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over the desk, his head dropped down on the board with a dull sound, and his face lay turned up and exposed to view. When Lugare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the rattan dropped from his grasp, and his eyes, stretched wide open, glared as as some monstrous spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake; and his strength seemed as though it would momentarily fail him. The boy was dead! He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school-room, and Lugare had been flogging a corpse.

W. W.