

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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POETRY.

Bye-Past Time.

The sky is blue, the sward is green,
The leaf upon the bough is seen,
The wind comes from the balmy west,
The little songster builds its nest,
The bee hums on from flower to flower,
Till twilight's dim and pensive hour;
The joyous year arrives; but when
Shall bye-past times come back again!

I think on childhood's glowing years—
How soft, how bright, the scene appears!
How calm, how cloudless, passed away,
The long, long, summer holiday!
I may not muse—I must not dream—
Too beautiful these visions seem

For earth and mortal men; but when
Shall bye-past times come back again!

I think of sunny eyes so soft,
Too deeply felt, enjoyed too oft,
When through the bloomy fields I roved
With her, the earliest, dearest loved;
Around whose form I yet survey,
In thought a bright celestial ray
To present scenes denied; and when
Shall bye-past times come back again!

Alas! the world at distance seen
Appear'd all blissful and serene,
An Eden form'd to tempt the foot,
With crystal streams and golden fruit;
That world, when tried and trod, is found
A rocky waste, a thorny ground!
We then revert to youth; but when
Shall bye-past times come back again!

ACCOMMODATING.—"How far is it to Taunton?" "Why it's eight miles." "Eight miles why a man told me a mile back, that it was only six." "Well, seeing that you are an old man, and your horse tired, and you seem impatient, we'll call it three."

Breach of Promise.—The N. O. Picayune, in noticing a breach of promise case, has the following very appropriate remark:

These breaches of marriage promise are vile humbugs; we say it with all proper reverence for womankind. She whose broken and bleeding heart can be mended by an application of copper, can be no great shakes.

Prentice is of opinion that by a suitable apparatus, every man may have the means constantly at hand of generating sufficient steam from the moisture of his own body, to drive him ahead like a locomotive.

The income of John Jacob Astor is about two dollars and eighty-seven cents a minute, or nearly five cents a second.

TRUTH.—"How much happiness does the old bachelor lose! No smiling angel stands at the door to welcome him as he returns. 'My dear, are you come?' No lisping cherub climbs his knee and in tones of love cries out 'Daddy, give me thum thugar kitheth.'

Three Abstractionists.

A member of Congress in the debate relative to the position to be occupied by the statue of Washington in the capitol, having suggested that it be placed in the corner of the rotunda, Mr. Stanly of North Carolina, moved that a committee consisting of three abstractionists, be appointed to find out where the corner of a rotunda can be found. The idea is an excellent one and suggests a very fitting occupation. An abstractionist could not possibly be better occupied than in looking for the corner of a circle. We should think he would find himself as much in his element, as a trout in a shady stream, or a fat negro sitting in the sun and fanning himself with a brickbat.—North American.

When the celebrated George Buchanan was in France, the King took him to view his picture gallery. At length they stopped before a picture representing the crucifixion. George requested an explanation. "That, sir," said the king, "is our Saviour; the one on the right is the Pope, and the one on the left is myself." "I am much obliged to your majesty," replied George, "for the information you have given me, for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, I never knew who they were before."

ENGLAND has now on the stocks or preparing, twenty-seven large steam vessels in addition to her present naval force.

A Great Recitation.

The following, from the N. O. Crescent City, is the best thing of the kind we ever read: "The schoolmaster was in a great hurry—he had received a note from his dulcinea, and the geography class was disposed of in double quick time.

"Polynesia, where situated, what are the products, the inhabitants, latitude and longitude, &c. how bounded?" shrieked the little pedagogic, to a huge red-headed boy, whose face bore the expression of a turkey's egg, with feet like battering rams.

"Polynoesia is an independent group of islands in the anterior of the desert of Sahara, on the coast of Cornwall. Its products is bilin' springs, cucumbers, tortoise shells, caniballs, and sometimes women and children. The inhabitants is for the most part Kalmuc Tartars, and tothers is Shakers and Injuns. Latitude and longitude is diito. It is bounded on all sides by the Chinese wall, which was erected to prevent, the nocturnal visits of the equator into the Caspian sea, and on the South by the Sparribbean ishmushes, and the promonitories which is uncommonly kivered at high water mark with Shetland ponies and other animals of the same class. The religion is like the products, intolerance and idle worship.

William Penn.

A man is said to be now living in Bucks county, Pa. by the name of Preston, whose grandmother died in the year 1774 and saw William Penn when he first landed at or near where Philadelphia now stands. He stated that his grandmother informed him that when the ship in which Gov. Penn sailed came up the Nelsamahony, on his arrival he was met by the Indians, and the masts struck the trees of Pevede's hill, at the (present) Navy Yard. She said that the white people had prepared the best entertainment they could for the Governor and his family; the Indians had done the same. William Penn walked with the Indians and sat down with them on the ground, and ate with them roasted acorns and hominy, that pleased them so much that they began to show him how they could hop and jump, that Wm. Penn stepped up and beat them all. Such wise complaisance won and secured their friendship and affection for him during his life.—Amer. Magazine 1835.

A Hard Case.

The Rochester Democrat states that Mr. Elijah Shaw, aged 70 years, who fought the battles of his country against three nations, is now in the Poor House within two miles of Rochester. He was on board the Constellation when she captured the French frigate L'Insurgent in 1800. In 1803 he was on board the frigate Philadelphia, at the time of her capture off the harbor of Tripoli, and suffered nine months imprisonment. He was on board the frigate United States when she captured the Macedonian, and the President, at the time of her capture by a British squadron. After the peace, he sailed under Commodore Decatur up the Mediterranean, to chastise the Barbary powers.—This being done, he sailed with Commodore Porter in the squadron that so effectually destroyed a gang of lawless pirates.

The Tombigbee River on Fire.

The Mobile Journal says: While J. M. Cooper was prosecuting the removal of McGrew's Shoals, after boring to the depth of 375 feet, his augur suddenly dropped and entirely disappeared. In the space of several moments a deep hollow sound was heard, resembling the noise of distant thunder, from the chasm below, and at the same instant gushed forth from the shaft thus made clear, transparent, oleaginous substance or liquid, which boils up very similar to the effervescence of a boiling pot; and which owing to the sluggishness of the current, has gradually diffused itself over the whole surface of the river. A quantity has been collected, and upon application of fire, it is found to burn equal to the purest sperm oil.

To gratify curiosity and make further tests, fire has been applied to the oil on the water, and the whole surface of the river is now burning, emitting a flame of most beautiful appearance, about six inches high, and has already extended about half way down to Fort Stoddard; the reflection of which upon the horizon at night, presents a most sublime spectacle, far surpassing in grandeur and beauty of appearance the aurora borealis.

Something Worth Knowing.—Twenty of the Members of the Convention, which framed the Constitution of the United States, were Members of Congress when the act establishing the first Bank of the United States was passed, and only six of them voted against it. In the Debate on its passage, Elbridge Gerry,* who had been a Member of the Convention, declared that "he thought Congress were as competent to establish a National Bank, as either House was to adjourn from day to day."

*A prominent Democrat; Vice President under Madison.

Alum will cure the bite of a snake,

Good Books.

A young man who has a fondness for books, or taste for the work of nature and art, is not only preparing to appear with honor and usefulness as a member of society, but is secured from a thousand temptations and evils to which he would otherwise be exposed. He knows what to do with his leisure time. It does not hang heavily on his hands. He has no inducement to resort to bad company, or the haunts of dissipation and vice; he has higher and nobler sources of enjoyment in himself. At pleasure he can call around him the best of company—the wisest and greatest men of every age and country—and feast his mind with the rich stores of knowledge which they spread before him. A lover of good books can never be in want of good society, nor in much danger of seeking enjoyment in the low pleasures of sensuality and vice.

Novel Exhibition.

The New York Sun, in its notice of the proceedings of the Medical College of the University of New York, mentions the following singular case:—

A young man, twenty-five years old, was then introduced and seated in a chair. At the request of a professor he laid open his bosom, when there were exposed to view a pair of perfectly formed breasts, precisely like those of the female subject at the age of twenty years. In all other respects the young man was naturally constituted. His head, face and proportions were of a decided masculine stamp; but in this one peculiarity, he differed nothing from a young woman. He betrayed something like maiden timidity at this public exposure, and as soon as his case had been elucidated withdrew from observation.

SECRET WEAPONS PROHIBITED.—The City Council of Tallahassee have passed an ordinance by which a fine of two hundred dollars is inflicted upon any person who may be found wearing secret weapons, such as pistols, bowie-knives, dirks, &c. It is to be hoped that the fine will be enforced, and the cowardly practice, which leads to so many murders, be entirely suppressed.

Letters from Geneva, N. Y. mention the death of Gideon Lee, Esq. formerly Mayor of New-York. He retired a few years since, with an ample fortune, to enjoy the peace and quiet of a residence near Seneca Lake.

Multiply the figure 9 by any other single figure, and the two figures composing the product, added together, will make 9. Thus 9 multiplied by 4 make 36, which two figures added together make 9, and so on with all other figures.

To Cure a Burn.

"A Lady," in the Knoxville Register, gives the following recipe for a burn:

"Scarcely a month passes away but we read or hear of some accident caused by fire. I send you the following recipe for a burn, believing that if it were generally known much suffering might be alleviated. Take a table-spoonful of lard, half a table-spoonful of spirits of turpentine, and a piece of rosin as big as a hickory nut, and simmer them together till melted. It makes a salve, which, when cold, may be applied to a linen cloth and laid over the burn. If immediately wanted, spread it on the cloth as soon as melted—it will very soon cool. I have seen it applied after corroding effects of chemical poisons, after a foot has been burnt by boiling sugar, after severe scalds, and in every case the sufferer obtained perfect ease in ten or fifteen minutes after it was used. It may be applied two or three times a day, or as often as the cloth becomes dry."

Stifle.

The following receipt for curing this disease is given by a correspondent of the Cultivator. He says he has sold the receipt for many dollars, and with it cured many horses:

"A handful of sunnack bark, and a handful of white oak bark, boiled in a gallon of water down to two quarts; bathe the stifle with this solution twice a day four days; then put on a salve made of the white of an egg and rosin, and bathe the same in with a hot shovel, two or three times and the horse is cured.

RECIPE for a permanent white wash for buildings, fences &c.

Take 1 bushel of lime; 5 lbs. brown sugar; 2 lbs. alum; 1 pint of fine salt and a sufficient quantity of cold water to make it mix like a common white wash, stir it well, and let it stand over night; apply this mixture with a brush, and give the fence or building two coats thereof—it will get as hard as a stone.

Kentucky.

The Frankfort Commonwealth states that the House of Representatives in that State will contain 77 Whigs and 23 Loco Focos, and the Senate will be composed of 29 supporters and 9 opponents of the Administration, thus giving a clear Whig majority on joint ballot of 74.

Dow's Sermon.

At the request of "Henrietta" I will preach upon this occasion from the following text:

A wife, like echo, should be true,
To speak when she is spoken to;
But not echo, still be heard
Contenting for the final word.

My hearers—a wife is not only a choice piece of furniture, but a useful article for domestic purposes. She can darn stockings, mend breeches, keep all the apartments of a man's hearth in order, and twine for him garlands of tenderness to bedeck his conjugal bower. She is the very marrow of comfort—the principle tributary to the silvery stream of happiness—the foundation of joy—a lump of the pure gold of love, refined in the crucible of Hymen. I would earnestly advise all my young male friends, who wander along the dark avenues of celibacy with no such bright star as woman to guide their erring steps, to enter immediately upon the blooming laws of matrimony, and bask in the sunshine of a fond wife's affections—even as snakes quit their tenebrous dens, and lie out to warm beneath the congenial rays of a vernal sun. But, my friends, you mustn't let your better judgement be kidnapped by the allurements of beauty; for beauty is a flower that fades in the noontide of life, and blossoms no more. The bright jewel pertaining to woman is not worn upon her finger—neither does it glitter upon her bracelet. No; it lies buried in the casket of her mind. It is there that you shall seek for those precious gems which adorn the female character, and give to a woman all the attributes that belong to an angel—minus the wings and a diadem of perfect holiness.

My dear young friends! I hope you will not be misguided in your search after those qualifications and natural disposition which a wife ought to possess. She should, of course, be submissive to the husband, inasmuch as the husband ought to be as mild towards her as the balmy breath of May to the rose. Her bosom should be a peaceful lake of love, surrounded by the high hill of forbearance, over which the gales of passion may never ruffle its placid surface. She should, like an echo, always be ready to speak when spoken to by her bigger and more substantial half, and yet she should not like an echo be ever contending for the last word, for she ought to know that perverseness in a wife always presents a worse appearance than it does in the husband, even as a fly speck marreth the beauty of a white cambric more than doth an ink spot the comeliness of a black broad-cloak. She ought also to be aware that the obstinacy of the man genus is likened unto the bristle of a hog's back; which being stroked from the head towards the tail, appear smooth and delicate; but when manipulated from the tail towards the head, are found to be as rough and obtrusive as the prickets that surround the prison house of endless torment.

O, my beloved hearers! I hope and trust that all you masculines who bear the conjugal yoke have made good selections from the female creation, to help you drag the plough of care over the stubbles of such a barren existence as is allotted to man. I know some wives whose incorrigibility is enough to worry the patience of a mile-stone, whose indefatigable exertions in the case of mischief are worthy of a scholastic monkey—with a fearful concussion when touched by the last spark of reproof. They draw their social talk altogether too strong for weak constitutions, and throw too much salt in their husband's porridge. They want to wear the breeches, whether they will fit or not. They set their lords to peeling potatoes while they go out and chop wood, which the God of nature never intended should be subjected to the control of women. Oh, this doesn't any more accord with my ideas of what female worth should consist than does the tolling of a funeral knell with the merry notes of Yankee Doodle! A wife who assumes too much, who will have her own notions gratified always—who will raise flames of dispute upon trifling occasions, and persist in heaping on fuel to the last—is worse than no wife at all. When Heaven first saw fit to work up some of its choicest materials into the delicate figure of a woman, and placed her in the hermitage of lonely man, it was intended that she should be to him a helpmate—a cheerful companion—a turtle dove that he should press to his bosom in the fondness of affection, and shelter from the cold storms of want; that he should dress the garden of his heart with the perennial flowers of peace—water them with tenderness, and strew his bed with roses of reciprocal love. For all which she should be, in a degree of submission, and never let the tongue do damage to those fine spun qualities which should ever be her pride and her boast.

My friends—to find a good wife in these days of foolery and fashion is like seeking pearls in an ocean of oyster shells; but if you are lucky enough to find one, hang on to her like hemp; for she is a rich treasure as ever existed in the imagination of an enthusiast. Cherish her, protect and love her; and you will find but few barren spots between the altar and the grave.

And you young maids, who are now delighting in the joyful anticipations of one day becoming happy brides! I warn you to conduct

yourselves properly lest your blooming hopes be suddenly overspread with the moss of mortification, and you be destined to go shining down to the tomb, unwooded, uncourted and unwed. May you all, whether single or married, endeavor to live on such terms with one another that the triune joys of Friendship, Love, and Happiness may wait on you to the confines of eternity. So might it be.

DOW, JR.

Laws of Pennsylvania, Passed Session of 1841.

A FURTHER SUPPLEMENT to an act entitled "An Act for acknowledging and recording deeds." —[See pamphlet laws, page 106.]

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That it shall be the duty of all persons who claim any lands or tenements in this Commonwealth under or by virtue of any deeds or conveyances, bearing date previously to the act of eighteenth March, Anno Domini, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, to which this is a supplement, to have the same recorded in the proper county, in the manner now provided by law, within two years from the date hereof.

SEC. 2. No such deed which shall remain unrecorded as aforesaid, for the said term of two years, shall be permitted to be given in evidence in any of the courts of this Commonwealth, unless proven or acknowledged according to the act to which this is a supplement, or unless proven in the manner in which other instruments of writing are proven, by subscribing witnesses or proof of hand writing, or unless the actual possession of the land has accompanied the said deed.

SEC. 3. All such deeds remaining unrecorded for the said term of two years as aforesaid, shall be adjudged fraudulent and void against any subsequent bona fide purchaser or mortgage, for valuable consideration, without notice.

A Snake Story.

The Danville Democrat says: that "Some time since a couple of gentlemen of Catawissa, named ISAAC BRECH and JACOB B. MOYER, made a short excursion to the Catawissa mountain, and while gathering some huckleberries, they aroused a rattlesnake, which afterwards proved to be nearly three feet in length, having 19 rattles. While they were in the act of killing the monster, he gave the usual sign with his rattle; in a moment the whole neighborhood responded to the call, and on looking around they found themselves to be in the midst of a den of rattlesnakes, all ready for the contest. Nothing daunted, however, they commenced the work of destruction, and in a short time cleared the field, having killed 29 rattlesnakes, varying in size from three feet to one half, and having rattles from 19 down to three. Among them was a very large cobra capello, commonly called copperhead, which is particularly feared for its venomous bite. A remarkable circumstance is that every one of the reptiles was blind, which, it is said, is always the case in the month of August."

We should think, that in a country so full of snakes as the mountain of Catawissa seems to be, the inhabitants would at least know their names. Who ever heard of a cobra capello in this part of the world, and who is it that believes the bite of a copperhead to be more venomous than that of a rattlesnake?—Lan. Union.

A Philadelphia Quaker.—A certain 'Friend' whom we very well know was recently at a distant place of summer resort. He stepped into the Post Office one morning, and while there, the Postmaster asked him if he knew any English people staying at the hotel. 'Why does thee ask?' said the Quaker. 'Because,' said the Postmaster, 'here are half a dozen letters directed to England by the next steamer, and as the postage to Boston is not paid I cannot send them. If I cannot find the writers of them, they will be forwarded to the dead letter office in Washington.' Our 'Friend' looked at the letters. They were all double, and he remarked—they appear to be family letters, and no doubt will be most welcome if received, or may cause great anxiety if they should not be. 'I cannot help it,' said the Postmaster. 'Well, I can, if thee cannot; what is the postage?' 'For six double letters three dollars.' 'Well here is the money; these will please mark the letters 'paid,' and send them to Boston.' And with this injunction, the Philadelphia Quaker left the Post Office—his pockets not quite so heavy as when he entered, but his heart, we are sure, a great deal lighter.—N. Y. Gazette.

Religious Statistics.—The number of Baptists in the United States is estimated to be 4,000,000; Methodist, 3,000,000; Presbyterians, 2,000,000; Friends, 220,000; Roman Catholics, 1,300,000; Episcopalians, 1,000,000.

Inhabitants Wanted.—The legislature of Arkansas has passed a law offering a quarter section of land as a bounty to each settler coming into the State. Some of the best land in the state is offered for their selection.