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

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From the Newark Sentinel.

Delaware Water Gap.

DELAWARE WATER GAP, Aug. 1841.

Seeing is believing; and I here confess myself a convert to the sentiment of that accomplished Lady who declared that "the man who could speak while passing this gorge would commit sacrilege or rob his father's grave!" He could at any rate have no reverence in his soul. In winding our way through the road that hangs along the bank of the Delaware, chatting cheerily, and delighted with the deep shadows and picturesque images of the overhanging foliage and rocks, a first glimpse of the sublime spectacle brought us to a stand—we involuntarily paused and prostrated ourselves in profound awe before the work of Nature. It seemed like looking into the very presence chamber of the Creator. This was an impression I give it to you just as it occurred.

The "Delaware Water Gap," you know, is one of the five famous fissures or breaks in the Blue Range, or Kittatinny Mountain, which extends many hundred miles from N. E. to S. W. All of them appear to have been made by some mighty convulsion of nature for the passage of the large streams running to the Atlantic, viz: the passage of the Hudson at West Point, the Delaware at this place, the Lehigh at Mauch Chunk, the Susquehanna near Harrisburg, and the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. I have now seen all but the last, and in the single points of magnitude and grandeur the Delaware Water Gap exceeds them all.

The Gap is visible as you approach on the Pennsylvania side of the river (which we crossed, from Warren county, at Auler's Ferry ten or a dozen miles distant;) as far as the mountain itself. But there is nothing particularly grand in the distant prospect. There all seemed soft, quiet and unobtrusive. The sloping hills are verdant with vegetation, and the tranquil streams wears the aspect of profound and beautiful repose—occasionally resting on its course in motionless pools, two or three hundred yards wide, as if to reflect the picturesque scenery which overhangs and beautifies it. As you near the Gap the scene suddenly changes: the ground rises rapidly, almost precipitously before you, and at the entrance the mountain seems to have been suddenly riven asunder. The rugged walls rise in huge grandeur 1600 feet, partially covered with lofty pines, and overhang the road with immense masses of rock which nearly obscure the day and threaten destruction to the traveller beneath. But the passage widens as you proceed, and the scenery becomes less imposing and assumes a more cheerful aspect.

In pursuing the right angled sinuosities of the ravine you lose sight of the entrance, and look back in vain for the fearful chasm. It seems to have closed behind you. A semi-circular mountain wall, fresh with dense forests, sweeps gracefully around the retrospect and bounds the vision. The stream apparently terminates in a deep, silent lake, dark, and gloomy as the fabled Acheron, and the *coup d'ail* forms an amphitheatre of indescribable grandeur. Quite the reverse is the prospect as you advance. Several emerald isles in the bosom of the stream contrast beautifully with the rocky, wood-clad eminences, which now have a more rounded form.

The distance through the pass is about two miles. At about two thirds of the way from the entrance of the road ascends the side of the ridge, and perched on a commanding spot, 150 feet above the river, stands the forest House—which affords every luxury and comfort for man and beast. A few rods beyond, the road winds over the brow of the mountain and passes on to the west, it being the regular mail route from Easton to Owego.

The view from the house is romantic enough for the most ardent worshipper of the picturesque. It presents a perfect panorama of mountains, enclosing the deep basin through which the river flows in placid beauty, reflecting the blue sky above and the green forest around it; for nothing else is visible, save a solitary white tavern in the bosom of the forest, far down towards the south, which gives a fine relief to the scene. The view by moonlight, when the overhanging canopy is bespangled with stars, is itself worth all the toil and expense of the journey. Of all retreats in the world, this is the place for a young married couple during the honeymoon.

A water fall, formed by a mountain stream which dashes in full volume over a rocky precipice, some 90 or 100 feet, into the deep bed of the river, is one of the most exciting features in this basin scene. No description can surpass the magnificence of the view as you

gaze upward from the margin of the river below. The water rushes down violently over huge rocks covered with a foam of snowy whiteness, contrasting finely with the deep surrounding foliage, while the spray, sparkling in the reflected light, resembles a shower of diamonds. The effect upon the spectator is indescribable.

Passing on from the cataract, the path leads you along the stream under a canopy of trees, more than a half a mile to a rural bridge, which conducts to a level island of a dozen acres, entirely covered with a fine young growth of tall sycamores; which is hence called Sycamore Island. From this Island you can have a glorious prospect of the course of the river, which is bounded at some 4 or 5 miles distant, by the circle of mountains that encompass the whole scene. Geologists conjecture that this basin or bay once formed the bed of a large lake of water which, at some remote period, was released to pursue its course through the mountain by some mighty convulsion. The opinion is supposed to be corroborated by the extraordinary depth of the channel at the Gap. I do not know that it has ever been fathomed: we failed to reach the bottom at that spot with the longest lines our means would afford. Visitors should not fail to go down to it in a boat, for they are sure to return with indescribable impressions of the gloomy grandeur of the Acherontic deep.

There is nothing like a perfect contrast; and to a town weary citizen perhaps the greatest charm of this forest sanctuary is its calm.—Sweet relief from carking care to world-weary man! Yet there is nothing dull or dismal—a sweet serenity is over all, and the prevailing impression is peace—perfect peace. All is quiet and repose. You are thoroughly rescued from the sight of unseemly toil and thoughtless labor. Then the world is grander—the earth fresher and greener, and bluer is the sky, and less sober is our cheer of heart. The system becomes juvenelized—for here methinks one might live like the Nymphs and Fairies without growing old. I find my stomach has already become prompt, without being importunate, and Apicius himself could not desire more delicious fare. Fresh trout in the morning, and cool clean linen at night! Hunger turns every thing into luxury, and, after a meal which Belshazzar might have envied, we plunge into bed, and in half a minute fall into a sleep such as all the poppies,—all the "syrens and medicinal guns" of earth never administered. Sleep annihilates Night, and all the consciousness we have of that "ugly and foul gaited witch" is that we lay down by candle light full of the good things of this world and awake "under the opening eyelids of Morn" full of health spirits, and strength. Eternal praise and thanks to the Father of All!

Yours, &c.

Michigan Salt.

Mr. Lyon has for some time past been boring for salt water in the Grand River valley, Western Michigan. At the depth of 300 feet indications of salt began to be apparent and the boring was continued with but poor prospect of success to the depth of 661 feet, when the evidences were such that the boring was suspended, and tubes sunk to ascertain the quantity and quality of the brine. The Grand Rapids Enquirer states that on the 28th ult., the tubes were put down to the depth of 360 feet, when pure brine, of the quality of one bushel of salt to from 50 to 60 gallons, ascended and poured out of the tube with immense force. It is estimated that the tubes might be carried fifty feet higher, and the brine yet escape. From six to eight gallons are discharged per minute. This, without the use of a pump, or any means of elevation, is deemed unparalleled in the history of salinities. Mr. Lyon will send the tubes still lower with the expectation of obtaining still stronger brine, and commence boiling immediately. The enterprise is most important as well as successful.—Cleveland paper.

Otto of Roses.

The following is the recipe for making the celebrated otto or attar of roses, from a work recently published, entitled the *Memoirs of the Rose*.

"Take a very large earthen or stone jar, or a large clean wooden cask, fill it with the leaves of the flower of roses, very well picked, and freed from all seeds and stalks; pour on them as much pure spring water as will cover them, and set the vessel in the sun, in the morning, at sunrise, and let it stand till the evening; then take it into the house for the night. Expose it in this manner for six or seven successive days; and, at the end of the third or fourth day, a number of particles, of a fine, yellow, oily matter, will float on the surface; which in two or three days more, will gather into a scum, which is the otto of roses. This is taken up by some cotton, tied to the end of a piece of stick, and squeezed by the finger and thumb, into a small phial, which must be immediately well stopped;—and this is repeated for some successive evenings, or while any of this fine essential rises to the surface of the water. It is said that a hundred pounds weight of roses will not yield above half an ounce of this precious aroma."

United States Record.

PRINCIPAL OFFICERS OF THE GOVERNMENT SINCE THE ADOPTION OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

Presidents.

- 1789. George Washington, of Virginia.
- 1797. John Adams, of Massachusetts.
- 1801. Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.
- 1809. James Madison, of Virginia.
- 1817. James Monroe, of Virginia.
- 1825. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts.
- 1829. Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee.
- 1837. Martin Van Buren, of New-York.
- 1841. William H. Harrison, of Ohio, (died.)
- 1841. John Tyler, of Virginia.

Vice Presidents.

- 1789. John Adams, of Massachusetts.
- 1797. Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.
- 1801. Aaron Burr, of New-York.
- 1805. George Clinton, of New-York.
- 1812. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts.
- 1817. Daniel D. Tompkins, of New-York.
- 1825. John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina.
- 1833. Martin Van Buren, of New-York.
- 1837. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky.
- 1841. John Tyler, of Virginia.

Secretaries of State.

- 1789. Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.
- 1794. Edmund Randolph, of Virginia.
- 1795. Timothy Pickens, of Massachusetts.
- 1800. John Marshall, of Virginia.
- 1801. James Madison, of Virginia.
- 1809. Robert Smith, of Maryland.
- 1811. James Monroe, of Virginia.
- 1818. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts.
- 1825. Henry Clay, of Kentucky.
- 1829. Martin Van Buren, of New-York.
- 1831. Edward Livingston, of Louisiana.
- 1833. Louis McLane, of Delaware.
- 1835. John Forsyth, of Georgia.
- 1841. Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts.

Secretaries of the Treasury.

- 1789. Alexander Hamilton, of New-York.
- 1795. Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts.
- 1801. Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut.
- 1802. Albert Gallatin, of Pennsylvania.
- 1814. George W. Campbell, of Tennessee.
- 1814. Alexander J. Dallas, of Pennsylvania.
- 1817. William H. Crawford, of Georgia.
- 1825. Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania.
- 1829. Samuel D. Ingham, of Pennsylvania.
- 1831. Louis McLane, of Delaware.
- 1833. William J. Duane, of Pennsylvania.
- 1833. Roger B. Taney, of Maryland.
- 1834. Levi Woodbury, of New-Hampshire.
- 1841. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio.
- 1841. Walter Forward, of Pennsylvania.

Secretaries of War.

- 1789. Henry Knox, of Massachusetts.
- 1795. Timothy Pickens, of Pennsylvania.
- 1796. James McHenry, of Maryland.
- 1800. Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts.
- 1801. Roger Griswold, of Connecticut.
- 1801. Henry Dearborn, of Massachusetts.
- 1809. William Eustis, of Massachusetts.
- 1813. John Armstrong, of New-York.
- 1815. William H. Crawford, of Georgia.
- 1817. Isaac Shelby, Kentucky, (did not accept)
- 1817. John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina.
- 1825. James Barbour, of Virginia.
- 1828. Peter B. Porter, of New-York.
- 1829. John H. Eaton, of Tennessee.
- 1831. Lewis Cass, of Ohio.
- 1837. Joel Poinsett, of South Carolina.
- 1841. John Bell, of Tennessee.
- 1841. John McLean, of Ohio.

Secretaries of the Navy.

- 1789. George Cabot, of Massachusetts.
- 1797. Benjamin Stoddard, of Maryland.
- 1802. Robert Smith, of Maryland.
- 1805. Jacob Crowninshield, of Massachusetts.
- 1809. Paul Hamilton, of South Carolina.
- 1812. William James, of Pennsylvania.
- 1814. Benjn Crowninshield, of Massachusetts.
- 1818. Smith Thompson, of New-York.
- 1824. Samuel L. Southard, of New-Jersey.
- 1829. John Branch, of North Carolina.
- 1831. Levi Woodbury, of New-Hampshire.
- 1834. Mahlon Dickerson, of New-Jersey.
- 1837. James K. Paulding, of New-York.
- 1841. George E. Badger, of North Carolina.
- 1841. Abel P. Upshur, of Virginia.

Postmasters General.

- 1789. Samuel Osgood, of Massachusetts.
- 1791. Timothy Pickens, of Massachusetts.
- 1795. Joseph Habersham, of Georgia.
- 1802. Gideon Granger, of New-York.
- 1814. Return J. Meigs, Jr. of Ohio.
- 1823. John McLean, of Ohio.
- 1829. William T. Barry, of Kentucky.
- 1835. Amos Kendall, of Kentucky.
- 1840. John M. Niles, of Connecticut.
- 1841. Francis Granger, of New-York.
- 1841. Charles A. Wickliffe, of Kentucky.

Chief Justices of the Supreme Court.

- 1789. John Jay, of New-York.
- 1796. Wm. Cushing, of Massachusetts.
- 1796. Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut.
- 1800. John Jay, of New-York.
- 1801. John Marshall, of Virginia.
- 1836. Roger B. Taney, of Maryland.

Attorneys General.

- 1789. Edmund Randolph, of Virginia.

- 1794. Wm. Bradford, of Pennsylvania.
- 1795. Charles Lee, of Virginia.
- 1801. Levi Lincoln, of Massachusetts.
- 1805. Robert Smith, of Maryland.
- 1806. John Breckenridge, of Kentucky.
- 1807. Cesar A. Rodney, of Delaware.
- 1811. Wm. A. Pickney, of Maryland.
- 1814. Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania.
- 1817. Wm. Wirt, of Virginia.
- 1829. J. McPherson Berrien, of Georgia.
- 1831. Roger B. Taney, of Maryland.
- 1835. Benjamin F. Butler, of New-York.
- 1837. Henry D. Gilpin, of Pennsylvania.
- 1841. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky.
- 1841. Hugh S. Legare, of South Carolina.

New Steam Coach.

A steam-coach, or, more properly speaking, a steam-carriage, on an improved principle, and carrying sixteen persons, belonging to the General Steam Co., was, on Saturday week, tried on the road between Regent's park and the Manor House, at Tottenham. The carriage, which is an experimental one, has four transverse seats, each of which accommodates four persons; the boiler and apparatus is behind the seats; the conductor, or he who has the management of the carriage, sits on the front seat and guides it, and governs its speed by a sort of a handle, which rises from the foot-board.

The carriage left the York and Albany Tavern a little after four o'clock; and proceeded with a full load of scientific gentlemen to the Manor House, Tottenham; here it was turned round with perfect facility by the conductor, and it returned to the York and Albany Tavern. The distance traversed is, between eight and nine miles, it was traversed in rather less than half an hour. The road underlates considerably, and there are some steep ascents; nevertheless, the speed up hill was good, certainly twelve miles an hour; on level ground it was fourteen; and on the descents sixteen to eighteen miles. The carriage was turned round when going at the rate of ten miles an hour.

The conductor had a perfect command of the carriage, and caused it to pass between carriages drawn by horses, carts, &c., with which some portion of the road was crowded, without coming in contact with any one of them, and with a facility of management that was surprising. The appearance of the carriage and the rapidity of its motion caused several horses to shy, but no accident ensued. There is no visible escape of steam, nor is there any annoyance from smoke. The trip was very satisfactory, and it appears certain that a carriage of this sort can be used on any roads. An extract from a printed description, published by the company will further explain its advantages:—

"The steam-coach is capable of ascending the steepest hills or descending into the deepest glens with ease and safety; it is indifferent to the inequality of surface, passes through the most crowded and public streets with as much facility as a stagecoach; stopping more promptly, setting down passengers at their own houses or hotels, delivering parcels to their respective consignees, acknowledging a responsibility, (the best guarantee for property of management,) and consulting in the most entire manner the accommodation and safety of passengers."—London paper.

Blister Fly.

This fly is usually known by the name of the potatoe fly. It is very destructive to potatoes, beets, tomatoes, &c. It is about three-fourths of an inch long, bladder shaped; some nearly entirely black, while others have from one to three yellow streaks on the back. They are said to be superior to the Spanish fly for blisters. Children may very profitably be employed in gathering them, as cantharides often sell at from \$10 to \$16 a pound. They may be prepared by putting them in boiling water to kill them, and then drying them. Mr. R. Pindell of Lexington, says that he has succeeded completely in arresting their ravages, by sprinkling, before the dew was evaporated, slacked lime on the plants where they were feeding. It may be done after a rain. Of course every thing they are likely to feed on should be sprinkled in like manner.—Louisville Gaz.

Sugar Trade.—The progress of the Sugar trade is astonishing. Hunt's Magazine says that in 1836, there were 6,461,000 pounds shipped from New-Orleans, although the amount shipped in 1830 was trifling. In 1840, it had increased to more than forty-seven millions of pounds. Should the manufacture of Sugars increase for five years to come in the same rate it has heretofore done, we shall make Sugar enough for our own domestic consumption. In 1839, nearly ten millions of dollars were paid to foreigners for Sugar, an amount astonishing when it is perceived that this exceeds the value of any one article exported from this country, excepting cotton.

"The last link is broken," as David R. said when the U. S. Bank, made its assignment.

"That's my impression!" as the Printer said when he kissed a pretty girl.

A Card.

During the last winter session of Congress, and during that which has just expired, I received vast numbers of letters, the receipt of which I did not acknowledge. The alternative was presented of my omitting to answer them, or a total neglect of my public duties. In deciding to attend to these, I embraced that branch of the alternative which I hoped my correspondents would approve or excuse. But I desire now to offer this apology to them, and to say that my apparent neglect did not proceed from any insensibility to the value or importance of their communications.

H. CLAY.

WASHINGTON, Sept 14, 1841.

THE MOON.—M. Arago, the celebrated astronomer, has been giving lectures to crowded audiences, on the nature of the moon. He contends that this planet is not an inhabited body, and that it is without any kind of vitality, either animal or vegetable. He denies, also, that it has either seas, rivers, or lakes, but admits that it has mountains and valleys, which, however, he says, are of primitive formation.

EX-GOV. RITNER was not rejected by the Senate but withdrawn by the President, upon evidence being adduced that by a recent visitation of blindness, he had become incompetent for the proper discharge of the duties of the post, (Director of the Mint.) Col. ISAAC ROACH, of Philadelphia, was immediately nominated in his stead.

An old one.—A correspondent of the Balti more Argus states that there is now living in Somerset co., Md. in the lower district, near the residence of Hon. T. H. Carroll, an old lady named Mrs. Elizabeth Cottingham who was, according to the records of her family, one hundred and ten years old last March. Mrs. Cottingham can see to read without spectacles and yet talks with good sense, and appears to have a sound judgement, and to exercise her mind about matters of a domestic kind with a great deal of discretion.

It is calculated that ten millions of bushels of grain less has been converted into malt for distillation, &c. this year than there was last year, owing to the temperance reform in the U. States. So much gained for health, plenty, and domestic happiness.

A Good Haul.—A correspondent of the Yarmouth Register, at Chatham, Mass., under the date of Aug. 20 writes—"There was taken in our harbor, yesterday, 2307 bass at one haul, some of which weighed 70 or 75 pounds, and all were of good size."

Emigrants.—There have arrived at the port of Quebec this season, up to the 28th Aug. 25, 347 emigrants, being 4,748 more than during the same time last year.

Ages of Animals.

According to the best authorities, the following is the average length of life of certain species of animals:

	Years.		Years.
Beaver	50	Ass	30
Dog	20	Camel	50
Wolf	20	Lama	15
Fox	14 to 16	Reindeer	16
Lion	25 to 60	Chamois	25
Domestic Cat	15	Stag	under 50
Squirrel	7	Goat	12
Hare	8	Sheep	under 10
Rabbit	7	Cows	15
Elephant	100	Ox	20
Pigs	25	Dolphin	30
Rhinoceros	20	Porpoise	30
Horse	30		

A Declaration of Principles.

"Feller citizens," said an Arkansas orator who mounted the stump a short time since—"Feller citizens, didn't I aid in riding Bill Paker, the black-leg, on a rail?"

"You did! you did!" said his auditory.

"Didn't I, feller citizens, fiek that big podlar from the Jarseys that spoke disrespectfully of our state?"

"Yes—yes! you did! you did!" unanimously shouted the meeting.

"Feller citizens, when Jim Jenkins was prosecuted by his political enemies for horse stealing, didn't I, as foreman of his jury, write his verdict—'guilty of assault and battery,' recommending him to meroy?"

Cries of—"You did! you did!—you're a bus-ster!"

"Is there a man in this crowd, feller citizens, that doesn't owe me a drink?"

"No, not one."

"Hav'n't you alwas seen me willing to stand treat?"

"Always—always—you're a horse!"

"Well, now, you all know I voted for old Tip and Tyler at the last election; but if ever I do it again, I'll be —, Let's liquor."

"Tremendous cheering," as the fellow said ven his wife belabored him with a chair.