

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 3.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1842.

No. 3.

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THEODORE SCHOCH.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance.—Two dollars and a quarter, half-yearly.—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 25 cts. per year, extra.
No papers of color, and all arrangements are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A special discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER

BLANKS,

PAMPHLETS, &c.

Printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms

AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.



PROTECT EACH OTHER. WAYNE COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

ALL Persons insuring in this company are members equally interested in its welfare and in the election of its officers.

In order to become a member of this company and thereby be insured, the applicant gives a premium note, the amount of which is in proportion to the amount to be insured, and its degree of hazard, thus: If \$1000 is to be insured, at 5 per cent., he gives his note for \$50. If at 10 per cent. he gives his note for \$100, and in that proportion for a greater or less sum, according to the rate of hazard, on which note he advances 6 per cent. and an additional sum of \$1.50 for survey and policy. He then becomes a member on the approval of his application and is insured for five years. The aggregate of the premium notes constitutes the cash fund, chargeable first, with the expenses, and second, with the losses of the Company; and should it prove insufficient to pay both losses and expenses the money to meet the losses, (should any occur) is borrowed agreeably to the act of incorporation, and paid. An assessment is then made to repay such loan upon the premium notes, in proportion to their respective amounts, and in no case to be made but once a year, notwithstanding several losses may happen.

At the expiration of five years the note, if any assessments have been made and paid, is given up, and the insured may renew his application.

Policies may at any time be assigned or surrendered and cancelled, and the premium notes given up, according to the by-laws of the Company. No more than three fourths of the cash value of any property will be insured, and all great hazards, such as Cotton Factories, Powder Mills, Distilleries, Machine Shops, Manufactories for Prime's Ink, and all establishments of the same class of hazards, are not insured upon any conditions whatever, and that no one risk is taken over \$5000. It is considered much more safe and less expensive than in Stock companies, where they insure large amounts and hazardous property.
STOGDELL STOKES, Agent.
Stroudsburg, Monroe co., Dec. 15, 1841.

For Sale, Rent or Exchange, That valuable SAW MILL,

House and 12 Acres of Land, situated on Cherry creek, at Dutot'sburg, in Lower Smithfield township, Monroe county, Pa., about two and a half miles from Stroudsburg, county seat of Monroe, and about half a mile from the Delaware Water Gap, known as the Carey property. The above property is offered for sale on reasonable terms. Payments made easy, a considerable portion of the purchase money can remain on Bond and Mortgage for a term of years. If not sold on or before the first of April next, it is then offered for rent. For terms apply to M. M. DIMMICK, Stroudsburg, or to ENOS GOBLE, near Dills' Ferry.
February 28, 1842.

BAR IRON.

DOUBLE AND SINGLE REFINED,
Bar Iron, Car, Coach & Wagon Axles,
SAW SLABS,

CROW BAR, SLEDGE AND PLOUGH MOULDS,
Axe and Gun Barrel Iron,
And a general assortment of
WAGON TYRE & SQUARE IRON,
constantly on hand and will be sold on the most reasonable terms, by
EVANS, SCRANTON & Co.
Anatomick Iron Works,
January 1, 1842.

JOB WORK

Neatly executed at this Office.

DICKSON'S WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUG & APOTHECARY STORE,



Nearly opposite the Easton Bank.
The subscriber thankful for the liberal patronage extended towards him, begs leave to inform his customers and the public in general, that he still continues to receive fresh supplies of Drugs, Medicines, Poisons, Oil and Glass, from the Importers and Manufacturers which he will sell to country merchants and customers at as low prices as they can be obtained in New York or Philadelphia, and on as liberal terms.

Warranted pure ground White Lead.
No. 1 do do do
No. 2 do do do
Window Glass of all sizes, from 6-8 to 25-30.
Putty and Whiting.

Spanish Brown in kegs and barrels
English Venetian Red, in kegs and barrels.
Yellow Ochre and Litharge
Chrome Green and Yellow
Spanish and Turpentine Gum Copal
Raw and boiled Linseed Oil
Red Lead and Pottery Clay
Coach and Cabinet Varnish
Paint and Varnish Brushes
Pumice Stone and Sand Paper
Lamp Black and patent do.
Prime Umbro Madder
Spanish and Blue Vitriol.
Extract and chipped Logwood
Chipped Fustic and Redwood
Oil Vitriol and Aquafortis
Ochineal and Liquid Blue
Pig and bar Lead
Black Lead and Sand Crucibles
Prussian Blue
Ground and grain Pepper
Do Cassia
Cloves and Nutmegs
Ginger and Allspice
Licorice Ball and Root
Sarsaparilla and Arrow Root
Epsom and Glauber Salts
Sulphur Morphia
Do Quinine
Castor and Sweet Oil
Jayne's Expectoant
Do Carmine Balsam
Do Hair Tonic
Bear and Buffalo Oil
Cologne and Lavender Water
Fancy Soap assorted
Hay's Pile Lintment
Essence Mustard for Rheumatism
Batemans Drops and Godfrey's Cordial
Gold Tincture
Essence Peppermint and Harlem Oil
Balsam of Life
Liquid and Steer's Opodeldoc
Keyser's German Pills
Lee's Anti Bilious do
Thompson's Eye Water
Together with a general assortment of every article connected with the above business.

JOHN DICKSON, Druggist,
at Doc. Fickard's Old Stand, No. 71, Northampton street, Easton Pa.
March 31, 1841.

Gum Copal.
10 Cases E. I. Gum Copal in stone, for sale by JOHN DICKSON, Druggist, nearly opposite the Easton Bank.
Easton, March 31, 1841.

WINTER and fall strained SPERM OIL.
Bleached Winter and Fall strained, in hds. and bbls., for sale, by JOHN DICKSON, Druggist.
Easton, March 31, 1841.

Nutmegs.
1 Case fresh country Nutmegs, in store, and for sale wholesale and retail, by JOHN DICKSON, Druggist.
Easton, March 31, 1841.

Cloves.
200 Pounds fresh Cloves, just received and for sale wholesale and retail, by JOHN DICKSON, Druggist.
Easton, March 31, 1841.

Copperas.
5 Barrels green Copperas, just received and for sale wholesale and retail, by JOHN DICKSON, Druggist.
Easton, March 31, 1841.

Spirits Turpentine.
10 Barrels, just received and for sale wholesale and retail, by JOHN DICKSON, Druggist.
Easton, March 31, 1841.

Whiting.
10 Barrels Whiting, just received and for sale wholesale and retail, by JOHN DICKSON, Druggist.
Easton, March 31, 1841.

Indigo.
5 Ceroons Prime Sp. Indigo, just received and for sale by JOHN DICKSON, Druggist.
Easton, March 31, 1841.

Coach Body Varnish.
5 Barrels Coach Body Varnish, warranted not to crack, just received and for sale by JOHN DICKSON, Druggist.
Easton, March 31, 1841.

Blank Deeds
For sale at this office.

POETRY.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
LINES.

BY EDWARD YOUNG.

Let those who will, repine at fate
And droop their heads with sorrow;
I laugh when cares upon me wait;
I know they'll leave to-morrow.
My purse is light, but what of that!
My heart is light to match it;
And if I tear my only coat,
I laugh the while I patch it.
I've seen some elves, who called themselves
My friends, in summer weather;
Blown far away in sorrows day,
As winds would blow a feather,
I never grieved to see them go;
(The rascals, who would heed 'em.)
For what's the use of having friends,
If false when you most need 'em.
I've seen some, in worldly gear,
Eternally repining.
Their hearts a prey to every fear;
With gladness never shining,
I would not change my lightsome heart,
For all their gold and sorrow:
For that's a thing that all their wealth,
Can neither pay nor borrow.
And still when sorrows come to me,
(As sorrows sometimes will come.)
I find the way to make them flee,
Is bidding them right welcome,
They cannot brook a cheerful look,
They're used to sighs and sighing,
And he that meets them with a smile,
Is sure to set them flying.

Agony.

Nothing is more sublime in nature than a war horse, half frightened to death, and a village poet laboring under a vision.

TOSALLY.

BY ZEPHANIAH STALING.

Sally Dumpkins are the gal,
What I do most add mire,
I kol her my sweet charmin' Sal,
And me her Zephaniah.

Go-Betweens.

There is perhaps not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which I mean that creature who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By this vile officiousness, he makes that poison effective, which else were inert; for three fourths of the slanderers would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who, under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

An Indian Retort.

An Indian complained to a retailer that the price of his liquor was too high. The latter in justification said that it cost as much to keep a hoghead of brandy as to keep a cow. The Indian replied, "May be he drink as much water, but he no eat so much hay."

Very Much.

Speaking of ice, a "down east" editor remarks that "ice made in the eastern states, is much better, inasmuch as it is much cooler than that produced out west." Much as this man writes "much" about ice, he does not appear to know much.

Wonderful.

The editor of the Richmond Star, in making his great Northern tour, says he travelled three hundred miles with three ladies, and not a single hand-box. Either there is a great reform going on in the world, or great travellers have not ceased to be great story tellers.

A genius outwest has discovered a method of manufacturing from ONE dandy, a monkey, an ape, and three baboons, so as to have enough left for a small yellow dog.

GREEN.—'Let go the job there! Let go that job quick!' bawled an eastern skipper to a green hand, when his craft was caught in a squall. 'I ain't a touching yer job,' replied honest Jonathan.

Dialogue between a Clergyman and one of his Parishioners.—Parishioner. It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons. I'm sick of their dull, prosy affairs.

Parishioner. But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons.

Parishioner. Yes, but then you are so long about it. I could write one myself in half the time, if I only had the text.

Parishioner. O, if a text is what you want, I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon: It is better to dwell on the house-top than in a broad house with a brawling woman.

Parishioner. Do you mean me, sir?
Parishioner. O, my good woman, you will never make a good sermonizer; you are too soon in your application.

Fashionable Gait.—The Sunday Mercury says. "We like to see a young lady walk as though a flea was biting her on each hip; it is so fascinating. She is just the match for the dandy, who steps like an open winged turkey travelling over a bed of hot ashes."

A Western Court Room.

In spite of all the officers could do, the uproar increased, some whistling, some cutting the tables and benches, some smoking segars, and cracking walnuts on the old fashioned stores, when our attention was directed to a double-fisted fellow, who appeared desirous to get up a small fight; "h—! I'm afloat and the river's a risin'" said he; "I'm the yaller flower of the forest, a locomotive, a flash and a half of lightning, a perfect thundergust—who wants to fight?" Some half dozen officials laid hands upon our violent friend, and pulled him before the judge, where he reiterated his challenge, shook his fist in his honor's face, and declared himself to be "a horse and no mistake." "Put that horse in the stable," said the Court. "You ain't in right down rale earnest, are you?" said this modern Sampson—"Indeed I am," replied the judge. "What mayhap your name be?" "Colter," said the Court. "Then" screeched out the other, "By Mars, you're not to deep to plough this ground, so look out for roots and rattle snakes, if ever you come fooling your time up at Buzzard's settlement." "Take the prisoner to jail, Mr. Sheriff."

Running on a Raft.

A friend relates the following incident which occurred on a late trip up the Mississippi:—It was at least an hour before daylight, and our good boat, the Rocky mountain, was stemming her way against a heavy current, when we were started by a heavy concussion, which threw several of the passengers out of their berths. In a moment all was confusion—the bell rang, engine stopped, and we all hastened to the bow of the boat, where an angry discussion was heard between our captain, who was a man of violent passions, and some one who appeared to be on a level with the water. A moment sufficed to explain our situation, and we could not help laughing to see our fine boat high up half of her length, on a large raft. By this time we had floated a considerable distance down the river, and our captain seeing it, gave way to a dreadful fit of rage: yelling, tearing his hair, and showering volleys of oaths at the captain of the raft, who to us seemed (as it was too dark to see) either unwilling or unable to talk, and finally concluded by avowing a determination of getting down and giving the rascals a thrashing.

"Before you do that, stranger," growled a deep voice from the raft, 'you had better bring out a light and look at me—I rather think you would alter your mind.'

A light was brought, and if ever a man had reason to rescind a resolution, it was our captain.—There stood a giant, full seven feet high, with a broad brim hat on his head, a red flannel shirt open in front, disclosing a chest as broad as an ox, and his legs clothed in buckskin leggings, which evidently had once an Indian owner. Placing himself in an attitude, he screeched out—

"What do you think of me; ain't I the tallest specimen of a man that you ever seed; do you want to fight now, little catamount? How would you like to take a licking in broken doses?—you confounded dupe, you. I am the very chap that has been running down all the flat-boats on the river—how do you like a raft? hurra for the king of the whirlwinds: he's a hoss, and no mistake!"

Explanations and expostulations ensued; and in an hour, by the aid of the raftsmen, we were again under way. As the raft swept by us with the current, her captain sang out—

"The next time you want to fight in the dark, my little fellow, have a light fothed out first, or you might run agin a snag."

A busy fellow.

The New Era says there is an editor down east, who is not only his own compositor, pressman and devil, but keeps a tavern, is village schoolmaster, captain in the military, mends his own boots and shoes, makes patent Brandreth pills, puddles essences and tin-ware two days in the week, and always reads sermons on the Sabbath, when the minister happens to be missing. In addition to all this, he has a wife and sixteen children.—The Boston Morning Post says that this is not all—he owns a schooner, and came to Boston with a cargo of onions and potatoes last fall, raised by himself, and gave notice to his subscribers, when he left, that the issuing of the next number of his paper would depend on the wind—atmospherical and financial, we suppose.

Baltimore papers soften down the uncouth term "mobs," and call them "spontaneous meetings."

This is nearly as polite as the Rev. J.N. Maffit. In his sermons he styles a certain gentleman—"His Satannic Majesty."—Well, it is best perhaps for him to be polite,—there's no knowing where he may want a friend some day.

Extracts from Miss Beecher's Treatise on Domestic Economy.

White Wash. There is nothing which so much improves the appearance of a house and the premises, as painting or whitewashing the tenements and fences. The following receipts for whitewashing, have been found by experience, to answer the same purpose of wood, brick and stone, as oil-paint, are much cheaper. The first is the receipt used for the President's house at Washington, improved by further experiments. The second is a simpler and cheaper one, which the writer has known to succeed in a variety of cases lasting as long and looking as well as white oil paint.

Receipt. Take half a bushel of unslacked lime, and slack it with boiling hot water, covering it during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, put in boiling hot; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting; and a pound of clear glue dissolved in water. Mix, and let it stand several days. Then keep it in a kettle on a portable furnace, and put on as hot as possible, with a painter's or whitewash brush.

Another. Make whitewash in the usual way, except that the water used should have two double handfuls of salt dissolved in each pailful of the hot water used. Then stir in a double handful of sand, to make it thick like cream. This is better to be put on hot. Coloring matter can be added to both, making a light stone color, a cream color, or a light buff, which are most suitable for buildings.

To PRESERVE BACON FROM FLIES.—My simple mode of preserving Bacon may be of use to some of your readers. I lay it down in charcoal, and find it preserved from the fly and kept perfectly sweet, without any further trouble than putting the coal between the several layers. I do not even pound the coal up fine, but take it from the coal heap just as it comes, coarse and fine together. When I want a cut of bacon, I take it off, put the remainder back, or throwing some of the fine charcoal on the fresh cut surface, hang up the remainder, and so cut from it till it is all consumed. The flies will not touch it. The coal dust is easily washed off before cooking, and the coal in which it has been packed, is as good for burning as ever. [Cultivator.]

Close of the Week.

A week! It is but a short time indeed; but its events are a host, its changes many. To whom has the week just about to close brought joy?—to whom, sorrow?—to whom, riches?—to whom, poverty?—to whom, friends?—to whom, enemies?—to whom, love?—to whom, hatred?—to whom, freedom?—to whom, misery?—to whom, happiness?—to whom, sickness?—to whom, health?—to whom, life?—or, to whom, DEATH? What! all these changes in one week? Yea, and a host, more numerous than the sands of the sea. Many who saw the dawning of the present week will be in another world ere its close; many upon whom fortune smited but a week ago, are now groaning beneath the withering frowns of poverty; many who were floating gently on the bark of life, o'er the untroubled sea of happiness, a week ago are now wrecks of ruin on the shores of affliction; many upon whom the sun of last Sabbath shone propitiously, have, ere this time, met with some misfortune, and are turned upon the world the children of poverty; and many, whose expectations and hopes were beaming forth bright and prosperous at the dawn of the week, find themselves at the close the sad and miserable beings of cruel disappointment.

And such is the fate of man! It is subject to changes in a week, a day, nay, even an hour. The world is still in commotion—revolution succeeding revolution; time whirling in its rapid progress, leaving behind it traces of destruction. And even in a small community many thrilling and exciting circumstances might be summed up and recorded at the close of each week.

Who can solve this Problem?

Fill a wine glass to the brim with water, or if possible, raise it higher than the edge, by letting one drop fall at a time until the water presents a convex surface. When this is done drop into the glass as many common pins as will fill it, and the water will not overflow.—This simple experiment may be easily tried, but I have never seen it explained. Water is not compressible in a wine glass and the pins are made of solid metal, yet the water in the glass remains as it was before the pins were dropped in.

"Money," says the adage, "is the root of all evil!" If it is, it is very scarce root just now. It appears to have been rooted out from among us. We do not perceive that the people are a grain better for the scarcity—we think they are worse—they are certainly worse off. If it be an evil, it is a very necessary one. Our maxim is, "of two evils, choose the least;" and as money is acknowledged to be a necessary evil, we hope the root will speedily take root and spread its branches far and near. We will cheerfully pocket our share of the evil.—American Sentinel.