

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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NOTICE.

To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe county, now composing and holding the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the said County.

The Petition of James Johnson, of the township of Coolbaugh, in said county, Respectfully sheweth: That he occupies a house in the said township, which has heretofore been used and occupied as a Public House of Entertainment, and is desirous of continuing to keep a public house therein. He therefore prays your Honors to grant him a license to keep a Public House at the place aforesaid for the ensuing year. And he will pray.

JAMES JOHNSON.

We the subscribers, citizens of and residing within the bounds of the township of Coolbaugh, do hereby certify that we know the house for which license is prayed, and from its neighborhood and situation believe it to be necessary for the accommodation of the public and entertainment of strangers and travellers, that such house should be licensed; And we further certify, that we are personally and well acquainted with James Johnson, the above petitioner, and that he is, and we know him to be of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers. Timothy Madden, Jesper Vliet, William Roche, William Madden, Frederick Bush, Jeremiah Galvin, Philip Gearhart, Dennis Murphy, Patrick Galvin, Daniel Callaghan, John Callaghan, William Holmes, Oliver D. Smith, Samuel Warner.

March 30, 1842.



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 Printer'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. STODDELL STOKES, Agent.

Strodsburg, Monroe co., Dec. 15, 1841.

POETRY.

True and False Ambition.

I would not wear the warrior's wreath;
I would not court his crown;
For love and virtue sink beneath
His dark and vengeful frown.
I would not seek my fame to build,
In glory's dizzy height;
Her temple is with orphans filled;
Blood soils her sceptre bright.
I would not wear the diadem,
By folly prized so dear!
For want and woe hath bought each gem,
And every pearl's a tear.
I would not heap the golden dust
That sorrid spirits crave:
For every grain, (by penury curst)
Is gathered from the grave.
No let my wreath unsullied be
My fame be virtuous youth;
My wealth be kindness, charity;
My diadem be truth.

Scandal.

"Now let it work. Mischievous art afoot,
Take what course thou wilt."

The substance of the following is no fiction. In a neighboring village, whose inhabitants, like the people of Athens, were much given to 'either telling or hearing some new things,' lived Squire P——, a facetious, good sort of a body, whose jokes are even yet a matter of village record, and have been re-told through various editions, from folio down to duodecimo.

Aunt Lizzy was Deacon Snip's wife's sister, a maiden about fifty. She went to all the meetings—kept a regular account of every birth, death and marriage, with their dates—doctored the babies—showed the young married ladies how to make soap, and when they had bad luck, made every child in the house sit cross-legged until the bad luck changed.—In fine, she was a king of the village factotum—spent her time in going from house to house, grinding out a gist of slander to each, as occasion required, but always concluded with—"the way of transgressors is hard; poor Miss A. or B., (as the case might be) I pity her from the bottom of my heart," or some soothing reflection. Aunt Lizzy was very fond of asking strangers, and others, without regard to time and place, 'the state of their minds; how they enjoyed their minds,' &c. These questions were generally followed by a string of scandal which was calculated to destroy the peace and happiness of some of her best friends; but she, like other narrators of this kind, considered such intellectual murder as either establishing her own fair reputation, or as the best mode of entertaining the village, and thereby rendering her society agreeable.

One warm summer's afternoon, as the squire was sitting near the door smoking his pipe, aunt Lizzy was passing by with great speed, ruminating on the news of the day, when the squire brought her suddenly to, as the sailors say, by 'what's your hurry, aunt Lizzy; walk in.' The old lady, who never wanted a second invitation, went into the office, and the following dialogue soon commenced:

'Well, squire P——, I've been thinking this forenoon, what a useful man you might be, if you would only leave off your light conversation, as the good book says, and become a serious man; you might be an ornament to both church and state, as our minister says.'

'Why, as to that, aunt Lizzy a cheerful countenance, I consider as the best index of a grateful heart, and you know what the Bible says on that subject—'when ye fast, be not like the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; but anoint thy head and wash thy face'—(aunt Lizzy began to feel for her pocket handkerchief, for she was a taker of snuff.)—'that you appear not unto man too fast.'

'Now there, squire, that's just what I told you—see how you have the scripture at your tongue's end; what a useful man you might be in our church, if you'd only be a deer as well as a bearer of the good word.'

'As to that, aunt Lizzy, I don't see that your professors, as you call them, are a whit better than I am in private. I respect a sincere profession as much as any man, but I know enough of one that she is no better than she should be.'

At this inuendo, aunt Lizzy's little black eyes began to twinkle. She sat down beside the squire, in order to speak in a lower tone, spread her handkerchief over her lap, and began to tap the cover of her snuff box in true style; and all things being in readiness for a regular siege of 'scandalum magnum,' she commenced her fire.

'Now, squire, I want to know who you mean—the trollope, I didn't like so many curls about her head when she told her experience.'

The squire finding that curiosity was putting on its boots, had no occasion to add spurs to the heels, for the old lady had one in her head that was worth two of them. Accordingly he had no peace until he consented to explain what he meant by the expression, 'in private,' this was a dear word with aunt Lizzy.

'Aunt Lizzy, will you take a bible oath that you will never communicate what I am about to tell you, to a living being; that you will keep

it while you live as the most inviolable secret.'

'Yes, squire, I declare I won't never tell any body nothing about it as long as I breathe the breath of life; and I'll take a bible oath of it; there, sartin as I live before you or any other magistrate in the whole county.'

'Well, then, you know when I went to Boston a year ago?'

'Yes, squire, and know who went with you, too, Susan R. and Dolly T. and her sister Prudence?'

'None of your buts, squire, out with it; if folks will act so—a trollope.'

'But aunt Lizzy I am afraid you will bring me into a scrape.'

'I've told you over and over again, that nobody shall know nothing about it, and your wife knows I ain't leaky.'

'My wife? I wouldn't have her to know what I was going to say, for the world; why aunt Lizzy, if she should know it—'

'Well don't be afraid, squire; once for all, I'll take an oath that no living critter shan't never, as long as I live, know a lisp on't.'

'Well, then, if you must know it—I slept with one of the likeliest of your young church members nearly half the way up?'

Aunt Lizzy drew in a long breath, shut up her snuff box and put it in her pocket, muttering to herself—

'The likeliest of our church members! I thought it was Susan B. Likeliest! this comes of being flattered—a trollope. Well, one thing I know—the way of transgressors is hard; but I hope you'll never tell nobody on't, squire, for sartin as the world, if such a thing should be known, our church would be scattered abroad like sheep without a shepherd.'

In a few minutes aunt Lizzy took her departure, giving the squire another caution and a sly wink, as she said good bye.

It was not many days before squire P——, received a very polite note from parson G——, requesting him to attend a meeting of the church, in the south conference room, in order to settle some difficulties with one of the church members, who in order to clear up her character requested squire P——, to be present.

The parson was a very worthy man, knew the frailty of some of the "weak sisters," as aunt Lizzy called them, and as he was a particular friend of squire P——'s, requested him to say nothing of it to his wife; but the squire took the hint, and telling his wife there was a parish meeting, requested her to be ready by two o'clock, and he would call for her.

Accordingly the hour of the meeting came; the whole village flocked to the room and all eyes were alternately on the squire and Susey B. Mr. P. stared, and Susey looked as though she had been crying a fortnight. The parson, with softened tone, and in a delicate manner as possible, stated the story about Susan B. which he observed was in every body's mouth, and which he did not himself believe a word of—and squire P. being called upon to stand as witness, after painting in lively colors the evils of slander with which their village had become infested, and particularly the church, called on aunt Lizzy, in the presence of the whole meeting, and before the church, to come out and make acknowledgement for violating a bible oath! Aunt Lizzy's excuse was that she only told deacon S's wife on't, and she took an oath that she would never tell nobody else on't.—Deacon S's wife had, it appears, sworn Rogers to his sisters, never to tell nobody of the matter, but it went through the whole church, and thence through the whole village.

The squire then acknowledged before the meeting that he had, as he told aunt Lizzy, slept with a church member half the way up to Boston, and that he believed her to be the likeliest of their members, inasmuch as she would never bear or retail slanders. All eyes were now alternately on Susey B. and squire P's wife. Aunt Lizzy enjoyed a diabolical triumph, which the squire no sooner perceived than he finished the sentence, by declaring that the member to whom he alluded was his own lawful wife!

Aunt Lizzy drew in her head under a large bonnet as a turtle does under his shell, and marched away into one corner of the room, like a dog that had been killing sheep. The squire, as usual, burst into a fit of laughter, from which his wife, Susan B., and even the parson, could not refrain from joining—and parson G—— afterwards acknowledged that squire P—— had given the death blow to scandal in the village, which all his preaching could not have done.

Definition of a Bonnet.

The following definition of a bonnet, by a wag is very good: A protection for the back part of a lady's head—a something designed to keep her hair up, and to show the fine outlines of a beautiful forehead. A frail casket, in which a dazzling jewel is only one-third concealed.

A Dandy.

'No one would take you to be what you are,' said an old-fashioned gentleman a day or two ago, to a dandy who had more hair than brains. 'Why?' was the immediate return. 'Because they can't see your ears.'

Culture of Mustard.

Permit me to call the attention of farmers to the cultivation of mustard seed. I believe it is not generally known how large a quantity of this seed is annually consumed. It is imported from Holland and the more southern parts of Europe, and sold in our Atlantic markets at from three to four dollars per bushel. It is also raised in England and manufactured for the table, in which state it is exported to this country in large quantities. I believe that farmers who have soils suited to the growth of this seed will find it much more profitable than any other crop. It requires a rich, clean, moist soil; should be sowed about the time of other spring grains. Four quarts of brown seed will stock an acre sown broad-cast. It is sometimes sown in drills and hand hoed. It usually ripens quite uneven, and should be cut when it is sufficiently green to prevent waste by shelling, and stacked upon canvass, the top being thatched with straw to protect it from the weather.—It should remain in this situation till it is thoroughly cured. By this treatment, the unripe seeds will be sufficiently nourished by the stalk to render them plump and sound. It should be threshed upon canvass, as there would be considerable waste by removing it to a threshing floor. Particular pains should be taken in cleaning the seed. It will ordinarily yield from ten to twenty bushels per acre.—Several individuals in the town of Denmark, Lewis county, N. Y. raised small patches last season which yielded at the rate of twenty bushels per acre. Messrs French & Davis, mustard manufacturers of this city, offer to contract with farmers for what they can raise at \$3.50 per bushel for brown seed. The yellow seed is less valuable for manufacturing purposes. For this description of the culture of mustard seed I am principally indebted to interviews with English farmers and mustard manufacturers. N. R. FRENCH. Albany, 1842. [Cultivator.]

Important to Farmers.

Hart Massey, Esq. of this village, took a small portion of the seed corn with which he planted a field, and soaked it in a solution of salt nitre, commonly called salt-petre, and planted five rows with the seed thus prepared. Now for the result: The five rows planted with corn prepared with salt-petre, yielded more than 25 rows planted without any preparation. The five rows were untouched by the worms, while the remainder of the field suffered severely by their depredations. We should judge that not one kernel, saturated with salt-petre, was touched, while almost every hill in the adjoining row suffered severely. No one who will examine the field can doubt the efficacy of the preparation. He will be astonished at the striking difference between the five rows and the remainder of the field.

Here is a simple fact, which if seasonably known would have saved many thousands of dollars to the farmers of this county alone, in the article of corn. It is a fact which should be universally known, and is, in all probability, one of the greatest discoveries of modern times in the much neglected science of agriculture. At all events, the experiment should be extensively tested, as the results are deemed certain, while the expense is comparatively nothing.

Mr. M. also stated as to the result of another experiment tried upon one of his apple trees last spring. It is a fine, thrifty, healthy tree, about twenty-five or thirty years old, but has never in any one year produced over about two bushels of apples. While in blossom last spring, he ascended the tree and sprinkled plaster freely on the blossoms, and the result is, that it will this season yield twenty bushels of apples. Now if the plaster will prevent the blast, it is a discovery of great importance.—Mr. M. was led to make the experiment by reading an account of trees adjoining a meadow where the plaster had been sown at a time when there was a light breeze in the direction of the orchard, the trees contiguous to the meadow bearing well, while the others produced no fruit. [Watertown Standard.]

Highways and Byways.

We again remind all makers and menders of highways that gravel is the only material which will repay the labor of carting or of scraping on to the roads. Highway surveyors who wish merely to make a show of doing something may throw on sand or miry matter from the gutters; but he who would be serviceable to the public must take a different course.

Gravel may often be dug and removed in March at half the expense which will be required in May or June. And the earlier in the season the better, for the road then becomes hard before another winter. It is miserable policy to lay out much labor on highways in autumn. [Ploughman.]

'John are you a good boy?' 'Yes, I spose, I is one of the kinds o' goods. Mother used to say there was two kinds—the goods for something and the goods for nothing. I guess I belongs to the goods for nothing.'

A batch of fifty four new lawyers were turned loose upon the world the other day in N. York.

Fruit Trees.

The season for transplanting fruit trees being now near, it behooves those who are not amply supplied, both as to quantity and quality, to bestir themselves in this important matter.

Be careful in planting to give the trees a fair chance for life and health by digging the holes in which they are to be set wide and large, so that they may be surrounded by loose earth, that can be easily penetrated by the tender fibres of the roots which are to convey nourishment for their sustenance and growth. A tree properly planted will grow as much in five years as one carelessly and badly set in will in ten; and often the chance of survivorship is dependent on slight circumstances.

An excellent plan for preventing young fruit trees from becoming hide-bound and mossy, and for promoting their health and growth, is to take a bucket of soft soap, and to apply it with a brush to the stem or trunk, from top to bottom; this cleanses the bark, destroys worms or the eggs of insects; and the soap, becoming dissolved by rains, descends to the roots and causes the tree to grow vigorously. A boy can make this wholesome application to several hundred trees in a few hours. If soft soap was applied to peach trees in the early part of April, to remove or destroy any eggs or worms that might have been deposited in the autumn, and again in the early part of June, when the insects is supposed to begin its summer deposits of eggs, it is believed we should hear less of the destruction of peach trees by worms.—But the application should not be suspended for a single season, on the supposition that the enemy had relaxed in his hostility. [Fr'sarrie Cabinet.]

Things that we Dislike.—To see a young lad running along the street smoking a 'long nine.'

To see a person come in church when the service is half concluded.

To see a member of the temperance society frequently taking a glass of brandy for 'a pain in the side.'

To see a dandy's pantaloons strapped down so tight that he cannot bend his knee.

To see a lady's hat so small that you can get but one face in it at a time.

To be compelled to listen to a nightly serenade from our neighbor's cats. And above all things we dislike

To see a woman stop to take a pinch of snuff while she is kneading bread.

A Country School.—"Bible dictionary class, come up," said our schoolmaster.

"Who was Lot's wife?"

"The pillow of salt wove Moses laid his head on when he went up Mount Sinai to offer his son Isaac up, coz he had no sheep but himself to do otherwise."

"What is said about Jonah?"

"Jonah swallowed a whale, and was vomited up the third day, with a passel of gourd seed, which he gave to the Queen of Shebe for mending his trowsers, which he burst in strainin' to get out of the lion's den, where Daniel had been eatin' Pulse and Pease's Candy."

What word of ten letters can be spelled with five? X P D N C (expediency.)

Obadiah Stuck.

"What do you ask for this article?" said Obadiah, to a modest young Miss in one of our shops.

"Fifteen shillings, sir—it's a superb article."

"You are a little dear, are you not?" said Obadiah.

"Why all the young men tell me so," she replied, dropping her eyes and blushing. Obadiah came straight away.

DANDIES.—There are some fools in the world who, after a long incubation, will hatch out from a hot-bed of pride a sickly brood of fuzzy ideas; and then go strutting along the path of pomposity with all the self-importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken. I have an antipathy to such people. They are mere walking sticks for female flirts—ornamented with brass heads, did I say? No! their caputs are only half ripe musk melons, with only thick rinds, and all hollow inside, containing the seeds of foolishness, swimming about with a vast quantity of sap. Tinkered up with broadcloth, finger rings, safety chains, soft soider, vanity, and impudence, they are no more men than a plated teaspoon is solid silver! I detest a dandy as a cat does a wet floor.—Dew jr.

A PUZZLER.—When a very eminent special pleader was asked by a country gentleman if he considered that his son was likely to succeed as a special pleader, he replied, "Pray, sir, can your son eat sawdust without butter?"

A BRIGHT CHILD.—"Father, I do wish you would send for the doctor."

"Why so, my child, are you sick?"

"No, I ain't exactly sick."

"Then why do you want the doctor?"

"Cause, I want he should come and feel of my pulse, and tell me whether I'm tired or lazy."