

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 3.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1842.

No. 8.

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TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars for 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 proprietors, will be charged 7 1/2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except by the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar: twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion: larger ones in proportion. A moral discount will be made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

NOTICE.

To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in and for the county of Pike.

The Petition of the subscriber, respectfully sheweth: That he is desirous of obtaining a license for continuing a house of public entertainment at his residence, in Palmyra township, for the ensuing year, and respectfully solicits the honorable Court to grant him a license for that purpose.

JOHN B. COLE.

We the subscribers, inhabitants of Palmyra township, hereby certify, that we are well acquainted with the above petitioner, and that he is a man of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers. We therefore recommend him as a suitable person for keeping the same.

J. W. H. George, Edward Ammerman,
Dan Killam, Powell C. Killam,
H. L. Collins, Calvin Peller,
John Decker, Warren Kimble,
Moses Bingham, Henry V. Edwards,
David H. Vining, Jonas K. Sutton,
Edwin Bidwell, Charles McStraw,
Thomas V. Taft.

April 20, 1842.

NOTICE.

To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in and for the county of Pike.

The Petition of the subscriber, respectfully sheweth: That he is desirous to obtain a license for continuing a house of public entertainment at his residence, in Palmyra township, for the ensuing year, and respectfully solicits the honorable Court to grant him a license for that purpose.

THOMAS V. TAFT.

We the subscribers, inhabitants of the township of Palmyra, recommend the above petitioner, and certify, that the Inn or Tavern above mentioned is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers or travellers, and that the petitioner above named is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers.

John George, Stephen Dimon,
Moses Bingham, Cornelius Dimon,
John B. Cole, John B. Smith,
Otto Kimble, Reuben Tuttle,
Gordon Pellet, Milton S. Kimble,
Dan Killam, George Smith,
Henry L. Stearnes, Lebbeus Bennet,
Heman N. Kimble, Nelson B. Kirkendall,
Isaac Killam, Philip Dickisson,
H. L. Collins.

April 20, 1842.

NOTICE.

TO THE HONORABLE WILLIAM JESSUP, ESQ., PRESIDENT, AND HIS ASSOCIATE JUDGES OF THE COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS OF THE PEACE, IN AND FOR PIKE COUNTY.

The Petitioner, DANIEL DECKER, of the township of Lackawaxen, humbly sheweth: That your petitioner hath a desire to keep a Public House of Entertainment in the house in which he now lives, for the term of one year, and prays your Honors to grant him a License for that purpose.

DANIEL DECKER.

We the undersigned, being inhabitants of Lackawaxen township, in the county of Pike, do hereby certify, that we are well acquainted with Daniel Decker, the above applicant, and do further state, that he is of sober, moral character, honest and industrious, and that he is well provided with house room, stabling, &c. for the accommodation of travellers and strangers, and that it is necessary to have the above stand licensed, therefore pray your Honors to grant him a License for that purpose.

Benjamin F. Holbert, Benjamin Holbert,
Frederick Hope, Jacob Bonnell,
William F. Dutcher, C. R. Shimer,
William J. Conkling, Moses Bruik,
Martin Dietrich, J. A. Tineman,
George Deterrich, Abraham Shimer,
James Wheling, Nathaniel Moor.

April 13, 1842.

A Sister's Love.

Beautiful is the love of a sister; the kiss that hath no guile, and no passion; the touch is purity, and bringeth peace, satisfaction to the heart, and no fever to the pulse. Beautiful is the love of a sister; it is moonlight on our path—it has light, but no heat; it is of heaven, and sheds its peace upon the earth.

POETRY.

SPRING.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

Again upon the grateful earth,
Thou mother of the flowers,
The singing birds, the signing streams,
The rainbow and the showers;
And what a gift is thine!—thou makest
A world to welcome thee;
And the mountains in their glory smile,
And the wild and changeful sea.
Thou gentle Spring—the brooding sky
Looks welcome all around:
The moon looks down with a milder eye,
And the stars with joy abound;
And the clouds come up with softer glow,
Up to the Zenith blown,
And float in pride o'er the Earth below,
Like banners o'er a throne.
Thou smiling Spring!—again thy praise
Is on the lip of streams;
And the water-falls loud anthems raise,
By day, and in their dreams,
The lakes that glitter on the plain,
Sing with the stirring breeze;
And the voice of welcome sounds again
From the surge upon the seas.
Adorning Spring!—the earth to thee
Spreads out its hidden love;
The ivy climbs the cedar-tree,
The tallest in the grove;
And on the moss-grown rock, the rose
Is opening to the Sun,
And the forest trees are putting forth
Their green leaves, one by one.
As thou to earth, so to the soul
Shall after glories be,
When the graves winter yields control,
And the spirit's wings are free;
And then as yonder opening flower
Smiles to the smiling sun,
Be mine the fate to smile in Heaven
When my weary race is run.

A QUIET FAMILY.—A deaf and dumb lady and gentleman were recently married at New Orleans. They will have a quiet house of it, especially if the babies take after their unfortunate parents.

FLORIDA NEWS!—Highly important!—Machine Poetry.

Hurrah for our lads of the sabre and trigger, In history's pages they'll make a great figger, No heroes on record were braver or bigger, They've captured three children, two squaws and a nigger!

Dutch Justice.

Justice—Brisoner! be you guilty or not guilty? Prisoner—Guilty, your worship.
Justice—Sigs mounts in der house of correction.—Tudder brisoner. Pe you guilty or not guilty?
Prisoner—Not guilty.
Justice—Den vat der duyvel did you come here for? Go 'pout your business! Court's oop! Shentlemen, let's go over to lke Hegerman's and dake someding warm for de stomach's sake!

'I see the villain in your face,' said a western Judge to an Irish prisoner at the bar.—'May't please your worship,' replied Pat, 'that must be a personal reflection sure.'

Flying Artillery.

Every old settler of Texas is familiar with the name of Martin de Leon, Empresario of de Leon's Colony, and founder of the town of Victoria. In the early settlement of his colony, the Indians became very troublesome, and after some reflection, the fruitful mind of the Empresario hit upon the following ingenious expedient. A small piece of cannon was firmly lashed to the back of a stout mule, by way of a gun carriage. Before venturing into the field with this newly invented apparatus, it was thought best to test its utility, and accordingly, in presence of the members of the Ayuntamiento and principal citizens of Victoria, the experiment was made. At the first fire, the mule was knocked heels over head, without, however, receiving any serious injury. The mule, however, was not to be fooled a second time—for with a sagacity worthy a nobler animal he cautiously braced himself sufficiently to withstand the shock. Whether the invention was actually used against the Indians, history saith not.

A HARD CASE.—"Wall, there's a row over to our house," "What on airth's the matter you little sarpint?" "Why dad's drunk, mother's dead, the old sow has got calf, puss is playing the fiddle, the rats dancing in a trap. Sal's got married and run away with all the spoons, Pete has swallowed a pine plank, and Luke's looked at the Aurora Borax till he's got the delirium traingles. 'That ain't all nuther.'" "What else upon airth!" "Rose split the batter pot and broke the pancakes, and one of the Maltese kittens got her head into the molasses cup, and couldn't git it out, and I'm pesty hungry—that's flat as a flat flatiron."

Work for the Month of April.

Fences.—Repairing and putting in complete order every fence on the farm, and particularly road and division fences, is one of the first and most essential of Spring labors. If it has not been done in March, don't neglect it in April. Common rail fences are best secured at the tops by caps. Stakes of durable materials so placed will keep the fence in its place for years.

Ploughing.—It will prove injurious to a soil to plough it when so wet as to smooth over and render compact the surface moved by the implement, as it dries into a kind of unburnt brick, fatal to all hopes of a good crop until again pulverized by frost. Clay soils, and those undrained, are most apt to suffer from this cause, which locks up all manures and renders the part consolidated impervious to atmospheric agency. Loamy or sandy soils may be ploughed without danger of being rendered compact.

Spring Grain.—As a general rule, the farmer will find it to his advantage to put in his Spring grain, such as wheat, barley, oats, &c., as early as the soil can be fitted for their reception. The grain from early sown crops, when properly put in, is always more valuable than from later ones; being better filled, heavier, and of a finer quality in other respects. It suffers less, also, from the injurious effects of our dry summers, by which the later sown is prematurely ripened.

The pea is one of the crops which should be put in as early as possible, particularly if intended to be followed by wheat. The ground for this crop should be in good condition, and not too heavily manured, but such as would be suitable for a wheat crop.

Manures may now be drawn upon the fields for the crops to which they should be given.—These should be corn, potatoes, and other roots, all of which will bear high manuring; while if the manure is applied to the grains directly, the product is very apt to be more straw than berry. There is scarcely any one thing in which farmers are more deficient than in the management of manures. A compost made of two thirds swamp muck and one third stable manure, fermented together, makes a manure as valuable, and produces as good a crop of hay, grain, and oats, as if stable manure alone was used; yet how few there are who ever used a load of muck to enrich their lands, when perhaps they have thousands of loads on their premises. Stable or barn yard manures, when put unfermented upon land, should be covered, that the earth may absorb the fertilizing gases evolved during the process of decomposition.—If they are made into compost with muck or vegetable earth, and decomposed in that state, they will be sufficiently incorporated if spread on the surface and mixed with such earth with harrow. Compost manures are the most proper for top dressing and renovating pastures or meadows, where ploughing cannot be well adopted; but its application should be accompanied with fresh seeding, and a thorough harrowing.

Potatoes require a loamy soil; one abounding in vegetable matter, and moist rather than dry. Gen. Barnum, who has raised greater crops of potatoes than perhaps any other man in the United States, attributes much of his success to his not disturbing the plants in hilling after the rootlets for the tubers begin to form; his method of performing that operation being to bring rich earth in a horse cart, the wheels of which pass between the rows, and from this dropping a shovel full upon each hill. This furnishes a bed of rich, fresh earth for the tubers, and avoids all interference with the roots.

The Kitchen Garden will require much attention this month; as all plants which are not liable to spring frosts should now be set out or sown. By beginning in season, we may secure two or three crops of many valuable vegetables in a single season. Salads, radishes, potatoes, peas, &c. may now be planted or sown. The earliest varieties of each should of course be selected for the first planting. Asparagus and strawberry beds should be cleaned off, dug over, and manured. None but compost manures of the best kind should be used for such purposes.

Cure for Scalds or Burns.

The following is declared to be an infallible remedy for scalds or burns:—Take soot from a chimney where wood is burned, rub it fine, and mix one part soot to three parts, or nearly so, of hog's lard, fresh butter, or any kind of fresh grease, that is not salted, spread this on linen or muslin, or any cotton cloth for easier or more perfect adaptation. In very extensive burns or scalds, the cloth should be torn into stripes before putting over the scald. Let the remedy be freely and fully applied, so as to perfectly cover all the burnt part. No other application is required until the patient is well, except to apply fresh applications of the soot and lard, &c. In steamboat explosions, this remedy can be used in nearly all cases be at once applied, and if done, many valuable lives will be saved, and a vast amount of suffering alleviated.

CONCISE.—A traveller, writing from the coast of Africa says: "The people die very fast, and the sheep have remarkably long tails."

Flogging an Editor.

About twenty-five years ago, when a certain Western State (which we shall not name) was a territory, and with few inhabitants, a young lawyer from one of the old States emigrated thither, and settled in the county of K. He succeeded admirably in his profession, and rose rapidly in popular favor. He had been there nearly two years, when he induced a printer to come on and print for him a weekly paper, of which he was editor and proprietor. Squire S. was much pleased, for a while, with editing a paper. He was a man of very small stature, and he used the editorial "WE" as frequently as if there were a dozen of him, and each as big as Daniel Lambert or the Kentucky Giant.

Strange to say, there was at that time, men in office who were not a particle more honest than they should be; a thing which probably never happened before, and never will again. Squire S. felt all the patriotism of a son of '76, and poured out grape shot and canister against public abuses. This soon stirred a hornet's nest about his ears, but as there was no other paper in the territory, there was no reply, and he enjoyed his warlike propensities in security.

At length he published an article more severe and cutting, against malfeasance in office, than any that had preceded it. In fact, though pointed at no one individual in particular, it was a "scorching."

Some three or four days afterwards, he was sitting alone in his editorial office, which was about a quarter of a mile from the printing establishment, his pen was busy with a paragraph, when his door was opened without much ceremony, and in stalked a man full six feet in his stockings. He asked, "are you S., the editor of this paper?" Thinking he had found a new patron the little man, with one of his blandest smiles answered in the affirmative. The stranger deliberately drew the last number of the paper from his pocket, and pointing to the article against rogues in office, told the affrighted editor that it was intended for him. It was in vain that S. protested he had never heard of him before. The wrath of the visitor rose to fever heat, and from being so long restrained, boiled over with double fury. He gave the editor his choice, either to publish a humble, a very humble recantation, or take a flogging on the spot. Either alternative was wormwood, but what could he do? The enraged office-holder was twice his size, and at one blow could qualify him for an obituary notice. He agreed to retract, and as his visitor insisted upon writing it himself, he sat down to the task. Squire S. made an excuse to walk to the printing office, with a promise that he would be back in season to sign it, as soon as it was finished.

S. had gone hardly fifty rods when he encountered a man who enquired where Squire S.'s office was, and if he was at home. Suspecting that he, too, was on the same errand as the other visitor, he pointed to the office, and told him he would find the editor within, writing a most abusive article against office-holders. This was enough. The eyes of the new comer flashed fire. He rushed into the office and assailed the stranger with the epithets, "har," "scoundrel," "coward," and told him he would teach him what to write. The gentleman supposing it was some bully, sent there by the editor, sprang to his feet, and a fight ensued, that beat the Kilkenny cats all hollow. The table was upset and smashed into kindling wood—the contents of a large jug of ink stood in puddles on the floor—the chairs had their legs and backs broken beyond the skill of surgery to cure them. This seemed only to inspire the combatants with still greater fury. Blow followed blow, with the rapidity of lightning, and the force of a sledge-hammer. First one was kicking on the floor and then the other—each taking it in turn, pretty equally. The ink on the floor found its way to their faces, till both of them cut the most ludicrous figure imaginable. The noise and uproar was tremendous. The neighbors ran to the door and exclaimed with astonishment, that two negroes were fighting in Squire S.'s office. None dared separate them. At length, completely exhausted, and pounded to a jelly, they ceased fighting. The circumstances of the case became known, and the next day, hardly able to sit on horseback, their heads bound up, they started homeward, convinced that they had obtained very little satisfaction from their attempt to flog an editor.

A Female Village.

The following account appears in the Augsburg Gazette: "The village of Madane, which is about sixty English miles from Rutschuck, in Wallachia, offers at the present moment a curious ethnographical singularity, having been inhabited by women only for the last thirty years. At one period this female population amounted to 2,000. The ladies did not live as warriors, like the Amazons of old, but avoided all intercourse with them, and drove away from their territories all who appeared with matrimonial intentions. This anti-social settlement is now supposed to be on the decline; at least, no more recruits are made from the disappointed or the love crossed, and the members of the population are rapidly decreasing. These women are nearly all Mahometans."

Temperance Anecdote.

At a meeting of teetotallers the other evening, held in Southwark, the following somewhat ludicrous tale was told by one of the speakers. "A moderate drinker had embarked on board of a vessel on an excursion on the Chesapeake Bay, but before he started he filled his "pocket pistol" with real Cogniac. After having sailed on the salt water for some time, and conversing on various topics with the captain, mate, and the rest of the company, the subject of temperance was broached. He found he was surrounded in the cabin by temperance men, but was unable to talk about the cause; his throat was dry; he had already begun to spit "fip'nybits." Excusing himself, he went on deck, and looking carefully all around, he got behind a cask; drew forth his pistol, popped the cork, bubble, bubble went the liquor; but his conscience checked him. Looking round among the crew, who were all black, he accosted one of them, saying "here Sam," handing him the flask. "What's dat, massa?" "Something to wet your whistle, Sam, its real Cogniac." "Ha! go 'long now, massa, don't fool dis nigger, no how, he's had snake in his hat too of'en—he's jined the temprance society now." Our hero tried another and another, but with the same success; "he could'nt fool none of the darkies, no how." At length finding all solicitation in vain, he threw the bottle overboard, and when he returned to Baltimore, his native city, he joined our society, and he has just been addressing you." Here the orator sat down amidst the hearty cheers of the social and temperance meeting.

Why may not I too?

"Father," said a young man once, to a patriarch of the mountains, who is still living (after being told that he must not go with half a dozen idle fellows, who had come to invite him)—"father, why is it that you deny me those privileges which other parents grant so readily to their sons of my own age?" "David," said the father, after lifting up and leaning his head upon the top of the hoe handle, "I have lived much longer in the world than you have, and I see dangers which you little suspect. These young men are in a bad way. Such habits of idleness and this going about to frolics and horse races will ruin them. You will see, if you live, that some of them will get into the State's Prison, by and by, and it is well if they do not come to the gallows. These are my reasons for wishing you to have nothing to do with them." David was satisfied. Years rolled away. Those young men soon spent their patrimony, and fell into dissipated habits. From step to step they went on, till the prediction of the patriarch was literally fulfilled. Two or three of them were sent to the State's Prison, and one at least, was hanged.—Dr. Humphrey.

Important Decision.

The following account of a decision at the late term of the Supreme Court of the United States, we have received from the highest authority. It is important to assessors of taxes, and to public officers of the United States.

At the last term of the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington, (1842,) an important question was decided respecting the power of the State Government to tax the pay, salary, and official emoluments of the officers of the United States. It was decided by the Court that the State Governments possessed no such power; and that it was an unconstitutional exercise of authority, and equivalent to a tax on the means and instruments of carrying into effect the Constitution of the United States. The case was Dobbins—v. the Commissioners of Erie county, and it arose in Pennsylvania, under the following circumstances. The State had by law authorized a tax upon the official pay, salaries, and emoluments of all officers.—Dobbins—was the commander of a revenue cutter, in the service of the United States, upon the Erie station; and he was taxed for his pay and emoluments and profits of office, as such an officer, by the commissioners of Erie County, and he paid the same. A suit was therefore brought by him to recover back the money in the State Court; and the facts being argued, the Supreme Court of the State decided that Dobbins was liable for the tax, and gave judgment against him accordingly. A writ of error was thereupon brought in the Supreme Court of the United States (by the direction of the National Government, as it was understood) and the Supreme Court of the United States reversed the decision of the State Court, and awarded judgment in favor of Dobbins, holding the taxing of a United States officer for his official pay and emoluments by a State to be unconstitutional and void.

If your wife elopes with your neighbor, be thankful that you are rid of a woman of such principles—and pity, as you must, the man who is obliged to take care of her. Don't cry your eyes out, but look around for some other fair one, to whom to unite yourself, thus proving to the world you can take the ups and downs of life quite easy.

Devotion strengthens families.