

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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POETRY.

It is not always May.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.
The sun is bright—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elm I hear
The blue bird prophesying spring.
So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.
All things are new—the buds, the leaves,
That guild the elm-tree's nodding crest;
And e'en the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest!
All things rejoice in youth and love;
The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above,
The melting tenderness of night.
Maiden that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh, it is not always May!
Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest!
For time will teach thee soon the truth—
There are no birds in last year's nest!

Fair Freedom's Home.

BY MELZAR GARDNER.
Awake the glad shout, let the sound ring out
Like the swelling trumpet's tone,
And the song shall tell the world how well
Was the price of freedom won.
'Twas a gloomy day—no cheering ray
Shone on our untrod path,
When a patriot hand first made a stand
For Liberty or Death!
But the work was done—the prize was won:
To us the boon has come,
While rolls the sea, our land shall be
Fair freedom's happy home.
Their hands unstained, themselves untamed
In battle's dread array,
They had nerves to bear, and souls to dare
The terrors of the fray!
Their nerves were steel, but their hearts could feel
The wrongs their country felt,
And they braved the storm, unmoved and firm,
To God alone they knelt.
On Bunker's height, at deep midnight,
The band of heroes stood,
We may trace their toil on that holy soil
They moistened with their blood;
And all that day, the fearful fray
Raged on that battle field,
And the foeman's dart pierced many a heart
That had been freedom's shield.
On land and tide our country's pride;
Her flag to the breeze was given;
From its starry gleam, by hill and stream,
The foe was backward driven.
They have passed away like a quiet day,
Like a ripple on the deep;
That banner waves o'er the quiet graves
Where the brave defenders sleep.
But the work is done, the prize is won;
To us the boon has come,
While rolls the sea our land shall be
Fair freedom's happy home.
A boy down east, three years, of age, was
asked who made him. Holding his little hand
a foot from the floor, he artlessly replied, "God
made me a little baby so high, and I grew the
rest."

Quite Cool.

A couple of fellows were riding together in a
gig, when the horse taking fright ran off at a
violent speed. The one that was driving called
to the other to hold him. "O, never mind,"
replied the other, "I guess we can ride about as
fast as the horse can run."
We go for the ladies out west, for they have
resolved not to marry a man who does not, and
will not take a newspaper; and what is still bet-
ter, they won't let a fellow look at them if he
owes the printer for more than a year.

From the Morristown Jerseyman.

Whatever an Irishman undertakes, he goes
through with the enterprise with a determination
of a man whose life depends upon his success.
Be it love making, or ditching, or drinking, or
fighting, it is all on the same "go-ahead" prin-
ciple with him, triumph being his polar star, be
the consequences or the difficulties what they
may. We give the following genuine letter as
an illustration of our assertion. It is from an
Irishman to his "darlint" in this town, and as
she has left here, no harm can arise from its
publication. We have suppressed names for
obvious reasons, but the remainder is word for
word as it was written, and it throws the *sentimental*
affectation of the mustachiod dandy com-
pletely in the shade. Our fair readers will
doubtless thank us for rescuing from oblivion
the invaluable recipe for making bridal cake,
which will be found at its close, although an
Editor may not think much of the receipt of a
good slice accompanying an announcement of
the nuptials.

New York.—Hotel foot of Courtland Street,
January 1st 1842.

Dare Mary my Jewal
my hart bates whin i begin to write you
my swate darlin for i have written to you so
many times befor and have given up all hopes
of ever harin from you agane my swate hony.
i have not bene able to do a days work since i
left Denvil for thinkin of you my Dare jewal.
Och and had it not bene for Barney i would
have bene there yet with you hony. i have
bene at Rochester labrin at the Blacksmithin
work i have clared 150\$ dollars Dare hony that
is a grate Dale beter than working in the
hot sun as you and me did aint i mary dont you
recolect whin we planted corn and fed the
calves together them was the days whin kisses
was plinty and the happiest that ever i spint in
amerika. didnt we have fine fun fadin the
craturs, i hope you hav not forgot if you hav
i will try and bring it to your recolection whin
i mete you and i hope that time is not far hence
my swate hony i hope the next time i write
you will not be to my jewal or my hony but
to my AULD WOMAN if you will consint and my
prayer is you will not say no. i come down to
york jist for the vary purpose of harin from you
i am with Mr. H. of the—hotel Mr. G. was
here one day and i asked him what had become
of you and he tould me you had gone to morris-
town to be a taylor i trembled when i asked
him for i thout the answer would be you was
dead for i had wrot you so many times befor
and never got an answer. i send this by the
agent of the morristown cars he promised faith-
fully he would take it safe to you i will come
up and see you as soon as i get an answer to
this. i gave him two shilins to take it and i
have no doubt he will you must be prepared to
get married whin i come you no the corship
was all done last sumer and we must lose as
little time and be at as little expense as possi-
ble for money is money now a days and it will
take all we can scrape to git our little shanty
furnished. as soon as i get any tidings of you
i will get a pig and maby you can get a cow
chape up your way i think we will live as hap-
py as kings together i have got a new sute of
satinet clothes if you cud recommend a good
tailer to me i would bring them up to morriston
and get them made folks tels me the cloth is
very handsome and i would like to have them
made nate i have got some hard times cloth to
make me another sute but being as you are a
taylor i will let them be till we are bound to-
gether never to be separated until deth. if you
have not got a nice dress to get married in i
will send you one my sister was advising me
to get you a taghony it is very fashionable and
very perty if you have not got any nice enuff
you must send me word and i will send it rite
on i will leave it to you to fix the day and hour
for the knot to be tied i think it will be a good
plan to hire a carriage and ride a little ways
out in the country i will bring a few of my com-
rades with me and you can have a few your in-
timate acquaintances to witness the ceremony i
think we had better bord at Mr. L—until we
can get all things ready to keepin house we
will settle where our place of abode is to be
when i see you i think i would like to go to
texas or florida we are both young and i think
we could make money like dirt i really do think
you will make me a first rate wife and if you
really wish to enter upon the matremonyal life
i dont think you can do any better than take
me we are both good looking and a very likely
couple to do well i think you had better bake
the cake yerself it will be so much claper than
to buy it i will give you the recite for makin it
i am told it is an excelent one 2 pounds hog-
lard 1 lb pound rye flour it is the chapest half
a pound of rasins pint of molasses one ounce of
orange peel 1 glas of sidler and 3 eggs if you
cant get eggs snow will do insted of them i ex-
pect you are a first rate hand at bakin as you
have had a good mistress to learn you.

I remain Dare Jewal
yours until
death
THOMAS M—

P. S. you must write as soon as possible. —
for i am waiting anxiously for an answer

West Point Examination.

The following named gentlemen have been
invited by the Secretary of War to attend the
Annual Examination of the Cadets at the Mil-
itary Academy, to commence on the first Mon-
day in June next—

Thomas A. Deblois, Esq. of Maine.
James J. Austin, Esq. of Mass.
Gen. E. P. Walton, of Vermont.
Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D. of N. Y.
Prof. Alex. Dallas Bacha, of Penna.
George P. Maccullough, Esq. of N. J.
Gen. George A. Stewart, of Maryland.
Col. Josiah W. Ware, of Virginia.
Gen. Alex. Mackrae, of N. C.
Richard W. Habersham, Esq. of Georgia.
Dr. Churchill J. Blackburn, of Kentucky.
Gen. Robert B. McAfee, do
W. S. T. Dennison, Esq. of Ohio.
John G. Floyd, Esq. of Indiana.
Hon. A. S. Brown, of Mississippi.
Dr. Benjamin W. Maclin, of Alabama.
Frederick W. Curtenius, Esq. of Michigan.
Dr. Frederick Hall, District of Columbia.
Capt. Beverly Kennon, U. S. Navy.
Col. J. J. Albert, U. S. Army.
Capt. P. H. Salt, do

We will also state, for the information of the
public, that the Cadet appointments for this
year have been made. The next selections
will be made in February or March, 1843.

Hard Work.

It's hard work to go up hill without leaning
forward—and it's hard work for a 'neutral' edi-
tor to speak of politics without leaning either
one way or the other.

It's hard work to make a dinner of grape shot,
unless they are well boiled—and it's hard work
to digest a fool's argument, unless it be soaked
in something like reason.

It's hard work to look at the sun without
winking—and it's hard work to look at some
girls without feeling inclined to wink.

It's hard work to do nothing, and have too
much of it on hand—and it's hard work to col-
lect a debt of one who says 'I'll pay to-morrow.'

It's hard work to squeeze cider out of a brick-
bat—and it's hard work to scratch out ideas for
a paragraph, after being on a spree for twenty-
four hours!

It's hard work to hold lightning by the tail--
and it's hard work to stem the torrent of a woman's
will!

It's hard work to refuse a good offer--and it's
harder still to be compelled to accept a bad one.
It's hard work for many people to live, and
doubly hard for some to die.—Sunday Mercury.

THE GENTLEMAN AT CHURCH may be known
by the following marks:—

1. Comes in good season, so as neither to inter-
rupt the pastor nor congregation by a late ar-
ival.
2. Does not stop upon the steps or in the
portico, either to gape at the ladies, salute
friends or display his colloquial powers.
3. Opens and shuts the door gently, and
walks deliberately up the aisle or gallery stairs,
and gets to his seat as quietly, and by making
as few people remove, as possible.
4. Takes his seat either in the back part of
the seat, or steps out into the aisle when any
one wishes to pass in, and never thinks of such
a thing as making people crowd past him while
keeping his place in the seat.
5. Is always attentive to strangers, and gives
up his seat to such; seeking another for himself.
6. Never thinks of defiling the house of God
with tobacco spittle, or annoying those who sit
near him by chewing that nauseous weed in
church.
7. Never, unless in case of illness, gets up
and goes out in time of service. But if neces-
sity compels him to do so, goes so quietly that
his very manner is an apology for the act.
8. Does not engage in conversation before
commencement of service.
9. Does not whisper, or laugh, or eat fruit in
the house of God, or lounge.
10. Does not rush out of church like a tramp-
ing horse the moment the benediction is pro-
nounced, but retires slowly in anoiseless quiet
manner.
11. Does all he can by precept and example
to promote decorum in others.

Beans.

The people down east are deth on beans—
cold baked beans—beans 'bould in a bag'—
beans mixed with corn—string beans—beans
in all their variety and excellence. They are
folks who "know beans." On Sundays espe-
cially, do they attack these poor, innocent veg-
etables. A good old Dominic, who labored in
one of these bean-eating towns made a calcu-
lation by which he concluded that he preached
to about four bushels of beans every Sunday.
A congregation of vegetables!

Tricks of the Types.

A Western paper, in chronicling the adjourn-
ment of the State Legislature, says: "It adjourn-
ed after passing fifty *cats* and *wolves*." They
were probably written *acts* and *resolves*, but the
compositor was sleepy when he set them up.

Cruel Stratagem.

Did you ever hear of "old Smith," that used
to live away down east, during the early settle-
ment of the country now called Maine? Old
Smith had lost several of his relations by the
hands of the Indians, and had vowed eternal
enmity to the whole race. He had been twice
taken by the savage tribes, but contrived to es-
cape from them, and had killed several of their
number. He sought every opportunity to do
them mischief in any way. By this course he
had become so exceedingly obnoxious to the
red men, that they would not even kill him di-
rectly if they could, but were almost constantly
on the watch to take him alive, for the purpose
of satisfying their vengeance by the infliction of
the utmost torture that barbarity could invent.
Smith was aware of this disposition of the sav-
ages, and was the less afraid of their bullets.

It is reported that Smith was at one time en-
gaged in splitting some pine logs for fence rails
and in the ardor of his employment had neglect-
ed his "look out," till six Indians came upon
him with a yell of exultation. The chief of the
party, whose name was Wahoo, seized him
by the arms, exclaiming, "Now, Smit, me got
you?" Smith saw it would be vain to resist;
and, assuming an air of composure thus address-
ed his captor: "Now, Wahoo, I'll tell you what
I will do. If you will now help me to split
open this, I will then go with you without any
trouble; otherwise I will not walk, and you
must carry or kill me." The Indians now hav-
ing him safe in their possession, and willing to
save themselves trouble, agreed to help split the
log, if he would tell them how. Smith had al-
ready opened one end of the log with a large
wooden wedge, and renewing his blows on the
wedge with a beetle, he directed them to take
hold of the separated parts of the log, three on
each side, and pull with all their might, while
he should drive in the wedge. The red men
were without suspicion, but kept their eyes on
Smith's motions while they pulled at the sunder-
ed parts of the log. Every blow of Smith's
opened the crevice wider, which enabled the
Indians to renew their hold by inserting their
fingers deeper into the crevice, when Smith,
slightly changing the direction of the beetle,
struck on the side of the wedge, knocking it
out of the log which immediately closing with
great force, caught every foe by the hands save
one, who, seeing the predicament of his com-
panions, took to his heels, but was soon brought
down by Smith's long-barreled gun, which he
had kept near him. The other five expecting
no mercy, were not disappointed. Five blows
from Smith's axe silenced their death song.

A year or more after this affair, Smith was
returning from an excursion, and passed near a
bend of the Androscoggin river, about a mile
above the falls, on which the Lewistown mills
are now located; it was nearly dark, and he
discovered an Indian making a fire on a rock
by the river bank. Smith crept through the busi-
ness at once; the fire was for a beacon, to
guide the landing of a strong party. With un-
erring aim he shot the lone savage, who pitched
into the river, and Smith threw the fire and fire
brands after him; and then proceeded down to
the falls, and there he soon kindled another fire
on a projecting rock; and then retiring up the
river bank a short distance, awaited the result.
He soon heard the songs of a company of war-
riors, who had discovered the fire, and were
steadily paddling towards it in high glee. Smith
could hardly refrain from laughing, as they
nearly reached the fatal beacon. The songs were
suspended by surprise, at the rapid motion of their
canoes, and the hoarse roar of the falls, which
revealed too late the dreadful truth. A brief
dead song uttered in savage yells, and the cries
of several squaws and papposes, were all that
preceded their last and dreadful plunge over the
falls.

A Loafer's Account of the Market.

Boots is scarce—hats is dear—pans is in
demand—shirts is none on hand—dickies is
dirty—coats is nowhere—stocks is low—weath-
er is hot—julls is cold—cobblers is good—
toddies is up—and cash down. No sales of
any commodity, in consequence of there being
none on hand.

Home League Bonnets.

The ladies of Wilmington, Delaware, and of
the surrounding country, have determined to
wear the real Home League bonnets—manu-
factured of American materials and by Ameri-
can hands. "We hail this movement," says
the Wilmington Republican, "with pleasure, as
it demonstrates the fact, that the Delaware
ladies of 1842, are as patriotic as were their
mothers of '76. Boys, do you hear that? De-
laware girls and Home industry—good wives and
happy homes—Home Leagues and national
prosperity, all go hand in hand together."—Pa.
Telegraph.

A Mississippian was asked if the people of
that State encouraged tee-totalism. He replied,
"We aint 'xactly tee-totallers, though we go in
for temperance in a measure."

"What's the cause of that bell ringing?" in-
quired Peter.
"It is my deliberate conviction that somebody
is pulling the rope!" replied John.

Painting Houses.

It has long been a subject of inquiry as to
the best time to apply paint to the clapboards
of houses for durability. Repeated experiments
have been made, (says the Farmers' Cabinet)
within twenty-five years past, which have re-
sulted in the conviction, that paint applied be-
tween November and March, will stand more
than twice as long as that which is spread in
the warmest weather. The reason is obvious;
for in cold weather the oil and the component
parts of the paint form a hard substance on the
surface of the clapboards, nearly as hard as
glass, and not easily erased or even cut with a
sharp knife, and will not soon wear off; where-
as paints applied in the months of July and Au-
gust, and more especially if in a severe drought,
the oil immediately penetrates into the wood
like water into a sponge, which leaves the lead
nearly dry, which will soon crumble off.

On early Harvesting of Wheat.

I am much surprised to perceive that your
correspondent, (John Hanman, Esq.) should
claim the advantages gained by cutting wheat
in a green state to be a recent discovery, for I
remember hearing, when I was a little boy,
(say twenty-five years ago,) farmers speak of
its being advantageous to cut wheat previous to
the time of its having arrived at what some
people call maturity; and I know, from personal
observation, that in the East Riding of York-
shire and the North of Lincolnshire, as long as
twenty years ago, a person allowing his wheat
to stand until it is dead ripe, would have been
considered to possess very antiquated notions
of farming. I can, however, add my testimony
to Mr. Hanman's that the practise of cutting
wheat in a raw state, is attended with a favor-
able result. The cause of my noticing this
subject was to caution such of your readers as
may adopt the practise of cutting wheat in the
state recommended against binding it in large
sheaves, as in such a case it will infallibly mould
in the centre of them. I have known persons
who have sustained great loss from this cause,
and I have known others commit the great er-
ror of leaving it laid in the swath, by which
means the sap contained in the straw is sudden-
ly dried up, and the grain being thus deprived
of its support becomes lean and shriveled. The
best plan is to form it into small sheaves as
soon as it is cut, and be careful not to bind
them so tight as to prevent the air taking effect
upon them. I am, yours, &c.

J. HARLAND.

A Good Cow.

Mr. S. Brooks, of Steuben, Oneida county,
has furnished for the C. N. Y. Farmer an ac-
count of the product in butter of a cow for the
year 1839 and 1840. He says—"I made from
one cow, after supplying my family—consisting
of three persons—with butter and milk, in the
year 1839, 300 1-2 pounds of butter, which I
sold. In 1840, with the same number of per-
sons in my family, I made 320 pounds of but-
ter, after using for my family butter and milk
as we wanted. The cow was fed 1 1-2 peck
of potatoes boiled, with the sour milk mixed
with it, from 20th of September to the 20th of
May. The cow had two calves during this time.
She was a cross between the English and our
common breed of cattle."

Amusement for Young Ladies.

To obtain different flowers from the same stem.
—Split a small twig of elder bush lengthwise,
and having scooped out the pith, fill each of the
compartments with seeds of flowers of different
sorts, but which blossom about the same time;
surround them with mould; and then tying to-
gether the two halves of the twig, plant the
whole in a pot filled with earth properly pre-
pared. The stems of the different flowers will
then be so incorporated as to exhibit to the eye
only one stem throwing out branches covered
with flowers analogous to the seed which pro-
duced them.

Mildew upon Gooseberries.

Say to the growers of Gooseberries, if they
wish to keep off mildew—T rain your bushes so
as to admit a free circulation of air through
them; manure about the roots, and forget not to
sprinkle them with soap suds on washing days,
three or four weeks in succession before blow-
soming, and they cannot miss having fine large
berries.—Genesee Farmer.

Soap Suds.

Instead of suffering your washerwoman to
throw out the soap suds about the kitchen floor,
make her pour them, as made, into a barrel in
your garden, and water your plants of all kinds
with them.

Making a Conquest.

"Tom," said an impudent wag to a conceited
fop, "I know a beautiful creature who wishes
to make your acquaintance."
"Dem'd glad to here it—fine girl—struck
with my appearance, I suppose, eh?"
"Yes—very much so. She thinks you'd
make a capital playmate for her poodle dog."

"This is nipping cold weather," as the hun-
gry urchin said to the pie crust.