

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## Acrostic.

By Eliza Kirkbridge—now wife of J. J. Gurney.

To find one virtue in thee—noxious weed,  
One single excellence, were hard indeed;  
But to describe the misery thou hast wrought,  
And nameless woes upon creation brought,  
Consuming health and life from hour to hour,  
Come not within the scope of human power.  
O! may a blight destroy thee—deadly flower.

## ODE.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.  
Tune—Stow.

In Eden's green retreats,  
A water-brook that played  
Between soft mossy seats  
Beneath a plain-tree's shade,  
Whose rustling leaves  
Danced o'er its brink—  
Was Adam's drink,  
And also Eve's

Beside the parent spring  
Of that young brook, the pair  
Their morning chant would sing,  
And Eve, to dress her hair,  
Kneel on the grass  
That fringed its side,  
And make its tide  
Her looking-glass.

And when the man of God  
From Egypt led his flock,  
They thirsted, and his rod  
Smote the Arabian rock,  
And forth a rill  
Of water gushed,  
And on they rushed  
And drank their fill.

Would Eden thus have smiled  
Had wine to Eden come!  
Would Horeb's parching wild  
Have been refreshed with rum!  
And had Eve's hair  
Been dressed in gin,  
Would she have been  
Reflected fair!

Had Moses built a still,  
And dealt out to that host,  
To every man his gill,  
And pledged him in a toast,  
How large a band  
Of Israel's sons  
Had laid their bones  
In Canaan's land!

"Sweet fields beyond" death's flood,  
"Stand dressed in living green,"  
For from the throne of God  
To freshen all the scene,  
A river rolls  
Where all who will  
May come and fill  
Their crystal bowls.

If Eden strength and bloom  
COLD WATER thus hath given,  
If, e'en beyond the tomb  
It is the drink of heaven,  
Are not good wells,  
And crystal springs  
The very things  
For our HOTELS!

## Something for the Temperance Cause.

The following was read recently at a meeting held in Wheeling, Va. It was received with great enthusiasm:—

### THE DRUNKARD'S FAREWELL TO HIS FOLLY.

Farewell, landlords, farewell, Jerry;  
Farewell, brandy, wine, and Sherry;  
Farewell, horrors and blue devils;  
Farewell, dens of midnight revels;  
Farewell, shoes that have no soles on;  
Farewell, fires that have no coals on;  
Farewell, sots and all sot feeders;  
Farewell, rogues and all thief-breeders;  
Farewell, cupboards that have no meat in;  
Farewell, chairs that have no seats in;  
Farewell, children with dry faces;  
Farewell, to those pop-hop races;  
Farewell, landlords and your spouses;  
Farewell, spiders and your houses;  
Farewell, to your noise and rattle;  
Farewell, to your foolish gabble;  
Farewell, swash, and all swash vendors;  
Farewell, bums, and all bum senders;  
Farewell, pockets that are empty;  
Farewell, landlords, you have plenty.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

JOHN THOMPSON, Esq. of Pokeysie, offered the following resolution: "That the growing disposition manifested of late to use the Bible as a reading book in Common Schools, is an auspicious omen to our country."

After a brilliant exordium Mr. Thompson said:

We are to contemplate these interests in their connexion with the young; and the youth not of Asia, or Europe, but of our own land. Our children! Ah! how the soul swells when they come before it; our laughing children, with hearts all joy, and hope, and sunshine. The father relaxes his care-worn brow when he looks upon his son, who is to bear his honorable name to coming ages. The mother, how she cherishes in her heart of hearts her children; she "who made her breast the pillow of their infancy, who watched above their couch with vigilant, fond, never-ceasing love." No effort is too great, and no obstacle too appalling for parental affection; and many a parent who bows not to the authority of God, yet desires that his children may own and acknowledge him; and when the parental heart is renovated, how importunately will it hang over the mercy seat, and pray that God would be the God of its offspring. There is nothing selfish or sordid in the ordinary gratitude of the Christian heart. It is not simply the grateful remembrance of personal enjoyments and favors; but it rises into life and energy as the unstinted waves of the Divine benevolence are seen to enfold within their ample embrace every object and thing upon which their munificence can be expended; and when such objects are the youth of our country, our children, shall not this feeling find scope and passage? If we prize the Bible and know our duty, we shall teach it to our children, when we rise up and when we lie down, in the house and by the wayside; and this no less because it is the command of God, than a dictate of nature. Natural reason impels us to warn our offspring to avoid the evil and choose the good; and man, wherever found, and in almost every age, under the ever-present consciousness of his spiritual nature, necessities and dependence, has endeavored to instil into the mind of his offspring the religion, true, or false, by which his own feelings were directed. The Greek, the Turk, the Hebrew, and the Roman, commenced their religious instruction from the cradle, and in the synagogue and temple; in the grove, the camp, and the academy, by the board and in the mosque, were the cherished principles of their faith, both by precept and example, brought to bear upon the intellect and morals of the young; and while Christian principles had their early vigor and integrity under the recent impulse of the glorious Reformation of Luther, and the no less blessed revolution which landed Puritanism upon Plymouth rock, these same philosophic practices were adhered to with a fidelity which evinced their deference to Divine authority, and their appreciation of the religion they believed. And many districts of our own land, and in our schools of primary instruction, has the Bible been placed in the hands of the young, that their opening minds might come in contact with the elevating and purifying influences which as a fact it ever sheds over all who become acquainted with its truths.

Sir, our resolution regards this disposition to use the Bible in common schools as growing and increasing. And why should it not be so? What book like the Bible to mould the character of the young? What, intellectually, can so exalt the mind, and chasten yet enrich the imagination. If the young soul dilates over the pages of Milton, and revels among his superb and glorious imaginings, how shall it not expand and glow when it rises to the source whence the blind poet drew his inspiration? If the bounding spirit is mellowed and subdued, when on the pictured page of Young, he meets the august and solemn shades of Death, Judgment and Eternity, and estimates theinsel glories of earth, and more the substantial realities of heaven, as he stands with the complainant above the sepulchre of departed generations, where the "gray hairs of the mourner become touched with the halo of the prophet," shall it not more deeply appreciate these things, when they meet him in every living line of the sacred Record? Do the young seek after wealth as the chief good, when they see the glittering gold so idolized by the multitude? Here Dives stands before him in purple and fine linen, and there lifts up his eyes in torment. Is he ambitious of fame? True, his experience may furnish the corrective, when on the scene of their labors, and the theatre of their triumphs, the memory of the mightiest so soon perishes from remembrance when he visits scenes redolent of genius. When he treads the shores of Lake Lemana, once the abodes of Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Byron, "gigantic minds that sought by dangerous paths a road to fame;" and well may he ask, where are they? what now avails their renown? Alas! the Swiss peasant treads the bowers they trod, unconscious that they ever lived; and the boorish fisherman casts his net in Lemana's crystal waters, all unmindful of its consecration by the poet's lyre.

Above the crag of the Neapolitan steep, towers the tomb of Virgil; but even there the vine dresser carols a lay in a barbarous accent, that would have grated on the ear of the Mantuan bard; and 'neath the rosy skies, and in the smiling valleys of his native land, the piping of the Lazzaroni has succeeded to the departed music of his song. But the Bible is crowded with instances of poets, warriors, kings and philosophers, whose warning history it there engraved as with the point of a diamond in a tablet of adamant. Does he need to be prepared for patience under wrong and forgiveness of insult; there David, the Lord's anointed, flies before his enemy and refuses retaliation, while the deep glens and lonely mountains of Judea echoed to the tones of his melodious harp, and many a sorrow shaded his brow ere it was fitted for the crown. It has been asserted that all religious feelings rest upon one of two grounds: that of authority, or conviction; that the heart either bows to the one or yields to the other. That of the Bible rests upon both. It has truth for reason, and truth above reason; and the unsophisticated heart responds to both these demands. The young soul receives the elements of all truth upon trust, and generously confides until deception arms suspicion, or condemnation wakens unbelief. The Divine authority is sufficient for what is higher than reason, and all the rest is laid open to the comprehension of all the inquiring. Nor has the eager research of the fiercest investigation, ever lighted upon a fact to contradict a declaration, or even intimation of the sacred Record. True, we have often heard the chuckle of anticipated triumph as geology penetrated the earth, or astronomy the heavens, in the vain expectation that the work of God would contradict his Word. Geology, skeptical Geology, traversed the bed of the river, and went into the fissure of the rock; but Geology returned a believer; for from the dim aisles of the mountain cavern and the lofty peaks of the mountain summit she brought in her hands the tiny shells of the deep, or the mammoth bones of the huge Leviathan. Astronomy, skeptical Astronomy, turned her telescopic gaze upon the heavens to track the radiant orbs that light up the far off immensity. And Astronomy returned a believer; for every where, amid suns and systems, she saw the tracery of the Divine finger, and the evidence of the Divine care; and thus have all the discoveries of art and science acted as the exponents and witnesses of religion. Shall not our children know this, and know it early and well? Sir, it is a trite remark, and yet no less true, that that education which has respect only to the intellectual powers, leaves more than half its work undone. The most daring and giant rebels against all law, human and divine, have towered in mind above the common stature of their fellows. The moral powers must be trained and guided, as well as the mental expanded and enlarged or the man is out of harmony. Early and constant familiarity with the Bible accomplishes this training, and nothing else will do it. If we neglect the training of the young for heaven, the Prince of the Power of the Air trains them as his own. A process of education is constantly going on, which looks to the joy of the seraphim, or the agony of the lost. Which shall it be? Mr. Thompson then spoke at some length of the social and political bearings of the subject, but our limits forbid us to follow him.

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Sir, our resolution speaks of omens. The Chaldean read them in the stars! the Egyptian, in the mysteries of Cabalistic lore! the Greek, in the responses of the Oracle! and the Roman, in the flight of birds, and the entrails of slaughtered victims! and now, the home of the Magian sage, he who gave the elements of astronomy to the world, is the howling desert, where the lion roams and the Satyr dances.

The philosophy of Plato is unknown in the home of its first promulgation. Desolation stalks hideously over broken shaft and mouldering column, and worse than all he bows to the sceptre of a foreign king, whose Bavarian banner floats the sky, above the very ashes of Themistocles; The Roman—the fire consumed his dwelling, and the sword of the barbarian drank his blood, and over the grave of Roman valor settled a thousand years of night which is lifted but to show a race of supine and effeminate figures, stealing round the crumbling monuments of ancestral achievement, and batten on a heritage of fraud and licentiousness. Westward the star of empire took its way, and we look for omens here! (to the Bible)—and would the Greek look here, and the mournful genius of that cradle of art and song, might yet rise from the dust and stand revealed in as pure a light as circled the eloquent Paul, when with outstretched hands and burning zeal he preached Jesus and the resurrection, in the Mars Hill of her own haughty Athens. Would Egypt look here she might tear from the face of her Isis, the veil dark and inscrutable, which ages of ignorance and crime have let fall upon his gigantic wonders; and lift to heaven the song of deliverance, as the cross of Christ glittering in the sunbeam from the summit of her mountain pyramids. Would Italy but look here, and a spiritual leprosy would lay at once upon all the doings of the Vatican. Papal Bulls would thun-

der in vain, the Genius of Liberty would pour new life-blood through her veins, and nerve her heart with the stirring memories of departed virtue. May our country never look elsewhere; may she ever cherish in the hearts of her citizens from the earliest infancy to maturest age, the principles of the Bible. May her policy, legislation, institutions and manners ever be saturated as now with the spirit which the Bible breathes—and then whatever solemn and trying destiny is yet before her; through whatever fiery ordeal she may yet be called to pass, she will not palsy by contact with the superannuated errors of the false prophet, or wither in the rank steam of her corrupted breath—she will never sink down, guilty and atheistic, crimsoned with the stains of foreign or fraternal blood; but if in the lapse of ages, the stars and stripes must go out to make way in earth's drama for some higher purpose of Jehovah, they will not be lost in the din of arms or the sanguinary terrors of the battle field; but borne aloft by some angel hand, they will glitter with an added radiance until they melt away into the light of heaven.

## The Mouse in Liquor.

Mr. Smith, the reformed drunkard from London, apologised for much of the folly of drunkards' by the following story of the Cat and the Mouse:

A mouse ranging about a brewery happening to fall into one of the vats of beer, was in imminent danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied it is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you. The mouse piteously replied, that fate would be better than to be drowned in beer. The cat lifted him out, but the fumes of beer caused pussy to sneeze; the mouse took refuge in his hole. The cat called upon mousy to come out—"You rascal, did you not promise that I should eat you?" "Ah!" replied mousy, "but you know I was in liquor at the time."

If none would say or do foolish things, or fall a prey to their great adversary, let them take care never to get in liquor. We are willing now to receive this apology from the reformed drunkards for much of their course, which has been so foolish and destructive.

## Warning to Undutiful Husbands.

A farmer in Bristol county, named Lumbem, was very neglectful in preparing fuel to cook dinner with; he would leave the house early in the morning, seldom splitting wood sufficient to bring his dinner to a suitable state for mastication. His better half, tired of wielding the axe, and finding expostulations of no avail, determined to administer a practical rebuke.—One morning before leaving home, old Lumbem told his wife he wished her to cook a piece of salt beef for dinner. "If you will split some wood I'll cook any thing you want," replied his spouse. "I can't stop to split wood, I've something else to do," said the farmer; "you must boil the meat the best way you can." Off tramped the farmer, leaving his wife to cook dinner as best she might. Dinner came round, and with it came the farmer also, as ravenous as a shark. Seating himself at the table, and taking a hearty draught of cider, he seized a knife, and gave it a few touches upon the stool. Becoming impatient, he cried out, "Come, where's the meat, I'm as hungry as a wolf." His wife brought the meat and accompaniments, and set them before him. With astonishment strongly depicted upon his sun-brow visage, he loudly vociferated "what in the name of pancakes and watered milk does this ere mean? Why didn't you boil that ere meat?" "You told me to cook dinner the best way I could, and after looking at the fire place and the utcut wood, I put it in the warmest place I could find, in the corner of the yard next the barn, where the sun has shone upon it dreadful strong." Farmer Lumbem replied not to his helpmate, but taking some bread and cheese he left the house, inwardly resolving never to leave his dame, without preparing sufficient wood for all culinary purposes at least.

## A Dutch Roping-in Game.

Der Deutsche tells a good thing about a fellow who went into a grocery store and called for a quart of molasses. The molasses was brought, and the purchaser demanded to have it poured into his hat. The grocer's clerk offered to lend him a measure, but no—the purchaser insisted upon having it put into his hat, at the same time laying down a piece of money which required change. The shopman, much wondering at so odd a whim, hesitated no longer, but doused the molasses into his customer's old hat, and then pulled out his money drawer to make change. In a twinkling the rascally purchaser dropped the hat on the young grocer's head, grabbed all the money within his reach, coolly put the grocer's good hat on his own head, and walked off whistling, while the shopkeeper was blinding, choking and smothering in a bath of molasses.

"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be."  
"No, she's left off, and turned expensive."

## Eighteen Years Old.

There is a period in the life of every young man over which to pass safely, requires the most skilful navigation. To double this point is more dangerous to the moral character, than for a navigator to double Cape Horn. The whirlpool of pride and the quicksands of self-conceit yawn upon them, and are to the young man what Scylla and Charybdis were to the ancients. This period is from sixteen to twenty one years of age, and during this time a young man is subject to what is commonly called the eighteen years' old fever, though owing to the precocity of some, they are attacked as early as sixteen. The effects of the disease are altogether different from those morbid complaints to which the human system is subject—instead of wasting away, it produces a general inflation of the intellect, if I may so express it, which renders the subject more like a bladder filled with wind, than a rational being.

## Important N. B.

A young Miss, in writing to her lover, from an adjoining county, to this city, seems to have forgotten to say something about home affairs, and after sealing up her letter, breaks it open to add the following:

N. B. I break this letter open to let you know that our calf runs after folks.

P. S. So no more at present, only her horns ain't large enough to hurt any body, if she war to butt 'em.

A student in one of our colleges, on his way home during vacation, stopped for the night at a tavern in the country. Alighting from his gig, he gave the following very clear and order to the ostler: "Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the Aurora of morn shall again illuminate the oriental horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality."

## Selecting Cabbage Plants.

A correspondent of the New Genesee Farmer advises those, who on a rainy day, take from a bed of Cabbage plants, some for transplanting, to select the blue short legged ones—because the long legged ones are mostly scullions, and won't have any heads!

## A Sharper Served Out.

A man the other day got a crowd of countrymen around him near the old market, and attempted to 'surprise the natives' by a few sleights of hand. After accomplishing a feat or two, and winning some bets, he told one of the spectators, a tall, raw looking fellow, that he could turn a nine-pence into a dollar, if he could be furnished with one. The spectator out with his leather pouch, handed the exhibitor a nine-pence, which the latter readily, apparently, converted into a silver dollar and handed it to the spectator to examine. The countryman, on receiving the dollar took off his hat and made a low bow to the exhibitor, exclaimed, "Well, I'll be darned if you hadn't done it!" and then putting the dollar into the pouch from which he had taken the nine-pence, he added, "but you ain't a going to to turn it back into a nine-pence, no how."—Providence Chron.

## Slander.

It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it—at least none who are engaged in the business pursuits of life. Have you had a bad fellow in your employment, and discharge him—he goes round and slanders you; refuse another some very modest boon which he has asked, he goes round and slanders you; let your conduct be such as to create the envy of another he goes round and slanders you. In fine, we would not give a cent for a person who is not slandered; it shows that he is either a milk-sop or a fool. No—no—earn a bad name by a bad fellow, (and you can easily do so by correct conduct,) it is the only way to prove that you are entitled to a good one.—Portland Me., Tribune.

ABSURDITIES.—It is very absurd for a person to suppose, that in this world he will meet with no injustice.

It is absurd to think that all beautiful women will make good wives.

It is absurd to expect decency of a fool, or brains of a dandy.

It is absurd to think of passing through life without adventures, or that lobsters will not turn red after being boiled.

It is absurd to expect a return of good for evil, or to hope for assistance from a relation.

It is absurd to think of acquiring a reputation for honesty, and, at the same time cheat your neighbor.

## That Beats the Bugs.

The Crescent City tells of an artist who painted a mouse so naturally, that when a cat happened to enter the room it started from the canvass with its tail at half-mast, and in its fright, jumped down the painter's throat, that being the nearest hole it found open.

They have introduced cut granite curbstones in the borough of Harrisburg.