

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 3.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1842.

No. 15.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THEODORE SCHOCH.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance.—Two dollars 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 7 1/2 cts. per copy, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except the opinion 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 card of disavowal will be made to yearly advertisers. A PAID letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

POETRY.

The Angel and the Child.

An Angel form, with brow of light,
Watched o'er a sleeping infant's dream,
And gazed, as tho' his visage bright
He there beheld as in a stream.
"Fair child, whose face is like to mine,
Oh come," he said, "and fly with me;
Come forth to happiness divine,
For earth is all unworthy thee.
"Here perfect bliss thou canst not know;
The soul amidst its pleasures sighs,
All sounds of joy are full of woe,
Enjoyments are but miseries.
"Fear stalks amidst the gorgeous shows;
And tho' serene the day may rise,
It lasts not brilliant to its close,
And tempests sleep in calmest skies.
"Alas! shall sorrow, doubts and fears
Deform a brow so pure as this!—
And shall the bitterness of tears
Dim those blue eyes that speak of bliss!
"No, no! along the realms of space,
Far from all care, let us begone;
Kind Providence shall give the grace
For these few years thou might'st live on.
"No mourning weeds, no sound of wail
Thy chainless spirit shall annoy;
Thy kindred shall thy absence hail,
Even as thy coming gave them joy.
"No cloud on any brow shall rest,
Nought speak of tombs or sadness there;
Of beings, like, thee, pure and best,
The latest hour should be most fair."
The angel shook his snowy wings,
And thro' the fields of ether sped,
Where Heaven's eternal music rings—
"Mother—alas!—thy son is dead!"

From the Mother's Magazine. "Hope thou in God."

Air—Woodland.
BY REV. FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.
My soul, O Lord, on thee relies,
Though all is dark and drear;
To thee my fainting spirit flies;
And to thy throne devoutly cries,
Nor will I yield to fear.
My heart, my bleeding heart shall be
Submissive to thy will;
Thy mercy long hath flow'd for me,
And though thy frowning face I see,
I'll trust that mercy still.
Though sorrow all my hours attend,
Or when I wake or sleep,
I know on whom my hopes depend,
And upward shall my thoughts ascend—
I'll praise thee while I weep.
In all my griefs, while here I stay,
O'er life's brief stage to roam,
Thou wilt defend by night and day,
And safe conduct me all the way
To my eternal home.
My home! no sorrow enters there,
No hearts with grief are riv'n.
Then all life's ills I'll gladly bear,
Since thus my Father would prepare
My chaste'n'd soul for heav'n.

Seven Years at Church.

There resides in Western county, State of New York, an aged man, a member of the respectable society of Friends, who has rode from Sleepy Hollow up to Chipequa Meeting, a distance of seven miles—or fourteen miles going and coming—twice a week, for the space of fifty years. In doing this, he has ridden a distance of seventy-two thousand and four hundred miles—or almost three times the circumference of the earth. Allowing him five hours each meeting day, and ten working hours to the day, he has spent, in his go-to-meeting expeditions, seven years and forty-five days.

A Fair Hit.

"Here, you bog trotter," said a half dandy soap-lock to an Irish laborer, "come tell the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to a whiskey punch." "An by me soul, yer honor's a gintleman," retorted Pat. "Father was'n't, Alexander a hero?" "Yes, my boy," replied Oats. "Well, then, father, wasn't Miss Alexander a she-ro?" "Take that boy to bed. What depravity!"

A match for Croquet.

A few weeks since, a man, in the neighborhood of Worumontog's Pond, in the east part of Hallowell, heard a great outcry from his dog. Going quickly in that direction, he saw his dog had been seized by a bear, but had got loose and was running towards him, the bear being in pursuit. His gun was loaded with shot, and before he could put a bullet in it the bear was close upon him. The animal rose up before him, and was attempting to give him not a very fraternal hug, when the dog seized her behind. As she turned to strike a blow at the dog with her paw, the man struck her with his gun with all his strength; a second blow broke his gun, when the bear rushed upon him again. He seized the animal by the ear, and held her off at arm's length with his left hand. In the scuffle, they came down together, the man uppermost, and still holding on. By good luck his right hand happened to fall upon a large stone as large as he could conveniently grasp; with this he struck the bear with all his strength upon the head and nose, (a very vulnerable part in a bear,) and while he held his grasp with his left hand, he actually beat the bear to death with the other. The skin of the animal was shown in our office; the marks of the bruises made by the stone are to be seen on the skin, which is nearly cut through in several places about the head. The ferocity of this bear is accounted for by the fact that she had cubs; these have since been seen, but we have not heard of their being taken. The man is large and athletic, and somewhat advanced in years. Will some one who knows him send his name?—[Augusta Journal.]

Five years ago, in the very heart, and in the suburbs of the town of Lancaster, there were in operation at one time, TWENTY DISTILLERIES, most of them, if not all, had two stills running day and night, and at the same time SIX LARGE BREWERIES were in a successful tide of operation. And with what feelings of pride, must every good citizen now say, that Lancaster at this present moment, presents the singular anomaly of but one or two distilleries in operation, and are doing very little indeed, as we were informed by one of the proprietors the other day, that it was scarcely worth while to heat the furnaces of a still-house.—Lancaster (Pa.) Age.

Romance vs. Reality.

If you wish to marry a woman who will sit all day with holes in her stockings, and talk to you about what sacrifices she would be willing to make for your comfort and convenience—who will see you toiling, and sweating day and night, for the support of your family, and never reach forth a finger to assist you, while she addresses you in poetical numbers, and calls you the noblest of beings—whose heart is always bursting with love, while your shirts need washing, and you can never get a meal cooked to your mind—if you would marry such a one, go and marry a romantic maiden who reads Bulwer and sighs to the moon.

The Western Erskine.

The following sublime burst of eloquence astonished the natives in Arkansas (classical, Rackensack,) some few weeks since. An overseer had killed a negro named Daniel. The Advocate wound up his defence thus: "Gentlemen of the jury—I know that Daniel will no longer pick the white cotton ball from the cotton stalk—no more enliven the midnight crowd with the patting of the romantic jawbone, and the playing of the sentimental jewsharp—will never again cast his angling line into the broad, superfluous, majestic and outrageous bosom of the eternal Mississippi. Yes I know that he now reposes 'alone in his glory,' on the north corner of a bleak hill-side, with his eyes turned towards the cerulean heavens, and his big toe sticking out a foot—Yet, is that any reason why my client should be hung? I think not! I rather suppose not! Rochester Dem.

"Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arm of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources the better."

Dr. Ship recommends a hop poultice for a jumping tooth ache.
A secret is like silence, you cannot talk about it, and keep it.

True and false Delicacy.

Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes a merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark. This spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste, as from good feeling, and good sense; but that high minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst women as in the society of men; which shrinks from no necessary duty and can speak when required, with seriousness and kindness of things at which it would be ashamed, indeed, to smile or to blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another, and which understands also how, and when to receive one—that delicacy which can give alms without display, and advice without assuming; and which pains not the most humble of susceptible beings in creation. This is the delicacy which forms so important a part of good taste, that where it does not exist as a natural instinct, it is taught as the first principle of good manners, and considered as the universal passport to good society. Nor can this, the greatest charm of female character, if totally neglected in youth, ever be acquired in after life. When the mind has been accustomed to what is vulgar, or gross, the fine edge of feeling is gone, and nothing can restore it. It is comparatively easy, on first entering upon life, to maintain the page of thought unsullied, by closing it against every improper image; but when once such images are allowed to mingle with the imagination, so as to be constantly revived by memory, and thus to give their tone to the habitual mode of the female character may indeed be said to be gone and its glory departed.—Mrs. Ellis's Daughters of England.

To make Hens lay perpetually.

Hens will lay eggs perpetually, if treated in the following manner: Keep no roosters; give the hens fresh-meat, chopped fine like sausage meat, once a day to each hen, during the winter, or from the time insects disappear in the fall, till they appear again in the spring. Never allow any eggs to remain in the nest for what is called nest eggs. When the roosters do run with the hens and no nest eggs are left in the nest, the hens will not cease laying after the production of twelve or fifteen eggs, as they always do when roosters and nest eggs are allowed, but continue laying perpetually. My hens always lay all winter, and each from seventy-five to one hundred eggs in succession. If the above plan were generally followed, eggs would be just as plenty in winter as in summer. The only reason why hens do not lay in winter as freely as in the summer, is the want of animal food, which they get in summer in abundance in the form of insects. I have for several winters reduced my theory to practice, and proved its entire correctness. It must be observed that the presence of the male is not necessary for the production of eggs, as they are formed whether the male be present or not. Of course such eggs will not produce chickens. When chickens are wanted, the roosters must, of course, run with the hens.—Ab. Cult.

Coloring Walls.

It may not be generally known, particularly in the country, that blue vitriol when mixed with lime, forms a very beautiful as well as exceedingly cheap coloring matter for walls.—Take good lime and slack it as usual, one and a half pounds of blue vitriol, dissolve the crystals with boiling water, when dissolved mix it with the white-wash, and add one pound of glue well dissolved. This should be prepared in a glue pot if possible, to prevent its being burned or scorched. When well mixed the first coat must be put on horizontally or from side to side, and the second coat vertically or up and down. The wall will be of a bright blue color resembling the bottles some times seen in apothecary shops. By following these directions, women can put on the coloring as smoothly and as well, generally, as men.

The following is the latest and surest method of pulling teeth: "Fasten a strong piece of twine to the tooth that is to be drawn, and attach the other end of the twine to a heavy stone. Then, if the tooth be in the upper jaw, stand on the fence and let the stone drop down suddenly—if the tooth be in the under jaw, stand at the bottom of the fence, and throw the stone over."

A Pledge!

The Washington Banner tells the story of a fellow who wanted to 'sign away his liberty'; but having no pledge at hand, sat down and wrote the following—"Blister my feathers if I drink another drop of alcohol, sick or well, dead or alive." He signed it and stuck to it nobly.

If you run your nose against a lamp post, blame nobody but yourself, and bid it good bye. Why are ladies more polite to other men than to their own husbands?

American Navy Yards.

Beginning north, the first Navy Yard on our coast is found at Portsmouth, N. H. The Navy Yard is situated on Navy Island, on the east side of Piscataqua river, within the boundaries of the State of Maine. The yard contains fifty-eight acres, and cost the government \$5,500. Portsmouth is the only seaport of New Hampshire; but its harbor is one of the best on the coast, being easily accessible, as it has over forty feet of water in the channel, at low tide; and is, moreover, perfectly landlocked. It is also capacious and well protected. Here were built the Washington 74; the Concord 20; the Preble 16; and others. The next Navy Yard is at Charlestown, Mass. It is situated on the north side of Charles river, and at the east point of the town. It covers an extent of nearly sixty acres. The dry dock, built of hewn granite, in the most solid manner, cost \$677,090. Here were built the Vermont 80; the Alabama 80; the Independence (originally 74) 54; the Constitution 44; the Boston 20; the Warren 20; the Cyane 20; the Marion 16; the Porpoise 10; the Pioneer 10; the Consort 10; the Boxer 10.

The Navy Yard at New York is situated on Wallabout Bay, Long Island—opposite to the city of New York. It contains about forty acres, and cost the government \$40,000. Here were built the Ohio 80; the Lexington 20; the Vincennes 20; the Fairfield 20; the Levant 20; the Peacock 18; the Decatur 16; the Dolphin 10; the Enterprise 10; the steamer Fulton, and the steamer Missouri.

The Philadelphia Navy Yard is located within the district of Southwark, on the west side of the Delaware. It contains eleven acres, and cost the United States \$37,000. At this yard was built the largest vessel in our service, the Pennsylvania, of 120 guns. Here also were built the Franklin 74; the North Carolina 80; the United States 44; the Guerriere 44; the Vandavia 20; the Dale 16; the Relief store ship, and the steamer Mississippi.

Baltimore is a naval station, with one or more receiving ships; but has not, we believe, the appurtenances of a Navy Yard. No ship has been built here since 1814. The Constellation 36 was built here in 1797; the Ontario 18; the Erie 18; the Hornet 18, in 1813; and the Java 44, in 1814.

Washington Navy Yard is situated on the eastern branch of the river Potomac, contains thirty-seven acres, and cost but \$4,000. Here was built the Columbus 74; Potomac 44; Brandwyne 44; Columbia 44; St Louis 20; Grampus 10; Shark 10.

The Navy Yard at Gosport, Virginia, is situated on the south branch of Elizabeth river, adjoining Portsmouth; it contains sixteen acres, and cost \$12,000. This is one of the most important Navy Yards in the Union; and has a dry dock which was built at an expense of over \$900,000. At this yard were built the Delaware 74; Macedonian (rebuilt) 26; John Adams (rebuilt) 20; Natchez 20; Erie (rebuilt) 18; Yorktown 16; and others.

The Navy Station at Charleston, (S. C.) has been but recently established, and no buildings of importance have been erected.

The Pensacola Navy Yard is situated on Pensacola Bay, about six miles below the town, and is important as a rendezvous for ships stationed in, or cruising near the Gulf of Mexico. Savannah Georgian.

Soot Destroys Cut Worms.

Soot destroys or drives off from all plants of cabbage tribe, from pinks, and from other plants, those common and voracious grubs of gardens, the larvae of the moths of the family Noctuidae. After being annoyed almost to despair, by the ravages of this grub, I resorted to the use of soot, and thus applied it—I laid it dry, and near an inch thick, over the ground, and dug it in. The plants were then planted from 20 to 25 in a row, and so effectual was the soot that instead of losing eight or ten plants in a row, as I before had done, I think I did not lose more than that number in a bed of 200 or 300. In the grub's attacks on plants of the cabbage family, its habit is to eat some nearby and others quite asunder, a little below the heart; it often greatly annoys the farmers in their turnip fields. I have made use of the same remedy since and have never found it to fail. Last summer I then made some soot water, and watered the bed well, and the bed was soon freed from the grubs. The precise mode of the soot's action on the grub I cannot state; but I believe the ammoniacal matter which it contains destroys some and disperses the remainder. I have not found the soot to injure the soil at all; and I name this because I had been told it would. Agricola.

An Ancient Relic.

A few days since, while some men were employed in digging a cellar for a new house in Carleton place, Boston, they found a grave-stone several feet below the surface of the ground, bearing the following inscription: "Margaret, wife of Wm. Snelling, aged 46 years, deceased ye 18th day of June, 1667."

Advice to Unmarried Ladies.

If you have blue eyes—languish.
If black eyes—leer.
If you have a pretty foot—wear short petticoats.
If you are the least doubtful as to that point let them be rather long.
If you have good teeth—don't forget to laugh now and then.
If you have bad ones—you must only simpere.
While you are young sit with your face to the light.
While you are a little advanced—sit with your back to the window.
If you have a bad voice—always speak in a low tone.
If it is acknowledged that you have a fine voice—never speak in a high tone.
If you dance well, dance but seldom.
If you dance ill, never dance at all.
If you sing well—make no previous excuses.
If you sing indifferently—hesitate not a moment when you are asked; for few persons are competent judges of singing, but every sensible of a desire to please.
If in conversation you think a person cured—rather hint a difference of opinion—rather than a contradiction.
If you find a person telling an absolute hood—let it pass over in silence; it is your while to make any one your enemy proving him a liar.
It is always in your power to make a fool by smiles—what a folly to make enemies of frowns!
When you have an opportunity to praise—do it with all your heart.
When you are forced to blame—appear, at least, to do it with reluctance.
If you are envious of another woman—never show it but by allowing her every good quality and perfection except those she really possesses.
If you wish to let the world know you are in love with a particular man—treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom.
If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent—it is better to exercise your ill humors on your dog, your cat, or your servant, than your friends.
If you would preserve beauty—rise early.
If you would preserve esteem—be gentle.
If you would obtain power—be condescending.
If you would live happy—endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

The sagacity of the canine race is truly surprising. Jones, of the Second Ward Hotel, once had a very valuable Newfoundland dog, who used to sit at the door, and people frequently gave him pennies, with which he used to run to the market and buy a piece of meat. All at once the dog began to act queerly—grew sleepy—loafed about, and got poor. The doctor could do nothing for him. He went no more to the butcher's. One day, Mr. Jones followed him, and saw him go to a three cent gin shop, and there found that instead of buying his cent's worth of meat, the poor fellow had saved up his pennies and laid them out for gin. Every effort was made to save him, but without avail, and he died soon after of the delirium tremens. [N. Y. Arena.]

The Philadelphia North American gives the following discouraging account of the business concerns of that city: "We do not remember to have seen business so dull in this city as it has been for some weeks past, at this season of the year. It more resembles the month of July, when the greater part of our merchants are absent in pursuit of health and pleasure, than the spring of the year. Though the principal part of the spring business has usually closed before this time, still there are some lingering remnants of it left, especially in the Pennsylvania trade, to remind us of what has been. For even that, we now look, and look in vain. It is estimated that about 2,000 mechanics are now out of employ, and this number will be increased, rather than diminished, during the coming season; rents have fallen about 25 per cent., and every thing betokens extreme lassitude. There is extreme suffering, we fear, from almost abject poverty, on the part of many who have never heretofore known want."

An auctioneer lately indulged in the following little bit of the pathetic:—"Gentlemen, my father or mother stood where you do and didn't buy those boots—those elegant boots—when they were going for one dollar, I should feel it my duty, as a son, to tell both of 'em that they were false to themselves, and false to their country."

The Packet Boats now take passengers and "eat them," from Buffalo to Schenectady for \$7. Time, 70 hours. If any one wants to travel any cheaper, he may get a "check on the tow-path" for nothing, and "eat himself."