

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 3.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1842

No. 35

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 7-8 cts. per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at 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 liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts,

JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER

BLANKS,

PAMPHLETS, &c.

Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms

AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, the auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Monroe county, to examine and if necessary settle the accounts of James H. Stroud, the Administrator, &c. of Alexander Eagles, deceased, and make distribution of the remaining assets to and among the creditors of said deceased, will discharge the duties of his appointment on the 24th day of November next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. at his office in the Borough of Stroudsburg, when and where the creditors and all other persons interested may attend.

JOHN D. MORRIS, Auditor.

Stroudsburg, Oct. 26, 1842.—41.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

Wholesale and Retail

TIN AND SHEET IRON

WARE

MANUFACTORY,

At Stroudsburg, Monroe county, Pa.

The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Stroudsburg and the public generally, that he has opened a shop on Elizabeth street, nearly opposite William Eastburn's store, where he intends keeping constantly on hand, and will manufacture to order, all articles in his line of business, such as

TIN-WARE in all its variety,
Stove Pipes and Drums of all sizes,
Spouts for Dwelling Houses and
other Buildings.

Also,—very superior Russian and
American Sheet Iron,

Which he will manufacture into every shape to suit purchasers, &c. &c.

As the subscriber is a mechanic himself, and employs none but first-rate workmen, the public may rest assured that his work is done in the best and most workmanlike manner; and he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

Come and see for yourselves, before you purchase elsewhere.

PEWTER and LEAD, taken in exchange for work, and all kinds of REPAIRING in the Copper, Tin, and sheet Iron Business done at the shortest notice.

WANDEL BREIMER.

May 4, 1842.—41.

Fashionable Tailoring ESTABLISHMENT.

M. M. BURNETT.

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Stroudsburg and county generally, that he is still exerting himself for their accommodation at his stand, one door below the office of Wm. Davis, Esq. on Elizabeth street, and has now in his possession plates and diagrams of the

Very Latest City Fashions;

from which he is enabled to cut all kinds of gentlemen's wearing apparel in a manner that cannot fail to please those who may wish to dress in strict accordance with the prevailing modes. For others whose tastes may not incline to the latest fashions, or whose ages may suggest ideas of comfort rather than display, he trusts he is equally well prepared; having had the advantage of many years experience in the difficult, yet not un-remunerable task of adapting his work to the wishes of many and various persons. He is prepared to supply orders with promptness and despatch. With his sincerest thanks for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, he respectfully solicits its continuance—determined to neglect no means of giving his customers full and ample satisfaction.

All kinds of cutting neatly executed at the shortest notice, and in the most fashionably style.

September 14, 1842.

POETRY.

From the U. S. Saturday Post.

The Quakeress.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

Oh! never talk again to me
Of dashing belles and high-born misses,
Till it has been your lot to see
A "Meeting" full of Quakeresses!
Your city miss may gayer dress,
Your dashing belle may be more striking,
But the neat, modest Quakeress
Is far more lovely, to my liking.

Oh! was it ne'er your lot to know
A sweet and modest Quaker lass,
With sunny brow, and neck of snow,
And bosom—but we'll let that pass!
With eyes, before whose melting glance
The sturdiest rebel must surrender;
Eyes that might fairly make you dance,
So bright and sparkling, yet so tender!

Her form of Nature's finest mould,
Untrammelled by the hand of Art;
Features in which you may behold
The rich out-gushings of a heart,
Filled with the deep intensity
Of young love's sweetest, purest passion;
With manners frankly kind, and free
From the cold worldliness of fashion.

Her maidenly becoming walk—
(Sometimes too staid, I will allow.)
And then her pretty Quaker talk,
Her "yea" and "nay," and "thee" and "thou,"
How prettily from her sweet lips
Fall phrases that were harsh from others,
Just as her graceful looks eclipse
Her tall, ungainly awkward brothers!

And then no cold coquette is she,
Feigning love's show without its feeling,
But rather strives, all modestly,
To practice woman's art—concealing;
But yet when he—the favored youth,
Shall ask if she his lot will bless,
So dearly does she love the truth
She'll ever answer frankly—"Yes!"

Let other bards attune their lays,
To reigning belles and toasted beauties,
But be it mine to sing the praise
Of Quaker girls and homely duties;
Let high-born dames, in jewels flashing,
By lord and fopling worshipped be,—
Let others choose their beauties dashing,
But the sweet QUAKERESS for me!
Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Green Horn.

The second day after our return to Spithead, I was sent on shore in the cutter to bring off a youngster who was to join the ship; he had never been to sea before; his name was Green, and he was as green as a gooseberry. I took a dislike to him the moment that I saw him, because he had a hooked nose, and very small ferret eyes. As we were pulling on board, he asked me a great many questions of all kinds, particularly about the captain and officers, and to amuse myself and the boat's crew, I exercised my peculiar genius for invention.

At last, after I had given a character of the first lieutenant, which made him appear a sort of marine ogre, he asked how it was I got on with him; "O very well," replied I; "but I'm a freemason, and so is he; and he's never severe with a brother mason."

"But how did he know you were a mason?"
"I made the sign to him the very first time that he began to scold me, and he left off almost immediately; that is when I made the second sign; he did not when I made the first."

"I should like to know those signs. Won't you tell them to me?"
"Tell them to you! Oh, no, that won't do," replied I. "I don't know you. Here we are on board—in bow—rowed of all men. Now, Mr. Green, I'll show you the way up."

Mr. Green was presented and ushered into the service much in the same way that I was; but he had not forgotten what I said to him, relative to the first lieutenant, and it so happened, that on the third day, he witnessed a jobation, delivered by the first lieutenant to one of the midshipmen, who on venturing to reply, was ordered to the mast head; added to which, a few minutes afterwards, the first lieutenant ordered two men to be put both legs in irons. Mr. Green trembled as he saw the men led away by the master-at-arms, and he came to me.

"I do wish, Keene, you would tell me those signs," said he; "can't you be persuaded to part with them! I will give you anything that I have which you may like."

"Well," said I, "I should like to have that long spy-glass of yours; for it is a very good one, and as a signal midshipman will be useful to me."

"I'll give it you, with all my heart," replied he, "if you will tell me the signs."
"Well, then, come down below, give me the glass and I will tell them to you."

Mr. Green and I went down to the berth, and I received the spy-glass as a present, in due form. I then led him to my chest in the steerage, and in a low, confidential tone told him as follows:—

"You see, Green, you must be very particular about making those signs, for if you make a mistake you will be worse off than if you never made them at all, for the first lieutenant will suppose that you are trying to persuade him that you are a mason, when you are not. Now, observe you must not attempt to make the first sign until he has scolded you well; then at any pause you must make it; thus, you see, you must put your thumb to the tip of your nose, and extend your hand straight from it, with all the fingers separated as wide as you can. Now, do it as I did it. Stop—wait a little till that marine passes. Yes, that is it. Well, that is considered first proof of your being a mason, but it requires a second. The first lieutenant will, I tell you frankly, be, or rather pretend to be, in a terrible rage, and will continue to rail at you; you must, therefore, wait a little till he pauses, and then, you observe, put up your thumb to your nose, with the fingers of your hand spread out as before, and then add to it your other hand by joining your other thumb to the little finger of the hand already up, and stretch your other hand out like the first. Then you will see the effects of the second sign. Do you think you can recollect all this! for as I said before, you must make no mistake."

Green put his hands up as I had told him, and after three or four essays declared himself perfect and I left him.
It was three days afterwards that Mr. Green upset a kid of dirty water upon the lower deck, which had been dry holystoned; and the mate of the lower deck, when the first lieutenant went his round, reported the circumstance to exculpate himself. Mr. Green was consequently summoned upon the quarter deck, and the first lieutenant, who was very angry commenced as usual, a volley of inveterate abuse on the unfortunate youngster.

Green, recollecting my instructions, waited till the first lieutenant had paused, and then made the first free mason sign, looking up very boldly at the first lieutenant, who actually drew back with astonishment at this contemptuous conduct hitherto unwitnessed on board of a man-of-war.

"What, sir!" cried the first lieutenant. "Why sir, are you mad!—you just come into the service treating me in this manner! I can tell you sir, that you will not be three days longer in the service—no, sir, not three days, for either you leave the service or I do. Of all the impudence, of all the insolence, of all the contempt, I have heard of, this beats all—and from such a little animal as you. Consider yourself as under an arrest, sir, till the captain comes on board, and your conduct is reported—go down below, sir, immediately."

The lieutenant paused, and now Green gave him sign the second, as a reply, thinking that they would then come to a right understanding; but to his astonishment, the first lieutenant was more furious than ever, and calling the sergeant of marines, ordered him to take Mr. Green down, and put him in irons, under the half-deck.

Poor Green was handed down, all astonishment at the want of success of his mason's signs. Keene who stood aloft was delighted at the success of his joke, while the first lieutenant walked hastily up and down the deck, as much astonished as enraged at such insulting and insolent conduct from a lad who had not been a week in the service.

After a time the first lieutenant went down below, when Bob Cross, who was on deck, and who had perceived my delight at the scene, which appeared to him and to all others so inexplicable, came up to me and said,

"Master Keene, I am sure, by your looks, that you know something about this affair. That foolish lad never had dared do so, if he knew what it was that he had done. Now, don't look so demure, but tell me how it is."

I walked aft with Bob Cross, and confided my secret to him; he laughed heartily, and said: "Well, Tommy Dot did say that you were up to anything, and so I think you are; but you see this is a very serious affair for poor Green, and like the fable of the frogs, what is sport to you is death to others. The poor lad will be turned out of service, and lose his chance of being a post captain, so you must allow me to explain the matter so that it gets to the ears of the first lieutenant as soon as possible."

"Well," replied I, "do as you like, Bob; if any one's to be turned out of the service for such nonsense, it ought to be me, and not Green, poor snob."

"No fear of your being turned out; the first lieutenant won't like you the worse, and the other officers will like you the better, especially as I shall say that it is by your wish that I explain all to get Mr. Green out of the scrape. I'll to the surgeon and tell him; but Master Keene, don't you call such matters nonsense, or you'll find yourself mistaken one of these days. I never saw such disrespect on a quarter-deck in all my life, worse than mutiny a thousand times." Here Bob Cross burst out

into a fit of laughter, as he recalled Green's extended fingers to his memory, and then he turned away and went down below to speak to the surgeon.

As soon as Cross had quitted the deck, I could not restrain my curiosity as to the situation of my friend Green; I therefore went down the ladder to the half-deck, and there, on the starboard side between the guns I perceived the poor fellow, with his legs in irons, his hands firmly clasped together, looking so woeful and woe-begone, every now and then raising his eyes up to the beams of the upper deck, as if he would appeal to heaven, that I scarcely could refrain from laughing. I went up to him and said:—why, Green, how is all this—what has happened!"

"It happened," said the poor fellow, "see what has happened; here I am."

"Did you make the freemason's signs?" replied I.

"Did't I? Yes—I did, oh, what'll become of me!"

"You could not have made them right; you must have forgotten them."

"I'm sure I made them as you told me; I'm quite sure of that."

"Then perhaps I did not recollect them exactly myself; however, be of good heart; I will have the whole matter explained to the first lieutenant."

"Pray do; only get me out of this. I don't want the glass back."

"I'll have it done directly," replied I.

As I went away, Bob Cross came up, and told me that I was wanted by the first lieutenant in the gun room.

"Don't be afraid," said he; they've been laughing at it already, and the first lieutenant is in a capital humor, now, still he'll serve you out well, you must expect that."

"Shall I make him the sign again!" replied I, laughing.

"No, no; you've gone far enough, and too far already; mind what I say to you."

I went into the gun-room, when a tittering ceased as the sentry opened the door, and I walked in.

"Did you want me, sir!" said I to the first lieutenant, touching my hat, and looking very demure.

"So, Mr. Keene, I understand it was you who has been practising upon Mr. Green, and teaching him insult and disrespect to his superior officers on the quarter-deck. Well, sir."

I made no reply, but appeared very penitent.

"Because a boy has just come to sea, and is ignorant of his profession, it appears to be a custom which I shall take care shall not be followed up, to play him all manner of tricks and tell him all manner of falsehoods. Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Mr. Green and I have both just come to sea, sir, and the midshipmen all play us so many tricks," replied I, humbly, "that I hardly know whether, what I do is right or wrong."

"But sir, it was you who played this trick upon Mr. Green."

"Yes, sir, I told him so for fun, but I didn't think he was such a fool as to believe me. I only said that you were a free-mason, and that free-masons were kind to each other, and that you gave one another signs to know one another by; I heard you say you were a free-mason, sir, when I dined in the gun room."

Well sir, I did say so; but that is no reason for your teaching him to be impudent."

"He asked me for the signs, sir, and I didn't know them exactly; so I gave him the signs that Mr. Dot and I always made between us."

"Mr. Dot and you are a pretty pair—I've a great mind to put you in Mr. Green's place at all events, I shall report your conduct to the captain. There, sir, you may go."

I put on a penitent face as I went out wiping my eyes with the back of my hands. A few minutes afterwards, Mr. Green was set free and after a severe reprimand was allowed to return to his duty.

"You are well out of that trick, my hearty," said Bob Cross—"the first lieutenant won't say a word to the captain, never fear. But don't try it again."

Anecdote.

Soon after the close of the war of 1812, an American merchantman, manned by green Yankees went into London. One of the Yankees pitched ashore, and landed in a large warehouse. The proprietor stepped up to him, and said, "My fr-friend can you t-t-tell m-m," he could go no further. The head clerk advanced and said, "I guess I can tell you what he was going to ask—he was going to ask if you could tell him the reason why Balaam's Ass spoke?" "Wall," replied Jonathan, "I guess Balaam was a stuttering man and couldn't speak, and so his Ass stepped up and spoke for him."

In Norway it is said to be no uncommon sight to behold a gentleman dancing with a pipe in his mouth, or in waltzing, puffing the smoke into some lady's face.

"SAW MY LEG OFF."—We notice in a Western paper that a Mr. Saumo was united in marriage lately to a Miss Marian Legoff.

[BY REQUEST.]

The occasion of the following discourse was as follows:—Hosea Ballou, of Boston, the oracle of Universalism for New England and the middle States, made an appointment to preach in the place where Lemuel Haynes was stationed. Mr. Haynes had an appointment in a distant part of his parish, for the same time; not knowing, at the time of making it, of Mr. Ballou's purpose. At the advice of his friends, Mr. H. consented to relinquish his appointment, and to attend on Mr. B.; as he (Ballou) had vauntingly remarked that the friends of orthodoxy "scudded at his approach." Mr. Ballou, having ended his discourse, invited Mr. H. to speak; whereupon he ascended the pulpit, took his text, and gave the following discourse. At the conclusion of it, one of Mr. Ballou's friends remarked to him, (Ballou) "he skinned you alive." Mr. Haynes was a colored man, well known and much esteemed for his piety and good sense. He was last stationed at Grantville, N. Y., where he died, in the year 1833.

Genesis iii. 4:—"And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die."

The Holy Scriptures are a peculiar fund of instruction. They inform us of the origin of creation; of the primitive state of man; of his fall, or apostacy from God. It appears that he was placed in the garden of Eden, with full liberty to regal himself with all the delicious fruits that were to be found except what grew on one tree—if he ate of that he should surely die, was the declaration of the Most High.

Happy were the human pair amid this delightful paradise, until a certain preacher, in his journey, came that way, and disturbed their peace and tranquillity by endeavoring to reverse the prohibition of the Almighty, as in our text—"Ye shall not surely die."

"She pluck'd, she ate; Earth felt the wound; nature from her seat, Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe, That all was lost."—Milton.

We may attend, To the character of the preacher—to the doctrine inculcated—to the hearer addressed—to the medium or instrument of the preaching.

I. As to the preacher, I would observe, he has many names given him in the sacred writings, the most common is the Devil. That it was he that disturbed the felicity of our first parents, is evident from 2 Cor. xi. 3, and many other passages of Scripture. He was once an angel of light, and knew better than to preach such doctrine; he did violence to his own reason.

But to be a little more particular, let it be observed,

1. He is an old preacher. He lived about one thousand seven hundred years before Abraham—above two thousand four hundred and thirty years before Moses—four thousand and four years before Christ. It is now five thousand eight hundred and nine years since he commenced preaching. By this time he must have acquired great skill in the art.

2. He is a very cunning, artful preacher. When Elymas, the sorcerer, came to turn away people from the faith, he is said to be full of all subtlety, and a child of the devil—not only because he was an enemy of all righteousness, but on account of his carnal cunning and craftiness.

3. He is a very laborious, unwearied preacher. He has been in the ministry almost six thousand years, and yet his zeal is not in the least abated. The apostle Peter compares him to a roaring lion, walking about, seeking whom he may devour. When God inquired of this persevering preacher, Job ii. 2, "From whence comest thou?" he answered the Lord, and said, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." He is far from being circumscribed within the narrow limits of parish, state, or continental lines; but his haunt and travel is very large and extensive.

4. He is a heterogeneous preacher, if I may so express myself. He makes use of a Bible when he holds forth, as in his sermon to our Saviour, Matt. iv. 6. He mixes truth with error; in order to make it go well, or to carry his point.

5. He is a very presumptuous preacher. Notwithstanding God had declared in the most plain and positive terms, "Thou shalt surely die"—or, "In dying thou shalt die"—yet this audacious wretch had the impudence to confront omnipotence, and say, "Ye shall not surely die!"

6. He is a very successful preacher. He draws a great number after him. No preacher can command hearers like him. He was successful with our first parents—with the old world. Noah once preached to those spirits that are now in the prison of hell, and told them from God that they should surely die; but this preacher came along, and declared the contrary—"Ye shall not surely die." The greater part, it seems, believed him, and went to destruction. So it was with Sodom and Gomorrah—Lot preached to them; the substance of which was, "Up, get ye out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city."—Gen. xix. 14. But this old declaimer told them, No danger! no danger! "Ye shall not surely die." To