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

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

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BLANKS,

PAMPHLETS, &c.

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STROUDSBURG

FEMALE SEMINARY.

The Autumn Term of this Institution commenced on the seventh day of November, under the superintendance of Miss A. M. Stokes, and is now open for the reception of pupils.

The branches taught in this Seminary are Reading, Writing, Geography, Grammar, Rhetoric, Composition, History, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Logic, Mathematics, Drawing and Painting, the Greek, Latin, German Languages, &c.

The Seminary being endowed by the State, instruction is afforded at two dollars per quarter, inclusive of all the above branches.

Board can be obtained in respectable families on reasonable terms.

The Trustees with full confidence commend the Stroudsburg Female Seminary to the patronage of the public.

JOHN HUSTON, President

of the Board of Trustees.

December 14, 1842.—4f.

WORMS! WORMS!!

If parents knew the value and efficacy of Dr. Leidy's Patent Vegetable Worm Tea, they never would be without it in their families, as children are subject at all times to Worms.

Dr. Leidy's Worm Tea is composed of vegetables altogether, and may be given to children of all ages. Directions accompany each paper or package.

Children suffer much, of times, from so many things being given them for worms, without any effect. Much medicine, given to children, has a tendency to destroy their general health, and they are more or less delicate ever after.

To avoid the necessity of giving medicine unnecessarily when you are certain your children have worms give them at first Dr. Leidy's Worm Tea. It is all that is necessary.

Reference might be made to several hundred parents in Philadelphia city and county, of the efficacy of Dr. Leidy's Worm Tea. Try it and you will be convinced.

Price 12 1-2 cents a small, and 25 cents a large package. Prepared only, and for sale, wholesale and retail, at Dr. Leidy's Health Emporium, No. 191 North Second street, below Vine, (sign of the Golden Eagle and Serpents.) Philadelphia.

Also, sold at Wm. Eastburn's store, Stroudsburg, Jan. 4, 1843.

WILLIAM C. SALMON,

Attorney at Law,

Milford, Pike county, Pa.

(OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.)

September 14, 1842.

Clocks.

Brass 30 hour Clocks,

Wood 30 do do

For sale cheap, by

C. W. DEWITT.

Milford, Dec. 8, 1842.

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

The subscribers have at their Mill situate three miles from John Fleet's Tavern, which is on the Drinker Pike, and only half a mile from Henry W. Drinker, Esq., a large and general assortment of seasoned

White Pine Lumber

of the best quality, which they offer at very low prices. Purchasers would do well to call and examine their assortment, it being from 5 to 10 miles nearer, and a much better road, than to any other Mill in this section of country, where a general assortment can be had.

PHILIP G. READING & Co.

September 21, 1842.—4m.

BLANK MORTGAGES

For sale at this office.

From Graham's Magazine. The Crowded Street.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.
How fast the fitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear—
Its flower, its light—is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Goest thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die!

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare!
Thy golden fortunes—tower they now!
Or melt the glittering spires in air!

Who of this crowd, to-night, shall tread
The dance till daylight gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er th' untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain!

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours—how slow the light!
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is who heeds—who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its predestined end.

"Where's Capt. Shenley."

This common inquiry, we find at the head of an article in the London Globe, of a recent date; in which article the whereabouts of the Captain are satisfactorily stated as follows:

Captain Shenley, who some short time since eloped with a young lady of 15 years of age, from the United States, and which affair at the time caused considerable excitement in America, from the circumstances attending it, and a notice of which appeared in the London journals, is at present residing at Surinam, where he fills the office of Judge of Her Majesty's Slave Commission Court; but intends to return, as the American papers state, in consequence of the ill health of his lady, and will then take the opportunity to endeavor to bring about an amicable reconciliation between himself and Mrs. Shenley's family. The property of which the young lady is entitled is about 2,000,000 dollars, near £500,000 sterling, and consists of real estate in Pittsburgh—no small fortune for this gallant son of Mars to storm and capture. It is bequeathed to her under the will of her grandfather, the late General O'Hara. The Pennsylvania Legislature passed an act setting aside this legacy, and giving the revenues to the trustees, but it may be supposed that such a law is null and void, and of no effect in a court of law and equity. It is most probable, if the law thus passed be correctly represented, that the lady's ultimate right to the property is fully conceded, and only prevents her claiming it until she becomes of age. At the time of her elopement she resided at Mrs. Inglis's seminary at Staten Island. Captain Shenley, immediately after his nuptials, came to England, and was with his lady presented to Her Majesty on his appointment. He has been twice a widower, having married first the niece of Lord Fife, and secondly the second daughter of Sir W. Pole, Bart.

A young man of good standing recently proposed honorable marriage to a young lady of the west, when he received for an answer, "Get out you feller! Do you think I'd sleep with a man? I'll tell your mother."

Valuable Receipt.

M. A. Bronson, of Meadville, (Pa.) says, from fifteen years experience he finds that Indian meal poultice covered over with young hyson tea, softened with hot water, and laid over burns or frozen flesh, as hot as can be borne, will relieve the pains in five minutes. If blisters have not arisen before, they will not after it is put on, and that one poultice is generally sufficient to effect a cure.

A Traitor's Doom.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

[The following thrilling account of the barbaric murder of a brave and patriotic heathen is taken from Bentley's Miscellany. It shows the effect of British domination in the East Indies thirty years ago; and recent events there show that the course of Great Britain among those ancient natives is still traced in blood, still marked with deeds unsurpassed in atrocity and barbarity by those of any savages ever heard of. In the deserted houses of a Chinese town recently taken by the English troops, the bodies of the women were found hung, either by themselves or their friends, to save them from the brutality of the soldiers! Such acts speak volumes as to the estimate placed by the natives of the eastern nations upon the humanity of the English!—*Bay State Democrat*.]

As our regiment marched sullenly along, I could see the tear glisten in the eye of many a hardy soldier. So true it is as Bayley has expressed it in his beautiful ballad:

"Go search the foremost ranks in danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a tear."
Yes, the sunburnt warrior, whose lion-courage I had almost wondered at the evening before when scaling the walls of the fort out of which we were now marching, held down his head, and uttered an involuntary sigh as we passed the spot where our sepoy were still busy, assisted by a few Europeans, in burying our dead.

The number of men we had lost was far beyond that which we had anticipated. Our well-laid plans had been made known to the enemy, and counter strategy had been successfully employed to oppose our attacks; in a word, we had been basely betrayed by one whom we had fancied our ally. The traitor had fallen into our hands, and little shrift had been allowed him.—We were now marching forth to his execution, sternly going to behold the last moments of one whom we had formerly looked upon as our true, our valued friend; for he who had allowed the ties of country to rise paramount to the duties he owed as an honorable ally, was a chief of considerable power. With an education semi-European, he had hitherto fought with us nobly; and though a youth of little more than twenty years of age, had already been twice noticed in general orders. He was handsome in no common degree. A more affable and kind-hearted Indian I never met. He was of a high caste, and commanded a considerable native force. In an evil hour he had listened to emissaries, who pointed us to him as enslavers of his country. His relatives had espoused the opposite side; his brother had been killed in an action which had taken place. But all this, I am convinced would never have tempted Dewallah Surhat (so I will call him,) to have betrayed us. How that deep, that dreadful task was accomplished, I never have, I never shall learn. Suffice it to say, Dewallah became a traitor—an unsuccessful traitor. Convicted of the offence, he had been doomed to die. The only grace accorded to him had been to choose the manner of his death. He unhesitatingly preferred the one I am about to describe; and to behold which we were marching out of C—the morning when this sketch opens.

On arriving on the ground we found three sepoy corps, and a detachment of horse-artillery already on the spot. As they only waited our coming to complete the arrangements after a halt of a few minutes, attention was called, and we formed a hollow square, into the centre of which a tumbrel quickly drove. From it the prisoner, in company with the provost marshal and his deputy, descended. Never did I behold him look more firmly intrepid. His air was rather that of grave triumph and martial dignity than convicted guilt. Had I been told to pick out a traitor from the assembled troops, he would have been the last person I should have fixed upon. He walked firmly to the centre of the square, and facing the brigadier general in command, with a look of unshaken courage, bowed, as he took his station, and calmly awaited the reading of his sentence.

The deputy judge-advocate was desired to read out an account of the proceedings of the general court martial held at C—on the prisoner, Dewallah Surhat, lately commanding the auxiliary native field force, charged with having on the night of the 15th of October, 184—, willingly and treacherously betrayed the British forces, with whom he was apparently acting as an ally, and thereby, &c.

While the proceedings were being read, the prisoner was much agitated whenever the treason he had been guilty of, was alluded to. He evidently was much pained. The convulsive movements of his countenance showed how acutely he felt his position; but when the whole trial had been recited, when the verdict of "guilty" was pronounced, he seemed suddenly to recover his immobility. When the sentence of death was read out, he did not quail in the slightest degree; and finally when the sentence of the court commanded him "to be blown from a gun," he looked with an almost

triumphant glance on his late friends, who stood horror-stricken around him.

The general was perfectly overcome. His former friends and brother officers shuddered with dread at his coming fate; for though the sentence was strictly just, yet many who had never seen this mode of execution, drew back with terror and disgust. Surhat was the calmest man on that field as we wheeled back into line preparatory to the dreadful scene.

We took open order, and the prisoner marched along the line, and up again between the ranks. He was then taken to a spot some hundred yards in front of our centre. No coffin was there to receive his remains, as I had previously seen at military executions—no friends to take his body away after his doom had been completed—so clearly was it foreseen that his annihilation would be complete, his whole frame scattered to the winds, the morsels left in all directions for the beasts and birds of prey.

The troops were now "told off" in three divisions, the wings wheeled up, the artillery brought into the centre; thus, as it were, forming a hollow square, except on the side on which the prisoner stood. A single gun was now brought up, turned round, and unlinked. The drivers willingly trotted away in the rear. The prisoner was desired to advance; he did so within a pace of the muzzle. The deputy-provost-marshal produced a cord with which to bind him to the gun. For the first time, Surhat seemed shaken. He made a special request that he might not be tied down. The general was solicited, and consented that it should be so. The prisoner turned upon him a look of the sincerest and most heartfelt gratitude, shook hands after the European manner, with the provost-marshal, and after receiving his directions, agitatedly given, walked boldly up to the cannon, and pressing his body against the muzzle, threw his arms round the gun itself, gave one last glance, and stooped his head to the piece. At the same instant, a signal was given, the ready lighted match was applied to the touch-hole, a flash of fire, a volume of smoke, a roaring sound, re-echoed from the neighboring hills, and all was over.

A few drops of blood, a few scattered remnants, scarcely recognized as ever having belonged to humanity, were all that now remained of the once proud, the generous, the brave chieftain, who, by thus choosing a doom which brought total earthly annihilation, seemed determined to leave behind him no record of the basely fallen chief—the hated name of traitor!

Mrs. SARAH P. MATHERS, of Brooklyn, L. I. has invented a Telescope, by which the bottom of rivers, lakes or seas, is rendered distinctly visible. The New York Tribune states that repeated experiments have proven it to be of the most decided utility. Water to almost any depth is rendered by it perfectly transparent, and as accurate a survey of the bed of a sea be made by it as can be effected of the surface of the land. By an improvement which the ingenious inventress has made upon it since its first exhibition, the bottom of a ship may be thoroughly inspected by one standing upon the deck. The important purposes such an instrument may be to serve, in removing obstructions to navigation, in recovering wrecked vessels and lost goods, and in a thousand ways of practical utility, are too evident to require notice, and will, we doubt not, secure the attention of those most nearly interested in these objects. An agent has gone to Washington to bring the matter to the attention of the Government.

Lard Candles.

The candles manufactured at the lard mills at the west, are represented to be a most beautiful article. The editor of the Cleveland Herald, to whom a quantity were presented by the manufacturer, describes them as being made entirely from lard—of a pearly whiteness—semi-transparent—as hard as the best wax candles, (which they closely resemble,) and will burn as long as sperm, giving a large, white, and lustrous flame.

These candles are in use in the lower House of our State legislature. The light made by those we have seen, says a Harrisburg print, is not equal to that of the Sperm, though they are infinitely superior to the tallow candle. They come about one-third cheaper than the Sperm.

A new patent stone dressing machine has been introduced into Scotland, driven by a steam engine which will dress the hardest rock or the stiffest freestone used for the finer fronts of public building. The stones pass through the machine on a long train of carriages, each carriage having one stone on it. The cutting is performed by revolving wheels having tools fastened in them. The stone enters at one end of the machine, and comes out at the other, hewn and polished, and cut straight and square down the sides.

"Out of darkness cometh light," as the printer's Devil said to the ink keg.

Management of Wood Lots.

In this department of farming operations there have been great improvements made within the last twenty years. The practice of going over the whole lot, cutting here a tree and there a tree, has been entirely abandoned by our best farmers, and the following system generally prevails with them:

When their lots consist of heavy full grown wood, they cut all entirely clean as far as they go; and where they wish to have the wood grown again as soon as possible, the cattle are not permitted to browse in it.

Where the lot consists of a very thick second growth with a good deal of underwood, as is the case with our lots, we mark off a piece cut out all the underbrush, poplars, birches and unthrifty trees of whatever kind, trim them out so far as we think it profitable and throw them into piles convenient to be taken off with a sled or otherwise. We leave all the young and thrifty trees of such kind as we want to grow, unless they stand too thick. In that case we trim them out.

In this way we obtain our wood for the season, without imparting at all the value of the lot, and not only improve its appearance very much, but get our wood as cheap and quick as we could by the old rambling method.—*Cultivator*.

Advantage of Wearing Pantaloen Straps.

There are always two sides to a question, and a good deal may generally be said on both sides. Our friend, Dr. Smith, of the Medical and Surgical Journal, raised his voice against wearing straps; notwithstanding which, however, the Newburyport Herald relates the following incident, as a sort of argument in favor of wearing them:—"A gentleman recently supposed he had lost his wallet, containing a considerable sum of money, in his way, from the market to his residence. After hunting for it in vain, he hurried to our office with an advertisement, and being about to leave town for a day or two, went home again to make some change in his dress. Upon unfastening his straps, the wallet dropped out from the place where it had remained snugly wedged, between the boot and the strap. It is clear that without straps he had lost his wallet, and whether he would have recovered it again might have depended on a good many contingencies, in these times."—*Boston Transcript*.

Pretty Good.

Who is the author of the following we know not. It was found in an old newspaper that looked like it was printed when Adam was a boy:

"Sambo was a slave to a master who was constitutionally addicted to lying. Sambo being strongly devoted to his master, had by dint of long practice, made himself an adept in giving plausibility to his master's large stories.

One day when the master was entertaining his guests in his customary manner, among other marvellous facts he related an incident which took place in one of his hunting excursions.

"I fired at a buck," said he, "at a hundred yards distance, and the ball passed through his left hind foot, and through his head just back of his ear!"

This evidently producing some little doubt in the minds of his guests, he called upon Sambo to corroborate him.

"Yes massa," says the almost confounded slave, after a moment's hesitation, "me see de ball hit 'im. Jes as massa lif up de gun to de eye, de buck lif up his hin foot to scratch him ear, and massa's ball went clear frough 'im foot an head at de same time."

The guests were perfectly satisfied with Sambo's explanation, and swallowed the whole without further hesitation; but when his guests were gone, Sambo ventured upon his master's good humor so far as to remonstrate.

For Gor a'mighty's sake, massa, when you tell anudder big lie don't put um so fur apart; me hab debilish hard work for get um to gedde."

LICE ON CATTLE.—A correspondent of the Maine Farmer says: "Lice on cattle at this season of the year, are on the butt end of the horns. Destroy them now, and you will not have it to do in the winter or spring. Strong tobacco juice or alcohol will destroy them."

Spirits of Turpentine, rubbed on the roots of the horns will also destroy them—and if a tea-spoonful of it be put in the cup formed just back of the horns, twice or thrice between this and the spring, it will prevent the occurrence of the hollow horn.

A strong brine of salt and water will destroy lice and it may be said to be the safest application that can be made.—*Ed. A. Farmer*.

Representative Districts.

It is said that the number of taxables returned to the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania will amount to about 400,000—consequently the ratio necessary to form a representative district will be nearly 4000, and to form a Senatorial district will require 12,000 taxables.