

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

From the Southern Literary Messenger for Dec. Home.

BY LUZERNE HAY.

[There are some feelings which never grow old. A thousand times we may give them exercise and utterance; but at each return, they show the strength and the freshness of their first action. Chief among these is the love of that Home-unto which we are borne when the earth receives us. It clings to the heart as long as life; and no after fortune, however brilliant, is attended with such satisfying delight as the memory of those joys which encircled, like an armed guard, our life's beginning.]

Oh! word of my thoughts—Home, sacred home!
With longing love my heart looks back on thee—
From the dim verge of life thy voices come,
And move the air with mournful melody—
As the lost bird above the ocean flying,
Rests on the wave and fold her weary wing—
As the sick lion, in the desert dying,
Pants for the cooling shade and flying spring—
So rests my love in thee,
So pants my soul for thee,
Dear Home.

Give me again the peace of infant life,
My mother's fervent kiss and yearning smile—
Bring back the years of youth, the sportive strife,
The mimic passion, and the harmless wife—
When up the air the sky-lark, gaily springing,
Poured o'er the earth his sun-saluting strain—
And by my side my little sister singing:
I knew not which was sweetest of the train.
The sky-lark's song for me,
My sister's voice to me,
At Home.

There when the Sun uprose in glorious light,
With kindred light and joy I met his ray,
There, in the darkness of the quiet night,
I sweetly slept the lingering hours away—
There, on the banks of rivers gently flowing,
I watched the waters as they murmured by—
There, when the summer-wind is softly blowing,
I lay, and dreamed of music in the sky—
Life was all bright to me,
When I had rest in thee,
Sweet Home.

Thus Memory wakes and wipes her starting tears,
Thus fondly turns to old, departed joy,
Till all forgetting the long lapse of years,
I seem once more a happy hearted boy,
Alas for me! that Time is ever flying—
The friends that blessed my childhood live no more—
One after one, I saw them sickening, dying—
And so they passed to the eternal shore.
Like the last gleam of day,
They vanished all away,
From Home.

Not lost—not lost—beyond that arch of blue,
Which smiles and brightens as I gaze on high,
The friends of my young years, the fond and true,
Have met within the mansions of the sky—
All safely gathered in their heavenly dwelling,
Prepared of old for those that love the Lord's—
With songs from golden harps in rapture swelling
They live to praise Him and obey His word.
Oh! could my spirit free,
Break its flesh-chains, and see
That Home!

Agricultural Hymn.

Great God of Eden! 'twas thy hand
That first clad earth in bloom,
And shed upon the smiling land,
Nature's first rich perfume.

Fresh as thy glance the flowers sprang,
Kissed by the sun's first rays—
While plain and hill, and valley rang
With life, and joy, and praise.

God of the clouds! thy hands can ope
The fountains of the sky,
And on the expectant thirsty crop,
Pour down the rich supply.

The farmer, when the seed time's o'er,
Joys in thy mercies given—
Thinks of thy promised harvest's store,
And smiling, looks to Heaven.

God of the sheaf! to thee alone
Are due our thanks and praise,
When harvest's grateful labor's done,
On plenty, glad we gaze.

Then shall our thoughts on Heaven rest,
Thy grace we will adore,
And thank that God, whose mercy's blest
Our basket and our store.

The Hope of the World. OUR COUNTRY.

No American citizen who really loves his country, and rejoices in the hope that our national influence and example will prove salutary for ages to come, in liberalizing the nations of Europe, and in assisting the mighty work of political reform and moral regeneration throughout the world, can view the present aspect of affairs as relates to American character, with other feelings than those of pain, regret and humiliation. What are the facts? Our fathers perilled every thing that was dear to men and to freemen, in an effort to establish a Republic which would serve as a bright and shining light to all the nations of the earth. They succeeded at an immense sacrifice of blood and treasure, in achieving the liberties we enjoy, and in building up the Constitution under which we live. Our progress has not only been repaid but wonderful. We are now a mighty nation of States and Territories, with a population of seventeen millions. Providence has smiled upon us with the richest light of His beneficence. Our soil is vast and fertile, our people in the mass are honest and industrious, the Christian religion is every where recognised and professed, the wilderness has been converted into glorious cities and thriving towns and villages, and abundance crown the labor of the husbandman. The philosophers and statesmen of the Old World have been watching our career with astonishment and incredulity. A republic, many of them argued would soon fall to pieces. Man, they said, was incapable of self government. The old monarchists discredited the story of our boundless progress, while the jealous and malignant assailed and vilified us as demi-savages or worse. But while our Union kept together, while our laws were fully vindicated, while the bonds of our States were sought after eagerly by European capitalists, and while dishonor had never yet been coupled with any national or State transaction, the libels of our opponents were laughed to scorn. The "Model Republic" was not only regarded as the wonder but the hope of the world. The friends of liberty and liberal institutions pointed to our example in triumph. "There—there!" they exclaimed, "is a nation of men—here the people are the rulers—their honesty is regarded as dearer than life—there the faith of the State or the nation is held far more priceless than gold." The patriot of Poland breathed our name, when he struck for the liberty of his own country; the Republicans of France referred to us with confidence, when they depicted the evils of kingship; and the descendants of the old warriors and sages of Greece saw their wildest dreams of freedom realized, in the beauty, symmetry and perfection of the American system. Mexico and South America were also influenced by our example, and even the mighty reforms which within a few years has taken place in the Government of our parent nation, may with justice be attributed to the policy and prosperity of the child on this side of the water. But a few years since it was indeed a pride and a glory to stand up any where on the face of the earth, and exclaim, "I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN!" Then we rejoiced in what we had accomplished, we gloried in our position and our character, and we saw in the depths of the mysterious future, the mighty progress of a people, who never swerving from the path of rectitude, who, true to themselves and their progenitors, were emulous of each other in carrying on the great work of civilization and christianity thro' the valley of the Mississippi and beyond the limits of the Rocky Mountains. "HERE," the enthusiast exclaimed, "will the Millennium commence—HERE will the rights of man be vindicated and the laws of God be respected—HERE will we show to all mankind, a happy illustration of what may be accomplished by liberal laws, wise rulers and a virtuous people." But, alas! how has this dream been dispelled! How has the American name been tarnished. How has the fair fame of this model republic been darkened. But still ours is not the design to abandon hope. Our national position is in some respects an unworthy one, but it is by no means irremediable. We have a sacred duty to perform, one due alike to those who preceded and to those who will come after us; and we trust in God there is still patriotism enough left in this country, to discharge this duty fully and triumphantly. The American character must be vindicated, the American name must be purified, the indebtedness of these United States, as well at home as abroad must be relieved! We care not by what means provided they be legitimate, we care not whose plan may be adopted; but we earnestly and solemnly call upon our statesmen and our sages, upon our philanthropists and our patriots, to give this matter due, prompt and respectful consideration. If a remedy can be devised in no other way—why not hold a National Convention, whose delegates shall be elected in some fair and proper manner, and whose object shall be to vindicate the American name and fame, and the Republican system to all the nations of the earth? We repeat, this Union has long been regarded by the philosophers and liberals of the Old World as the political hope of mankind, as

the brightest and most triumphant example, of a successful republic, that has ever been chronicled in the annals of time. Shall we then permit this hope to be extinguished now and forever, by any act of meanness or dishonesty? Shall we—can we prove false to our duties as men, as patriots and Christians.—Ex. paper.

The Latest Fashion.

This world of ours is a wondrous strange one, Its fashions are enough to derange one,
And make us think we'd infinitely rather,
Go back to the fig leaf of Adam our father,
Singing hi ho. How much we grieve
For the good old days of Adam and Eve.

Now the time is coming fast they tell me,
When folks will all be getting shelly,
And casting aside broadcloth and leather,
With Terrapin shells will keep out the weather
With a hi sing ho. Oh who would grieve
For the fig leaf days of Adam and Eve.

The Mantua-makers will be in a passion,
And Tailors too, at this "Outre" fashion,
For whose bath the streaked shell,
Without their aid, will bear off the bell
With a hi sing ho, &c.

'Such the Elite 't will create a commotion
Such a practicing there'll be of the Terrapin motion
Instead of importing Persian notions,
They'll send for Shells to the Indian Ocean.
With a hi sing ho, oh who, &c.

This plan our rulers did conceive
The people's burthens to relieve,
No more then deem the leaders selfish
Who for their country, would turn to shellfish.
With a hi sing ho, oh who, &c.

Such patriots we are bound to cherish,
Their glorious deeds must never perish,
Since we cannot hope in a course of nature,
For another Terrapin Legislature,
Its like ne'er was, I do believe
Since the good old days of Adam and Eve.

P. S.

There's one among this sealy gatherin
Not recognised by some of the brethren,
A tricky, ravid, mongrel loafer,
A cross twix mud turtle and Gopher.
His shell's so tough you cannot burst him,
Else his own faction would not trust him.

He whom his party thus decry,
Holds ne'ertheless a station high,
He Standard bearer is to the crew,
And is full as fat as any other two,
So fat that he need never grieve
For the grass-fed days of Adam and Eve.
"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."

The Sunday Mercury is quite indignant about the little parody concerning bustles. It says that

Bustles are not an empty show,
For man's illusion given;
They're filled with bran, or stuffed with tow,
They stick out 'bout a feet, or so,
They look first rate, by heaven!

They use cakes of soap for currency in Mexico, Mr. Kendall says. One of his companions (Falconer) handed a dollar to a man to get changed. The fellow shortly returned with sixty four cakes of soap tied up in a handkerchief. Falconer told the corporal he wanted change, not soap. The corporal retorted by saying it was the currency of the place, legal currency, and that there was no other. Such proved to be the case, and however singular it may appear, soap is really a lawful tender in the payment of all debts, from which no doubt, arises the common, though heretofore rather unintelligible, query of "how are you off for soap!"

An Old Bible.

The Louisville (Ky.) Journal, notices a copy of the holy scriptures now in the possession of James Adams, of Madison, Indiana, which was printed in 1524. For three hundred and eighty years has this book been upon its mission, and from notes in manuscript upon its margin, it is probable that it has passed through several different nations.

A loafer once promised never again to call for liquor at a bar. In order to evade this promise, he went into a tavern with a friend and walked up to the bar. His friend, then according to agreement, asked him softly with what weapon David slew Goliath. He looked at the barkeeper, and replied in a loud voice, "a sling."

If a man were riding in a skiff with his sister, and were to ask her to use the oars, what classical proper name would he pronounce? This must be given up, for it is original! Wouldn't he say CICERO? [sissy, row!]

Poverty.

Poverty is often a torch light, which kindles up an intellectual flame to brighten and beautify the whole world; while the glitter of gold blinds the vision of millions to their best interest, and finally leaves them in hopeless ignorance and disgrace.

Appetite.

A relish bestowed upon the poorer classes that they may like what they eat, while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they eat what they like.

Hymn.

When morning pours its golden rays
O'er hill and vale, o'er earth and sea,
My heart unbidden swells in praise,
Father of light and life, to Thee!

When night from Heaven steals darkly down,
And throws its robe o'er lawn and lea,
My saddened spirit seeks thy throne,
And bows in spirit still to Thee.

If tempests sweep the angry sky,
Or sunbeams smile on flower and tree;
If joy or sorrow brim the eye—
Father in Heaven, I turn to Thee.

Directions for making Corn Stalk Sugar.

It should be remembered that as much corn stalk as possible should be grown. To do this, the corn should be planted as broom-corn is commonly planted—very close in the row, probably a stalk every three or four inches. When the young ears begin to appear it is necessary to pluck them off carefully, and to prevent the gathering as often as is necessary, so as to prevent the formation of any grain. Because if grain be allowed to form, it takes all the sugar from the stalk. About the time that corn begins to harden, the making of sugar should be begun. It is not necessary to say any thing about a proper mill to crush the stalk and separate the juice, because mills of the cheapest kinds only should be employed now, until the business would fully warrant an expensive outlay. It would probably be found that the common cider mill, with plain cylindrical nuts, would be quite sufficient for a farmer who would raise a fourth or half an acre of corn for sugar for his family, and this quantity would be quite sufficient for satisfactory experiment.

When the juice is separated from the stalk, about a table spoonful of whitewash made of the best quick lime and about the consistence of thick cream, should be added to each gallon of the juice, and then the boiling should commence. The scum that rises should be carefully removed; and the juice if this process has been carefully and properly conducted, will be quite clear and nearly colorless. Then commences the process of evaporation; and when the juice has boiled down in the proportion of eight gallons to one, the boiling will be completed, and it may be poured out in a shallow tight wooden box to drain.

It has been ascertained, although as yet the reason is unknown, that if the juice be boiled in a deep vessel, like the common cooking vessels, sugar will be seldom obtained; while if it be done in a shallow vessel, so that the juice at the commencement of the boiling shall not be more than three to five inches deep, sugar would be obtained without difficulty. It has been ascertained also that the sugar from corn will not grain so readily as that from the sugar-cane. And in some instances it has remained more than a week after the boiling before the sugar was formed, and yet excellent sugar made.

It should be particularly remembered that the juice should be boiled as soon as separated from the stalk. It becomes acid very soon, and no sugar can be made if the juice be allowed to stand two or three hours before it is boiled. The juice will even spoil in stalk before it is ground, if the stalk be cut off a few hours before grinding. It is necessary that every part of the process should be done with great despatch.—The stalks should be brought to the mill as soon as cut, and ground immediately. The vessel for boiling ought to be properly filled in an hour, or at most two hours' grinding. And the process of boiling down should immediately commence and be continued until completed.

Excellent syrup, superior to the best molasses, will be obtained by observing the above directions, and boiling five gallons of juice to one gallon.

The juice of the corn stalk is very rich in sugar when cultivated in the manner suggested. Tested by Beaume's sacrometer, the instrument used to measure the strength of syrups, the juice of the corn-stalk weighs 10 to 10 1/2 degrees, which is about the weight of the juice of the best cane in the West Indies, and is richer than the juice of the cane in Louisiana, which is seldom heavier than 8 1/2 degrees.

One gallon of juice will produce nearly 1 1/4 pounds of sugar; and an acre of good corn will yield, if carefully pressed, from 700 to 1,000 gallons of juice."

New use for Bees.

A small privateer with forty or fifty men, having on board some hives made of earthen ware full of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley manned by 200 seamen and soldiers. As soon as the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives, and hurled them down on the deck of the galley. The Turks, astonished at this novel method of warfare, and unable to defend themselves from the stings of the enraged bees, became so terrified that they thought of nothing but how to escape their fury; while the crew of the small vessel, defended by masks and gloves, flew upon the enemy sword in hand and captured the galley almost without resistance.

From the Tribune.

The Homestead 'neath the Hill.

BY MRS. E. J. BAMES.
'I remember, I remember
The house where I was born.

It stands before me now,
The Homestead 'neath the hill—
With its old stoop, long and low,
And smoothly-worn door sill;
With its ancient sloping roof
Bleach'd by the summers rains;
The gray mass hanging off—
And the small-cut window-panes—
With its quaintly-fashioned turrets,
Its chimneys deep and wide.
Where the cricket made its home,
And the swallow came to hide.

It stands before me now,
So pleasant and serene,
With its leafy poplar bough,
And woodbine waving green;
With the broad, blue stepping stone
Before the open door,
And the morning-glory thrown
In purple beauty o'er—
With the grave-walk that led
To the neat garden-gate,
Where the rose and lilac shed
A world of perfumes sweet.

It stands before me now,
With its group of children fair;
Father, and mother too,
We, one and all, are there.
Alas! a change has passed
Over that happy hearth,
Our lots are separate cast,
Far from our place of birth!
That Homestead 'neath the hill,
The strangers own it now—
And it stands before me still,
Only in Memory's glow.

A Fact for Farmers.

Dr. Jackson in a late lecture before the Farmer's meeting, in Boston, adverted to a statement made by Johnston in his lectures on the application of chemistry and geology to agriculture, that deserves attention, viz: That a strong luxuriant crop draws to itself the carbonic acid of the atmosphere; so that he who manures highly, draws to his field the carbonic acid from his neighbor's poor field;—making good the scripture, that to him that hath, shall be given, and he shall have abundance.

Sambo's Astronomy.

One ob de stars is Jupiter, and one ob dem is Venus, and one ob dem is Satan. Dis is do star dat go wandering to and fro in de air, seeking who he may devour somebody. I hear him roar in de night like a lion, and I gets de Bible and put him under my head, so dat he cant do nossin to me.

"My love," said an amiable spouse to her husband, "dont sell that horse; I like him, and I want to keep him."
"He's my horse and I'll sell him," replied the loving lord. "Didnt I buy him?"
"It was my money bought him," retorted the aristocratic lady.

"Yes, madam," said the husband, "and by Jupiter, your money bought me, or you never would have got me!"

How does the little Boston Bee,
Improve the shining hours;
And gather honey every day,
From paragraphs of ours!—Phila. Forum.

Right skillfully you break your jest,
But wrongfully do us tax;
From weeds we never honey get—
Nor e'en a piece of wax.—Boston Bee.

Dahlias.

Dahlias are like the most beautiful women without intellectuality; they strike you with astonishment at their splendid exterior, but are miserably destitute of those properties which distinguish and render agreeable less imposing flowers. Had nature given the fragrance of the rose to the stock of the dahlia, it would have been the magnificent gem of the garden; but wanting scent, it is like the fine woman without mind.

Extension of the Pension Act.

The widows of revolutionary soldiers, entitled to receive pensions, under the acts of 7th July, 1838, and 23d August, 1842, and the resolution of 16th August, 1842, for five years from the 4th March, 1836, are entitled by the act approved on the 3d ult., to receive the same annually or pension for one year from the 4th March, 1843.

Velocity of Sound.

In a still night, the voices of the workmen at the distillery at Battersea, may be heard at Westminster bridge, an interval of three miles. The watch-word at Portsmouth, it is said, can be heard at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, a distance of four or five miles. The echo in Woodstock-park is repeated seventeen times by day and twenty by night. The artillery, at the siege of Genoa by the French, was heard at Leghorn, a distance of ninety miles. The firing at the battle of Waterloo was heard at Dover, at a distance, in a direct line, of 140 miles, of which 110 were over land, and the remainder over water.—F. Winstow.