

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 4.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1843.

No. 5.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
SCHOCH & KOLLOCK.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance.—Two dollars and 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 proprietors, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.
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 Editors 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.

Ireland and the Irish.

The following is an extract of a letter from President DUBIN to Dr. SEWALL:

No country has interested me more than Ireland. She is a problem in society yet to be solved. With a general destitution that has no parallel in Europe, she has increased in population for the last fifty years in proportion much faster than any other European country; while at the same time, she has perished with millions of her children by enlistments in the army and navy, and by emigration to the colonies and foreign States. This fact of the rapid increase of her population, with the general absence of the comfortable means of subsistence and residence, is directly at variance with what has been considered a settled law in political economy, that the increase of population is in proportion to the means of subsistence. I passed through the length of the island, and made a little volume of notes and reasonings; and finally came to this conclusion; that the early marriages (girls generally marry at from fourteen to seventeen) were owing, not to a natural improvidence of the Irish, but to the utter hopelessness of improving their condition preparatory to marriage. Hence they follow the first sudden impulses of youthful passion in order to secure the longer continuance of pleasure which cannot be improved by delay.—If the inquiry be, why cannot they improve their condition? the answer is, the land is held mostly in large tracts by absentee proprietors, and the demand for it is so great, owing to the density of the population, and the rent is so high, (much higher in proportion than in England,) that the family can scarcely meet its payment while they live on potatoes. Of these last I believe they have a sufficiency; and I was strongly inclined to jump to the conclusion that potatoes diet is favorable to the production, as well as the sustenance, of a numerous population. I satisfied myself that the miseries of Ireland do not arise from misgovernment by the mother country, but from an overgrown population; from large landed estates, divided up into tenures of from half to ten or twenty acres, at exorbitant rents; from the absence of the proprietors in England, to whom the rent is sent to be spent in London, or in traveling on the Continent; and to Catholicism, which, from its very genius, is less friendly to improvement and industry than Protestantism. This is evident by a comparison of the North and South of Ireland. To remove, therefore, the ills of Ireland, would require an exertion of the Government in the violation of vested rights, by compelling the division of large landed estates; and the common right of citizenship, by compelling the proprietors to reside in the country, and improve it by the products of their estates. Large landed estates in entail and hereditary titles of nobility are the true sources of the miseries of Europe; yet the Irish are the most gay-spirited and cheerful people I have seen; and both the population and the country, under a right policy and free system of government, for which they could be prepared in half a century by a good system of public instruction, might be made equal to any in the world.

The Wine-Glass.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause?
Who hath redness of eyes?
They that tarry long at the wine!
They that go to seek mixed wine!
Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,
when it giveth its colour in the cup
when it moreth itself aright
At the last
it bieth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Parting Interview with Emmet.

The reader probably knows that Mr. Emmet was a celebrated lawyer and statesman in Ireland, and that he was unfortunately betrayed by his enemies, in an attempt to emancipate his countrymen from tyranny and oppression. He was therefore convicted of the crime of treason, and sentenced to be executed. His speech before his judges and accusers is considered most pointed and eloquent.

The evening before his death, while the workmen were busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into the dungeon. It was the girl whom he so fondly loved, and who had now come to bid him her eternal farewell. He was leaning, in a melancholy mood, against the window frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his chains smote dismally on her heart. The interview was bitterly affecting and melted even the callous soul of the gaoler. As for Emmet himself, he wept and spoke little, but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of their former happiness, of the long-past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection. At this very instant, the evening bell pealed from the neighbouring church. Emmet started at the sound, and as he felt that this was the last time he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her sinking form with eyes streaming with affection. The turnkey entered at the moment; ashamed of his weakness, he dashed the rising drop from his eye, and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man meanwhile approached to tear the lady from his embraces. Overpowered by his feelings, he could make no resistance; but as he gloomily released her from his hold, gave her a little miniature of himself, and with this parting token of attachment, imprinted the last kisses of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door, she turned round as if to gaze once more on the object of her widowed love. He caught her eye as she retired, it was but for a moment; the dungeon door swung back again upon its hinges, and as it closed after her informed him too surely, that they had met for the last time upon earth.

Examination at Trinity College, Cambridge, England.

Dr. Tyng, of Philadelphia, gives the following description of an examination, a part of which he witnessed:

"Monday was the first day of the examination of Trinity College. I attended it for some time with Mr. C. The large hall was filled with the students, all seated at the dinner tables in perfect silence. There were about 400 present. The examination is entirely in writing. They are allowed no books. But examination papers of various kinds are printed and prepared for them, and given to them upon the spot. They are required, with pen and paper, to furnish, in a given time, the adequate translation or solution, without any assistance whatsoever. It is a severe but fair trial of knowledge and mental strength. They seemed intently engaged in their work—not a sound was to be heard in the hall. At the upper table sat the examiners in their square caps, and as each appointed hour arrived, the papers were delivered up to them. The examination of the papers is a work for subsequent private hours. The rank and character of scholarship is then assigned; and if the returns are wholly unsatisfactory, the familiar college epithet is, the man is 'plucked.' The trial was a very severe one: long passages of the Greek Tragedies were to be translated into English prose—others into English verse—equally long extracts of English poetry were to be translated into Latin lyrics; others into Greek lambics; passages from Plato to be translated into English, and English prose to be translated into Greek. English prose to be translated into the Greek of Herodotus, of Xenophon, or Longinus. Then in Geometry and Mathematics, the trials were equally severe. All these were to be done by young men without the aid of books of any kind—wholly from their actual knowledge and memory, in the course of the few hours they were seated together in the hall."

Quaker Wit.

A pert young upstart, while riding in a stage was attempting to ridicule the Bible, and rudely accosting an aged Quaker at his side on the great improbability that the stone from David's sling should have killed Goliath, said to him, "What do you think about it old daddy?" "I think, friend," replied the quaker, "that David would have found no difficulty at all in killing Goliath, if his head was as soft as thine."

An extravagant blade, was told that he resembled the prodigal son. "No," replied he, "I never fed swine." "A good reason," retorted the other, "the devil would not trust you to feed his pigs."

MEDITATIONS

On Mr. Miller's End of the World.

Let Mr. Miller lecture, preach and pray.
How in Eighteen hundred and forty-three—
The earth shall be destroyed without delay:—
Well—then we'll see.—

For my part Miller cannot frighten me.
By preaching of millennium and fire;
Can I believe him!—no, not I—you see.
He's such a liar.

Talk not to me of all such flimsy stuff,
Whiston and Stiefel preach'd such things before,
Well now! such preaching is but empty puff,
And nothing more!

I wonder if he made calculations—
With scale, dividers, and theodolite—
If so, he must have tak'n many stations,
To have it right.

Then see what calculations Stiefel made
In fifteen hundred and thirty three—
He said, all things through flames of fire shall wade;
But where are we!

Why on the earth, of course, and still we live—
And Miller—he must prophesy anew
To all mankind. Certain he must believe
The Bible's true.

Now, once for instance let us reason free—
And to the bible let us now refer;
It's pages carefully peruse—and see
If he does err.

In thirteenth chapter of St. Mark we read,
Where Christ himself most solemnly proclaims,
That none shall know the hour when God will speed
His dreadful flames!

If we admit this volume to be true,
And take it for our guide whilst here below;
Then Miller must receive that homage due
From friend and foe!

To me his preach is all bagatille—
On his bare-back he now deserves the rod
For making fools of many—very well,
He's not my God!

Why should God reveal to him secret things,
More than he should to angels, or his Son!—
If this be true, no truth the Bible brings
To any one.

H. C. M.

Westfall, April 3rd, 1843.

A good Marksman.

At a squirrel he fired, near the top of a tree,
The squirrel ran up, crying "chee, chee, chee, chee."

While he by the gun was kicked heels o'er head;
And thought, for a moment, he surely was dead;
But hearing and seeing the squirrel, he found
He was not; so he bawled as he lay on the ground,
"Mr. Squirrel, you could neither 'chee,' nor run,
Had you been like myself, at this end of the gun!"

Shocking Accident on the Concord Railroad—A soulless Victim of a soulless Corporation.

On Saturday last, (says Hill's N. H. Patriot, Concord,) as the upward train of cars, due here at 11 o'clock, A. M. were proceeding at a rapid rate between Goffs Falls Bridge and Manchester, a man was discovered lying upon the track in such a manner that while his head barely projected across one of the rails, his neck lay immediately upon. The engineer almost instantaneously reversed the steam of the locomotive; but the cars had come so near that the breaks were not effectually applied until the train had passed over the unfortunate individual, and, shocking to relate, the head was completely severed from the body, and rolled over upon the outside of the road. The train was brought up after proceeding about three rods. The engineer, paralyzed with fright, remained upon the engine unable to move. The news of the accident spread like wild-fire among the passengers; many were so frightened that they were unable to leave their seats, while others were almost in an instant upon the spot where the tragedy occurred. The mutilated body was removed from the track and placed upon the snow bank. Life was extinct, and the unfortunate sufferer, consequently, beyond the reach of medical skill. One of the passengers picked up the head—another discovered blood upon the track, and several proposed to send immediately for a coroner, when it was discovered that the body was only a man of straw. The person, who had picked up the head came to his senses, and found that he was holding a large red cabbage, of which the blood which had been discovered upon the track proved to be the juice. A bystander happening to recollect that it was the first day of April, the mystery was explained—the passengers resumed their seats, the train was again put in motion, and arrived here at the usual time.

"I would advise you to put your head in a dye-tub, it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy-headed girl. "In return, sir, I would advise you to put your head into an oven, it's rather soft," was the reply.

A woman was up for trial in Baltimore, for having whipped a Dutchman; and the Dutchman, in testifying to the facts, said, with the tone and air of an injured innocent, "Mishter Shquire dish here woman, mit three other four womans more whip me very nice;—she did."

Debating Society.

'I move the question be read.' Secretary reads—'Which is the truest science, mesmerism or phrenology?' 'Mr. President, the question has neither negative or affirmative.' President—'No matter—Dr. Jiggs' for mesmerism—Capt. Jewkes for phrenology.' Mr. Stumper—'I would ask, Mr. President, if the question does not trench itself against the constitution. We are not to discuss religion nor politics in this society; now, free knowledge is a sectarian pint, and if we are a'go in to discuss that, I shall withdraw from this society.' President—'The word has a different meaning in the question, and has allusion to the protuberant devil-opments of the cranny-um.' Stump—'All this are outer of order; there ain't no question afore the meetin'.' President—'Dr. Jiggs, will you open?' Dr. Jiggs—'Mr. President: I have not entered these walls this evening, prepared to speak on this question; I—ur-rah—am ur-rah—in favor of mesmerism, as I understand it. Mesmerism is a kind of somnolence, and is mentioned by Tycho Brahe, when he said, 'Blessed be that man who invented sleep.' Under the magnetic influence of mesmeric sleep, man has travelled through the abstruse regions of—of—Mr. President—the chimerical atmosphere of the most unbounded metaphysical incongruities; he has analyzed time and space, and soared into the mysteries of the case and existence, like—like—like any thing! My opponent will no doubt extend his ferocious mouth against my argument; but, sir, my arguments is based on the experiments of Col. Dyer and the philosophy of Dods! Sir, I say, sir, mesmerism is the key which oversets the dipnet of time, and discloses to human viology the intricacies of miraculous interpositions. But phrenology sir, is the child of Gall and bitterness. It maps out the human skull like a terrestrial globe, and its professors, to keep good the resemblance, have whittled their brains on their axes, and equal-nocturnalized their exuberances on the oxspital and piratical bones. I reserve the remainder of my remarks for the rejineder.'

President—'Captain Jewkes! Jewkes—'I ain't prepared to say nothin' on the question—at least—no—but then sense I hear the doctor, I would say a few words on the ideas, chalked down here on my hat. Phrenology is the science of the knowledge-box, and knowledge is free; hence phrenology. But mesmerism is the science of sleep, he says one man can put another to sleep; so can opium. It deduces man to the level of a pyson-ous drug. My antagonist has made use of a great many long words, and his speech would go twice round the world and tie.' Stump 'I call the cap'n to order for personalities! Didn't the doctor call my mouth ferocious! Retaliation is the first law of nature. He needn't say nothing about mouth? Just look at his'n, Mr. President; it goes clean round, and makes the top of his 'cranny-um,' as he calls it, an island. Mesmerism and its supporters are humbugs, sir—yes, sir, humbugs, sir. They pick on a sleepy headed fat boy, who drops asleep of himself, and pretends that they willed it, when they couldn't a helped it, if they tried. I conclude, sir, by moving the question.—President—'Those in favor of mesmerism, hands up, 14; Phrenology, hands up, 14; a tie. Gentlemen, you have decided that one science is just as true as the other.—The society is adjourned.'—Boston Post.

We see it stated in the papers generally, and therefore we notice the fact, that the Hon. Caleb Cushing is about to be married with the daughter of the late Hon. Robert Goodloe Harper; and it is further added, that she is a Catholic. Nothing is said about the particulars of courtship, objections, approval, &c., nor how often the lady attends church. These will probably constitute the subject of future paragraphs. No doubt all should be told. Why should a man be allowed to go a courting, and especially to get married, without a public statement of the progress of his suit, and its termination? And especially, why should not the creed of his wife be blazoned forth at his heels, wherever he goes? The liberty of the press demands this; and private hostility may be gratified by this enlarged liberty.—U. S. Gaz.

A Dirty Witness.

A German gentleman, in the course of a strict cross examination on a trial during the Oxford circuit, was asked to state the exact age of the defendant.

Dirty (thirty) was the reply.
"And pray sir, are you his senior, and by how many years?"

Why, sir, I am dirty two.
Among the many heavy and galling taxes and imposts of guilt, there is none like the nervous fear of constant concealment, and its accompanying fear of detection.

There is a green germ of goodness living in every heart that beats. We may talk of the depravity of man, but there was never a felon in chains who had not some gleam of sunshine folded away within his breast.

Sowing Plaster.

Let all your clover fields be plastered, a bushel to the acre, as soon as vegetation begins to start, taking care to sow the plaster in the morning while the dew is on the leaves, or during the time of a gentle rain.

SPRING WHEAT.

Again protesting against being the advocate of this variety of wheat, we feel it our duty to state to those who may design to sow it, that the sooner it is got in the better.

Should the winter sown wheat be much killed out by frosts and thaws, the crop might be greatly increased, if spring wheat were sown on the field and harrowed and rolled in, as it would ripen in time to be cut with the fall sown wheat, and would enhance the yield. Should any one contemplate such sowing, our advice is, that they do so as early as possible.

SPRING RYE.

This grain cannot be got in too soon. In the preparation of the ground, care must be taken to plough deep and pulverize well. As to the quantity of grain to be sown and the mode of sowing, our directions will be brief. Let the quantity of seed, and the method of sowing, be the same as for winter rye, and as by sowing a bushel of plaster to the acre, you may encourage the growth of white clover, our advice is, that you try the experiment. If you succeed, you will thereby secure a good pasture in late summer for your stock, provided you keep them off the stubble and give the clover a chance of growing.

CORN—PREPARATION OF THE SEED.

Soak your seed in a solution of salt, saltpetre, soot and coppers, made as follows.—To every 10 gallons of boiling water, add 2 lbs. saltpetre, 4 lbs. of soot, and 2 lbs. of coppers; stir these until the salts are dissolved, then put in your corn, regulating the quantity so that all the grains will be covered. As you plant, take out the corn, and drain it in a basket; then prepare a mixture of tar and water, which must be made thus—to five gallons of boiling water, add a pint of tar; stir the whole well together, and when cool, put your corn into it, and stir it until all the grains are covered, then drain, and dry them in plaster or ashes, when they will be ready for planting. The corn should remain in the first soak 12 hours before any of it is planted, and no more should be taken out any day than can be planted: the tarring and plastering should be done just before the grain is wanted for planting. No fears need be entertained of the first soak destroying the vegetative powers of the corn, for a week or so. Seed corn, thus prepared, will be protected from birds and vermin, while its vegetative powers will be greatly accelerated.

PLASTERING AND ASHING.

In order to ensure a rapid growth to the young plants, prepare a compost of ashes and plaster, in the proportion of 5 bushels of the former to 1 of the latter, and give to each hill of corn, just as the plant comes up, a gill of the mixture. Its increase of yield will pay you liberally for your trouble and expense. And if, in addition to this, you were to sow a bushel of plaster per acre broadcast over your fields, you would be most beautifully rewarded for the labor and cost.

Watery Potatoes.

Watery potatoes or those in which carbon does not abound, are generally, indeed always, deficient in their nutritive qualities which depend on the presence of carbon. The latter cannot exist in its just proportion independently of proper light and heat. Hence potatoes grown in an orchard are never good; the light and oxygen which should set upon them is intercepted by the leaves of the various fruit trees; the deleterious portion of the carbon which the light and oxygen would have carried off, and it becomes not only deficient in nutriment, but absolutely unwholesome.

The Direction of a Letter.

There was a letter received at the Pittsburg post-office, a few days ago, directed as follows: "Swift as the mail, pursue your route, Nor stop to stay for any, Until you reach Miss Catherine Trout, In Pittsburg, Pennsylvania." The witty clerk in the post-office added this P. S.:

Miss Catherine Trout
Soon came about,
And fished this funny letter out.
And we will finish the story:
Thus pretty Trout, as we opine,
Is caught by him who dropped that line.

A hypocrite is worse than an atheist: an atheist is but a ridiculous mocker of piety—but a hypocrite makes a standing jest of religion.

Some of the bachelors in the Ohio Legislature are for a tax on bustles! We never knew a bachelor yet that hadn't something to say against the ladies behind their backs.

"Where are you going?" asked Jack of an acquaintance. "To see a friend." "Well, I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet."