

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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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.

JURY LIST.

Persons drawn to serve as Grand and Petit Jurors, for May Term, 1843.

Grand Jurors.

- 1 Edward Hoodmacher, Chestnut Hill
- 2 James Fenner, Lower Smithfield
- 3 John Pope, Coolbaugh
- 4 Abraham Transue, Pocono
- 5 Peter Berger, Tobyhanna
- 6 John Harman, Middle Smithfield
- 7 John Chambers, do
- 8 Jacob Dull, Pocono
- 9 John Kelsey, Penn Forest
- 10 Abel Staples, Hamilton
- 11 Henry Weitsell, Tobyhanna
- 12 Joseph Fenner, Smithfield
- 13 David Heller, Price
- 14 Benjamin Price, do
- 15 Lawrence Fisher, Chestnut Hill
- 16 George L. Van Buskirk, Hamilton
- 17 Peter Ace, Middle Smithfield
- 18 Adam Brotzman, Smithfield
- 19 John Hall, Pocono
- 20 Josiah Pratt, Penn Forest
- 21 William Bisbing, Pocono
- 22 John Musch, Stroud
- 23 Henry Houser, Hamilton
- 24 Jacob L. Houser, Stroud

Petit Jurors.

- 1 Mark Miller, Stroud
- 2 William Eschenbach, Tobyhanna
- 3 James Johnson, Coolbaugh
- 4 Jacob Correll, Ross
- 5 Henry Deitrick, Hamilton
- 6 Dewalt Fisher, Chestnut Hill
- 7 Joseph Altemus, Ross
- 8 Jacob Starnier, Chestnut Hill
- 9 James Rafferty, Stroud
- 10 Jacob Miller, Hamilton
- 11 James Bell, Jr. Smithfield
- 12 Peter Albert, Middle Smithfield
- 13 Edward Lec, Stroud
- 14 James Mixell, Ross
- 15 Adam Andrews, Stroud
- 16 Charles Frantz, Hamilton
- 17 George Deitrick, Coolbaugh
- 18 John Brutzman, Penn Forest
- 19 George Flight, Ross
- 20 Simon Williams, Hamilton
- 21 Daniel Brown, Chestnut Hill
- 22 William Coffman, Price
- 23 Jacob Frantz, Ross
- 24 Charles J. Price, Price
- 25 Thomas Shively, Pocono
- 26 Amos Miller, Stroud
- 27 Samuel Deahl, Stroud
- 28 Daniel Weiss, Chestnut Hill
- 29 Abraham Neyhart, Smithfield
- 30 George Kresge, Chestnut Hill
- 31 David Gregory, do
- 32 Jacob Steen, Pocono
- 33 John Miller, do
- 34 John Palmer, Stroud
- 35 Simeon Schoover, Middle Smithfield
- 36 Abraham Fetherman, Hamilton

BAR IRON.

DOUBLE AND SINGLE REFINED,
Bar Iron, Car, Coach & Wagon Axles,
SAW SLABS,
CROW BAR, SLEDGE AND PLOUGH MOULDS,
Axle and Gun Barrel Iron,
And a general assortment of
WAGON TYRE & SQUARE IRON,
constantly on hand and will be sold on the most reasonable terms, by
MORRIS EVANS,
Analomink Iron Works, April 6, 1842.

DR. LANING,

SURGEON DENTIST,
Has located in Stroudsburg. Office one door west of Dr. W. P. Vail's.
August 3, 1842.—4f.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Calfskins, Kips, and Upper Leather.
For sale at the POCONO TANNERY.
February 1, 1843.

JOB WORK

Neatly executed at this Office.

Little Children.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Sporting through the forest wide;
Playing by the river side;
Wandering o'er the healthy fells;
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child;
In the barons hall of pride;
By the poor man's dull fireside;
'Mid the Mighty, mid the mean,
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers, that spring up fair,
Bright, and countless, everywhere!

In the far isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men;
Whereso'er the sun hath shone;
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!

Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kind of sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter, and their tears;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!

Little children, not alone
On the wide world are ye known;
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings, and its snares,
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love, and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod;
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide!

From the U. S. Gazette.

The Want of Money.

"The climax of all earthly ills:
The inflammation of our unpaid bills."

Of all the wants that torment humanity in this wanting world, the want of money is the hardest borne, notwithstanding the adage, that "practice makes perfect." It seems to be pretty conclusively proven, that this groping after happiness, which makes this universal struggle in the world, is like looking for a needle in a haystack, or the search for the philosopher's stone, or the quadrature of the circle. We that have no money, find that we can have no happiness without it. Those that have it find that they can have none with it. We are always ready to exclaim:

"Will fortune never come with both hands full,
And write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich
That have abundance and enjoy it not."

But this is very feeble consolation to the poverty stricken, who always flatter themselves that, had they funds, they would astonish the world by the good use they would put them to. One would think, from the general grumbling about empty pockets, that there was now-a-days precious little money left in this part of the world, and that destitution was about to be the fate of every body. Yet things go on as usual. There seems to be just as much luxury and extravagance as ever; just as many good dinners eaten; just as many fine dresses worn—balls and parties are no more uncommon than they used to be, and some favored few ride about in their handsome carriages with just as much non-chalance as if they could afford it as well as formerly. And these very people who riot in all the comforts and superfluities of life, are often those who entertain their friends with woful accounts of the fall of interest and the difficulty of finding investments for cash, with terrible details of hardness of the times, of arrears and diminished incomes.

It is a singular characteristic of a man, that he takes pleasure in the contemplation of his miseries. He likes to set them forth to show to some attentive listener, and it cannot fail to be observed that those who are the readiest to hearken to these pitiful tales, are always popular with their suffering friends. Sometimes every amiable rivalry displays itself between two friends, enumerating to each other their respective mishaps, and as one relates his hazardous experiences, it quickens in the other the recollection of many a terrible event in his past life, which if it had not been for this conversation he might have totally forgotten. We have lately encountered a summary of the miseries attendant upon the want of money, made up with so much feeling and skill as could only be taught by experience. It will be read with interest, by a great many, for the very reason we have mentioned above, that people like to be told of their miseries. Hazlitt is the writer of it.

"It is among the miseries of the want of money not to be able to pay your reckoning at an inn—or, if you have just enough to do that, to have nothing left for the waiter;—to be

stopped at a turnpike gate, and forced to turn back;—not to venture to call a hackney coach in a shower of rain—(when you have only one shilling left yourself, it is a bore to have it taken out of your pocket by a friend, who comes into your house eating peaches in a hot summer's day, and desiring you to pay for the coach in which he visits you)—not to be able to make an investment by which you might make your fortune, and get out of all your difficulties; or to find a letter lying at a country post office, and not to have money to free it, and not to be obliged to return for it the next day; or to be invited to spend a week with your friend in the country and not to have money to pay your passage in the coach or steamboat;—or to go to a public garden with a very pretty girl, who is very fond of ice cream and does not hesitate to say so, much to your discomfiture, you not having money to pay for it.

"Another of the greatest miseries of a want of money, is the tap of a dun at your door, or the previous silence when you expect it—the uneasy sense of shame at the approach of your tormentor; the wish to meet, and yet to shun the encounter; the disposition to bully, yet fear of irritating; the real and sham excuses; the submission to impertinences; the assurance of a speedy supply; the disingeniousness you practice on him and yourself; the degradation in the eyes of others and your own. Oh! it is wretched to have to confront a just and oft repeated demand, and to be without the means to satisfy it; to deceive the confidence that has been placed in you; to forfeit your credit; to be placed at the power of another, to be indebted to his lenity; to stand convicted of having played the knave or the fool; and to have no way left to escape contempt but by incurring pity."

Whence Come Great Men?

The extracts which follow are from a lecture delivered by Rev. N. Murray, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, before a Young Men's Association in Troy. The subject of the lecture was, the duties of young men, resulting from the privileges which they enjoy in this age and nation.

"Sir Edward Saunders, chief justice of England in the reign of Charles the Second, was once a poor beggar boy strolling about the streets, without any knowledge of his parentage. Sir Thomas Greesham, who, under the patronage of Elizabeth, became the founder of the Royal Exchange in London, was the son of a poor woman, who, while he was an infant, abandoned him in the fields, and his life was preserved by the chirping of a grasshopper, which attracted a little boy to the place where he lay. Nicholas Saunderson, the celebrated mathematician, lost his sight when he was a year old, by the small pox. Assisted by his friends he pursued his studies. He became lecturer on optics in Cambridge; he was the bosom friend of Newton; he was elected professor of mathematics; and is one of the most acute and learned commentators of the Principia. Our own Hamilton was the office boy and runner of his early patron. William Jones, the friend of Madison and Jefferson, once Secretary of the Navy, and first President of the United States Bank, served his apprenticeship to a ship-builder.

You have all read of the Sexton's son, who became a fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing on the stars after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William Phipps, who at the age of forty-five had attained the order of knighthood, and the office of high sheriff of New England, and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write after his eighteenth year, and whilst learning the trade of a ship carpenter in Boston. William Gifford, the great editor of the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. And because he had neither pen nor paper, slate nor pencil, he wrought out his problems on smooth leather with a blunted awl. David Rittenhouse, the American astronomer, when a plough-boy, was observed to have covered his plough and the fences with figures and calculations. Jas. Ferguson, the great Scotch astronomer, learned to read by himself, and mastered the element of astronomy whilst a shepherd's boy, in the fields by night. And, perhaps it is not too much to say, that if the hours, wasted in idle company, in vain conversation, at the tavern, were only spent in the acquisition of useful knowledge, the dulllest apprentice in any of your shops, might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit candidate for most of your civil offices. By such a course, the rough covering of many a youth might be laid aside; and their ideas, instead of being confined to local objects and professional technicalities, might range throughout the wide fields of creation; and other stars from the young men of this city might be added to that bright constellation of worthies that is gilding our country with a bright, yet mellow light.

Old bachelors do not live so long as other men. They have no body to darn their stockings and mend their clothes. They catch cold, and there is no body to make them sage tea; consequently, they drop off.

The Progress of Rail Roads.

The American Railroad Journal was commenced eleven years ago in the city of New York. In a recent number, the editor gives a brief sketch of the history of his journal and of Railroads, which exhibits several interesting facts. At the period the journal was commenced, according to the editor's showing, the whole amount of Railroads complete and in use, was comprised in the following list:

Baltimore and Ohio	60 miles.
Albany and Schenectady	12 "
Charlestown and Hamburg, about	20 "
Mauch Chunk	9 "
Quincy, near Boston,	6 "

Of these 92 miles only were upon any of the main lines of rail roads.

The editor goes on to say:
Let us now compare the present state of affairs with this humble commencement. There are now between four and five thousand miles of railroad in use in the United States, built by the expenditure of nearly one hundred millions of dollars. Eleven years ago there were but about one hundred miles in use.

There are now probably more than five hundred locomotive engines in use, nearly all of them made in this country. Eleven years ago the few engines in use were imported from England, and were of the oldest patterns.—Since then fifty or more American engines have been sent abroad, some to Russia, some to Austria, and several to England. Had this fact been predicted, even in the most direct manner, in the first number of the Railroad Journal, it would have sealed its doom.

Eleven years ago a dead level was by many deemed necessary on a railroad, (see p. 58, vol. 1) and grades of 30 feet to the mile were hardly thought admissible. Now, engines are in daily use which surmount grades of 60 and 80 feet to the mile.

Eleven years ago inclined planes with station power were considered the *ne plus ultra* of engineering science. Now they are discarded as expensive, inconvenient, and incompatible with the free use of a railroad.

Eleven years ago it was thought that railroads could not compete with canals in carrying heavy freight, and even much more recently statements to this effect have been put forth by authority. Now we know that the most profitable of the Eastern railroads derives one-half its income from bulky freight, and that coal can be carried more cheaply upon a railroad than in canals.

Eleven years ago the profitability of railroads was not established, and, discouraged by the vast expenditure in several cases of experiment in an untried field, many predicted that they would be unprofitable. Now it is already demonstrated, by declared dividends, that well constructed railroads, when divested of extraneous encumbrances, are the most profitable investments in our country. The New England railroads have paid since their completion 6 to 8 per cent., several other roads 6 and 7 per cent. The Hudson and Mohawk, of fifteen and a half miles, costing about one million one hundred thousand dollars, paid in 1840 7 per cent. on that enormous outlay. The Utica and Schenectady and Syracuse and Utica pay 10 to 12 per cent. The stock of the Utica and Schenectady Railroad has never been down to par since operations were commenced in 1836, and has maintained its stand without fluctuation at a higher rate than any other species of stock during all our commercial revolutions.

Eleven years ago there were but six miles of railroad in use in the vicinity of Boston.—Now Boston has direct connexion with a web of railways one thousand two hundred and three miles in length, all of which except about 24 miles are actually in use, being a greater length of railroad than there was in the whole world eleven years ago.

Motherly Love.

Last among the characteristics of woman is that sweet motherly love with which nature has gifted her; it is almost independent of cold reason and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely, does the mother love the child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore, do her entrails yearn over her willings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks, knits him to her. In every uncorrupt nation of the earth this feeling is the same. Climate which changes every thing else changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toil of maternal love. In Greenland where the climate affords no nourishment for infants, the mother nourishes her child up to the third or fourth year of life. She endures from him all the nascent indications of the rude and domineering spirit of manhood, with indulgent all forgiving patience. The negroess is armed with more than manly strength when the child is attacked by savage beasts. We read with astonished admiration the examples of her matchless courage and contempt of danger. But if death robs that mother, whom we are

pleased to call a savage, of her best comfort—the charm and care of her existence—where is the heart that can conceive her sorrow? Read the lament of the Nadowassee woman on the loss of her husband and infant son. The feeling which it breathes is beyond all expression.—*Herde.*

"The widow Mugeridge, in her best room had two pokers. The one was black and somewhat bent; the other shone like a ray of summer light—it was effulgent, speckless steel.

Both pokers stood at the same fire place. 'What! you ask, and did the widow Mugeridge stir her fire with both? Certainly not. Was a coal to be cracked—the black poker cracked it; was the lower bar to be cleared—the black poker cleared it; did she want a rousing fire—the black poker was plunged relentlessly into the burning mass, to stir up the sleeping heart of Vulcan; was a tea kettle to be accommodated to the coal—the black poker supported it. 'And what, methinks you ask, did the bright poker do? I answer nothing—nothing save to stand and glisten at the fireside,—its black, begrimed companion, stoking, toking, roking, burning, baning during all the sweating work. As for the bright poker, that was a consecrated thing. Never did Mrs. Mugeridge go to Hackney for a week to visit her relations, that the bright poker was not removed from the grate; and, carefully swathed in oiled flannel, awaiting in greasy repose the return of its mistress. Then, once more in glistening idleness, would it lounge among shovel and tongs; the jetty slave the black poker, worked until it was worked to the stump at last to be flung aside for vile old iron! One dozen black pokers did the bright poker see out; and to this day—doing nothing—it stands lustrous and inactive:

'My son, such is life. When you enter the world make up all your energies to become—A Bright Poker!—*Punch's Letters.*

Use of Lime.

It has been a long known and well established fact that lime mixed with barn manure is injurious, tending to render the extraction insoluble. It ought not, therefore, to come in contact with or be applied conjointly or separately to crops the same year. Its application as a top dressing, in this section of the country, has met with little favor among the farmers. Our barren fields are not renovated by the process for this obvious reason: the soil is not charged sufficiently with vegetable matter for it to act upon, and this in a measure accounts for its fertilizing effects when composted with peat or muck. When the soil is rich in vegetable matter, yet produces little or nothing but sorrel or the sour grasses, the application of lime neutralizes the acids and renders it fertile; so also, on bog meadows where iron ore abounds. Many farmers are in the habit of throwing a handful of lime round each hill of corn at weeding, but we have never been able to discover any beneficial effects from the practice, and even ashes are far more profitably applied as a top-dressing on grass lands.

The effect of lime when applied unmixed to crops is very slow, and almost imperceptible; and would almost lead one to believe in the theory of Doctor Dana—that "all soils contain enough of lime, alkali, and other inorganic elements for any crops grown on it."

There is, perhaps, no subject on which there is such a diversity of opinion, as on the application of lime as a manure,—no subject which has arrayed its advocates and opponents for so long a period in "wordy war." We are not informed whether Adam was tempted to experiment on it in the garden of Eden, yet it is certain it was used long anterior to the Christian Era, for Pliny states that the ancient Gauls employed it successfully on their soils.

Dr. Channing, in one of his latest addresses, says with as much beauty as force, "that the grand end of society is to place within the reach of all its members the means of improvement, of elevation, of the true happiness of man. There is a higher duty than to build almshouses for the poor, and that is to save men from being degraded in the blighting influence of an almshouse. Man has a right to something more than bread to keep him from starving. He has a right to the aids and encouragements and culture, by which he may fulfil the destinies of a man; and until society is brought to recognize and reverence this, it will continue to groan under its present miseries."

A man in this vicinity intending to open an oyster and swallow it, opened his wife's stays and swallowed her, not discovering his mistake until he was choked by her bustle!

A Curiosity.

A heifer calf was born on the place of Mr. Perine, Staten Island, last week, having two heads with eyes, mouths, jaws, tongues, complete, and six legs. It has but one tail, and that growing erect from the middle of the back. It was alive at its birth, but died shortly thereafter.