

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.

The following exquisite little gem of poetry was written for a recent celebration in Boston, by M. H. Wetherbee, a hard-working stone cutter:

God's spirit smiles in flow'rs,
And in soft summer show'rs,
He sends his love.
Each dew-drop speaks His praise,
And bubbling fount displays,
In all their lucid rays,
Light from above.

The tiny vines that creep
Along the ravines steep
Obey His nod.

The golden orb of day,
And ocean's created spray
To Him due homage pay—
Creation's God.

Thus Friendship wears its bloom,
And smiles beyond the tomb,
In its own light.

O may that Love be ours,
Which gilds life's darkest hours,
Cheering like smiling flow'rs,
Hope's deepest night.

Remarkable Magnetic Rocks.

The following facts are detailed by the Vicksburg (Miss.) Whig:

Near the Iron Mountain in Missouri, there is a ledge of stone, extending for half a mile in length, and several hundred yards in width. This stone is very strongly impregnated with magnetic properties; so strongly, indeed, that it is impossible to ride a well shod horse over it. A gentleman having his horse newly shod, once attempted it, but before he had made two "revolutions," his horse was brought up all standing—perfectly still. In vain our traveler urged his gallant steed forward; persuasion and force proved equally futile, until his patience became exhausted, and he sent for a blacksmith. The son of Vulcan soon arrived, and found the horse standing stock still, and to all appearance as immovable as the rock of Gibraltar. Various expedients were resorted to, to relieve the horse, but they all failed. There he stood, and to all appearance there he was likely to stand, with his feet literally glued to the solid and impervious rock. At last the blacksmith's eyes glistened; he had it sure. He sent off to his smithy for his shoeing tools, which were soon forthcoming, when he proceeded with all possible despatch to unclinch the nails which bound the horse's shoes to his hoofs! One by one the nails were unclinch'd, the whip was applied to the horse, and as the last nail gave way, he escaped with a bound, but left his shoes wedged to the rock.

The Horrors of War.

A letter from Buenos Ayres states that one of the papers of Montevideo, of the 4th of March, gives the depositions of a highly respectable man, who was a prisoner in Oribe's camp. The assassinations and murders committed by that invading army, are most horrid. Nearly every prisoner had his throat cut in cold blood. Their march from this city is marked in blood. In fact, the policy of this Government, is to let no one live who may be opposed to them; and with the knowledge of this, foreigners have been obliged to take arms in self defence.

Tobacco Crop in Virginia.

The Richmond Compiler says the opinion is very general, that the Tobacco crop must be a short one in that State. The cool spring brought down the insects upon the young plants, and so destructive have they been, that there is an almost unprecedented scarcity of plants. Over this cause there is no triumph now—good weather can do nothing but make that which is planted good; but that which is not, has been nipped in the bud—eaten up in the plant—and there is no help for it.

Recipes.

FOR DYING GREEN.—Take 1-2 lb. of oil vitriol, 2 ozs. indigo—put in a bottle and let it stand three or four days; shake it well every day; and then boil a strong liquor of hickory bark; dissolve 2 lbs. alum in water, put 6 lbs. yarn in the alum water, pour all the ingredients into the dye, put it all on the fire, and boil it well. The same dye will then color 6 lbs. more of a paler green. After it is dyed, and dried, it must be washed out with good soft soap.

TO DYE RED WITH RED WOOD.—1 lb. of red wood [hacked] 2 ozs. alum, powdered, the red wood must stand twenty-four hours in river or spring water; then boil it well, and after straining, mix your alum and aquafortis and boil it well for several hours. Mix 1 oz. aquafortis, 1 oz. block tin, in a tumbler, and set it in the sun about one hour. The above will color 2 lbs. of yarn. After being dried, wash it out with soft soap.

TO DYE PINK.—2 ozs. cochineal, 1-2 lb. of cream tartar, 1 lb. alum, the whole put in a kettle of soft water; then put in 6 lbs. clean yarn and boil it well; not to be washed after being dried. I saw several very beautiful carpets that were dyed with the above recipes, and for brilliancy of color, they would compare with the finest Turkey. I was particularly struck with the substantial appearance of one carpet, and on inquiry, was informed that the filling was entirely cow's hair, carded and spun by hand; the cost was but a trifle, and more durable looking carpet I never saw. I think the filling of cows hair, all white, did not exceed two dollars for a whole carpet. Persons near a city would do well to turn their attention to the manufacturing this article, as it has generally been deemed useless. A small quantity of cow's hair, with the inferior and coarse wool, would make a carpet that would outlast any carpet that may be bought: and in these hard times, every thing that tends to economy should receive attention. Politicians may rant as much as they please as to the why and wherefore, and settle the cause of hard times among themselves but when they come to the remedy, they will find that nothing but industry and economy will afford relief.

Rome.

The past year is stated to be the first, since 1820, in which the population of this city, instead of increasing, has diminished. Owing to the prevalence of an epidemic, the number of inhabitants fell off from 156,000 to 148,000. This is made up of 34,450 families, 31 Bishops, 1439 Priests, 2012 Monks, 1466 Nuns, and 221 Heretics, Turks and Infidels, independently of Jews.

Com. Perry.

"In stature," says J. Fennimore Cooper, "Commodore Perry was slightly above the middle height. His frame was compact, muscular, and well formed, and his activity in due proportion. His voice was peculiarly clear and agreeable, and, aided by its power, he was a brilliant deck officer."

A Haul.

The police of Washington, on Monday evening, made a descent upon, and captured a company of seventeen negroes, who were engaged in the fashionable amusement of cock-fighting.

Lightning Conductors.

It is a matter of much regret, that regardless of physical laws and established principles in electrical science, buildings are daily being supplied with lightning conductors, which, so far from affording a protective influence, have a direct tendency to produce the very danger that is their professed object to avert. In the majority of cases, the rod does not project the requisite distance above the top of the building, and in too many instances it has a direct metallic communication with the walls. Sometimes it terminates abruptly at the bottom of the building and not unfrequently it is inefficiently pointed at its upper extremity. We mention these as general defects; they are observable in some form in at least one half the conductors now in use. The consequences are too often fatal: buildings thus supplied are subject to imminent danger, from which, independent of any conductor, they would be comparatively free.

Beans for Sheep.

If you have beans unfit for culinary purposes in consequence of their being mouldy or rancid, wash them carefully, and give them to the sheep. There is nothing, perhaps, sheep more admire at this season, and a gill a-day will be of more benefit to them than a pint of corn. It is frequently the case that beans are injured by wet before harvest; or, by being stowed away damp, becoming mouldy and unfit for use. In this condition they are often sold for one-half their value, which, we consider equal to the best of corn in any state. The vines and pods of beans are also an excellent food for the sheep, and should be as carefully husbanded by the farmer as his corn and hay.

Ambition.

BY JOHN NEAL.

I loved to hear the war-horn cry,
And panted at the drum's deep roll;
And held my breath, when—flaming high—
I saw our starry banners fly,
As challenging the haughty sky,
They went like battle o'er my soul:
For I was so ambitious then,
I burned to be the slave of—men.

I stood and saw the morning light,
A standard saying far and free;
And loved it like the conqu'ring flight
Of angels floating wide and bright
Above the stars, above the fight
Where nations warred for liberty;
And thought I heard the battle-cry
Of trumpets in the hollow sky.

I sailed upon the dark-blue deep:
And shouted to the eaglet soaring;
And hung me from a rocky steep,
When all but spirits were asleep;
And oh, my very soul would leap,
To hear the gallant waters roaring;
For every sound and shape of strife
To me was but the breath of life.

But I am strangely altered now—

I love no more the bugle's voice—
The rushing wave—the plunging prow—
The mountain with his clouded brow—
The thunder when his blue skies bow,
And all the sons of God rejoice—
I love to dream of tears and sighs
And shadowy hair and half-shut eyes.

Worms in a Boy's Eye.

The *Med. Zeit. Von Preuss* relates the case of a boy, three years of age, brought to Dr. Eitner, in the month of July, 1842, affected with violent inflammation of the left eye especially, the child declaring that he felt something "creeping in his eye." The left upper eyelid was enormously swollen, and nearly covered the under eyelid completely. On raising the upper eyelid, the posterior extremities of a mass of maggots were immediately brought into view. Proper assistance having been procured, twenty larvae of the common blue bottle were extracted, one after the other; they were half an inch in length each, and required a tug to loosen them from their position. From the inner canthus of the right eye, a single larva was perceived and extracted. The child recovered under ordinary treatment; the sight of the left eye was very long of being recovered, but the cornea regained its transparency by degrees; and, at the time of the report being made, there was only a nebulous spot, about the size of a lentil, which also seemed to be disappearing.

The eccentric Lorenzo Dow, in the year 1830, prophesied that in the year 1843 there would be no King in England, no President in the United States, and that there would be snow in June. His prediction has been fulfilled to the very letter.

An article in the "Literature of the Negro," in the *Magnolia* for November, states it as a significant fact, which has been strangely overlooked, that the words *Ham*, *Shem*, and *Japhet*, mean in the original Hebrew, *black*, *red*, and *white*.

Insanity.

There are 17,181 insane persons in the United States; and the estimated number of those who become so annually, is 5,719. There are sixteen insane asylums in the country, containing something less than 2000 patients, and receiving almost 1200 annually.

"I understand," said a deacon to his neighbor, "that you are becoming a hard drinker." "That is a slander, replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink easier."

A Monster.

The Portland Tribune says:—Some time since we gave an account of a man who had been confined in our workhouse for nearly forty years. He died a short time since at the age of about seventy. He was deaf, dumb, and blind, and for more than thirty-nine years had been confined in the cells of the house, and during this time no communication with a single individual, and lived more like a beast than a human being. He slept on nothing but hard boards, and wore only a shirt and pantaloons. His food was daily handed him, when he would rise, take it and eat, and then return to his board, where he lay curled up till another meal was brought in. His name was Mayo.

In this manner he lived, occupying but two cells, one in the cellar in winter, and another in an outhouse in summer, for this long period. Previously to his confinement in the poorhouse, he was for five years a tenant of the county jail. It is said that he was bright and active when a child, but severe sickness destroyed his speech and hearing. Possessing a violent temper, and depraved withal, he committed various crimes, which induced his friends to confine him. He once set fire to his father's house. When taken to jail, his anger was so intense, that he tore out his eyes with his own hands, and thus for forty years was deaf, dumb, and blind.

The Fisheries on Albermarle Sound, have all stopped operations, or "hung up," as it is generally termed by the fishermen, after a very successful season. At one of the fisheries, we understand 1,000,000 of herring and 100,000 shad have been taken. There are seven or eight others on the Sound that do equally as good business, besides some half dozen or more River fisheries. The whole amount of herring taken, probably will not be short of ten millions.—*Edenton Sen.*

An Old Member.

Col. Joseph Wyatt, of Charlotte, Va., aged 93 years, died a few days ago. Col. W. was for 44 years successively, a member of the House of Delegates from Charlotte, or a Senator from the district to which that county is attached.

Feathers are not an infallible protection against lightning. A hen was killed in Lyons, N. Y., the other night.

A Great Secret.

How do you do, Mrs. Tome, have you heard that story about Mrs. Ludy?

'Why no, really, Mrs. Gab, what is it, do tell?'

'Oh, I promised not to tell for the world!—No I must never tell of it. I am afraid it will get out.'

'Why, I'll never tell on it as long as I live, just as true as the world, what is it, come tell.'

'Now you won't say anything about it, will you?'

'No, I will never open my head about it, sacredly. Hope to die this minute.'

'Well, if you believe me, Mrs. Fundy told me to-day, Mrs. Trot told her that her sister's husband was told by one who saw it that Mrs. Trouble's oldest daughter told Mrs. Nicholas, that she heard Mrs. Putefog tell Naomi Blute that a milliner told her, last night, that bustles were going out of fashion!'

'Why!—you don't say so!'

Lines

Written by Sir Walter Raleigh the evening before his Execution.

Even such is Time, who takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God will raise me up, I trust.

An Ancient Recipe for the Cure of the Gout.

The ingredients for this remedie cannot be had without a little theft, but as no one's stock will be endangered, the sufferer will be contented to run a little riske, in order to obtain greate relief:—1st. Hee must pick a handkerchife from the pocket of a maide of 50 years, who never had a wish to change her condition. 2nd. Hee must wash it in an honest miller's pond.—3d. Hee must dry it on a parson's hedge that was never covetous. 4th Hee must scente it in a doctor's shop who never kill'd a patiente. 5th. Hee must mark it with a lawyer's inke who never cheated a cliente.—Applye it to the part affected, and a cure will speedilie follow.

Sugar in New Orleans.

Extract of a letter dated New Orleans, May 5th, 1843. "Sugars are advancing rapidly: ordinary descriptions are soon expected to reach \$6. In consequence of the lateness of the season and the long continued droughts we have had, sufficient injury has been done to the growing crop to cut it off materially. Plants that have come up, are no higher now than the growth was last season, in March, thus leaving it only five months to mature, which under the most favorable circumstances, will not be long enough by about two months. Some of our largest dealers in Sugar, we understand, have sent large orders to New York to purchase up the article and hold it until fall."

A Dr. Altott is lecturing against the use of tobacco, at Bangor, Maine. The lectures being free, all can go who *chevs*.

It is said that the best radishes are raised in pure sand. In fact, they grow better in sand than in common earth, and free of worms.

The rebuilding of Point Petre, Gaudaloupe, with iron houses, as affording the best security against earthquakes, is said to be seriously contemplated by the French Government.

Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations which may be preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told.

Gapes in Chickens.

A writer in the Farmer's Cabinet, says positively that the gapes in chickens, which cause so many to die, are occasioned by worms in the windpipe; and that if the poultener is pleased to take a feather, strip the sides all off except a small tuft at the end, dip this in spirits of turpentine, catch the chicken, open its mouth and just touch this turpentine to the mouth of the windpipe, which may easily be seen at the top of the tongue and near its roots, the worms will almost instantly die, and the chicken as instantly recover. He says there is no danger to the chicken from this course.

There is a man now living in Portland, Maine, who during a moment of anger declared he would not speak to his wife for a period of eight years, and he kept his word. Although he lived with her, and happily for aught we know, all the time, till eight years had passed by, never a word passed between them. This may be relied on as true.

A country sculptor was ordered to engrave on a tombstone the following words—"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." The stone, however, being small, he engraved on it—"A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband."

Wetherbee