

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Jeffersonian Republican.

From the Chronicle and Sentinel.

Henry Clay.

A PARODY.

“Hail to the chief now in triumph advancing
Hark to the shout from North, South and West—
See the bright banners, as round us they’re glancing,
Hail to America’s noblest and best!
Shout loud your welcome now—
Hind the wreath on his brow,
For he is coming to guide us and save—
Lift up your voices high,
Let your shout reach the sky,
For he is chosen the chief of the brave!
On! Freedom, on! for your foes are retreating,
The Star of the West is first in the chase—
Soon shall we have the sweet pleasure of greeting,
Him who is almost foremost in the race!
Soon in the Chair of State,
May we see him the great
Statesman who never yet faltered or flew—
O! do not hold back now,
Soon you’ll see him I trow,
Where sat the Hero of Tippecanoe!”

Augusta, Ga.

From the Spirit of the Times.

Origin of Bots in Horses—their Cure.

I have observed lately much speculation as to the origin of the bot or grub. I have read Mr. Mitchell’s account of his experiment in killing the worm, after taking it from the stomach of the dead horse.

As it should be our object to do all the good we can to mankind, I feel it my duty to give the world what I think a certain remedy for the bot or grub, without commenting how they find their way into the horses stomach, or how they are formed. It is enough that such a thing does exist as bots in horses, and that it is important how to get rid of them, when we ascertain our horse is affected by them.

To make the bot, or grub let go his hold, give the horse a quart of molasses or dissolved sugar, with a quart of sweet milk: in thirty minutes you will find the horse at ease; then pulverize one eighth of a pound of alum, dissolve it in a quart of warm water, and drench your horse; after which—in two hours or less—give the horse one pound of salts, and you will find the bot, in his dung. I think this is, after all the speculations and cures I have seen, the only thing that will, to a certainty remove the bots.

The molasses and milk cause the bot to let go and prey upon the sweets; the alum contracts him, and the salts pass him off.

J. C. WALKER.

To Preserve Peach Trees and to save Plums.

A writer in the Pittsburgh Chronicle states that he succeeds in saving the Peach trees from the ravages of the worm by the following process:

I preserve the Peach tree by entirely freeing the diseased part from earth and gum, then spreading over it a thin coat of chandler’s common hard soap, and filling up with fresh soil. I have also tried salt and found that it destroyed this worm effectually, but soap answers best when the worm has penetrated any distance up the stem of the tree; for with a small ramrod you can force it to the extreme point of the cavity, or fill it all up. I have seen saltpetre recommended for Peach trees attacked by this worm, but the above remedies will not only destroy the insect, but they are excellent manures, and will preserve the tree in a healthy state, even if used in the greatest proportion; while saltpetre if not used in the strictest proportion and care, is dangerous to fruit trees of every kind.

The Curculio is now busy destroying plums on many trees by sucking the young fruit, and the correspondent of the Chronicle bears testimony to the complete remedy of jarring the tree early in the morning, before the sun is up, and catching the troublesome bugs on a sheet spread or laid beneath the tree. The Curculio may be taken and destroyed in this way and the plums be preserved.

Avoid arguments with ladies—in spinning yarn among silks and satins, a man is sure to be gossiped.

A William Penn Deed.

The Washington (Pa.) Examiner, gives the following as a genuine copy of the original deed of transfer, executed between William Penn and the early proprietors of the soil of Pennsylvania:

William Penn’s Deed, from the Indians, in 1685.—This Indenture witnesseth that—We, Pachinah, Jarekhan, Sikals, Partqueson, Jervis Essepenuk, Felkroy, Hekeklappan, Eonus, Machloha, Methcongga, Wissa Powey, Indian Kings, Sachemakers, right owners of all lands, from Quing Quingus, called Duck Creek, unto Upland called Chester Creek, all along the West side of Delaware River, and so between the said Creeks backwards as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse, for and in consideration of these following goods to us in hand and secured to be paid by William Penn, proprietary and governor of the province of Pennsylvania and territories thereof, viz:—20 guns, 20 fathoms matchcoat, 20 fathoms stroud water, 20 blankets, 20 kettles, 20 lbs. powder, 100 bars of lead, 40 tomahawks, 100 knives, 40 pair of stockings, 1 barrel of beer, 20 lbs. of red lead, 100 fathoms of wampum, 30 glass bottles, 30 pewter spoons, 100 awl blades, 300 tobacco pipes, 100 hands tobacco, 20 tobacco togs, 20 steels, 300 flints, 30 pair of scissors, 30 combs, 60 looking glasses, 200 needles, 1 skipple of salt, 30 lbs. sugar, 5 gallons molasses, 20 tobacco boxes, 100 Jews harps, 20 hoses, 30 gimlets, 30 wooden screw boxes, 100 strings of beads.

Do hereby acknowledge, &c. Given under our hand, &c. at New Castle, 2d day of the eighth month, 1685.

The above is a true copy from a copy taken from the original by Ephraim Morton, now living in Washington County, Pennsylvania, formerly a clerk in the land office, which he gave to William Hutton, and from which the above was taken in Little York this 7th day of December, 1813.

Working One’s Passage.

A good story is told in the last Concordia Intelligencer, of a simple-minded Hoosier and his operations at Natchez. The fellow ‘came down’ on a flat boat; and anxious to get back at as cheap a rate as possible, strolled on board one of the wharf boats at Natchez, bundle in hand, and asked the owner when his boat would start for Louisville. Every one who knows any thing about a wharf boat knows that it is a fixture, as destitute of ‘go ahead’ principles as a drift log; but the Hoosier was ignorant even of this fact, and as the owner of the floating grocery was something of a wag, he told him that he should be off ‘very shortly.’ We give the rest of the story as we find it:

“Well, captain, I want to work my passage.”
“All right,” was the reply “can you pump?”
“First rate,” said the Hoosier.
“Lay to,” said S. here it is. The poor fellow laid down his bundle and went to work in dead earnest; he tugged unremittingly for a couple of hours—the sweat rolling in torrents from his hardy features—when, happening to cast his eye around, he observed that the boat had no machinery. “Hallo! captain,” exclaimed the Hoosier, “where’s your biters—where’s your machinery?” S. in the meantime, had stepped ashore and collected a crowd to witness the joke. The poor fellows question was answered by a loud laugh, which told—“I’m picked up stranger—but I’ll bet I can knock down and drag out any man that says I’m a fool!”—N. O. Pic.

A Touching Incident.

The National Intelligencer notices the following incident which occurred a few days since during the holding of an inquest over the body of a drowned boy, which is illustrative of the fidelity and sagacity of the canine species:
A fine dog, the fond companion and almost constant follower of the drowned boy during his lifetime, had, unperceived by the family, crouched himself directly under the stand on which lay the dead body of the poor little fellow. On some slight motion of the sheet which was thrown over the corpse, the dog which lay still and motionless on the floor, was perceived by the father of the deceased. The attempt was then made by the father to remove the poor animal and put him out of the room, but in vain; for the dog resisted, and remained “steadfast and unmoving,” and seemed to indicate most strongly, by the sadness of his looks, that he partook of the sorrow of the distressed parents, who were both present. “Let him remain,” said the afflicted mother, “he loved the poor boy while he was alive!” “Yes, let him remain,” said one or two of the jury; and the poor father, whose foot was upraised, desisted and took his seat, while the tears of every one present were with difficulty suppressed. It was a simple and touching scene, which the pen of Sterne or Byron, only could have adequately described.

A groomsmen was half married by mistake for the bridegroom a few days since at Cleveland. He was sadly frightened, and has resolved never to be caught in so dangerous a position again.

A Delinquent Subscriber’s Soliloquy.

Yes, it is so! two years have flown,
Since first I took my paper:
Time scarcely comes ere it is gone,
Like transient blaze of taper.
Could I keep pace with his career,
Though ere so transitory,
And pay my printers bills each year
Twere not so bad a story.
But now near twice twelve months I find
The printers have been drilling
And dunning negligence like mine,
And I’ve not paid a shilling.
The bill is now five dollars—near—
It grieves me much to think it,
When I have spent that each year,
For many a useless ticket.
Alas how could I wrong the man,
Who long has sent me weekly,
So rich a treasure and who can
Endure such treatment meekly.
Of late I’ve suffered much from fear,
And mental perturbation,
Lest I should see my name appear
In black list publication.
But thanks to Providence; most kind,
The printers long forbearance;
I now will ease my troubled mind,
By paying off my clearance:
There’s left me now—ah let me see
From wages of last winter,
Only a solitary V,
And that shall pay the printer.
My negligence in time that’s past,
I hope he’ll not think hard on,
For I will pay him well at last,
And humbly beg his pardon.

The Quail.

We would walk six miles to shake hands with the writer of the following article, and would not mind, moreover, lending a lick ourselves at the murderous darkey, whom he so justly anathematizes. The article is, we believe, from an old No. of the Knickerbocker—Nat. In.

SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING QUAILS.
—The quail is the bird for me. He is no rover, no emigrant. He stays at home and is identified with the soil. Where the farmer works, he lives, and loves, and whistles. In budding spring-time and in scorching summer, in bounteous autumn and in barren winter, his voice is heard from the same bushy hedge-fence and from his customary cedars. Cupidity and cruelty may drive him to the woods, and to seek more quiet seats; but be merciful and kind to him, and he will visit your barnyard, and sing for you upon the boughs of the apple-tree by your gate-way. But when warm May first woots the young flowers to open and receive her breath, then begin the loves and jealousies and duels of the bevy. Duels too often, alas! bloody and fatal; for there liveth not an individual of the gallinaceous order, braver, bolder, more enduring than a cock quail fighting for his lady-love. Arms, too, he wieldeth, such as give no vain blows, rightly used. His mandible serves for other purposes than mere biting of grasshoppers and picking up of Indian corn. While the dire affray rages Miss Quailina looketh on from her safe perch on a limb above the combatants, impartial spectators, belling her love under her left wing patiently; and when the vanquished craven finally bites the dust, descends and rewards the conquering hero with her heart and hand.
Now begin the cares and responsibilities of wedded life. Away fly the happy pair to seek some grassy tussock, where, safe from the eye of the hawk and the noise of the fox, they may rear their expected brood in peace, provident, and not doubting that their ESPOUSAL will be blessed with a numerous offspring. Oat harvest arrives, and the fields are waving with yellow grain. Now be wary, oh kind hearted cradler! and tread not into those pure white eggs ready to burst with life! Soon there is a peeping sound heard, and lo! a proud mother walketh magnificently in the midst of her children, searching and picking, and teaching them how to swallow. Happy is she if she may be permitted to bring them up to maturity, and uncompelled to renew her joys in another nest.

The assiduous of a mother have a beauty and a sacredness about them that command respect and reverence in all animal nature, human or inhuman—what a lie does that word carry—except, perhaps, in monsters, insects, and fish. I never yet heard of the parental tenderness of a trout, eating up his little baby, nor the filial gratitude of a spider, nipping the life out of his grey-headed father, and usurping his web. But you would see the purest, the sincerest, the most affecting piety of a parent’s love, starve a young family of quails, and watch the conduct of the mother. Sshe will not leave you. No, not she. But she will fall at your feet, uttering a noise which none but a distressed mother can make,

and she will run and flutter, and seem to try to be caught, and cheat your outstretched hand, and affect to be wing broken and wounded, and yet have just life enough to tumble along, until she has drawn you, fatigued, a safe distance from her threatened children and the young hopes of her heart; and then will she mount, whirring with glad strength, and away through the maze of trees you have not seen before, like a close shot bullet, fly to her skulking infants. Listen now! Do you hear those three half-plaintive notes quickly and clearly poured out? She sings not now “Bob White!” nor “Ah, Bob White!” That is her husband’s love-call or his trumpet blast of defiance. But she calls sweetly and softly for her lost children. Hear them “peep! peep!” at the welcome voice of their mother’s love! They are coming together. Soon the whole family will meet again. It is a foul sin to disturb them; but retreat your devious way, and let her hear your coming, breaking down the briars as you renew the danger. She is quiet; not a word is passed between the fearful fugitives. Now, if you have the heart to do it, lie low, keep still, and invite the call of the hen quail. Oh, mother! mother! how your heart would die if you could witness the deception! The little ones raise up their trembling heads, and catch comfort and imagine safety from the sound. “Peep peep!” they come to you straining their little eyes, and clustering together, and answering, seem to say, “Where is she! Mother! mother! we are here!”

I knew an Ethiopian once—he lives yet in a hovel on the brush plains of Mattowacs—who called a whole bevy together in that way. He first shot the parent bird and when the murderous villain had ranged them in close company, while they were looking over each others necks, and mingling their doubts and hopes and distresses in a little circle, he levelled his cursed musket at their unhappy breasts, and butchered—“What! all my pretty ones? Did you say all?” He did, and he lives yet! Oh, let me not meet that rigger six miles north of Pachogue, in a place where the scrub oaks cover with cavernous gloom a sullen precipice at whose bottom lies a deep lake unknown but to the Kwaack and the lost bee-hunter. For my soul’s sake let me not encounter him in grim ravines of the Calicoon, in Sullivan, where the everlasting darkness of the hemlock forests would sanctify virtuous murder!

A Quaint Sermon.

Mr. Dodd was a minister who lived many years ago a few miles from Cambridge, and having several times preached against drunkenness, some of the Cambridge scholars, (conscience, which is sharper than ten thousand witnesses, being their monitor) were very much offended, and thought he made reflections upon them. Some little time after, Mr. Dodd was walking towards Cambridge, and met some of the gowmsmen, who as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. As soon as he came up they accosted him with “Your servant, sir.” He replied, “Your servant, gentlemen.” They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late. He was answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favor to ask of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them there, from a text they should choose. He argued that it was an impossibility, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately in a hollow tree which stood by the roadside, from the word MALT. He then began:

“Beloved brethren, let me claim your attention. I am a little man; come at a short notice; to preach a short sermon from a short text; to a thin congregation; in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is MALT. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one. I must therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—M.A.L.T.
M—is Moral.
A—is Allegorical.
L—is Literal.
T—is Theological.
The moral is to teach of you rustics good manners, therefore:
M—my masters,
A—all of you,
L—leave off,
T—tipping.
The Allegorical is when one thing is spoken and another meant. The thing spoken of is Malt. The thing meant is the spirit of the Malt, which you rustics make,
M—your meat,
A—your apparel,
L—your liberty,
T—your trust.

The Literal is according to the letters,
M—Much
A—Ale
L—Little
T—Trust.
The Theological is according to the effect it works, in some M—Murder, in others A—

Adultery, in all L—Looseness of life, and in many T—Treachery.

I shall conclude my subject, First, exhortation.

M—My masters,
A—All of you,
L—Listen
T—To my text.
Second, by way of caution.
M—My masters,
A—All of you,
L—Look for
T—The truth.
Third, by way of communicating the truth, which is this: A Drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber’s agent; the alcoholic’s benefactor; his wife’s sorrow; his children’s trouble; his own shame; his neighbor’s scoff; a walking swill bowl; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man.”

Cement for Graving.

Two pounds and two ounces of resin, six ounces of tallow, and ten ounces of bees wax. Melt them together, and turn the mixture into cold water, and let it remain till cool enough to handle; then work it as shoemaker’s wax. We have used cement thus made, and found that it remained on the stock for years. It is not so soft as to run in hot weather, nor so hard as to crack in cold weather. All of the ingredients for making this cement must be of a good quality.

Horses should never stand long on a dry floor. Their fore feet, particularly, should rest on something more pliable. Some who object to loam and to tan bark, keep a trough of water and require the horse to stand in it for hours. By travelling fast on hard roads a fever is created in the fore feet, and road horses are ten times more subject to it than farm horses. When a horse has travelled all day on a hard road, it is cruel to make him stand all night on a hard floor.

A Dutch Wedding Ceremony.

You bromish, now, you good man dare,
Vat stands upon de vloer,
To hab dish voman for your wife,
And lub her evermore!
To feed her vell mit sour kraut,
Peas, putterpilk and schesse,
And in all things to lent your aid
Dat vill bromote her ease!

Yes, ant you voman standing dare,
Do bledge your vord dish tay,
Dat you vill dake for your husband
Dish man and him obey!
Dat you vill ped and pward mit him—
Vash, iron, ment his klose,
Laugh ven he schmile, veeep ven he sighs,
Den share his choys and voes!

Vell, den I now, vidin deese valls,
Mit choy and not mit brief,
Bronounce you poth to pe one mint,
Von name, von man, von peef!
I duphish von dese sacret bants,
Deese matrimonial ties,
Pefore my wife, God, Kate and Poll,
And all dese kazing eyes.

And as de sacret scripture says,
“Vat Got unites togedder
Let no man tare asunder poot—
Let to man tare to seffier.”
Ant you pritegrom dare—here you sthrop—
I’ll not let go your gollar
Pefore you answer me dish thing:
Dat ish—were ish mine tollar!

Touching.

A recent traveller gives an account, that when he was walking on the beach in Brazil, he overtook a colored woman with a tray on her head. Being asked what she had to sell, she lowered the tray, and with reverend tenderness uncovered it. It was the lifeless form of her babe, covered by a neat white robe, with a garland round the head, and flowers within the little hands that lay clasped upon its bosom. “Is that your child?” said the traveller. “It was mine a few days ago,” she replied, “but the Madonna has it for her little angel now.” “How beautifully you have laid it out!” said he. She added cheerfully, “Ah, what is that to the bright wings it wears in Heaven?”

A very Cold Place.

The Piscataquis (Maine) Farmer states, that there was a heavy frost in that vicinity on the morning of the 4th of July.