

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 4.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1843.

No. 21.

PENNSYLVANIA. 30,000 Families destitute of the Bible!

Does this statement appear to be incredible? Consider the following FACTS.

Philadelphia city and county have been explored and 4,000 families supplied with the Bible.

Leligh, York and Alleghany counties report each about 1000 families destitute of the Bible.

Lancaster and Berks counties, by an estimate based on facts so far as developed, show a destitution of 3,000 families in the two counties, or 15,000 in each.

In these SIX counties, therefore, the destitution amounts to TEN THOUSAND FAMILIES!

Warren county has been explored and the destitution amounts to one family in every SIX.

Potter and McKean counties have been explored and the result is, on an average, one destitute family in FIVE.

Clearfield county reports an average destitution of one family in every FOUR.

Other facts of a similar character might be mentioned, but we add but one more explanatory of this sad and surprising destitution. It is this; since 1840 the population of Pennsylvania has changed to the amount of three quarters of a million or seventy thousand new families.

MONROE COUNTY.

This County has not yet been explored. So far as enquiry has been made we are led to conclude that the destitution is great.

Will you, dear sir, as a Christian and citizen aid in accomplishing this work so rich in civil, social, domestic and religious blessings?

In behalf of the Managers of the Monroe county Bible Society.

DANIEL STROUD, Pres.

WM. P. VAIL, Cor. Sec.

J. W. BURNETT, Treas.

We cordially approve of the above object and hope that it will meet with prompt and cheerful aid from our fellow citizens.

Rev. J. B. HYNDSHAW.

B. JOHNSTON.

DAVID E. GARDINER.

JOHN DECKER.

G. HEILIG.

T. C. W. HOFFEDITZ.

A Hint for the Ladies.

The following love letter from a 'victim's' daughter to her admirer, we have picked up somewhere, and give it as a curious document. It is 'meat' that it should be preserved, for it is not often that we find such a 'rare' object, or a billet-doux so 'well done'—vide:

"Paw told me to rite you a tender line, which he sed would ese my kalf love and make me less sheepish than I was afore. He ses he will be in to your muttin if you don't come and put the thing through as a gentleman orter. Paw is a meatacks disposishen and no mistake, and he ses he is nothng but bull beef and grizel, going the hull hog, hide and taller, never carin' about extra shins of beef. He ses you will be made nirse meat on and done up in sawsages for the Snackaday market, afore you go about like a bladder on two skewers much longer. When he sees you, he ses you won't find the woolly side out, but the way the bristles will tiquel, will make you squeal like fresh pork, on prikareous trotters. So cum, deerest, when Paw is away; and, fat or leen, you will find me as old Nick said he waz when he cum to chu'eb without hoarn and tale—month shet and ears open, with the privilage of winkin at what warr a' authordocks."

New Use of the Tomato.

The Cheraw Gazette states that, in addition to the advantages of the Tomato for table use, the vine is of great value as food for cattle, especially cows. It is stated that a cow fed on Tomato vines will give more milk, and yield butter of finer flavor, and in greater abundance, than any other long feed ever tried. It is thought, too, that more good food for cattle, and at less expense can be raised from a given quantity of ground in Tomatoes than from any other vegetable known in the Southern country.

The Whig Rifle.

From the New York Tribune.
AIR—OLD ROSIN THE BOW."
Come true gallant Whigs of the Union—
Though cheated, we'll never complain,
If a traitor has snapp'd our Whig Rifle,
We'll pick flint and try it again;
We'll pick flint and try it again,
We'll pick flint and try it again;
If a traitor has snapp'd our Whig Rifle,
We'll pick flint and try it again.

It's time we fell in with a Judas,
A doider both selfish and vain;
And he's made our Whig Rifle burn priming,
But we'll pick flint and try it again;
But we'll pick flint and try it again, &c.
His eyes have grown dim with the vapors,
Abstractions have addled his brain;
And whatever he shoots at he misses—
But we'll pick flint and try it again;
But we'll pick flint and try it again, &c.

Brave William, when he lay a-dying,
Gave up the Whig Rifle with pain;
And for his sake, who gallantly won it,
We'll pick flint and try it again;
We'll pick flint and try it again, &c.
From the greenfields of Kentucky
A Hunter steps over the plain,
And his eagle-eye sights our good Rifle—
And he'll pick it and try it again;
And he'll pick it and try it again, &c.

Huzza! for our bold, gallant Harry!
He lifts not the Rifle in vain,
And straight to the centre she'll carry,
When he picks it and tries it again;
When he picks it and tries it again, &c.
Last War, when our poor captive Sailors
Their cries sent abroad on the main,
'Free Trade!' 'Sailor's Rights!' cried brave Harry,
Lads, pick flint and try it again;
Lads, pick flint and try it again, &c.

And now, when a dastard and traitor
Has caused us to triumph in vain,
True Harry leads on to the rescue,
Crying "Pick flint and try it again!"
Crying "Pick flint and try it again!"
Harry Clay of Kentucky's our leader!
Come rally from mountain and plain!
Think no more on the thing that betrayed us;
But pick flint and try it again;
But pick flint and try it again;
Think no more on the thing that betray'd us,
But pick flint and try it again.

Foreign Correspondence.

BELFAST, Ireland, July 16, 1843.

I mentioned in my last letter that we were only waiting for the Drawing room procession to quit London. That took place on the Thursday after I wrote, I then had another very good view of her Majesty as she passed within about a yard of me.—The best part of the show was the magnificent display of noblemen's carriages, coachmen and footmen all dressed in their very best and some as oddily, to our eyes, as could be well imagined, retaining the same family livery that was worn by their predecessors centuries before. We also had an excellent opportunity to see the Peeresses and Peers in their best "bib and tucker," as they went in their carriages uncovered.

As soon as we had seen their Majesties we posted to our boarding house, and at 5 o'clock P. M. were in the railway cars for Derby, 130 miles off, which we reached about 10 P. M. just dark. Here we staid all night and in the morning took a walk over the town which we found quite large, built very much like our old towns in Pennsylvania. After breakfast we proceeded by the railroad to Ambergrove and there took coach to Matlock Bath the prettiest place I had seen since I left Easton. Both J. and I remarked many similarities. It was a perfectly picturesque beauty spot. It is situated on the Derwent grouped in a singular manner up the mountain side. It is celebrated for its mineral waters, which are held out as the inducement to bring strangers, though the great beauty of its scenery should procure it more visitors than its springs. The valley is about three miles long, in which are exhibited some of the wildest freaks of nature. It abounds in caverns, petrifying wells, mountains, rocks, dells and beautiful streams. We first commenced the ascent of Masson or the Heights of Abram, after ascending about 100 yards we came to some tables covered with beautiful specimens of the spars which abound here, kept by two old women, of whom of course we had to purchase.

We soon after arrived at the entrance of the Rutland Cavern, where was another Toy-shop, as was indeed at every point of interest in the neighborhood; these poor people making their living by the sale of these spars, the workmanship of which employs very many of the inhabitants of Derbyshire. We entered by Torch

light and were very much pleased with the appearance. After ascending some distance our guide preceded us and lighting a circle of candles, she fixed a Bengal light upon an upright, huge block of stone before us, resembling an altar, which showed an immense room all around us of great height. This room is called the Druid's temple, and the stone the Druid's altar. We then proceeded on, and came out after a long walk half way up the high mountain when we continued to its top. It is near 1000 feet high and the view from it was most lovely. The beautiful village with its Hotels, the river, the romantic High Tor, the Wild-cat Tor, the Dungeon Rocks and the pretty church are all around and beneath you.

Crossing over to the other side we visited the old village with its pretty steeple, then High Tor, a lofty rock 400 feet high that seems to start from the bed of the river, which here dashes turbulently over rough blocks of stone; then Wild Cat Tor, Lover's leap and many other points of interest, until we crossed over to the other side, when descending we came to a spot called the Lover's walk, as quiet and retired as though no mortal lived near. Here we crossed the river and were taken to the Petrifying well where were scores of queer things being petrified, as sheeps' heads, birds' eggs, old wigs, &c. &c. From this we again ascended to the Romantic rocks or Dungeon Tors, as they are called, where a scene of the wildest character was presented. Rocks upon rocks some 40 ft. high, tossed together in every position, the appearance and angles exactly corresponding, shewing they were all once together. Walking in among them you seem separated from the rest of the world and imprisoned within their huge walls. After going through one of the lead mines several hundred yards we emerged into daylight on the point overlooking these vast rocks, and descended to 'The Temple' our hotel, having been on our feet 4-1-2 hours and well satisfied that for romantic and sublimely picturesque scenery few places can excel Matlock. Montgomery in speaking of it aptly says,

"Here rocks on rocks, on forests forests rise,
Spurn the low earth, and mingle with the skies,
Great nature, slumbering by fair Derwent's stream,
Conceived these giant Mountains in a dream."

After dinner we posted it over to Bakewell, 10 miles and in the morning walked three miles over a high hill which gave us a succession of very fine views, to Chatsworth, the splendid seat of the Duke of Devonshire, called the Palace of the Peak, and admitted to be one of the most magnificent in the kingdom, I have not now time to go through this splendid mansion in detail, but will bring you a description of it, suffice it to say, that the money of a peer with an annual income of £400,000 has been freely lavished in it, on it, and around it. The paintings in it are very fine, there being fewer poor ones than we had seen among so many. He has just removed all his fine paintings from London here, concentrating several fine collections in the new picture gallery he has built within the last few years; but it is in sculpture that he can most safely boast. It is said to be one of the finest collections in Europe. It surely is the best in England. The grounds around are well laid out, an artificial water-fall, immense rocks placed to give a wilderness to one place, flowers and statues to give beauty to another. We returned to Bakewell by another route delighted with our walk. I omitted to mention that on our way from Matlock 2 miles from Bakewell we visited Haddon Hall, an old baronial mansion, once the residence of the Vernons and now belonging to the Duke of Rutland.—Though long deserted, the family keep a watchful care to prevent its destruction, and allow the tapestry and some other old relics to remain. It is a fine old structure and in excellent preservation. It came into the possession of the Vernons in the reign of Richard I. and remained the seat of feudal splendor and magnificent hospitality, until by the death of Sir George Vernon, known as the King of the Peak, it came to Sir John Manners, with whom the fair Dorothy, his daughter, had eloped, as you have heard tell of. It is situated on an eminence with a beautiful little stream below, and no part can yet be said to be in ruins. We were shewn the door out of which the fair heiress escaped with her lover and many more interesting things.

From Bakewell, a ride of 16 miles brought us to Castleton, the location of Peveril's Castle, the Peak Cavern, the Speedwell Mine, Mam Tor and other curiosities, a place as you will allow of great interest. The date in which Castleton lies presented a beautiful appearance as we descended into it. As soon as we had alighted, we immediately started off to see 'the castle,' and soon climbed to it. It stands on the very verge of the rock that overhangs the entrance to the Peak Cavern, and must have been in its day a very strong fortress in situation, though its effect from below is now marred by the kind attempt of some of the good people of Castleton who live off the visitors that come to see these curiosities, and who

have patched up the old wall where it had fallen down, laying the stones in bright white mortar. After dinner we went first to see the celebrated cavern, rightly termed one of the seven wonders of Derbyshire. The entrance is 120 feet wide, 42 feet high and 250 feet long, it they contracts and leads into various cells, some of great size and magnitude. You soon cross the river Styx which can only be done by lying flat on the bottom of a little canoe and being pushed over. This passage occurs twice; at other times you wind along the side of the stream, all having lights which reflect upon the sides and fissures, lighting it up very finely. One of the guides would frequently precede us and ascending far above us, fire a blue light that would shew off the cavern most beautifully. We passed through a great many distinct rooms known as the Grand Saloon, Roger's Rain House, Half-way House, and at last came to the Bell House resembling the Dome of a Church. Here our guide proposed a blast, and fired it, and such a report I have never heard. Although expecting it, it astonished us and as we heard it for minutes reverberating from cavern to cavern, it seemed like some mighty convulsion of nature. This is called the Great Tom of Lincoln, comparing it to that huge bell. From this extraordinary cavern we went to its competitor, the Speedwell Mine. It was excavated by a company searching for lead until the workmen 750 yards in a straight line from the bottom of the entrance, broke into a huge cavern, when a stream burst in upon them that made them fly for safety, and has since filled the bottom of excavation some three feet deep and made it navigable, so that they proceeded farther yet beyond, using boats to convey the mineral out, and this gave it the name of the Navigation Mine, by which it is most generally known. We descended 106 steps and came to the water. Here we entered a boat and the guide fixed three lights, one in the centre and then shoved on 750 yards in a direct line, so that at the end we could see the candle in as straight a line as could be drawn. Here we came to the great curiosity, a natural cave, whose height is unknown, rockets sent up have never reached it. It is known that it is 470 yards to the top of the hill immediately over; on one side the stream gushes over into a pool that has never been fathomed. The guide by opening a sluice poured the stream down in a fine waterfall immediately below us. He says he once went down by a rope and tried to sound it with a line of 108 yards but without success. He also lighted up this dreary place with a Bengal light from a high point which he reached by a ladder, and the effect was very grand, and then prepared a blast which if that of the Peak astonished us, this almost frightened us. The report came just as we pushed off with the boat and it fairly bowed us down making our flesh to quiver. We returned to our inn satisfied with our day's labor.

Gives it to them.

The New Haven Register says—"We can't exchange with the Bachelor's Advocate, Boston, edited by an association of bachelors, and abusive of woman-kind; we don't ride in that troop; if there are fools enough in Boston to support a sheet that scandalizes their mothers and sisters, they don't deserve a change of linen for the rest of their lives. We'll wager a dollar against every sound tooth in the heads of their whole 'association,' that every mother's son of them are fidgety old grannies, that require a warming-pan and a dish of herb tea to compose their nerves ere they can sleep like honest married men! 'Old maids,' forsooth! why we'd give more for an old maid's cat than for a whole regiment of such fellows!"

The Better Choice.

A Quaker, residing at Paris, was waited on by four workmen, in order to make their compliments and ask for their usual new year's gifts.

"Well, my friends," said the quaker, "here are your gifts; choose fifteen francs or the Bible."

"I don't know how to read," said the first, "so I'll take the fifteen francs."

"I can read," said the second, "but I have pressing wants." He took the fifteen francs.

The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a lad of about thirteen or fourteen years. The quaker looked at him with an air of goodness.

"Will you take these three pieces, which you may attain at any time by your labor and industry?"

"As you say the book is good, I will take it, and read it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs.

The others hung down their heads, and the quaker told them he was very sorry they had not made a better choice.

Curran said to Father O'Leary, "Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter!"—"Why?" said the priest. "Because then you would have the keys of Heaven, and could let me in."—"I had better have the keys," said father O, "of another place, and then I could let you out!"

An amiable old lady on reading a recommendation in a newspaper, that "Sal Soda" should be used in washing paint, and that by following this advice the work could be done better and more speedily, remarked, that her daughter Julia could do more at washing paint in one hour than Sal Soda could in three, notwithstanding the printer puffed up her smartness so much.

Mutton Mill.

The Boston Transcript lately published a brief and imperfect account of a mutton mill, which is in successful operation in one of the upper counties in the State of New York. As some of our readers may wish to have a more particular description of this wonderful effort of human genius, we rejoice that circumstances have put it in our power to give an authentic account of the work performed at the said mill, though the mechanical principles which are involved in its construction, yet remain a secret.

A gentleman travelling in that section of the country, overtook a farmer, dragging a lean, wretched looking ram along the road:—"Where are you going with that miserable animal?" said the traveller.

"I am taking him to the Mutton Mill, to have him ground over," said the farmer.

"The Mutton Mill? I never heard of such a thing. I will go with you, and witness the process."

They arrived at the mill. The sheep was thrown alive into the hopper, and almost immediately disappeared. They then descended to a lower apartment, and in a few moments there were ejected from a spout in the ceiling, four quarters of excellent beef, two sides of green morocco leather, a fur hat of the first quality, a calf's head handsomely dressed, and two elegantly carved powder horns!

Among a series of exercises to "come off" at Cambridge Park, near Boston, next Monday, is a pig race. The pig's tail is to be greased, and the competitor who shall catch the pig by the tail only, and throw him over his shoulder, shall carry off the prize! Rather unclassical sport for the vicinity of the "modern Athens."

CUCUMBERS, dressed as asparagus, are said to produce a dish equal to the latter. The Savannah Republican states that the article has been served up on toast, at the Pulaski House, Savannah, for the last six years; and says that if the cucumbers be sliced lengthwise and fried in butter, they will be found an excellent substitute for fried oysters. Try them.

The very latest.—Why is a cow's tail like a dandy's chin? Because it grows down!

Mr. Clay, Agricultural, Mechanic Arts, Commerce, Protection, &c.

We find the following letter in the last Nashville Banner, into which it was copied from the Agriculturalist. We need not call attention to it, as nothing coming from the hand of Henry Clay, upon subjects of general concern, can escape notice. Like other letters from him upon kindred subjects, it expresses in a condensed form, his views in regard to the great interests of society, and exhibits a spirit of enlarged patriotism and comprehensive statesmanship.—Forum.

ASHLAND, August, 1843.

To the Publishers of the Tenn. State Agriculturalist.

GENTLEMEN:—I duly received your letter, requesting my present views as to the station that the Mechanical portion of our population should occupy in the United States, and also as to the subject of Home Industry and Manufactures. Although I have often had occasion publicly to express my opinions on these matters, I take pleasure in communicating them to you.

It has always appeared to me, Gentlemen, that the task of administering our common government would not be very difficult, if honesty, liberality and reasonable information were carried into the public councils. It was instilled to promote the general prosperity, by a faithful exercise of the powers granted by the Constitution. All parts of the Union, and all the great interests of the country should, therefore, receive the parental care and attention of the Government. No one section, and no one interest should desire or expect to engross its exclusive regard.

The main pillars of Society are Agriculture, Commerce, including Navigation, and Manufactures, including the Mechanic Arts. Owing to the peculiar position of the U. States, Agriculture requires but little protection, and that continued to a few branches of it. It is otherwise with the other two interests. They require some protection against the selfish legislation and the rivalry of Foreign powers, which, to make it beneficial and effectual should possess two qualities, moderation and stability, intimately connected with each other. Without moderation, other interests would feel that they had been unjustly dealt by; dissatisfaction would ensue, and that stability in legislation, so desirable in all business and pursuits, would be served.

Protection to Manufactures and Commerce is in fact, whatever it may be in form, encour