

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 4.

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FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Sirs, if you should think the following Ode worth the "printer's ink," please to give it a place in your valuable paper.

## ODE.

I love to rove,  
In the shady grove,  
The plains spread out by the God of love;  
The tow'ring hills,  
And brooks and rills,  
The blushing rose, and the daffodils.  
Who loves the roar,  
Of the ocean more,  
Than sailors who roam from shore to shore?  
Hence from my home  
I will not roam,  
To plow the ocean's boiling foam!  
The city's hum,  
Is lov'd by some—  
But give me the land where it cannot come;  
Yes, an humble cot,  
Shall be my lot—  
Where discontentment shall be forgot.  
The meadows green,  
In the distant scene,  
The hills—where the sun peeps out between;  
The hills and dales—  
Where the gentle gales  
Sweep over the rill that never fails.  
The farmer's voice,  
Oft makes me rejoice,  
And the farmer's life is mine by choice;  
The gentle breeze,  
Doth my fancy please,  
As it glides among the forest-trees.  
When the glorious sun  
His course has run—  
And the stars have fallen one by one;  
The moon so bland,  
With her mountains grand—  
Shall be chang'd to blood by a mighty hand!  
I love to rove,  
In the shady grove,  
The plains spread out by the God of love—  
The tow'ring hills,  
And brooks and rills,  
The blushing rose—and the daffodils.—  
H. C. M.  
Poet's garret, Westfall, )  
August 21, 1843. }

## Trees and Books.

"Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be sticking in a tree; it will be growing Jock, when ye're sleeping. My father tauld me sae forty years sin', but I naer fand time to mend him.  
This bit of Scotch advice is given to his son Jock by Laird Dumbiedike in Scott's "Mid Louthian." It has a lesson in it for a Christian. When you have nothing else to do, just put a good book in a poor family; it will be doing good when you are sleeping—in your grave. We told you so many a time; have you "found time" to do it?—*American Messenger*.

## A Remarkable Fact.

A Baptist clergyman and his wife, who reside in the vicinity of Boston, have the pleasure daily of gathering around their fireside four daughters, who were born in the four different quarters of the globe, viz: one in Europe, one in Asia, one in Africa, and one in America—a fact probably unparalleled in the history of any other family in New England. Long may the links that bind together these sisters remain as unbroken as those that unite the several quarters of the globe which they represent.—*Boston Journal*.

## Foreign Correspondence.

DUBLIN, July 17, 1843.

We took a steamer at Glasgow for Belfast, in the afternoon of the 12th of July and after a pleasant passage into a Channel, retired to our berths about half past 10 P. M. from which we were aroused about 2 A. M. by the announcement that we would reach our point of destination in a quarter of an hour. We were therefore in readiness, and as the boat touched the wharf I was on deck. Although so early, more than half a dozen ragged porters were waiting, and immediately sprang on board, to secure what they could. The scene was an amusing one. They stood in no dread of each other, fighting, quarrelling and joking, to carry their purpose and woe to the luckless stranger who hesitated among them. He would find his luggage seized by one of the nimblest that he had glanced unguardedly at, to be pulled from him by another stronger, asseverating that the gentleman had engaged him, while another using very emphatic language would insist that it belonged to him, as he spoke first. I got clear of them very summarily by calling the Porter of a Hotel I saw come on board, directing him to have my luggage safely conveyed to his Inn which I had heard recommended, and turning coolly on my heel, left him to fight it out with the crowd, who at once sprang upon him for the job, looking over my shoulder to laugh at the expedients and blarney used to induce him to make a selection. As early as we found the people moving I took a stroll over the city which is the great emporium of the North of Ireland, and seems a very flourishing town. Its ancient name was Beal-a-Farrhad, and stands at the mouth of the river Lagan, 100 miles from Dublin, and is surrounded by scenery of great beauty and variety as we found on leaving it by the Londonderry Coach which we mounted at 9 A. M. bound to Coleraine.

The ride about 35 Irish miles was through naturally a very good looking country, except where the peat prevailed, which gave it a dreary appearance. The people seemed happy and good humored, though we saw many evidently very poor in the Towns. We passed through three of these, Antrim, Ballymena and Ballymoney, all of considerable size and apparent thrift, besides several other minor villages. The Causeway is about 9 miles from Coleraine, and our coachman a bright Paddy and on the lookout for tourists, soon learned our destination and proffered his services to drive us at once over. "He had a good car and one of the fastest and best horses in Coleraine." "We would not be kept waiting more than 10 minutes and be over in a jiffy—no bullying of porters to carry our baggage from one point to another and every annoyance to which strangers on such occasions would be subjected, avoided." With some little misgivings we agreed to his proposal.

We reached Coleraine about 4 P. M. our coachy ushered us through a dirty little grocery into a better apartment up stairs, and said he would be with us again in a moment. We saw him for ten minutes, from the window, attending to the change and distribution of luggage from the coach and receiving his fees from the passengers, and then he disappeared with another youngster at his heels. After waiting some 10 minutes longer I descended to ascertain the cause of delay, and found that the car belonging to the man he lived with, and which he expected to get was doing service on the road elsewhere, and he was on a hunt to borrow another; but the woman said, "he was a fine boy, a jewel of a lad and would soon get one." Seeing the fix we were in, I took a stroll of 25 minutes over the ancient city of Coleraine. The inhabitants had been celebrating the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne two days before, and across most of the streets were hung cords high up, in the middle of which were suspended large figures of King William on horseback, or the Queen, or some other such like personage, with various mottoes, giving the streets quite a fanciful appearance. On my return to the Coach office I found our Car almost ready and we soon were mounted on the sides, with our feet dangling down almost to the road. The cars here, or the jaunty cars of Ireland, and which by the way, are capital affairs for clear weather, have no covering but a seat on each side, so that those on one side sit with their backs to those of the other. You step at once to your seat, facing the sides of the road, and then keeping yourself in your seat, as you best may, proceed. We were hardly seated before the lad who had helped Andy find a car, stepped up with "Porter Sir"—but says I "the bargain was we should not need a porter." "Oh Gentlemen always gives us a shilling for helping." So we promised to send his douceur, having no change, and Andy took the horse by the head to get him off. We soon saw the reason. He first bolted to one side of the road—a crack of the whip and a jerk brought him back. He then obstinately pushed jam up to a stone fence on the other. We laughed, Andy halloed, whipped and pulled and we soon got clear of the town, traversing the road in worm fence fashion. Andy then jumped on and away we went on a full run, when just as we reached a hill our fast

est and best of ponies came to a dead halt as though shot. Down went Andy and coaxed and whipped until we got started again, when with frequent freaks of like character he kept him moving at a rapid pace until near our destination. Within about a mile of it, when at our fastest pace, I saw a lad of about 20 push out from one of the hotels of the little village, after us. He ran and poney flew for about half a mile, when a rise of ground enabled him to overtake us, and he jumped up along side of Andy, and entered into a confab with him. Soon he came round to our side and proffered his services as guide handing us a book with testimonials of his ability &c. given him by other travellers. I told him my rule was always to wait until I reached my hotel and there make my selection. He however continued beside us expatiating on the importance of going at once. "The evening was so fine—he would see the boatman and have all ready." &c. We still declining, Andy came to the rescue assuring us he was a first rate guide and we had better take him or we would be beset with guides on our arrival, that would be troublesome to be got rid of, if we were not already provided. Again trusting Andy who no doubt was to get half the fee, we engaged him and he started off to get all ready while we went to the hotel to order dinner on our return. We found all very quiet round and on prying into the matter found there was a rivalry between the Hotel at the other village, which used to be the stopping place of visitors and this new house, which had its own guides and boatmen, and that we had been decoyed into the hands of the Philistines. Laughing at the successful ruse which had been played upon us, we descended to the boat and had no occasion to find fault there, for all was in perfect readiness. Jumping aboard with our guide, four manly men bent to their oars and we were soon on the waves of the ocean in front of this strange and extraordinary coast.

They first rowed us to Dunkerry Cave a deep and lofty cavern in a dark perpendicular cliff accessible by water only. Its entrance, which is of great height, is a regular pointed arch. It is 26 feet broad enclosed between two natural walls of dark basalt. Bringing the head of the boat immediately in front, by strong and expert use of the oars, watching the roll of the waves, our boatmen pulled in their oars and we sailed majestically in on the rolling wave, when they kept us in position by holding on to the sides. The sight was most magnificent. The setting sun lighted up the entrance so that we could see very distinctly in, as well as out. The roof seemed near 100 feet above us as the wave would recede and then as it came, it would lift us up as going to strike it. We omitted the report of the gun, which they desired to give us, not having forgotten the headache occasioned by that at the Speedwell mine of which I made mention in a former letter. The roaring of the waves inside was sufficient for us. It is said the inhabitants a mile off are sometimes disturbed in their sleep by the noise.

We now returned, passing Port Conn Cave, and were rowed a long way in front of the coast giving us an excellent view of it. It is worn into different sinuosities called ports, as Port na Plaiskin, Port na Spania, &c. &c., all having their peculiar derivations. The latter for instance is so called because it is said a portion of the Spanish Armada was wrecked there, mistaking the pillars of the Causeway for the chimneys of a town which they were firing at all night. On the way we were pointed to the Giant's Chair, the Giant's Bag-pipes, the Giant's Theatre, and the Giant's Organ, from the fancied resemblance of the columns to those objects. The latter for instance is a magnificent colonnade of pillars 120 feet in length, resembling the pipes of an organ. Having taken us as far as is customary into a quiet harbor, our rowers turned the boat and with uncommon expertness returned close to the shore, giving us as they said the near view. The skill with which they manage their boats is surprising. The sea is I believe almost always rough; when we were out the waves were rolling deep and heavy, and yet they would shoot by a rock to which the current was running with great strength and round a jutting promontory so close that you might almost touch it, with perfect ease and rapidity. They gave us credit for being first rate sailors. It is most usual I believe for strangers to be made sea sick by the excursion. A little lad who got in to sell us a box of stones, lay coiled up in the bow sick all the way. Coming round they with a sudden pull brought their little boat as they wanted it, sprang out, and landed us immediately on "The Causeway." It seemed at first as if an immense pier had been begun, the materials all blocked out, brought on the ground and the work suddenly stopped. It consists of three piers or moles, running from the base of a stratified cliff, about 700 feet long and 350 broad, occupying about 2 acres and is composed of polygonal pillars of dark colored basalt, so close together that you can scarce insert a knife between them. They are of a great variety of angles, the hexagonal prevailing though we saw one of three and from that to nine. Each one is a perfectly distinct piece of work sepa-

rate from the others and itself separable into distinct joints the contiguous one being always one concave and one convex; but I will not weary you with a minute geological description, as you will find it in books far better and more satisfactorily done. Towards the centre of the whole the pillars ascend and from the similarity of the surface this vertex is called "The Honeycomb." Though they are all irregular, the sides of the adjacent pillars are equal, so that all are perfectly close leaving not the smallest open space over the whole of this basaltic pavement. This basaltic stratum is said to be 45 feet in depth, and at the highest part you look from the top down the pillars at one side, straight for near that distance, all perfect and articulate as I have mentioned. I spoke of its compactness, water will remain on it for a long time and yet among its wonders is a stream of pure fresh water which forces itself between the joints of two of the columns called the Giant's Well. The oldest woman of the place has the privilege of waiting on visitors at it. The origin of these singular pillars has puzzled many wise and learned men. The natives believe that the giants at whose head was old Fin Mac Coul undertook the forming a causeway into Scotland but expelled by the ancient Irish heroes left the great work imperfect.

Another version is as has been amusingly told in a late publication. "A big Scotch giant, one Benadonner, used to brag that he would lick Fin MacCoul any day, and he used to go over the Highlands crowing that all he wanted was a fair field and no favor. So Fin MacCoul went to the King of Ireland, Ould Cormack, and says to his majesty "I want to let Benadonner come over to Ireland without wetting the sole of his shoe, and if I don't lather him as well as ever he was lathered in his life, it is not meeself that's in it." So Fin MacCoul got leave to build the Causeway, and did all the road nate and clane to Scotland, and Benadonner came over with his broad sword and his kilt, and right glad he was to get a decent excuse for leaving his own country. He was bate of course, though he stuck up like a Trojan, and then he settled in the place, and became obedient to King Cormack, and got a very purty, decent girl to be his wife, and it is said the great Earls of Antrim are descended from him."

In the entire Causeway the number of pillars is reckoned at near 40,000. We lingered on them until dark, and reached our inn after 10 o'clock at night, where a fine dinner of salmon, trout and lamb, awaited us. In the morning I rose at five o'clock, went down and took another look at the Causeway, and returning to breakfast, left for Coleraine again at seven. We took another route, Andy's horse going better homewards. We first went to the ruins of Dunluce Castle, one of the ancient residences of the Earls of Antrim. They stand upon a perpendicular detached rock, whose entire surface was occupied by the edifice. It was united to the main land at the bottom of the chasm by a ledge of rocks a little higher than the ocean. The only pathway at present is along the summit of one of the walls, over which and another parallel to it, used to be a plank bridge over the awful chasm, and yet such is human daring when the incentive is strong, that our guide told us a few years ago, a man for 20 sovereigns rode on horseback across it. We walked it very carefully, and then visited the remains of this once formidable castle. One room actually projects over the sea, from the windows of which there is a fine view of the ocean. Another room is said to be inhabited by a Banshee whose chief occupation is sweeping the floor. Strange to say, the floor of this room differing from the others, is entirely free of grass and at all times clean as if just swept. It is accounted for by some that the wind gains admittance through an aperture on the level with the floor and thus keeps it clean. The history of this castle has much of interest about it. It was burned in 1750.—About a mile from Dunluce we visited a basaltic structure called Craig-a-huller, which interested us very much. It is a beautiful and minutely articulated colonnade of basaltic pillars, with a hill on top. It looked as if a huge hill had fallen on a temple surrounded by splendid pillars. The mass above has bent the columns by its weight, and to some, by displacing the tops, formed fine capitals. We reached Coleraine just in time to take car to Londonderry, about 30 miles off—having first had a few words with Andy, who wished to add to the other impositions he had practised on us, by doubling his charge. We soon disposed of him however, and with four others, beside the driver and any quantity of baggage, drawn by a poor looking little gray horse, started for Derry.

We changed once on the way, and between them our usags took us along surprisingly, so that we reached Londonderry in less than five hours. This city is finely situated on a hill on the banks of the Foyle, here quite a river. Its ancient name was Derry Calagh, or the Oak Grove of Calagh, which in early times covered the hill and caused it to be regarded as a peculiarly sanctified locality for many ages. Here

we took the mail coach for Dublin, 144 miles. We passed through a naturally beautiful country; not so well cultivated as in England, but as it seemed to us, of better soil. We first came to Strabane, a pretty town also on the Foyle, then to Newtown, Stewart, then to Omagh, the county town of Tyrone, where we dined, and making inquiry, learned there were several of our name around there. From Omagh, passing through several small villages we reached Monaghan, a town of considerable size, about half way to Dublin at dark, where we changed to inside of the coach, and sleeping most of the way, arrived at Dublin about 6 o'clock in the morning, stopping at the Imperial Hotel, Sackville street, the finest street in this, one of the finest cities of Europe.

We were much pleased with Edinburgh but more with Dublin, and regard it as upon the whole, superior to the metropolis of either England or Scotland, for uniform beauty. It is situated on both sides of the Liffey, which is quayed the entire length of its course through the city, and is crossed by eight splendid bridges. These quays render the views up and down very magnificent and form a splendid avenue from east to west, combining elegance with convenience and health. Sackville street, said to be one of the most magnificent streets in Europe, is I should think, over 150 feet wide, lined with fine buildings. We spent the morning in examining the finest of the buildings and streets, some of which as the Bank of Ireland and the Custom House are very magnificent—and about noon, hearing that there was one of the old round Stone Towers about 6 miles out, we took a car and rode to it. We rode through a beautiful country to the ancient village of Clondalkin where we found the old tower covered with ivy, and hunting up the key climbed up a crazy set of ladders 84 feet to its top, from which we had a most splendid view, compensating for the dangerous ascent. The curiosity of these old Towers is that no man knoweth their origin, or why they were built. There are a number of them standing in different parts of the country isolated. Not on high eminences, as would have been their localities, if intended for lookouts.

We returned by a lovely road along the Liffey and through Phoenix Park. In the evening before dark we took another ride all round and through the city. Here the advantages of the jaunty cars are very evident. You can see from them without any obstruction. They are used by all kinds of persons and are most capital conveyances for pretty girls, who abound in Dublin, and indeed all over Ireland, as their sweet roguish faces are seen so well on them.—I have the pattern of them in my eye and have half a mind to have one when I get home—it would be so fine for short drives about our hills. If I was pleased with the appearance of the buildings and streets of Dublin, I was more delighted with the good order and sobriety of its citizens. I had been led to expect a different sight, but I saw less drunkenness or disorder in Dublin than in London or Edinburgh. I spent Sabbath here, when the people are not employed, and have therefore leisure for dissipation, and yet I never saw a more quiet city of its size. They say it shows the influence of the priests, who have entered so zealously into the temperance movements—I can only say, I am glad that they had such influence and exerted it successfully in so good a cause. The Repeal agitation has deterred many from visiting Ireland, looking upon it as a state of almost open rebellion, and yet we scarce heard the subject mentioned, unless we first breached it.

## Physician and Patient.

The fate of a physician is a hard one. To say nothing of the length of time spent in his medical studies, all of which are laborious—some decidedly repulsive, and of the necessary expenditure of money for attending lectures and hospitals, purchasing books and instruments, &c., he must expect after he is fairly a candidate for professional employment, to be made in this capacity, an occasional butt for the stale jokes of people in health, and their ready servitor at all hours when they are sick.

The New Orleans Crescent City learns that there is an egg plant in that city that produces live chickens.

## Poisonous Effects of Type.

In one of the numbers of Dr. Braithwaite's London Retrospect, now being published, we find a case reported by Dr. Joslin, of New York, in which a compositor was attacked with paralysis of the face, in consequence of holding type in his mouth while correcting proof. It required some three or four months to effect a cure.

The oftener carpets are shaken, the longer they will wear; the dirt that collects under them wears out the threads.

It has been truly remarked that "many a man has blown his brains out with a brandy bottle." There is suicide in a rum barrel as well as a pistol barrel.