

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.

Song of the Chippewa Girl.

They tell me the men with the white, white face
Belong to a purer, nobler race;
But why, if they do, and it may be so,
Do their tongues cry "yes," and their actions "no?"

They tell me that white is a heavenly hue,
And it may be so, but the sky is blue;
And the first of men—as our old men say,
Had earth-brown skins, and were made of clay.

But throughout my life I've heard it said
There's nothing surpasses a tint of red;
Oh, the white man's cheeks look pale and sad,
Compared to my beautiful Indian lad.

Then let them talk of their race divine,
Their glittering domes and sparkling wine;
Give me a lodge like my fathers had,
And my tall, straight, beautiful Indian lad.

Foreign Correspondence.

LONDON, July 24th, 1843.

I reached this "city world" again on Saturday evening after a very delightful and interesting tour throughout Scotland, Ireland and Wales, returning by the banks of the beautiful Wye, and expect to leave for the Continent on Wednesday or Thursday. My last letters leave me at Dublin, I will therefore begin with my departure from that magnificent city and trace my progress here. The small space allowed for a letter must make my descriptions merely details, as what I have seen, would take and has taken volumes to describe accurately.—Skimmings are all that time will allow me to give of them.

We left Dublin at 7 o'clock of Monday the 17th, one week ago, by rail way, to Kingston, 5 miles to where the Holyhead steamer lay, being the best harbor on the bay. We remained on the deck for about an hour, taking in the beautiful bay of Dublin and its environs, when the rough sea drove us to our berths, where we remained quietly on our backs until we had nearly reached Holyhead. We landed about half past 3 P. M. a little more than six hours from the time we started. The coasts approaching seemed quite familiar, having seen them to our satisfaction when beating about them two days in the Ashburton. The mails from Dublin to London go this route, and to expedite and secure their safe and speedy conveyance, there has been constructed from Holyhead through North Wales to the metropolis a splendid road, so fine as to be called by many many "The British Simplon."

Holyhead is as you will see on the map, a small island, separated from the Island of Anglesea, which is a large island cut off from the main land by the Menia Straits, over which is the celebrated Menia Bridge, connecting Anglesea with England. We found nothing of much interest but the finely built road until we came near the straits, where we first caught a view of this most magnificent structure, as also Plas Newydd, the residence of the Marquis of Anglesea, and a number of Druidical stones, seen plainly from the road side. The view here is very fine. To the right is Snowdonia and its neighbors, towering among the clouds. On the left is the Anglesea shore, with numerous pleasant seats of men of affluence, with the Menia, like one of our large rivers, opening in front. This Strait separating Anglesea, the Mona of the Romans, from the main land, is an arm of the sea about 15 miles long, and from half a mile to two miles wide. Its navigation was very dangerous and difficult to be accomplished, so as to cause frequent delays in its passage, and often serious accidents, which led to the erection of the splendid Menia Bridge, after the design of Mr. Telford. I cannot in this letter go into particulars but can only say with another, that its magnitude and boldness of the design render it the most interesting and wonderful structure of the kind perhaps in existence. It is nearly 900 feet long and the road on it 100 feet above high water, so that ships sail under it with all sails set.

We reached Bangor early in the evening, stopping at the Penryn Arms. The view from this hotel is very fine, giving a good idea of the beautiful scenery to come, that we had been led to look for in Wales. Having ob-

tained an order we went in the morning to see Penryn Castle, of the magnificence of which we had heard much, and found it all that it had been represented. The present Castle, which is quite a new building, is built of the Mona marble, upon the site of a palace erected in 720, by Roderic Moeiwynog, Prince of Wales, and cost with its furniture, half a million sterling. It is built of Saxon architecture and with its numerous buildings overlooked with lofty turrets and towers, makes a very imposing appearance. The mantles are made of different species of marble from the neighborhood, highly polished, and in one room the bedstead, &c., is of the same material, while in another is one entirely of slate, from the celebrated slate quarries belonging to the estate, about 5 miles off, the most extensive in Great Britain. The views from many of the windows and from the park were uncommonly fine.

After viewing this interesting place, we returned to the hotel and took coach to Caernarvon, 9 miles. As we got upon it, (it was the London coach,) a gentleman behind, seeing our names on our portmanteaus, immediately said we were namesakes, and upon inquiry found that he resided at Dublin, that he was sure we were originally from the same branch—that his father who lived in the North could tell, and he would procure us all information. He expressed himself very sorry he was obliged to be in Dublin next day, or he would go with us to Caernarvon, but was obliged to leave at the next hotel to take the Holyhead Coach. It would be amusing if this accidental rencontre should lead to the discovery of our relations here.

We reached Caernarvon about 2 o'clock. It is situated at the mouth of the Seint, on a small peninsula formed by that river and the brook Cadaunt, on the verge of the straits of Menia, and for beauty of situation, buildings and the grandeur and magnificence of its ruined Castles, claims to be one of the boasts of North Wales. The Castle is founded on a rock and its walls are almost entire, although five hundred years have passed since their erection, and present an appearance of extraordinary strength, while its light and lofty turrets exhibit great elegance. It was built by Edward I, after he had conquered Wales, and here was born his son Edward II, first prince of Wales, that he might comply with the promise he gave the Welch, that they should have a native prince for their ruler. We were shewn the room where the birth was said to have taken place. At the west end is a high Tower, with three turrets issuing from its top, on whose battlements were eagles, whence it is called the Eagle Tower. Some assert that these Eagles must have been brought from the ancient Segontium, and placed there. We ascended to the top and found it to command a very extensive view, embracing a great portion of Anglesea, the straits of Menia, Caernarvon Bay, St. George's Channel, with the whole range of neighboring mountains.

Our first post from Caernarvon was by the beautiful pass and Lake of Llanberris, to the ruin of Dolbadern Castle, overlooking the Lake. The view from the other end of the Lake, taking in this old Castle, surrounded by giant mountains, is very fine. We first went to see the celebrated falls of Caunantmane which pleased us very much—a rapid little stream which gathered in the mountains near, makes a precipitous fall of near 100 feet. Returning to the Inn we found that it was the best point to ascend Snowden from, and the afternoon being remarkably fine, giving us assurance of a good view, which is rarely obtained, we determined on going up. So, to expedite us, we mounted ponies, and taking a guide pushed ahead as rapidly as we could. About half a mile from the top we left our nags, and took it on foot to the top, the remaining way, reaching it in time to get a fine view. I counted 18 lakes from it; and had pointed out to me parts of England, Ireland, Scotland and the Isle of Man.—Snowden is about 3500 feet high. Returning I preferred walking to riding, and leaving my companions reached the Inn, 5 miles off, in an hour and a quarter. In the morning we posted over to Capel Curig, the whole route abounding in majestic scenery. Capel Curig is a romantic place near several beautiful lakes.—Here we took the Holyhead and Birmingham coach to Shrewsbury, passing through a series of most delightful views, including the charming vale of Ederny and Llangollen, the beautiful cascade of Pointy Glyn, the site of Owen Glendower's palace, an ancient encampment on a hill, once his retreat, the beautiful and picturesque remains of Valle Crucis Abbey, the ruins of Castle Dinas Bran or Crow Castle, a Welsh fortress of great antiquity. Chirk Castle the residence of the Middleton family, and the towns of Corwen, Llangollen, Chirk and Oswestry. Near Chirk we had a fair view of the celebrated Pont of Cnyllan Aqueduct, which conveys the Ellesmere canal across the river and vale of the Dee, consisting of 19 stone arches, supporting an iron trough 1007 feet long. I wish I could describe to you the beautiful vale of Llangollen. It was a place one could, I think, live their lives out in, and is an excuse for the apparent folly of Lady

Baile and Miss Ponsonbey, who retreated to this vicinity and spent their lives in strict retirement.

We reached Shrewsbury early in the afternoon and having some leisure walked out 2 miles to see the celebrated oak, which Owen Glendower ascended to reconnoitre from, before the battle of Shrewsbury. It is said to measure 44 feet 3 inches in circumference and is certainly the largest oak I ever saw, considerably larger than that at Blenheim. In the morning we took a walk of 3 miles out to the spot where the battle between Henry IV. and Hotspur took place, in which you well recollect Shakespeare makes Sir John Falstaff flourish very much. An ancient church is on the place. The remains of the works thrown up for defence are yet there, as distinct as though the battle had not occurred 20 years ago, instead of over 400. We left Shrewsbury at 3 P. M. for the banks of the beautiful Wye, and stopped the same night at Hereford, the capital of Herefordshire, on the banks of that celebrated stream. In the morning we took coach for Ross 14 miles, passing over Acanbury Hill, commanding a lovely view of what is called the Golden Vale. Ross is a pretty little town situated on a rock of that name and is celebrated by the appellation given of "The Man of Ross," to Mr. John Kyrle, one of the inhabitants whose public spirit and benevolence Pope speaks so highly of. The view from the Hotel is a very fine one. The Wye here bends round like a ribbon through a beautiful vale, with the ruins of Wilton Castle in the foreground. We visited Mr. Kyrle's old residence and the church in which are some fine monuments of the Rudhale family, one of whom was active in the civil war in favor of the Royalists. In one corner are two thrifty young elm trees, growing up by the sides of the pews, which sprang from a tree planted by Mr. Kyrle.—Here is the commencement of the great beauty of the Wye, and here are consequently kept numerous boats for pleasure parties to descend it. Although only 10 miles by the road to Monmouth, it is 25 by the river, so winding is its course.

As we desired to ascend several of the hills on the way we preferred taking a fly which could pick us up at different points ahead. We first drove to Goodrich Court, the seat of Sir Samuel Weyrick, who has erected here a splendid castellated residence, over which presides a bouncing fine young housekeeper, pleasant enough I should think for the bachelor proprietor. Sir Samuel has distinguished himself for his knowledge of antiquities and especially of ancient armor, and has here the finest private collection of it in the kingdom. He has several rooms fitted up with armed horsemen and footmen, showing the armor of many countries as well as many ages. Besides he has a number of antiques and curiosities. The views from his grounds are very fine taking in the lovely Wye, the mountains and valleys through which it winds and the ruins of Goodrich Castle which we next visited. Goodrich Castle was built expressly for a feudal fortress, and dates its erection during the iron age of Britain. It must have been a place of great strength. Our guide pointed out its defences, the moat, then the drawbridge, then the double port cullis, between which was an aperture for the porter to receive the message of the guest. If he was an enemy fastened here, above were apertures for pouring down boiling water and missiles of all descriptions to annoy and destroy. We ascended to the top of one of the turrets from which the view was exceedingly fine.

Here we left our conveyance to meet us at another place and walked over a high mountain giving us most magnificent sights across to a rock called Symond's Gate, celebrated for its commanding prospect, nor did it disappoint us, the rocks themselves were curious, and the scenery almost beyond description. Descending we took our carriage and rode next to the beautiful remains of Tintern Abbey, the rival of Melrose and Fountains Abbey, situated also on the Wye, in the beautiful Vale of Tintern. It was a lovely sight and long to be remembered as we traversed between its splendid arches in the mellow light of evening. The Abbey was founded in 1131 and dismantled with the other monasteries by Henry VIII. The magnificence of these old Abbeys is astonishing and though said to have been erected in the dark ages, modern buildings do not begin to compete with them, in all that is noble, elegant and magnificent. Our next point on our road was Windcliffe, about two miles from Chepstone. We got out opposite a neat little cottage which we found lined with moss and moss covered chandeliers, &c. for picnic parties and passing a group of visitors, "taking tea in an arbor," descended by a winding rough path, well made, however, about 1000 feet, to a point of view that I think exceeded any thing of the kind we have seen. I will borrow the language of another which is not too highly colored. "The spectator stands on the edge of the precipice the depth of which is awful, with the river winding at his feet. The right screen is a field rocks richly wooded, the left is a belt of rocks over which appears the Severn and the fine shores between Thornbury and Bristol, ri-

ing behind each other, in admirable swells which unite in most graceful curves. The first foreground is to the eye a view from the clouds upon earth, and the rich contrast of green meadows to wild forest scenery, the farm of Lan-court clasped in the arms of the winding river, backed by hanging wood and rock. The farther horn of the crescent tapers off into a craggy informal mole over which the eye passes to a second bay, which terminates in Chepstone Castle, the rocks beyond, all mellowed down by distance into that fine hazy indistinctness, which makes even deformities combine in harmony with the picture. In the middle distance the widening sea spreads itself and from the shores of Somerset and Monmouth shires, steals away into the horizon. Lastly all this union of large and bold objects from being compressed within the circumference of a very few miles, unites the landscape, and the prospect together with the forest and park character of unimpeded expanse, for the enclosures are very few in any park, and by distance are almost diminished to imperceptible streaks." This though seemingly exaggerated description does not I assure you much if any overpaint, as one of the most gifted and inspired of English poets, Coleridge, has confessed, who speaking of it says,

"Oh what a goodly scene!
Grey clouds that shadowing spot the sunny fields
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrowed,
Now winding bright and full with naked banks,
And seats and lawns, the Abbey and the wood,
And cots and hamlets and faint city spires,
The Channel there, the island and white sails,
Dim coasts and cloud like hills and shoreless ocean.
It seemed like Omnipotence—God me thought
Had built him there a temple; the whole world
Seemed imagined in its vast circumference.
No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart—
Blest hour! it was luxury to be—"

Leaving our carriage again as we entered Chepstone, we went to see the fine remains of the celebrated old castle of that name, more noted now as having been the place of confinement of the regicide, Henry Marten, for upwards of 20 years. It was erected about the time of the conquest and its magnificent ruins overhanging the rocks of the Wye, and covered with ivy, present a very picturesque appearance. We had sent our portmanteaus direct for Herefordshire by the mail and on enquiring for them they were among the missing. They had arrived—were placed near another gentleman's luggage and all taken off together about 2 miles into the country. A messenger was immediately despatched for them, who brought them to us all safe in about three hours, teaching us a lesson never to leave our trunks. In the morning we crossed the Severn, and passing through Bristol, spent some hours in Bath, visiting its remarkable buildings and places, as the Pump room, The Circus, The Crescent, &c. &c. and resuming the rail road, we reached London about half past 5, in time to dress for dinner. We have secured berths in the Ostend steamer, for Wednesday, when we hope to cross to the Continent, and I think we can say without boasting that Great Britain has seldom had more industrious travellers on her soil than we have been—for seeing thoroughly what we have visited. We have examined most of its points that are of interest leaving the remainder until our return.

Receipts.

TO REMOVE INK-SPOTS.—Wet the place immediately with sorrel or lemon juice, and rub on it hard, with soap. Ink or Iron mould may be removed by holding over a vessel of boiling water, and squeezing on the spot juice of sorrel, then rubbing with dry salt.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM WOOLLEN OR SILK.—Clay is never injurious. It should be moistened with boiling water, and when cold laid on the spot damp, it will draw out oil, and when brushed off leave the garment uninjured. For solid grease, as tallow, it will be necessary to pass a hot iron over without touching.

TO DESTROY RATS.—Equal parts of ox-gall and oil of amber made into a paist with oat meal; make it up into little balls, lay them about and set plenty of vessels of water close at hand.

TO GET RID OF BED AND OTHER BUGS.—Gather a handful of smart weed, boil in a pint of water, and when cold rub with the liquid where they frequent and they will soon disappear.

TO REMOVE MILDEW FROM LINEN.—Moisten a piece of soap and rub it thickly into the part affected; then scrape fine whiting and rub that also in. Lay the linen on the grass, and from time to time, as it becomes dry, wet it a little. If the spots are not quite removed repeat the process.

When we see an old chap of fifty, crazy as a lad of seventeen, after a girl of eighteen, we think he is a great fool; and so is she, if she marries him.

An old lady who sells eggs in Cincinnati, has over her door, "New laid eggs every morning, by Betty Briggs."

Hope and Memory.

By G. P. R. JAMES.

"Hope sung a song of future years,
Replete with sunny hours;
When present sorrow's dew-like tears
Should all be hid in flowers."

"But Memory backward turned her eyes,
And taught the heart to fear
More stormy clouds, more angry skies,
With each succeeding year."

"But still Hope sung, as by that voice
Such warnings sad were given,
In louder strains bade youth rejoice,
And age look on to heaven."

Noble Sentiment.

The author of the following sentiment is unknown. He should receive a more enduring monument than paper:—"A grain of carmine will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the color will be perceptible, and a grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years. Just so if a man cheats the printer; the stain will forever be visible on the minutest atom of a minute soul, and will leave a scent of respectability about an individual strong enough to make an honest man curl up his nose in disgust, and kick him out of his presence, if he can't get rid of him in any other mode."

Betting Propensities.

Some people will bet about any thing. The New Orleans Picayune tells a story in point.

An inveterate bettor chanced to step into an apothecary's shop on business, and when about leaving, incidentally remarked, "Well, I don't want any physic to-day."

"You don't know that," said the knight of the pestle and mortar, "you may fall down and break a leg before you get to the Post Office."

"I'll bet you a dollar that I don't," answered the other.

"Oh, no! that's a good bet," was the reply.
"Well, then, I'll bet I do!"
The apothecary man declined the bet.

"Shall I have your hand!" said a New York exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about commencing. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

An epitaph on a negro baby at Savannah, commences, "Sweet blighted baby!"

Printers' Joke.

It is the practice among waggish printers, when a "green un" enters the office as *devil*, to play jokes on him by sending him on an errand to a neighboring office for something that he would be sure not to find; and returns, with some strange article or other thinking that in printer's phrase he has got what he was sent for. A joke of this kind was perpetrated recently in a neighboring town. A boy, who was rather verdant, went to learn the printing business, and one of the journeymen loving sport, sent him one day with a dish to a certain editor, to borrow "a gill of editorial." The editor understanding the game, returned a picture of a jackass. The first one finding himself rather "come over," sets his wits to work to think how he should be even with the other. At last he called the lad, and told him to go and tell the editor that "it was editorial which he wanted, and not the editor."

TWISTIFICATION.—"Father wants you to send him two yards of black broadcloth; he don't care what color it is, and when he kills his pig last week, he'll pay you what you owe him!"

A CARRIAGE to be propelled by wind has been constructed by Mr. Abraham Marble, of Illinois, for the purpose of carrying heavy burdens and breaking praries, with several other little utilities. It is asserted that those who have examined the model believe it may be made useful in level parts of the country, and state that it is quite a simple and ingenious invention, as the carriage may be made to run in any desirable direction, no matter from where the wind may come. It is also represented as being well fixed so as to guard against sudden gales of wind or storms. Where will we stop!

"Percussion Primers."

The N. H. Courier, states that the article which was manufactured by Burr and Whitmore, in New Haven, before the forgeries, was a small pasteboard quill, about an inch long, filled with combustible material, hermetically sealed, having a string projecting from one end. This "Primer," as it is technically called, is inserted in the gun, when the string is pulled ignition takes place, and the explosion of the piece instantly follows. It has been found superior to all percussion locks or caps, and will supercede everything of the kind for heavy ordnance. They originated in France, but those manufactured in New Haven were the first ever made in this country.

A gentleman killed 4 bears in half an hour on the 12th ult. in the parish of Assumption, La.