

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## Spring.

Spring's sunny days have come again,  
The blithesome and the free;  
And ev'ry hill-side, tree and plain  
Is vocal with its glee.  
The birds have spread their azure wings  
Beneath the gorgeous skies;  
And flowers from lawn and meadow spring,  
With rich and brilliant dyes.  
The streamlet, winding through the dale,  
Breathes forth its melody;  
The sighing of the perfum'd gale  
Is wafted o'er the lea.  
On ev'ry side are seen the flowers,  
Each bright and happy thing—  
The offering of the sunny hours,  
That usher in the spring.  
The murmur of the cascade's fall,  
That comes upon the breeze,  
The music of the mock-bird's call,  
From out the leafy trees—  
The song from mountain and from hill,  
That strikes upon the ear,  
From river, fountain, and from rill—  
Tell spring, sweet spring is here.

D. A.

## To Farmers.

Do you know that this is the best season to destroy caterpillars? Look at the trees in your orchard and you will see here and there a dead leaf sticking to a twig. Every leaf is the nest of some kind of an insect, and mostly of caterpillars. From an orchard of two acres, I gathered a few days since, a full quart of these nests, each containing many thousands of white eggs the size of mustard seeds,—and as I have thus done my share towards destroying this common enemy, I feel that I have a right to call upon my neighbors to do the same, or I shall suffer by their negligence. It is only on combination that we can hope wage war successfully;—so if you have not already done it, pray lose no more time, but take a ladder and a bit of lath with a nail driven to form a hook at the end, with which to reach those nests which are at the extremities of the branches, and in one hour's time you may save yourself many days of labor at a latter period—to say nothing of the amount of produce which these insects would destroy before you could kill them, after being hatched.

[Burlington (N. J.) Gazette.]

## To keep Eggs several months.

It is a good plan to buy eggs for family use when cheap, and preserve them in the following manner: Mix half a pint of unslaked lime with the same quantity of salt, a couple of gallons of water. The water should be turned on boiling hot. When cold, put in the eggs, which should be perfectly fresh, and care should be taken not to crack any of them—if cracked, they will spoil directly. The eggs should be entirely covered with lime-water, and kept in a stone pot, and the pot set in a cool place. If the above directions are strictly attended to, the eggs will keep good five months. The lime-water should not be so strong as to eat the shell, and all the eggs should be perfectly fresh when put in, as one bad one will spoil the whole.

**QUER FACTS.**—Dr. Lambert states that three-fifths of the sustenance we swallow passes through the pores of the cuticle. According to this, one's complexion is, in a measure, under his own control; for what passes through the cuticle must certainly affect its condition and color. The subject is worthy of much consideration. The learned lecturer also states that those who perform on wind instruments discharge their "superfluous contents" by blowing, and that persons of that profession, and glass blowers, require much more food than individuals of other habits. So it is expensive to blow glass.

From "Incidents of American Revolution."

## The Indian Scout.

In penetrating through the country towards the northern part of this state, it being very necessary for the colonists to have a constant vigilance upon the Indians, who were every night prowling about, and as will be seen in the sequel, with but too fatal an effect. The army stationed upon what was then called the northern lines, were ever held in constant requisition in consequence of the activity of their savage foe, and the restless, nightly vindictiveness with which they pursued their predatory warfare.

Arrived at a certain point where they thought they could encamp with security, they pitched their tents, partook of their frugal meal; the tattoo beat, and all, except the sentinels, the guard and the officers, retired to rest.

All the camp, except those on duty, were in silent repose, and nought was heard but the occasional challenge of the sentinel to the relief of the officer of the night, "who comes there?"

The army seemed hushed in repose, when suddenly the crack of a rifle alarmed the whole camp. The alarm spread to the tents of the officers, and the guard was ordered out, to ascertain from whence the shot seemed to have been fired, and there—fatal certainty! they found the dead body of the murdered sentinel.

It seems that his post was situated along the edge of a piece of wood, and there was an opening about half the distance of his beat. In passing this opening in the wood, he had been shot by the rifle of (it will hereafter appear) an Indian chief. Another sentinel was placed upon the post, and nothing further transpired that night, although the soldier on duty had many strange misgivings as to the mysterious shot that had laid his comrade low.

The next night the same post was manned by a brave soldier, and just before the relief (which came every two hours) appeared, another crack of a rifle was heard in the same direction, and upon repairing to the spot, lo!—another sentinel had suddenly fallen.

The soldiers raised the dead body of this second victim of Indian artifice; and one of them was heard to mutter in a low tone, "I'll revenge the death of my two comrades on that savage, if there's cunning in a Yankee!"

The honors of war were dispensed to the dead soldiers, but the feeling of revenge had not left the breast of the soldier, who had just made the above determined menace. Still his modesty deterred him from making application to the commanding officer, to obtain leave to put his threat into execution, and another sentinel was put upon the post at the fatal opening of the wood. All was still at 12 o'clock—the sentinels paced to and fro cheerfully, and in confidence of the ultimate success of their country's cause, when—crack! went another rifle from out of the fatal opening in the wood.

Rifle after rifle now spread the report, and a double guard, upon repairing to the spot, found another of their comrades dead upon the field. He, too, was buried in silence, for the whole camp was full of sorrow, and it would seem of indignation too, that no soldier could be found who could escape the unerring rifle of the Indian.

Early, however, the next morning, a soldier presented himself to the sergeant at the march of the commandant, who desired to speak with him. The sergeant reported this extraordinary visitor. Having saluted his commanding officer, which was of course returned, he was requested to state his business there so early in the morning.

"You will excuse me, sir," said the modest soldier, "but I have understood that you cannot get a man who will venture to stand or walk, as a sentinel, on the piece of ground at the opening in the wood."  
"It is too true my friend, I cannot get a man who will go there, after so many of their comrades have fallen by the rifle of that infernal Indian."

"If you let me have my own way I will go."  
"How do you mean—have your own way?"  
"I want a suit of gray, sir."  
"Gray?—let me see—I have one—you shall have it. What next?"

"I want my rifle browned, so that the moon won't shine upon it, for them are serpents are the devil in the night."

"Granted—you shall have both these requests granted. What next?"  
"Why, I must be allowed to whistle or sing upon post, as I please."

"The devil!—that's contrary to all rules of military discipline!"

"Very true, but what rules of military discipline will you apply to such a varmint as that, who is night after night picking off some of our best and bravest soldiers, and some of my best beloved companions in arms. I'll tell you what it is captain, I have come to offer myself a sacrifice upon the altar of my country—if you like the sacrifice, take it!"

"I accept your generous offer, and now do as you please, and commend any thing you want in the camp to complete your disguise—but how long do you mean to stand?"

"Till I kill him!"

"Well, he generally prowls about, and has

shot our men between ten and two o'clock."

"At ten, then, I will take my post, but let no relief offer to come any where near my post until day dawn or it will break up all my plans."

"Very well. Act your pleasure; only if you are shot, don't blame me."

"Not a bit of fear of that, sir, if you only let me whistle and sing on my post."

"Do any thing you like. I'll trust you; and if you kill him, I'll make a lieutenant of you."

The sentinel made his salute, and departed to make his arrangements for the coming encounter, which he was convinced, without the exercise of much cunning, would be a fearful one, and awaited the hour of tattoo with an air of conscious superiority, even over Indian cunning.

From the hour of tattoo till ten, he was busily engaged in browning his rifle, and in procuring the gray dress or uniform, which his captain had promised him.

The object, as the reader of course will perceive, of browning his rifle, and assuming the gray uniform, was, that his position might not so readily be discovered by the Indian.

At ten o'clock he took his post,—he walked on quietly backward and forward, past the fatal opening in the wood, (for his beat lay directly past it) until near half past eleven o'clock.

He then began to hum a tune, and then to whistle as if careless of any danger (or unconscious of it) around him. Continuing in this manner, until within about 5 minutes of twelve, when lo! as he passed the opening in the wood, whistling as he walked, he thought he discovered in the moonlight, the ornaments of an Indian Chief. He had shown his own sagacity in divesting himself of any thing that would shine, as a mark. Passing on as if he had not seen any thing remarkable, he marched rapidly, (whistling all the while) past the opening, when, suddenly turning, he dodged behind a tree! His gray dress and browned rifle prevented the savage from discovering where he was; but hearing no more of his singing or whistling, he naturally concluded that he must be lurking about in the bushes.

Presently he saw the tall form of the savage peer above the branches in the opening, gazing around for what he imagined to be another victim to his arms.

The wary sentinel resting upon one knee, cocked his rifle. The click of the rifle lock caused the savage to turn his head, for he heard it in the direction whence it proceeded. The sentinel fired, and the crack of his rifle was answered by all the camp, but he quietly resumed his post.

The guard turned out, the drums beat to arms, and presently along came a detachment of soldiers, to the post of the supposed devoted sentinel. There he stood and saw them come; (he had now re-loaded his rifle.) "Who comes there?"

"Officer of the day and file of men."  
"Advance your sergeant and give the countersign."

The sergeant advanced, and having given the requisite signal, the officer of the day began to question him.

"Who fired the first shot on any of these posts, sir?"  
"I fired, sir."

"What for sir—at an enemy?"  
"What—the Indian Chief?"  
"Just so, sir."

"Have you killed him?"  
"Let your men go and see, if you please; I cannot leave my post, sir. But I don't think I put on my gray dress and browned my rifle for nothing."

"Good soldier," said the officer, as he and his men passed through the opening in the wood, and coming to a thick mass of bushes, in the midst of it they discovered the tall form of the prostrate chieftain, who had been the means of the death of so many of the gallant sentinel's comrades. He lay upon his face, and the rifle ball of the marksman had penetrated between the eyes.

The next day saw the humble private a lieutenant.

**Brass and Copper Cooking Utensils.**  
Cleanliness has been aptly styled the cardinal virtue of cooks. Food is more healthy, as well as palatable, cooked in a cleanly manner. Many lives have been lost in consequence of carelessness in using brass, copper, and glazed earthen cooking utensils. The two first should be thoroughly cleansed with salt and hot vinegar before cooking in them, and no oily or acid substance, after being cooked, should be allowed to cool or remain in any of them.

It is estimated that the real estate of Trinity Church in New York, is worth, at present valuation, about thirty-five millions of dollars.

## Not Fond of a Crowd.

On the highest, loneliest ridge of the Grand Prairie, (Mo.) a missionary found a rude log cabin. "What induced you to settle in this out of the way place?" said he to the squatter. He replied, "It was getting too thick for me where I was before, and I came out here to get room to breathe; but, plague on 'em, they've got down here in the timber, within three miles of me."

## Wool-Gathering Machine.

Within a short time past a machine of English invention has been introduced into this country, which is likely to effect important results upon the wool business, the old clothes trade, and the home manufacture of cloth. It is a simple and very complete contrivance for recovering old clothes, blankets, petticoats, stockings, &c. &c. into wool, and the facility, ease and despatch with which it performs this operation is truly surprising. The worst looking, moth-eaten, ragged, patched and unclean things, in the shape of woollen garments, carpets or bed-clothes, are passed through the machine and reduced into wool with a speed that almost surpasses belief. The instrument which performs this work is nothing but a large, broad wheel, on the circumference of which a multitude of small, blunt spikes are fixed, like nails in the collar of a tanner's dog. The rags are laid in a flat trough or feeder, and are drawn forward to the wheel, where, by the rapid revolution of the latter against their edges, they are soon "undone" as rags, and done up into wool. The machine is driven by steam, and performs an incredible amount of labor in a day. A contrivance somewhat similar to this has been in operation for thirty years in England, and has for many years supplied a large quantity of material to the manufacturers of cloth, and it may be some satisfaction to the friends of British fabrics to know that they have been wearing, during that time, coats and pants made from second-hand breeches, shocking bad stockings, and most unsightly petticoats, cast off as no longer fit for use even by the beggars of the mother country! The wearers of English beaver cloth may especially congratulate themselves upon this fact. But, notwithstanding there are some decidedly unpleasant sensations associated with such an idea, we cannot but look upon the machine as a great acquisition to the economy of our own manufactures. The wool produced from the rags, when washed, carded and strengthened by the admixture of a proper quantity of new wool, form a cheap and good material for the manufacture of carpets, and of common articles of wearing apparel.—The introduction of the machine here will tend to reduce the price of the coarser domestic woollens, and thus assist in enabling our manufacturers to compete more successfully with foreigners, without affecting the wages of labor, by increasing and cheapening the raw material. It has already advanced the value, by increasing demand for woollen rags, and will thus add something, perhaps much, to the stock of national wealth. As a means of employing capital in an useful and profitable mode, and of increasing the value of rags, supplying a demand for wool, and cheapening the supply—which is only another term for increasing the demand—for domestic woollen fabrics, the machine is a valuable addition to the means of economy in the country. Some two or three of them are now in successful operation in this city, though the only use to which the wool produced by them has yet been appropriated, is that of making carpets and other of the coarser fabrics.

[Ledges.]

## The Learned Elephant.

"That's a wery knowing haimal of yours," said a cockney gentleman, to the keeper of an elephant.

"Very," was the cool rejoinder.  
"He performs strange tricks and hantics, does he?" inquired the cockney, eyeing the animal through his glass.

"Surprisin'" retorted the keeper, "we've learnt him to put money in that box you see way up there. Try him with a dollar." [The cockney handed the elephant a dollar, and sure enough he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach.]

"Well, that is verry hextraordinary—hastonishin', truly!" said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now let's see him take it out, and 'and it back."

"We never learns him that trick," retorted the keeper, with a roguish leer, and then turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.

**AWKWARD.**—A man returned to Louisville, Ky., after a twenty years' absence, to find that his wife, supposing him dead, had married and buried, in the interim, two other husbands, and was then in her mourning weeds, waiting for a fourth applicant. They were mutually rejoiced to see each other, and forthwith called in the parson to "hitch" them again, which was done in due form.

## Extraordinary Freak of Nature.

The Bangor Courier, says:—"A few days since in this city, in a litter of pigs, there appeared one having the head formed like that of an Elephant with large wide, hanging ears, and a well formed pendulous trunk about four inches long, and finished off at the end with a delicate little pig's snout."

A Michigan editor complains bitterly of one of his subscribers, who not only refuses to pay his subscription, but threatens to set his dog on him should he stop his paper.

## Matty Van.

TUNE—Lucy Long.  
Good morning, little Matty!  
To help your cause along,  
If you have no objection,  
We'll sing you a Whig song.  
Chorus:—Oh! keep your temper, Matty!  
And cheat them if you can,  
For you have got the genus,  
Oh! little Matty Van.  
We knew your rivals fear you,  
Their late they cannot smother;  
But you're the boy can manage  
To make one eat the other.  
Oh! keep, &c.  
Oh! Matty, you're a cute one,  
You'll be the nominee;  
Your wand is not yet broken,  
You'll ve'o them *per se*.  
Oh! keep, &c.  
Though Cass and Col. Johnson  
Are soldiers good and true,  
They're green to risk their chances  
With such a rogue as you.  
Oh! keep, &c.  
And even friend Buchanan,  
The Keystone's favorite, he  
Will find the nomination  
An 'obsolete idea.'  
Oh! keep, &c.  
But when the question's settled,  
The nomination won,  
You'll find then, to your sorrow,  
Your trouble's just begun.  
Oh! keep, &c.  
For soon you'll hear the People,  
All in a great array,  
Sing, "You can't come it, Matty,  
Stand back for HENRY CLAY!"  
Oh! keep, &c.

## Advance on the price of Wool.

We have just seen a letter from Dutchess county, N. York, to one of our woollen manufacturers, in which it is stated that "pulled wool, No. 1, which one year ago sold at 19 and 20 cents a pound, now sells at 35 cents, and superfine, that then sold for 24, now sells for 40 and 41 cents." Will any one now be so bold as to deny that a Protective Tariff is not as beneficial to the farmer as the manufacturer? [Lowell Jour.]

## A Novel Rifle.

A Rifle has recently been made to order, for \$50, by a manufacturer in Cincinnati, which must be something of a "shooting iron," if it will accomplish all that the maker warrants—even in the most skilful of hands. At 100 yards, he promises to place 10 balls in succession in a 3 inch ring; at 200 yards, 3 balls in succession in a 9 inch ring; at 300 yards, 10 balls in succession in a 20 inch ring; and at one-quarter of a mile, he will place ten balls in succession in a 30 inch ring. The bore is not above 75 balls to the pound, and the barrel is sighted with a horizon sight and globe, adapted to either game or the target.

## Brick-Pressing Machine.

Messrs. Baker & Gifford, of Troy N. York, have recently obtained a patent for a machine of their invention, intended for pressing bricks. This machine is simple in its construction, easily operated, of great power, and capable of pressing from 8,000 to 10,000 bricks per day with the services of one man and two boys.—The machine usually employed for the same purpose requires the services of five men, and can turn out but from 1,000 to 1,500 bricks per day.

## Annexation—The Texas Question Settled.

From our last accounts from Galveston, says the New Orleans Picayune, we gather information that the people of the new republic are still ripe for joining the United States. They now say, that in case our Senate refuses to ratify the bill for annexation, that the Senate of Texas will at once annex the United States to that Republic. As there is no such thing as getting round a movement of this kind, we must look upon the question as settled. What will our good friends of the North say now?

If you want to make your hair curl, eat pig tails, or sleep with a cork screw under your pillow.

Somebody observes that it won't do when riding in a stage coach, to talk of another man whom you have not seen as being an "all-fired scoundrel," until you are absolutely sure he is not before you.