

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## The World to Come.

BY J. BOWERING.

If all our hopes and all our fears  
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound  
If, travellers in this vale of tears,  
We saw no better world beyond—  
Oh! what would check the rising sigh;  
What earthly thing could pleasure give?  
Oh! who would venture, then, to die—  
Oh! who would venture then to live?  
Were life a dark and desert moor;  
Where mists and clouds eternal spread  
Their gloomy veil behind—before,  
And tempests thunder overhead;  
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom  
And not a flower smiles beneath—  
Who could exist in such a tomb—  
Who dwell in darkness and in death?  
Yet such were life, without the ray  
From our divine RELIGION given:  
'Tis this that makes the darkness day—  
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven!  
Bright is the golden sun above,  
And beautiful the flowers that bloom—  
And all is joy and all is love,  
Reflected from the WORLD TO COME!

## The Broken Heart.

Day had passed, and night was fast approaching, but the mild soft light of a summer's moon fully compensated for the loss of the sun's more powerful rays; a calm tranquility reigned around, not a zephyr murmured its sighs to disturb the waves of the Garonne, as they moved slowly on their course, but the distant chime of a convent's vesper bell struck beautifully on the ear, as its mellowed sounds died in sweet cadence through the still air. Not far from the river's side stood the magnificent castle of G—, its towering battlements stretching their mighty heads above the trees that encircled them, and looking down in sullen grandeur on the sparkling waters beneath.  
"What a lovely night!" exclaimed the lively Julia de Linton, to her cousin, as they stood gazing (from a balcony of the castle,) on the quiet scene before them.  
"Tis indeed a lovely night," mournfully responded the other, "perhaps the last we shall ever see."  
"Bless me, how sorrowful you have grown of late," interrupted the former, laughing; "now were I in your place, I should be the happiest of mortals."  
"Why so?" inquired her companion.  
"Why so! and do you stand there to ask me such a question! you, whom to-morrow's sun will see the bride of the richest and handsomest nobleman in all France! why Sibyl, you surprise me! every one envies the daughter of Count Regenal, yet she herself is not happy."  
"No, no, happiness is for ever fled from me," sobbed the distressed Sibyl; "would to God to-morrow's sun might light me to the tomb." The tears of the afflicted maiden could no longer be restrained, but chased one another in rapid succession down her pallid cheeks.  
"Sibyl, you are ill," cried the terrified Julia, as she supported her cousin, "what makes you thus?"  
"Distracting thoughts," was the hurried reply; "forgive me, dear Julia, for frightening you; I have tried to overcome this weakness, but the effort has proved too much for my strength; how grateful I feel towards my father for allowing me this my last evening of liberty to myself; 'twas kind, though he, alas! has behaved cruel to his child. Oh! my father," she continued, with fervency, "could you read this agonized heart, I am sure you would spare this last fatal blow you are about to give it."  
"Cousin, dear cousin, speak not so, you distress me, what has caused this violent ebullition of your feelings? tell me."  
"I cannot, my only friend, I cannot tell all, a father's curse would crush me," and she shuddered as she spoke, "what I shall say would

have remained unuttered, had not my unguarded expressions partly informed you that the Duke is not the object of my affections; look not so reproachfully upon me, dear girl, for I could not relate my secrets, even to you. The arts by which I have been forced to become the bride of de Alsace, I am not free to disclose, as my doing so would throw a stain upon the character of him most dear to me; the other part of my story you shall hear in a few words." The tremulous speaker paused to recover breath, then continued:—"Julian Montaldo was the chosen of my heart, he only could have made me happy—he alone could have done so, but ah!" she stopped, as if some horrible vision flitted through her brain—again went on:—"through the powerful interest of the Duke he was sent on a dangerous embassy, from which he never returned; I am now to become the wife of his treacherous rival; think you, after this confession, I am the happiest of mortals?" the audible sobs of her listener bore evidence to the contrary. "No, no, 'tis impossible," pursued the fair girl, with energy, "you have judged but as the world in general, they pass their opinion without reflecting; whilst others have thought me surrounded with every blessing, oh! how ardently have I prayed for death, but still he shuns the really wretched to visit the gay and happy; my heart has ceased to hope, yet Heaven, thy will be done!" at the same time raising her streaming eyes to the glittering sky above, in placid resignation. The hitherto lively Julia could offer no consolation to her bereaved cousin, her sensitive mind was visibly affected at what she had witnessed, and a long silence ensued.

"The night has far advanced, I think you had better leave me Julia," said Sibyl, "and I will retire to my chamber, there to seek a little composure, before my fate is sealed."  
"Let me remain with you," entreated her companion, "solitude may be hurtful to you."  
"Press not such a request, dear cousin, for this night I must be alone."  
After a few demurs on the part of Julia, it was agreed that the latter should join her cousin in the dressing-room the ensuing morning, they then separated, each to their respective chambers.

A morning of exceeding loveliness succeeded the preceding night; the sun shone with resplendent lustre through the eastern windows of the castle—the neighboring forests rang with the happy notes of the feathered inhabitants, and the merry laughing voices of the country swains, hastening to their healthy toil, formed a full chord of harmony with the smiling face of nature.

"My headstrong girl will no longer cause me trouble," mused Count Regenal, exultingly, as he strolled leisurely by the river's brink; "to-day," he continued, "she shall be exalted—my long indulged dream of ambition will be realized, and I shall be the proud father of the beautiful Duchess de Alsace." Vain man! futile boast! how little could he foresee the decrees of Heaven; but he must not anticipate. "I know not what it is," he pursued in a moralizing strain, "that makes me feel thus; last night sleep refused to visit my pillow; I cannot define the uneasy sensation that possessed me." So speaking, he retraced his steps to the castle, where all was bustle and preparation for the approaching ceremony; the haughty nobleman beheld with triumph the splendor that was to grace the nuptials of his young and lovely daughter. Nine had struck when he was joined by the happy Duke; ten o'clock being the hour appointed for the departure of the bridal train, the company began to assemble.

"I have neither seen Sibyl or Julia this morning," said the Count, "I should think they intend to hide themselves until the last moment by not appearing."

He had scarce finished the sentence, when his niece entered the breakfast-parlour in a dreadful agitation.

"In God's name, what is the matter?" inquired the Duke, hastily.

"Oh," groaned the trembling Julia, "I fear my cousin is ill; I have been endeavoring to obtain admission to her chamber this last half-hour without effect."

By a spontaneous movement the whole of the party rushed to the bride's apartment; no sound from within answered to their repeated calls.

"We must force the door," exclaimed the distracted Count.

Implement were immediately procured, and the firm oak yielded to their pressure.

"She prays," whispered de Alsace, as he looked forward and beheld his bride kneeling by her bedside; "speak to her, dear Count; should more enter it might frighten her."

The Count stepped towards his daughter saying: "This is unkind, dear Sibyl; why so absent, you have terrified us all!"

Sibyl was silent; the voice of her father failed to awaken her from the reverie into which she had fallen; he advanced nearer, and grasped her hand in undefinable fear—"twas cold—cold as marble; in the act of prayer her pure spirit had left its clay tenement to join him she so fondly loved while living—her request had been granted—the morrow's sun shone on her inanimate corpse."

## Culture of the Cucumber.

I will state a fact relative to the planting of cucumbers, which came under my observation, and which is worthy of being known. I shall, at least, give a farther trial myself of its reality, though I cannot conceive there is a doubt remaining on the subject. Last spring a friend of mine and myself were planting cucumbers at the same time. I was planting mine, as is usual in gardens, by mixing a small portion of stable manure with the earth, and raising the hill an inch or two above the surface of the ground. Observing it, he jocosely remarked, "Let me show you how to raise cucumbers." Never having much luck in raising them, I cheerfully agreed with his proposition. He commenced by making holes in the earth, at the distance intended for the hills, that would hold about a peck—he then filled them with dry leached ashes, covering the ashes with a small quantity of earth. The seeds were then planted on a level with the surface of the ground. I was willing to see the experiment tried, but had no expectation of any thing but a loss of seed, labor, and soil. But imagine my astonishment, (notwithstanding a drier season never was known, and almost a universal failure of all garden vegetables,) when I beheld the vines remarkably thrifty, and as fine a crop of cucumbers as any one need wish to raise; and they continued to bear for a very long time—unusually so, in fact. I will not philosophize or moralize on this subject, but say to all, try it—and instead of throwing your ashes in a useless heap, to stumble over near your door, put them to their proper use, and reap your rich reward.—Ohio Farmer.

## Singular Cause of Death.

A few days since, in Pottsville, the wife of Dr. Brantner, having left her infant child, about six months old, asleep in her chamber, went below to attend to her domestic duties. Upon returning, she found a large cat lying upon the infant's breast, with its head near the child's mouth, as if in the act of sucking its breath. Upon examination, the child was discovered to be dead, having met its death in this most extraordinary and distressing manner.

## A Strange Street Walker.

The New Orleans Picayune, of the 18th ult. says:—About 3 o'clock, yesterday morning, an alligator, some five feet long, was noosed and captured in St. Charles street, nearly opposite the theatre, and within a square of the St. Charles Hotel. His alligatorship was probably wending his way from the dry swamps to the river, in search of water, when he was seen and secured. Although out of his element, he was getting over the ground at a tolerably rapid rate. We do not care about meeting with any such wayfarers in our walks, and if we do, we shall give them a full half of the street to themselves. A dog, who happened to fall in with this enemy to his race, made noisy demonstrations at his approach, but at the same time, kept himself at a very respectful and safe distance.

## Soldering.

A discovery of importance to mechanics who use soft solder is mentioned in the Examiner of Patents. Zinc is dissolved in muriatic acid to saturation; pulverized sal ammoniac is added to the solution, which, after being boiled for a short time, is decanted and ready for use. In using this compound, no cleaning of the metal is necessary, however oxidized, and oil, rosin, and other materials are dispensed with. It is only necessary to apply, with a piece of sponge upon a stick, or feather, this solution to the part to be soldered, in place of the material generally used to prevent oxidation and facilitate the flow of the solder. Such is the efficacy, that if two pieces of bar, possessing considerable surface, be wet with this solution and pressed together, upon the application of the soldering tool the solder will immediately flow between the plates throughout.

## To make Water cold for Summer.

The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice: Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside and reduce it to a freezing point. In India and other tropical regions where ice cannot be procured, this is common. Let every mechanic or laborer have at his place of employment two pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers; the one to contain water for drinking, the other for evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person can test this by dipping a finger in water, and holding it in the air of a warm day; after doing this three or four times, he will find his finger uncomfortably cold.

A gentleman bachelor, getting tired of making propositions to the ladies, observes almost in despair,—"The girls have a spite at me, I think. I've been turned off nine times by the jades; five young girls, three widows, and one old maid."

## The First Polk Song.

TUNE—"Old Dan Tucker."

Ah, Matty Van's a used up man,  
And Lewis Cass he cannot pass,  
And as for our old friend Tecumseh,  
He's lost amidst the "Rumpsey Dumpsey."  
"Hurrah, Hurrah, the Nation's risin'  
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen."  
There's Stewart he can't run at all,  
And Buck's kept quiet in his stall,  
The Loco's are uncertain folk,  
They've knock'd all down, and set up Polk.  
"Hurrah, Hurrah, &c."  
You'd better keep your Polk away,  
Or we will cover him o'er with Clay,  
The coons will never stop or baulk,  
But eat up berries, Polk and stalk.  
"Hurrah, Hurrah, &c."  
And Wright was right at any rate,  
To spurn a hook with such a bait,  
For Vice with such a man as Polk,  
E'en Silas thought too great a joke.  
"Hurrah, Hurrah, &c."  
The deed is done—did you not hear,  
The discord ringing in your ear,  
They could not give you men more callous,  
Than James K. Polk and George M. Dallas.  
"Hurrah, Hurrah, &c."

## The Cut Worm.

I see in the October No. of the Cultivator a writer says, that a "burdock leaf" would round the stem of a cabbage will prevent the cut-worm from destroying the plant." But the writer seems to think every farmer is not fortunate enough to have that plant on his ground.—Where burdock cannot be obtained, perhaps a hickory leaf can, and that I think will answer every purpose. I have seen a hickory leaf repeatedly used, and never knew it fail to preserve the plant. If the leaf is put on narrow, and the plant set low, the worm will sometimes crawl up and cut off the plant above the leaf; but it is not common.

JACOB HITCHCOCK.

## Small Pox.

Dr. Cox, through the medium of the Cincinnati Gazette, calls the attention of the medical profession to the small pox, and states, as the effect of an extensive experience which he has had of its treatment in its various modifications, that it may not only be abbreviated in the time it has usually taken to run its course of incipient, eruptive, suppurative, and desquamative fevers, but that the suppuration may be arrested, and all the swelling of the extremities prevented by the timely application of chloride of lime. The doctor says that by following the proposed remedy, the pitting and scarring of a great many pretty faces may be prevented—many valuable lives saved—and this disease, so generally dreaded, rendered as harmless as any of the simple epidemic diseases of the country.

## A Good Answer.

A young gentleman, says the Petersburg Intelligencer, who does not live a thousand miles from our office, was in the act of popping the question to a young lady the other day, when just at the "witching time" her father entered the room, and inquired what they were about? "O!" promptly replied the fair one, "Mr. — was just explaining the question of annexation to me, and he is for immediate annexation." "Well," said Papa, "if you can agree on a treaty, I'll ratify it." We speak for a bid.

INFORMATION WANTED.—The Boston Post is anxious to ascertain how long a cat can chase her tail without becoming dizzy and tumbling over?

The Nashua Telegraph states that no less than five ministers reside in one street in that village, "within a stones throw of each other." We hope they don't measure distance by actually throwing stones at each other.

A "mysterious lady," who tells what is said without hearing it, and what one has without seeing it, together with a dog that plays at cards, and a bird that imitates sleep and death, and hops from hand to hand through the audience, are exhibiting in St. Louis.

## Shoemaking by Machinery.

The Journal de Paris says, that an operative in the Rue des Vieilles Andriettes, has invented a machine to make shoes, by means of which any person possessing sufficient strength to turn a wheel, can in the course of a day furnish fifty pairs of excellent shoes of every size.

A young lady in Allegheny city, Pa. is making a quilt to consist of 17,600 pieces. To put it together, eight million stitches are required.

## The 'White Slave' Slander.

If there is an honest man who ever really believed the lie that Mr. Clay once declared that 'if you do not allow us Black Slaves, we must have White ones,' &c. &c. we entreat him to just read the following correspondence. We will not add a word.

House of Representatives, May 25, 1844.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer:

GENTLEMEN.—I herewith transmit a letter written some weeks since by Mr. CLAY, (in reply to a note which I addressed to him at Norfolk Virginia,) which I have withheld from publication, inasmuch as he was impressed (as he expressed in his letter) that I overrated the importance of the charge. Within the last ten days I have received several letters asking copies of my speech in defence of Mr. Clay, particularly upon this charge. I have not yet had the leisure to write out my speech, but shall do so at the first convenient moment. In the mean time you will please publish the enclosed, which is a single link in the chain of testimony I have in my possession to nail this charge to the counter as a base forgery.  
JOHN WHITE.

To Messrs. GALES & SEATON.

WASHINGTON, May 6, 1844.

My Dear Sir:—I have received your note, bringing to my notice a certificate subscribed by five gentlemen, members of the present House of Representatives, all of them my political opponents, which you inform me is going the rounds of the Loco Foco papers. The object of that certificate seems to be to verify the correctness of an extract taken from the National Intelligencer of the 1st of July, 1829.—In that extract I am stated by a former member of the House of Representatives (I believe not now living) to have remarked, in a debate which occurred a year before, to the following effect: "If gentlemen will not allow us to have black slaves they must let us have white ones, for we cannot cut our firewood, and black our shoes, and have our wives and daughters work in the kitchen."

I think you attach an importance to this miserable attempt to prejudice me which it does not merit. Here is an extract from the files of the Intelligencer, under date near twenty-four years ago, not from any speech of mine, but from a speech of another member of Congress. He does not undertake to give my words, but merely states his impression of the effect of certain words used by me a year before.

During the long and arduous discussions of what was called the Missouri question, I was so engrossed with the importance of the subject, and so deeply apprehensive of the awful consequences which it involved, that I never wrote out or corrected any speech of mine made during the progress of the debate. On the last and most important occasion of the agitation of that question, I made an elaborate speech of several hours' duration, no part of which, I believe, was ever reported by any of the stenographers, as it certainly never was by me.

I certainly will not undertake to recite what were the precise words used by me on the occasion of the numerous speeches, short or long, which I made in Congress on the Missouri question; but this I will undertake to assert, with the most perfect confidence, that I never used the words, or any words which would bear the import of the abstract to which I have alluded. I am confident of it, because I never entertained such a sentiment in my life. I never conceived a contingency in which I would favor or countenance reducing white men to slavery. To such an imputation I may oppose the tenor of a whole life, during which my humble exertions have been constantly directed to the preservation of liberty at home and the encouragement of its establishment in foreign countries. If I have not been able to extend these exertions to the black race held in bondage in this country, it has been because of considerations and convictions, sincerely and honestly entertained, embracing the peace and happiness of both the white and black races, which have been often presented to the public.

It is quite possible that, in arguing upon the existence of the institution of Slavery in this country, I may have contended that the black race supplied those domestic offices, which, under the names of 'help,' 'menial servants,' and 'domestics,' are to be found in every state of civilized society, and consequently relieved the white race from the performance of those offices. If I have ever employed such an argument, (of which I have no recollection,) it is apparent how erroneous inferences may have been drawn from it which it did not authorize.

I have no desire to disparage the industry of the wives of any of the certifiers to the extract, nor to boast of that in my own family; but I venture to say that no one of them performs more domestic industry with her own hands than my wife does at Ashland.

I am, with great respect, your friend and ob't. servant.  
H. CLAY.

Hon. JOHN WHITE.

Remember, young man, that your character ought to shine brighter than your boots.