

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1844.

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INDEPENDENCE!
Fourth of July Celebration at Hamilton.
"Let 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Washington's March' resound through our valleys, and the 'Star Spangled Banner' unfold its glowing colors on the glorious 4th."—A Citizen Soldier.

Soldiers cannot be Christians.—A Hypocrite.

At a meeting held at the house of Jos. Trach, Esq. at Hamilton, on Monday the 27th of May, 1844, the following measures in relation to the celebration of the 4th of July next, were unanimously adopted:

- Resolved, That an invitation be given to the several Volunteer Companies in Monroe county.
- Resolved, That an invitation be given to a suitable person to read the Declaration of Independence, & one person to deliver an oration.
- Resolved, That an invitation be given to the several clergymen of the different churches in Hamilton to attend on said day, and deliver addresses suitable to the celebration of that day.
- Resolved, That each Sabbath School, and singing School, are respectively invited to attend, and the Sabbath Schools to provide themselves with appropriate banners on that day.
- Resolved, That the several companies of Volunteer soldiers, Sabbath Schools and Singing Schools composing the celebration, meet at 9 o'clock, A. M. precisely, at a Maple grove near Kellersville. The procession will be formed in the following order:

- Chief Marshal.
- Soldiers of the Revolution.
- Committee of Arrangements.
- Orators of the day.
- Ministers of the Gospel.
- Volunteers.
- Band of Music.
- The Sabbath Schools.
- Singing Schools.
- Citizens.
- Dr. Abm. Levering, Chief Marshal.

Order of the exercises of the day:

- Opened by singing and prayer.
- Reading of the Declaration of Independence—by James H. Walton, Esq.
- "Hail Columbia," by the Band.
- A National Hymn, sung by the meeting.
- An Oration on Civil and Religious Liberty, and American Rights and Independence.
- "Washington's March," by the Band. 13 cheers by the meeting.
- An Anniversary Hymn, sung by the children.
- "President's March," by the Band.
- An Address to parents and children, on the importance of Religious instruction in the English and German languages.
- Singing by the Schools and the meeting.
- An Address by a Minister of the Gospel to the meeting and people in general.
- Close by singing and prayer.
- Orator of the Day—John D. Morris, Esq.
- Addresses may be expected during the day by the Rev. C. W. Hoeffding, pastor of the German Reformed Church—Rev. G. Heilig, pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church; and Rev. George Diehl, and Rev. John P. Hecht, pastors of the Lutheran Church at Easton.

The Volunteer Company of Easton, commanded by Capt. A. H. Reeder, is expected, and also the Nazareth Band of Music.
The undersigned Committee respectfully invite each and every person in the vicinity and county, and all who wish to partake the good feelings of a celebration of National Independence, to join heart and hand in the Nation's Jubilee.
GEORGE L. SLUTTER, JACOB STACKHOUSE, JOSEPH TRACH, JACOB MILLER, CHARLES SAYLOR, Esq., JACOB LONG,
Committee of Arrangements.

June.
BY W. C. BRYANT.
I gazed upon thy glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought, that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that, in flowery June,
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.
A cell within the frozen mound,
A coffin, born through street,
And icy clouds above it rolled,
While fierce the tempest beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mound greatly preat
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long Summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And, thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by;
The oriole should build and tell
His love tale, close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there; and be heard
The house-wife bee and humming bird.

And what, if cheerful shouts, at noon,
Come from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent.
And what, if in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument—
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know, I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go,
Soft airs, and songs, and light, and bloom,
Should find them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should hear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who came to share
The gladness of the scene.
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the Summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green,
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

Salt as a remedy for Cut Worms.
We give the following, from a letter from F. J. Betts, Esq. the President of the Orange Co. Ag. Society. The use of salt seems to have proved an entire protection to his plants for two years in succession. This fact, if our readers will remember and act upon it, may save them enough to pay for the Cultivator for several years.
"I am making some very careful and accurate tests of the effect of various saline manures upon maize, this year, the results of which I will communicate to you in due season.
"A good deal has been said in the agricultural papers about the effect of common salt as a manure, and also as a remedy for the cut worm. I used it last year, as you will probably remember, sown broadcast, at the rate of two bushels per acre, and my field escaped the ravages of the worm entirely, although my immediate neighbors were all complaining of its being uncommonly destructive. Last fall, I was planting fruit trees in the field which I have this year appropriated to Indian corn, and I found the soil literally filled with the cut worm. I again sowed salt in the same quantity as last year, immediately before plowing the ground this spring, and I have not lost a single plant from its ravages, and I believe therefore, that there is no doubt that salt is a certain remedy for that pest of the agriculturist.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Another Prophet in the Field.
A negro fellow, in the Choctaw Nation, has commenced preaching a new doctrine. He says that hell comprises a certain number of square acres, and it is ordained that so soon as that dark hole is filled with sinners, evil shall cease to exist, and these regions be of no further use. He makes a mathematical calculation, and proves to a demonstration, that a sufficient number of sinners will die in fifteen years, to fill up the "bottomless pit." All who die after the year 1859 will be saved. So here goes to patronize the butcher, baker and doctor; anything to prolong life until the "bottomless pit is filled up."—*St. Louis Gazette.*

From the Baltimore Patriot.
The First Poke.
TUNE—"Old Dan Tucker."
Calhoun, Buchanan, Johnson, Cass,
The Locos say may go to grass,
And so they give us Polk and Dallas,
That Whigs may send them to the gallows.
Hurrah for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
'The day's our own, 'tis past surmisin'.
Their own true friends they would dishearten,
And clip't the wings of poor old Martin;
To calls of "justice" they proved callous,
And victimiz'd poor Polk and Dallas.
Hurrah for Clay, &c.

The people say 'tis not surpris',
We go for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
The ship of state needs no such ballast,
As James K. Polk, and George M. Dallas.
Hurrah for Clay, &c.
The Locos swore they'd have no Mat's,
And fought as did Kilkenny Cats,
Two tails were left—whose were they tell us?
'Twas James K. Polk and George M. Dallas.
Hurrah for Clay, &c.

Fruit Trees.
The method of raising fruit trees by planting the scions, is a great desideratum in the art of obtaining good fruit. It has many advantages over grafting, because it is more expeditious, and requires no stock or tree. They may be planted where they are required to stand, and the labor for one day will be sufficient to plant out enough for a large orchard after scions are obtained. The method of preparing the plant is as follows:—Take the scion as for grafting, and at any time after the 1st of February, and until the buds begin to grow considerably, and dip each end of the shoot in melted pitch, wax, or tallow, and bury it in the ground, the buds uppermost, while the body lies in a horizontal position, and at the depth of two or three inches. We are informed that trees obtained in this way will bear in three or four years from the time of planting. We have no doubt of the practicability of this method of raising fruit. A gentleman in this vicinity the last season planted about twenty scions of different kinds of pears, which appear to flourish. The composition he used was melted shoemaker's wax.
[Albany Cultivator.]

Cure of the bite of a Spider.
The Baltimore Sun says—"We yesterday published a case of death resulting from the bite of a spider, which has induced a correspondent to send us a cure for similar cases. He says that the leaves of green plantain, smashed and applied to the wound and the free drinking of strong tea made of the same herb, is an infallible and speedy remedy."

Modern Appetite.
"Mrs. Spriggs, will you be helped to a small bit of turkey?" "Yes, my dear Mr. Wilkins, I will." "What part would you prefer, my dear Mrs. Spriggs?" "I will have a couple of the wings—a couple of the legs—some of the breast—the side bone—some filling, and a few dumplings, as I feel very unwell to-day." Wilkins fainted.

Something Cool.
On the 17th instant, a pocket book was lost in the Bowery, New York, containing \$50. The losers inserted an advertisement next morning in the Sun, offering \$10 for the return of the property. In the course of the day, they received the pocket book, accompanied by the following note, instead of the money:—
"NEW YORK, June 18th, 1844.
"Gent. I am the happy finder of a pocket book lost in the Bowery yesterday, containing \$50, for which a reward of \$10 is offered in the New York Sun of this morning. Being in want of money, I have concluded to appropriate the \$50 to my own use, and return you the book. Should any compunctions of conscience visit me hereafter, I may return the money; but for the present I can use it profitably. God forgive me.
THADEUS."

Death from swallowing a Bone.
A post mortem examination was recently made, says the Calais Journal, by Drs. Holmes and Porter, upon the body of Theodore Jellison, Esq. of this town, who departed this life the day previous. About fifteen months ago, the deceased supposed he swallowed a bone while eating a dish of soup. Immediately after he was attacked with a severe cough and pains in the chest, which continued until death. The examination confirmed the truth of the supposition. About an inch and a half below the bifurcation of the bronchia, in the right lung, was found a rough fragment of beef bone, measuring an inch in length, half an inch in width, and a quarter of an inch in thickness.

SOMETHING FOR THE GERMANS.
Henry A. Muhlenberg's vile and infamous slander upon Germany and the Germans.
The following letter, together with several others, written by Mr. Muhlenberg while in Austria, was addressed to the editor of the "Reading Eagle," and originally published in that paper, and copied from it into nearly all the German papers of the Commonwealth.—
Both the letter and the author were denounced in the strongest terms. The letter now published we find in "Der Freiheits Freund and Pittsburger Bœbacher," of the 15th March, 1839. What will the Germans of Pennsylvania think of the man who has thus ridiculed and slandered the home of their ancestry?—
And what must be the feelings of the emigrant Germans when they see themselves and the land of their nation thus vilified and abused; and that, too, by a man who is asking them for their votes as a candidate for Governor?

LETTER FROM EUROPE.
To the Sen. Editor of the Reading Eagle, dated, VIENNA, Nov. 30th, 1838.
Dear Friend:—I hear so seldom from my friends in America that I have almost become home sick. Indeed, it would be strange if an American abroad should not become so. One sees, it is true, much to be admired, much to be praised, and much to be imitated; but as to happiness in common life, the moral condition and political relations, the preponderance is upon the whole, so much in favor of our own country, that one may indeed be proud of being an American. It is absolutely impossible for a native American to travel over Europe and not return with renewed patriotism and thank God that he is an American citizen and that he and his children may live there. But I dislike to say much of this at present. If God spare my life, and I am permitted again to tread upon and kiss the soil of my native country, I shall give you a more copious description in detail.
After a not very pleasant voyage, during which we had almost daily rains and contrary winds, we landed on the 26th day after our departure from New York, at Havre, in France. With my own luggage I had not much difficulty, but the other passengers not a little, since even the hand baskets and reticules of the ladies descending from the ship were searched through, and all trunks instantly taken to the custom-house, opened and rummaged, in order to find prohibited articles, which were immediately confiscated, and the owners fined besides. Tobacco, silk goods and clothes of every kind, which were not yet transformed into garments, they were particularly keen in searching after—and there were some comic scenes, that may in future afford occasion for laughter.

In Havre we were not a little astonished at the dresses and the whole appearance particularly of the country people. They much remind me of our ROUGH MOUNTAINEERS.

The women all wear caps, some a foot and a half high, and many pointed like a sugar head. From Havre we went with a steamboat up the Seine to Rouen, the capital of Normandy, where we remained one day to view the Cathedral, one of the most ancient and splendid, not only in France but in Europe, besides other curiosities. The banks of the Seine, from Havre to Rouen, are very beautiful.—There are many splendid palaces and beautifully situated villages; but the cottages of the country people are very poor, low, and almost all covered with straw, not much better than the pig pens of our wealthy farmers. They look romantic enough but want every comfort. After leaving the bay, formed by the river at its mouth, it is pretty much like the Schuykill, only somewhat deeper, to Rouen; from thence to Paris it is not so wide, and so shallow, too, that it is hardly navigable by small boats. We left, therefore, the river, and travelled overland in a fast line stage to Paris.

It is an enormous city, with about 900,000 inhabitants. The houses are very high, the streets very narrow, and extremely dirty, without (pavements) sidewalks for foot passengers. EVERY PLACE is swarming with people, so as scarcely to force oneself through; and the crowd and stench makes one anxiously long after God's free air. How men can freely choose such a city to live in is inconceivable to me.—Only the magnificent public gardens, which one finds there, and they are indeed most beautiful, can render the place, in some measure tolerable. One may spend a month here; for the palaces, galleries of paintings, exhibitions of all conceivable works of art, public libraries, etc., are beautiful to admiration and very attractive. The King, and the whole royal family, (and I had the honor to be presented to them,) are very kind and affable. The King talked much with me of America, and remembered many a family that he had known in Philadelphia. He don't appear to enjoy the best health, and after his decease, troubles may arise again in France, that morally is extremely corrupt,

and seems neither fit for a republican nor monarchical government.

In Paris I bought a travelling carriage, and travelled with post horse by way of Meaux, Thierry, Eperney, Chalons, Verdun, Metz, and Phalsbourg, to Strasbourg, a distance of nearly 500 miles. Verdun, Metz, and Phalsbourg, as well as Strasbourg, are strong fortresses, and have numerous garrisons. Between Meaux and Thierry enormous masses of French Bayliffons are dug out. By Eperney and Chalons the noble Champagne wine is grown, and we enjoyed the same. The soil is poor and chalky. The vines, as is done every where in France, are kept low, and the vineyards resemble our cornfields, after attaining to half their growth; but without having the fine, lively green of those fields. From Paris to Metz the country is neither beautiful nor of superior quality, but is cultivated with great industry, and every foot made use of. Of villages there are a great many; BUT THEY HAVE RARELY ANY THING ATTRACTIVE; ON THE CONTRARY, THEY ARE VERY DIRTY. THE DUNGHILL IS NEARLY ALWAYS DIRECTLY BEFORE THE HOUSE DOOR. SELDOM MORE THAN A FEW STEPS OFF, AND VERY OFTEN MEN, HORSES, OXEN, PIGS, CHICKENS, &c., LIVE UNDER ONE ROOF. TOO OFTEN THIS IS THE CASE IN GERMANY; AND THE CONSEQUENCE IS, THAT ONE SCARCELY KNOWS HOW TO SAVE ONESELF FROM FLEAS AND VERMIN. THE BEST HOTELS ARE FULL OF THEM; AND EVEN IN THE PALACES OF KINGS THEY SAY ONE IS NOT SECURE FROM THEM.

By Metz you come into the valley of Moselle, and this region is indeed beautiful. One day's journey from Metz you come from St. Avold to the Voigis mountains, which resemble much our Blue mountains. On the summit find Phalsbourg, and at the other foot Saverne, where you get plenty of excellent trout, perfectly equal to ours. From Metz to Strasbourg, the frontier town of France, on the Rhine, much German is spoken. In Strasbourg the Munster tower and the church connected with it are very remarkable. The tower is said to be the highest in the world, and built entirely of stone. The armory too, which contains 300,000 muskets, is remarkable.

By Strasbourg we went over a bridge of boats across the Rhine to Kehl, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and visited Baden-Baden, Rastadt, and Carlsruhe, the Grand Duke's residence.

Baden-Baden is a celebrated place for baths, and has very hot sulphur springs. The situation of the mountain is very fine, and much like our valley, only somewhat more diffused and embellished with the most magnificent improvements. Below the castle, as it is called, are found the judges' hall and the prisons of the old celebrated Knight of the Vehrne. On the top of the mountain is an old decayed castle, the remains of grey antiquity, which one must contemplate with admiration. Carlsruhe is a new, and therefore beautiful town, perhaps one of the most beautiful in Europe, and is surrounded with beautiful improvements.

Baden is altogether a very beautiful and excellent country, in the highest state of cultivation, and seems richly to reward the labor of the husbandman. I think I have found more cleanliness there than in any other part of Germany. The habitations of the country people appeared very pretty, and their inhabitants content. The Grand Duchy is not wide, but has a great length on the banks of the Rhine. It contains 1,232,000 inhabitants, of whom 20,000 live in the residence of Carlsruhe. About Farther Rhine I found myself disappointed.—By Vehl he is not wider than the Schuykill near Reading, but flows a little more rapid and deep.

From Carlsruhe I went by the way of Wilperdingen, Pforzheim, Illingen, Bahingen, and Schwieberding, to Huttgart, where I remained nearly a whole week, and took a view of the whole surrounding country. Rosenstein, Constadt, Lewisbourg, Bearcastle and the park connected with it, where I saw, for the first time, wild boars. The Solitude, the royal studs by Wiel, where Arabian and English horses are bred; the agricultural institutes by Hokenheim, where I found the Swiss cows, particularly fine. Wurtemberg has 1,700,000 inhabitants, Huttgart 23,000. It is a beautiful, very fertile country, and is cultivated with extreme industry; but is much too small for the number of inhabitants, and therefore many earn but a needy livelihood. The country is much broken; resembles our Washington county, and even the hills and mountains are fertile.—There it is where you find the finest vineyards, but which are cultivated with much trouble.—Except some kinds of Rhine wine, they are, like all German wines, much to sour for American taste.

From Huttgart we proceeded over Ppplingen, Plochingen, Geoppingen, Loutshausen, to Ulm, and then into Bavaria, to the ancient, free, imperial town of Augsburg, where much worth seeing detained me many days. A short day's journey from Augsburg lies Munich, the capital of Bavaria, with a population of 95,000 souls.