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

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THE AMERICAN REVIEW.

It having been determined to establish a Political and Literary Monthly REVIEW, to be conducted in the city of New York, by GEORGE H. COLTON, Esq., and devoted to the permanent maintenance of WHIG principles and improvement of American literature. The undersigned, Whig members of the Twenty-Eighth Congress, from all sections of the Union, most cordially approve of the design, and urge it upon the Whigs of the Republic for their unwavering support.

And that confidence may be extended by the public, assurance is hereby given that the continual assistance of the leading men of the Whig Party has been secured, and that full trust is reposed in the views and abilities of the Editor.

Members of the Senate.

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F H Morse Me A H Stephens Geor

J P Phenix New York

Earnestly approving of the plan of such a National organ, long needed and of manifest importance, the undersigned agree to contribute for its pages, from time to time such communications as may be requisite to set forth and defend the doctrines held by the united Whig Party of the Union.

George P Marsh T L Clingman
D D Barnard Hamilton Fish
J R Ingersoll J P Kennedy
E Joy Morris J Collamer
J M Berrien John J Hardin
Robert C Winthrop W S Archer
Thomas B King Rufus Choate
Alexander H Stephens

It is unnecessary to set forth the reasons that have led to this design. They are many and will present themselves to every mind. But to the above the Editors have to add a word. It is known that the same enterprise has been two or three times before attempted by others; and that they failed as signally as they were weakly began. We care not to investigate the causes, but their failure has stood greatly in the way of the present undertaking. We can only give unqualified assurance that this Review WILL appear every month for one year at least, from January, 1845. Whether it shall continue longer, must depend upon the support of those who can see the importance of such a work. This support we earnestly request, believing that the work will be in all respects able and useful.

The Review will be published in the city of New York, to be called "THE AMERICAN REVIEW—A Whig Journal of Politics, Literature, Art and Science."

Terms—Five Dollars a year—paid on receiving the first number.

Each number containing a hundred and twelve pages, printed in double columns, on fine paper, will consist of a leading political article, with literary miscellany in history, biography, criticism, fiction, poetry, statistics, science and the arts, from the ablest writers in the country. It will contain powerful articles from various writers, with two beautiful mezzotint engravings of Mr. Clay and Mr. Fielinghuysen, with sketches of their life and character. Every second or third number afterwards will also present a likeness and sketch of some distinguished American.

The conduct of the Review will be under the control of George H. Colton, associated however with other gentlemen of known standing and attainments.

To Committees, Societies, Clay Clubs, &c.—the following liberal terms are offered. Five copies for \$21. Thirteen copies for \$50. Or any person becoming responsible for four copies will receive a fifth gratis. AGENCIES are invited for distant places.

By law, remittances may be made free, through the Postmaster.

All communications to be addressed, post paid, to the Editor, G. H. Colton:—Office 118 Nassau street, New York.

Spring is Coming.

BY JAMES EACK,

Who was deaf and dumb from his childhood.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!

Birds are chirping, insects humming,

Flowers are peeping from their sleeping,

Streams escaped from Winter's keeping,

In delightful freedom rushing,

Dance along in freedom gushing,

Scenes, of late in deadness saddened,

Smile in animation gladdened,

All is beauty, all is mirth,

All is glory upon earth,

Shout we then with Nature's voice,

Welcome Spring! Rejoice! Rejoice!

Spring is coming! come, my brother,

Let us rove with one another,

To our well remembered wild-wood,

Flourishing in Nature's childhood;

Where a thousand flowers are springing,

And a thousand birds are singing;

Where the golden sunbeams quiver

On the verdure-girdled river;

Let our youth of feeling out,

To the youth of Nature shout,

While the waves repeat our voice,

Welcome Spring! Rejoice! Rejoice!

What am I?

We think Dow, Jr. has succeeded in answering this question about as satisfactorily as any other searcher into the mysteries of life, with whom we have ever come in contact. His definitions may not be quite so classical or polished as many others, but it is clear that but little can be alleged against him on the score of accuracy. Hear him:

"When I ask myself the question, What am I? it puzzles me to answer it. Materially speaking, I am a sort of increased nonentity—a small barrel of unstrained oil of nothing, thickened into substance by accidentally coming into contact with a cold, congealing world. Chemically speaking, I am a compound of phosphorus gas, and atmospheric wind—as most of you have doubtless, long ago discovered. Mechanically speaking, I am an old clock, made, wound up and set in motion some several years ago by the great Clockmaker of the Universe. It was made to run 80 years, at least; and if Fate and Fortune will keep my inner works in order, I shall expect to keep going till my weights have run the full length of their cords.—Morally speaking, I am an equal mixture of vice and virtue; a kind of vinegar and molasses mess. So nicely are they mixed together that the vinegar of vice is not so sour as to be unpalatable, nor the molasses of virtue so sweet as to be sickening.—My feelings are as tender as young toadstools—my passions are as strong as a decoction of tobacco juice—my sympathies are as soft as down under an angel's wing—and my desires for the promotion of human happiness are just as I happen to feel about the heart and stomach.

Metaphorically speaking, I am a toy thing of time, played for a short period and then cast among rubbish; a foot ball of fate, kicked about till I burst, and am no more worthy of a kick; a wind-mill excitement, that moves with the popular breeze, but it is still a calm; and a current thermometer, my mercury rising to summer heat by the warm rays of hope, and sinking to below zero in the cold atmosphere of doubt, a mean tallow candle already burnt one third of the way to the socket, and every moment in danger of being extinguished by the suffers of death; an old boot worn by a pilgrim with a wooden leg over the rough road of existence, till it is neither worth healing, soles, patching nor preserving. In fact, my friends, I don't see that I am any more use to the universe, (considered as a whole,) than a shovel of poudrette to a ten acre cornfield.

When I am dead and gone, I shall be as a thing that never has been; and the children of posterity will shoot marbles across my grave, as unconscious of their sacrilegious doings as a parcel of mice gnawing at the greasy leaves of an old and favorite Family Bible.

"Ma! Ma! Cousin Bill, he's in the parlor with sister Sal, and he keeps bitin her."

"Cousin Bill bitin my Sal!"

"Yes'm—I see him do it ever so many times! bite her right on the mouth—and the tarnal gal did'n't holler a bit, nother."

"Oh—ah! never mind Ned, I guess he did'n't hurt her much."

"Hurt her! by gosh she loves it, she does, cos she keeps a lettin him, and did'n't say nothin, but just smacked her lips as though 'twas good, she did. I seed it ait through the key-hole. 'Til fire taters at him by gosh."

It is said that by planting tansy around the roots of peach trees, the peach worm will be effectually driven off.

Prentice says he hopes the gentleman in Philadelphia, who manufactured a hat for Mr. Polk, has adapted it to the President's head, by making it as soft as possible.

The Great Lakes.

A writer in the Cincinnati Atlas (says the New York Evening Post,) furnishes some interesting particulars of the vast extent of our great Northern Lakes. It appears from a narrative of professor Drake, who visited these lakes last summer, that they extend over nearly eight and a half degrees of latitude in breadth and sixteen degrees of longitude in length. The extent of their surfaces is estimated at 93,000 square miles; and the area of country drained by them, is computed at 400,000 square miles.

Their relative sizes are as follows:

Ontario,	6,300 square miles
Erie,	9,600 do
St. Clair,	360 do
Huron,	20,000 do
Michigan,	24,400 do
Superior,	25,000 do

The average depth of water in the different Lakes, is a question upon which there is no certain information. Authorities differ. Dr. Drake gives it as follows:

St. Clair,	20 feet
Erie,	84 "
Ontario,	500 "
Superior,	900 "
Huron and Michigan,	1000 "

In our standard works, Lake Erie is usually stated to have a depth of 120 feet. The deepest soundings have been taken in Lake Huron. Off Saginaw Bay, 1800 feet of line have been sent down without finding bottom.

The altitude of these lakes varies step by step from Ontario to Superior. Lake Ontario is 232 feet above the tide-water of the St. Lawrence.—Erie is 333 feet above Ontario, and 565 feet above tide-water at Albany. St. Clair is six feet higher than Erie: Huron and Michigan are thirteen feet above St. Clair, and Superior lies 44 feet above them.

This shows the curious fact, that while the surface of Huron is 684 feet above the level of the ocean, its bottom at Saginaw Bay, is more than 1100 feet below the same level.

The waters of those lakes, with the exception of Erie and St. Clair, are remarkable for their transparency and delicious flavor. Of Lake Huron, Professor Drake ascertained that the water at the surface and two hundred feet below at the same place, indicated precisely the same temperature, to wit fifty-six degrees. His explanation of this fact is, that the waters are so pure that the rays of the sun meet with no solid matter in suspension to arrest and retain the heat.

The writer adds:

"There is a great curiosity connected with these lakes about 30 miles from Kingston, near the outlet of the bay of Quinte, in Canada. The writer of this visited it a few years ago, in company with Professor Lyell of London, who pronounced it one of the greatest curiosities of the kind he ever saw. It is what is called in Scotland "a Tarn" or mountain lake. It is situated upon a conical hill about 350 feet high. It is circular—about half a mile in diameter, and occupies nearly the whole surface of the hill.

"The lake is consequently entirely without inlet; a small stream constantly escapes from one edge of it, down the side of the hill, turning the wheels of a flouring mill, which has been erected near the summit. The level of the water in the lake is supposed to be about 350 feet above that of the bay below. As there are no high lands within fifty or sixty miles, or perhaps a greater distance, the curious question arises, whence comes the supply for this mountain lake?"

"Professor Lyell supposes it to occupy the crater of an extinct volcano, and to receive its waters through hidden syphons, from a great distance; but did not coincide with the popular belief in the neighborhood, that the fountain head was Lake Erie, although it is supposed that they occupy the same level."

An American Heroine.

The anti-rent rebellion in Delaware county, N. Y. has brought out one character at least worthy of celebration—the wife of Mr. Hunting, a tavern keeper near Delhi. The "Indians" had pursued two officers who had proved against them, to the tavern, where they found refuge in the garret.—The pursuers took possession of a lower room, and resolved to seize the officers and execute them on the spot.

In this exigency, Mrs. Hunting, the spirited and handsome wife of the Inn keeper, seized a large carving knife from the larder, rushed up to the attic, whither the intended victims had retired—planted herself on the narrow stairway, and swore that no "Indian" should pass up except over her corpse, and then, as we are informed by advices direct from this scene, there, thus armed, and thus determined, stood this heroic woman for six hours, braving the whole force of Indian miscreants.—The expected succor at length arrived from Delhi. The Anti-renters retired, and Mrs. Hunting was relieved from the post she had so nobly maintained.—Newark Daily Ad.

Subterranean Scenes in New York.

"Ireneus," in the last New York Observer, quotes from the notes of a friend the following sad accounts of a recent exploration of one of the living hells in that city, which corroborates the reports heretofore made by Dickens:

"It was midnight. We had made an appointment with an officer of the city police, one of the oldest and truest of that department, to meet us at the House, and we were all ready. The neighborhood we proposed to visit, was unsafe for any man to enter in the night unless well protected, and we had therefore taken such precautions as the first law of nature dictates in such cases. Turning down L— to C— St., we came to a large white-washed door at which the officer tapped as if giving a signal to be understood within. The door was cautiously opened and we stood enveloped in darkness, but the sound of distant music broke upon our ears. We groped our way to a flight of stairs down which we marched, the officer being at the head till we came to another door guarded by a porter, who proved to be the presiding genius of the establishment. He knew the officer at a glance, and was as complaisant as if a new customer had come; and on being informed that we were on a pleasure excursion through his dominions, he threw open his infernal ball room door, and there, as sure as life, was a sight such as the disordered brain of a madman might conjure, but which we had never ventured to believe was one of nightly similar scenes in this christian city. A motley multitude of men and women, yellow and white, black and dingy, old and young, ugly and — no not handsome: God forbid that beauty should ever bloom in such a hot-bed as this—but there they were, a set of male and female Bacchanale dancing to the tambourine and fiddle; giggling and laughing in a style peculiar to the remote descendants of Ham, and making "night hideous" with their lascivious orgies. Talk of the degradation of the heathen, of savage pow-wows, and pagan carnivals; and stir up sympathy for the slaves of sin in the depths of Africa or Asia. Here we were within a stone's throw of the City Hall, in the centre of the first city in the most christian country on the earth, and here was a sight to make the heart sicken and bleed. On one side of the room was a bar, tended by a rascally looking wretch who dealt out the liquors to the frequent calls of his customers, and as the drinking and fiddling went on, the fury waxed fiercer, until the scene was as unreal and bewildering as if we had been suddenly ushered into the revelling hall of the Prince of darkness.

Wandering through this horrid group was a young man whom we recognized as of a respectable family but his bloated face and bloody eyes, and the loose familiarity with which he addressed the company, showed that he was at home among them, and was already near the napir point of his downward career. We thought of the mother that gave him birth, and whose heart would be wrung with agony at the ruin of her son, were she not one of the many mothers in the ranks of fashion and pride, perhaps this moment flaunting at a more splendid ball, yielding to the voluptuous blandishments of elegant vine, and listening to the flattering tongue that will lure her to meet her lost boy at the door of a lower hell.

That gaudy girl, (said the officer,) decked with so much finery, makes it her profession to decoy men into houses kept for the purpose, and there she robs them. Many men from the country, prompted by curiosity, follow such persons as you see her to be, and before they are aware of their danger, they are in a snare from which escape is impossible. Resistance is useless, and to complain to the Police is attended with an exposure worse than the loss of money. In fact the robbery of their victims is the chief pursuit of the class of women of whom that girl is one of the queens.

But we were glad to emerge from this den, and breathe again the pure air of heaven. A bright full moon poured on us a flood of light as we gained the upper regions, and what a contrast to the murky atmosphere from which we had just escaped! It was a beautiful night! The mild moon sailed in glory over us, and the stars whose purity and distance make them fair, danced like celestial virgins "in the blue ethereal sky," and we could scarcely believe that, under such a canopy, there could be such scenes as we had just left."

Agricultural Value of Bones.

Many farmers are surprised that any substance so apparently destitute of nutritive matter as bone dust, should be capable of effecting such "wonderful results." The mystery however, is easily explicable, for instead of being composed of a simple, amorphous substance, as many suppose and contend, it consists of three distinct and highly valuable ingredients, viz:—cartilage, bone-earth, and carbonate of lime—all of which are essentially concerned in the production and maturation of crops.

"The bone-earth may be estimated at one half the weight. It is a peculiar phosphate of lime, containing 8 parts of lime to 3 parts of phosphoric acid. A great part of the value of bone as a manure depends on its cartilage. The animal part of bones being one third of their weight, the ammonia is equal to 8 to 10 times that of cow dung. If we regard the salts only, 100 lbs. of bone-dust contain 66 times as an equal weight of cow dung. Such statements, while they express the chemical facts, are almost, if not quite, supported by testimony of those who have, in practical agriculture, applied these concentrated animal manures. It is a common opinion that bones from the soap-boilers have lost a portion of their animal matter. It is erroneous. Boiling, except under high pressure, extracts very little of the gelatine, and not all the fat and marrow.

Heads and shoulder-blades, and the smaller bones, still contain after boiling, 31-2 per cent. of fat and tallow. If the phosphate of lime of such bones is dissolved out by the acid, the animal portion remains with all the form and bulk of the bone. Bones which are offered in the market, are quite as rich in the elements above stated, as are unboiled bones. The phosphate of lime is rendered quite soluble by its combination with gelatine and albumen."

"We will remember you, Henry Clay."

The eloquent address of the Clay Clubs of New York, to HENRY CLAY, thus concludes:—"And therefore, we will remember you, HENRY CLAY, while the memory of the glorious or the sense of the good remains in us, with a grateful and admiring affection, which shall strengthen with our strength, and shall not decay with our decline.—We will remember you in all our future trials and reverses, as him whose name honored defeat and gave it a glory which victory could not have brought. We will remember you when patriotic hope rallies again to successful contest with the agencies of corruption and ruin; for we will never know a triumph which you do not share in life, whose glory does not accrue to you in death. We will remember you while national peace and prosperity continues; and when the war clouds now darkening and muttering over the horizon have risen to overcast the clear and placid sky yet above us, and have burst over the whole land, the people will remember you too; and all will remember you when the bloodhounds so long baying on our track, and the wolves now howling around our fold, shall have rent their prey, where the vultures are already screaming for the offal. We will remember you, whenever we meet again in the mighty gatherings of the faithful, and in the happiness of our homes. We will remember you through life, and we will not forget you at the gates of death,—till us everywhere and at all times, in our most sacred and solemn moments, and in our purest thoughts, gratefully cherishing your name and deeds, and as now and here, invoking blessings on you and yours forever."

Catching the Devil.

Mr. Kellogg, the Buckeye Orator, tells a story of a drunkard in Ashtabula, Ohio, who, in a fit of delirium tremens, rushed into the street, and meeting the Mayor, demanded of his Honor a warrant to arrest the Devil. The Mayor refused the maniac's request, but wildly seizing him by the throat he demanded a warrant, or he would tear the heart from his body. The Mayor seeing how it was, to appease him, granted the following warrant which is a correct copy of the original now in possession of Mr. Kellogg:

"Borough of Ashtabula. To any constable of said Borough Greeting. You are hereby commanded to take the Devil, and bring him before me to answer unto Samuel Gifford in a plea of "Delirium Tremens." To his damage of one barrel of Whiskey—amount \$500.

JOHN J. POSEY, Mayor."

The poor demented man seized the warrant and hurried away, feeling as if half his troubles would soon be at end. Descending into the black regions of despair with an old Bible under his arm, he commenced his Herculean task of arresting the old Evil One himself and all his imps who had so sorely afflicted him. Some resistance was made by the inhabitants of the nether world, but soon they became frightened, ran away, and left the brimstone coast entirely clear. The maniac ascended from the dark abodes, feeling as if he had gained a great victory, and as he was walking along the streets of the Borough in triumph, he met a Presbyterian minister who accosted him very politely and inquired after his health.

"Say nothing to me sir," said the maniac.—"You've been preaching here several years, and never been able to drive the Devil out of the place, but I, sir, (and he spoke very pompously) in a half an hour have licked all hell with only one poor old Bible," taking the sacred volume from under his arm and showing it to the minister apparently in much triumph.—Boston Mail.