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

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The Lord's Prayer.

We lay before our readers the Lord's Prayer, beautifully para-phrased into an acrostic, by Thos. Stortevant, a soldier of the 26th regiment U. S. Infantry, and a prisoner of war in the province of Upper Canada:

Our Lord and King who reigns enthroned on high!
Father of light! mysterious Deity!
Who art the great I AM, the last, the first,
Art righteous, holy, merciful and just,
In realms of glory, scenes where angles sing
Heaven is the dwelling place of God our King.
Hallowed thy name, which doth all names transcend,
Be thou adored our great Almighty Friend,
Thy Glory shines beyond creation's space
Named in the book of Justice and of Grace
Thy Kingdom towers beyond the starry skies;
Kingdoms satanic fall, but thine shall rise.
Come let thine empire, O thou Holy one,
Thy great and everlasting will be done!
Will God make known his will, his power display?
Be it the work of mortals to obey.

Done is the great, the wondrous work of love,
On Calvary's cross he died, but reigns above.
Earth bears the record in thy holy word,
As heaven adores thy name, let earth, O Lord;
It shines transcendent in the eternal skies.
Is praised in Heaven, for man the Saviour dies.
In songs immortal laud his name.
Heaven shouts with joy, and saints his love proclaim.
Give us, O Lord, our food, nor cease to give
Us that food in which our souls may live!
This be our boon to day and days to come,
Day without end in our eternal home;
Our needy souls supply from day to day,
Daily assist and aid us when we pray,
Bread though we ask, yet Lord, thy blessing lend,
And make us grateful when thy gifts descend.
Forgive our sins, which in destruction's place
Us the vile children of a rebel race,
Our follies, faults and transgressions forgive,
Debts which we ne'er can pay, or thou receive;
As we, O Lord, our neighbors' faults o'erlook,
We beg thou'dst blot ours from thy memory's book.
Forgive our enemies, extend our grace,
Our souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race,
Debtors to thee in Gratitude and Love,
And in that duty paid by saints above,
Lead us from sin, and in thy mercy raise
Us from the temper and his hellish ways,
Not in our own, but in his name who bled,
Into thine ear, we pour our every need.

Temptation's fatal charms help us to shun,
But may we conquer through thy conquering Son!
Deliver us from all which can annoy
Us in this world, and may our souls destroy,
From all calamities which men betide,
Evil and death, O turn our feet aside;
For we are mortal worms and cleave to clay,
Thine 'tis to rule and mortals to obey.
Is not thy mercy, Lord, forever free?
The whole creation knows no God but thee,
Kingdom and empire in thy presence fall;
The King eternal reigns the King of all
Power is with thee—to thee be glory given,
And be thy name adored by earth and Heaven,
The praise of Saints and angels in thine own;
Glory to Thee, the everlasting One,
Forever be thy holy name adored;
Amen Hosanna! blessed be the Lord!

On the third publication of the bans of marriage at a country church in England, a buxom young woman in all her Sunday trim, arose and said:—"Please your honour, reverend sir, I forbid the bans." "Why?" asked the clergyman. "Because I want him myself," was the reply, "and I hold in my hand his written promise of marriage to me."

A farmer's wife in New Connecticut, Ohio, is preparing an immense cheese for a present to Queen Victoria. With some few of her neighbors she has procured the milk of 500 cows for one day. The production is a cheese weighing 600 pounds.

The Firkin of Butter.

BY THE ORIGINAL "JACK DOWNING."

In the Oct. number of "Graham's Magazine," is a humorous account of the trial of one Jane Andrews, in the olden time, for selling a firkin of butter which had stones concealed in it to increase the weight. The sketch is in Seba Smith's racy style. We drop the preliminaries of the trial, and come at once to the pith of it. What can be more graphic than the way in which Mr. Davis and his wife give their evidence?

"She pleads not guilty," said the judge: "now let the witnesses be sworn. Mr. Davis, you take the stand, and tell the court and jury what you know about this affair."

Mr. Davis was sworn and took the stand. "Whereabouts shall I begin?" said he, hesitating, and rubbing his sleeve over his face to brush away the perspiration.

"Tell the whole story just as it happened," said the judge, "from first to last, that is, what relates to this particular transaction about the firkin of butter."

"Well, it was a week ago last Saturday mornin'," said the witness, putting one foot upon the bench that stood before him, "I'd been down to the mill with my wagon, and was going home, I should say about nine o'clock in the mornin'; it might be a little more, and it might be a little less, but I should say it wasn't much odds of nine o'clock judging from my feelings, for I hadn't been to breakfast; I generally go to mill before breakfast, when I go, and I commonly get back about nine o'clock; but I judged I was about half an hour later that mornin' than common, owing to a kind of warm dispute I got into with the miller about streakin' the toll dish. I told him he ought to streak it with a straight stick, but he always would take his hand to streak with, and always kept the roundin' side of his hand up, and that made the dish a little heapin'—"

"But I don't see what all this has to do with the tub of butter, Mr. Davis," said the judge; "you must confine yourself to the case before the court. What was this transaction about the tub of butter?"

"Well I was comin' along to it byme by," said the witness. "But you must come along to it now," said the judge: "relate what you know about the case presented by the grand jury, and not talk about anything else."

"Well," said Davis, "I should judge it was not much odds of nine o'clock, when I came along up by Mr. Andrews' house, and see Miss Andrews out to the door feeding the chickens; and says I, 'good mornin', Miss Andrews,' and says she, 'good mornin', Mr. Davis;' and says I, 'how's all to home?' and says she, 'middlin'; how does your folks do?'"

"But that isn't coming to the butter," said the judge with an air and tone of great impatience. "Yes 'tis," said Davis, "I'm close to the butter now; for then, says I, 'Miss Andrews, have you got another firkin of butter to sell?' And says she, 'yes.' I said another firkin, because I bought one of her last winter, that weighed about twenty pounds, and it turned out to be very good firkin of butter, though it was hard sated; but I think that's a good fault in butter; it makes it spend better, and I like the taste of it full as well, though my wife doesn't. That firkin of butter lasted us—"

"No matter how long it lasted," said the judge, "that's not the firkin with which we have to do now. You must come right down to the particular firkin that was the cause of this trial."

"Well, I'm jest going to take hold of that now," said Davis; "and so says I, Miss Andrews have you got another firkin of butter to sell?' And says she, 'Yes, I have.' And says I, 'How big is it?' Says she, 'It weighs 36 pounds, and the firkin weighs 6 pounds, and that leaves 30 pounds of butter.' And says I, 'How much is it a pound?' Says she, 'Tenpence.' So, after I went in and looked at it, I agreed to take it. It come to one pound five, and I took out the money and carried it home.—Well, we never mistrusted there was anything in the butter; and we went right to using it; I guess we had some of it on the table that very night for supper; did not we, Judy?" turning to his wife.

"You needn't ask your wife any questions," said the judge. "Tell what you know yourself about the matter, and then she may tell what she knows about it."

"Well what I know myself about the butter is, we eat of it about a week, and then Judy comes to me, and says she, 'Mr. Davis, the first layin' is all out.' Says I, 'it can't be out so quick, it ain't but a week since we had it.' Well 'tis out, says she, every morsel of it; but the layin' wasn't more than half as thick as it was in 't'other firkin.—'Well,' says I, 'Judy, if the first layin' is out, you must dig into the second.' So off she went to get some butter for supper, and we was just a setting down to the table, and byme by back she comes, all in a fluster, her eyes starting out of her head half as big as saucers, and she sot a plate on to the table with a great stone in it half as big

as my head; and says she, 'there Mr. Davis, if you are a mind to eat such butter as that, you're welcome to, but I shall wait till I get a new set of teeth before I try it.' Says I, 'Judy, what do you mean? where did you get that stone from?' Says she, 'it come right out of the middle of the butter tub.'"

"You may be a little particular along here," said the judge, "for you are getting into the marrow of the subject now. What happened next?"

"Well, says I, Judy, I should like to see the hen that lays such eggs as that; let's go and look at it." So we went to the firkin, and sure enough, there was the hole in the butter where she took the stone out. Says I, 'Judy I guess it's best to probe that are wound a knife more as the Doctor's say.' So I took a knife and run down into the butter a little further, and struck on another stone; and we went to work and dug that out; and after we cut round enough to be satisfied there wasn't any more, we took the two and weighed 'em, and found they weighed fourteen pounds lacking two ounces. 'Well,' says I, Judy, 'this matter ain't agoin' to stop short of the General Court.' She thought I better hush it up, because it would hurt Miss Andrews' feelin'; but I told her no, honesty's the best policy, and fair play's a jewel, and if Miss Andrews isn't old enough to know that yet, it is time that she was learnt it, and if I don't carry it into the General Court, it's because my name isn't Nicholas Davis. And that's pretty much all I know about it."

"The case is every way clear," said the first judge; "it seems hardly worth while to go any further. But Mrs. Davis may take the stand a few minutes; the court would like to ask her a few plain questions."

Mrs. Davis was accordingly sworn and took the stand. "How do you know," said the judge, "that the stones were not put into the butter after the tub was brought to your house?"

"Because they couldn't be," said Mrs. Davis. "I didn't do it, Hannah didn't do it, and Polly didn't do it; and there wasn't nobody else could do it."

"Well, how do you know that Mrs. Andrews did it?" said the judge. "Because," said Mrs. Davis, "it's just like her. She loves fine clothes, and clothes cost money; and so she will always have money; and so I know as well as can be she did it."

"Very true," said the judge, "this love of finery is the world of crime. You may describe a little more particularly how you first found the stones."

"Well we sot down to the table; I guess the sun was about an hour high, we commonly eat supper this time of year about an hour before sunset; Mr. Davis always wants his supper airy, because he don't think it's healthy to eat jest before going to bed; he says it gives him the nightmare. Well, Mr. Davis he looks round upon the table, and says he, 'Judy'—he always calls me Judy, ever since we've been married, which I don't think is exactly the thing for a person of my age, but he seems to like it, so I don't make a fuss about it—says he, 'Judy, here isn't butter enough for supper on the table, you better get some more.' Says I, 'I hate to disturb that are second layin'-to-day, it's packed down so nice. But he insisted upon it, there wasn't enough on the table for supper—Mr. Davis eats a good deal of butter, and he doesn't like to see a scanty plate of it on the table. So I took a knife and a plate and went into the butter, and took off the kiver of the firkin and sot it down on the floor; and then I was e'en a most good mind to go back without any, when I see how smooth the second layin' looked, for I do hate to cut a new layin'; it seems to go away so soon. But I knew that Mr. Davis would have some, so took the knife and begun to cut down into the middle of the butter, and instead of cutting through, as it did in the first layin', it come down chuck on to a stone.—And that's the way I found it."

"It is a very clear case," said the judge. "It is unnecessary to proceed any further with witnesses."

And then he turned to the jury and charged them, that the guilt of the prisoner was fairly made out, and they had nothing to do but bring in a verdict of guilty. Accordingly the jury retired, and having staid just long enough to count noses and see that they were all present, came in with a verdict of guilty.

The court then went into deep consultation with regard to sentence; and after a half hour's whispering and talking, and voting, the first judge rose and pronounced the sentence as follows: "The Court doth order, that Jane Andrews shall stand at the public town meeting which is to be held on Monday next, and in the most conspicuous part thereof, till two hours time be expired with her offence written in capital letters and fastened upon her forehead."

This sentence was duly executed according to the letter and spirit thereof, on the following Monday. But it must be left to the imagination of the reader to portray the scene that occurred on that occasion. We may simply hint, however, that the meeting was unusually thronged, being more numerously attended than any other

meeting of the place for three years previous. Some old people, who had not been out on any public occasion for half a dozen years, came now several miles to see the crime of Miss Andrews justly and properly punished.

Every body, as they went into the town house, turned square round, and stood and looked Miss Andrews in the face several minutes, and read the inscription on her forehead. Old Deacon White, who was rather long-sighted, put on his spectacles and stood facing her about a yard off, and read the inscription over three times, loud enough to be heard all over the room. And long-legged razor-faced Peter Johnson, who was very short-sighted, put on his spectacles and stood so near her to read the inscription, that his nose almost touched hers, causing some rather rude and irreverent laughs among the younger portion of the multitude.—In short the punishment was effectual, and the sin of selling stones for butter was not repeated again by the housewives of New Somersetshire during the life-time of that generation.

Things which we Want.

We want stronger inducement to agricultural labors through our public authorities, by means of a liberal policy of patronage in the bounties and rewards; and we want stronger guarantees for recompense, in the establishment of a better system of practice.

We want more public, and less party spirit; more devotedness to the State, and the interest of the people at large, and less local interest, individual cupidity, and personal aggrandizement.

We want, for boys who are designed to till the earth, scientific and industrious schools, that they acquire simultaneously, and in the scholastic period of life, a knowledge of the best practices in farming and of the principles upon which it can now alone be judiciously and successfully conducted.

We want more practical business men in our legislative halls, as well as upon our own farms—men of judgment and independent bearing—and who, though they do not talk as much, can think and act as correctly and as promptly, as professional talkers; and who, knowing best the true interest of the mass of our population, are likely to do the least injury, if they do not do the most good.

We want a more extended circulation of agricultural periodicals because they disseminate useful knowledge, stimulate industry, call into action latent genius, awaken laudable competition, induce general improvement, lure into exercise the noblest feelings of our nature, and inculcate good will to our fellow man.

We want to have inculcated and taught, by precept and example, in our public halls, in our social circles, and in our schools, high and low, the great moral and political duty of identifying our individual with the public interest, and of considering the one as in a great measure inseparable from the other.

ON OUR OWN FARMS—We want more system—more employment for our females that they may be more healthy, more robust, and more serviceable to posterity—more contentment with our rural employments—a greater desire to increase our knowledge, to improve our practice, and to bring our sons up in the way they should go—as independent tillers of the soil.

We want more attention paid to augment our manners, the food of our farm crops, that our lands, instead of growing poorer every year, may increase in fertility, in products, and in profits.

We want to understand better than we do, the principles and practice of draining, that much of our best land, now unproductive and noisome, may be rendered productive, profitable and healthy.

We want to extend the culture of roots and clover, as tending to perpetuate fertility, fatten cattle, furnish manure, and fill the granary.

We want the conviction that we can improve, the determination that we will improve, and we shall then become conscious that we have improved, in the management of our farms.

Harrest without previous Sowing.

The New York *Schnellpost* contains an account of a method of compelling the wheat plant to become perennial, like grass, and to perfect its grain annually, without annual sowing of seed, which has been successfully practised at Constance, in Germany. It was discovered by a steward of an estate named Kern. His method, after plowing and manuring the land, and sowing it with summer or winter wheat, is to mow it in the spring before the ear makes its appearance. This process is repeated several times in the season, and the product is used as hay. The plant is then allowed to grow and be cut in the ordinary way. The next year it ripens earlier. We give this story as we find it, but do not touch for its correctness. The farmers of this County should try it on a small scale.

A certain editor out West has purchased a race horse, to be employed in 'catching runaway subscribers.

Aristocracy Rebuked.

Thomas Chittenden, the first Governor of Vermont, who was a plain farmer, alike remarkable for strong native powers of mind, and the republican simplicity with which he conducted everything in his public duties and his domestic establishment, was once visited by a party of travelling fashionables from one of our cities. When the hour of dinner had arrived, Mrs. Chittenden, to the astonishment of her fair guests, went out and blew a tin horn for the workmen, who soon arrived; when to the still greater surprise, and even horror, of these fair ones, and the whole company—governor, his lady, guests, and workmen and all—were invited to sit down together to the substantial meal which had been prepared for the occasion. After dinner the ladies were left to themselves, and one of the guests thought she would gently take Mrs. Chittenden to task for this monstrous violation of the rules of the city gentility to which she had been, as she thought, so unaccountably made a victim.

"You do not generally sit down together to the same table with your workmen, I suppose, Mrs. Chittenden," she commented.

"Why," replied the Governor's lady, whose quick wit instantly comprehended the drift of the other, "I am almost ashamed to say we generally do, but I intend soon to mend in this particular! I was telling the Governor this morning that it was an absolute shame that the workmen, who did all the hard-labor, should fare no better than we who sit so much of the time in the house, earning little or nothing; and I am determined hereafter to set two tables, the first and best for the workmen and last and poorest for the Governor and myself.—*Green Mountain Freeman.*"

Young Men.

The idea is prevalent in some communities, that young men are fit neither for generals or statesmen, and that they must be kept in the back ground, until their physical strength is impaired by age, and their intellectual faculties become blunted by the weight of years. Let us look into the history of the past, and from the long list of heroes and statesmen, select some who have distinguished themselves, and we shall find that they were young men when they performed those acts which have won for them an imperishable name of fame, and placed their names high on the pages of history. Alexander, the conqueror of the then whole civilized world, viz.—Greece, Egypt, and Asia, died at 29. Bonaparte was crowned emperor of France when 33 years of age. Pitt, the younger was but twenty years of age when, in Britain's Parliament he boldly advocated the cause of the American colonies, and but 22 when made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Edmund Burke at the age of 25, was first Lord of the Treasury. Our own Washington was but 27 when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat, and was appointed to the command in chief of all the Virginia forces. Alexander Hamilton, at 20, was a Lieutenant Colonel and Aid to Washington—at 25 a member of Congress—at 32 Secretary of the Treasury. Thomas Jefferson was but 33 when he drafted the ever memorable Declaration of Independence. At the age of 30 years, Sir Isaac Newton occupied the Mathematical Chair at Cambridge College, England, having by his scientific discoveries rendered his name immortal. We might continue the list to a greater length, but enough has been said already, to show that the idea that young men are not capable of performing great and ennobling actions, or of taking a high position in the councils of a nation, is chimerical and visionary. And what has been said, may well serve to encourage the young to set up a high standard, and to press towards it with ardor, suffering nothing to discourage them from soaring "onward and upward" in the paths of fame, or in the pursuits of literature and science.

Clerical Joke.

A few years since when Rev. Doct. Hawks, the celebrated Episcopal clergyman, was about leaving New-York for the South, he was waited upon by the vestrymen of a small church in Westchester county, and urgently solicited to take charge of the same. The Rev. Doct. graciously received the Committee, but respectfully declined the proposal, urging as a chief objection that the salary, though liberal for the parish which they represented, would be inadequate for his expenses, having a considerable family of small children to educate and provide for. One of the Committee replied, "The Lord will take care of them; he has promised to bear the young ravens when they cry, and to provide for them." "Very true," said the reverend gentleman, "but he has not promised to provide for the young Hawks."

A Valuable Discovery.

The Boston Times says:—Our bakers have so far improved the size of their bread, that a child cannot swallow a ten cent loaf entire without danger of choking.

It is said that eight new regiments are to be immediately called out by the President.