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

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To my Friends.

Soon will old Time, who presses on us fast,
Stamp his advance in wrinkles on the brow;
Soon shall we know delicious youth is past,
Although its fire be not extinguished now.
But to see fresh flowers exhaustless spring,
Thicker than those Time tramples into mould,
To feel each hour its calm enjoyment bring—
This, my dear friends, this is not growing old.
In vain life's sparkle seek we to excite,
With joy-diffusing wine and softening song.
Even at the board prolific of delight,
We hear our life has been already long;
But till its last departing ray shall pale,
To raise the cup, though with unsteady hold,
To wake the song, although the voice may fail—
This, my dear friends, this is not growing old.
Kneel me in worship at a coquet's feet,
Woo me the heart that welcomed once our flame,
Perhaps we hear the mocking low laugh greet
The passion, she will tell us age should tame:
But quietly our later life to spend,
Indulge less lavishly a heart controlled,
To lose the mistress, but gain the friend—
This, my dear friends, this is not growing old.
It may be some years yet before we feel
The genial warmth of passion's joy expire,
But since old age at last must on us steal,
All old together—be our next desire—
Each adding strength the future to defy;
In some warmer corner chirping feasts to hold,
To have united and united die—
This, my dear friends, this is not growing old.

Will Nobody Marry Me?

Heigh-ho! for a husband!—heigh-ho!
There's danger in longer delay!
Shall I never again have a beau?
Will nobody marry me pray?
I begin to feel strange, I declare!
With beauty my prospects will fade!
I'd give myself up to despair,
If I thought I should die an old maid.
I once cut the beau in a huff,
I thought it a sin and a shame
That no one had spirit enough
To ask me to alter my name!
So I turned up my nose at the short,
And rolled up my eyes at the tall;
But then I just did it in sport,
And now I've no lover at all!
These men are the plague of my life;
'Tis hard from so many to choose!
Should one of them wish for a wife,
Could I have the heart to refuse?
I don't know—for none have proposed!
Oh, dear me! I'm frightened, I vow!
Good gracious! who ever supposed
That I should be single till now!

Squire Jones's Daughter.

True poetry, says an exchange, is as rare as guineas in a printer's pocket now-a-days; but a Down Easter, smitten with the charms of a "lovely she," lets off his ecstatic feelings in the following gush of the "true blue":—
Red is the rosey-posy's hue,
That grows down in the "hollars,"
And red is uncle Nathan's barn,
That cost a hundred dollars!
And red is sister Sally's shawl,
That cousin Levi bought her.
But redder still the blooming cheek
Of Squire Jones's daughter.

Horrible.

"Well, I saw tew men, there's a darn'd muss over tew our house." "Why what's the matter Johnny?" "Oh, dad's got a new hat, Moll's got the snub-nosed hoopin'-cough, and Jake's shaking all to smash with the square toed meassies. Yes, and that ain't all, nuther." "Oh, dear, what else?" "Old puss is got a whole midgeon of pups; and mother's got apple dumplings and lassies for dinner!"

THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Bethlehem—Zion—Jerusalem.

As I sat on a tomb in the Turkish cemetery the next morning (March 30th,) watching the preparations for our departure, I almost dreaded the interest which every day would now bring, after the calm and quiet weeks we had spent in the desert. Our encampment looked much the same as it had done for a month past; the Arab servants busy in taking down and packing the tents, and a noisy quarrel going on in the midst—(his morning about a pistol having been stolen from one of the tents:—) and the differences were only that there were spectators standing by, and that our camels had given place to horses and asses. But, instead of the rock and sands of the desert, Hebron was before my eyes, and the hills were Abraham spread his flocks, and the spot where he and his family lay buried. And before night, I should see the place where David was born and lived his shepherd life, and where Jesus was born. We had only twenty miles to travel this day to Bethlehem; but was quite enough, for we were eager about every old tree, and hill top. The shrubs grew finer, and the wild flowers more abundant, the whole way; though the hills of Judah were wild and stony in parts, and no longer fit for pasturing such flocks as covered them when Abraham lived among them, or when the Hebrews drove in their cattle from the desert, or when David in his boyhood amused himself with slinging smooth stones from the brook while his father's sheep were feeding on the slopes. We sat down to rest and eat under the shade of a rock and a spreading tree; and for the hundredth time since we left Egypt, it occurred to me how little we in England can enter into the meaning of David when, in his divine songs, he speaks of the shade of rocks, and of the beauty of "a tree planted by rivers of water," and all such cool images. When one has been slowly pacing on, hour after hour, over glaring sands or heated rock, under a sun which makes every bit of leather or metal, and even one's outer clothing, feel scorching hot, and oppressing one's very breathing, the sight of a patch of dark shade is welcome beyond belief; and when one has dismounted and felt the coolness of the rocky wall and of the ground beneath it, and gathered the fresh weeds which cluster in its crevices, phrase after phrase of the Psalms and prophecies comes over one's mind, with a life of freshness as sweet as the blossoms in one's lap.

Our first sight of Bethlehem was beautiful. We came upon it suddenly, just when the yellow sunset light was richest. Bethlehem was on the rising ground on our right, massive looking (as all the villages of Palestine are) and shadowy, as the last sun rays passed over it to gild the western hills, and another village which there lay high up, embosomed in fig and olive orchards. The valley between, out of which we were rising, lay in shadow. Before us, perched on a lofty ridge which rose between us and Jerusalem, was the convent of St. Elias, which we were to pass to-morrow. I was sorry to turn away from this view; but we had to take the right hand road, and ride through the narrow streets of the great convent, built over the spot where Jesus is believed by the friars to have been born.

It was too late this evening to see any of the sacred localities; but it was quite enough to have the moonlight streaming in during the whole night through the window of my lofty convent chamber, and to think that on this hill took place the greatest event in the history of the world; and that in the fields near the gentle Ruth went about her gleanings, little dreaming in those days of her poverty, that from her meeting with Boaz among the reapers of his harvests, would arise such events to the human race; that the shepherd grandchild whose divine songs were to soothe her old age, should be the mighty king he was, and the father of a yet mightier, who should build the great temple of the Lord; and that a more distant descendant should make these glories appear as childish toys in the presence of his greater sovereignty over the universal human soul. A wise man of a late century has nobly said that "Prosperity is the promise of the Old Testament, and Adversity that of the New." On this hill was born the prosperity of the old dispensation; and on this hill was born the Man of Sorrows, who knew the secret of true peace, and taught it in the saying that it profits not a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul.

In the morning we went into the church of the convent. I cared little for the upper part, with its chapels for Greek, Latin, and Armenian worship; and not much more for the caverns under ground, where the friars believe that Joseph and Mary remained while there was no room for them in the inn. If the town was too full to receive them while the people were collected for the census, it is hardly probable that they would repair to an underground cave; but in this cave mass was going on this morning; and striking was the effect, after coming down from the sunshine of the crowded cavern, with its yellow lights and their smoke, and the echoes of the chanting. We returned when the

service was over, and saw the star in the marble floor which marks, as the friars believe, the precise spot where Jesus was born, and the marble slab which is laid in the place of the manger. When I saw, throughout the country, how the Arabs now use the caves of the hills to bed their goats and cattle, this belief of the friars appeared less absurd than it would with us; but still, it is so improbable that the precise spot of these transactions (whose importance was not known till afterward) should have been marked and remembered, that I felt little interested in them in comparison with the landscape outside, about whose leading features there could be no mistake.

From the bottom of the garden, we overlooked the great valley which expanded to the north east; and one enclosure there—a green spot now occupied by olive trees—was pointed out to us as the field where the shepherds were abiding on the night when Christ was born.—Behind it, to the east, lay range behind range of hills, stretching off to the north; and among these, we knew, lay the Dead Sea, and the Jordan, where it pours its waters into that lifeless and melancholy lake. As we left the convent and village, and descended the rocky road, with terraced vineyards and olive groves on either hand, we knew that Joseph and Mary must have come by this way from Jerusalem when summoned to the census; and this was more to us than all the sights the friars had shown us in their zeal and kindness. We looked in at the tomb of Rachel, and the convent of Elias; but our eyes and thoughts were bent towards Jerusalem. I remember, however, that here I first saw the waters of the Dead Sea, lying blue in a little gap between the hills.

As soon as I had mounted my ass before the convent of Elias, I saw from our ridge some buildings on the rising ground which now showed itself before us, I was not immediately certain what they were; but the news soon spread among us. That rising ground was Zion, and those buildings belonged to Jerusalem, though they stood outside the wall. Immediately after, the walled city itself came into view, lying along the hills. Most of the party were disappointed. I was not—partly because I knew that we were approaching it from the least favorable side, and partly because my expectations had much under rated the size and grandeur of the city. What we now saw was a line of white walls on a hill side, with some square buildings and small white domes rising within.

I walked the rest of the way. On our right were hills, the summit of one of which was Acladama, bought by the priests with the money which the wretched Judas returned to them, when he found too late what he had done in his attempt to force his Lord to assert his claim to a temporal sovereignty. On our left was the plain of Rephaim. When we arrived at the brow of high ground we were on, we were taken by surprise by the grandeur of the scene. Zion now appeared worthy of her name, and of her place in the hymns of David and in history. We were now overlooking the valley of Gihon, more commonly known by the name of Hinnom. From its depth, and its precipitous rocks on our side, I should call it a ravine. This deep dell contains the Lower Pool, now dry; and the aqueduct from Solomon's Pools is seen crossing it obliquely. Its opposite side is Zion, rising very steeply, still terraced for tillage in some parts, and crowned by the city wall. To the right, and sweeping away from the ravine of Gihon, is the deep and grand valley of Jehoshaphat, clustered with rocks relieved by trees, and leading the eye round to the slope of Olivet, which, however, is best seen from the other side of the city. The black dome of the tomb of David was the next object; and after that, the most conspicuous roof in the city—the great dome of the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's Temple.

By this time there was silence among us. I walked behind our cavalcade, as it slowly ascended the beautiful rocky way, glad of the silence permitted by each to all; for it was not possible at the moment, nor will it ever be possible, to speak of the impressions of that hour. We entered by the Jaffa gate, and every echo of our horses feet in the narrow, stony, picturesque streets, told upon our hearts as we said to ourselves that we were taking up our rest in Jerusalem.—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

March of Education.

Not a great while ago, the school committee of a town in a neighboring State met for the purpose of examining a candidate who presented himself as a preceptor to teach the young idea how to shoot. After some interrogatories, the following geographical question was asked. In what zone do you live? "Zone! zone!—do you think a man of my education lives in a zone? I live in a house."

A very romantic young lady, rescued from drowning while in a state of insensibility, declared on reviving, that she must and would marry her preserver. On inquiring the name of her generous deliverer, to her great dismay she learned that it was a Newfoundland dog.

Remedy against Moths.

It is an old custom with some housewives to throw into their drawers every year, a number of fir cones, under the idea that their strong resinous smell might keep away the moth.—Now, as the odor of these cones is due to turpentine, it occurred to Reaumur to try the effect of this volatile liquid. He rubbed one side of a piece of cloth with turpentine, and put some grubs on the other; the next morning they were all dead and strange to say, they had all voluntarily abandoned their sheaths. On smearing some paper slightly with oil, and putting this into a bottle with some of the grubs, the weakest were immediately killed; the most vigorous struggled violently for two or three hours, quit their sheaths, and died in convulsions. It was soon abundantly evident that the vapor of oil or spirits of turpentine acts as a terrible poison to the grubs. Perhaps it may be said that even this remedy is worse than the disease, but, as Reaumur justly observes, we keep away from a newly painted room, or leave off for a few days a coat from which stains have been removed by turpentine, why therefore can we not once a year keep away a day or two from rooms that have been fumigated with turpentine?

It is, however, surprising, how small a quantity of turpentine is required; a small piece of paper or linen just moistened therewith, and put into a wardrobe or drawers a single day, two or three times a year, is a sufficient preservative against moths. A small quantity of turpentine dissolved in a little spirits of wine (the vapor of which is also fatal to the moth) will entirely remove the offensive odor, and yet be a sufficient preservative. The fumes of burning paper, wool, linen, feathers, and of leather are also effectual, for the insects perish in a very thick smoke; but the most effectual smoke is that of tobacco. A coat smelling slightly of tobacco is sufficient to preserve a whole drawer. We trust our fair readers will not scold us for thus affording their husbands or lovers an additional excuse for perpetuating a bad habit. The vapor of turpentine and the smoke of tobacco are also effectual in driving away fleas, spiders, ants, earwigs, bugs and fleas.—The latter tormentors are so abundant on the continent, as frequently to deprive the weary traveler of his night's rest. If he would provide himself with a phial, containing turpentine and spirits of wine in equal parts, and would sprinkle a few drops over the sheets and coverlid before retiring to rest he will probably have reason to be grateful for the hint. Foreigners are in the habit of smoking in their bed rooms—a habit which excites great disgust in England; it will now be seen, however, that there is a reason for the practice.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

The Freak of a Half of a Newspaper.

After returning from preaching, on Lord's day noon, we threw the half of a newspaper, which we had in the crown of our hat, into the yard. There for a while it basked at full length in the sun-beam, when all of a sudden, it mounted upon a twirling current of air, to the great alarm of the chickens and ducks, and up and up it soared—rolling upon the aerial current and flashing back the sun's beams from its surface, until it had ascended, as we suppose, a quarter of mile above the earth. It then bore away about N. E. preserving its elevation, for half of an hour; visible only when from its position, as it revolved in the air, the beams of the sun were reflected from its surface, and then it shone as brightly and as beautifully as Venus, when she lights the sun to his evening rest. It was a beautiful sight—so elevated—so bright and so luminous—gathering bright beams from the sun and pouring them down upon the delighted spectator, until nothing was seen of the paper but the light it reflected.

Well, thought we, as we stood and gazed upon this bright and beautiful, but evanescent day-star, this is no inappropriate type of what a newspaper ought to be—so elevated in tone and manner, as to induce its readers to look up to it as a model, and so pure in principal and luminous in thought and style as to lead them unerringly to the truth.—*Louisville Baptist Banner.*

A Touching Incident.

The New Orleans Picayune says that a few days since a gentleman of that city saw in the streets a lovely little girl of tender years standing on the banquette bathed in tears. The good man approached her, and taking her by her hand inquired the cause of her anguish.—The dear little creature continued to sob bitterly, until at length she exclaimed: "My father and mother have been taken to Heaven, and I am left an orphan." There were three or more persons by at this time, and the feelingly eloquent words of the engaging little one brought tears from every eye. The worthy gentleman who first addressed her said a few kind words with the view of relieving her, and then said: "I will be to you a father, and my wife, (and no man has a better one,) will greet you with a mother's smiles." He then took her by the hand and carried her to his residence. This is an achievement on the field of mercy, of which any good man should be proud.

Ludicrous Circumstance in Church.

Speaking of the first impression at church, brings to mind a ludicrous circumstance that happened some 50 or 60 years ago at church. The rector, though a man of profound learning and a profound theologian, was of such eccentric habits, as often to create a doubt among the vulgar whether he was at all times *compos mentis*. Having remarked for several successive Sundays, a gentleman, who was no parishioner, invariably using a seat in a pew next to that in which a young widow lady sat, he constantly eyed them, and one time detected the young gentleman slyly drawing the lady's glove from off the back of the pew where she was accustomed to place it, (her hand and arm being delicately fair) and putting in it a small, neatly folded note. By and by the lady's prayer book fell—accidentally of course—from the ledge of her pew into the gentleman's; he picked it up, found a leaf turned down, and he hastily scanned a passage, which evidently caused a smile of complacency.

Our minister saw all their proceedings, and continued to watch them for two successive Sundays. On the third, as soon as the collections were made, and while the beadle yet waited to attend him to the chancel, our eccentric pastor, in a strong distinct voice, said:—"I publish the bans of marriage between M. and N. (deliberately pronouncing the names of the parties,) if any one of you know just cause," &c. The eyes of the congregation were set on them, the lady with suffused blushes, and the gentleman crimsoned with anger, she fanning herself with vehemence, the minister meanwhile proceeding through his duties with the same decorum as if innocent of the agitation he had occasioned.

The sermon preached and the services ended, away to the vestry rushed the parties at the heels of the pastor.

"Who authorized you, sir, to make such a publication of the bans?" demanded they both in one breath.

"Authorized me?" said he, with a stare, which heightened the confusion.

"Yes, sir, authorized you!"

"Oh!" said the minister, with a sly glance alternately at each, "if you don't approve of it I'll forbid the bans next Sunday."

"Sir," said the lady, "you have been too officious already; nobody requested you to do anything; you had better mind your own business."

"Why, my pretty dear," said he, patting her on the cheek, "what I have done has been all in the way of business, and if you do not like to wait for three publications, I advise you sir," turning to the gentleman, to procure a license, the ring and the fee, and then the whole matter may be settled as soon as to-morrow."

"Well," replied the gentleman, addressing the widow, "with your permission I will get them, and we will be married in a day or two."

"Oh, you may both do as you please," pettishly, yet nothing loth, replied the lady. It was but a day or two after the license was procured, and the parson received his fee, the bridegroom his bride, and the widow for the last time threw her gloves over the back of the pew, and it was afterwards said that the parties were satisfied with their gains.

Hear what Jeffries says.

Jeffries, the great British reviewer, seems to have thought the Yankees were "some." It is said he once remarked that it was his firm belief that if a premium of a thousand dollars were offered for the best translation of the Greek Bible, it would be taken by a Yankee, who, till the offer was made, had never seen a word of Greek in his life. He would commence learning the language immediately, to qualify himself for the great undertaking, and would finish the whole quicker than any other person, and bear off the premium.

Decidedly Rich.

Two Quakers in Vermont had a dispute.—They wished to fight, but it was against their principles. They grasped each other—one threw and set on the back of the other, and squeezing his head in the mud, said, "On thy belly shalt thou crawl, dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life!" The other soon gained the victory, and when he had attained the same position, said, "It is written, the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head!"

New fashion for Hair.

A letter from New York says; "I was highly amused at the fashion of wearing the hair which has lately been introduced by our super-elegants, and which I saw in perfect order last evening. The peculiar thing in it is to reduce the whole head to the state of a stubble field, and he is the most elegant man who comes nearest having his head shaved perfectly smooth. One gent, last evening, wore his hair about a quarter of an inch long, and its effect was ludicrous enough. The man looked as though his upper works were set thickly with short, fiery bristles. However, if others laughed he admired, and both parties being well pleased, the thing could not have been better."