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

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Life's Harvest-Field.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.
When Morning wakes the earth from sleep
With soft and kindling ray,
We rise, Life's harvest-field to reap—
This reaping day by day.
To reap, sometimes with joyful heart—
Anon with fearful eye
We see the Spoiler hath a part—
We reap with smile and sigh.
Full oft the tares obstruct our way ;
Full oft we feel the thorn ;
Our hearts grow faint—we weep, we pray—
Then Hope is newly born.
Hope that, at last, we all shall come—
Though rough the way and long—
Back to our Father's house, our home,
And bring our sheaves with song.
Home Magazine.

"I belong to one of the first Virginia families."

An Illinois Sucker took a great dislike to a foppish young Virginian, who, a few weeks since, was fellow passenger with him, on one of our steamboats. The Virginian was continually combing his hair, brushing his coat or dusting his boots; to all which movements the Sucker took exceptions, as being what he termed "a leetle too darned nice, by half." He finally drew up his chair beside the Virginian, and began :
"What might you be from, stranger?"
"I am from Virginia, sir," politely answered the gent.
"From old Virginny, I 'spose?" says the Sucker.
"Yes, sir, old Virginia," was the reply.
"You air pooty high up in the pictures thar, I 'spose," continued the first.
"I don't know what you mean by that remark, sir," says the Virginian.
"Oh, nothing," says the Sucker, "but that you are desp'rate rich, and hev been brought up right nice."
"If the information will gratify you in any way," says the gent., patronizingly, "smoothing down his hair, 'I belong to one of the first families.'"
"Oh! in course," answered the sucker.—
"Well, stranger, bein' as you belong to the first I'll jest give you two of the fatest shoats in all Illinois, ef you'll only find me a fellar that belongs to one of the second Varginny families."
"You want to quarrel with me, sir," says the Virginian.
"No, stranger, not an atom," answered the Sucker, "but I never seed one of the second family, and I'd gin suthin' to git a sight of one on 'em. I know you air one of the first, cause you look jest like John Randolph!"
This mollified Virginian. The hint of a resemblance to the statesman was flattering to his feelings, and he acknowledged relationship to the orator.
"He, you know," continued the Sucker was a descendant of the Injin gal, Pocahontas."
"You are right, sir," answered the other.
"Well, stranger," says the sucker, do you know thar is another queer thing allays puzzles me, and it's this: I never seed a Varginnyin that didn't claim to be itther descended from an Injin, John Randolph, or a nigger?"
We need not add that the Sucker rolled off his chair suddenly. They were separated, and kept apart until the Sucker got off at a landing near his home. As he stepped ashore, he caught sight of the Virginian on the upper deck, and hailed him at once with—
"I say, old Varginny, remember—two fat shoats for the first fellar you find that belongs to the second Varginny family!"—Reveille.

DISCRIMINATION.—A schoolmaster, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself when alone, was asked by a neighbor what motive he could have in talking to himself. Jonathan replied that he had two good & substantial reasons in the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man; in the next place, he liked to hear a man of sense talk.

Remarkable Story.

In Sir Jonah Barrington's "Personal Sketches of his Own Times" there is an authentic account of one of the most remarkable occurrences of which we ever heard. A Mrs. O'Flagerty and a Mr. Lanegan, private tutor to her son, were arrested for the murder of her husband by poison. The lady betrayed her accomplice and fled; and Lanegan was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged and quartered at Dublin, which sentence was carried into execution. And now comes the story:

A Templar and a friend of mine, Mr. David Lauder, a soft, fat, good-humored, superstitious young fellow was sitting in his lodgings (Devereux Court, London) one evening at twilight. I was with him, and we were agreeably employed in eating strawberries and drinking Madeira. While chatting away in cheerful mood, and laughing loudly at some remark made by one of us, my back being towards the door, I perceived my friend's color suddenly change; his eyes seemed fixed and ready to start out of his head; his lips quivered convulsively; his teeth chattered; large drops of perspiration flowed down his forehead; and his hair stood nearly erect.

As I saw nothing calculated to excite these emotions, I naturally conceived my friend was seized with a fit, and rose to assist him. He did not regard my movements in the least, but seizing a knife which lay on the table, with the point of a pained man retreated backward, his eyes still fixed to a distant part of the room where he stood shivering and attempting to pray; but not at the time recollecting any prayer, he began to repeat his catechism, thinking it the next best thing he could do; as, "what is your name? David Lauder! Who gave you that name? My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism!" etc., etc.

I instantly concluded the man was mad! and turning about to go for some assistance, was not a little startled at the sight of a tall, rough looking personage, many days unshaven in a very shabby black dress, and altogether of the most uncouth appearance. The stranger and I stood for a moment opposite each other, staring and motionless; at length he broke silence and addressing my friend, said in a low croaking voice, "Don't be frightened, Mr. Lauder; sure 't is me that's here."

When Davy heard this voice, he fell on his knees and subsequently flung upon his face, in which position he lay motionless.

The spectre as (as I now began to imagine it was) stalked towards the door, and I was in hopes he intended to make his exit thereby; instead of which, however, having deliberately shut and bolted it, he sat himself down in the chair I had previously occupied, with a countenance nearly as full of horror as that of Davy Lauder himself.

I was now totally bewildered; and scarce knowing what to do, was about to throw a jug of water over my friend, to revive him if possible, when the stranger in his croaking voice, cried—"For the love of God, give me some of that, for I am perishing!" I hesitated, but at length did so: he took the jug and drank immoderately.

My friend Davy now ventured to look up a little and perceiving that I was becoming so familiar with the goblin, his courage somewhat revived, although his speech was still confused; he stammered, rose upon his knees, held up his hands as if in supplication, and gazed at the figure for some time, but at length made up his mind that it was tangible and mortal. The effect of this decision on the face of Davy was as ludicrous as the fright had been. He seemed quite ashamed of his former terror, and affected to be as stout as a lion, though it was visible that he was not at his ease. He now roared out in the broad, cursing Kerry dialect, "Why then, blood and thunder, is that you, Lanegan!"
"Ah, sir, speak low," said the wretched being.

"How the devil," resumed Davy, "did you get your four quarters stitched together again, after the hangman cut them off you at Stephen's Green?"

"Ah! gentleman," exclaimed the poor culprit, "speak low; have mercy on me master Davy; you know it was I taught you your Latin. I'm starving to death?"
"You shall not die in that way, you villainous schoolmaster!" said Davy, pushing towards him a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine that stood on the table; but standing aloof himself, as though, not yet decided as to the nature of the intruder.

The miserable creature having eaten his bread with avidity, and two or three glasses of wine, the lamp of life once more seemed to brighten up. After a pause he communicated every circumstance relating to his sudden appearance before us. He confessed having bought the arsenic at the desire of Mrs. O'Flagerty, and that he was aware of the application of it, but solemnly protested that it was she that seduced him; he then proceeded to inform us that after having been duly hanged, the Sheriff had delivered his body to his mother, but not until the executioner had given a slight cut on each limb just to save the law; which cuts bled

profusely, and were probably the means of preserving his life. His mother, conceiving that the vital spark was not extinct, had put him into bed, dressed his wounded limbs, and rubbed his neck with hot vinegar. Having steadily pursued this process, and accompanied it by pouring warm brandy and water down his throat, in the course of an hour he was quite sensible, but experienced horrid pains for several weeks before his final recovery. His mother filled the coffin he was brought home in with bricks, and got some men to bury it the same night in Kilmainham burial-ground, as if ashamed to inter him in open day. For a long time he was unable to depart, being every moment in dread of discovery: at length, however, he got off by night in a smuggling boat, which landed him on the Isle of Man, and from thence he contrived to reach London, bearing a letter from a priest at Kerry to another priest who had lived in the borough, the purport of which was to get him admitted into a monastery in France. But finding the Southwark priest was dead, he then went to Scotland, using various disguises; and returning to town, was afraid, though possessing some little money, sent him by his mother, even to buy food, for fear of detection; but recollecting that Mr. Lauder, his old scholar, lived somewhere in the Temple, he had got directed by a porter to the lodging the night before.

My friend Davy, though he did not half like it suffered this poor devil to sit in the chamber till the following evening. He then procured him a place in the night coach to Rye, from whence he got to St. Valley and was received, as I afterwards learned from a very grateful letter which he sent to Lauder, into the monastery of La Trappe, near Abbeville, where he lived in strict seclusion, and died, as I heard, some years since.

Washing Butter.

As a great number of our subscribers are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and have a taste for science in every one of its departments, especially what relates particularly to their own profession, we extract the following remarks from the Boston Cultivator, which are positively sound to our knowledge, and to which we would request earnest attention.

"We doubt the utility of washing butter in cold water. There is in butter properly made from good cows in the best of feed, a peculiar rich aroma and flavor, which is, in some measure washed away by the use of cold water.

We know that a thousand evidences may be brought forward to justify washing in the shape of Dutch butter, and good productions throughout the country. But we want something more than good butter. We want extra fine. Some say butter is an oil and water will not dissolve it. But what evidence have we that the fine savor of butter consists in oil? We have seen butter that had all the peculiar properties of oil and grease, and yet so far from having a delightful savor, it had the contrary, and if used for crackers, as is often the custom with bakers, the odor was apparent in them, on wetting them in warm water.

Water will surely extract the fine flavor of butter, as has been shown by putting balls of butter in salt water for preservation. It becomes insipid; and we have no doubt that washing butter has the same effect, only less from the transient operation. The finest butter that we ever tasted was well made without washing in water, and it was sometimes kept in the best condition one year, and with no other preservative but salt.

We have found sugar an excellent preservative for butter not to be used soon, and so is saltpetre, but as to the effect of the latter on health, much has been said, and doctors disagree. To preserve butter for a long time, it is usually salted high; and if we can modify this excess of salt, by using more palatable and salutary substances, of equal efficiency in conservative qualities, it will be an improvement. Sugar has these qualities. We have the opinions of chemists, judging from the composition, decomposition, and combination of various substances in their laboratories which are all very well so far as they extend, but we want the effect produced in the laboratory of nature on the living animal. The plain practical effect is the philosophy that we need."

Franklin on Lending Money.

Franklin, in a letter to a friend, in which he sent a present of money, said :
"I do not pretend to give much—I only lend it to you. When you return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time, enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet another honest man in similar distress, you will pay me by lending this money to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such other opportunity. I hope it may thus pass through many hands before it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine to do a great deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and I am obliged to be cunning and make the most of a hule."

Common School Libraries.

The page of history furnishes few examples where a government has as well subserved the just and paternal ends of its creation, as did the State of New York, in providing that libraries of sound and useful literature should be placed within the reach of all of her inhabitants, and rendered accessible to them without charge.—This philanthropic and admirable conceived measure may be justly regarded, as next to the institution of Common Schools, the most important in that series of causes, which will give its distinctive character to our civilization as a people. The civilization of ancient and modern times present a marked distinction. While the former shot forth at different epochs, with an intense brilliancy, it was confined to the few; and the fame of those few has descended to us, like the light of occasional solitary stars, shining forth from surrounding darkness. The ancient libraries, though rich in their stores and vast in extent, diffused their benefits with equal exclusiveness. The Egyptian peasant who cultivated plains of the Nile, or the artizan who wrought in her princely cities, was made neither wiser nor better by the locked up treasures of the Alexandrian; and though the Grecian, Roman, and even Persian commanders plundered hostile nations of their books, no portion of their priceless wealth entered, the abodes of common humanity, to diffuse intelligence and joy.

The art of printing first began to popularize civilization. To make it universal, however, it was necessary that all should be taught to read. The Common School supplies this link in the chain of agencies. But another was yet wanting. Not only must man be taught to read, but that mental aliment to which reading merely gives access, must be brought within his reach; and it is surely as wise and philanthropic, indeed, as necessary, on the part of government, to supply such moral and intellectual food as to give the means of partaking of it, and an appetite for its enjoyment. Without the last boon, the first would be, in the case of the masses, comparatively useless—nay, amidst the empty, and frequently worse than empty, literature which overflows from our cheap and teeming press, it would often-times prove positively injurious. In the language of the philosophic Wayland, "we have put it into the power of every man to read, and read he will, whether for good or for evil. It remains yet to be decided whether what we have already done shall prove a blessing or a curse."

New York has the proud honor of being the first government in the world which has established a free library system adequate to the wants and exigencies of her whole population. It extends its benefits equally to all conditions, and in all local situations. It not only gives profitable employment to the man of leisure, but it passes the threshold of the laborer, offering him amusement and instruction after his daily toil is over, without increasing his fatigues or subtracting from his earnings. It is an interesting reflection that there is no portion of our territory so wild or remote, where man has penetrated, that the library has not peopled the wilderness around him, with the good and wise of this and other ages, who address to him their silent nominations, cultivating and strengthening within him, even amidst his rude pursuits, the principles of humanity and civilization.

A colonial nation, we inherited the matured literature of England; but in our country, as in that, this literature has not extended to the masses. In instituting a general library system, we create, or rather put in circulation, the first really popular literature, beyond that contained in the newspaper, and in the books of the Sunday-school. Can any one doubt, then, that we have reached a point or phase in our civilization which demands the exercise of a provident care, an anxious, if not a timid circumspection?—*Annual School Report.*

An Incident in Real Life—A Mystery.

The Boston Transcript relates the following incident in real life :
Not many months since a lady, who resided in Providence, encountered in the railroad car an old gentleman, who seemed to regard her with an air of interest. Finally, assuming the privilege of age, he ventured to accost her and they entered into conversation. Before parting, he begged permission to call on her at her house. His deferential manner, his advanced age and his frank expression of interest, though a stranger, in her welfare, were so many pleas in his favor, and she replied to his request, that she would be very glad to see him, and did not doubt her husband would also be. "What is your address?" She gave it, and they parted. He called on her the next day, had an interview with her in the presence of her husband, and asked the lady's permission to send her his miniature. She turned to her "lord and master," who at once acquiesced in the stranger's proposal. Not many days afterwards the miniature was sent—an admirable work of art, set round with costly diamonds and accompanied with a bracelet of great value. Husband and wife were astonished, as may be

supposed. Some weeks elapsed before they heard again from the stranger. A short time since he called, and the interview was to this effect :—"Have you any objection to moving to New York?" he asked. "None at all, if we could better our situation." "What is your present income, Mr. T.?" "A very moderate sum was named. "Humph! I have a house in New York, for which I want occupants. I sail for Europe next week; and you shall come and take possession." "You are very kind, my venerable friend," said Mr. T. "but we are very comfortable here; I don't know that I could afford to enter into the arrangement you propose." "I will very soon obviate that objection," replied the old gentleman. "Come to New York and live, and I will at once make over to you the sum of two hundred thousand dollars."

His hearers looked at him as if they had suspected they were dealing with a fugitive from some insane asylum. But there was no insanity about it. The offer was made in good faith—was accepted—and has been redeemed to the letter. Mr. and Mrs. T. have removed to New York, and taken possession of a fine house in — street. Their benefactor has gone to Europe. He will probably make his newly made friends the heirs of his large wealth. Mrs. T. was, we learn, formerly an instructress in one of the public schools in an neighboring city. The character of the parties and the history of the affair thus far preclude the imputation of any improper motive. The cause of the old gentleman's conduct is as much a mystery to the lady herself as to her friends. He seems to have taken a whim, and to have carried it out. So much only is apparent. But time may throw more light upon the affair.

Wetting Bricks.

Few people, except builders, are aware of the advantages of wetting bricks before laying them. A wall 12 inches thick, built up with good mortar, with brick well soaked, is stronger in every respect, than one 16 inches thick, built dry. The reason of this is, that if the bricks are saturated with water, they will not abstract from the mortar the moisture which is necessary to its crystallization, and on the contrary, they will unite chemically with the mortar and become as solid as a rock. On the other hand, if the bricks are put up dry, they immediately take all the moisture from the mortar, leave it too dry to harden, and the consequence is, that when a building of this description is taken down of its own accord, the mortar falls from it like so much sand.—*New York Sun.*

Education in Sweden and Norway.

Norway and Sweden, lately governed by Bernadotte, a Frenchman, a marshal of Napoleon's, and his son-in-law, is King at the present moment, and he is one of the most interesting and intelligent monarchs of Europe. The appearance of the inhabitants is very like the Scotch—stout, light complexion, light eyes, sparp faces, high cheek bones. They are not accomplished but they are intelligent, and this leads me to speak of their education. Denmark has a good system of education, and Sweden has got a system which will be introduced into Norway in a very short time. They have a teacher appointed who goes round from place to place and teaches the children—the houses are so far distant from each other, it would not do otherwise. A great many, from this cause, have never been at school. They will not be received into the communion of the church unless they can read, and there is a law in Sweden that no person can be taken as a witness unless he has been at the communion table within a year. There is no other religion tolerated. If a man becomes a Roman Catholic in Sweden, he may be put in prison or banished; and, in Denmark no Jesuit is allowed to enter. A Jew agreed to supply the government of Denmark with a sum of money. He went with it himself, and they sent agents to receive the money; but they would not permit him to land. This is the nineteenth century.—*Dr. Baird's Lectures.*

A Yankee in Paris.

Among the combatants of the three days on the popular side, was a Western Yankee, who fought at one of the barricades, showing Johnny Crapeau how Kentuckians drop 'em.
"This here shootin iron aint worth a darn," said he to a comrade. "If I had one of Wesson's I'd show 'em how to carry up!"
At this moment a Frenchman came up and asked for a musket.
"We hafn't got none to spar," said the Yankee. But just you hold on a shake and I'll manage it. Look at that 'ere grenadier, that is pitting his old roarer at me. Perhaps he couldn't hit a barn door if he tried."
"Bang!" went the Yankee's musket and down went the grenadier. Leaping down from the barricade he picked up the musket of the fallen man, handed it to the new comer, and went on loading and firing as coolly as ever, shouting ever and anon—'Veeve lay Republic."

The present army in Ireland consists of 33,000 men.