

JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 12.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1852.

No 39.

Published by Theodore Schoch.
TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cents, per year, extra.
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Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same.—A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.
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AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

Our Noble Scott.
AIR—"Our Native Land."

Our noble Scott; our gallant Scott;
Oh, tell me where, in North or South,
Can that great name be e're forgot,
From Maine to Mississippi's mouth!
Though other men our praises claim,
As well beloved in hall and cot—
We find no fault, we will not blame,
But yet, oh yet they're not our Scott.
The warrior brave—the patriot just—
The bitter foe to tyrant's plot—
The noble soul we all can trust,
'Tis him we love—Our Noble Scott.

He knows no South—he knows no North—
But loves his country as a whole,
Then let the ringing words go forth,
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
Proclaiming loud, how well we know,
With hearts sincere, with visions keen,
The debt of gratitude we owe
To him who our Defender's been.
Then shout it forth—"We love our land—
We love the men who for it fought;
True Whigs, united, hand to hand,
We all revere our gallant Scott.

Yes, while the lamp holds out to burn,
While men's eyes, while reason's left,
While, like our sires, we tyrants spurn,
And are of freedom not bereft—
When'er we hear his glorious name,
Who lived but for his country's fame,
Our souls will burn—our spirits yearn—
True to the land we love and claim.
The high, the low—in weal or woe—
By whom our Union's not forgot—
Will find their hearts with pleasure glow
At mention of our noble Scott.

PENNSYLVANIA.
BALTIMORE, June 19, 1852.

Advent of the Arts.

Man has everywhere made his debut in the character of an Orson. Soon as the curtain rises, behind which there is no peeping, as an untamed animal he leaps upon the stage, and as such goes through the opening act. The annals of all the people of old began with their condition as savages. Those of the Jews form no exception; their earliest progenitors are represented as being at the foot of civilization's ladder, both in arts and morals. Of the present occupants of the earth, the records of the enlightened trace their forefathers to various phases of the same low condition, beyond which a large portion of mankind has not yet advanced; an indication of the infancy of the species.

Man's physical wants first occupied his attention. In the dawn of his being, he was as ignorant of others as his wildest descendants are now. In common with creatures below him his necessities were monitors; designed by his Maker to initiate him into habits and awaken impulses that were to become distinguishing traits of his race. He was to be a thinker and worker. All creatures act more or less from reflection, but in him these qualities were to be pre-eminent. He was to live by his ingenuity and labor, according to a law from which no order of beings on our globe is exempt, and most likely on no others.

It is irrational to suppose that happiness of any kind can be realized, except as the reward of efforts to attain it. In this respect, ants and angels are probably alike. Every living thing is furnished with organs adapted to its nature and the theatre of its existence; and on the proper application of these enjoyments and their augmentation are made to depend. Knowledge comes not to us by intuition, and the tenderest insect as well as the mightiest quadruped, perishes, that uses not the means given it to live. All are ordained to preserve life by the diligent employment of their faculties, and are urged thereto by the most pressing of natural requirements. The spirit of the injunction that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, was therefore

nothing new since it had been imposed as a condition of life and of the enjoyment of life from beginning. Indeed, it is not conceivable how any of the earth's denizens could have been disciplined for the work assigned them, had not their energies been stimulated into action by privations. Man certainly could not, as the story of Eden proclaims; philosophy and experience unite in declaring that had he been encircled with perpetual ease and abundance, the sloth and the glutton, with a mind torpid as zoophytes, had become united in him. His sin was indolence, and in a national point of view that includes all others; it is one for which there is no forgiveness—can be none.—He preferred, and so have his unreclaimed and half-reclaimed descendants to this day, to live on spontaneous food rather than earn it by labor as commanded; hence it was a blessing to expel him—a curse to let him stay. Had he been permitted in loose idleness to live—

"With brother brutes the human brute had grazed."
No one doubts that at his advent ample provision was made for him—else he had perished in his nonage—and that it was continued till by increasing numbers the species was established. He was then urged to retire from a location merely intended as the cradle of his infancy—a nursery in which he was to grow till strong enough to provide for himself. His very nature and organization made labor necessary to both mental and bodily vigor, but in the midst of plenty he had no motives to activity nor useful pursuits.—Without it the race must have become extinct. Even now, with all our experience of the value of science and art, were the earth to bring forth without culture, food in superabundance, and continue to produce it, mankind would inevitably fall back into barbarism.

As the man, so with all terrestrial creatures. None came till the earth was ready to receive them. Every genius had its Eden, in which its first representatives burst into being, and were nourished till strong and numerous enough to migrate. They, too, were driven out.
If, therefore, wants had never been felt, THE ARTS had never been known, and without them there could have been neither science, refinement, nor morals. Happily, then—thrice happily—did sterility of soils, inclemencies of seasons, scarcity of game and other food, force men to reflect, invent and construct—to become an artificer—and thereby to clear the way for the unfolding of the higher qualities of his being.

"Scull Your Own Boat."

However antiquated the subjoined sarcasms may be, for we think we have encountered them in print before, they are none the worse for their longevity, and, like an almanac, they will serve an extensive district:

"When I see a young farmer, mechanic, or professional man lounging away his time in a bar-room, or in places of fashionable resort, with a cigar in his mouth, I think to myself, you had better be sculling your own boat!"

"When I see a young man talking loudly about government and gin, colonels and cogniac, corporals and cider, and giving evidence of his knowledge of them by abusing the former and frequently tasting the latter, I cannot help saying (to myself, of course,) if you have a boat, you had better scull it!"

"When I see a person prying inquisitively into the affairs of others, guessing at what they do know, and putting an unfavorable construction on the whole, I say—Scull your own boat!"

"When I see a farmer at night patching up the fence by the side of his cornfields, and hear him the next morning driving his cattle from that same field, I think to myself, his boat won't stay sculled!"

"When I see a woman going about advocating Woman's Rights, with holes in the heels of her stockings, I cannot help saying, Madam, your boat needs sculling very much, indeed!"

"When I see a young man mortgaging the whole or part of his farm, or other available property, to get money to pay as boot in trading horses, or stakes lost in gaming, I feel very certain that some one else will soon scull his boat!"

"And when I see persons making a regular business of tattling, gossiping, tale-bearing, mischief-making, backbiting, scandalizing, defaming and slandering their neighbors, on every occasion, and in every possible manner, to all such persons, collectively and generally, and to each and every one individually and particularly, I say, scull your own boat!"

Predictions of the Year 1852.

[According to a new Almanac, the year of our Lord 1852 is to be an eventful one. We extract from said Almanac the following sagacious predictions, which will doubtless be fulfilled.]

Through the whole course of the coming year whenever the moon wanes the night will grow dark. On several occasions, during the year, the sun will rise before certain people will discover it, and set before they have finished day's work. It is quite likely that when there is no business doing, many will be heard to complain of hard times, but it is equally certain that all who hang themselves will escape starvation. If bustles and hoops go out of fashion, a church pew will hold more than three ladies. If dandies wear their beards, there will be less work for the barbers, and he who wears mustaches will have something to sneeze at. There will be many eclipses of virtue, some visible, others invisible. Whosoever is in love will think his mistress a perfect angel, and will only find out the truth of his suspicion by getting married. Many delicate ladies, whom no one would suspect, will be kissed without telling their Ma's. There will be more books published than will find purchasers, more rhymes written than will find readers, and more bills made than will find payers. If the incumbent of a fat office should die, there will be a dozen feet ready to step into one pair of shoes. If any young lady should happen to blush, she will be apt to look red in the face, without the use of paint; if she dream of a young man three nights in succession, it will be a sign of something; if she dreams of him four times, or have the toothache, it is ten to one she will be a long time in getting either of them out of her head. Dinners and enter tainments will be given to those who have enough at home and the poor will receive much advice gratis, legal and medical excepted.—The public debts of the repudiating States will hardly be adjusted, and the same fate will very probably attend private contracts in this latitude. He who marries this year will run a great risk, especially if he does it in a hurry. He who steals a match, gives tattlers occasion to gossip, and will be apt to involve himself and bride in disagreeable relations. There will be a great noise all over the country when it thunders, and a tremendous dust will be kicked up, occasionally, by coach horses. Many young ladies who hope for it, but little expect it, will be married and many who confidently anticipate that glorious consummation, will be doomed to wait another year.

Finally, there exists little doubt, this will be a 'most wonderful' year, surpassing in interests all that have preceded it. Politicians will make fools of themselves; pettifoggers will make fools of others, and many women with pretty faces will make fools of both. The world will go round as usual, and come back to the place whence it set out, as will many a man who engages in business. There will be a great cry and little wool, both at the shearing of pigs and the meeting of Congress.

What did you hang that cat for, Isaac? asked the school-marm. The boy looked up, and with a grave look answered—For meo-tiny, warm. He had fifty marks immediately put down against his name.

Wood is the the thing after all, as the man with a pineleg said when the mad dog bit it.

"Attention the Whole."

A major of militia, in Pennsylvania, who had recently been elected, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head on the morning of the parade, to go out and exercise a little by himself. The "field" selected for this purpose was his own 'stoop.' Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed "Attention the whole! Rear rank three paces, march!" and he tumbled down the cellar.

His wife, hearing the noise occasioned in falling, came running out and asked—"My dear, have you killed yourself?" "Go into the house woman," said the major, "what do you know about war?"

An infallible criterion, so far as it goes of a good inn, is a clean mustard pot.—If that is in proper order, you may be sure that the beds will be well aired; the sheets clean and all the *et ceteras* properly looked after.

A western editor, in speaking of a contemporary who is down with the 'fever and shakes,' says the doctors have 'given him up,' which is just what his bail did two years ago, when he was indicted for horse-stealing. Singular coincidence, isn't it!

Woman—A Comparison.

The *National Intelligencer* is publishing a series of letters from a citizen of Washington, who is travelling in the Old World. In his last letter he thus compares the women there with those of his own country.

In my rambles about the village of Baalbek, I was struck with the beauty of the children, and the extreme youthfulness of some of the Arab mothers. I saw several young females, not more than twelve or fourteen years of age, with babies in their arms, evidently their own; and I was told that this is quite common throughout Syria. Many of the women are very beautiful—much more so, I think, than either the Circassian or the Turkish women. It was quite enchanting to see their fine complexions, dark eyebrows, and flashing eyes; and for regularity and delicacy of features, I have seldom seen them equalled, except in other parts of Syria. In Nazareth I saw some of the best formed and most beautiful women I have ever seen in any country; I believe it is noted as much for the beauty of its female population, among tourists, as for its historical interest. But at no place did I see what I really thought approached the perfection of beauty in so high a degree as in Bethlehem. The women of Bethlehem are absolutely bewitching. I never saw such perfect profiles, such eyes and eyebrows, and such delicate little hands and feet. Not that I mean to say that they are at all to be compared in all the higher attributes of beauty to our own fair country women, for that would be sacrilege. There is nothing in the East, or in Europe either, or any where else, that I have ever visited, to compare with the ladies of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Talk of Parisian beauties! Lively and vivacious they are, to be sure—but not dignified, not queenly, not gentle and modest. Talk of English beauties! Grand enough, fair, but not graceful, and stiff as buckram. Italian beauties—dark, dull & greasy. German—fat florid. Turkish—tallowy and buttery. All well enough in their way; but Meshallah! it won't do to mention them in the same breath with American beauties.

A Narrow Escape.

Bayard Taylor, in one of his letters from the Nile, relates the following account of an incident which came near putting an end to his travels:

The men were about to pitch my tent near some suspicious looking hole, but I had it moved to a clear, open space, not far distant. In the morning, as Almet was about rolling up my mattress, he suddenly let it drop and rushed out of the tent, exclaiming, "Oh master, come out! come out! There is a great snake in your bed!" I looked, and true enough, there was an ugly spotted reptile coiled up in the straw matting. The men heard the alarm, and my servant Ali immediately came running up with a club. As he was afraid to enter the tent, he threw it to me, and with one blow I put the snake beyond the power of doing harm. It was not more than two feet long, but thick and club-shaped, with a back covered with green, brown and yellow scales, very hard and bright.

The Arabs, who by this time had come to the rescue, said it was a most venomous creature, its bite causing instant death. "Allah kerem!"—(God is merciful!) I exclaimed, and they all heartily responded:—"God be praised!" They said that the occurrence denoted long life to me. Although no birds were to be seen at the time, not ten minutes elapsed before two large crows appeared, and alighted near the snake. They walked around it at a distance, occasionally exchanging glances, and turning up their heads in a shrewd manner, which plainly said, "No you don't old fellow! want to make us believe you are dead, do you?—They bantered each other to take hold of it first, and at last the boldest seized it suddenly by the tail, jumping backward two or three feet, and then let it fall. He looked at the other, as much as to say, "If he's not dead, it's a capital sham!" They made a similar essay, after which they alternately dragged and shook it, and consulted some time before they agreed it was actually dead. One of them took it by the tail and sailed off through the air, its scales glittering in the sun as it dangled downward.

An old woman was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors by the name of Jones, and with a very knowing look replied. Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know—but a'rter all, I guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of man as I take him to be.

From the State Gazette.

General Scott 38 Years Ago.

In looking over the pages of the *Analectic Magazine*, published in 1814, we there found a short biographical sketch of Winfield Scott, and thought it might not be uninteresting to extract from it at this time, as the claims of Gen. Scott are now being set forth by his friends for the Presidency.

From the description of the battle of Bridgewater, we make the following extract; and as we quote from history, this account of the noble daring of Scott in the cause of his country will at least have the merit of truth, and cannot be called in question as a spurious political coinage to aid his election to the Presidency:

'About the time at which Gen. Brown says he saw Scott for the last time, Gen. Scott had, at the head of his column, twice charged the enemy. He had, through the whole action, exposed his person in the most dauntless manner. He was finally disabled by a musket ball thro' his right shoulder, which he received about half-past ten, just before the final close of the action. He had been wounded two hours before, in the left side, had lost two horses, killed under him, and his aid, Lieut. Worth, and his brigade major, Smith, had been wounded by his side. The total loss of his brigade was 490 in killed and wounded out of 620, including in this number more than thirty officers. During this engagement the moon shone bright and clear, but for more than two hours the hostile lines were within twenty yards of each other, and so frequently intermingled, that officers, would often order an enemy's platoon.

'Such was the battle of Bridgewater, as it is called. But why of Bridgewater? It was fought near the mighty cataract of Niagara and within the sound of its thunders. Let it then be called the battle of Niagara, for it is worthy of that name.'

Here follows a scene at Princeton College, at that time, which shows the estimation in which General Scott was held in his earlier years. Of his past history we need say nothing, for his late heroic deeds great and achievements are as fresh and green in our memories as the chaplets that now adorn his brow:—

'At the late commencement of that college, held in September, whilst the customary collegiate exercises were performing, the trustees were accidentally informed that Gen. Scott had that moment alighted at the opposite tavern, on his way to Baltimore. It was instantly proposed to invite him to the commencement; a deputation of the trustees was accordingly sent over, who soon returned with the General. He was respectfully received by the trustees, and seated among them on the stage; the audience expressed strong symptoms of a disposition to break forth in tumultuous applause, which was with difficulty restrained, by a sense of decorum due to the place and the occasion.—The valedictory orator now ascended the stage; it happened that the subject of his oration was the character of a patriotic and heroic soldier, in which he had introduced an apostrophe to an imaginary personage, whom he depicted as a bright example of military virtue. With admirable presence of mind, and great elegance of manner, the young orator suddenly turned and addressed this to Scott.

The effect was electrical; bursts of long, reiterated and unrestrained applause broke forth on all sides. Even grave and learned divines, men whose studies and habits of mind were little in unison with feelings of this nature, were hurried away and overcome by the animating and kindling sympathy which surrounded them. With some difficulty the tumult of applause was hushed, and the President rose to confer the doctorates in law and divinity, and other honorary degrees.

In the meanwhile, one of the trustees had proposed to the rest that an honorary degree should be conferred on their illustrious visitant. It was asked whether Gen. Scott's literary acquirements were such as to render this compliment appropriate. A gentleman from Virginia, to whom he was personally known, replied, (as is the fact) that beside possessing the general information of a well educated man, he was remarkable for his accurate and extensive acquaintance with English literature. The proposal was instantly assented to, and communicated to the President, who concluded the list of literary honors, by announcing that the hon-

orary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Major General Winfield Scott. It is unnecessary to add that the building again rang with the enthusiastic applause of the audience. This compliment so spontaneous, so appropriate, so well-timed, was worthy of a college which can boast of numbering in the long list of her sons many of the most brilliant and distinguished men of their country in every walk of public life.

Taking it Coolly.

The *Detroit Advertiser* tells a capital story of an easy, good natured old Vermont farmer, who never suffered troubles to perplex or worry him, and found a "silver lining in the darkest clouds."—The anecdote is quite refreshing in this hot weather, and so commending its philosophy to all who are plagued with worldly vexations, we copy it:

One day, while the black tongue prevailed in that State, one of his men came in, bringing the news that one of his oxen was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man, "well, he always was a cuss. Take his hide off, and carry it down to Fletcher's, it will bring the cash."

An hour or so afterwards, the man came back with the news that "Lineback" and his mate were both dead.

"Are they?" said the old man, "well, I took them of B—to save a bad debt that I never expected to get. It's lucky it ain't the brindles. Take the hides down to Fletcher's; they will bring the cash."

After the lapse of another hour, the man came back to tell him that the high brindles was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man; "well, he was a very old ox. Take his hide off and take it down to Fletcher's; it's worth cash and will bring more than any two of the others."

Recipe for Curing Sores.

A writer in the last number of the *Genesee Farmer*, who signs himself "R. R." and dates at Centre Lisle, New-York, gives us the following recipe for curing sores:

Take two and a half drachms of blue vitriol, four drachms of alum, and six drachms of loaf sugar; or, we will say, blue vitriol the size of a walnut, alum a size larger, and sugar the size of a hen's egg. Pulverize and turn into a glass bottle.

Add one pint of good vinegar, and one table-spoonful of honey. Cork, and shake the mixture three or four times a day; and when dissolved, it is fit for use.

This wash will remove film from the horses' eyes; will cure king's evil and most kinds of fever sores; will destory proud flesh, and cause the sore to heal.—It is great for hoof-rot, in sheep, and may be applied to any sore with safety. The sore should be kept clean, and washed twice a day with the mixture, till completely healed. For the eyes it may be diluted with soft water one-half, but should in all cases be used as strong as the patient can bear. For hoof-rot in sheep, add as much gun-powder as vitriol; pare away all the affected part of the hoof, wash freely every few days, turn the sheep into fresh pasture, and you have a cure.

A Model Wife.

There is a woman in Indiana on the Wabash river, who takes it into her head and sometimes practices, (while her old man has gone to town,) plowing, nursing and fishing, all at once. She first yokes an ox and her cow to the plow—then puts her twin babies into the corn basket and suspends it on a tree—then takes the bell of the cow and attaching it to the end of her fishing pole, which is stuck in the ground at the water's edge; she then commences her plowing around the field, at every revolution she gives the aerial cradle a send, which lasts until she gets round again, at the same time keeping her ears open, so that when any rash member of the fianty tribe swallows the hook she may fear of it, for under her arrangements the calamity is announced by the ringing of the bell.

Our informant says that she is a pattern of the kind they have there.

¶ A Frenchman stopping at a tavern, asked for Jacob. There is no such person here, said the landlord. 'Tis not a person I want, sare, but de beer warmed with de poker. Well answered mine host, that is flip. Ah, yes, sare, you are in de right; I mean *Phitap*.

¶ A down East editor, speaking of the wonderful virtues of a wonderful hair oil, says a few drops put upon *kittens* will make *hares* of them immediately.