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AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

Old Chippewa.

Air—"Rooin the Bow."

We are up! Don't you hear the Whig thunder!
We come with a hearty huzza!
What foe ever heard, without terror,
The war cry of old Chippewa?
Chorus—The war cry, &c.

From Queenstown, where nobly he battled,
Niagara, where gory he lay,
The people re-echo the thunder,
And gather for old Chippewa.

From Mexico's snowy sierras,
Her vales where they bask in the day,
Comes the voice of his valor and virtue,
The glory of Old Chippewa.

North, South, East and West, it arises,
No faction that thunder can stay;
It hails with the blessings of freemen,
Their champion and choice—Chippewa.

His breast has been plowed by the British,
And forty campaigns make him gray;
But we'll wreath his high brow with a laurel,
And glory in old Chippewa.

When Mexico's millions were offered,
From his country to win him astray;
"Thou' poor, I'll love, live, and die by her!"
So answered our old Chippewa.

The hero that can't lose a battle—
Wix FIELD wins the fields in each fray;
We'll be—while Scott fights for our freedom—
SCOTT FREE, with our old Chippewa.

A Lundy's Lane fues with the British,
A fues on Chippewa's day—
Thus the feathers will fly from the Locos,
When they come across old Chippewa.

'Tis strange, though in stratagem able,
He cannot make a faint in the fray,
A fall—save when riddled with bullets—
Ne'er happens to old Chippewa.

With the high soul of honor to nerve him,
And good soup his stomach to stay,
Come Mexicans, British, or Locos,
They're nothing to Old Chippewa.

The Locos selected a leader,
But their managing Masters said NAY;
So they straw-stuff'd the coat of a hero,
And set it 'gainst Old Chippewa.

Poor fellows! they're tired of their fetters,
And shrink from the trick with dismay;
All true-hearted Democrats spurn it,
And rally round Old Chippewa.

Home toil, with the iron of England,
Free Trade Pierce would pierce and would slay,
But Scott likes the ore of the Keystone:
He used it at old Chippewa.

No depot will dare to insult us,
No traitor our Union betray,
With him who has bled to defend us,
Our President—Old Chippewa.

The pure and the wise and the noble,
His country's best guardian and stay;
In camp or in cabinet peerless,
Oh, who is like old Chippewa?

Make way! for the torrent is coming,
The millions in battle array;
Their glad shouts will soon cleave the wilkin,
For Victory and old Chippewa.

Camp Meeting Anecdote.

At a campmeeting, a number of ladies continued standing on the benches notwithstanding frequent hints from the minister to sit down. A reverend old gentleman noted for his good humor arose and said:

"I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew they had holes in their stockings they would sit down."

This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into the seat. A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples said—

"O brother, how could you say that!"

"Say that?" said the old gentleman, "it's a fact—if they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on."

"Oh mother, mother, come quick—Angelina Arrabella has Gen. Pierce!"

"What! my child?"

"Angelina has seen a toad, and General Pierce."

"What does the child mean? Tell me this minute what dreadful thing my pet darling has done."

"Why, she's General Pierce—she's faint!"

The following anecdote was related to a writer in the Jerseyman of this week, in a farm house in Virginia, during a night spent there some six years ago.

"In December, 17—, towards the close of a dreary day, a woman and an infant child were discovered half buried in the snow, by a little Virginian, seven years old. The lad was returning from school, and hearing the moans of some one in distress, threw down his satchel of books and repaired to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, with a firmness becoming one of riper years. Raking the snow from the benumbed body of the mother, and using means to awaken her to a sense of her deplorable condition, the noble youth succeeded in getting her upon her feet; the infant, nestling on its mother's breast, turned its eyes towards their youthful preserver, and smiled, as it seemed, in gratitude, for its preservation. With a countenance filled with hope, the gallant youth cheered the sufferer on, himself bearing within his tiny arms, the infant child, while the mother leaned for support on the shoulder of her little conductor—

"My home is hard by," would he exclaim, so oft as her spirits failed, and thus for three miles did he cheer onward to a happy haven the mother and child, both of whom, otherwise, must have perished, had it not been for the humane feelings and perseverance of this noble youth.

A warm fire, and kind attention, soon relieved the sufferer, who, it appeared was in search of her husband, an emigrant from New Hampshire, a recent purchaser of a farm in the neighborhood of—, near this place. Diligent enquiry for several days found him, and in five months after, the identical house in which we are now sitting, was erected, and received the happy family. The child grew up to manhood—entered the army—lost an arm at New Orleans, but returned to end his days, a solace to the declining years of his aged parents."

"Where are they, now?" I asked the narrator.

"Here," exclaimed the son. "I am the rescued one; there is my mother; and here imprinted on my naked arm, is the name of the noble youth, our preserver!"

I looked, and read "WINFIELD SCOTT."

No Use for Trowers.

On the morning of the well-remembered meteoric shower in 1833, Old Peyton Roberts, who intended making an early start to his work, got up in the midst of the display. On going to his door, he saw with amazement, the sky lighted up with the falling meteors, and he concluded at once that the day of judgment had come. He stood for a moment gazing in speechless terror at the scene, and then with a yell of horror sprung out of the door into the yard, right in the midst of the falling stars, and here, in his efforts to dodge them, he commenced a series of ground and lofty tumbling, that would have done honor to a tight rope dancer. His wife being awakened in the meantime, and seeing old Peyton jumping and skipping about the yard, called out to him to know 'what in the name of sense he was doin' out thar dancin' around without his clothes on.' But Peyton heard not—the judgment, and the long and black account he would have to settle made him heedless of all terrestrial things, and his wife by this time becoming alarmed at his strange behaviour, sprang out of bed, and running to the door, shrieked out at the top of her lungs—

"Peyton, I say Peyton, what do you mean, jumpin' out thar? Come in and put your trowers on!"

Old Peyton, whose fears had near overpowered him, faintly answered as he fell sprawling on the earth—

"Trowers, Peggy! what's the use of trowers when the world's on fire?"

A Nutty Flavored Anecdote.

Meddling with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of a church made "bad worse."—A young fellow entered the church and took his seat with his hat on. An elder noticing it stepped up and requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he came to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated, the elder gently lifted it off, when to his (the elder's) chagrin, outrolled a quart of shell-barks on the floor, making more noise than was consistent with the rules of the church.

"Man," quietly responded the youngster, composedly, "see what you have done."

A servant girl applied to a druggist a few days since for six cents worth of the "glory of rhyme." She had been sent for chloride of lime!

Passages in Gen. Scott's History.

The libellers of Henry Clay have already commenced libelling WINFIELD SCOTT. We present below certain facts, which will serve to show what is the man whom Locofocos are calumniating:

In 1834, when South Carolina was threatening the dissolution of the Union, and Gen. Jackson was threatening to hang those of her citizens who would not submit to the collection of duties at Charleston, Gen. Scott was selected by President Jackson as a confidential agent of the government to proceed to the seat of difficulties and endeavor to procure their peaceful settlement. Upon that occasion, Gen. Cass, then Secretary of War, addressed Gen. Scott a letter, from which the following is an extract:

"He (PRESIDENT JACKSON) has full confidence in your judgment and discretion, and it is his wish that you repair immediately to Charleston, and examine everything connected with the fortifications.—You are at liberty to take such measures, either by strengthening those defences or reinforcing those garrisons with troops, drawn from any other posts, as you may think prudent and a just precaution require."

We quote from Mr. Leigh the following to show how Gen. Scott performed the task assigned him:

"No one who had no opportunity of observing on the spot the excitement that existed, can have an adequate conception of the delicacy of this trust. Gen. Scott had an acquaintance with the people of Charleston, he was their friend; but his situation was such that many, the great majority of them, looked upon him as a public enemy. * * * He was resolved, if possible, to prevent a resort to arms, and nothing could have been more judicious than his conduct."

"From the beginning to the end, his conduct was conciliatory as it was firm and sincere, convincing that he knew his duty, and was resolved to perform it, and yet that his principal object and purpose was PEACE. He was perfectly successful, when the least imprudence might have resulted in a serious collision."

However politicians may neglect or misrepresent such services, the people will remember them to the lasting honor of him who performed them.

Hear another fact:

In 1837, there were serious difficulties on the borders of the United States and Canada, which threatened imminent danger to the peace of this country and Great Britain. President Van Buren, following the example of Gen. Jackson, entrusted Scott with full powers to take whatever steps "he might think necessary to preserve the laws and the honor of the country."

He accepted the post—went to the frontier, speedily the disputed questions were amicably settled. His conduct on that occasion, won, as many will remember, the highest encomiums from all classes of the American people. On his return, the citizens of Albany and the Legislature of New York tendered him a public supper, which was accepted. Gov. Marcy, then as now a prominent Locofoco and recently a leading candidate for nomination for the Presidency, presided. The following are among the regular toasts on the occasion:

"Winfield Scott—Not less the scholar than the soldier, whose pen and sword have been wielded with equal skill in the defence of his country."

"The soldier—Who has ever made the law of the land his supreme rule of action, and who, while he has always fulfilled its utmost requirements, has never, in a single instance, transcended its limits."

"Our Guest—The invincible champion of our rights—the triumphant vindicator of our laws."

Yet another witness:

The late Dr. Channing thus alludes to Gen. Scott in one of his works published some years since:

"To this distinguished man belongs the rare honor of uniting with military energy and daring, the spirit of a philanthropist. His exploits on the field, which placed him in the first rank of our soldiers, have been obscured by the pure and more lasting glory of a pacificator, and of a friend of mankind. In the whole history of the intercourse of civilized with barbarous or half civilized communities, we doubt whether a brighter page can be found than that which records his agency in the removal of the Cherokees. As far as the wrongs done this race can be atoned for, General Scott has made the expiation."

"In his recent mission to the disturbed borders of our country, he succeeded, not so much by policy as by the nobleness and generosity of his character, by moral influences, by the earnest conviction with which he has enforced on all with whom he has to do, the obligations of patriotism, justice, humanity and religion. It would

not be easy to find among us man who has won purer fame; and I am happy to offer this tribute, because I would do something, no matter how little, to hasten the time, when the spirit of Christian humanity shall be accounted an essential attribute and the brightest ornament of a public man."

Such is the man now made the subject of Locofoco denunciations!

A Remarkable Case of Longevity.

Mr. Edwin Gary, the Missionary of the Evangelical Home Missionary Society of Kensington, reports that he visited a Mrs. McElroy, residing at No. 622 North Third street, who will be one hundred and eight years old on the 26th inst.

Her maiden name was Catharine Snip.—She was born in Allentown, Northampton county, Pennsylvania, on the 26th of July, 1774. She inherits the constitution of her father, who was from Germany and lived to be one hundred and seven years of age. She remembers the occurrence of the principal events of the revolution, and frequently provided food for the American soldiers. She has a distant recollection of General Washington. In 1790, when forty-six years of age, she was married to John McElroy, a revolutionary soldier, by whom she had seven children, four of whom are now living, two of them being twins. She had a remarkably vigorous constitution, and often assisted her husband in the mill before they came to Philadelphia. She would take up a bag containing 112 pounds of flour with all ease, and place it on the back of a horse. She still retains much strength and activity, and would be taken for a woman of 60 or 70, instead of 108 years of age.—Twenty-one years ago she received what is termed second-sight, and can now see as clearly and distinctly as ever. She does all her house-work; waits upon her youngest daughter, fifty-one years of age, who has been blind for three years past; and attends a store or shop, which they keep in the front room. Her strength, however, is beginning to fail, and the labor and attention required of her is more than she can long endure. The daughter living with her has property in her own right, valued at \$3,500, which some of her friends are endeavoring to sell that she may invest the proceeds and receive a more comfortable maintenance, without being compelled to labor so hard.—Philadelphia Ledger, 13th instant.

Old Plaster.

It is not perhaps generally known that old plaster from the walls of buildings, is one of the best manures that can be applied to apple trees which have become decayed from age and its consequences, disease. If the soil about the roots of an old apple tree, be removed to the depth of a foot, and over a circle of eight or nine feet in diameter, and old plaster filled in, say eight or ten bushels to a tree, from weeds and grass, the tree so treated will, in nine cases out of ten, revive, and manifest almost as much vigor as in its youthful days. As much, if not more, to the benefits resulting from this application, we add those of pruning, and scraping the bark, and washing down with a water made of ashes (or ley) the health will be fully restored, and grafts inserted in the trees, will succeed as well as if placed in the limbs of the youngest and most thrifty trees in the orchard. There is a principle in old lime, which renders it peculiarly valuable for this use, and which, wherever its virtues are understood, will always secure it from being thrown into the gutter or the ditch. It is also an excellent ingredient in compost heaps, and for placing around young fruit trees.—German-tonen Telegraph.

When the immortal Sidney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his had writing, he said: When God hath brought me into a dilemma, in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

STEALING A PIN.—A young girl having been convicted of larceny in the Court of General Sessions at New York, she was brought up for sentence on Monday, but her counsel moved in arrest of Judgment on the ground that the article stolen was not sufficiently described in the indictment. It was merely alleged that she stole 'a pin,' without setting forth whether it was a breast pin, a clothes pin, or a brass pin, and as pleadings must always be construed strictly in favor of the prisoner, it was argued that, for aught that appeared on the face of the indictment, the pin stolen might have been of trifling value. The Court, therefore, acting on the maxim de minimis non curat lex, discharged the prisoner. It is said that in point of fact the pin stolen was a diamond one, worth about one hundred dollars.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity, and brutes by nature.

Physical Education of Females.

It was a remark of Dr. Spurzheim that the physical education of woman is of more importance to the welfare of the world than that of man.

Whatever diversity of opinion may exist in regard to the truth of this proposition, all will agree, that a proper development of woman's physical powers should attend that of the intellectual and the moral.—Indeed it has become a topic of common remark, as well as of regret, that while the mental faculties of females are subjected to a wise and salutary discipline, their physical training is sadly neglected.

That this is a subject of great practical importance is sufficiently evident from the fact, that woman's happiness and usefulness are in a great measure, proportioned to the health she enjoys, and that all other qualifications will be of comparatively little avail if this precious boon is denied her. It should then be a matter of special attention with parents and educators, to secure to the daughters of our land the greatest degree of energy, self-control and enjoyment, to be derived from an early and judicious regard to the demands of their physical constitution. Occupying, as woman does, a higher position as respects moral influence in our own than in any other country, and to which is justly ascribed our singular and growing strength as a people, it is a matter of primary interest not only to her, but to society in General, that her education, in all respects, should be such as shall be adapted to the maintenance of her present exalted rank.

Whether this end will be gained, unless the popular system of female education is materially modified, admits of serious doubts. Nor are these doubts removed, but rather strengthened and confirmed, by a comparison of the women of this day with those of a few generations past. The condition of the latter, both in earlier and maturer life, was widely diverse from that of the former. The privations with which they were more or less familiar, taught them self-reliance and contentment, under subsequent and more propitious circumstances; the free air they breathed purified the vital current, imparting health and animation of spirits, while the pure water they drank satisfied their thirst without vitiating the taste. Reared amid such influences, they were strangers to those fashionable maladies which modern refinement has induced; they were companions worthy of the patriots of the Revolution. True their opportunities of study were limited; but a deficiency of books was, in a good measure, compensated by a freer exercise of judgment and reflection, and by a closer observation of nature and of mankind.

That the females of the present day are inferior to their predecessors in point of strength and health, the elements of longevity, and fast deteriorating in those qualities which gave them energy and character, is a fact, it is believed, generally acknowledged. Nor is this in any degree surprising. For while the brother is permitted to engage in all the invigorating pastimes which his nature and inclination demand, the sister is habitually admonished for indulging in those healthful amusements to which her disposition leads her. She is taught, that all those natural impulses arising from exuberance of spirits and the joyous hilarity of youth, are rude, boisterous, or at least ungentle, and should therefore be repressed. If she goes forth to breathe the fresh and pure air of heaven, she must walk with a measured step and with the gravity of a funeral procession. Should her instructor permit her to trundle her hoop—to exercise her lungs beyond what is regarded as the standard of propriety—the fashionable mother interferes, protesting that her laughter is becoming rude and unlady-like.

Nor is this all. At a time when most capable of profiting by instruction, and when, in seasons of relaxation, she should be allowed the freedom of the mountains, the hills and the meadows, in order to impart the glow of health to her cheek, cheerfulness and animation to her spirits, tenacity to her memory, vigor to her intellect, and strength to her muscular system, the daughter, now a young lady, is ushered into society. A scene of amusements usually follows this important event. Late hours, late suppers, stimulants and excitement, drive sleep from her pillow.—Weary and disordered, both in mind and body, she rises, not to useful employments, but to await, through the languid and unprofitable hours of the day, the return of the evening to bring a renewal of festivity and pleasure.

A few years thus passed, introduce her to the cares and duties of domestic life.—

Destitute of self-reliance and self-control, ignorant of her own powers and capabilities, with a constitution impaired and mental energies misdirected, it is not strange if she fails to meet the stern realities of life, and sinks to an untimely grave!

Would mothers—when they visit the burial place of the dead and read, in the marble inscriptions, the age of those who died at a period of life, when by a judicious training, they might have been the center and joy of the domestic circle—but reflect that a mistaken pride, or possibly an unconscious ignorance of the laws of health and of life, are hastening their own much loved ones to a like premature end—then might those to whom their education is entrusted, indulge the pleasing hope, that these now young and beautiful daughters will be restrained from a course of fashionable follies, while, through the plastic influence of education—physical, intellectual, moral—they shall become as 'corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.'—Ohio Journal of Education.

From the Memphis (Tenn.) Eagle & Enquirer, 4th.

Testimony of a Democrat and Southerner.

We presume that among our Democratic fellow citizens at least, the opinion of ex-Governor John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, is entitled to some weight. The genuineness of the 'Democracy' and his honest but some what misdirected devotion to the South, have, we believe, never been questioned, even by the bitterest of his political opponents. A gentleman of New Orleans, who was a fellow passenger of Gov. Quitman a few days since on a steamer bound up the river, asked his opinion of Gen. Scott.

'Sir,' said the Governor, in reply, 'the American people have never done Gen. Scott justice! The more that man's character and claims to distinction are canvassed, the higher will be the stand he will take in the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen.'

'I have been surprised and astonished (continued Gov. Quitman) that among the Whig party there should be found a single man unwilling to give him a cordial and hearty support. As to his being 'controlled by Seward,' that is mere stuff! I know the man, and he will be controlled by no one contrary to his own convictions of what is right. And, as to his being true to the South, I consider him the most unexceptionable man on that score among all the Whigs who have been named in connection with the Presidency. I am a Democrat; and, consequently, differing widely as I do from Gen. Scott on every political question, can never give him my support; but if there is a Whig in the Union for whom, under any circumstances, I could cast my vote for President, that Whig is Winfield Scott.'

Such, in substance, we understand, was the reply of a brave and gallant old soldier, when his opinion of a noble and much abused companion in arms was asked.—We have before heard that these were the sentiments of Gov. Quitman. If we mistake not, there is a gentleman in this city, (a Democrat,) and another at Holly Springs, Mississippi, who served with Gov. Q in the Mexican war, to whom, some months since, he made declarations almost identical with the foregoing. This testimony, from one of the highest Democratic sources, taken in connexion with Gen. Scott's hearty, unqualified, and enthusiastic approval of the Whig platform, (which it is now plain and palpable to the world is sounder, stronger, and more just to the South, on sectional questions, than the Democratic platform)—these facts, we say, ought to be, and we doubt not will be, satisfactory not only to all Whigs but to every man in the country.

A foolish man in Illinois has disinherited his children because a "spiritual medium" told him that his wife, with whom he lived happy till her death, was unfaithful to him.

Railway Accidents in England.—The statistics of the last half year show that the whole number of passengers on all the railways was 47,509,932. Out of those there were only 11 killed, and 264 wounded.

The Sabbath.—The Marshal of Indianapolis, Ia., has given the barbers to understand that hereafter, Sunday shaving will not be tolerated. Druggists are required to restrict their sales on the Sabbath to articles of necessity, and keepers of livery stables are enjoined not to hire horses or carriages for trips of noisy pleasure.