

# JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
**Jeffersonian Republican.**

## Why do Schools accomplish so little?

It is a common complaint that our schools are inefficient, that scholars seem to accomplish but little, comparatively, with all the boasted improvements of modern times. This is doubtless often true: we have no wish to deny it. It is equally true that there are reasons for the fact. Children do not act without motives—they will not study without inducements to mental effort; yet they cannot be expected fully to appreciate the value of knowledge, or to improve their time because they feel the importance and necessity of so doing. Other motives than those which impel the adult to seek information, the professional man to improve himself, or the man of science to prosecute his researches, must be brought to bear upon them. Among these motives, of the most powerful is the love of approbation,—not of their fellows merely, nor to their Teacher alone. They need to feel that the eyes of their parents, of the men and women in the district whom they are accustomed to respect and revere, are upon them; that if they conduct with propriety, it is seen; if they improve, it is noticed; if they manifest ingenuity and intelligence, it is observed; and that if they are courteous, frank, truthful, magnanimous and conscientious in their intercourse, and faithful in their duties, it will be known and approved of all men.

Let a score of the best workmen, in any trade, be employed upon a work which would require months for its completion; let each be paid for his day's work, whether he did little or much, and whether that was well or ill done; let no one of their fellow-citizens come near from one week to another, to compare the idleness of one with the diligence of another, the ingenuity and taste of a third with the dullness and awkwardness of his neighbor; and would it be possible for any masterworkman, unless elevated almost infinitely above them, to prevent them from falling into habits of carelessness and indolence? What motives to fidelity, to effort for improvement, could be brought to bear upon them? But let the same men be employed on the same enterprise, under the same superintendant, and let him frequently receive calls from his fellow-citizens, manifesting an interest in the work he had planned and which the laborers were embodying in fair and beautiful proportions under his direction; let them drop to the workmen expressions of their admiration of the plan and the skill of the designer; let men of character and influence commend the fidelity of the workmen; let gentlemen of intelligence and taste notice the individual artists and inquire their names; and would not these laborers be totally unlike the men they were in the former case?—And could anything short of superhuman power secure, in the first, anything like the results which would be accomplished without any appearance of effort on the part of the superintendant, in the second case?

Need we make the application to the course generally pursued with reference to schools of every grade? Children and youth are influenced in the same manner as adults, though to a much greater extent, by the motives above named. Need we say, that schools cannot rationally be expected to prosper unless visited and encouraged by parents and citizens?

Ohio Journal of Education.

**ALL MAY LEARN.**—A little girl went to the study of a learned philosopher for fire. "But you have nothing to carry it in," said he. The girl took up some cold ashes in her hand and placed the live coals upon it. The philosopher threw down his book, exclaiming, "with all my learning I never should have thought of so simple an expedient."

## From the Bucks Co. Intelligencer.

### The Oats Crop--The Grasshopper--The Worm--The injury done.

The Oats Crop in this neighborhood, which promised to be a very abundant one, has been considerably lessened in consequence of the depredations made upon it by a noxious enemy that has never before been known to disturb it seriously that I am aware of, in this section of country.

Previous to and at the time of cutting, the standing grain over our fields was noticed to be visibly alive with grasshoppers; and they extended themselves measurably over the whole upper surface, so that hardly a head was to be seen without a moving insect. While underneath, the ground, at the same time, was more or less besprinkled\* over with the grain that had been cut loose and fallen from the heads. When the grain came to be taken up, after laying a few days in swath, another spectacle presented itself.

The grasshoppers were now pretty much gone, large numbers of them lying defunct upon the ground, but mostly underneath the swaths; and in their place had seemingly come another living thing, whose ravages upon the prostrate grain were strikingly visible. A worm of a greenish brown, but somewhat variegated in color, was seen in large numbers underneath the grain-bearing portion of the straw; and the accumulated quantity of loosened grain which strewed\* the surface of the earth, plainly told that they had been no idlers since they bivouaced themselves there. They varied in size, probably according to age, from the tiny one of a quarter of an inch through all the intermediate portions up to the fully developed one of an inch or more in length. In appearance, they somewhat resemble the ordinary grubworm, that has such a predilection for our Indian Corn when in its young and tender state.

Not being aware of the existence of such a destroyer until after the oats was in swath, I am unable to tell whether it commenced its ravages antecedent to its being cut or not: neither am I prepared to say whether all the mischief done to the standing grain was occasioned by the grasshoppers, or whether conjointly by them both.

I have understood that some individuals have seen the worm crawling up the stalk and cutting loose the grain—and that they attribute all the damage done to this pernicious new-comer among us.—I have not had time nor opportunity to watch its movements: neither have I been an observer of the grasshoppers. But expecting that the attention of some one has been turned particularly to this subject, in connection with the agent or agents that have produced the devastation spoken of, I hope that the public will be favored with the result of their observations.

THOMAS WARNER,  
Corresponding Secretary Bucks Co. Agricultural Society.  
Wrightstown, 8th mo. 5th, 1852.

\*Whether the same has been witnessed in other portions of our county, or elsewhere, I have not yet heard.

†It is estimated there is in the neighborhood of from five to ten bushels per acre lying upon the ground.

Bensalem, August 4th, 1851.

**Friend Brown.**—There are some farmers that tell us how to save manure, and how to farm—and often we may learn a good lesson from it; but while we are saving manure and trying to raise good crops, do not let us forget to try to keep our farms free from noxious weeds. The first and most to be dreaded is the moccimullin, a new-comer in our neighborhood, which increases very fast. I never saw any before the year 1849. I have been trying to clear my farm of them ever since, by pulling them up; but they still increase, and I expect will, unless my neighbors will try to keep their farms clear of them; for I have no doubt but the birds carry the seed for miles and drop them, and thus they are scattered far and wide. The moccimullin has a deep green leaf; and if not cut or broken, grows with a single stalk; but if cut will shoot up the stem, with a pod like a nightshade berry, and very hard. I have been particular in describing it, as I said it was a new-comer among us, and may not be known in general. I was surprised to see so many of the above mentioned weeds on the farms between Neshaminy Toll

Bridge and Philadelphia—the nearer the city the thicker they are! The Canada thistle is another bad pest. By all means keep it down. I have for several years been trying to free my farm from Paxon weed, or white blossom, and docks; and have nearly succeeded. I make no pretensions to learning; I understand handling the plough much better than the pen; so you will pardon all errors and make what use of the above you please.

AN OLD FARMER.

## Great Balloon Ascension.

Mons. Petin, a Frenchman, made a fine balloon ascension at Bridgeport, Ct., a few days ago, and has published an account of it. His balloon was 70 feet in diameter, and the boat attached was 25 feet long. In it beside himself, were Mons. Gustave Regnard, of France, and Mr. Wood, of Bridgeport. 64 men held the ropes until the signal was given to "let go." He says:—  
"With the rapidity of an arrow we went in a few minutes, to the height of 10,000 feet. We yet heard the huzzas which were sent to us from our friends below, and felt the vibrations in the ropes of our balloon. We now saw the cities, villages, woods and rivers, as an unsurpassed landscape. In a beautiful frame of green we saw the public buildings and churches of the city of Bridgeport, whose domes and towers and spires, gilded by the sun, shone like gold and pearls beneath us.— We saw the city of N. Haven, with its pleasant greens, and on the other side the villages of Fairfield, Westport, Southport, Norfolk, Stamford, New Rochelle and a thousand other scenes of domestic tranquility and happiness so highly favored by the Creator of the world.

"Far beneath us, shining like molten silver, lay Long Island Sound, dotted with vessels, which appeared like specks upon its bosom, while Long Island appeared in the distance, and far beyond, the broad expanse of ocean. We observed the direction of our currents—it was the fifth time we changed them—and we found a constant current, 15,000 feet from the earth, from east to west, which would take us over the American continent; a current known already to extend over 13,000 miles. Below and about 4000 ft. from the earth, is a current in the opposite direction, which would take us to Europe in less than four days, if it were the will of the Supreme Being. At the height we now were (13,000 feet,) the balloon appeared to us like a vast ruby, framed by the azure. It threw its large shadow on the clouds, and gave us the image of an evil Venice. I threw out more ballast, and we ascended nearly as far as possible for human being to exist; we had reached the height of 22,000 feet. The earth appeared a chaos—thermometer at 9 below zero. The cold was intense; a heavy hail storm, held in the air by a power unknown to us, but probably an electric power, enveloped us, in a thrilling and awful manner. Respiration was almost impossible, and we could not bear each other speak.

"One of our companions, being benumbed, fell into a profound sleep. We felt so weak that my other companion and myself were hardly able to open the valve. At last we succeeded in opening it, and we descended rapidly to an altitude of 13,000 feet. The imagination of one exalted to such extreme height grows vivid and warm, as the body becomes dull and chilled. For us no reality, no limits, were existing. The dreams of Bernardine and St. Pierre were realized; universal peace seemed to be on earth, and the whole globe were United States. But a strong condensation of the gas brought us back to the reality of terrestrial objects, and we descended to the ground.

We landed at River Head, L. I., 50 miles from Bridgeport, and 90 from Brooklyn, where we found the kindest assistance from the inhabitants."

## The Man and the Vine.

In one of the early years of the world, man began to plant a vine, and Satan saw it, and drew near.

"What plantest thou, son of the earth?" said the prince of demons.

"A vine," replied the man.

"Oh, its fruit is pleasant to look at, and delicious to taste; from it is produced a liquid which fills the heart with joy."

"Well, since wine makes glad the heart of man, I will help thee plant this tree."

So saying the demon brought a lamb and slew it, then a lion, then an ape, and last of all a pig, killed each in succession, and moistened the roots of the tree with the blood.

Thence it has happened ever since, that when a man drinks a small portion of wine he becomes gentle and caressing as a lamb; after a little more, strong and bold as a lion; when he takes still more he resembles an ape in his mischievous actions, but when he has swallowed the liquid to excess, he is like a hog wallowing in the mire.

## One day Frank Pierce Flung down his Book.

Tune—"Joe Doane."  
One day Frank Pierce flung down his book,  
A sabre in his hand he took,  
And fiercely swore that he would go  
And kill some one in Mexico!

Repeat.  
And fiercely swore that he would go  
And kill some one in Mexico!

Stuck high upon a trotting horse,  
He rode to meet the hostile force,  
But Rosinante down did go  
And half-kill'd Frank in Mexico!

At Con'tras, on his horse again,  
He stoutly held on by the mane,  
His hold he could not then let go  
To kill some one in Mexico!

All to his sabre tightly tied,  
To Churubusco Frank did ride!  
He fainted when he saw blood flow—  
Hartshorn was scarce in Mexico!

At bloody Molino Del Rey,  
He made no haste to join the fray;  
It was discreet to be quite slow,  
And none killed Frank in Mexico!

Chapultepec was the last fight,  
His blood was up—his soul was right;  
He got the gripes and thus Ah! Woe!  
He kill'd no one in Mexico!

One day a dog did chase a hare,  
And would have caught him people swear,  
But something stopp'd him—do you know  
If that stopp'd Pierce in Mexico!

Repeat.  
But something stopp'd him—do you know  
If that stopp'd Pierce in Mexico!

## Ten Years Ago.

We are astonished when we contemplate the changes which have been effected in the course of ten years! How rapidly the sweeping tide of time rolls on!—The morning of life passes off like a dream and we look round in vain for the companions of our youthful days. Where are the gay, the beautiful, the happy, with whom we once sported in the sprightliness of youth and buoyancy of enjoyment. They were here; we knew them; we loved them; we rejoiced with them down time's sunny stream with pleasure's fragile bark; but where are they now? Alas! they have gone before us; the whirlwind of death drove them rapidly onward, and they are now sailing on eternity's wide, shoreless sea! The scenes of our childhood, too, fade away, and soon, not a vestige of them is left as a token that they have existed! Time's stupendous wheel is ever rolling on. Ten years more, and where will we be? Our present friends, our present companions, will they still be here? No; they may be scattered far away; strangers, and in a strange land.

Ten years, and the aspect of things to many, very many, will be changed. The pale, emaciated miser, that now bends over his useless gold, (the wreck of ruined families, and the last remains of forlorn wretchedness,) where will he be? He and the beggar whom he drives from his door, will have gone to their long homes; his wealth will have passed into other hands. Ten years, and the student who is now poring over volumes, and seeking with such avidity for knowledge, will have acquired, and perhaps, forgotten it. The lovely maiden, whose mind and person are just matured—she is beautiful—she is happy—pleasure beams in her countenance, and joy sparkles in her eye; with a light foot and lighter heart, she steps upon life's stages; but, alas, ten years, and this lovely being will be indeed changed—the bright, fascinating smile no longer plays upon her cheek—her once laughing eye speaks deeper of misery now than ever it did of pleasure. Ten years, and what is now beautiful, will have faded like the morning flower. Ten years, and many that sport in the sunshine of prosperity will be wrapped in misfortune's gloomiest shade. Ten years and the man of business will have settled his "final account," the fool will have grown wise, and the wise will have discovered his ignorance. The Atheist will have found out his mistake, and the Christian will have realized his hopes.

The farmer whose pigs were so lean that it took two of them to make a shadow, has been beat by another who had several so thin that they would crawl out through the cracks in their pen. He finally stopped that fun by tying knots in their tails.

"I am now about to do for you what the Evil One never did by you," said a quaint parson in his valedictory to his flock, "That is, I shall leave you."

Congress is doing—the government out of \$2500 a day. Nothing else of interest.

## Looking Very Far into a Mill-Stone.

"The three wise men," not of Gotham, but of the Keystone, have discovered a mare's nest. In the last number there is the following announcement:  
"In the event of SCOTT'S election, JOHNSTON will certainly receive a Cabinet appointment, or his friend STEVENS will be Postmaster General. In either case the patronage of the National Government would be at the disposal of the Abolition leaders in this State, and there are thousands of honest Whigs who will never vote to produce such a result. This is the tenor of our information from all quarters."

If Johnston be appointed to a seat in the Cabinet or Stevens be made Postmaster General, a democratic Senate will share in the appointment, for the Senate must act upon, and either confirm or reject all the important nominations of the Executive. There is, however, no foundation for even the slightest rumour that either Gov. Johnston or Thaddeus Stevens will be an applicant for an appointment.

In the event of Pierce's election, he will be indebted to Martin Van Buren, John Van Buren, Preston King, Benjamin F. Butler, Robert Rantoul, David Wilmot and Bryant of the New York Evening Post, all well known anti-slavery men, or Abolitionists. Martin Van Buren and John never work for mere love to either principles or men. They have made their bargains with Pierce, and they and their Abolition friends will command the patronage of the Government. The Keystone is working hard, but it can not get the Harrisburg Post office.—*Bomb-shell.*

## The Irishman and the Deacon.

A few months ago, as Deacon Ingalls of Swampscot, R. I., was travelling in the western part of the State of New-York, he fell in with an Irishman who had just arrived in this country, and who was in quest of a brother that came on before him and had settled in some of the diggings of that vicinity.

Pat was a strong, athletic man; a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sabbath morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired for the road to the nearest church.

Ingalls was a good pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new made acquaintance to accompany him thither, his place of destination being a small Methodist meeting house near by. There was a great revival there at that time, and one of the deacons (who, by the way, was very small in stature,) invited brother I. to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar, &c. After he was seated, he turned to brother I. and in a whisper which could be heard all around inquired—

"Sure, and isn't this a heretic church?"  
"Hush!" said Ingalls, "if you speak a loud word they will put you out!"  
"Divil a word will I speak at all at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with a prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him closely; when suddenly an old gentleman who was in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "glory."

"Hisst, ye noisy divil," rejoined Pat with his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister, the deacon, and don't make a baleguard of yourself."

The parson grew more and more fervent in the devotions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan, "Hisst, ye baleguard, have ye no decency at all at all?" said Pat, at the same moment giving the deacon a punch in the ribs, which caused him to lose his equilibrium.—The minister stopped, and extending his hand in a supplicating manner, said—

"Brother, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one be kind enough to put that man out!"  
"Yes, your riverance," shouted Pat, "I will!"

And suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and to the utter horror and astonishment of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick a posteriori, as the logicians say, he landed him in the vestibule of the church.

**Pat Job.**—The executor and attorney fees for taken care of the McDonough estates, in Louisiana, have already amounted to \$100,000.

**A Hoax.**—The story that the equestrian actor, Mr. Sands was killed recently, while attempting to perform his antipodean feat of walking on the ceiling with his head downwards, turns out to be a hoax—fabricated, it is surmised, by interested parties, for the purpose of advertising Sands throughout the Union without cost.

## A Good One.

Ludicrous blunders will occasionally occur in cases where ignorant persons attempt the use of language about which they know nothing. The following is a case in point:

Not long since, while travelling from Pittsburg to Cincinnati, two queer specimens of the female sex came on board of the boat at one of the landings, who for the sake of distinction, we will call Mary and Jane. Now Mary had cut her eye-teeth, or, in other words, was acquainted with the rules and regulations which govern genteel society. Jane, the younger, had never mixed to any great extent, and was therefore in blissful ignorance as to any of the rules which govern more refined persons. Her language, too, was only such as she heard among her rustic associates. Mary was aware of this fact, and had therefore cautioned her to observe how she (Mary) acted, and to govern herself accordingly. Jane promised implicit obedience. Shortly after, while seated at the dinner table, the waiter asked Mary what part of the fowl she would have. She informed him, in a very polite manner, that it was "perfectly immaterial." He accordingly gave her a piece, and then inquired of Jane what part she would choose. The simple-minded girl replied, with all the self-assurance imaginable, "I believe I'll take a piece of the immaterial too."

The scene that followed this declaration is beyond our pen to describe. The assembled company were compelled to give vent to their surcharged feelings in peals of boisterous laughter; whilst the poor girl, her face suffused with crimson blushes, left the table, declaring as she fled to the ladies' cabin, "they won't ketch me aboard on of those pesky steamboats soon again."

**QUICK WORK.**—Mr. David Platt, of Westport, Conn., felt the necessity of building a large barn upon his premises, and wished it completed in a hurry. He accordingly, one morning, went at it, employing all the builders, painters, &c., in his neighborhood. The lumber, in its rough state, was carted to the ground, the frame made and raised, the doors all finished, the whole building erected and properly painted, a quantity of rye drawn in from the field, threshed on the barn floor, sent to mill, brought home and made into bread, taken to the new barn and devoured by the builders, all between sun and sun the same day, and in the evening they had a jolly time over their extraordinary day's work.

This may appear like a "barn story," but is true nevertheless, as we have it from a reliable source, and had the pleasure of seeing the wonderful barn. Some smart people in Connecticut.—*Jersey City Sentinel.*

Ladies who cultivate parlor flowers, will gratefully receive the following recipe for destroying a very troublesome pest:—Worms in pots may be easily destroyed, simply by watering the soil with lime-water, which may be made by putting a piece of lime weighing about two pounds, into a pail of water: when the whole is well slacked and well stirred up, it should be allowed to settle. The clear water may then be turned off, and the soil in the pot should be well watered with it. The worms will soon leave the premises by crawling on the surface, when they may be taken off and destroyed. If any remain, another watering may be applied. We have never found any difficulty in destroying them by this method.—*Sat. Visitor.*

**The Erie Railroad.**—The N. Y. & Erie Co., has made a loan in London, of two millions five hundred thousand dollars on the bonds of the company, having fifteen years to run, bearing six per cent. interest, which, with the principal, is payable in London. With it, a double track will be laid on important parts of the road, for which 5,000 tons of English rail iron have already been bought by the agent who contracted for the loan.

**Potatoes.**—The high price of potatoes for the last two years, has caused a great increase in the production of them in many parts of this state. Last year the number of acres planted was exceedingly large; but it bore no comparison with the number planted this year. Those farmers who raised this crop largely last year and year before, made a great deal of money. We have heard of single farmers who sold in the Spring large quantities, ranging from 4,000 up to 16,000 bushels. They command high prices varying from 95 cents to \$1.20. Whether the immense planting of this season will break down the price next winter, remains to be seen.

"Don't the clouds begin to break?" inquired Harriet, during a storm. She was impatient to go out shopping.

"Guess so," was the reply, and the speaker glanced out of the window.—"Guess they're broke, thel yeek had enough!"