

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1841.

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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 5¢ per copy, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
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All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.
Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms.

IRON WORKS, LANDS, &c. FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale all the Works and Lands belonging to the late firm of HENRY, JORDAN & Co., adjoining the borough of Stroudsburg, the seat of Justice of Monroe county, Pa. situated about three miles from the Delaware river, and twenty six from Easton, on the located route of the Susquehanna and Delaware rail road, and adjacent to numerous stores, mills, houses of worship, several Academies, schools, libraries, &c. &c.

The works are erected on a tract of about

95 ACRES OF LAND,

in a high state of cultivation, and consist of a two fired forge, Tilt-hammer and Forge, Blowing apparatus, large shears, Ore stampers, Grinding and Polishing works with three water wheels, and power and convenience for at least three more heavy mill wheels.

The water power is never less than 2,800 square inches, under a three feet head; the whole head and fall is eleven feet. Also one Blacksmith shop, with 2 fires, several large Coal barns, Iron house, Carpenter shop, Scale house, Store and Office, and other out houses—**one new brick**

MANSION HOUSE,

Barn, &c., and ten other

Dwelling Houses,

all in good repair. Also about

1750 Acres of Wood Land

in the vicinity, with several good tenements, farm land, and water power thereon, in lots to suit purchasers.

Also several hundred steel and iron pole axes, and a few tons of tilted iron, of various sizes, suitable for ironing wagons, &c. All of the above property will be sold cheap, and on accommodating terms. Apply to

JAMES BELL, Jr. Agent.

Experiment Mills, Monroe Co. Pa. February 12, 1841.

P.S. If the above mentioned mansion house is not sold before the first of April next, it will be for Rent.

FEMALE SEMINARY, AT STROUDSBURG.

THE spring term of the above named institution commenced on Monday, the 4th day of May; and is conducted by Miss **Mary H. Thomas**, late of Troy Female Seminary, an experienced and well qualified teacher.

The branches taught at this Seminary, are

Reading,	Drawing,
Writing,	Chemistry,
Arithmetic,	Botany,
Geography,	Logic,
Grammar,	Geometry,
Composition,	Algebra,
History,	French, Latin,
Natural Philosophy,	Spanish & Italian languages,
Rhetoric,	Music,

The Seminary being endowed by the State, instruction is afforded at the reduced rate of *two dollars* per quarter, inclusive of all branches.

Having rented the spacious stone building, formerly occupied as the male Academy, the Trustees are now prepared to receive any number of young ladies that may apply, from all parts of the county.

Board, in respectable families, can be obtained on reasonable terms.

The Trustees, with the fullest confidence, commend the Stroudsburg Female Seminary to the patronage of the public.

JOHN HUSTON, Pres't.

(Attest) Wm P. YAIL, Sec'y.
Stroudsburg, May 15, 1840.

WANTED,

At the Monroe Tannery, 3 or 4 wood choppers, to whom liberal wages will be given by

R. T. DOWNING & Co.

Pocono tsp., Monroe Co. March 16, 1841.

POETRY.

[From the North American.]

The Exploring Expedition.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHIP AND SHORE."

The Captain of a Nantucket whale ship, returning from the South Sea, reports that when in latitude 76, he fell in with an immense iceberg, on the glittering face of which he discovered deeply chiseled in large letters, the following lines, which he carefully transcribed on the spot.

'Neath this iceberg's rough attrition,
Confined low in many a ship,
Lies the South-Pole expedition,—
Homeward bound from its cold trip.

It had proved itself no dreamer:
Reached its ice-encircled goal;
Planted there its gorgeous steamer,
Star and stripe upon the Pole!

This proud triumph nerved and cherished
Through the long Antarctic night,
While each hope of home had perished,
When this iceberg hove in sight.

Ninety days the gale had lasted,
When beneath the towering pile,
It had moored its ships dismantled:
Deeming this some ice-bound isle!

When it plunged, and through the ocean
Sunk each unresisting deck,
Ere the sleeper felt the motion,
Or the watch escaped the wreck!

O'er its dark, unfathomed slumbers,
Wakes no human wail or knell,
But the mermaid pours her numbers,
Through her wild elegiac shell.

Little heeds it now this story,
Graven here in flinty frost;
Little recks of Polar glory,
Trophies won, or laurels lost!

Never more shall it "weigh anchor,"
"Loosen sail," or "heave the lead;"
Never more "man jib" or "spanker,"
Till the last trump wakes the dead.

The report that an old lady, in her anxiety to hear a courting scene, run her head through the key hole, is now contradicted.

A lady of modern refinement advertises instruction in "vocalization." We are at a loss to know whether she teaches singing or scolding!

'Pa, what is a *spirit-stirring* speech?—'Observations made while preparing one's toddy's, my child.'

An English editor, with much gravity, says the way they procure black writing ink in S. Carolina, is by whipping the negroes until they cry and then catching the tears.

We dislike to see little boys smoking cigars and chewing tobacco; it looks as though they were in a hurry to make fools of themselves.

"Mr. —, your chickens don't look as well this year as common." "Oh those you allude to are roosters—they have crowded so much this year in honor of the election of Old Tip, that they hav'n't had time to get fat."—*Ill. Paper.*

Weather Wisdom.

The following are a few of the common or popular proverbial 'says' relative to the weather:

If at sun rising or setting the clouds appear of a lurid red color, extending nearly to the zenith, it is a sure sign of storm and gales of wind.

'If the moon shows like a silver shield, be not afraid to reap your field. But if she rises haloed round, soon we'll tread on deluged ground.'

'A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.' This adage may also be a good sign, provided the wind be easterly, as it shews that the rain clouds are passing away.

'Evening red and the next morning grey, are certain signs of a beautiful day.'

'If the cock goes crowing to bed, he'll certainly rise with a watery head.'

'When the peacock loudly bawls, soon we'll have both rain and squalls.'

Learning by Steam.—"Don't you think," said an innocent good woman to Trap yesterday, "that bye and bye people will be able to learn by steam?"

"Bye and bye!" said Trap with a look of surprise, "why, madam, most of the students at our collegiate institutions do so now."

"Lurd! do they indeed?" queried old grandmother.

"Oh! yes," said Trap. "Our young men go to college—drive tandem—play billiards—get drunk, and then graduate. If that isn't learning by steam, I'm no judge."—*N. O. Crescent City.*

Romance of Real Life.

We have, aforesaid, recorded many romantic and affecting incidents which have become history through the medium of the inquisitions held by the Coroner of this city; and perhaps a majority of those investigations, if they could be sifted to the bottom, would develop connected circumstances out of the dull and ordinary course of every day life. But cases of loafers found floating in our docks, have generally more of the disgusting than of the romantic in their compositions. The case which forms the burden of the following veritable narrative of facts, however, is a striking exception to that general rule. The story became known to the Sunday News, and is told in the following manner in the last number of that journal.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"Married, on Tuesday, by the Rev. Wm. Ash, T. Mowitt, to Charlotte Conroy, both of this city." The above marriage was consummated in this city on last Tuesday week, and thereby hangs a tale which may be worth the attention of the lovers of the marvellous. Mr. Mowitt is a respectable boss shoemaker, who keeps several men employed, and among the rest was one named John Pelsing, who had ingratiated himself so much in his favor by his faithfulness, industry, and sobriety, that he took him into partnership about three years since, and had no cause to regret his kindness. From that period Mr. Mowitt and Mr. Pelsing were constant friends and companions, and boarded in the same house until about twelve months since, when one day they were subpoenaed for a coroner's inquest, which was about to be held on the body of a man that had been taken out of the Maiden Lane dock. The deceased had all the appearance of having been a regular dock loafer, and it was the opinion of all present that he had fallen into the slip while in a state of intoxication; but the verdict, which was given in a few minutes, was, "merely found drowned."

The jury being dismissed, Mr. M. turned round to look for his friend and fellow juror, who had been at his side till that moment, but he was gone, and he thought he saw him running at almost full speed up Maiden Lane. This struck him as being very curious, and it also reminded him of another curious fact, (at least curious as taken in connection with his sudden flight,) namely, that when Mr. Pelsing had first glanced at the face of the corpse, he started and turned deadly pale. Mr. M. then proceeded to his boarding house, and thence to his store, to look for his partner, but he was not to be found; neither, nor did he return that night, nor the next, nor the next, and two months passed away without bringing any intelligence of him; during which time Mr. Mowitt had fully made up his mind that there was some mysterious connection between his friend and the man that was found drowned, and that, in consequence thereof Mr. Pelsing had in all probability made away with himself.

Well, so matters rested until a certain day in last June, when a lady called at Mr. Mowitt's store, and asked for Mr. Pelsing. She was told the particulars of his story. "And hasn't he been here since?" she inquired. "Not since," replied Mr. Mowitt. "I know he has," said the lady. He has not, I assure you, at least to my knowledge," answered Mr. Mowitt. "But I am positive," said the lady. "What proof have you of it?" inquired the shoemaker. "The best in the world," returned the stranger, "for I am here, and I and Mr. Pelsing are one and the same person." And strange as it may appear, such was the actual fact.

Well, the question then was, whether Mr. Pelsing was a gentleman or a lady, and it turned out that she was a lady, and more than that, her name was John Pelsing at all, but Charlotte Conroy, and furthermore, that she was the widow of the man that had been found drowned. She then stated that her husband, who was a shoemaker in Philadelphia, and to whom she had been married for about two years, had treated her very badly, the consequence of which was that she picked up his trade by stealth, and when she thought she was sufficiently perfect, equipped herself in men's clothes, and ran off to this city, to be the more safely out of the reach of her lord and master. Here, as we have seen, she got into the employment and remained in the confidence of Mr. Mowitt until the time of the coroner's inquest, immediately after which she proceeded to Philadelphia, where she learned that her husband (who had become a wandering loafer,) had, on the hint of a friend, set out for New York about a week before, to look for her; but when, instead of an injured wife, he found a water-grave.

The upshot of his romantic affair was, that Mr. Mowitt requested Mrs. C. to make his house her home; that after a while he found that he liked her yet better as Mrs. C. than as Mr. Pelsing; that by and by thereof he proposed a renewal of their terms of partnership, which was accepted; and that on last Tuesday week Mr. Mowitt and the late Mr. John Pelsing became husband and wife.

This is the first instance, we believe, on record, wherein a wife performed the office of a coroner's jurymen of the body of her own husband, or wherein a young man was married to his own master. The lady, by the way, is very good looking, and still on the safe side of thirty.

The Printer.

"I pity the printer," said my uncle Toby. "He's a poor creature," rejoined Trim. "How so?" said my uncle.

"Because, in the first place, (continued the Corporal, looking full upon my uncle,) because he must endeavour to please every body. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor—it is inserted—and he is ruined to all intents and purposes."

"To much the case, Trim," said my uncle with a deep sigh, "too—much—the—case."

"And please your honor," continued Trim, elevating his voice, and striking into an imploring attitude, "an please your honor, this is not the whole."

"Go on, Trim," said my uncle feelingly.

"The printer sometimes [pursued the Corporal] hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers; but alas, sir, who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it, and it is all over with him. They forgive others but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims "why don't he give us more poetry, marriages and bon mots!—away with these stale pieces." The politician claps his specs on his nose, and runs it over in search of some violent invective; he finds none; takes his specs off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper is good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber, and yet after all this complaining, would you believe it, sir, said the honest Corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay! Our army swore terribly in Flanders, but they never did anything so bad as that!"

"Never!" said uncle Toby emphatically.

Speak to that Young Man.

We mean that young man clad in broad cloth and ruffles, and tasselled cap—with "soap locks" dangling about his ears, and ivory headed cane dangling about his legs. A few moments since he was to be seen at the bar swallowing his glass of brandy and water. Presently you will see him with a cigar in his mouth in a chaise or gaily trimmed cutter, driving a smart trotting horse through the street. Hallo, there! young man! you are on the high road to ruin! soon you will drive down the steep precipice into everlasting disgrace! Rein back; put up your team; cast away your cigar; lay off your broadcloth; abstain from the cup, procure some mechanical or agricultural tools; cultivate habits of industry and morality; aim to be an honest and useful man. By so doing you may yet retrieve a falling reputation, and make yourself a useful and respectable member in society.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CLOCK.—A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser thus describes a new, and certainly a very curious clock:

The clock apart from the ornamental work, is simply this: An arrow, the stem of which is a solid glass rod; the barb or head of which is of brass and also solid; the feather end of the Arrow is of the same metal, but is made hollow, and contains the whole moving power of the clock, and is wound up once a week. This arrow is fastened by a pin in the centre of its stem into a glass dial plate on which the figures are painted, the arrow-head pointing to the hour with perfect precision and regularity.

An inspection of the clock presents to the curious observer this question: how can any movement contained in the extreme end of the arrow—and obviously having no connection with the centre on which it turns—operate to cause the arrow to revolve? A remarkable fact which shows the impossibility of deception, is that the arrow may be removed from the dial plate and laid down on the table, or even carried in the pocket, and when replaced will immediately return to the correct hour.

The inventor of this wonder is T. R. Lefroy, a Jeweller in Newark. We are a little incredulous.

Some of the papers are chuckling because two editors have lately been appointed to office: Hall of the Sussex Register, to a county clerkship, and Horner of the Princeton Whig to be Alderman of Princeton; as if editors were never promoted before! Haven't we been elected town clerk twice, with a salary of eleven dollars and several cents (one year we didn't get paid, though) per annum?—*Jersey City Advertiser.*

A puff direct.—A pedlar wishing to recommend his razors to the gaping crowd thus addressed them:—"Gentlemen, the razors I hold in my hand were made in a cave by the light of a diamond, in the province of Andalusia, in Spain. They cut as quick as thought, and are as bright as the morning star. A word or two more and I am certain you will buy them. Lay them under your pillow at night, and you will find yourself clean in the morning."

A newspaper office resembles the great world. The large capital letters are aristocrats—the Roman letters are the men, and the italic are the women. Every form is a nation, with the big bugs at the head; and in every form, there are various pieces, so are there different classes, societies, and sects in the world. The four pages of the newspaper are Europe, Asia, Africa and America. The first page is Asia—as that quarter of the world was first peopled—and we find it generally filled with fictitious tales of which the oriental natives were always fond. The second, or editorial page, is Europe—the opinionated spokesman of the world. The third page, mostly covered with advertisements, is America, with all its train of wooden nummets, thrift, and hastily-swallowed dinners. The fourth page is, of course, Africa, and like that quarter of the globe, is seldom explored, and in all these four pages or quarters of the world, the works of the devil are plentifully conspicuous.

GRUBS IN CATTLE.—Most farmers know that a large portion of cattle have grubs or worms in that part of the flesh nearest the back bone. It is said that these grubs originate from a fly which lays its egg during the month of July and August; and it is remarked that the best fed cattle have the largest grubs. An old farmer in Connecticut, (so says our informant,) has been in the habit of sprinkling ashes upon the backs of his cattle in the month of September, after the season of action for the fly, and this has effectually destroyed both the nit and the grub.

Some have supposed that the grub was natural to the growth of cattle. It comes from a nit of the fly; and is laid successfully on that part of the body which cannot be reached by the tongue of the creature.—*Farmers Cabinet.*

An old woman that sold ale, being at church, fell asleep during the sermon, and unluckily, let fall her old fashioned clasp bible, which making a great noise, she exclaimed, half awake, "So, you jade, there's another jug broken."

COMFORTABLE.—Going to Washington after an office, remaining there a week or two, sleeping at night on a sofa, or on the floor, wrapped up in a horse blanket, spending a cool hundred or two, and then coming home with a large flea in your ear.—*Boston Trans.*

Independence of Mind.

There are some men who go in leading strings all their days. They always follow in the path of others, without being able to give any reasons for their opinions. There is a proper mental independence which all should maintain—self respect and the stability of our character require it. The man who pins his opinions entirely on another's sleeve, can have no respect for his own judgment, and is likely to be a changeling. When we consider carefully what appears to our minds, and exercise upon it our own reason, taking into respectful consideration what others say upon it, and then come to a conclusion of our own, we act as intelligent beings should act, and only then. This proper independence of mind is far removed from presumptuous self confidence than which there is nothing more severely to be condemned. Presumption is the associate of ignorance; and it is hateful in the extreme to hear some half taught stripling delivering his opinions with all the authority of an oracle. This is not what we mean by mental independence, and it is to be hoped none will mistake what has been said. We refer to a modest yet firm and independent exercise of judgment upon subjects which the mind understands. In short, we intend only the opposite of that slavish habit which makes one man the mere shadow of another.

Cause of Sound in Thunder.

[From Webster's Principles of Sound.]

Thunder is one of the consequences resulting from lightning, and lightning appears to be occasioned by the combustion of some of the inflammatory particles of the air; or, according to more recent opinions, of a condensation of aerial matter conducting to electricity, by which in either case a vacuum is created. The surrounding atoms which remain uninfluenced by this change, being forced together by the weight of the atmosphere, greatly constricted each other; but their elastic nature causes them immediately to expand, and by this enlargement their sonorous property is acquired. A great force being thus established, it acts in all directions alike; but as the circle extends, the propulsive power becomes gradually diminished, till at last its pressure is no longer felt, and sound created. The rumbling noise of thunder is produced by that portion of the sonorous circle which strikes upon the earth, whence it comes condensed; and, being intercepted by the upward course by dense masses of vapor, is again reflected, and this alternate motion of reverberation continue, until the interruption ceases or the original force is exhausted. It is occasioned also by reverberation from one cloud to another.