

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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POETRY.

From the Louisville Journal

'Gone are thy Beauties, Summer.'

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

Gone are thy beauties, Summer, and silenced is thy mirth,
And all thy passing witcheries are fading from the earth.
The merry songs thy streamlets sang beneath the mountain
pines,
Are now remembered but as dreams; as dreams, no longer
thine!
Each bright young bud thy kindness nursed hath drooped its
fragrant head,
And scattered lie their pale cold leaves; dead are thy wild
flowers—dead!
While every lofty forest in its towering plumes and pride,
Hath donned its gorgeous robes and laid thy livid aside!
Thy birds, whose silvery voices made music round our home,
No more with glittering plumage and merry chanting's roam!
Each wind's low-whispered melodies are numbered with the
past,
While spirit-moans and dirges are swelling on the blast!
The purple of our mountain-tops is streaked with sullen gray,
For all that's bright and beautiful is fading swift away!
The sun spurs on his fiery steeds as he wears weary too,
And would exchange his burnished clouds for summer skies of
blue!
Gone are thy glories, Summer!—but hast thou fled alone!
Have none when in their household glee missed one familiar
tone!
Is there no vacant seat beside the bright and blazing hearth?
Have no young gentle spirits passed from our abodes on earth!
Thine answer, Summer, I well know; thou'lt whisper more
than one,
With eye of light and step of glee, down to the tomb hath
gone!
Thou'lt tell me, stern, relentless death, thou hast no power to
stay,
That beauty, pride, and loveliness alike become his prey!
Yes, they have passed, O Summer, like thy flowerest's whis-
pered tones,
And autumn winds their graves o'er-sweep with many sighs
and moans!
But Memory o'er the bleeding hearth her vigils sad shall keep,
And summer's breath must ever wake a strange fond wish to
weep!

Kindness among Neighbors.

It is a pleasant thing to have the character of a good neighbor. Who is it that deserves it? Not the idle gossip, who for want of useful employment, goes to spend an hour in one neighbor's house, and an hour in another's; assisting the idle in squandering the time they already despise, and robbing the industrious of a precious jewel, of which they (the industrious not the visitor) know the value. Such neighbors have often extorted from those on whom they bestow their senseless visits, the pathetic exclamation, "Parish taxes and assessed taxes press heavily enough; but the hardest tax of all is that which the forms society authorize the idle to levy on the well employed, by interrupting their engagements and defeating their purposes." Well has the wise man said, "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he be weary of thee, and hate thee." Prov. xxv. 17. Still less is the character of a good neighbor due to those who ingratiate themselves into families, and become possessed of their secrets, or draw from them remarks on others, and then go elsewhere and make mischief of what they have heard.

Those are not good neighbors who lead each other into pleasures and expenses which are unprofitable in themselves, or which the circumstances of the parties do not justify. There are many families living in frugal comfort, to whom the expense of a dinner or tea-party would be a serious inconvenience if frequently entailed by thoughtless, though perhaps well meaning neighbors, who press them to accept of entertainments, which seem to lay them under a sort of obligation to invite in return.

A good neighbor is, first, *harmless and peaceable*. He will not intentionally annoy or injure another. No noisome dunghill, no unreasonable noises, are permitted on his premises, to endanger the health or disturb the repose of the neighborhood.

The children of such a family are not permitted to throw stones into a neighbor's garden, to hurt his cat, or to worry his poultry; or to slip the fastenings to his window-shutters, and suffer them to escape and break the glass.—These and numerous other feats, performed by rude and ill-trained children, for the annoyance of the neighborhood, are never tolerated in the family of the good neighbor. Should any inconvenience have been inadvertently occasioned by him or his, it is no sooner mentioned than cheerfully removed or repaired.

The good neighbor is *kind and accommodating*. It gives him pleasure to promote the comfort and welfare of those around him. If persons are of the same trade, no mean jealousies are indulged, no petty tricks practiced against them; but the proper feeling cherished—*"I wish to do well for myself, and I wish well to my neighbor; the world is wide enough for us both."* Among neighbors of the poorer

class, a good or an ill disposition is manifested in the manner in which they regard the conduct of their wealthy neighbors towards each other. Some poor people rejoice in the kindness shown to a neighbor, and gladly embrace an opportunity of speaking favorably of his character, or representing his need to those who can assist him; while others are spiteful enough to regard the good done to a neighbor as an injury done to themselves, both by the person who confers and the person who receives the benefit.

Good neighbors, especially among the industrious poor, frequently have it in their power to protect each other's children and property during the absence of the parents. This may also materially assist each other in enjoying the public services of religion, alternately taking charge of each other's infants and household during the hours of worship.

In the time of sickness, the kind officers of a good neighbor are peculiarly valuable. "Better is a neighbor that is at hand, than a brother that is afar off." The kindness of such a neighbor has been thus vividly and beautifully described:—"Oh, I love the soul that must and will do good; the kind creature who runs to the sick bed, I might rather say, bedstead, of a poor neighbor, wipes away the moisture of fever, smooths the clothes, beats up the pillow, fills the pitcher, sets it within reach; administers only a cup of cold water, but in the true spirit of a disciple of Christ, and becomes a fellow-worker with Christ, in the administration of happiness to mankind. Peace be with that good soul! She must come in due time into the condition of her neighbor, and then, may the Lord strengthen her on the bed of languishing, and, by some kind hand like her own, make her bed in her sickness.

The good neighbor will avoid a meddling, obtrusive interference, yet will not hesitate to point out, in a kind and gentle manner, any mistake into which a neighbor may have fallen, or any advantage he may have overlooked, by which the interests of himself and family may be promoted.

Especially, the good neighbor will not fail to use the influence given him, by kindness in common things, to persuade those for whom he is interested to frequent the worship of God in his sanctuary; to maintain family prayer, and to attend to the moral and religious education of their children. The conduct of a consistent christian family is a kind of living invitation to those around. "Come with us, and we will do you good, for God hath spoken good concerning Israel;" and not infrequently has the reply been heard, "We will go with you, for we perceive that God is with you." Although I have not in this chapter mentioned the names of my venerable friends my mind looks back to many families, to whom their neighborhood was thus made a blessing, and whom they awakened to the practicability and the pleasure of being good and useful neighbors.

A Dublin paper records the following extraordinary circumstance:

"An humble but industrious man, named Gallagher, who resided in Fade street, was on Saturday last seized with a sudden pain in one of his legs, when he fell down and expired. An inquest was held on the body, when the following facts were elicited:—The man, it appears, was over fifty years of age, and ever since he was a child, he was continually annoyed and perplexed with the thought or presentiment that he would die with a pain in the leg. He often told his friends how much he suffered on this account, as the idea hardly ever left his mind. In his sleep he dreamt of it; in his waking moments it was before him; the notion haunted him from the green spring-time of life into the ripe summer of manhood, and thence followed him into the mature autumn of his days; and when, at last, the worst anticipations of his mind was fulfilled, and he was seized with the pain, he exclaimed, 'It is come, it is come! all is now over.' He fell suddenly down and died."

NAPOLEON'S MODE OF MAKING COFFEE.

The late Emperor Napoleon, who was a great amateur of coffee, of which, however, he made a moderate use, is said to have given instructions to his cook to prepare it in the following way:—For three or four persons, two ounces of recently burnt and ground coffee are put into an ample coffee pot of the ordinary kind, with a small piece of isinglass; this is held over the fire and shaken by the hand to prevent the burning of the coffee; when a smoke is seen to issue from the pot, water, at the boiling point is poured upon it in a sufficient quantity to supply six breakfast cups, in the proportion of one-third of coffee to two-thirds of milk, the coffee pot is taken from the fire before the water is added, but being heated, the coffee boils gently as the pot is held in the hand, the ebullition is sufficient to bring out all the fine properties of the coffee without carrying off the aroma; a cup is then poured out and returned again to the pot, to allow the powder to precipitate, and in two or three minutes the coffee is perfectly clear, and is used with boiling milk. Some of the best families in Paris now adopt this plan, which is certainly superior to that now in use.

Female Courage and Patriotism.

The following incident, of thrilling interest, was related by Colonel John McDonald, of Ross county, at a public dinner, on the 3d ult.

In 1782 Wheeling was besieged by a large number of British and Indians. So sudden and unexpected was the attack made, that no time was afforded for the preparation. The fort, at the time of the assault, was commanded by Col. Silas Zane; Col. Ebenezer, the senior officer was in a block house some fifty or a hundred yards outside of the wall. The enemy made several desperate assaults to break into the fort but on every onset they were driven back. The ammunition for the defence of the fort was deposited in the block house, and the attack was made so suddenly and unexpectedly, there was no time to remove it. On the afternoon of the second day of the siege, the powder of the fort was nearly exhausted, and no alternative remained but that some one must pass through the enemy's fire to the block house for powder. When Silas Zane made the proposition to the men, to see if any would undertake the hazardous enterprise—at first all were silent. After looking at each other for some time, a young man stepped forward, and said he would run the chance. Immediately a half dozen offered their services in the dangerous enterprise. While they were disputing about who should go, Elizabeth, sister of the Zanes, came forward and declared she would go for the powder. Her brother thought she would flinch from the enterprise, but he was mistaken. She had the intrepidity to dare, and fortitude to bear her up in her heroic risk of life. Her brother then tried to dissuade her from the attempt, by saying a man would be more fleet, and consequently would run less risk of losing his life. She replied that they had not a man to spare from the defence of the fort, and that if she should fall, she would scarcely be missed. She then divested herself of such of her clothing as would impede her speed.

The gate was opened, and Elizabeth bounded out at the top of her speed, and ran till she arrived at the door of the block house: Col. Zane, hastened to open the door to receive his intrepid sister.—The Indians when they saw her bound forth, did not fire a gun, but called aloud squaw, squaw!—When she had told her brother the errand on which she came, he took a table cloth, and fastened it around her waist; and poured into it a keg of powder. She then sallied back with all the buoyancy of hope. The moment she was outside of the block house, the whole of the enemy's line poured a leaden storm at her, but the balls went innocently whistling by without doing her any injury. She afterwards married a Mr. Clark, raised a family of children, and is yet alive; living near St. Clairsville, in this State. She was Elizabeth Zane.—*Canton (O.) Repub.*

Law of Advertising.

A decision has recently been made in England, which we doubt not would be strictly followed in a similar case in this country. From this is apparent the necessity that advertisers should accompany their communications with explicit directions. The case is as follows:

COURT OF REQUESTS—O'Connell vs. Stokes. This was an action (brought by the plaintiff, a newspaper proprietor, against the defendant, who had occasion to advertise in his,) to recover the amount of an advertisement which had been inserted forty-five times, on the ground that the advertisement had been intended for one insertion only. The manuscript order was produced, and appeared indefinite. The case had been some time under the consideration of his Honor, who, in his anxiety that strict justice should be done between the proprietors of newspapers and the public, had taken the opinion of two of the judges on the subject, and agreed with them in deciding that newspaper proprietors were justified in continuing the insertion of advertisements not ordered for any specific number of times until the same were ordered to be withdrawn. His Honor said, it was desirable that the public should be made acquainted with this decision, in order that the persons having occasion to advertise may be aware of the necessity of stating on their orders the number of insertions they require; if they neglect to do so, it was unreasonable to expect newspaper proprietors to attend to that which was clearly the advertisers own business. A verdict was then entered for the plaintiff.

FRANKLIN'S PRINTING PRESS.—The New York Commercial Advertiser states that through the exertions of Mr. John B. Murray, of New York, who is at present residing in Liverpool, the identical printing press at which the philosopher Franklin, then a poor printer, worked on his first visit to London, has been placed at Mr. Murray's disposal and will be sent to this country. A letter has been addressed to Mr. John Vaughan, the President of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, of which Franklin was founder, offering that society the possession of this valuable relic. Mr. Vaughan was a personal friend of Franklin, and we doubt not the arrival of the press will afford him the liveliest pleasure. Many efforts have been made to procure the press but until now in vain.

Printers' Proverbs.

1. Never inquire thou of the editor for the news; for behold, it is his duty at the appointed time to give it unto thee without asking.
2. When thou dost write for his paper never say unto him, "what thinkest thou of my piece?" for it may be that the truth may offend thee.
3. It is not fit that thou should ask of him who is the author of an article upon subjects of public concernment; for his duty requires him to keep such things unto himself.
4. When thou dost enter into a Printing-office, have a care unto thyself that thou dost not touch the type; for thou mayest cause the printer much trouble.
5. Look thou not at the copy which is in the hands of the compositors; for that is not meet in the sight of the printer.
6. Neither examine thou the proof-sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye, that thou mayest understand it.

GREAT DESPATCH.—Two brickmakers named Anthony Hoover and Samuel Rush, at the brick yard of George Horn, yesterday morning, made a day's work, consisting of 44 rows of bricks, each row containing 53 bricks, for a wager of \$50, in the shortest time ever known. Hoover accomplished the work in two hours and seventeen minutes, and Rush in two hours and twenty-four minutes—the former winning the amount of the wager by a gain of seven minutes over his competitor's time.—*North American.*

Young Semmes, who killed Professor Davis at the University of Virginia, and who had been liberated on bail of \$25,000, failed to appear when his trial came on, so that his recognizances are forfeited.

TAXING WITH A VENGEANCE.—Peter C. Brooks of Boston, the father-in-law of Mr. Everett, our Ambassador to London, is taxed \$5000. Mr. John Parker, whose property is only estimated at about \$1,400,000, pays \$7000 taxes!—*North American.*

COURT MARTIAL.—It is reported that the Secretary of the Navy has ordered a court martial, to investigate the conduct of Captain Bolton in returning from the Mediterranean in the Brandywine frigate without orders. The court to sit at New-York, Commodore Stewart presiding.

WOODEN NUTMEGS ALMOST OUTDONE.—We were this morning shown an ingenious specimen of imaginary indigo. It is curiously manufactured of a composition which seems to be made of plaster of paris and rye flour, with a small modicum of Prussian blue, enough to color it sufficiently. It is moulded into the form of indigo cakes, and the whole thinly coated with the real simon pite indigo. Where will invention cease?—*Jersey City Adv.*

DANDIES.—There are some fools in the world who, after a long incubation, will hatch out from a hot-bed of pride, a sickly brood of fuzzy ideas, and then go strutting along the path of pomposity with all the self-importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken. I have an antipathy to such people. They are mere walking sticks for female flirts, ornamented with brass heads, and barely touched with the varnish of etiquette. Brass heads, did I say? No, their capus are only half-ripe musk melons with only thick rinds, and all hollow inside, containing the seeds of foolishness swimming about with a vast quantity of sap. Tinkered up with broadcloth, finger rings, safety chains, soft sodder, vanity, and impudence, they are no more men than a plated tea-spoon is solid silver. I detest a dandy as a cat does a wet floor.—[Dow Jr.]

Stealing a Dog.—A man was brought before the Criminal Court of Philadelphia for stealing a dog, and acquitted on the ground that a dog was not the subject of larceny. Strange that such a prosecution should be commenced.

A NEW SPECULATION.—Some one of the descendants of the wooden-nutmeg-ers has, it is said, been recently engaged in the south part of this State, in "peddling out" beach-nuts (at 25 cts. a gill,) as a new species of Buckwheat!—*Susquehanna Register.*

Punning Editors.

Four New York editors were in conversation, says the Press. One of them let fall his walking stick, when another said—"There is the fall of Cain!" "Yes," replied he from whose hand it had fallen, moving towards it, "and here is a man that is Abel to pick it up." "And I see," put in the third, "he is on the Eve of doing it." "A-dam bad pun, that last," said the wickedest, if not the wittiest punster of the party. As there were four editors, and no more, there were no pockets picked, for the best of all earthly reasons, but one which delicacy forbids we should mention.—*Picayune.*

Country Menagerie.

The New Orleans Crescent City reports the following description of the animals, as given by their keeper.

"This animal, ladies and gentlemen, is the grizzly bear from the Rocky Mountains of the exterior of the North American continent. He lives entirely on locusts and wild honey, and emigrates twice a year to the North Pole, where he lives entirely on snow, which causes his skin to be a white color, and he becomes the polar bear. He then sets himself on a cake of ice, and floats down to the Equator, which he crawls along until he meets with his former place of abode, and again becomes the grizzly animal that you now see.

Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and hear me explain the history of the animal afore you. There you see a stuffed specimen of a livin' Benegal tiger. His habits are carnivorous, and he died in giving birth to that enterprising young specimen of the same genius in the corner of the cage.

This animal is the Nunoo (Ghnu) or the Horn Cow of Hindoostan, where it is worshipped by the Brahmins as a divinity. Its disposition is democratic, and it has been known to live for some months at a time, upon a sufficiency of food to keep alive the wital ember.

I now call your attention to Dandy Jack and Lady Jane in the circle, after which Major Dick will go through his revelations on the Shetland Pony, and then the rest of animals will be exhibited."

SNUFFING.—A boy having got his father's snuff box, indulged so immoderately in the titillating dust that he sneezed himself to pieces. His remains having been gathered up, a coroner's inquest was held over them, when the enlightened jury returned a verdict of "snuffed out."

Hoosier Customer.

The New-Orleans Picayune gives a queer account of an uncouth looking Hoosier who went into an iron monger's store in Charters street, whistling, on somewhat a low key,—"Yankee Doodle," and seeming as independent as an eagle in his eyrie.

He threw his eye down along the well arranged store, as a captain of militia would look along the lines of a training day, and then addressed the clerk with the well combed hair, who stood impatient to know what the Hoosier wanted that he might at once supply him, and return to the perusal of James' last novel.

"Stranger, you go it rayther extensive here, in the saw, hatchet and etcetera business."

"Rather," said the clerk, assuming a bland tone, but wishing the Hoosier on board of his flat boat, "do any thing for you, sir?"

"Well, I guess you can, young feller," said the Hoosier. "You seem to be a right kind of a nice man. Why, your hair is just as greasy and as glossy as if you eat nothing but bar meat, you raccoon-critter you. Why on airt? don't you make clearing on your chin" (the clerk wore an imperial.) Out west we never leave a stump standing that we don't cut down."

"Sir," said the clerk peevishly, "do you wish to buy any thing?"

"Haint you got locks?" said the Hoosier perfectly composed.

"Yes," said the clerk, "we have locks of every description, pad-locks, spring-locks, patent-locks, and double shooting locks."

"Yes, stranger," said the Hoosier, "but I do all my shooting with a rifle. I don't want none of them locks. I want a lock-jaw, for I've tried every means to stop my old woman's tongue, and I believe nothing else won't silence her."

"Don't deal in the article," said the clerk gruffly, returning to read the "Ancient Regime."

"And, darn you, couldn't you say so at first," replied the Hoosier, "you half-feathered, half-starved looking prairie chicken."

The Hoosier left the store whistling Hail Columbia.

That's what I call a real finished sermon," remarked a man as he was coming out of church. "Yes, finished at last," replied his neighbor, "though I began to think it never would be."

Cross-Examination.—The criticism of a shopman's goods by a lady when they do not suit her taste.

Direction on a letter that passed through the post office.

"Halloo! Uncle Sam, let me ride in your mail, for that's more polite than to ride on a rail. At Warwick, (R. I.) I soon must be found, At Lippitt Post Office, for Harriett S. Brown."

There is likely to be a mixed population up Salt River this year, as numerous Whig families, who resided there for a number of years, seem to be "going home" on a visit.—*U. S. Gazette.*

IMMENSE PORKER.—Among the attractions at the New-Haven Agricultural fair, was a hog weighing 1400 pounds. This was literally a "whole hog."