

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## POETRY.

### The Lapse of Time.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

Lament who will, in fruitless tears,  
The speed with which our moments fly.  
I sigh not over vanished years,  
But watch the years that hasten by.  
Look! how they come—a mingled crowd  
Of bright and dark, but happy days;  
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,  
The wide world changes as I gaze.  
What! grieve that Time has brought so soon  
The sober age of manhood on?  
As idly might I weep at noon  
To see the blush of morning gone.  
Could I forego the hopes that glow  
In prospect like Elysian isles,  
And let the charming future go,  
With all her promises and smiles.  
The future! cruel were the power  
Whose doom would tear thee from my heart,  
Thou sweetener of the present hour:  
We cannot, no we will not part.  
O, leave me still the rapid flight  
That makes the changing seasons gay,  
The grateful speed that brings the night,  
The swift and glad return of day;  
The months that touch with added grace,  
This little prattler at my knee,  
In whose arch eye and speaking face  
New meaning every hour I see;  
The years that o'er each sister land  
Shall lift the country of my birth,  
And nurse her strength till she shall stand  
The pride and pattern of the earth;  
Till younger commonwealths, for aid,  
Shall cling about her ample robe,  
And from her frown shall shrink afraid  
The crowned oppressors of the globe.  
True, time will seam and blanch my brow;  
Well—I shall sit with aged men,  
And my good glass will tell me how  
A grisly beard becomes me then.  
And should no foul dishonor lie  
Upon my head when I am gray,  
Love yet shall watch my fading eye,  
And smooth the path of my decay.  
Then haste, thee, Time; 'tis kindness all  
That speeds thy winged feet so fast;  
Thy pleasures stay not till they fall,  
And all thy pains are quickly past.  
Thou fliest and bears away our woes;  
And as thy shadowy trains depart,  
The memory of sorrow grows  
A lighter burden on the heart.

### Dead Letter Office.

The dead letter office in the Post Office Department at Washington is a great curiosity. The dead letters are returned to the General Post Office, with the quarterly account, from the 13,000 Post Offices which now exist. The envelopes are taken from the packages by one clerk, who ties a string around the contents and casts them into a basket; the next clerk assort them and compares them with the post bills, sending the letters to a clerk to be opened; on opening, the letters containing valuable enclosures are sent to the office where they were mailed, and sent to the owner if found. If not claimed, all money is placed in a separate fund, and the account recorded, so that it can be paid to the owner at any future period if demanded. They open about 250,000 letters per quarter, there are now several cart loads in the office, unopened. The work of opening and assorting is very tedious and laborious.

Raleigh Register.

The best way to keep skippers out of bacon, is—to eat it before they get in.

## Short Patent Sermon.

BY "DOW, JR."

ON THE LOQUACITY OF WOMAN.

TEXT.—Nature impartial in her ends,  
When she made man the strongest.  
In justice, then, to make amends  
Made woman's tongue the longest.

TANNABILL.

My HEARERS—Keep your nut-crackers closed, and be tongue-tied while I tongue it for a few moments on the subject of tongues, if you please. As regards the utility of the tongue, it is needless to say that it is one of the most important appendages of the human system. It is designed for other uses than licking molasses and carrying grub from one grinder to another during the pleasant, but sometimes tedious process of mastication. Its principle office is to form or finish words as they bubble up in a chaotic state, through the thorax, from the well-spring of the heart. In society the tongue is both a useful and pleasing member—as it not only imparts information to the unlearned, but serves in beguiling many a weary hour, and aids in digesting sorrows, that sit as heavy upon the soul as stewed horse nails upon a dyspeptic's stomach. In its operations it should be guided by prudence and moderation; else it becomes a bore instead of a blessing. Some people have naturally so much loquacious steam in their boilers, that when they once get the clappers to their corn mill in operation, they never know when to stop them. Such folks, generally speaking, are as empty as egg shells and softer than soap fat. A dam with a gate that's always hoisted can hold but little water; and a man who leaks at the mouth, can't have much in him excepting that gas with which the bladder of vanity is ever inflated.

My friends—my text implies that Nature made woman with a longer tongue than man, in order to compensate her for what she lacked in physical strength—that, whenever the science of fistification might fail in her purposes, she might have recourse to that worst of all weapons—a long tongue; and I feel bound to say, with regard to the delicacy of the feminine gender, that women's tongues are often too extensive for their own especial good, and for the benefit of the community at large. If they would only bring them into play when necessity required, I wouldn't say a word; but the fact is, they are too apt to keep up a continual clack, for the sake of the music alone; and often, too often, they upset their own tea-pots while leveling a kick at their neighbor's. Why, my friends, I know several of the sex in this city who have knocked out all their front teeth and worn away a part of their gums, by the continual and everlasting working of their scandal-distributors. I know it is the nature of the beautiful animal to indulge in meddlesome garrulity; and when she becomes so expanded with gossip as to be in danger of bursting her apron strings, I am willing she should let off her surplus steam, provided she doesn't blow it in the face of innocence, and to the detriment of social peace. I admire, respect and love a woman whose looks are as mild as a moon-beam, and whose words are as gentle as the zephyr, which disdains to brush even a dew-drop from the mountain daisy; but I don't like to meddle with one whose disposition contains the essence of lightning, vitriol, cream of tartar, and harts-horn—who manufacture words by the mile, and measures their meaning in a thimble. I don't care whether there be any meaning in them or not. I don't like it, and that's enough. All talk and no cider—as is the case with some women and the loco focos—is unendurable; and all talk with two much cider—as with the whigs—is equally as bad. Those are my politics. As the rain falls the gentlest from the clouds when unattended by thunder, so, give me, a tongue that can silently shake off the particles of speech and let them drop calmly through the ear into the heart—there to moisten and refresh the young plants of virtue, and cause them to flourish, like hog weeds in a barn yard.

My friends—the Dutch governor thought wisely when he advised the girls to wear short tongues and long petticoats; but his advice was as water spilt upon the ground. They will persist in wearing long tongues and short petticoats; and when I come to take the measure of the difference it makes in their moral characters, I must confess that I feel a disposition to persecute them with my preaching till I can let out a hem of the latter, and cut short about four inches of the former, with the keen-edged sword of persuasion. My dear young damsels! it is said that the angels of heaven only whisper, in their walks and the silent bowers of Paradise; and why don't you take a pattern after them, in whose likeness you were created, and whose attributes you possess, with the exception of that restless and never-to-be-tired-out member—the tongue? It is a sin, a shame and a pity, that so many of our ladies, both old and young, are addicted to such excessive talkativeness—that they are so inclined to gab about, telling things which ought not to be told, and leaving untold those things which ought to be told. There is no doubt in my mind but a strong cup of tea contains a vast quantity of the animalculæ

of scandal; and those who drink the deepest from it are the most given to gossiping. Old maids, for instance, will drink bohea, of sufficient substance to float a pin; and they can breed more mosquitoes about town in a single day, than the swamps of Louisiana can in a month. Perhaps, my friends, you may say there is no use in my preaching thus; for if a woman's tongue is made long by Nature, she can be guilty of no fault, but only subjected to misfortune. I don't mean to blame her for what she cannot help—an occasional overflow of loquacity; but I want to give her a good dose of admonition with respect to what she talks, and how she talks. She must recollect that words are as slippery as live eels; and when they have once carelessly escaped, they may cast their slime on white frock of Reputation, ere they can be overtaken and captured. Slander has been gathering by degrees, like a slow thunder cloud, bursts up at the climax of its blackness, and unwonted sunshine immediately succeeds; yet still it casts a gloomy shade for a time over life's happy hours, and threatens destruction, though it may accomplish but little.

My dear hearers—although men's tongues are shorter, in proportion, than those of the women, and are slower in their movements, yet I believe they are capable of doing much harm, and are often vulgarly, sinfully and profanely employed. They are levers, in the mouths of many, that assist them in putting out oaths as big as a bushel basket, and as horrible as they are bulky. Some men's tongues are constantly coated with the thick scum of vice—others are only stained with tobacco-juice and treachery—while a few there are, that are kept perfectly clean by the pure and unadulterated salvia of truth and virtue. O, my dear friends, one and all! I pray you keep a tight rein on that furious charger, the tongue, lest it break loose in the wilderness of unrestraint, and dash your vehicles of happiness down the precipice of perdition; pitching hope's golden treasures into the dark, deep ocean of despair. And oh; ye mothers! look into the mouths of your prattling babes, and see whether any symptoms of the tongue-ail are beginning to be developed. Watch over them steadily, and teach them to lip the words of truth and sincerity; for they may be called into eternity in their swaddlings, and cause a black mark to be set against your names in the book of life. Yes, the very cradles in which they are now sleeping may turn out to be coffins on rockers, soon to be overspread with the white mantle of death.

My hearers—having shown you about half the length of my tongue, the whole of woman's, and the tip end of man's in general, I have nothing more to say; excepting that we shall all soon be obliged to hold our tongues in the silent sepulchre; beyond which we may indulge in some delightful cogitations—but no talking. So mote it be!—N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

The Albany Microscope gives the following recipe for making dandies:—Take a good sized baboon, shave the hair off his face, leaving a sufficient quantity for whiskers, mustaches, imperial, and soaplocks; decorate his "person" with any quantity of dry goods, put a drab hat on his head, a pair of tight high-heeled boots on his hind feet, a "cunning little cane" in his fore paw, a half Spanish segar in his mouth, a five cent piece in his pocket, stuff his tail in his pants, take off his chain, set him down in "Brodwa"—he'll pass for a squirt of the first water.

From the St. Louis New Era, Extra, July 17.

### Another Great Bank Robbery.

Ninety Thousand Dollars Stolen.—An Express arrived in town this morning, from Jacksonville, Illinois, bringing a handbill announcing the robbery of the Branch of the State Bank of Illinois of about 90,000 dollars. We copy it:—

### FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

The Branch of the State Bank of Illinois at Jacksonville, was robbed last night, Sunday, the 11th inst. The doors were entered by false keys. The following is the probable amount taken by the robber, to wit: \$78,000 of paper; about \$47,000 of the above was in Parent Bank paper, the balance mostly in notes of the Branches and Bank of Illinois. About \$8000 in gold, and 3 or \$4000 in silver. The above reward will be paid for the recovery of the money and the detection of the robber.

J. P. WILKINSON, President.

Jacksonville, July 12, 1841.  
We learn in addition to what is stated that the books, papers and evidences of debt, were cut up, mutilated and destroyed by the robbers—for there must have been several persons engaged in it; and that part of the banking house was occupied as a residence, by the Teller.

A German Physician has published a medical tract, in which he maintains that ladies of weak nerves should not be permitted to sleep alone. It is said that this book is in great demand.

The Picayune says that the President is determined to have no Swartwouting among his officers, and to prevent it has ordered all those holding the most lucrative situations to feed on nothing but cant-elope melons!

[From the St. Louis Gazette, July 9.]

### Execution of the Negroes.

Before 9 o'clock this morning (Friday, July 9) the people began to throng the city. Some directed their course towards the gallows, which had been erected on an island just south of Duncan's Island, below the city; and some centred about the jail, until Chesnut, Market and Fifth streets, in the immediate neighborhood, were completely thronged.

The prisoners were soon brought out in the custody of the sheriff and several others, deputies and constables, accompanied by the clergymen who waited on the condemned to administer the last warnings and consolations of religion. At about 11 they took up their line of march, attended before, behind and on all sides by an immense concourse of people.

Thousands had already assembled on the Island, but Fourth and Fifth streets now seemed nearly filled with a solid, moving mass of people, from the jail wall nearly to the Island.

They arrived at the gallows at about half past 12—the military took their position in the circular area as a guard; and the officers and clergymen, with the prisoners ascended the platform. The prisoners were now placed in their several positions under the gallows, dressed in white.

The gallows was constructed with four sweeps on the same axle, made to swing up at the same time, by a heavy weight on the end opposite to those to which the several ropes were attached.

Prayers were now offered up by the reverend clergymen, and also by the prisoners.—Upon being asked if they had any thing to say to the people assembled, they severally addressed the crowd. Warrick spoke but a few minutes, and in rather a low voice. He was followed by Brown and Seward, and then Madison. Seward seemed most affected, and spoke with more earnestness and in a louder voice than the others.

The tone of their remarks seemed to indicate a sincere penitence, and they were earnest in their warnings to their own race, and even to white persons, to avoid the awful fate to which their crimes had brought themselves.

White caps were now drawn over their heads and faces, and the nooses placed about their necks, when the Sheriff proceeded to read to each of them his several death-warrant. This being done, the block was knocked out, and in an instant they were swinging in mid-air. There was a convulsive struggle for a moment, and after a few minutes, they hung still in death.—Warrick never moved after the swinging motion was over, but hung with his hands closely clasped before him.

Seward struggled violently for the first few minutes, and Brown gave indications of life for nearly ten minutes, but Madison seemed to die without a pang.

The block was struck out at about a quarter before one o'clock, and in about half an hour they were cut down, and their bodies placed in their coffins.

This ended the last act in this awful tragedy. Thus may the guilty ever suffer the penalties of their crimes.

The surrounding mass of human heads, numbering at least ten thousand, on foot, on horseback and in carriages, and many on board the steamers Detroit and Eagle, which were up very near to the gallows, now began to disperse, thronging the streets in every direction.

AN UNHEALTHY CITY.—Houston, Texas, which was settled five years ago, has now four thousand inhabitants; and within the same period, there have been six thousand burials! An average of nearly four in every day in the year.

A VENERABLE BAND OF PATRIOTS.—A writer in the New York Express states that there are but five officers of the regular Revolutionary Army alive in that city, and adds that the ages of these advances *seriatim* from 85 to 89, viz:—Lieut. Abraham Leggett, in his 85th; Major Leonard Blecker, in his 86th; Major Gen. Morgan Lewis, in his 87th; Capt. Theodosius Fowler, in his 88th; and Major Wm. Popham, in his 89th. They are all in good health.

"Whose brush are you cleaning your teeth with, Bill?" asked a "queer one" of a lad in a store the other day. "It's your's I expect," said the boy, rather sheepishly, "but I shan't hurt it." "Well be sure you put it back where you got it, for I cleaned my toe-nails with it yesterday, and I want to keep it for that purpose hereafter."

### P's. and Q's.

The origin of the phrase, "Mind your P's. and Q's." is not generally known. In alehouses, where chalk scores were formerly marked upon the wall, it was customary to put those initial letters at the head of every man's account, to show the number of Pints and Quarts for which he was in arrears; and we may presume many a friendly rustic to have tapped his neighbour on the shoulder, when he was indulging too freely in his potations, and to have exclaimed as he pointed to his score—"Giles, Giles, mind your P's. and Q's."—*Ral. Register.*

### The Miller.

A zealous young minister, when entering on his parish was told of a miller, who, with more than usual of the bravery of profaneness, had repelled every attempt to approach him on the subject of religion, and had daunted all the hopes and efforts of the few serious persons in his vicinity. Among other practices of sinful daring, he uniformly kept his mill, the most striking object in the hamlet, going on the Sabbath. In a little time, the clergyman determined to make an effort for the benefit of the hopeless man. He undertook the office of going for his flour the next time himself. "A fine mill," said he, as the miller adjusted his sack to receive the flour; "a fine mill, indeed, one of the completest I have ever seen." This was nothing more than just—the miller had heard it a thousand times before; and would firmly have thought it, though he had never heard it once; but his skill and judgment were still gratified by this new testimony, and his feelings conciliated even towards the minister. "But, oh!" continued his customer, after a little pause, "there is one defect in it!" "What is that?" carelessly asked the miller, "A very serious defect too." "Eh!" replied the miller, turning up his face. "A defect that is likely to counterbalance all its advantages!" "Well what is it?" said the miller standing straight up, and looking the clergyman in the face. The minister went on: "A defect which is likely to ruin the mill!" "And will one day, no doubt, destroy the owner." "And can't you say it out!" exclaimed the impatient miller. "It goes on the Sabbath!" pronounced the minister, in a firm, and solemn, and monitory tone. The astonished man stood blank and thunderstruck: and remained meek and submissive under a remonstrance and exhortation of an hour's length, in which the danger of his state, and practices, and the call to repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ were fully proposed to him.

### Sun Stroke.

Doctor Dowler has kindly permitted us to make the following extract from his medical notes, describing the appearance of the lungs of two men who died last week from sun stroke:

"Nearly the whole of the lungs were dark, and injected with blood. The central and posterior parts presented the appearance of a large clot of blood, somewhat solid and united by a texture bearing no resemblance to the light, elastic texture natural to healthy lungs. On cutting off several slices, they looked like dense black jelly, the cut surfaces appearing smooth and glossy. There was no receding of the substance before the knife. It must have been utterly impermeable to air—indeed on compressing the part of the lungs so affected, it broke into fragments like clots. These barely swam in water, but sunk in alcohol. Even after a thorough soaking, they presented a smooth surface when cut.

"Every dissection I have made, since 1839, in these cases, confirms me in the opinion which I then formed, that sun-stroke kills by apoplexy of the lungs and not of the brain.—*N. Orleans Picayune.*

Streeter perpetrates the following: "Ephraim, what pills ought a schoolmaster to take?" "Pu-pils, sir."

Deaths in New York last week, 192.