

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 2.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1841.

No 33.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THEODORE SCHOCH.

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 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

POETRY.

The Wife.

I could have stemmed misfortunes tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear;
I could have smiled on every blow
From life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."
I could—I think I could, have looked,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now:
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and while I dwelt
On earth, not be "alone."
But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life's sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slow and meek,
To meet thy smile of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be "alone."

Endymion.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
The rising moon has hid the stars,
Her lovely rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.
And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.
On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.
Like Dian's kiss, unask'd, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassion'd gaze.
It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.
It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep,
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the clos'd eyes
Of him, who, slumbering, lies.
O, weary hearts! oh, slumbering eyes!
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!
No one is so accus'd by fate,
No one so wholly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.
Responds—as if with unseen wings
An angel swept its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
'Where hast thou staid so long!'

A SECRET FOR A FARMER'S WIFE.—While the milking of your cows is going on, let your pans be placed in a Kettle of boiling water. Strain the milk into one of the pans taken hot from the kettle, and cover the same with another of the hot pans, and proceed in like manner with the whole mass of milk, and you will find that you will have double the quantity of good, rich cream, that will give you double the quantity of sweet and delicious butter. Try it.

HONEY, when mixed with a little water, forms an excellent wash for the skin, when chapped and excoriated by cold.

The citizens of Woodford county, (Ky.) have purchased the farm on which the Hon. J. J. Crittenden was born, and presented it to that distinguished son of Kentucky. The price was seventeen thousand dollars.

Jefferson and Burr.

The following interesting anecdote of the first meeting of Jefferson and Burr was communicated to the Democratic Review by D. P. Thompson, Esq., of Montpelier, Vt., who was for many years a neighbor and friend of Mr. Jefferson.

The following anecdote was related by Mr. Jefferson to the writer, while on a visit to Monticello, in the year 1822. It was told in illustration of an opinion advanced by the former in relation to physiognomy, that although it was but folly to attempt a system of judging character from any particular conformation of features, yet the eye was an unerring index of the soul, and no training on the part of its possessor could prevent it from disclosing his true moral nature to a skillful observer. I will endeavor to repeat the anecdote in the exact words of the illustrious narrator.

During my attendance on some one of the earliest sessions of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, said Mr. J., I chanced to dine one day at a public house where several distinguished gentlemen from abroad, all entire strangers to me, had just arrived in the city. Among these was a gentleman who became seated directly opposite to me at the table, and who soon attracted my observation by his peculiar and remarkable countenance, and especially by his singularly restless and subtly quivering eye, which to me threw off an expression extremely sinister; for I had ever noted, that an eye of this character indicated moral obliquity of heart, and this kind of eye he possessed in a more eminent degree than any I had ever seen. So strong, indeed, were my impressions in the case, that I felt no hesitation in making up for myself a decided opinion of the true character of the man before me, though, as before mentioned, then unknown to me, even by name.

After retiring to the private room of the friend at whose invitation I had dined there, he asked me, with an air of curiosity, if I noticed the gentleman who sat opposite to me at the table we had just left; and if so, what was my opinion of him?

I replied, that I had not only noticed the man, but formed a decided opinion of him, and that was, that his true character might be expressed in three words—coldness, cunning, and perfidy.

"Why, sir," said my friend, in surprise, "you cannot know the man of whom you are speaking—it is Mr. Burr, the greatest lawyer in New-York."

"I will not alter my opinion for all that," I remarked. "I have never known such an eye as his in an honest man's head; and whatever may be his present eminence, and fair reputation, I will venture the prediction, that he will yet be known as a villain."

In after times, continued Mr. J. to me, I had frequent reason to recall my first impressions of the true character of Aaron Burr.

Be Something.

It is the duty of every one to take some part as an actor on the stage of life. Some seem to think they can vegetate, as it were, without being any thing in particular. Man was not made to rust out his life. It is expected he should "act well his part." He must be something. He has a work to perform, which it is his duty to attend to. We are not placed here to grow up, pass through the various stages of life, and then die, without having done any thing for the benefit of the human race. It is a principle in the creed of the Mahometans that every one should have a trade. No christian doctrine could be better than that. Is a man to be brought up in idleness? Is he to live upon the wealth which his ancestors have acquired by hard labor and frugal industry? Is he placed here to pass through life like an automaton? Has he nothing to perform as a citizen of the world? Does he owe nothing to his country as an inhabitant? A man who does nothing is a mere cipher. He does not fulfil the obligation for which he was sent into the world, and when he dies, he has not finished the work which was given him to do. He is a mere blank in creation. Some are born with riches and honors upon their heads. But does it follow that they have nothing to do in their career through life? There are certain duties for every one to perform. *Be something!* Don't live like a hermit, and die unrepentant.

See that young man; no matter what are his circumstances, if he has no particular business to pursue, he will never accomplish much.—Perhaps he has a father abundantly able to support him.—Perhaps that father has labored hard to obtain a competence which is sufficient for his sons to live in idleness.—Can they go abroad to the world with any degree of self-complacency, squandering away the money which their fathers have earned by hard labor? No! No one who has the proper feelings of a citizen, who wishes to be ranked among the useful members of society, would live such a life. *Be something!*—don't be a drone. You may rely upon your present possessions, or on your future prospects, but those riches may fly away or other hopes may be blighted, and if you have no place of your own, in such a case, to one you find your path beset with thorns.

Want may come upon you ere you are aware of it, and having no profession, you find yourself in any thing but an enviable situation. It is therefore important that you should be *something*. Don't depend upon fortune, for she is a fickle support which often fails when you lean upon her with the greatest confidence. Trust to your own exertions.

Be something. Pursue that vocation for which you are fitted by nature, pursue it faithfully and diligently. You have a part to act, and the honor in performing that part depends upon yourself. It is sickening to one to see a parcel of idle boys hanging round a father, spending the money which he has earned by his industry, without attempting to do any thing for themselves. *Be something*, should be their motto. Every one is capable of learning some "art, trade, or mystery," and can earn a competence for himself. He should be *something*, and not bring down the gray hairs of his father with sorrow to the grave. He should learn to depend upon himself. Idle boys living upon a parent without any profession or without any employment, are ill qualified for good members of society. And we regret to say it is too often the case that it is the parent's fault that they are thus brought up. They should be taught to be *something*; to know how to provide for themselves in case of necessity, to act well their part, and they will reap the honor which therein lies.

The Day of the Dead.

One of the most remarkable of Catholic festivals—called the Day of the Dead—occurred on the loveliest day of my brief sojourn in Bologna. Nature breathed any language rather than that of mortality and decay. The road leading to the celebrated Campo Santo was thronged with people walking beneath the glorified sky, in holiday attire; and there would have been one universal semblance of gaiety, but for the moaning tones and wretched appearance of the beggars that lined the way. The numerous arcades of the extensive burying place resounded with the hum, bustle, and exclamations of a careless crowd, who moved about like the multitude at a fair. But for the countless busts of departed worthies, the numberless inscriptions, and the echoes of the mass floating from one of the open chapels, it would have been impossible to believe, that this concourse had assembled ostensibly to remember or honor the dead. To the view of a stranger nothing could be more incongruous or strange than the scene. The cypresses and cenotaphs assured him he was in a burial place; while every moment he was jostled by a hurrying group, and his ears saluted with peals of discordant laughter, the leering whisper of the courtezan, and the stern reproof of the soldier. And yet in his answer to the inquiries which curiosity prompts, he is told that this day is consecrated to the departed, that this throng is assembled to think of, and pray for them, and that these tapers are placed by surviving friends around the tombs of the loved and lost. There was something jarring to every nerve, something that mocked every hallowed association in this rude contrast between the solemn emblems of death, and the eager recklessness of life. I suggested the idea of inexorable and unmitigated destiny, rather than consoling faith. It was redolent of bitterness and despair. It was as if men would confront the dark doom of mortality with hollow laughter and railery. So at least the scene impressed one spectator to whom it was new; yet habit, or their peculiar creed, had apparently associated it in the minds of the multitude with such shocking suggestions. It was affecting to notice, here and there, a monument unilluminated—perhaps that of a stranger, who died unhonored and unsoothed, or the ancient mausoleum of such who could claim kindred with the place and the people, but whose memories inexorable time had consigned to the dark abyss of forgetfulness.—[Rambles and Reveries.

Employment of Time.

MIGHTY MEN.—Dr. Samuel [E. D.] Clark said, that "the old proverb about having too many irons in the fire, was an abominable old lie. Have all in it, shovel, tongs and poker." It is not so much the multiplicity of employments, as the want of system in them, that distracts and injures both the work and workmen. Wesley said—"I am always in haste, but never in a hurry,—leisure and I have long taken leave of each other." He travelled about five thousand miles in a year; preached about three times a day, commencing at five o'clock in the morning; and his published works amounted to about two hundred volumes! Asbury travelled six thousand miles a year, and preached incessantly. Coke crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, preached, wrote, travelled, established missions, begged from door to door for them, and labored, in all respects, as if like the apostles, he would "turn the world upside down." At near seventy years of age, he started to christianize India. It is said that Luther preached almost daily; he lectured constantly as a professor; he was burdened with the care of all the churches; his correspondence, even as now extant, fills many volumes; he was perpetually harassed with controversies; and was one of the most voluminous writers of his day. The same, or even more, might be said of Calvin. While in Strasburg, he preached or lectured every day. In a letter to Farel, dated from that city, he says that on one day he had revised twenty sheets of one of his works, lectured, preached, written four letters, reconciled several parties who were at variance, and answered more than ten persons who came to him for advice. In Geneva he was pastor, professor, and almost magistrate. He lectured every other day; on alternate weeks he preached daily; he was overwhelmed with letters from all parts of Europe; and was the author of works amounting to nine volumes folio, which any man of our generation would think more than enough to occupy his whole time. And this amid perpetual infirmity, headache, catarrh, strangury, gravel, stone, gout. Baxter says of himself, that, before the wars, he preached twice every Sabbath, and once in the week, besides occasional sermons, and several regular evening religious meetings. Two days in the week he catechized the people from house to house, spending an hour with each family. Besides all this, he was forced, by the necessity of the people, to practice physic; and,

Submarine Armor.

The Boston Daily Advertiser contains a notice of a public experiment made at that city by Capt. Taylor, the inventor of a new kind of Submarine Armor, which promises to be of the highest utility in exploring the wonders and in securing the treasures of the deep. The armor consists of a dress of India rubber cloth, supported by ribs and hoops of copper, arranged so as to resist the immense pressure of the water. A helmet, or head-piece of metal, covers the head and shoulders, and to this the other parts of the armor are carefully screwed. This helmet is large enough to contain a considerable supply of air, which is constantly renewed by means of a forcing pump at the surface of the water. A lantern forms a part of the apparatus, the light in which is supplied with the air which passes out from the helmet to make way for the constant fresh supply. The helmet is provided with a glass window, so that the diver can make accurate observations of any thing at whatever depth, provided he has a light in his lantern. Should any difficulty occur in the management of the ropes or breathing apparatus, by throwing off ballast the whole will instantly rise to the surface. The experiment was highly successful and satisfactory.

A Curious Story.

The Bay State Democrat tells the following story, for the truth of which it vouches.

"Many years ago, as appears from an old magazine from which we gather these facts, a young wife, of many amabilities, as the sequel of this sketch will show, was suddenly taken ill, and was reduced so extremely low that she felt convinced she could not long survive. She called her husband to her side, to whom she made known the solemn truth that they soon must part for ever; said she did not wish to conceal from him her conviction of this fact, nor did she wish to conceal from him her apprehension that he probably would soon desire another of "heaven's last, best gifts to man," and fearing that he might not exercise that judgment and wisdom in the selection of a second wife that he did in the selection of the first, desired that he should immediately marry Rosina, their faithful and rosy-checked servant girl. The husband regarded this singular request as the effect of a weak or distempered mind, until the wife, distrustful of her husband's sincerity—for he had promised all she desired—called both her husband and Rosina together at her side, and told the latter that she was about to marry her to her husband, conjuring the blushing girl at the same time to be true to him, to love and obey him, and especially to take good care of her "little ones," for whose welfare she felt the greatest anxiety. All this, the little innocent Rosina, laughing and weeping at the same time, promised faithfully to do.—The wife then joined their hands, made them take the matrimonial vow, and sign the necessary contracts in her presence, fearing, no doubt, that her husband might possibly "dodge the question" after she was gone.

"In the lapse of time the new wife found great favour in her husband's eyes, whose every wish she sought to gratify; and the sick wife in the meantime was fast gaining strength, and in all probability would soon be in possession of her health again. Here was likely to be "a fix." The husband finally tells his wife number one, that inasmuch as she had compelled him to marry wife number two, that he would never leave her as long as he lived. Wife number one, so far from being displeased with this resolution of her husband's, assured him of her entire approbation of his course; and the noble resolution he had taken, by an affectionate caress. This matrimonial trio lived long and happily together, as it appears, and no misunderstanding was ever known to have taken place between the two wives, who showed equal love and regard for the husband, and equal care and affection for each other's children; and no one, as it appears, ever took offence at this very singular union—indeed they could not, for "she was a very charming woman."

The Hoosier and the Yankee.

as he never took a penny from any one, he was crowded with patients. In the midst of all these duties, though afflicted with almost all the diseases which man is heir to, he wrote more books than most of us can find time to read. All these men were poor. We find Luther begging the elector for a new coat, and thanking him for a piece of meat; Calvin selling his books to pay his rent; and Baxter was a curate worth sixty pounds a year.—*Zion's Herald.*

Grogan given up.

His Excellency Sir Richard Jackson, Administrator of the Canadian Government, has given up the person called Colonel Grogan, an account of whose abduction was given in our last paper, on application of the United States authorities. The Montreal papers indulge in many bitter animadversions on the procedure, and are quite savage at having their pray wrested from their clutch.—In good truth, these Canadians are awful fellows to threaten, and swagger, and backguard the vile yankees, at least while mother Britain affords them the protection of some fifteen thousand of her bayonets. Were they to attempt a war with us on their own hook, the little state of Vermont alone would be able to flog them into quietness in less than a month. We are pleased, however, to see this new cause of difficulty between the two countries removed.—*Belvidere Apollo.*

J. Edwards, alias Caldwell, accused of being the perpetrator of the recent extensive forgeries in different parts of the country has been apprehended, and is now in prison in New York.

DRIVING NAILS INTO HARD WOOD.—We have lately seen another experiment of driving nails into hard seasoned timber fairly tried. The first two nails, after passing through a pine board, entered about one inch, and then doubled down under the hammer; but, on dipping the points of the other six or eight nails into lard, every one was driven home without the least difficulty.

Carpenters who are engaged in repairing old buildings sometimes carry a small lump of lard or tallow for this purpose on one of their boots or shoes.—*New Genesee Farmer.*

GUM ARABIC, when held in the mouth, and allowed to dissolve slowly, will allay the sensation of tickling, which occasions cough in catarrh and inflammation of the lungs.

DODGING THE QUESTION.—A fellow down town, who joined the Temperance Society, but has omitted to eschew every thing in the shape of alcohol gets over his "conscientious scruples" by now calling for a "life-preserver," instead of a brandy toddy; though it is said, that if both were analyzed by a skilful chemist, their component parts would be found equal.

We would ask the friends of temperance, if "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," does not a brandy toddy, by any other name, taste as strong?

A western Editor wishes to know whether the laws recently enacted against carrying concealed weapons, apply to Doctors who carry their pills in their pockets.

The Hoosier and the Yankee.

'Wal now, stranger,' said the Yankee, 'suppose you tell us about your own country; you're the only man I ever seen from west that didn't die of fever n' agur.'

'Well old Yankee, I'll just tell you all about it. If a farmer in our country plants his ground with corn, and take first rate care on it, he'll get a hundred bushels to the acre; and if he takes middlin' care of it, he'll get seventy-five bushels to the acre; and if he don't plant at all, he'll get fifty.'

The beet grow so large 'nat it takes three yoke of oxen to pull 'ful; sized once; and then it leaves a hole so large, that I once knew a family of five children, who all tumbled in a beet hole once before it got filled up, and the earth 'caved in upon them, and they all perished.

The trees grow so large that I once knew a man, who commenced cutting one down, and when he had cut away on one side for about ten days, he thought he'd just take a look round the tree; and when he got round on t'other side, he found a man there who had been cutting it for three weeks—and they never heard one another's axes.

'I have heard tell, yet somewhat doubt that story, that Ohio partnerships have sometimes grown clean through the earth, and have been pulled through by the people on t'other side.'

'Wal now,' says the Yankee, 'I rather guess as how you've told enough, stranger, for the present. How do you like to trade for some clocks to sell out west?'

'Never use 'em—we keep time altogether with pumpkin vines. You know they grow just five feet an hour, and that's an inch a minute. Don't use clocks at all.—It's no use old Yankee, we can't trade, no how.'

The Yankee gave up beat, and suddenly cleared out.