

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker for Nov.
The Nameless Grave.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

'Tis but a fragment of a tomb,
Spared when the rest was cleared away;
Its Sculpture gone; the name of whom
It covered perished in decay;
But though it bears no name nor date,
I have wild fancies of my own,
And well I love to contemplate
That old and shattered stone!

I wander near it when the dew
Of morn is dripping from the eaves.
And the church window glances through
Its curtain green of ivy leaves.
The marbles shine, when o'er its white,
Smooth surface is the sunlight thrown;
But oh! I love, though not so bright,
That old and shattered stone!

I love to think, "Perchance some head
Of peerless beauty there may rest;
That monument perhaps was laid
Upon a fair and lovely breast!
And even while I gaze, perchance
Some spotless spirit looketh down,
And casts its pure celestial glance
Upon the old gray stone!"

If such things be, what vanity
This earth and all therein must seem
To those who dwell in bliss on high,
Whose name on earth is but a dream!
And while we strive with care and pains
To leave a name when we are gone,
May we remember what remains
Of that sepulchral stone.

From the Southern Literary.
The Northern Lights.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The Northern sky is filled with fires
But not of lurid glow;
White in the air like icy spires
That shoot from banks of snow,
The rays from piled-up clouds ascend
And pour a silver light,
Where Heaven's eternal arches bend
Above the halls of Night.

In vain have mortals toiled to scale
Those high and brilliant hills;
Sealed are the fountains, pure and pale,
Of all their frozen rills.
No eagle's wing can soar so far,
No sun can melt the chain,
Let down in links from star to star
To bind them to the main.

Mysterious, solemn, cold and clear,
Their shapes majestic rise,
Like barriers round this earthly sphere,
Like gates of paradise.
And, when, at times, a glory streams
Along the shrouded land,
Like Eden's flaming sword it seems
Waved by an angel's hand.

Ye wonderful fires—that seldom give
Your splendor to our clime,
But in your Arctic region live
Through all revolving time—
Well may Imagination faint
Before your sacred blaze,
And baffled Science fail to paint
The source of Heaven-lit rays!

Method is not less necessary in ordinary conversation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himself understood.

Common people find it easier to believe, than to judge; and content themselves with what is usual never examining whether it be good or no.

There is not any benefit so glorious in itself, but it may yet be exceedingly sweetened and improved by the manner of conferring it.

Deeds.—A law was passed at the last Session, requiring all Deeds of conveyance of lands to be recorded within 2 years after execution, on penalty of being adjudged void against subsequent bona fide purchasers without notice.

The following historical sketch is from the Eclectic Review. There is nothing on earth more terrific than a fearful pestilence. To see men dying daily and hourly, struck down by an unseen power; while the breeze seems as gentle & as healthful; the sky as bright and clear, and the earth as teeming and fruitful as ever, marks, most emphatically the hand of Omnipotence.

Plague and Fire in London, 1666.

"In the month of June, the heat became excessive, and the deaths reported as from the plague were 276 for the last week. In the middle of July, it began to make alarming progress among the suburban parishes northward. With the approach of September, the eastern ones shared the same fate; so that the dark cloud, having thus moved round the whole circumference of the city, began to shed its disastrous influences over the trembling myriads who still clung to it as their home. From June to September the weekly reports of deaths continued to increase in various degrees until they rose to 8297. But the terror and confusion of that time were such as to render it impossible that complete returns should be made, and we safely believe that the scene of horror was much greater than even the largest of these numbers would indicate. According to the best authority we possess, the weekly mortality during the early part of September was not less than 12,000,—third part of which amount were supposed to have died in the course of one fearful night! The bills for the year report the total 68,596: which falls probably by one-third to exhibit the real extent of the calamity. Many died of fright, in the case of others, lunacy, brought on by the same cause, preceded dissolution; the instances of females dying in a state of pregnancy increased more than tenfold; and the new born seemed to live only to become capable of dying. The symptoms of the disease varied considerably in different constitutions. In some cases there was no appearance of swellings; and the infected person flattered himself that his more partial and moderate symptoms were only those of ordinary indisposition; until the chest was found to exhibit a number of purple spots, which warned the victim and his friends that life would be extinct in a few hours at the utmost. These spots were called the tokens, and were present before the imagination of the people as the messengers of death. The person in whom the disease took this shape died with comparatively little suffering; but when carbuncles appeared, the internal functions retained much of their strength, and a high state of fever commonly ensued. Many in their paroxysm broke away from the beds in which they were fastened, and raved upon passengers in the streets from the windows of their apartments; some laid violent hands upon themselves; whilst others gave utterance to their misery in loud and bitter lamentations, or forcing their way abroad, fled, with little or nothing to cover them, from street to street, shouting forth the most phrenzied language. Some of these unhappy creatures threw themselves into the Thames; others sank in sudden exhaustion and expired; even the officers, so great was the fear of infection, commonly forbore to put any restraint upon them. Of those who were visited with disease in this form, few died in less than twenty-four hours, some lived thirty-two days, but the average limit was five or six days. In July and August the majority of the infected perished; in September and October, the recoveries are believed to have been in the proportion of three to five.

"The means employed to counteract this awful calamity sometimes aggravated its violence. Thus on one occasion the Lord Mayor ordered sea-coal fires to be kindled in the streets, amidst which the pestilence stalked with increased desolation; until enormous falls of rain happened to extinguish them. Comets and unusual meteors diffused horror and dismay all around; whilst soothsayers, astrologers, quacks and other imposters, reaped a detestable harvest from the fears of their fellow creatures. London emptied herself of all who had the means of removal. Not less than ten thousand houses were deserted in the city and its adjacent parishes; so that grass grew in the most frequented thoroughfares; all abodes reported by the local authorities, as containing infected persons, were immediately shut up, whilst on the door a large red cross was painted with the words written over it, 'The Lord have mercy upon us.' Watchmen, with halberds in their hands, prevented all ingress or egress; trade was wholly suspended, and two general pest-houses were opened. The following is a graphic picture, to be read almost with tears.

"When those who ventured abroad met, they might be seen keeping at the most cautious distance from each other; and the man who passed a house with the fatal mark upon it, commonly glanced indifferently at it, and muffled his cloak about him, made his way a timid and hurried step along the forsaken footpath on the opposite side. Men feared even the fragrance of flowers, lest they should inhale the sickness from them,—and called for antidotes—true, myrrh, and zedoary. As the deaths multiplied, all the usual expressions of sympathy with the departed, such as tolling the parish knell, wearing mourning and funeral processions, sud-

denly ceased. Men were employed to go through the infected districts, in the dead of night, to collect and inter the bodies of those who expired in the course of the day. The distant tinkling of a bell, and the glare of torches announced the approach of the dead cart, and as it came near the houses with the cross upon them, the men attending it uttered alternately the well known cry, 'Bring out your dead!' To this call, the response of the inmates was often a wail of sorrow as they brought their dead to the door, sometimes barely covered, but commonly wrapped up like mummies in the bed linen on which they had breathed their last. The bodies thus obtained were lodged one upon another in the vehicle, and being conveyed to the edge of a broad deep pit prepared to receive them, the board at the end of the cart was removed, and they were made to fall as they might into their places. This done, the workmen covered them immediately with a layer of earth, upon which others in their turn were thrown in the same manner, until the dreaded receptacle became full to within a few feet of the surface.

"The mental sufferings of persons whose imaginations followed the objects of their affections to such a scene must have been great. It is well known that grief and excitement not unfrequently obtained a visible mastery over the understanding. The unwonted course of things about them filled the minds of many with ideas of the supernatural. They saw spirits walking the earth, and could trace out fearful sights in the heavens; and there were those who believed themselves commissioned to announce the wrath of the Almighty! One man took upon him the mission of Jonah. Another, naked, except a slight covering around his waist, and sometimes with a vessel of burning coals raised above his head, traversed the city day and night, without appearing to tire or rest exclaiming, 'Oh! the great, the dreadful God!' But the cause which served to push religion to the extreme of fanaticism in some, seemed to expel all sense of it from others. In the language of these, life was short; its probable end to-morrow; the future was a dream; and the fool only could suffer the fleeting movements that might remain to pass in waiting rather than in pleasure. Thus the darkest hour of calamity became marked by the utmost license in crime. Oath and imprecations in one quarter, mingled with the adorations and prayers which ascended from another; the song of the drunkard blending with the hymn of the devout; one class eagerly bent on riot and sensuality, converting the tavern and brothel into a species of pandemonium; whilst another and happily a much larger one, manifested a new solicitude to diffuse the benefits of piety and charity, which the horrors around them had done much to purify and exalt.

Within a few months afterwards came another visit of wrath in the form of fire upon our then as now most guilty metropolis. It broke out on the second of September, 1666, after an unusually hot and sultry August, on the premises of a baker in Pudding Lane, near London Bridge. The habitation at that time was unhappily, built of wood, much crowded together, with the roofs and partitions of them covered with pitch as a protection against bad weather, and being in the centre of enormous stores, in which tar, hemp, other naval materials, oils, wines, coals, rosin, and foreign spirits were deposited. Sir Thomas Bludworth having to act as chief magistrate, proved quite unequal to his functions. The sailors urged an explosion of those houses through gunpowder, which lay in the path of the conflagration; a step, which had it been taken in time, might have prevented much mischief. Little or nothing effectual was done, and the fiery deluge spread. Street after street became pyramids of flames, and then heaps of smouldering ruins. By night the whole slope of the city towards the river from the Three Cranes in the Vintry to more than a mile westward, was an arch of fire; steeples, churches, public edifices, sinking one after another out of sight, amid clouds of smoke, the glare of flames, and an incredible noise produced by the violence of the wind, the rush of the conflagration and the frequent crash of roofs, as they tumbled successively towards the ground. The element which thus raged on earth seemed also to have taken possession of the heavens, which glowed with a changeful and terrific brightness, so that the lurid effect was observed at the distance of forty or fifty miles. Evelyn, who was an eye-witness exclaimed, 'God grant that I may never behold the like. I saw ten thousand abodes in one flare; the noise, and crackling, and thunder of the impetuous blaze—the shrieking of women and children—the hurry of people—fall of towers and churches—it was like a hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last, one was not able to approach it, so that all seemed forced to stand still, and to let the flames burn on, which they did for nearly two miles in length and one in breadth.' The melted lead ran in streams along the streets; and when at last the destruction paused, out of nearly a hundred churches, and more than thirteen thousand houses, besides public buildings, scarcely a fragment remained erect to aid the explorer.

Gen. Harrison, Poisoned!

We have learned from private sources that when the body of Gen. Harrison was disinterred, previous to its removal to North Bend, on opening the coffins in which it was enclosed, the head had swollen so large as to burst the glass case fitted around it. It was examined by medical men, and others, and the conclusion to which they came, left room for the horrible suspicion that he had been poisoned to death.

Of the fact, as we now state it, there can be no doubt, for we have the most positive proof, and it only seems strange to us that no further investigations were made at the time, to satisfy the mind in regard to any other evidence of murder having been committed. There is one established fact, however, which strongly favors the idea that such might have been the case, and that is, nothing but poison could have produced such an effect upon the head, and cause it to swell in such a manner. And if there be any disease which might induce such a swelling, still, the disease of which it was generally thought and alleged he died, could not possibly be the cause.

The opinion that General Harrison was murdered, is becoming prevalent among the people of Washington, and the above is the reason which they assign for such a belief. And yet in thinking over the matter, we can hardly convince ourselves that we are dealing with facts—but such is the case. The mystery is full of horror, and yet it is no phantom, no chimera of the brain, but a real, tangible, fearful reality.

The truth is not known—may never be known—save only Him whose eye is upon all things, searching out even the thoughts of men, as well as being cognizant of their deeds. What deeds of horror Eternity will bring to light, which Time has only served to cloak with the oblivion of secrecy and silence.—N. E. Review.

Preserving Pork.—The following hints respecting the preservation of pork, are from a correspondent of the New Genessee Farmer.

"It is generally the practice of farmers I believe, to scald their old brine before putting it upon their pork: and so absolutely necessary it is supposed to be, by most people, that nothing short of the price of their pork, would induce them to use their old brine before scalding it. Now allow me confidently to say that the idea is erroneous, and the practice entirely useless. If your old brine is sweet and good, and has kept your old pork good, depend upon it, it will keep the new. For what possible reason is there to suppose that brine which will keep old pork will not keep new also? It may be said that the brine is full of matter which it has received from the old pork. True it is, and therefore it cannot extract the best juices of the new. For eight successive years I assisted in putting down pork, and pouring upon it the same brine, without being once scalded: and the older the brine, the sweeter and better was the pork. The brine was always sweet, and had plenty of salt at the bottom. The pork was laid down in the usual manner, with salt and the old brine poured back upon it. The advantages are having better pork, besides a saving of labour and trouble."

The Jew and his Pound of Flesh.—Some days ago a gentleman from Mobile came to this city (New Orleans) and was here arrested for debt at the instance of a citizen of this place. Bail was found, but the inexorable creditor refused to let the stranger return to his family, though he pleaded hard for the immunity, fearing lest he might fall a prey to the pestilence.

In a day or two after the unfortunate debtor was seized with a fever, and on Sunday evening was carried to his grave.

We have merely given the outline of this heartless transaction; But it is enough to damn forever the Shylock who could thus delight in the death of a man who chanced to owe him a few paltry dollars. N. O. Observer.

Thin Shoes.—A summer bird that has lingered late into the autumn, leaving its timid foot print in the first fall of snow, ever reminds one of that delicate fair one, in light thin slippers, on a cold ice pavement. The bird, however, can escape to a warmer clime, and in the spring it can re-appear, but the lady is on that journey from which there is no return. The music of the bird may again gladden its native tree, but her voice will not again cheer the hearth of her home. The badges of sorrow and the slowly returning hearse will soon tell what the slipper has done.

Frozen Potatoes.—When Potatoes are frozen, soak them for three hours in cold water before cooking them. If they are frozen very hard, dissolve a quarter of an ounce of saltpetre to every peck, and add it to the water. By this method they may be rendered nearly as good as ever.

A young man of Marlborough (N. H.) committed suicide some weeks ago, after having written a notice of his death and sent it to the printer.

Letters received in N. Y. by the Great Western, 5,822.

Preaching.—Le Pere Arrius said—when Le Pere Bardalou preached at Rouen, the tradesmen forsook the workshops, the lawyers their clients, the physicians their sick, but when I preached there the following year, I set all things right—every man minded his own business.

'You blundering scoundrel,' said the owner of a crockery store to one of his assistants, yesterday, what did you knock over that Chinaman for? You have broken at least fifty dollars worth of dishes.

'Blessed are the piece makers,' said the boy, 'that's the only excuse I've got.'

'Give the rascal a dollar for his wit,' said the man, smiling and 'let him get a pair of tighter shoes for his clumsy feet at my expense!'

'Job Printing!' exclaimed an old woman, the other day as she peeped over her specks at the advertising page of a country paper: 'Poor Job! they've kept him printing week after week, ever since I first learned to read and if he was't the most patient man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, nohow.'

Curious Fact.—Fish it is said never bite in the waters of Connecticut on Sundays. In the 'good old colony times,' a law was passed against their violating the Puritan rules, and it has never been repealed, and the fish like well behaved gentlemen, never presume to violate the statute.

New method of getting a living.—Tom, my son, said a father to his wild and wayward boy, what do you intend to do for a living? I don't know father: but I rather think I shall enlist in the last war.

There are four things that look very awkward in a woman, viz: to see her undertake to whistle—to throw a stone at a hog—to smoke a cigar—and to climb a garden fence.

There is in Pittsburgh, a child aged 7 years weighing 170 pounds. The productions out west are enormous.

Take a pint of linseed oil, with half a pound of mutton suet, six or eight ounces of bees-wax, and a small piece of rosin, boil these together, and let the mixture cool till milk warm. Then with a brush put on boots or shoes, when the leather is dry, and it will render them impervious to water.

Philadelphia City and County contains a population of 255,037 persons—white males 111,887, white females 126,317, colored males 8,316—colored females 11,515—slaves 2.—The city proper contains 93,665—Southwark 27,548—Northern Liberties 34,474—Spring Garden 27,849—Kensington 22,314—Moyamensing 14,573. The Pennsylvania Inquirer furnishes the above statement.

The Two Banks of Circleville, Ohio.—Those whose dealings are unconnected with bankers and brokers, and whose money business is limited will find the following intelligence useful. The recent failure of one of these Banks, generally called the new one, chartered in 1818, renders it necessary, for the public, to state that the notes of the broken bank are variously signed by S. G. Renick, E. Brown, and J. Darst, as President; and by H. H. Warren, J. A. Scoville and W. McCulloch, Cashier; and that those of the sound and specie-paying old Bank, are signed only by Jos. Olds, President, and H. Lawrence, Cashier.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—When Dick Aims first crossed into York state from the Canada side he took up lodgings at an inn in Canandaigua. A waiting maid sat at table with them, and Dick spoke of her as the servant, to the no small scandal of mine host, who told him that in his house, servants were called help. Very well: next morning the whole house was alarmed by a loud shouting from Dick of 'Help! help! water! water! help!' In an instant! every person in the inn equal to the task, rushed into Dick's room with a pail of water. 'I'm much obliged to ye, to be sure,' said Dick, 'but here is more than I want—to shave with!' 'Shave with!' quoth mine host, 'You called help! and water! and we thought the house was on fire.' 'Ye told me to call! the servant help, and do ye think I would cry water when I mean fire?' 'Give it up,' said the landlord, as he led off the line of buckets.

BULLION.—Upon the death of Mr. Samuel E. Wall, an old and respectable gentleman, near Pittsburg, Pa., who had resided there from the time of his first settlement, his Executors found among other specie in his possession, and kept in the drawer of a common desk in his dwelling, a lump of gold, valued at \$3,000. It is supposed to have been in his possession for many years—none of his family knowing when he received it. He left much other and valuable property.