

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 4.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1843.

No. 30.

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The Departure of Summer.

There is a tone in every gale,
Which speaks of blossoms gone;
Which seems to pour a lonely wail
O'er hope and beauty flown:
The trees, the fields, which wore but now
The glory of the year,
Have lost the light and blossoming glow
They kept, when Spring was here.

Yes, the pure radiance of the sun
On them no more descends;
The freshness of their birth is gone,
Like smiles of early friends;
The blight is on the forest tops,
And on the waving corn,
Their richness passed, as fade the clouds
Of some gay summer morn.

Thus, looking at the golden hours
That passed so sadly soon,
Like dew from the luxuriant flowers,
That melts before the noon—
I feel how fleeting are the joys
That human life can give;
How every hope the heart employs
On earth, is fugitive.

All save that faith-enkindled hope,
From virtue's fount that springs,
To lift the undying spirit up,
As on the eagle's wings:
A hope sublime—immortal—pure—
In love to mortals given—
Traced in the Word of Promise sure,
And fixed on God and Heaven.

How soon the dark, autumnal storm
O'er summer's sheen is borne!
The sad tree stands, a wasted form,
All withered in its morn.
'Tis thus with life, its dreams are new
And bright—till rolling years
Sweep each young vision from the view,
And dim the eye with tears.

And still, an ever-restless tide
The stream of time sweeps on;
Within its bosom sink the pride,
And hopes and raptures gone;
A troublous waste of moving years,
Beneath whose depths go down
The peasant, with his joys and fears—
The monarch with his crown.

The beautiful form—the clinging love,
That thought the world its own;
And deemed no earthly power could move
Its hold from that alone;
These, with their charms, are rent apart—
And in the sullen wave,
That hides the past from every heart,
Ambition finds its grave.

Oh, life! how vain a thing art thou,
If in thy little span
The spirit feels no heavenward glow
Above the world of man!
A waste thou art—where storm and gloom
With light and joy contend;
Where sickness steals o'er youthful bloom,
And friend departs from friend!

"Ma," said a juvenile grammarian of the feminine gender yesterday, when she returned from one of the public schools—"ma, may'n't I take some of the currant jelly on the side-board?"

"No," said the mother, sternly.
"Well then, ma, may'n't I take some of the ice cream?"
"No," again replied 'ma.'
It was not long however, before the young miss was found 'diggin' into both.

"Did I not tell you," said the maternal parent, in a somewhat angry tone, "not to touch them?"
"You said no twice, ma," said the precocious girl, "and the schoolmistress says that two negatives are equal to an affirmative; so I thought you meant that I should eat them."
The mother sat down upon the sofa, and said that the talent some people's children had for learning was astonishing!—*Picayune.*

The Death Watch.

BY T. HOOD.

In the free city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, the bodies of the dead are not kept for several days, as with us, in the house of mourning, but are promptly removed to a public cemetery. In order to guard, however, against premature interment, the remains are always retained above ground until the certain signs of decomposition are apparent; and besides this precaution, in cases of suspended animation, the fingers of the corpse are fastened to a bell-ropes communicating with an alarm, so that on the slightest movement the body rings for the help which it requires for its resuscitation—a watchman and a medical attendant being constantly at hand.

Now the duty of answering the life-bell had devolved on one Peter Klopp—no very onerous service, considering that for thirty years he had been the official 'Death-Watch,' the metallic tongue of the alarm had never sounded a single note. The defunct Frankforters committed to his charge had remained, one and all, man, woman, and child, as silent as so many stocks and stones. Not that in every case the vital principle was necessarily extinct; in some bodies out of so many thousands, it doubtless lingered like a spark among the ashes—but disinclined, by national phlegm, to any active assertion of its existence.

For a German, indeed, there is a charm in a certain vaporous dreamy state, between life and death, between sleeping and waking, which a transcendental spirit would not willingly dissolve. But be that as it might, the deceased Frankforters all lay in their turn in the Corpse Chamber, as passive as statues in marble. Not a limb stirred—not a muscle twitched—not a finger contracted; and consequently not a note sounded to startle the ear or to try the nerves of Peter Klopp.

In fine, he became a confirmed skeptic as to such resuscitations. The bell had never rung, and he felt certain that it never would ring, unless from the vibrations of an earthquake. No, no—death and the doctors did their work too surely for their patients to relapse into life in any such manner. And truly it is curious to observe that, in proportion to the multiplication of physicians, and the progress of medical science, the number of revivals has decreased. The inanimate no longer rally as they used to do some centuries since—when Aloys Schneider was restored by the jolting of his coffin, and Margaret Schoning, leaving her death-bed, walked down to supper in her last linen.

So reasoned Peter Klopp, who, long past the first remorse and fancies of his novitiate, had come, by dint of custom, to look at the bodies in his care but as so many logs or piles of goods committed to the temporary care of a Plunonian warehouseman or Lethæan wrangler. But he was doomed to be signally undeceived.

In the month of September, just after the autumnal Frankfort Fair, Martin Grab, a middle aged man of plethoric habit, after dining heartily on soup, sourkrot, veal cutlets, with bullace sauce, carp in wine jelly, blood sausages, wild boar brawn, herring salad, sweet pudding, Leipzig larks, sour cream with cinnamon, and a bowlful of plums by way of desert, suddenly dropped down insensible. As he was pronounced to be dead by the doctor, the body was conveyed, as usual, within twelve hours, to the public cemetery, where, being deposited in the corpse chamber, the rest was left to the care and vigilance of the death watch, Peter Klopp.

Accordingly, having taken a last look at his old acquaintance, he carefully twisted the rope of the life-bell around the dead man's fingers, and then retired into his own sanctum, lighted his pipe, and was soon in that foggy paradise which a true German would not exchange for all the odor of Araby the Blessed, and the society of the Hours.

It was past midnight, and in the corpse-chamber, hung with dismal black, the lifeless body of Martin Grab was lying in its shroud as still as a marble statue. At its head the solitary funeral lamp burned without a flicker—there was no breath of air to disturb the flame, or to curve the long spider-line that hung perpendicularly from the ceiling. The silence was intense.—You might have heard the ghost of a whisper, or the whisper of a ghost, if there had been one present to utter it; but the very air seemed dead and stagnant—not elastic enough for a sigh even from a spirit.

In the adjoining room reposed the death-watch, Peter Klopp. He had thrown himself in his clothes on his little bed, with his pipe still between his lips. Here too, all was silent and still. Not a cricket chirped, nor a mouse stirred nor a draught of air. The light smoke of the pipe mounted directly upward and mingled with its cloudlike shadows on the ceiling. The eye would have detected the fitting of a moth; the ear would have caught the rustling of a straw; but all was quiet as the grave—still as the steadfast tombs; when suddenly the shrill hurried tone of the alarm-bell—the very same sound that, for fifteen long years he had nightly listened for—the very same sound that, for many long years, he had utterly ceased to expect—abruptly startled the slumbering senses of Peter Klopp.

In an instant he was out of bed and on his

feet, but without the power of further progress. His terror was extreme. To be waked suddenly in a fright is sufficiently dreadful; but to be roused in the dead of night by so awful a summons—by a call as it were, from beyond the grave, to help the invisible spirit—perhaps a demon's—to reanimate a cold, clammy corpse—what wonder that the poor wretch stood shuddering, choking, gasping for breath, with his hair standing upright on his head, his eyes starting out of their orbits, his teeth chattering, his hands clutched, his limbs paralyzed, and a cold sweat oozing out from every pore of his body! In the first spasm of horror his jaws had collapsed with such force that he had bitten through the stem of his pipe, the bowl and stalk falling to the floor, while the mouth-piece passed into his throat, and agitated him with new convulsions. In the very crisis of his struggles a loud crash resounded from the corpse-chamber—then came a rattling as of loose boards, followed by a stifled cry—then a strange, unearthly shout, which the death-watch answered with an unnatural shriek, and instantly fell headlong on his face on the floor!

Poor fellow! Why, it was enough to kill him. It did. The noise alarmed the resident doctor and the military patrol, who rushed into the building, and lo! a strange and horrid sight! There lay on the ground the unfortunate death-watch, stiff and insensible, while the late corpse, in its grave-clothes, bent over him, eagerly administering the stimulants, and applying the restoratives that had been prepared against his own revival. But all human help was in vain. Peter Klopp was no more; whereas Martin Grab was alive, and actually stepping into the dead man's shoes, became, and is at this day the official death-watch at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

A valued subscriber has furnished us with a copy of the following letter. We know not whether it is contained in the published works of the author, but it will doubtless be new to many of our readers. The advice is of that singularly practical and useful character, which distinguishes the writings of the American Sage. It is most salutary; and we do hope that its soundness will meet with a practical demonstration in the improved habits of our people, especially the females, whose confinement to the impure air of their mansions and neglect of the bracing stimulus of outdoor exercise, furnish a melancholy contrast with the practice of European ladies, and is one of the main causes of the absence of that rosy hue and healthful bloom which mark the women of trans-Atlantic countries.—*Burlington Gazette.*

Extract of a letter from Dr. Franklin to his son, Governor Franklin of New Jersey.

LONDON, Aug. 19, 1772.

In yours of May 14, you acquaint me with your indisposition, which gave me great concern. The resolution you have taken to use more exercise is extremely proper, and I hope you will steadily perform it. It is of the greatest importance to prevent diseases, since the cure of them by physic is so precarious. In considering the different kinds of exercise, I have thought that the *quantum* of each is to be judged of, not by time or by distance, but by the degree of warmth it produces in the body; thus, when I observe, if I am cold when I get into a carriage of a morning, I may ride all day without being warmed by it; that if on horseback my feet are cold, I may ride some hours before they become warm; but if I am ever so cold on foot, I cannot walk an hour briskly, without glowing from head to foot by the quickened circulation; I have been ready to say, (using round numbers, without regard to exactness, but merely to make a great difference,) that there is more exercise in *one* mile's riding on horseback than in *five* in a coach; and more in *one* mile's walking on foot than in *five* on horseback; to which I may add, that there is more in walking *five* miles up and down stairs, than in *five* on a level floor.

The two latter exercises may be had within doors, when the weather discourages going abroad; and the last may be had when one is pinched for time, as containing a great quantity of exercise in a handful of minutes.

The dumb bell is another exercise of the latter compendious kind; by the use of it I have in forty swings quickened my pulse from sixty to one hundred beats in a minute, counted by a second watch; and I suppose the warmth generally increases with quickness of pulse.

Smart John, That.

"John, what is the past of see?"
"Seen, sir."
"No: it is *seen*—remember that."
"Yes, sir. Then, if a sea fish swims by me, it becomes a *saw*-fish when it is *past*, and cannot be *seen*."
"You may go home, John."

It is said that the father of an interesting family near Detroit, Mich., not long since stopped the only newspaper which he allowed himself or family, and solely on the ground that he could not afford the expense. This man chews \$14 60 worth of tobacco a year.

Unmarried Women.

An exchange paper discourses thus eloquently on a highly important subject.

Why is it there are so many females unmarried among us?—females too of the right age and all the qualifications requisite for the marriage state? Females capable of making any reasonable man happy?—Why is it they remain year after year in a single state? Surely the fault cannot be theirs. There are young men enough to give all young women husbands, to support them well, and help them bring up and educate a family if they would set about the affair in right good earnest. Why don't they do it? They are fearful of changing their situations, lest poverty come upon them, or they be taken in by those who are full of love and smiles at present, and cross and tyrannical when their objects are secured. The first object vanishes when the true state of the case is known. A good wife is an assistance instead of an incumbrance.

A man who can barely support himself, while leading a single life, will more than support himself in the marriage state. This is seen by facts of every day occurrence. The latter objection has no foundation. Because a few men live unhappily in the married state it is no reason every one will; and generally the fault lies with the husband. We will be bound to say, if a young man strives for happiness and peace at home, he will assuredly obtain them. But if he departs from his duty he cannot expect anything but sorrow.

Let the young men, who are old enough to form connections, and who can work for a living, see to it that the young women are furnished with husbands. Something must be wrong, where so many of both sexes are being strangers to each other—moping away existence, when they might do good and be happy. What say you reader!—will you put off duty? Shall we preach to you in vain?

Daring Act of a Female.

A short time since a most daring feat was performed in Dayton, Ohio, by an old lady upwards of fifty years of age. The circumstances of the case as related to us, says the Dayton Transcript, by one who was cognizant of the whole transaction, are as follows: A favorite pup belonging to a family in the upper part of the city, while playing around the mouth of a well, accidentally fell in. After swimming about for some time, he raised his two fore paws up on the side of the well, and sent forth a most piteous howl for relief. The well we understand was 25 or 30 feet deep. The old lady, who was sitting in the house at the time, no sooner heard the noise than she flew to his relief, and although a large heavy woman, immediately descended to the bottom of the well by means of a rope. Her descent was so rapid that she was plunged over head and ears in the water, and soured clear to the bottom. Having secured the pup, the next difficulty was to extricate herself from her critical predicament. Fortunately just at this time her husband made his appearance at the mouth of the well, and forthwith took steps to draw her up. Her great weight rendered this a slow and very laborious operation. With the puppy in one hand, her feet in the bucket, and her other hand fast hold of the rope, she encouraged her husband by the constant cry of 'Heave O!' until finally she was landed safely at the top of the well, all drenched with water, but having received but one or two slight bruises in her precipitate descent. Being asked by some of the bystanders, who had assembled in the meantime, why she had run so much risk merely to save a dog, she replied, caressing the pup at the same time, "And who would 't do it to save the poor little fellow."—The most extraordinary circumstance connected with the affair is, that a day or two after, while drawing a bucket of water from the same well, the identical rope, which had borne the weight of the old lady, broke, and the bucket and its contents were precipitated to the bottom.

The Largest Wrought Iron Gun in the World.

For the last two weeks, L. B. Ward & Co., have been hammering out, at the Hammersley Forge, at the foot of 59th street, North River, New York, the largest gun, as it is said, that we have any record of. It is fourteen feet long, three feet in diameter at the breech, and weighs thirty thousand pounds, or two tons. It is made for Government and will be placed on board the Princeton steamer, Capt. Stockton, now at Philadelphia. This extraordinary gun is hammered out with a hammer weighing fifteen thousand pounds. The process of heating and hammering such an immense shaft is wonderful. The machinery for placing the gun in the furnace, of putting it on the anvil, of turning, cutting and hammering are so complete, that it is moved with a precision and facility truly astonishing. Cast iron guns of this size, and larger, are frequently made but no attempt we believe, has ever before been made to make a gun of this size from wrought iron. It is calculated that the strength and power of this piece when finished, will carry a ball of one third greater weight and one fourth increased distance than the best cast iron guns.

Tippecanoe, but not "Tyler too."

No more let the honor'd name
Of him a nation mourns
Be coupled with the treachery
Of one the nation scorns.
No, no; the flag of Tippecanoe
Would never wave again,
If such a blot as "Tyler too"
Its ample folds should stain.
Methinks your late loved chieftain's name
Emits a brilliant ray,
That leaves in darkness "Tyler too,"
But points to HENRY CLAY.

Then rally round the standard
Of Kentucky's noblest son;
Give his broad banner to the breeze,
And victory will be won.

Defining a Position.

An editor out West has just come out with a new paper. His inaugural is the most radical thing we have lately read. He says:—We haven't got any political principles, except we believe in 'roast beef' and 'hard cider,' and go John Tyler the whole hog, including the tail. We love all the girls harder than a mule can kick—the pretty ones in particular—and one we know, double refined particular. We are out for total abstinence of all *back cushions* as makes the women's coats stand out behind, (we're a modest boy, and don't like to say 'bustles.') We're in for the abrogation of all soap locks, cheek locks, lip locks. We abominate all straps, because they impede locomotion. We go the whole temptation society, to the bottom of the barrel.

A country lad went a courting—but his father found it out, and forbid the matter, as the girl was not good enough for him. "Well, father, I thought she'd do to try on."

A Large Man.

The "Democratic Pacific" states that a farmer had lately died in Monsied, Belgium, of enormous dimensions. He was seven feet in circumference, and the calves of his legs were as large as the body of an ordinary man. His coffin was three feet wide and three feet deep; yet he completely filled it. He was famous for his cure of rheumatism, and on being called to Lille, in 1819, to treat a person of distinction, the crowd surrounded his carriage, and hailed him Louis XVIII, crying "Long live Louis XVIII." His resemblance to that monarch was so striking that the soldiers on duty did him military honors. He died on the 16th of September, 84 years of age.

A Potato Story.

The Osage Republican contains a statement, supported by affidavits sworn to before a Justice of the Peace, which we think *out-potatoes* all creation. Mr. David B. Shepherd, of Osage, proves as aforesaid, that on the third day of the present month, he did between 4 o'clock, A. M. and 7 P. M., pull the vines, dig and pick up three hundred and six bushels of potatoes.

Good intentions will never justify evil actions, nor will a good action ever justify an ill intention; both must be good, or neither will be acceptable.

Here is "a crumb of comfort" for mothers who have squalling children:—Children's tears are very innocent—they neither do harm nor good; they are merely an outlet to peevishness, which soon relieve them, and from the quantity they sometimes shed, it might be supposed they were in little danger of a collection of water on the brain. And now I think of it, this may be the reason why some are called sap-heads; but block-heads and dough-heads do not yield tears plentifully. They retain them in their heads, and become dolts.

Bull Fights.

A Paris letter-writer says it is to be noted that the bull-fights have never been intermitted in Spain; no party in the ascendant has neglected to provide the old national entertainment; and it has always been numerously and eagerly attended.

POULTRY.—It is scarcely creditable how valuable is the poultry in the United States. By the census of 1840 it was returned at \$12,176,170. New York contributes \$2,373,029, which is more than the value of all its swine, half the value of its sheep, the entire value of its neat cattle, and five times more than the value of the horses and mules of the State. These facts are derived from a publication of the Harpers, called "The American Poultry Book," and they are certainly enough to make Chapman crow.