

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 4.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1843

No. 33

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FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

The Voice of Autumn.

"Sweet Sabbath of the year."

I come again with my chilly breath,
I come with tresses drear and pale;
The forest leaves I'll sear—and death
I'll send to flowers in yonder vale.

I'll go astray where waters glide,
And rob their coast of verdure fair;
And o'er the vales and mountains wide,
I'll strip them of their beauty bare.

Thro' verdant meads I'll proudly stray,
To snip them of their fragrant flow'rs—
My voice's not in the warbler's lay,
How drear and lone the blooming bow'rs!

Insects no more with transport sing,
To them unwelcome is my reign;
And flocks on melancholy wing,
Rejoice as Autumn comes again.

H. C. M.

Poe's *Garret*, Westfall, Nov. 1843.

Mathematical Question.

One day I was standing upon the sea shore,
From the water my eyes were 10 feet, and no more,
Then a mountain I saw whose height I well knew,
To be 12,000 feet of a deep purple blue.
Supposing this earth in diameter then—
Seven thousand nine hundred, one score and ten—
If these observations be correct and just,
To what extent of my sight you can tell me, I trust.

H. C. M.

*Miles.

Fattening Turkeys.

On looking over some old papers a few days ago, we came across the following curious mode of fattening Turkeys. "In the winter of 1818-19, a gentleman in the city made the following experiment. He placed a turkey in an enclosure about four feet long, two feet wide, and three or four feet high. He excluded as much light as he could without preventing a circulation of air, and fed the turkey with soft brick broken into pieces, with charcoal also broken, and with six grains of corn per day. Fresh water was daily supplied. The box or coop in which the turkey was placed he always locked up with his own hands, and is perfectly confident that nobody interfered with the experiment.

At the end of the month he invited a number of his neighbors, among others, two physicians. The turkey, now very large and heavy was killed and opened by the physicians, and was found to be filled up with fat. The gizzard and entrails were dissected, and nothing was found but a residuum of charcoal and brick. To conclude the examination satisfactorily, the turkey was eaten and found to be very good. Last winter he again repeated the experiment with the same success. The circumstance which induced him to make the experiment is a very curious one. One of his neighbors informed him, that being driven from the city by the fever of 1793, his family recollected that some fowls that had lived in a kind of loft over his workshop, had been forgotten in the hurry of their removal, and would certainly be starved. They were absent six or eight weeks, and on the return of the pestilences returned. To their great astonishment, the fowls were not only alive, but very fat, although there were nothing but charcoal and shavings that they could have eaten, and some water that had been in the trough of a grindstone had supplied them with drink." It appears from the above that turkeys are a species of biped that thrive best on a Graham diet.

A lady correspondent of the National Intelligencer in speaking of Prince Albert, says, "he is tall, inclining to stoutness; hair, whiskers and moustache of as light a color as my own." A lady with "whiskers and moustache," must be a rare sight, indeed!

Death in the White House.

FROM THE CITIZEN SOLDIER.

Tread softly with a solemn footstep, whisper your words in a low voice, and let your breath be hushed; for the air of the chamber is heavy with death, and the faces of all you see are stamped with grief, and the suppressed sob of the women, and the deep death-groan of the strong man in mortal agony, mingle their notes of woe, breaking on your ear like voices from the grave, and all around is still and sad and fearful—for the Hero is dying—His keen eye which a month ago, met the gaze of millions, having him, in all the pomp of civic triumph, their Leader and their Ruler, is now glazing with the chill of death, and his soul is passing from the Visible to the Awful Unseen.

He is dying! The light of the breaking day falls dimly through the half closed shutters, the lamp burns with a sickly glare, and in the mingled light appear the faces of the watchers by the bed-side of the dying, faces wan and ghastly with prolonged anxiety and anguish.

He is dying!—his face turned towards the heavens, is pallid and wan, the cheeks are hollowed, the eyes sunken; and the brow damp with the dews of death, with the masses of grey hair falling back from its outline stands out so boldly in the light, speaking much of the might of the Hero's mind, while the whitening lip, the convulsive throb trembling along the length of the face, the heaving chest and the throat straining with the death-rattle, all announce the passage to the grave, and herald the approach of the Skeleton God.

And around him gathered the friends of his path, and the sharers of his triumph—there was WEBSTER with his towering brow and eagle eye, there was CRITTENDEN and EWING and GRANGER, men of mind from all parts of this wide union, and there with a face stamped with genius, and marked with a high honesty of purpose, was GEORGE B. BADGER, the pride of North Carolina, and all here gathered round the bedside, to see the mighty man fight his last battle, and after having battled Death an hundred times in the field, after having battled with enemies more bitter than death, with slander, and falsehood, with low calumination, the Hero was at last yielding to the final victor of all, whose throne is on the skulls of nations and whose sway is over the realms of Time.

He was dying! A month ago his footsteps had topped the highest rock in the steep pathway of human ambition; a month ago, and his name had gone forth to all the world, as the Ruler of the Great Land of New World Freedom; a month ago and he had stood on the Capitol, and his gaze had been met by the gaze of millions, and the earthquake shout of a free people had sounded on his ear and filled the clear heavens above, and now—the short space of a single moon had waned—the insignia of Power had scarce warmed in his grasp—the Presidential Banquet had scarce grown cold—the last shout of the people was yet sounding in his ear, and he was summoned by a mightier than the kings, or the people, to the throne of the Eternal God!

He was dying! And the scenes of the terrible night of Tippecanoe were again around him, the dark and fearful night, when the yell of the savage and the gleam of the scalping knife were in his camp; again he led his riflemen to the quick struggle of life for life; again he shouted the watchword of the charge, and a faint smile stole over the lips of the dying man, as again he beheld the banner of stars and stripes in triumph.

Hark—a faint murmur breaks from his lips—his hands clutch nervously at the vacant air. He is again beside the Thames. He is again with JOHNSON and SHELLEY; he is again beside PERRY, and again the blue smoke of the rifle winds up from the green woods, and the war whoop of the Indian shrieks along the plain. Then the terrible contest! the sweep of Dick JOHNSON'S mounted Riflemen in their hurricane charge again passes before his eye, and the old Hero, would shout with joy, but the death rattle is in his throat, and the death-dew on his brow.

He is dying! for his death, the bright eyes of woman shall be dim with tears and the aged men shall weep, and a nation will be sad and gloom and civil corruption and legalized anarchy shall pass like a pall of gloom over the land, and yet the fiat has gone forth, God hath spoken it, and the Hero dies, ere yet the rejoicings of the nation are lost to his ear.

And in that terrible moment, when his hands were interlocked with the hands of death, when his mind was armed to supernatural vigor, and the Past and Future, mingled to his vision, then the thought of his country arose on his mind, then the thought of the trust placed in his hands by the people, burdened his soul, and with the last struggle of life, he imagined a man of noble heart and resolute soul standing before him, he imagined a successor of mind and intellect, and the words broke from his lips—"I wish you to understand the true principles of Government—I ask you to carry them out—I ask nothing more!"

The Little Red Fox.

TUNE—"Ole Dan Tucker."

The moon was up, and bright as day,
The stars they winked in their quiet way—
When the Kinderhook Fox was chased by a Coon,
As the west wind whistled this bran new tune—
Get out of the way, you're quite too late—
You little Red Fox of the Empire State.

The Fox had hoped that the *Buckeye Boys*
Would beat off the Coon with a thundering noise—
But his heart grew sad, and his fur flew off, [cough—
As he heard, while he hiccupped a church yard
Get out of the way, &c.

Over the line to old *Pennsylvania*—
The Fox thought he'd go in search of luck;
But the cry went up, "we dont want you here!"
And they sung, as there dropt from his eye a tear—
Get out of the way, &c.

So on he went, to the old *North State*—
With the hope that "Old Rip" would avert his fate,
But when he got there, he lost his tail—
And the Coon boys sang, as he "cut" with a wail—
Get out of the way, &c.

The tailless Fox then went to *Tennessee*,
To beg a little help from Old Hick-o-ree;
But he heard, as he went, a loud shout for Jones,
And the song, as he scampered to save his bones—
Get out of the way, &c.

Breathless with fear, and without a tail—
The sight of a Coon-skin made him quail;
He jumped like a thief to a "cut-dirt" tune,
And heard, while he yelled like a frightened loon,
Get out of the way, &c.

On he leaped, with a limping gait—
And took his way through *Maryland State*—
But it followed him there like a hoe and cry—
That terrible sound which he could not fly—
Get out of the way, &c.

Wearied and worn, and chased by the "Coon,"
His head became bald as a shaved baboon; [ky:
When he reached *Lindenwald* he sighed "I'm unblest—
For the people all sing, as they shout "Kentucky,"
Get out of the way, &c.

So the Fox lay down, and his voice got wheezy—
His face grew pale, and his stomach uneasy;
He heaved, he kicked, and cried "I'm lost!" [ghost—
And the night wind moaned, and he gave up the ghost—
The little Red Fox is quite unlucky—
For the people are going for Old Kentucky!

A 'Screamer' Ducked.

The *Concordia* (La.) Intelligencer tells a pretty good joke of a fellow who was walking ashore from that splendid boat, the *Harry of the West*—his bundle in one hand and five dollars in specie clenched in the other—on a single plank, and heedless of his way, he tripped, and fell souse in the river. In an instant, (says the Intelligencer,) recovering himself he struck manfully for the shore, waded out in full view of the boat, shook himself like a huge water dog, opened his hand and found but two of the shiners left—he was angered at the loss of his money, and more than furious at the monstrous *Mississippi*. He looked at the plank, the boat, the river, his money, and wound up the survey by venting his spleen as follows: "I've got five dollars in this here bundle, two dollars in my hand—have just been ducked—stand five feet ten in my stocking feet—tolerably stout for my age—rather mad—and dog my cats if I can't flog any man on that boat, fair fist fight or rough and tumble!—Who'll say yes? Whoop! whoop! whoop! Hurra for old Kentucky!"

Experiment on Animals.

A late number of the *London Lancet* contains a notice of certain experiments performed on cats, one of which, though cruel is very singular. A foreigner of the name of Weinhold took away the brain and spinal marrow of one of these animals, and filled up the space thus made with an amalgam of mercury, quicksilver and zinc. Life appeared to be instantly restored, the animal lifted up its head, opened and shut his eyes, and looking with a fixed stare, endeavored to walk, and whenever it dropped tried to raise itself upon its legs. It continued in this state some twenty minutes, when it fell and remained motionless. During the time the animal was thus treated, the circulation of the blood went on regularly; the secretion of the gastric juice was more than usual, and the animal heat re-established.

The *Cincinnati Daily Messenger* man is somewhat of a wag—listen to him.

"We were surprised to see a man yesterday with a segar in his mouth, and a volume of smoke issuing from the back of his neck. The man had been shot five years ago, the ball entering the back of his neck, and coming out at his mouth, which is very capacious and generally wide open.—The wound had healed, but left the hole made by the passage of the bullet. He keeps it corked up, except when smoking; and sometimes, when in a great hurry, he eats with his mouth, while his drink is poured by a servant into the bullet hole."

THE ROMANCE OF FRONTIER LIFE is well exhibited in the following extract from an oration on the last 4th of July at Camp Madison, Kentucky, by the Hon. George Robertson:

In "the Blue Lick defeat," August the 20th, 1782, the cormorant of death fed greedily on the flower of the first settlement. On that darkest of their gloomy days every settler lost a friend, and nearly every family a prop. And on that bloody field the Colonels Todd and Trigg, and chivalrous Capt. Harland, and the gallant sons of Boone, lay undistinguished among the promiscuous slain, all soon mangled by devouring wolves and vultures, so as not to be recognized by their friends, who, three days after the battle, buried the fragments. A few of their crumbling bones, since collected by their countrymen, now lie exposed to the elements, in a confused pile, on the summit of the bleak and rocky plain where the heroes fell. We cannot now imagine the grief and despondence with which the mournful intelligence of that day's catastrophe covered the land.

But the survivors, though wofully bereaved, were not to be discouraged or dismayed. They were resolved never to look back or falter in their first and last resolve to conquer the wilderness or die in the attempt. ISRAEL'S God stood by and sustained the noble but forlorn band, for their cause was his. On the long roll of that day's reported slain were the names of a few who had in fact been captured, and after surviving the ordeal of the gauntlet, had been permitted to live as captives. Among these was an excellent husband and father, who, with eleven other captives, had been taken by a tribe, painted black, as the signal of torture and death to all. The night after the battle these twelve prisoners were stripped and placed in a line on a log, he to whom we have specially alluded being at one extremity of the devoted row.

The cruel captors, then beginning at the other end, slaughtered eleven, one by one; but when they came to the only survivor, though they raised him up also and drew their bloody knives to strike under each uplifted arm, they paused, and after a long pow-wow, spared his life—why, he never knew. For about one year none of his friends excepting his faithful wife doubted his death; she hoping against reason, still insisted that he lived and would return to her. Wounded by another, she from time to time postponed the nuptials, declaring that she could not divest herself of the belief that her husband survived. Her exhorting friends finally succeeded in their efforts to stifle her affectionate instinct; she reluctantly yielded, and the nuptial day was fixed. But just before it dawned the crack of a rifle was heard near her lonely cabin; at the familiar sound she leaped out like a liberated fawn, ejaculating as she sprang, "that's John's gun!" It was John's gun, sure enough, and in an instant she was once more in her lost husband's arms.—But nine years afterwards that same husband fell in "St. Clair's defeat," and the same disappointed but persevering lover renewed his suit, and at last the widow became his wife. The scene of those romantic incidents was within gunshot of my natal homestead, and with that noble wife and matron I was myself well acquainted.

Animal Economy.

As a Yankee pedlar of the genuine Connecticut breed, was one day in front of a country tavern, watering a raw boned horse, whose ribs might be as easily counted as marbles in a boy's pocket, a rough looking horse jockey accosted the pedlar, thinking to have some fun with him, as follows:

"I say, I rather imagine it don't cost much to keep that ere creature in feed, does it?"
"Wal now, what would you give to know? I make it a rule never to trade for nothin."

"Well," said the jockey, "if you can feed him on any thing cheaper than laths and brick-bats, and support life, I'll treat."

"Done!" said Jonathan, putting both hands into his pockets and looking into the jockey's face. "I take yer up! stranger. I just gets a lot of shavings and put a pair of green spectacles on the animal's nose, and the foolish creature think a its grass! at that rate he eats a barrel a day! Now, stranger, I'll take a sweetener, if you please."

A Crusty Que.

The editor of the *Hagerstown News*, himself an old bachelor, says:

"Nothing can prevent an increase of bachelorism save an amendment in the mode of educating women. When they learn common sense instead of broken French—when they learn some useful employment, instead of beating the piano—when they learn to prefer honest industry to silly coxcombry, and when men find that a woman is a helpmate instead of a burthen, then we may expect to find fewer bachelors—not till then."

"The hardest fare I ever experienced," said an old clogger, "was the time when I got lost in the woods. I slept on a rock, and cracked butternuts with my teeth for a living. Them was hard times."

Distinguished arrival and reception.

At half past three o'clock this morning, Johannes Volkman arrived in this great city. He came from Lancaster county, slept all night on the Permanent Bridge, and truded into town at an early hour as aforesaid, with a huge bag or knapsack of cheek on his back, well filled with something. The watchman according to rule and custom, desired to know what he carried; therefore stopped Mycer Volkman at the corner of Walnut and Teath streets, saying:

"Hold on Mister, what have you got in that bag?"

"Vy, vat is det to you?" answered Johannes, "sposse it be mein clothe, vat for I'm going to tell you vat it is!"

"You must open it and let me see in."

"I see you tam'd first; no pody shall see mein vestcoats and shoothings put meinself and no pody shall put on mein preches but me, and mein wife."

"But the Mayor says that every bundle and package that comes in town at night must be examined."

"Well, I put down mein pundle here; let de mayor coom and peep into it if he chooses; but no dam untrastrapper shall have a schmeel!"

"That won't do. It's not the mayor's business to examine the bundles himself."

"Vy, you tam'd rashcal, I vs told before I leave home dat de mayor and all de oder great officer of your tam'd beetle vill-ge vould come out to meet me and play on de drums and de vifes and de cimblins and all to der instrahments and den ax me to eat sassage and souk-krout in the Stadt house, mit lots of pretty gals and plenty of hot viskey bunch."

"Why who are you that you should be treated in that manner?"

"Who am I, you plack-yard! vy don't you know me? I'm Major Johannes Schwartz Volkman of Bunkinville. Now den, vat you zay to dat?"

"Oh I beg your pardon, Major Volkman, you shall be lodged till day-light at the public expense and then you shall be introduced to the Mayor, I give you my word."

"Yaw, yaw; very coot; hote if you had'n pegged my barden, I should have spoke to de mayor and oder pig men and got you hung'd as stre as you're porn, py chapter. Now sheest show me vich vay I must go."

The watchman redeemed his promise and the Major got a public reception, but was dismissed rather coolly, when the watchman seemed unwilling to swear positively that he was drunk when taken.—Eve. Mercury.

Boiled Cat.

The facetious editor of the *Lowell Times*, tells a good story of a fellow (what got his sufficiency of boiled cat, and as it has a moral, we gladly copy it.

A few years ago, a farmer who was noted for his waggery, stopped at a tavern, which he was in the habit of calling at on his way from H—to Salem.

The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner, and the cat was washing her face in the corner. The traveller thinking it would be a good joke, took off the pot lid, and while the landlady was absent, put grimalkin in the pot with the beef and potatoes, and then pursued his journey to Salem.

The astonishment of the landlady may be conceived, when in taking up her dinner she discovered the unpalatable addition which was made to it. Knowing well the disposition of her customer, she had no difficulty in fixing on the transgressor, and she determined to be avenged. Aware that he would stop on his return home for a cold bite, the cat was carefully dressed. The wag called as expected, and pussy was put on the table amongst other cold dishes, but so disguised that he did not know his old acquaintance.

He made a hearty meal, and washed it down with a glass of gin. After paying his bill, he asked the lady if she had a cat she would give him, for he was plagued almost to death with mice: she said she could not for she had lost her's. "What," says he, don't you know where it is?—"Oh, yes," replied the landlady, "you just eat it!"

He was never known to boil a cat afterwards:

A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being summoned as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was very much given to brow beat the evidence, asked him what distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "just four feet five inches and a half." "Pray thee, fellow," says the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the distance?" "I thought," says the carpenter, "that some fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it."

An old woman met a man with a cradle.—"Oh, sir," said she, "behold the fruits of matrimony." "Softly, softly," was the answer, "this is only the fruit basket."

Punch says he knows a man so fat that they grease wagon wheels with his shadow.