

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## THE AMERICAN REVIEW.

It having been determined to establish a Political and Literary Monthly REVIEW, to be conducted in the city of New York, by GEORGE H. COLTON, Esq., and devoted to the permanent maintenance of WHIG principles and improvement of American literature. The undersigned, Whig members of the Twenty-Eighth Congress, from all sections of the Union, most cordially approve of the design, and urge it upon the Whigs of the Republic for their unwavering support.

And that confidence may be extended by the public, assurance is hereby given that the continual assistance of the leading men of the Whig Party has been secured, and that full trust is reposed in the views and abilities of the Editor.

### Members of the Senate.

W P Mangum N C	S S Phelps Vt
George Evans Me	Alex Barrow La
J J Crittenden Ky	J T Morehead Va
J M Berrien Geor	W C Rives Va
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N Rayner N C	James Dellet Ala
G B Rodney Del	W A Mosely N Y
S C Sample Ind	R S Schenck Ohio
F H Morse Me	A H Stephens Geor

Earnestly approving of the plan of such a National organ, long needed and of manifest importance, the undersigned agree to contribute for its pages, from time to time such communications as may be requisite to set forth and defend the doctrines held by the united Whig Party of the Union.

George P Marsh T L Clingman  
J D Barnard Hamilton Fish  
J R Ingersoll J P Kennedy  
E Joy Morris J Collamer  
J M Berrien John J Hardin  
Robert C Winthrop W S Archer  
Thomas B King Rufus Choate  
Alexander H Stephens

It is unnecessary to set forth the reasons that have led to this design. They are many and will present themselves to every mind. But to the above the Editors have to add a word. It is known that the same enterprise has been two or three times before attempted by others; and that they failed as signally as they were weakly began. We care not to investigate the causes, but their failure has stood greatly in the way of the present undertaking. We can only give unqualified assurance that this Review WILL appear every month for one year at least, from January, 1845. Whether it shall continue longer, must depend upon the support of those who can see the importance of such a work. This support we earnestly request, believing that the work will be in all respects able and useful.

The Review will be published in the city of New York, to be called "THE AMERICAN REVIEW—A Whig Journal of Politics, Literature, Art and Science."

Terms.—Five Dollars a year—paid on receiving the first number.

Each number containing a hundred and twelve pages, printed in double columns, on fine paper, will consist of a leading political article, with literary miscellany in history, biography, criticism, fiction, poetry, statistics, science and the arts, from the ablest writers in the country. It will contain powerful articles from various writers, with two beautiful mezzotint engravings of Mr. Clay and Mr. Frelinghuysen, with sketches of their life and character. Every second or third number afterwards will also present a likeness and sketch of some distinguished American.

The conduct of the Review will be under the control of George H. Colton, associated however with other gentlemen of known standing and attainments.

To Committees, Societies, Clay Clubs, &c.—the following liberal terms are offered. Five copies for \$21. Thirteen copies for \$50. Or any person becoming responsible for four copies will receive a fifth gratis. AGENCIES are invited for distant places.

By law, remittances may be made free, through the Postmaster.

All communications to be addressed, post paid, to the Editor, G. H. Colton.—Office 118 Nassau Street, New York.

## Ode to the Moon.

BY SYLVESTER GRAHAM.

Fair, lonely Moon!—thou speakest not,  
Yet thou art eloquent to me!  
Oh! that the scenes could be forgot,  
Which have been witnessed oft by thee!  
But, no! remembrance will not part,  
With what it once too dearly prized;—  
The bosom cannot cease to smart,  
Whose feelings have been sacrificed!  
Years have gone past, since thou didst see  
My bosom's too expectant flame;  
Changes and grief have alter'd me,  
But thou art smiling still the same.  
A little longer I must brave  
Life's gloomy cares, and deep repining;—  
Then thou wilt shine upon my grave,  
As placid as thou now art shining!

O! lovely Moon!—since, young and bright,  
Thou first didst start thy lonely way,  
Millions have gazed upon thy light,  
But they are gone!—and where are they!  
O! where are they, who oft of yore,  
Lifted the astronomic eye,  
Thy hidden mysteries to explore,  
And trace the trackless Deity!  
O! where are they, who from the height  
Of Babel's heaven-aspiring tower,  
Perused thy soft, and pensive light,  
Through many a contemplative hour!  
Or they, of astrologic lore,  
Who wandered oft beneath thy beams,  
By Tygris' or Euphrates' shore,  
In speculation's misty dreams.

O! where are they, and who are they,  
(For thou didst light their splendid halls!)  
Who revelled life's bright hour away  
In Balbec's or in Tadmor's walls!  
Or they, who in ambition's might,  
Piled the huge Pyramids, to stand  
For ages mouldering 'neath thy light—  
Yet wrote their names on Lethian sand!  
O! where are they, whose armour's gleam,  
All sullen as they lay at night,  
Flash'd back thy melancholy beam,  
On Ilion's bloody field of fight!  
Or they of Rome—the stern—the bold  
Who saw her glory, or her wane,  
And deemed not Time should e'er unfold  
Such glory and such power again!

Where are the myriads of bright eyes,  
And glowing lips, which gave and took  
Pledges of love, neath gentle skies—  
'Neath thy serene and placid look!  
And bade thee witness to their truth!  
And gazed on thee, because it seemed  
Thou wert an orb of love and youth,  
Thy pensive light so mildly beamed!  
Where are the myriads who have crept  
From the rude day's offensive glare,  
And poured their grief to thee, and wept  
And wished that life were ended there!  
They are not, and no more shall be!  
But thou, fair Moon—undimmed by time!  
Still floatest on thine azure sea,  
And sheddest thy light on every clime.

Thou gleamest on the Arab's eye,—  
Cheerest the Hindoo with thy ray,—  
Lightest the Indian's western sky,  
And rude Siberia's lonely way!  
On Volga's and on Gambia's shore,—  
By Plata's broad majestic stream,  
And where Niagara's waters roar,  
Thou pour'st thy soft, nocturnal beam!  
Mild, pensive Moon! thou art to me,  
Even as Religion's holy light,—  
Dim gleaming from Eternity,  
Through nature's dark and dreary night!  
And as thou oft art lost in clouds,  
While journeying thro' heaven's vaulted scope,  
E'en thus, the gloom of doubt enshrouds  
The trembling light of faith and hope!

O! I have gazed through many an hour,—  
Through many a long—long night on thee!  
And I have felt thy soothing power  
Come kindly o'er my misery!  
O! I have gazed;—and I have thought  
How many a heart-loved scene had fled,  
How many a hope was turned to nought,  
How many a joy and comfort dead!  
O! I have gazed with tearful eyes,—  
And thought the time would come, when I  
Should lay my lonely head, where lies  
The dust of those of years gone by!  
And there in silence be forgot,  
When some swift years had onward swept;  
And thou shouldst smile upon the spot,  
Where I, and all my sorrows slept;  
And far,—far future years should come,  
And many generations spring,  
And call this dreary world their home,  
And feel, as I have felt, the sting

Of sorrow, and the withering blight  
Of hopes and expectations, wrong  
From life—and gaze upon thy light,  
And sadly sing as I have sung!

## The Time to Die.

BY MISS MARTHA A. WISWALL, OF ALBANY.

It was winter. Before a cheerful fire sat an aged man in lonely meditation. The curtains fell in heavy folds to the floor, casting an air of comfort over the room, and excluding the piercing cold. Yet a tremor passed over the frame of the old man, as the storm without fell upon his ear.—  
"I am thankful I have a shelter on such a night as this," said he, drawing his easy chair nearer to the fire. "Wo to the wretch that roams abroad in such a storm;" then musing for some time, he began pacing the room, and ever and anon pausing in deep thought, which at length found expression:—"Death is a fearful thing to contemplate, at any time, but in such a season as this, methinks I would struggle hard for life. To be placed deep in the cold and frozen earth, no! she herself seems to strive to prevent the act, and winds her robe of snow over her strong breast to prevent admittance within her breast. When I die, may it be in the bright and joyous spring time, when all nature is fresh and gay. But, hark! surely I did not hear a knock, for who would venture out on such a night!" and opening the door, he saw before him a young girl, who begged for shelter in accents to excite pity in the hardest heart. The appeal was enough for the kind-hearted old man, and drawing her within the room, he gave her a seat near the fire, and tried to revive her drooping frame. After she had so far recovered as to answer his inquiries, she told him she was a lonely creature with no friend in the world; she had roamed about from place to place, living on charity; she had never known father or mother, or relative.

The old man, still dwelling upon the subject which had for some time occupied him, asked her if death would not be a welcome messenger to her, as she had nothing for which to live, and no one cared for her,—would she not be willing to die and be at rest!

"Oh! ask me not to give up my life—it is sometimes bright and joyous. In the lovely summer, the flowers are my friends, the birds speak to me from the trees; and the bee winds his tiny horn for me, and then I wander forth to the green woods, and life is all sweetness. Oh, no! 'youth is no time to die!'"

Years rolled on; the spring appeared gradually bright, the birds rejoiced on every bough, and all nature smiled to welcome the blithe Goddess of Spring. But the old man had found new ties to bind him to the earth; the houseless wanderer was now as a daughter to him; his interest in her was too strong a bond to be easily broken. It was as hard to leave the world now, as in the cold and dreary winter; age seemed but to strengthen the love of life, although youth was withered, and nature dying, yet "life! life only was his desire."

Spring passed, and summer with its mild and balmy air, visited the earth—the maiden smiled in gladness of heart, and the old man rejoiced in her happiness, for she threw joy and bliss around—her happy laugh rung upon his ear, in wild and merry peals as she watched the flight of the gay butterfly, and her sweet song arose upon the air as she tended her birds and watched the opening of each bud to the light. Time flew swiftly by, yet the old man and maiden were as fondly attached to the earth as in its spring time. Death gained new horrors as the seasons advanced; their summer paths were strewn with flowers. "It was no time to die."

Autumn, with its purple grape and downy peach, and pleasant nutting-time, took the place of summer, and brought with it the lightness and joyousness of cool air and freedom of the oppressive heat, the little maiden tripped through the dry leaves, and chased the squirrel with almost its own swiftness; then throwing back her sunny curls, she bounded to the side of the old man as he sat under the vines of his door, making glad his eyes with her bright and happy face, and his heart grew young again in her lightsome, joyous mirth; both little thought of Death. The earth had clothed herself in a robe of brown and dry leaves, and hid herself from the eye of man—she seemed not to wish for human company in this her time of change.

Winter again returned—again we see the old man sitting in his easy chair before the bright and glowing fire; but he is not the solitary being he was before, for beside him is one in the first blush of youth and grace; she is no longer the gay and noisy child; she is no less lovely, no less happy; but a deeper thought steals over her face, and a heavenly radiance sits upon her features, as she bends over the book from which, in accents of deep reverence, she reads the word of God to the old man.

What think they now of death! The faces of both look more restrained, the Holy Spirit sheds its light upon the way which leadeth to the grave; it no longer seems dark and lonely. The old man

received the heavenly guest into a heart which had always been the residence of kindness and charity. The maiden now drooped daily, but she no longer thought it hard to give up life; and when the cold blast swept over the earth, and the robe of snow enveloped it, with robes no less white, she was received into its bosom. Then I asked the old man—"When is the time to die!"

"A holy calm was on his brow,  
And peaceful was his breath;  
And sweetly o'er his features stole  
A smile, a look divine;  
He spoke the language of his soul—  
'My Master's time is mine!'"

## Something for the Doctors.

A journal of Richmond, (Eng.) records the following case of death under extraordinary circumstances. We copy it as a hint to medical men of some interest and importance:—"A policeman died in the Richmond hospital, a few days since, from the effects of a terrible disease, after five days illness. It is supposed the disease was communicated to him by drinking water from a bucket which a carman had been supplying to a horse. After some hours, the disease began to manifest itself, and the unfortunate man was conveyed to Richmond hospital in a state of great pain. The medical men did not, for some time, understand the nature of his complaint, but as the symptoms became more decided, on rigid inquiry they came to the conclusion that the patient had "horse farcy," and in order to prove their opinions, a horse was inoculated with some of the matter taken from a pustule, and in a short time he died. There was a post mortem examination held on the man by an eminent surgeon of this city, who was so apprehensive of disease, that he performed the operation with gloves on. Frightful as the external appearance of the unfortunate man's body was, the internal was still more shocking; the stomach, heart and liver being covered with ulcers, and all in a high state of inflammation. This is amongst the very few authenticated facts, which prove that the disease is communicable to man.

## The Iron District.

The iron district, which spreads through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Western Virginia, traverses regions exuberant with coal, and abounding in water-power; and, travelling further west, we find in Ohio, Kentucky and particularly in Missouri, immense stores of metalliferous wealth, adjacent to the most fertile agricultural districts. It is to Pennsylvania, however, we must chiefly direct our attention, where two fifths of all the iron in the United States is made. The United States contain 80,000 square miles of coal, which is about sixteen times as great as the coal measures of Europe. A single one of these gigantic masses runs from Pennsylvania to Alabama, and must embrace, itself, 50,000 square miles. Out of fifty counties of Pennsylvania, no less than thirty have coal and iron in them; and out of the 46,000 square miles of Pennsylvania, which form superficies, there are 10,000 miles of coal and iron; while all Great Britain and Ireland have only 2,000—so that Pennsylvania alone has an area of coal and iron five times as great as that of Great Britain. The quality of the coal or iron is as rich as that of Great Britain, and they have the advantage of lying near the water-level; while those of the latter country are sometimes more than one thousand feet below the surface, and are excavated through subterranean passages.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

## Yankee Girls and Bears.

The Portland Advertiser tells a story of two girls, out chopping wood, who discovered a bear in a tree. While one of the girls went for assistance, the other kept watch, but soon the curiosity of the sex being greater than its usual timidity, the sister on guard being desirous to see something more of Bruin in his winter quarters, began to pry up the wood that covered him. This was easily done, the tree being much decayed—but the bear thinking (if bears do think) that spring had come rather suddenly, we suppose, waked up, and pushed out of his broken house to take an observation. Nothing daunted, our heroine gave him blow after blow with the butt of her axe, and at length despatched him. Hardly was this done, when a second bear began to back out of the log cabin—and having killed one, she felt emboldened to make way with another, which being done, a third making his appearance, also met the fate of his companions. When the other sister returned, she found during her absence, three good sized bears had been killed with an axe—a feat unparalleled, we think, in the annals of female heroism.

Missouri Districted.—The bill which had previously passed the Senate of this State, dividing it into single districts for the election of members of Congress, has been concurred in by the lower House, only three members voting in the negative. New Hampshire is the only State which now elects on the general ticket system.

## Causes of Defalcation.

The examination of M'Nulty's accounts very clearly confirms the impression that he was "a whole-souled fellow," for he poured out the people's money as if it was water. His particular friends, Secor & Co., shine out in broad relief, and instead of that house holding \$14,000 of public money as M'Nulty alleged, it turns out that Secor & Co., furnished supplies to that amount. The question will be asked at what cost did he furnish the supplies! A few items will exhibit the fair business transaction; 3000 quills at \$10 per thousand, the fair selling price would be about \$20 for the very best quality; 36 reams letter paper \$4.75, the fair price would be \$3; 150 reams flat cap paper at \$3, worth \$1; wafers at 66 1/2 cents per pound, worth 45; 238 gallons oil at \$1.15, worth 90 cents; 1638 patent sperm candles at 48 cents per pound, worth 38; for parchment \$2,000, at 42 1/2 cents per sheet, worth 15, and so on through the invoice. It may be asked why is the United States to be charged higher for supplies than the fair market price—why if there is fraud contemplated should the people be selected to practice it upon! It is time for these political contractors to understand that these depredations upon the government are not to be sanctioned or approved—that they are criminal and should subject those who practice them, to punishment.

N. Y. Sun.

## Industry Wanted.

The author of a series of essays at the South, is sounding an alarm among the people of that region upon the state of public feeling in that section of the country on the subject of industry. In the course of one of his essays he says:

"My recent visit to the Northern States, has fully satisfied me that the true secret of our difficulties lies in the want of energy on the part of our capitalists, and ignorance and laziness on the part of those who ought to labor. We need never look for thrift while we permit our immense timber forests, granite quarries and mines, to lie idle, and supply ourselves with hewn granite, pine boards, laths, and shingles, &c., furnished by the lazy dogs at the North—ah, worse than this, we see our back country farmers, many of whom are too lazy to mend a broken gate, or repair the fences, to protect their crops from the neighboring stock, actually supplied with their axe, hoe, and broom handles, pitchforks, &c. by the indolent mountaineers of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. The time was when every old woman in the country had her ground, from which the country gardens were supplied with seeds. We now find it more convenient to permit this duty to devolve on our careful friends, the Yankees. Even our boat-ors and handspikes for rolling logs, are furnished, ready made, to our hand, and what jimcrack can possibly be invented of which we are not the purchasers! These are the drains which are impoverishing the South—these are the true sources of all our difficulties. Need I add, to further exemplify our excessive indolence, that the Charleston market is supplied with fish and wild game by Northern men, who come out here as regularly as the winter comes for this purpose, and, from our own waters and forests, often realize, in the course of one winter, a sufficiency to purchase a small farm in New England.

## The Wheat Insect.

We find a letter in the New York Mirror, from Mr. R. S. Pell, dated March 7th, which gives the following facts as having occurred on his farm near the city. It is, no doubt, a matter of much interest to the agriculturists.

"In the spring of '44, I placed a bag containing half a bushel of white flint wheat, in a seed drawer, under glass, and near the furnace of my green house. On the 6th of March, 1845, I opened the bag, and to my surprise found thousands of living insects, such as are now presented you—some were on the point of leaving the kernel, others were just commencing to eat through, and many were perfectly formed, and running about in all directions.

"Six years ago I was in the habit of soaking my early grains in salt brine, for the purpose of destroying the egg of the insect, which I assured my neighbours, much to their amusement and unbelief, was enconced in the kernel. Now, by accident, the fact is made manifest. This insect would not have appeared until June, perhaps, had the wheat been sown. The warm situation it occupied in the green house brought it thus early to maturity."

THE TEST.—An old lady of Arles, terrified at the idea of being buried alive, left by her will 600 francs to the person who should continue to tickle her feet for forty-eight hours after her apparent death. A female domestic commenced the task, but was obliged to take a partner.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.—Two thousand broom handles were lately shipped from down east to London.