

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 7.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1846.

No. 7.

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

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER

BLANKS,

PAMPHLETS, &c.

Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms AT THE OFFICE OF THE **Jeffersonian Republican.**

Unseen Spirits.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The shadows lay along the street;
'Twas near the twilight tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride—
Alone walked she, yet viewlessly
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And honor charmed the air,
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare,
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo.
Ah, honored well are charms to sell,
When priests the selling do!

Now, walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale,
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twas want and scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray—
For as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way;
And the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven,
By man is cursed away.

A Brilliant Bridal.

A London correspondent of the Boston Traveller says, that great preparations have been made in Russia for the forthcoming nuptials of the Duchess Olga, daughter of the Emperor, and the Hereditary Prince of Wirtemberg—This ceremony will surpass in magnificence any thing of the kind that has taken place in Europe in modern times. The Duchess Olga is represented as a very beautiful woman, and surpassed in personal appearance by none of the Princesses of Europe. A series of grand fetes will be given, and continued for three days. The Empress of Russia will be present; and join the throng of crowned heads. These fetes will take place at the Emperor's summer palace and garden at Peterhoff, on the borders of the gulf, and two hours' drive from St. Petersburg. They will be the most brilliant and expensive ever got up in Europe. The artists of every nation have a long time been employed to contribute their handicraft or talents to render every thing unequalled in modern times. It is supposed that amongst the entertainments there will be a grand review of fifty thousand men. Every regiment of cavalry will have a different colored horse, and every horse in each regiment, even to a spot, will be alike. Such a military display, it is said, cannot be equalled in the world.

Two Yankees took lodgings for about ten days, at a tavern in Lancaster county, and fared sumptuously drinking two or three bottles of wine daily. The last day a dispute arose about the speed of their horses; they at last agreed to enter on the "profitable contest." The landlord was appointed judge, each being the rider of his own horse. When they were mounted, the judge, like those at the Olympic games, gave the words one, two, three and "go." Off they went, and have never been seen or heard of since, leaving the landlord fully compensated by having had the honor to be their judge.

The Last Parting.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

On the little cross-cur, called Pear street, running down from Third to Dock street, there is a large lugubrious building, which in the course of the last twenty years, has been used for almost every conceivable purpose, from a turner's shop to a meeting house, and even a Jewish synagogue.

The character of the building is not inappreciated set forth by a scriptural quotation, which our Hebrew brethren placed on the outer wall, while they were tenants and worshippers within:

"How dreadful is this place."

The rear of this ancient building extends towards our establishment, and its back windows are within a few feet of the windows of our sanctum.

Last Autumn, the Directors of the Public Schools hired the lower part of the building for a Primary School, and placed within its walls a host of little children. With their windows and doors closed, we could hear their noise, the tumult of a hundred tiny voices; and we thought there was weight in the monition of a friend that "next spring we should be finely annoyed with their clatter, when the windows of both buildings, and the throats of the youngsters should be wide open."

Late in the spring the windows were opened, and occasionally, the multitudinous voices of this host reached across the short distance. They were singing their morning hymn, or closing the day with their evening song. But neither matins or vespers disturbed us; our pen slid easily over the paper, and our thoughts moved as regularly in the small noise of these songsters, as if "silence and night, twin sisters," had sat at our elbows, with finger on lip, gazing into that distance which suggests no words and asks no voice for the thought that it inspires.

Occasionally we would pause in our business, as the anthem rose, and feel our heart rise with gratitude to Him that had perfected praise from such mouths.

We rarely saw the little folks. A high brick wall cut off all sight from our lower windows, and there was much harmony in the singing that we never learned to distinguish one voice from another. It was a perfect whole, made, perhaps from the perfection of parts, but more likely from the skilful combination of little voices.

It was rare indeed that we could understand a word of the hymn which the little choristers gave forth. Their low, delicate utterance was breathed out so gently that we could only guess at the music.

A short time since we were struck with sounds from the room at an unusual hour for music. We listened and the school was apparently in full song. We could catch a few words. Apparently the burden of the hymn was, "Shall meet to part no more." And as the singers reached this "refrain," there was a peculiar distinctness in their utterance. Ascending towards the composing room of the office, we cast our eye out of the window of the stairway, and saw a single scholar leaning from the back window of the school room, listening to, but not joining in, the music of her mates.

She was a thin, pale girl, with cleanly, plain habits. She could scarcely be more than ten years of age; and her eyes wonderfully expressive; and as the scholars reached the chorus of their song, we thought her upturned eye denoted a peculiar depth of thought; its black contrasted strongly with the paleness of her cheek, and its inactivity seemed scarcely in harmony with her frail, bony form. When the little band had concluded their anthem by the double repeat of the words, "We meet to part no more," one of them came to the window, and calling the child by her name, intimated that she was needed at the other end of the room. "Elizabeth!" (that was the name used) turned away with a severe coughing spell, and we prosecuted our errand upwards. The next morning we missed our musical neighbors. There was no hum of studies, no loud utterance of lessons by classes, that took with them our heart; all was still and quiet. And the song we had listened to with so much delight, was the little ones' valedictory for the season. The holiday had commenced, so pleasant to them.

so necessary to their faithful teachers, and we felt a loss—felt that a part of the incitement to devotion, if not to composition, had ceased. We felt for a moment as if we had parted from those whom we should not meet, again—and it may be so. Their little throats may swell with the sound of thanksgiving and devotion in their wonted place, while the ear that was delighted at the performance shall be closed and dull. The event is one in the order of nature. The old die and the young come up to fill their place.

It was only on Monday afternoon, that, driving down towards the Neck, we met a funeral. It was of little ceremony—a small cortege, and no carriages. They were conveying to the grave a child, and judging from the number of young females, the deceased was a girl. The procession turned into a burying ground, and as the occasion might be made one of profit to our little ones, we stopped the carriage, and followed the train to the resting place designated by a heap of fresh earth.

When the company was gathered into a circle around the coffin, we placed our charge upon a newly sodded hillock, and leaning for rest over the head-stone, we awaited the simple ceremonies. When the narrow coffin had been lowered into the grave, the attending clergyman (such we supposed the speaker to have been) addressed the audience upon the mutability of human affairs, and the uncertainty of that life so precious in our eyes. And he closed by a solemn appeal to the little ones, to lay these things to heart, that they might number their uncertain days, and apply their hearts to wisdom; that they should cherish grief at the loss of a friend, that it may wean them away from earthly affection; for it was the order of a just Providence, that "lover and friend should be put from us, and acquaintance into darkness."

He paused—and the circle of little ones, that stood on the edge of the grave, broke forth into a hymn. It sounded sweetly amid the evidence of mortality around us, and there was something not unfamiliar in the harmony. The delicate tunes of the young voices lost their wiry sound by multiplication and union, and the song seemed to ascend upwards from the open grave. They ceased for a moment, and then with united voices, strengthened as if by newness of hope, they closed the service and the hymn with the emphatic assertion of the chorus, that they and their little friend below would soon

"Meet to part no more."

And so we supposed, for we could not learn the name. Death, who had set his mark upon "Elizabeth," had gathered her to his garner. And a place is vacant in the author's heart, and one voice has ceased from the school choir, and been added to that company who "meet to part no more."

A TENDER WIFE.—Dr. Mounsey, of Chelsea College, was apt to quarrel with his wife. Returning home from Fulham, he was overtaken by a terrible storm; a return hearse was going up to Chelsea. "Any port in a storm." The doctor crept in with pall and plumes for his companions. The hearse stopped at his door; his lady looked out:—"Who have you got there, coachman?" "The doctor, madam." "Well, I thank Heaven for giving me resignation!—so the poor man's gone to his long home at last?" "Thank you, my love!" said the doctor, getting out of the hearse, "for your kind regard for my safety."

FOR THE HEAVENS OR BROKEN WINDED HORSES.—Whoever is so unfortunate as to have a heavy or broken winded horse, and desires to cure or make him better, should not suffer him to drink for some time any other drink than weak lime water. The horse will soon relish this, and it seldom fails to produce a radical cure.

I will state another way for those who may prefer it. Take from one to two table spoonfuls of ground plaster of Paris, and stir the same into his messes three times a day. At first, if at hand, bran for two or three days—then bran and oats for two or three days more, and then clear oats for a few days with ground plaster, as above directed, in each of the messes.

[Prairie Farmer.

The Louisiana Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows have forbidden its members to act in any way in a duel, under penalty of expulsion.

Life.

We are born, we laugh, we weep,
We love, we droop, we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live, or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight and fly;
We love, we lose—and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
Oh, life! is all thy song
"Endure and—die?"

"Death of the Old Brown Dog."

Under this head all the Cincinnati papers of Saturday have editorial notices of the death of a remarkable dog of that city, well known to the "oldest inhabitant." The Herald says that for twenty years past he has resided there and has signaled himself by attending with great sobriety, all grand processions. He was buried with due honors in the yard belonging to the Gazette building, and it is in contemplation, we learn, to rear a monument to his memory. Mr. Cist, in his Advertiser, has the following notice of him:

One of the greatest curiosities of Cincinnati is Lear, the old brown dog, who may be seen at almost any hour of the day in the purlieus of the city post office, and as he has not and probably never had any owner, may be numbered as one of the familiars of that establishment.

Amidst the various succession of postmasters—during the whole incumbencies of Burke, Taylor, and Crawford—amidst all the Presidential changes of Monroe, Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler and Polk, he still holds his post. How far back he made his first appearance the oldest inhabitant cannot tell, but I can find several who have known and collected him for twenty years and more. During this period he was never known to follow any individual even when tempted by caresses or the offer of food, in fact he has never been known to receive food from any person, invariably refusing it when offered at his post. He has been followed by persons curious to ascertain where he feeds, but by some singular process contrives to defeat their purpose, by disappearing the moment their eye is turned to any other object if but for one moment.

In each successive removal of the post office he has always gone along, as if considering himself a part of the establishment. In the last case following the first dray load of moveables, and remaining at the new office ever since.

He attends all firemen's parades, military processions, political mass meetings, and every funeral of note in the city. At the funeral pageant, last year, in memory of General Jackson, he crawled under the hearse and kept under it the whole route—nearly two miles—although considerably exhausted by the effort, the day being uncommonly sultry and close.

During the whole course of his long life, he has never been known to have been meddled with by other dogs, or to have taken any notice of his species, nor to have received any ill usage from any individual, man or boy, by whom he is extensively known and regarded as a privileged character. Hundreds having business at the post office, who would unhesitatingly kick any other dog out of the road, step aside carefully, however great the throng, rather than tread on or insult the noble brute. He may be seen occasionally sunning himself at the door of the Trust or Franklin Bank, or the Bank Exchange, but is never guilty of lying at the door of a private residence. My friend Rabbi Jonas, who believes in the transmigration of souls, suggests that the spirit which animates Lear, was once that of a public officer and an individual of the most aristocratic bearing. Apart from the usual instincts and remarkable sagacity of dogs there is much that is mysteriously unaccountable in the history and habits of Lear, a part only of which are here stated.

The Corn crop in Illinois never gave promise of a better yield.

A Man suspended by his Thumb.

The New York Gazette and Times has the following thrilling account of a man being suspended by his thumb:

A Mr. Gray of Providence while engaged in painting the Congressional meeting house of Kingston, ascended the steeple to take off the vane for gilding. The ladders reached the foot of the iron spire on which the vane turned, 12 to 15 feet above. Mr. Gray ascended the iron spire by grasping with his hands and twisting his legs round the bar of iron, which did not exceed two and a half inches in diameter, relying upon the ball, half way up the spire, to rest his feet on, and from which position he could take the vane off with his right hand. While he was in the very act, the ball on which his feet rested gave way and ran down the spire. At this moment, Mr. Gray was raising the vane over the end of the spire; as he did so, the spire growing smaller, made a convenient place for his thumb to keep the balance in the gudgeon bore, when the ball gave way under his feet and he sunk. The vane falling back with his thumb in the gudgeon bore, held him fast, with his feet three or four feet above any thing to rest upon. He made two or three efforts to extricate his thumb, but without success, and after his strength was nearly exhausted he called for help. His life now depended upon the strength of his left hand. The consternation of the beholders was great—some running one way and some the other to obtain something to release the man from his perilous situation, while others turned away unwilling to witness the catastrophe they apprehended in a few minutes. Mr. J. H. Clerke, one of the painters, came immediately up the spire, and placing his shoulder under the feet of the suspended man, at once relieved him. The scene was terrible to behold.

A Volunteer.

Our friend, Capt. Church, of the Bulletin, on his late trip up from New Orleans, brought with him a number of officers just from the army. They were full of anecdote, of course, and the following little illustration of character is interesting as well as amusing:—

Among the volunteers was a "gentleman's son"—a full private, who, heartily sick of rainy weather, mud, and no shelter, first went to his captain with his complaints, but meeting with no particular sympathy, resolved to have a talk with General Taylor himself.

Arrived at the commander's quarters, the General was pointed out to him, but he was rather incredulous. "That old Gen. Taylor? Nonsense." Satisfied, however, that such was even the case, he marched up, rather patronizingly, opened his business.

"Gen. Taylor, I believe!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, General, I'm devilish glad to see you—am indeed."

The General returned the civility.

"General, you'll excuse me, but since I've been here I've been doing all I could for you—have, indeed; but the fact is, the accommodations are very bad—are, indeed; mud, sir! actually mud—bleeged to lie down in it, actually; and the fact is, General, I'm a gentleman's son, and not used to it!"

The General, no doubt deeply impressed with the fact of having a gentleman's son in his army, expressed his regret that such annoyances should ever exist, under any circumstances, in a civilized army.

"Well—but General, what am I to do?"

"Why, really, I don't know, unless you take my place."

"Well, now, that's civil!—his indeed. Of course don't mean to turn you out, but a few hours' sleep—a cot or a bunk or anyb'ing—would be so refreshing! Your place—where is it, General?"

"Oh, just drop down—anywhere about here, any place about the camp will answer."

The look which the "gentleman's son" gave the General was rather peculiar.

"Well, no wonder they call you 'Rough and Ready!'" said he; and, amid the smiles of all but "Rough and Ready" himself, the "gentleman's son" returned to take his chance of the weather.—St. Louis Reveille.

A good work is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.