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The Motherless.

God help and shield the motherless!
The stricken, bleeding dove—
For whom there gushes no rich fount
Of deep and deathless love!
The saddest tones grief confers—
For who so lone as they,
Upon whose path a mother's love
Shed's not its holy ray!
No gentle form above them bends
To sooth the couch of pain—
No voice so fond as hers essays
To calm the feverish brain.
O, other tongues may whisper love
In accents soft and mild;
But none on earth so pure as that
A mother bears her child!
Judge kindly of the motherless—
A weary lot is theirs,
And oft the heart the gayest seems,
A load of sorrow bears.
No faithful voice directs their steps,
Or bids them onward press,
"And if they gang a kennin' wrang,"
God help the motherless!
And when the sinnet and the frail,
The tempted and the tried,
Unspotted one! shall cross thy path,
O spurn them not aside.
Thou knowest not what thou hadst been
With trials even less—
And when thy lips would vent reproach,
Think, they were motherless!
A blessing on the motherless,
Where'er they dwell on earth,
Within the home of childhood,
Or at the strangers' hearth!
Blue be the sky above their heads,
And bright the sun within,
O God, protect the motherless,
And keep them free from sin!

A short time since, in Hertfordshire, (Eng.) were written on a grave rail, these lines:
Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be;
Therefore prepare and follow me,"
Underneath some one wrote—
"To follow you I'm not content,
Unless I know which way you went!"

Excuse for Smoking.

In the reign of James I, of tobacco-bating notoriety, the boys of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and indulged it night and day, using the most ingenious expedients to conceal the vice from their masters; till one luckless evening when the lads were huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapors of their own creating, to! in burst the master and stood in awful dignity before them.
"How now," quoth the dominie to the first lad;
"How dare you be smoking tobacco?"
"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches and a pipe takes off the pain!"
"And you! and you!" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.
One had a "raging tooth;" another cholick; the third a cough; in short, they all had something.
"Now, sirrah," bellowed the doctor to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?"
"Alas! all the excuses were exhausted, but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe, after a farewell whiff, and looking up in his master's face, said in a whining, hypocritical tone, "Sir I smoke for corns!"

The Fish Dying.

The Baltimore Patriot learns from a gentleman who has returned from a visit to the Eastern shore of Maryland, that both sides of Chester are lined with dead fish, from the smallest to the largest size. The same phenomenon was observed during the existence of the cholera in 1832, and the causes which then existed had no doubt produced a like effect now.

From the Spirit of the Times. An Unexpected Race.

Some years since, I was travelling through the Southern States on business, and driving before a light sulky a celebrated old race horse purchased in Kentucky. He was supposed to have passed the period of life at which speed could be obtained, but still full of fire and spirit.

About eleven o'clock on a beautiful autumn morning, I reached Statesburg, South Carolina, at which place there is a very prettily arranged race course. Ascertaining that the friend I wished to see was absent at the course, witnessing a trial of speed between two rival nags of the neighborhood. I concluded to drive and see the sport. As I approached, I heard, shouts from the course (which as usual was surrounded by a tall plank fence) indicating that the horses had started, and pushing my old gray, I drove at once through the gate, and immediately across the track. As we entered (horse, sulky, and small trunk attached to back of sulky, and last your humble servant, weighing about one hundred and forty pounds,) I heard shouts from all parts of the field, "Get out of the track!" "Get out of the track!" My attention was at once called to the fact that the horses were approaching at a spanking pace. Pushing across, I drew up short, and wheeled the nag around parallel with the track, and without paying any attention to him, was all on the qui vive as to the race.

The horses came round at a "killing pace," and the whole attention of the field was absorbed by them, when just as they reached the point at which I was standing, I was most agreeably or disagreeably aroused (just as you may happen to fancy, Mr. Spirit,) by my old racer taking the bit between his teeth, and following the nags as fast as he could put it down! Recollect my dear sir, that I had travelled over twenty miles that morning, with sulky and trunk attached, and that I was still encumbered with these disadvantages; but notwithstanding all, my old "singed cat" performed some tall walking, I can assure you!

This sudden and unexpected start for the purse without the formality of entering, produced some excitement on the field you may well suppose, and what with the shouting and huzzaing, and all the confusion of ideas consequent upon the sudden match into which I had been so unceremoniously pitched, I was rather taken aback! But soon the excitement of the scene, and the generous pace at which the old fellow performed his work, called up all the enthusiasm of my nature, and I tooted him with all the skill I possessed. Let me say, by the way, that the face of the country was perfectly flat, and the whole course, both within and outside of the track, was a perfect level.

The half mile stretch had been passed over when I was pitched into the race. The next quarter a few long strides on the part of old gray was soon reached, all three horses running neck and neck, but as we came up to the last quarter, my blood all up, we soon made a gap, and with loud huzzas, bets running high in our favour, we came in nearly ten yards ahead!

This was glory enough for one day, you must admit, Mr. Spirit, for a modest youth who had never 'seen the Elephant' any farther than his tasks!

We were soon surrounded by "horse, foot, and dragons," and concluding that I was a speculator in horse flesh, various amounts were offered for my old nag—with what success you may readily conjecture, as I had just begun to appreciate his value.

The judges unanimously decided that I had won the race; but as I had not made an entry for the purse, I most modestly declined to accept.

But you may readily suppose, Mr. Spirit, I was some in them diggings for the nonce, and 'smiles' sweetly wreathed with tall bouquets of mint were plentifully showered upon (into) me! South Carolina hospitality was, as usual, in the ascendant.

Truly yours,
Percy.

Honey-Moon Conversation.

A correspondent of the *Delawarean*, writing from Brandywine Springs, gives the following report of a newly married couple from Virginia. There is a depth of affection in it, which it is quite refreshing to contemplate:

"William—dear William, said the wife, with a world of affection in her eyes.
"Speak, heavenly charmer," replied the new husband, returning with interest the expressive glances of his spouse.
"Dear William!"
"Adored Eliza!"
"Angelic creature!"
"Dear—dear William, pardon me—but do you think a short walk would hurt us, as the divine WILLIS says?"
"I fear, loveliest of your sex, that you may be fatigued."
"Fear not, dearest!"
"Heavenly emanation—bright dream of my precarious existence—but I cannot help fearing."
"Sweet William—"
"Celestial Eliza!"

Here they fell to violent kissing, which lasted about fifteen minutes. Almost breathless, the lady exclaimed—
"William, dear William, why are you so sweet! Oh, the joy, the ecstasy of wedded bliss! Best beloved, will ever love me thus!"
"By yonder fearful—I say tremendous orb—I swear!" he exclaimed, pointing to the setting sun.
"And as a memento of our wedding day, will you yearly bring me here—will you cherish your idol?"
"Yes, my only pet, my life, my love, I will bring you here every year—if my capital holds out!"
"Oh! bravest and best of your noble sex, talk not of capital in this, our hour of bliss."
How much longer they talked, the writer cannot say, for he was called away at this moment to welcome some friends from Maryland. But he is firmly of the opinion that none but married people know what real happiness is. While the above happy couple were talking, he felt as if he was immersed in molasses, and everything since has looked, felt and smelt sweeter.

Phrenology proved True.

The item man of the Pennsylvania furnishes the following police report:
CITY POLICE—June 4.—Fights are common enough in Philadelphia,—but the causes and occasions for fighting have a charming variety. The following case is by no means a common one, and may be thought worthy of commemoration.
John Dikeman is a "practical phrenologist," and has an office we think in some part of the Arcade, or somewhere in that neighborhood. Andrew Mead, a stout, middle aged country gentleman, seeing an announcement in the philosopher's window that the character and capabilities of any man would be thoroughly sifted out for the moderate sum of 25 cents, entered the sanctum, and submitted his poll to philosopher Dikeman's scrutiny. The latter, after stating his terms, payment in advance, and receiving the specified sum, proceeded at once to business.

"You have a very bad head, sir," said he to Mr. Mead. "A very villainous head, sir. Facial angle almost as low as that of a monkey, sir.—Signifies you are very stupid, sir, and foolish. You haven't enough constructiveness to make a pig yoke; nor enough wit to make a conundrum; nor enough judgment to know the difference between pea soup and cider royal. And what's all this back here, sir. These bumps signify that you will cheat, lie, and steal, worse than a Louisiana nigger. I would not trust you with a room full of scrap iron or a yard full of mill stones. Such a scoundrelly head I never did handle since I was a professor. I suppose you came to be examined to know what pursuit you ought to take. My candid opinion is, that you ought to start immediately for California, where there's no law—for if you stay where there are judges, juries, state prisons, gallows, and these sort of things, there's no chance for you."

"Why, can't I do any good at all?" asked Mead, with much seeming anxiety.
"Good!—not the least!"—answered the philosopher. "Stay—let me see. Combativeness is large; yes, you can fight!"
"So, then, I can flog an impudent humbug on occasion, I guess," said Mr. Mead.
"I suppose you might," answered professor Dikeman.

"Well, if that's all I can do, here goes," cried Andrew, and immediately applied his feelers to the professor's cranium, crowding on more bumps than Spurzheim ever found names for. Here was an affray odd enough in its origin, but quite common place in its termination. Mead was arrested and bound over, and the professor was supplied with another proof of his science. "For," said he in his evidence, "I knew the man would strike me as soon as I saw his head; his bumps of combativeness were almost as big as ruta bags turnips."

From the Water Cure Journal. Swimming.*

Agreeable to promise, we make a few extracts from this excellent little work, which should be in the possession of every man and woman, boy and girl. It will serve as a guide to the inexperienced, and teach them how to save the lives of their friends and themselves. Besides all the particular instructions given on the art of swimming, the work contains much physiological advice, which will be found of importance to all who read it.

The author says:
"The art of swimming appears to be as natural to man, as it is useful, and, in some cases, necessary for the preservation of his life. Cleanliness and exercise, both so necessary to health, are combined with a high degree of enjoyment in the practice of this art. The importance of frequent ablutions can scarce be overrated. In fact, the Water Cure has become a popular remedy for most of the diseases to which humanity is liable. But, however excellent the various kinds of bathing may be for curing diseases, there can be no doubt that in preventing them they are still more efficacious.

"Those who swim daily in summer, and continue the use of ablutions, in some form, in winter, are not liable to sudden colds, or inflammatory diseases, and rarely, if ever, suffer from chronic complaints. Their bodies become indurated, their skin is healthy, and all the functions of life are carried on with healthy vigor.
"They who merely bathe, without being able to swim, lose half the pleasure and more than half the benefit which arises from frequent ablutions. Swimming is an exercise which brings more muscles into exercise than any other; and the body being supported by an equal pressure on every part, their action is harmonious—none being relaxed, and none overstrained. This exercise gives vigor and form to the limbs, and to the general system. It is probable that the ample exercise which the muscles and lungs obtained in the frequent bathing of the ancients, gave their chests that round, full form, which is so observable in their statues. All flat and narrow-chested children should be taught to swim, as nothing is more likely to counteract a tendency to consumption.

"The most beautifully developed forms now to be found in the human species, are those of the South Sea Islanders, who bathe at least twice a-day, and are almost as much at home in water as upon the land; and where the vices and diseases of civilization have not been introduced, it is very rare indeed to find among them a case of sickness, of premature death, or decrepitude, excepting from extreme old age.
"Among the Greeks and Romans, swimming was considered an important branch of education, and he can neither read nor swim," was a reproach for the last degree of ignorance.—Caesar was a good swimmer; Cato taught his son to cross dangerous gulfs; the Emperor Augustus taught his nephew to swim. As the navies of Greece and Rome were manned by soldiers, and their battles were hand to hand encounters, to be able to swim was of the utmost necessity, and rigidly required of every soldier.

"In more modern times, Charlemagne was renowned for being an expert swimmer, and Louis XI. often swam in the Seine, at the head of his courtiers—a better example than is often set by monarchs.
"The capability of the human race, civilized or savage, for swimming, is generally understood. The human form is better adapted to it than that of any animal not absolutely aquatic; and the inhabitants of warm latitudes excel most amphibious animals in the water, fighting with the shark, diving with the alligator, and remaining for a long period in profound depths in search of coral, pearls, and other treasures of the sea.
"The pearl-divers of Ceylon will descend to the depth of 60 feet; and although such diving is accompanied with a great pressure of water and violent exertion, they do not seem to suffer greatly from it, as they make 40 or 50 plunges a-day, and at each plunge bring up about a hundred oysters.

"The swimming couriers of Peru cross the continent, hundreds of miles, swimming down the rivers, their despatches enclosed in a turban on their heads. They swim day and night, aided only by a light log of wood.
"In Prussia, swimming has long been a military exercise, whole regiments being instructed to swim in line, fully equipped, to wheel in column, and even to load and fire in the water.
"A few years since the Viscount de Courtyron exhibited some experiments of this same character in the Seine at Paris. He went in to the water, accoutred as an infantry soldier. After swimming 30 fathoms from the boat, he raised himself in the water, and fired a musket, at which signal one of his pupils sprang from the Pont Royal, a bridge, into the Seine,

from a height of 64 feet, and carried to M. Courtyron a tin box containing despatches.—He read the papers, gave a signal, and was joined by a class of 64 pupils, who, in the water, equipped, executed a series of military movements.

"Dr. Franklin was an excellent swimmer, and his instructions for learning to swim, being some of the best ever given, are copied at full length in this work.
"Lord Byron was an excellent swimmer, and prided himself much on his aquatic feats. In imitation of Leander, he swam the Hellespont, a narrow strait which divides Europe and Asia, in an hour and ten minutes, with a strong tide against him. He swam the Tagus in three hours, and afterwards swam four hours and twenty minutes without a rest, at Venice.
"Dr. Bedall, an English gentleman, swam for a wager, between Liverpool and Rancorn, in 1827, a distance of 24 miles, which he performed at the rate of six miles an hour—with the tide, probably!

"A French sailor was washed overboard from a sloop at nine o'clock, in Sept., 1820, and picked up next morning, and this, be it noted, in a rough sea.
"How important is it, in a country like ours, that every man should learn to swim! Storms sweep our vast sea-coasts with wrecks; steam-boats are liable to accidents from collision, explosions, or fire, on our rivers and our lakes; pleasure-boats frequently upset, and numerous accidents occur from the sudden breaking of ice in winter. The necessity of saving one's own life by swimming, or the opportunity of saving the lives of others, may happen to any one, and to many these things must often occur in the course of their lives.

"At the burning of the steamboat *Erie*, on Lake Erie, of the hundred or more persons lost, every one might have been saved, had they been able to swim. The captain of the boat was indebted to a negro, who could swim, for an oar which saved his life. In a hundred such melancholy disasters on our lakes, rivers, and the ocean, valuable lives might have been saved by a little pains in learning to swim.
"Nothing is so important in learning to swim as a confidence in one's powers, and in the buoyancy of the liquid element; and perhaps one acquires a confidence in himself by no means sooner than by knowing what can be done by others. I shall therefore give a few additional examples of the skill in swimming to be acquired by habit, begging my readers to remember, "Whatever man has done, man can do," and that we do not vary, in any important degree, in physical organization, from those who have acquired this art in its highest perfection.

The Caribs are expert at all gymnastic exercises, and particularly at swimming, as if they were born in the water, and formed for it. They swim like fish, and the women are as skillful as the men. When a canoe overturns from carrying too much sail, they never lose their baggage, and drowning is seldom or never heard of. On such occasions, the children are seen swimming around their mothers like so many little fish, and the mothers support themselves in the water with infants at the breast, while the men bale out the canoes.
In 1679 a vessel was overset in a squall off Martinique, in which was one Carib, the rest being Europeans. All were lost but the Carib, who, after supporting the violence of the tempest, as well as hunger and thirst, for 60 hours, reached the land in safety.

But some of the most beautiful descriptions of bathing and swimming are given in Mr. Melville's narrative of his residence in Typee a valley in the Marquesas, one of the finest groups of islands in the South Seas. I shall be pardoned for quoting, at some length, from his interesting pages. By the operation of the "taboo"—a religious prohibition—the use of canoes is not allowed to the females of Marquesas; consequently, when a Marquesan lady voyages by water, she puts in requisition the paddles of her own fair body.

"We had approached within a mile and a half, perhaps, of the foot of the bay, when some of the islanders, who by this time had managed to scramble aboard of us, directed our attention to a singular commotion in the water ahead of the vessel. At first I imagined it to be produced by a shoal of fish, sporting on the surface, but our savage friends assured us that it was caused by a shoal of 'whinhenies,' (young girls.) who in this manner were coming off from the shore to welcome us. As they drew nearer, and I watched the rising and sinking of their forms, and beheld the uplifted right arm, bearing above the water the girle's right arm, and their long dark hair trailing beside them as they swam, I almost fancied they could be nothing else than so many mermaids.

"Through the Typee valley runs a clear stream of fresh water, in which the whole population, old and young, bathe morning and night. Describing his first bath, our author says:—"From the verdant surfaces of the large stones that lay scattered about, the natives were now sliding off, diving, and ducking in the water, the young girls springing buoyantly into the air, with their long tresses about their shoulders."

* The Science of Swimming; as taught and practiced in Civilized and Savage Nations; with Particular Instructions to Learners; also showing its importance in the Preservation of Health and Life. Illustrated with engravings. By an Experienced Swimmer. New York: Powers & Wells.