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

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The Inquiry.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway soar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more,
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No."
Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, roaring in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer, "No."
And thou, serene moon,
That, with such holy face,
Dost look upon the world
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded "No."
Tell me, my sacred soul,
O, tell me hope and faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boon to mortals giv'n
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes in Heav'n!"

Live Rightly Now.

Let us live so in youth
That we'll blush not in age.

There is one thing of importance that the youth should always keep in view, viz:—that they will one day be old, and that in youth all our actions against or that combat with the laws of nature and of God—are so many drafts upon that old age. We may not feel the immediate effects of dissipation or the cultivation of false appetites in our boyhood on account of the buoyancy, elasticity and constitution of youth; but as continued dropping wears a stone, so does the continued violation of the laws of nature in any form whatever, wear the constitution, be it ever so good, by the forming of morbid appetites, or devoting those hours which God has ordained for rest and sleep, to revelry and dissipation. But anon old age comes creeping on, or rather seeming old age, furrows on our cheek and wrinkles on our brow, while yet manhood is in its prime, and the sufferings of old age, its weakness, its trembling and bent form, have arrived long before three score and ten, the time allotted to man, has come round, all of which sufferings can be traced to some irregularity of youth.

The Parson and the Butcher.

There is an anecdote, which we do not remember to have seen in print, related about a country clergyman who flourished in some part of New-England a good many years ago. One Sunday morning, finding his larder too lean to furnish him a satisfactory breakfast, he sent his servant, a dull, clumsy boy of sixteen, to the stall of a neighboring butcher of the name of Paul, to procure a beefsteak for the minister's morning meal. But the butcher, who was already too largely the creditor of the clergyman to feel like trusting him any further without payment of the old debt, refused to let the boy have any meat. The servant, thinking it was useless to hasten home with the ill news, loitered along the road; and on his return, finding his master had gone to church, followed him thither, and had just entered the door, when the minister, by way of enforcing some doctrine of his sermon, exclaimed, "Well, what says Paul?" "Why, he says," exclaimed the boy, who supposed the question was addressed to himself—"he says he'd be cussed if he let you have any more meat till you have paid off the old score!"

SMOKEY CHIMNEYS.—The Scientific American states, on reliable authority, that, if at two feet above the throat of the chimney the opening be enlarged to double the size of the throat for the further space of two feet, and then carry up the rest as at the first, the chimney will never smoke.

Parody.

Air.—The Old Oaken Bucket.

How dear to my heart is Mehitable Junkins,
When chance or good fortune presents her to view,
She's sweeter than sap, or e'en pies made of pump-
kins,
And the loveliest doughnut the world ever knew.
Her large massy head and the curls which hung
by it,
The profusion of which no poet can tell,
Her graceful swan neck and her bosom so nigh it,
And e'en her great bustle which made such a
swell.

That well quilted bustle,
That monstrous great bustle,
Mehitable's bustle that made such a swell.
Mehitable Junkins I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon when returned from the field,
I found her the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The brightest and purest that Nature could yield.
How often I've seized her with hands that were
glowing,

When quick to my lap she so reluctantly fell,
And finding me often with words overflowing,
In whispers angelic she answered "du tell."
That well quilted bustle,
That monstrous great bustle,
Mehitable's bustle which made such a swell.

How rich, how romantic it was to receive it,
A kiss from the curb of Mehitable's lips—
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to
leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
A sigh will now often escape from my bosom,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my former old blossom,
And sighs for the bustle which made such a swell.
That well quilted bustle,
That monstrous great bustle,
Mehitable's bustle which made such a swell.

Teaching a Deacon.

A gentleman of this State, who resides in the town of Ellmore, Mequango county, is, as he describes himself, very *onsartin* in politics, and besides that, is the most *onsartin* practical joker we have heard of, of late. Here is one of his jokes, highly amusing, though but for his fearlessness of church, &c., it might have proved serious and unprofitable to the joker.

The gentleman was in his store one Sunday morning, preparing for the duties of the day, when the deacon entered. An unfortunate pack of cards was lying on the counter, and the deacon, as in duty bound, remonstrated with our joker on this villainous practice. The latter admitted that it was at least an idle waste of time, and taking the cards in his hand, moralized on the subject quite as well and warmly as the deacon did. At the same time, he allowed a few of the cards to fall here and there on the counter, they lying very much in the shape of tricks, and looking as if the two had really been "taking a hand."

At this juncture, another of the church came in, (the post-office was in the store,) and all at once the joker placing his finger on a couple of cards on the counter, exclaimed:
"Now, deacon, I tell you this won't do. The Queen always takes the Jack, and the ten the nine, and so down, and if you don't attend, you will never learn the game. That Jack is a good card, but my Queen takes it, and it counts me one point, besides one in the count for game."
"Why, neighbor," exclaimed the horrified deacon, "what do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what I say," was the reply, "the Queen takes the Jack, and now it's mine—you might have trumped with it and saved it long ago; now this Jack, with low and game puts me out!"

At this moment the gentleman of Mequango county turned round, pretended for the first moment to notice the brother deacon who had entered, looking confused, dropped the cards, and vanished.

Of course the deacon was caught. The horrible tale was told of his having been caught playing cards on Sunday. He was cited to appear before the church for his backsliding, and, as the evidence was deemed complete, would have been convicted and severely punished, in spite of all his protestations of ignorance, had not our acquaintance of the town of Ellmore made his appearance in the nick of time, as a witness in favor of the deacon, told a round unvarnished tale, and procured for him an acquittal.

It is said to this day, the deacon has an increasing horror of cards, and though he feels a conviction that the "Queen will take the Jack," and that the Jack can take the deacon, yet he has an utter aversion to giving his "high, low, Jack."—*Racine Ad.*

"You say," said the judge to a German upon his trial for bigamy, "that the squire who married you to the first wife, authorized you to take 10. What do you mean by that?" "Well," said Hans, "he told me that I should have four petter, four vorser, four richer, four poorer—and in my country 4 times 4 makes 16."

Learning by Machinery.

Mr. Edwin, Allen of Windham, in this state, has invented and procured a patent for a little spelling machine, which is designed to instruct little gentlemen and ladies in the knowledge of the alphabet, and the art of spelling, while they are sliding the wooden letters about in the grooves of the small mahogany board to which they are attached. The board is about twelve inches long and five wide. In the centre are four horizontal grooves, in which the words are to be arranged—above them is the alphabet of capital letters, and below is the alphabet of small letters.—*New Haven Palladium.*

Pontenelle on the Signs of Death.

To be shot dead, is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet rapid as it is, the body has first leisure to feel and the mind to reflect. On the first attempt by one of the fanatic adherents of Spain to assassinate William Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of his face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant of time preceding stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack, and the necessity for defence, were impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effects of gunshot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up. But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expression is invariably that of languor; while in death from a stab, the countenance reflects the traits of natural character—of gentleness or ferocity—to the latest breath. Some of the cases are of interest to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under mortal wounds till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper, who chanced to be possessed of a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and having proceeded a dozen yards in his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs, concluded his career. "Yet his voice," says the trooper, who himself tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest signs of weakness." Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was present at the battle of Corunna, has singled out from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived, pale and faint, at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced to be mortal. "Indeed I fear so," he responded with impeded utterance—"and yet I should like very much to live a little longer—if it were possible." He laid his sword upon a stone by his side, "as gently," says Hall, "as if its steel had been turned into glass, and almost immediately sunk dead upon the turf."

Drowning was held in horror by some of the ancients, who conceived the soul to be a fire, and that the water would put it out. But a Sybarite could hardly have quarrelled with death. The struggles at the onset are prompted by terror, not by pain, which commences later, and is soon succeeded by pleasing languor; nay, some, if not a majority, escape altogether the interval of suffering. A gentleman, for whose accuracy we can vouch, told us he had not experienced the slightest feeling of suffocation. The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as he stood upright, he could see the sun shining through the water, with a dreamy consciousness that his eyes were about to close upon it forever. Yet he neither feared his fate, nor wished to avert it. A sleepy sensation, which soothed and gratified him, made a luxurious bed of a watery grave. A friend informed Mothele Vayer, that such was his delight in groping at the bottom, that a feeling of anger passed through his mind against the persons who pulled him out. It is probable that some of our readers may have seen a singularly striking account of recovery from drowning by a highly distinguished officer, still living, who also speaks of the total absence of pain while under the waves; but adds a circumstance of startling interest—namely, that during the few moments of consciousness, the whole events of his previous life, from childhood, seemed to repress with lightning-like rapidity and brightness before his eyes; a narration which shows on what accurate knowledge the Oriental framed his story of the Sultan, who dipped his head into a basin of water, and had, as it were, gone through all the adventures of a drowned life before he lifted it out again. No one can have the slightest disposition to question the evidence in the recent English case, but we do not presume to attempt the physiological explanation.

That to be frozen to death must be a frightful torture, many would consider certain from their own experience of the effects of cold.—But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses and fairly beguiles men out of their lives. A friend of Robert Royle, who was once overtaken by drowsiness while comfortably seated on the side of a sledge, assured him that he had neither power nor inclination to ask for help, and unless his companions had observed his condition he would have welcomed the snow for his winding-sheet. But the most curious example of the seductive power of cold is to be found in the adventures of the botanical party who, in Cook's first voyage, were caught in a snow storm on Terra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive effects of a rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defiance of lassitude to keep moving on. "Whoever," said he, "sits down will sleep—and whoever sleeps will perish." The Doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed

and alarmed, he was the first to lie down. A black servant who followed the example, was told he would die, and he replied, to die was all he desired. But the Doctor despised his own philosophy; he said he would sleep first and go on afterwards. Sleep he did for two or three minutes, and would have slept forever unless his companions had happily succeeded in kindling a fire. The scene was repeated thousands of times in the retreat from Moscow. "The danger of stopping," says Beaupre, who was the medical staff, "was universally observed, and disregarded." Expostulation was answered by stupid gaze, or by request to be allowed to sleep unmolested; for sleep was delicious, and the only suffering was in resisting its call. Mr. Allison the historian, to try the experiment, sat down in his garden at night when the thermometer was at four degrees below zero, and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing on, that he wondered how a soul of Napoleon's unhappy band had been able to resist the treacherous influence. And doubtless they would have all perished if the fear of death had not sometimes contended with the luxury of dying. Limbs are sacrificed where life escapes, and such is the obtuseness of feeling that passengers in the streets of St. Petersburg rely on one another for the friendly warning that their noses are about to precede them to the tomb. An appearance of intoxication is another common result, and half frozen people in New England have been punished for drunkards—an injustice the more galling, that in their own opinion the state was produced by the very want of their sovereign specific, "a glass of something to keep out the cold." The whole of the effects are readily explained. The contracting force of the cold compresses the vessels, drives the blood into the interior of the body, and the surface deprived of the life sustaining fluid, is left torpid or dead. A part of the external circulation takes refuge in the brain, and the congestion of the brain is the cause of the stupor.—The celerity of the operation, when not resisted by exercise, may be judged from the circumstance that in the few instants Dr. Solander slept, his shoes dropped off through the shrinking of his feet. There is the less to wonder at the contradiction between his precepts and his practice. In proportion to the danger which his mind foretold, was the ease with which his vigilance was overpowered and disarmed.—*Lon. Quart. Review.*

Don't Print your Name in your Hat.

BY DEN JOHN.

There lived, not long since, in a neighboring city, a gentleman, who in the service of his country and otherwise, had made his name a household fixture. He had, on several occasions, when before the enemy, signally distinguished himself, and at the time referred to, held high rank. He had many striking peculiarities; was quick tempered, impulsive, brave as Julius Cæsar, and as ready as Hotspur to avenge personal injuries. Our hero, among other peculiarities, always insisted upon having the lining of his hat of a light color, and on the white morocco always printed his name in large plain letters, with a pen. This habit he acquired after having been at several dinner parties and balls. Beau Hickmanized by the possessors of shocking bad titles.

It happened that our subject, on a certain occasion, was spending a few days at the capitol, and having his hat rather used up by a shower, dropped into a shop, in the neighborhood of the White House, to exchange it. A beaver was found that fitted him to a hair, and a 'swap' was made, to the satisfaction of all parties. The purchaser, as usual, printed his name upon the lining of the new hat, and left the damaged one with the owner of the shop, without as much as noticing the number or position of the store.

A few nights after this occurrence, our friend who had been out until the short hours at a wine party, was suddenly aroused, about three o'clock, A. M., by a violent tumult at the door.

"Who's there?" shouted the old veteran, still half asleep.
"Officers," was the reply.
"Officers! what officers?"
"The police."
"The police! what do they want here?"
"We want the owner of this hat."
"What hat?"
"With 'J. D. Hains' in it."
"You don't mean to say you have got my hat?" shouted the old gentleman, wondering more and more what could be the real cause of this disturbance.

"Yes we do. 'J. D. Hains' is in the hat, and 'J. D. Hains' occupies this room."
"That's my name—but how come you by my hat?"

"Open the door and you shall know," replied the officer, at the same time giving it a whack with his mace.

"Oh, it's of no use," groaned the sleepy occupant of 49; these infernal dogs have just got up from the table, and I must lose my 'Teneriffe' and sleep into the bargain!—and so saying he got up and opened the door.

"We want you to go with us," said a man in a huge drab coat, that supported three several capes of large dimensions.
"With you!—for what?" gasped the old gentleman, unable to collect his muddled thoughts at this strange apparition.

"To the police station," responded the watchman, with imperturbable gravity.
"Police!—am I awake?" screamed the victim.

"Don't know sir," said the watchman without changing a muscle—but if you ain't you soon will be."

The old gentleman expostulated, threatened; told them who he really was but all would not do.
"What is the charge?" demanded he.

'Theft.'
'Theft!—of what?'
'A gold watch, pair of ear rings, breast pin and seven silver spoons,' replied the policeman.

This was a little too much. The old gentleman raved and swore, and called upon the porter to say that he was incapable of such an act; but the porter was a raw hand and knew nothing about them.

'Call Mr. C., the landlord,' demanded Haines.
'Can't wait for any such foolishness,' said the officer. 'Your name is here in this hat, and here, too, (looking into the new beaver,) is one exactly like it.'

'I tell you there is some mistake!' groaned the old gentleman. 'I have only one hat in Washington.'

Still the officer was inexorable, and the victim was obliged to go down to the station house, where a large party—including several females—were assembled. The committing magistrate took the chair, and the evidence was heard. The prosecutrix testified that about one o'clock that night the owner of the hat in question had called at her house, and while she was entertaining others, made off with the valuables above named. He was seen departing from the back door, and on being closely pursued dropped the hat.

'What do you say to that?' asked the magistrate.
'I say that I never saw that female before, and was never in her house. I can prove that I was at supper with the—ministers till after two o'clock.'

A loud ha! ha! followed, and failing to account for the hat, the old gentleman was locked up for the night. Before the key was turned upon him his pocket was searched, and it is unnecessary to say that none of the missing articles were found upon him.

I need not say how the victim roared, and threatened. He paced the floor the entire night, and when brought out for a further hearing next morning, was sufficiently sober to account for the old hat. Some friends were sent for, and the magistrate, on learning the character of his prisoner, immediately released him on his own recognizance.

It was with no little difficulty that the shop of the hatter was found. His name was not on the tip, and therefore every other store was of course, visited first. At length it was found, however, and the latter deposited that a few days after Mr. Haines purchased the new hat he had sold the old one to a stranger, for the sum of one dollar.

This cleared up the mystery of the hat, and also the prisoner, who immediately tore the lining from his new title, and left the station house swearing that he would never mark his name upon another article of personal property in his life.

To keep Silk.

Silk articles should not be kept folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching this paper, will probably impair the color of the silk. Brown or blue paper is better; the yellowish smooth Indian paper is best of all. Silk intended for a dress should not be kept long in the house before it is made up, as lying in the folds will have a tendency to impair its durability by causing it to cut or split, particularly if the silk has been thickened by gum. We knew an instance of a very elegant and costly thread lace veil being found on its arrival from France cut into squares, (and therefore destroyed, by being folded over a paste board card.

A white satin dress should be pinned up in a blue paper, with coarse brown paper outside sewed together at the edges.

The best way of keeping ribbons is to roll them round the blocks made for the purpose; and then wrap them in soft paper. You can easily obtain a few blocks from the stores where ribbons are sold. The block should be a little wider than the ribbon, that the edges may not be injured. When you have wound it smoothly round the block, secure the end of the ribbon with a little minikin pin. A large pin will leave holes, and perhaps green ones.

In rolling two pieces of ribbon round the same block, place the first end of the second piece under the last end of the first piece, otherwise there will be a ridge where the two came together. Take care in rolling not to make the slightest crease.

Never wrap silk or ribbon, or indeed anything that is to be worn without washing, in printed paper, as the printing ink will rub off and soil it.—*Miss Leslie's House Book.*

A Good Toast.

At the late autumnal anniversary celebration of the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, numerous sentiments were drunk, among which was the following:

WOMAN.—A mistress of Arts, who robs the Bachelor of his degree, and forces him to study Philosophy by means of "certain lectures."

A STUMPER.—The editor of the Georgia Journal has discovered a beautiful and illustrative metaphor: he asks an editorial opponent whether he can bite the bottom of a frying pan without smutting his nose.

A village Schoolmaster was lately found in a brook, and would have been drowned had he not been so full of rum that the water could not get at him.

"How does the thermometer stand?" asked a father of his son. "It don't stand at all sir, it hangs," was the reply. "Well but how high is it?" "Just about 5 feet from the floor."
"Pooh! you fool—how does the mercury range?" "Up and down—perpendicularly."