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AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

My Father.

As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall
And creep the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death-watch in the wall,
I see a form in yonder chair
That grows beneath the waning light;
There are the wan, sad features—there
The pallid brow and locks of white.
My Father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,
I know not why I could not weep,
The soothing drops refused to roll,
And oh! that grief is wild and deep,
Which settles fearless on the soul.
But when I saw thy vacant chair,
Thine idle hat upon the wall,
Thy book—the pencilled passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all—
The tree beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth,
The very prints whose feet had made
When last they feebly trod the earth.
And thought, while countless ages fled,
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand—
Unworn thy hat—thy book unread—
Effaced thy footstep from the sand;
And widowed in this cheerless world,
The heart that gave its love to thee;
Torn like the vine whose tendrils curled
More closely round the falling tree.
Oh! Father! then for her and thee
Gushed madly forth the scorching tears;
And oh! and long, and bitterly
Those tears have gushed in later years;
For as the world grows cold around,
And things take on their real hue,
'Tis sad to learn that love is found
Alone above the stars with you.

I saw Her in Cabbage Time.

BY SLOCUM SLUGS, ESQ.
I saw her first in cabbage time,
She was a cutting croust—
She'd stop the cutter, now and then,
To turn her head about;
And as she'd salt it in a tub,
And stamp it down awhile,
Upon her fresh and rosy lip
Reposed a witching smile.
I saw her next in winter time,
And still she gaily smiled;
For there upon the cooking stove,
Her grub was being 'bled.
Around the huge and gressy pot,
The steam came pouring out,
And from the smell, I knew that she
Was cooking "speck" and croust.
When next I saw her, in the spring,
She smiled not as before;
A heavy weight was on her heart—
The croust was "all any more!"
The pot she used to cook in
Was eaten up with rust;
The cutter hung upon the wall,
"Mid spider web and dust.
I've seen her often since that time,
When all around was gay—
When others laughed and talked the most,
She'd frown, and turn away.
I've watched to see a ray of joy,
But watched, alas, in vain—
I never hope to see her smile
Till cabbage comes again!
Punch has favored the world with the following song sung before Her Majesty by a Chinese lady. It looked rather difficult at first, but if the reader studies it attentively, he will see how easy it is to read Chinese.
Och o motoh ete asho pwit hme,
Andb uya po undo flithe st,
Twi llpr oeam ostex celle nti ea,
Itsq us lit yal lwi lla tte st,
Tso nlyf onsh illi cngna und,
Soc omet othet cama ran dry,
Nob eterc anel sewh ereb ofou nd,
Ohs ayth eny ou' rer cad ytab uy.

The last Days of Copernicus.

It was still, clear night in the month of May, 1544; the stars shone brightly in the heavens, and all the world slept in the little town of Wernica, a canony of Prussian Poland—all save one man, who watched alone in a solitary chamber at the summit of a lofty tower. The only furniture of this apartment consisted of a table, a few books, and an iron lamp. Its occupant was an old man of about seventy, bowed down by years and toil and his brow furrowed by anxious thoughts; but his eye kindled with the fire of genius, and his noble countenance was expressive of gentle kindness, and of a calm, contemplative disposition. His white hair, parted on his forehead, fell in waving locks over his shoulders. He wore the ecclesiastical costume of the age and country in which he lived—the long, straight robe, with a fur collar and double sleeves, which were also lined with fur as far as the elbow.
This old man was the great astronomer, Nicholas Copernicus, doctor of philosophy, divinity, and medicine, titular canon of Wernica, and honorary professor of Bologna, Rome, &c. Copernicus had just completed his work "On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies." In the midst of poverty, ridicule, and persecution, without any other support than that of his own modest genius, or any instrument save a triangle of wood, he had unveiled heaven to earth, and was now approaching the term of his career just as he had established on a firm basis those discoveries which were destined to change the whole face of astronomical sciences.
On that very day the canon of Wernica had received the last proof sheets of his book which his disciple Rheticus was getting printed at Nuremberg; and, before sending back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the results of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fitted for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument, which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively towards the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of a doubt remained; and, overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and was about to reveal to the world an imperishable truth, Copernicus knelt in the presence of that glorious volume whose starry characters he had first learned to decipher, and folding his attenuated hand across his bosom, thanked his Creator for having opened his eyes to understand and read aright these, His glorious works. He then returned to the table, and seizing a pen he wrote on the title page of his book—"Behold the work of the greatest and the most perfect Artisan: the work of God himself!" And now, the first excitement having passed away, he proceeded with a collected mind to write the dedication of his book:
"To the Most Holy Father. Pope Paul III: I dedicate my work to your Holiness, in order that all the world, whether learned or ignorant, may see that I do not seek to shun examination and the judgment of my superiors. Your authority, and your love for science in general, and for mathematics in particular, will serve to shield me against wicked and malicious slanders, notwithstanding the proverb which says that there is no remedy against the wounds inflicted by the tongue of calumny, &c. "Nicholas Copernicus of Thorn."
Soon the first dawn of day caused the lamp of the astronomer to burn more dimly; he leant his forehead upon the table, and, overcome with fatigue, sank into a peaceful slumber. After sixty years of labor, he, in truth, needed repose. But his present repose, at all events, was not destined to be of long duration; it was abridged by the entrance of an aged servant, who with slow and heavy step, ascended the tower stairs.
"Master," said he to the canon, as he gently touched him upon the shoulder, "the messenger who arrived yesterday from Rheticus is ready to set out on his return, and is waiting for your proof sheets and letters."
The astronomer rose, made up the packet, which he duly sealed, and then sank back upon his chair, as if wearied by the effort.
But that is not all," continued the servant; "there are ten poor sick people in the house waiting for you; and, besides, you are wanted at Frauenberg to look after the water-machine, which has stopped working, and also to see the three workmen, who broke their legs in trying to set it going again."
"Poor creatures!" exclaimed Copernicus; "let my horse be saddled directly." And
"Tycho Brahe has preserved to us a drawing of this instrument, which was the means of accomplishing such wonderful discoveries, and which was sent to him after the death of Copernicus, by John Hanovius, Bishop of Wernica. It is difficult for us to conceive how a triangle so rude in its formation, and so irregular in its movements, can have supplied, in the hands of this great man the place of those infallible telescopes which have since served to confirm his discoveries.

with a resolute effort shaking off the sleep which weighed down his eyelids, the good man hastily descended the stairs of the tower.
The house of Copernicus was in outward appearance, one of the most unpretending in Wernica. It was composed of a laboratory, in which he prepared medicine for the poor; a little studio in which this man of genius, skilled in art as well as science, painted his own likeness or those of his friends, or traced his recollections of Rome or Bologna; and lastly, of a small parlor on the ground floor, which was open for all who came to him for remedies, for money, or for food. Over the door an oval aperture had been cut, through which a ray of the mid-day sun daily penetrated, and, resting upon a certain point in the adjoining room, marked the hour of noon. This was the astronomical gnomon of Copernicus; and the only ornament the room contained were some verses written by his own hand, and pasted up over the chimney-piece.
It was in this parlor that the good canon found room to tend invalids who had come to claim his assistance; dressed the wounds of some, administered remedies to others, and on all bestowed alms and other words of kindness and consolation. Having completed his labors, he hastily swallowed a draught of milk, and was about to set out to Frauenberg, when a horseman, galloping up to the door, handed him a letter. He trembled as he recognized the hand-writing of his friend Gysius, Bishop of Culm. "May God have pity on us," wrote this latter, "and avert the blow which now threatens thee! Thy enemies and thy rivals combined—those who accuse thee of folly, and those who treat thee as a heretic—have been so successful in exciting against thee the minds of the people of Nuremberg, that men curse thy name in the streets; and the University, hearing that thy book was to appear, has declared its intention to break the printing press of the publisher, and to destroy the work to which thy life has been devoted. Come and lay the storm; but come quickly, or thou wilt be too late."
Before Copernicus had finished the perusal of this letter, he fell back voiceless and powerless into the arms of his faithful servant, and it was some moments before he rallied.—When he again looked up, the horseman who had been charged to escort him back asked him how soon he would wish to set out.
"I must set out directly," replied the old man, in a resigned tone; "but not for Nuremberg or for Culm; the suffering workmen at Frauenberg are expecting me; they may perhaps die if I do not go to their assistance. My enemies may perhaps destroy my work; they cannot stop the stars in their courses."
An hour later Copernicus was at Frauenberg. The machine which he had bestowed upon the town, which was built on the summit of a hill, conveyed thither the waters of the river Bouda, situated at the distance of half a league in the valley below. The inhabitants, instead of suffering like their fathers, from continued drought, had now only to turn a valve, and the plenteous stream flowed into their houses in rich abundance.
This machine had got out of order the preceding day, and the accident had happened very inopportune, because this was the festival of the patron saint of Frauenberg. But at the first glance the canon saw where the evil lay, and in a few hours the water flowed freely into the town. His first cares, we need not say, had been directed to the unhappy men who had received injuries whilst working in the sluices; he set their fractured limbs, and bound them up with his own hands; then commending them to the care of an attendant, he promised to return and visit them on the morrow. But a blow was about to descend upon himself, which was destined to crush him to the dust.
As he crossed the square, whilst passing through the town on his return he perceived among a crowd a company of strolling players acting upon a temporary stage. The theatre represented an astronomical observatory, filled with all kinds of ridiculous instruments—in the midst stood an old man, whose dress and bearing were in the exact imitation of those of Copernicus. The resemblance was so striking that he directly recognised himself, and paused stupefied with astonishment.—Behind the Merry Andre, whose business it was to hold up the great man to public derision, there stood a personage whose horns and cloven foot designated Satan, and who caused the pseudo Copernicus to act and speak, as though he had been an automaton, by means of two strings fastened to his ears, which were no other than asses' ears, of considerable dimensions.
The parody was composed of several scenes. In the first, the astronomer gave himself to Satan, burnt a copy of the Bible, and trampled a crucifix under foot. In the second, he explained, by juggling with apples in guise of planets, whilst his head was transformed into a likeness of the sun by means of torches of rosin. In the third, he became a charlatan, a vender of pomatum and quack medicine—he spoke dog Latin to the passers by; sold them water, which he had drawn from his own well as an exorbitant price; and became intorica-

ted himself with excellent wine, in such copious draughts of which he did indulge, that he finally disappeared under the table. In the fourth and closing act, he was again dragged forth to view as one accursed by God and man; and the Devil, dragging him down to the infernal regions amidst a cloud of sulphurous smoke, declaring his intention to punish him for having caused the earth to turn on its axis, by condemning him to remain with his head downwards throughout eternity. * * * *
When Copernicus thus beheld the treasured discoveries of his whole held up to the derision of an ignorant multitude, his enlightened faith branded as impiety, and his self-denying benevolence ridiculed as the quackery of a charlatan, his noble spirit was at first utterly overwhelmed, and the most fearful doubts of himself, of mankind, and even of Providence itself, rushed upon his mind. At first he hoped that the Frauenbergians, the children of his adoption, to whose comfort and happiness he had devoted himself for fifty years, would cut short the disgraceful scene. But alas! he saw detainers welcomed with applause by those on whom he had conferred so many benefits. The trial was too much for his failing strength; and worn out by emotion and fatigue of the preceding night, and by the labors of the morning, he sunk, exhausted to the ground. Then, for the first time, did the ungrateful multitude recognise their benefactor; the name of Copernicus flew from lip to lip—they heard that he had come that very morning to the town to relieve their distress in a moment the current of popular feeling was turned, the crowd dispersed the actors, and crowded anxiously around the astronomer. He had only strength left to call for a litter, and was conveyed back to Wernica in a dying state. He lingered, however, still for five days—days of trial and anxiety—during which the lamp of genius and faith still shed its halo around the dying man.
On the day succeeding his visit to Frauenberg a letter from Rheticus confirmed the sinister predictions of the Bishop of Culm. Thrice had the students of the University made an attempt to invade the printing-office whence the truth was about to issue forth.—"Even this morning," wrote his friend, "a set of madmen tried to set fire to it. I have assembled all our friends within the building, and we never quit our posts either day or night guarding the entrance, and keeping watch over the workmen. The printers perform their work with one hand, whilst they hold a pistol in the other. If we can stand our guard for two days the book is saved; for let only ten copies be struck off, and nothing will any longer be able to destroy it. But if either to-day or to-morrow our enemies should succeed in gaining the upper hand"—Rheticus left the sentence unfinished, but Copernicus supplied the want—he knew how much depended upon this moment. On the third day another messenger made his appearance, and he, too, was the bearer of evil tidings: "A compositor, gained over by our enemies, has delivered into their hands the manuscript of the book, and it has been burnt in the public square. Happily the impression was complete, and we are now putting it into press. But a popular tumult might yet ruin all."
Such was the state of suspense in which the great Copernicus passed the closing days of his existence! Life was ebbing fast, and the torpor of death had already begun to steal over his faculties, when a horseman galloped up to the door in breathless haste, and springing from his horse, hastened into the house of the dying astronomer. A volume, whose leaves were still damp, was treasured in his bosom; it was the chef-d'oeuvre of Copernicus; this messenger was the bode of victory.—The spark of life, so nearly exhausted, seemed to be rekindled for a moment in the breast of the dying man; he raised himself in his dying bed, grasped the book with his feeble hand, glancing at its contents with his dim, expiring eye. A smile lighted up his features, the book fell from his grasp, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, "Lord let thy servant depart in peace!"—Hardly had he uttered these words, before his spirit fled from earth to return to the God who gave it. It was the morning of the 23d May—heaven was still lighted with flowers—all nature seemed to sympathize with the great revealer of her laws—and soon the sun, rising above the horizon, shed its earliest and purest ray upon the still, cold brow of the departed, and seemed in his turn to say, "The King of Creation gives the kiss of peace for thou hast been the first to replace him on his throne."
Persecution followed Copernicus, even to the grave. The court of Rome repented its dedication by condemning his book; but the book was the instrument of his own revenge by enlightening the court of Rome herself, which at last recognised, although too late, the faith and the genius of the astronomer of Wernica. Prussia, with the ingratitude of a conqueror, has converted the observatory of Copernicus into a prison, and is now allowing his dwelling-house to crumble into ruins. But Poland, his native land, has collected some of her last oboles, to raise a monument to his memory at Craew, and to erect a statue of him in Wernica.

White Leopards.

"This ere hanimal," observed the keeper of a menagerie to a school, "is a leopard. His complexion is yellow, and agreeably diversified with black spots! It was a vulgar horror of the ancients, that the critter vos hincapable of changing his spots, vitch vos deprived in modern times by observin' that he very frequently slept in one spot, and the very next night changed to another!"
"But I say, Mr. Showman!" screamed little Johnny, "the leopard ain't yellow at all!"
"The Bible says he's white."
"Yes is the text," inquired the Showman—"in the Apothecary or the Songs of Susannah!"
"It's where he says that Gehazi went forth a leper white as snow!"

A Story of an Old Bachelor.

There was a fine old General once, who having spent most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very little about the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough and honest spirits often met with in his gallant profession, innocent as an infant of almost every thing save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was nearly fifty years old, and his tails were over, when master Dam Cupid brought him acquainted with widow Wadman, in whose eye he began to detect something that made him uneasy. Here was the result of leisure.
During his service he had not seen any thing worthy of notice in a woman's eye. In fact, he could scarcely have observed whether a woman had three eyes in her head or only one; for no matter where his own eyes were, his thoughts were ever among "guns and drums and wounds," and love was a thing that lived in his memory just as he remembered once reading a visionary story book called the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," when a boy.
Well, the General had settled down into an amiable, gentlemanly old fellow, living alone with comfortable wealth around him, and having little to do, save now and then to entertain an old comrade in arms, which companionship afforded opportunity for him "to fight his battles 'over again.'" But alas! o'er this calm evening of the old General's day a deal of perplexity was doomed to fall, and he soon found himself in troubled waters, the depth of which he could by no means understand. He floundered about like a caged rat under a pump—and such another melancholy fish out of water never before swallowed the bait, hook and all, of the angling god of love. The poor General. We must give him a name or we can't tell the story, and the best name for such a story is Uncle Toby.—Poor General Uncle Toby debated abstractedly about his new position, and never had seige or campaign given him such perplexity before.
At length however, the blunt honesty of his disposition, rose uppermost among his conflicting plans, and his course was chosen. At school he had once studied "Othello's defence" to recite at an exhibition, but made a great failure, and he now recollected that there was something in this "defence" very much like what he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, found the passage, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the widow Wadman's, with Shakespeare under his arm.
"Madame," said General Uncle Toby, opening the book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special at pleader the bar—"Madame—
"Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of speech:
For since these arms of mine had seven year's pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore—
Here the General closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said, with a spasmodic gasp, "I want to get married."
The widow laughed for ten minutes, by the watch, before she could utter a syllable; and then she said with precious tears of humor rolling down her good natured cheeks, "And who is it you want to marry, General?"
"You," said Uncle Toby, flourishing his sword-arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defiance, as if he expected an assault from the widow immediately.
"Will you kill me if I marry you?" said the widow with a merry twinkle in her eye.
"No madame!" replied Uncle Toby, in a most serious and deprecating tone, as if to assure her that such an idea had never entered his head.
"Well, then, I guess I'll marry you?" said the widow.
"Thank you, ma'am," said Uncle Toby; "but one thing I am bound to tell you of, madam; I wear a wig."
The widow started, remained silent a moment, and then went into a binger, louder, and merrier laugh than she had indulged in before, at the end of which she drew her seat near the General, gravely laid her hand on his head, gently lifted his wig off, and placed it on the table.
General Uncle Toby had never known fear in battle, but he now felt a most decisive inclination to run away. The widow laughed again, as though she never would stop, and the General was about to lay his hat upon his denuded head and bolt, when the factious lady placed her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then deliberately raised her other hand to her own head, with a sort of military precision, executed a rapid manoeuvre with her five fingers, pulled off her whole head of fine glossy hair, and placing it upon the side of the General's, remained seated with ludicrous gravity in front of her accepted lover, quite bald!
As may be expected, Uncle Toby now laughed along with the widow, and they soon grew so merry over the affair that

North American Progress West.

Mr. Darby, one of the most scientific geographers in the world, thus relates in the National Intelligencer, a little reminiscence of his own, in relation to the North American Progress. It illustrates most forcibly the wonderful rapidity and power of that natural growth, which has born us from Atlantic to Pacific shores.
"A friend has put into my hands two public papers, one headed, 'Alta California, San Francisco, Nov. 20, 1849,' the other the 'Panama Echo, Dec. 8, 1849.' These well printed papers issued on the Pacific shores of North America, awakened in my mind memories of the past of such burning interests, that I could not resist recording a few incidents which I give without apology.
"A mere child, between six or seven, I was taken over the mountains, to the little known West. I was there when (1786) was commenced the first public newspaper, the Pittsburgh Gazette, by Scull & Boyd, ever printed beyond the Apalacian Mountains, on the immense regions of North America, now the domains of the United States. Col. Thomas Stokley, of Washington, Pennsylvania, sent me, then just entering my twelfth year, a copy of that Gazette. Thus I have lived to read, at the extremes of a period of sixty-four years such testimonials of the progress of the great Anglo Saxon Nation of North America. Great in its vast augmentation of numbers, but incomparatively greater in moral, intellectual, political and legal as well as in wealth and physical improvement. When my parents and their little ones reached Bensontown, near Uniontown, Fayette county, Penn., we received news of savage murders near Wheeling, and were arrested by the danger of the Redstone Bank of the Monongahela, and were there when the report reached that place of the surrender of Cornwallis.—The place, now Brownsville, was then Chafinche's Ford. On that line of latitude, Uniontown with perhaps a dozen cabins, was the most western of civilized towns then existing on the continent of North America. Can earthly history present another such change as has been made in North America in the period here stated? Is that change for a moment in pause? No! With increasing impetus, it is moving. If no power less than Divine inspiration could have, at its commencement, anticipated the already accomplished results, no less power need now dare the prediction of what is to come."
The Garrote.
The Lowell Courier gives a more detailed description of this instrument of death than we have yet met with. Thus: "The criminal is seated in a chair, the back of which rests against a post firmly set into the floor or the ground. His hands are bound to the chair, and the back of his head, with his neck bare, is placed against the post, to which, at a proper distance, is attached a circular piece of iron, or more properly a collar, an inch or two in diameter, and sufficiently large in circumference to clasp the neck. The collar—once end being fastened to the post—is then fitted close to the neck of the victim, while the other end, containing a screw, is brought to the opposite point of the post.—Being here adjusted, the screw is turned, and each turn of the screw compresses the collar more tightly, till the criminal is strangled. Nor is this all. In the centre of the collar, and directly under the chin of the victim, there is a sharp steel point or blade, which penetrates through the neck at every turn of the screw. We believe, however, that this last feature in the garrote—the sharpened point—is not in every case used, and that generally, the body, after death, leaves no mark or trace whatever of blood. There is this peculiarity in the operation of the garrote—that death by it is almost instantaneous—quicker and more sudden than by the guillotine even, the hangman's rope, or the soldier's rifle—while it is divested of the bloody or ignominious accompaniments in executions by the last three implements of death."
Another Tom Thumb.
The "Eco de Villa Clara," (Cuba,) mentions the existence at San Juan de los Remedios, of a new wonder in the shape of a small man; the subject is Don Antonio De Jesus Gonzalez, who is 28 years old, and about 33 inches high.—Excepting his arms and legs, he is perfectly formed; and is quite handsome. From the right shoulder to the end of the front finger of his right hand, is only seven inches. The left arm, from the shoulder to the point of the first finger, is twelve inches long. His left leg is eighteen inches, and his right sixteen inches long; his hands have only four fingers each, but the feet are perfect and well formed. He walks quickly, but with a slight limp. It is said that this prodigy will visit the United States.